

ever, wholly without annals—without a resident clergyman or doctor—composed entirely of cottages—each one of which would delight the heart of Lloyd George, as it is provided with ample land filched from the surrounding heath or common. Everyone enjoys *common* rights. The nearest station is two miles off. Our little house would be simply hideous if it were not smothered in creepers; some enterprising previous resident had planted them all round, including five different kinds of roses, ten sorts in all. It hides the truly awful red-brick crudity of a local builder. But it is comfortable and warm, which is very necessary, as it stands four square to all the winds of heaven. The same foreseeing individual planted laurel hedges, now eight and ten feet high, and broad in proportion, which are a real comfort to us. We have a good-sized lawn and orchard on either side in front; and behind, a two-acre field, where we keep our chickens. This is where we spend the greater part of our lives.

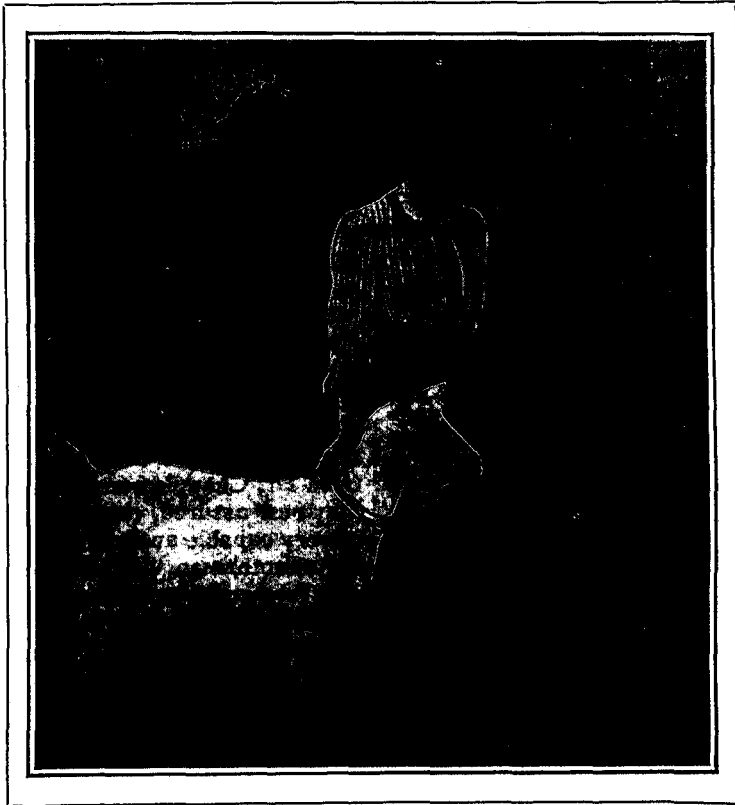
I have been often asked whether chicken farming "pays." No one will make a fortune by it; I doubt if anyone will make a real living by it unless they are prepared to go in for it very extensively and thoroughly, and work very continuously. By anyone, I mean people like ourselves, who have to learn by experience and begin quietly; but people with a small pension or some certainty ought to be able to augment their income whilst providing themselves with a really delightful interest. Still more would that be the case if there were some kind of co-operation between poultrykeepers. Supposing, for example, four or five other ex-Matrons with a taste for chickens settled near us, and we

joined to share the cost of advertising, the cost of sending our produce to market, and of selling our manure, which is a valuable by-product, there is no doubt the profits would be larger and the risks less. Poultrykeeping on a small scale suffers at present from excessive individualism; but it can and ought to be made to pay.

And then we really live in the country—live and work in it, not merely paying it a short call. I have not done that since I was a child, and I had quite forgotten how delightful it is to see the seasons through, where there are no pavements. To grow one's own new potatoes,

peas, beans, and what not, and to pick one's own apples. *Revenons à nos poulets.*

Undoubtedly the keeping of chickens for profit with greater ease and less—I will not say labour, but—hard labour has received a great impetus by the importation from America of what is known as the Intensive system of poultrykeeping. A great deal of nonsense and exaggeration has been written both for and against the system, which consists, broadly speaking, in not allowing laying hens to roam about in wet, cold, and



MISS WINTERSCALE WITH BLANQUETTE.

windy weather, but keeping them in warm, airy, and specially constructed sheds and houses, where they spend their days in scratching amongst corn and chaff for food. Some enthusiasts keep all their fowls in this way, with, I believe, quite good results. The houses are not cheap. Of course, deprived of all chance of getting food or greens outside, they require careful, or what poultry manuals call "scientific," dieting; but to us who are accustomed to hospital and medical diets it seems very simple. The results, provided you

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