

use common-sense, are good; and the birds remarkably healthy, whilst it is infinitely easier, drier, and less tiring to attend to them.

But I am not writing an essay on poultry-keeping, though I feel sure that you will forgive my dwelling on what I really find now a very fascinating subject.

Some have said to me, "Don't you find it dull?" but I have honestly assured them we do not know what it is to have a dull or lazy moment. From early morning until we go to bed we are busy in one way or another. We keep, like Tennyson's hero, "but a man and a maid"—the man being, in fact, a big boy, slow of speech, but very clever with his hands; whilst the maid efficiently runs our little establishment indoors. It is wonderful what a lot we find to do ourselves. We simply live out of doors in any kind of weather, in garments that our friends unkindly call "our dustman's clothes." For our friends do come to see us, those in motors using strong language at our mediæval lane, whilst those who stay with us seem to enjoy being "buried alive" for a bit, and return again and again. Our dogs—one a black half-bred spaniel, the other a lively white West Highland terrier—keep us alive, aided by the cats, two of whom sleep on guard (against mice) in the corn shed. We also keep goats—one named Blanquette, after Monsieur Seguin's rebellious little heroine, and the other Grisette, because she is grey and of a lively, pert disposition. My friend does the milking, for of that art I have proved myself entirely incapable. We are also rather keen on roses, and have ambitiously planted what we hope will one day be a rose hedge, with a stump in position for the sundial when it arrives. No papers are delivered, so one of us, or the boy, cycles every day two miles in and two miles out to the station to fetch them.

At the end of our field runs our link with civilisation, and across the hedges, silhouetted against the sky, with the moor behind, runs the branch line from Salisbury. I never realised before how picturesque and interesting a train could be, nor how useful for the purpose of setting clocks.

In the evening we have lots of books and papers, pen and ink, and pass the time very cheerfully, for we are fairly tired, though we do not go to bed at the unearthly hours some people seem to think necessary in the country.

It is a life of work, healthy outdoor work—not excessive—and of mental repose, not stagnation. It is a life to take up when one has honestly done one's part in the more strenuous rough-and-tumble of the world, when one desires to have time to review the past dispa-

sionately, and remember with pleasure its interests. You do not forget. All the happiness I have had all my hospital life from the day (April 10th, 1882) I entered old Bart's as a probationer, to the day I left the Royal South Hants as a Matron, is a joy to me yet, and ever will be. Never have I wished my nursing career one day shorter than it has been; never have I felt nearer to my old friends than when I said good-bye to them the other day; but to me had come, as it comes to all of us, the time to leave the arena and watch others play the game. And I watch most happily from my little niche.

M. MOLLETT,

*Late Matron, Royal South Hants
and Southampton Hospital, and
late Hon. Secretary of the
Matrons' Council.*

THE PROGRESS OF STATE REGISTRATION.

Upon the advice of the Right Honble. R. C. Munro-Ferguson, M.P., who has had charge of the Nurses' Registration Bill in the House of Commons since 1905, the Executive Committee of the Central Committee for the State Registration of Trained Nurses has invited Dr. A. W. Chapple, member for Stirlingshire, to introduce the Bill this Session, and the Hon. Secretaries have received a most kind letter from Dr. Chapple consenting to do so. Nurses may rest assured, therefore, that their cause is in very capable and sympathetic hands.

A Scotchman, Dr. Chapple practised medicine for twenty years in Dunedin, New Zealand, where he represented the Tuapeka electorate in the Parliament of the Dominion, and where he took an active interest in the question of the Registration of Nurses, and the working of the Act in New Zealand, which has been in force since 1901. Thus it will be from personal experience of the benefit of such legislation that Dr. Chapple will be able to advocate and advance our cause, and that of the sick, in the Mother of Parliaments.

REGISTRATION IN THE *Times*.

The letter signed conjointly by Lady Helen Munro-Ferguson and Miss E. S. Haldane, LL.D., in support of Nurses' Registration in the *Times* has aroused widespread interest and opened its columns to an illuminating correspondence.

The Countess of Jersey, the President of the National Association Opposed to Women's Suffrage, in a reply, quoted the opposition of the late Miss Florence Nightingale to nurses'

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)