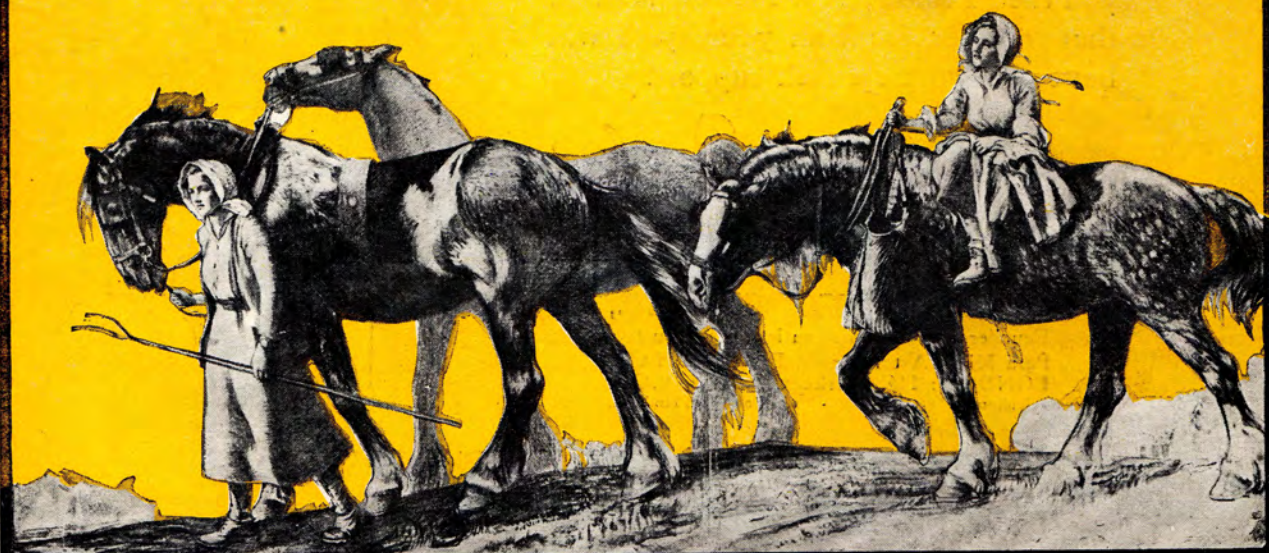


The LANDSWOMAN

SEPTEMBER 1919
No. 21 ❖ Vol. II

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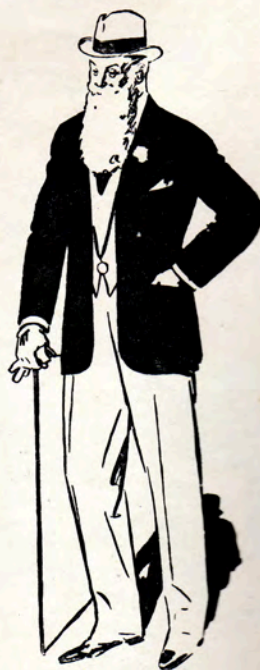
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The Hay-wain CONSTABLE

W. H. Mansell & Co., photo.

To Autumn

1.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy
cells.

2.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,

Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

3.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river salallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

Some Results of Co-operation in Denmark

AT the end of May a party of women, under the auspices of the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture, visited Denmark in order to see what position the women are taking at the present time with regard to agriculture.

Denmark, as most of you are aware, is an essentially agricultural country, and it is especially interesting to us, because its agriculture has developed on its present lines within the last thirty years or so.

The country is exceedingly small compared with Great Britain and generally is very flat and wind-swept; the summers are a little warmer than ours, and the winters are colder. The population of the whole country is under three millions, and 60 per cent. of the people are concerned with agriculture.

In early days Denmark was divided up into big estates which were farmed usually by the owners. About 1864 Denmark, like ourselves, suffered from a disastrous war; but, unlike ourselves, she was defeated, and lost some of the best of her territory. It then became essential for the country to be farmed much more intensively, and sub-division rapidly took place.

The life of the farmers, and especially of their women folk, was extremely strenuous in those days, and they had a struggle to make ends meet. We were told that the women had not only to perform their ordinary household work, but had to bake, brew, make butter and cheese, spin flax and wool, make their candles, and also help with milking and care of the outdoor stock. At the present date their lives are very much easier and their whole condition very much more prosperous owing to the development of the co-operative movement. It was about the year 1880 when the Danish people first began to consider the benefits which would arise from co-operation.

Types of Farms.—There are still a few large estates left in Denmark which are farmed by the owners, but the bulk of the land is in the hands of either the farmers or the smallholders. It is interesting to note that 80 acres in Denmark is considered quite a large farm, and owing to the intensive system of cultivation, the men who farm this acreage require a considerable amount of help. This help is chiefly male labour, and it was quite an exception to see women working in the fields, even on such work as weeding or hoeing.

The smallholdings which the party visited were grouped together in the form of a colony; they varied in size, but the average was about 10 to 12 acres.

An intensive system of cultivation is practised, and the holding is usually worked on a 7 or 8 course rotation; also on a holding of 11 acres three or four cows are usually kept, three or four young stock (calves and heifers), and a sow, or perhaps two or three pigs. The war had upset pig breeding very considerably; it had been the practice for a smallholding of this size to feed up to 10 to 20 pigs per annum, but as the farmers were dependent for their pig feed upon imported produce, such as maize, they were unable to continue.

Horse breeding is largely done in Denmark, and on the larger farms a number of horses are usually kept. The smallholders occasionally have horses, but they particularly favour the Iceland ponies. These are a small, very hardy, and strong breed of ponies which live upon very little, and are economical to the smallholder. An interesting feature to the British visitors was the tethering of the animals on grass. This grass forms part of the rotation on the smallholding; permanent pasture is practically unknown. The animals are tethered from infancy, so are quite accustomed to the practice.

Both horses and cows are regularly tethered, and we were informed that it was also the custom in some parts to tether the sheep. During the great portion of the year the animals, however, have to live indoors, and their food is taken to them.

In the rotation there are such crops as lucerne, rye grass and clover, beetroot, turnips, oats, rye, wheat, peas and potatoes, and in many instances the smallholders were raising certain crops for seed, such as turnips and various flowers. On one holding a fairly large piece of ground has been planted with tobacco.

Nearly all the smallholders' wives keep poultry, though these of course, had been much reduced in numbers owing to the war.

In connection with the smallholdings are co-operative dairy factories; the milk is collected at the door by the factory. The pigs, when ready, are delivered at the Co-operative Bacon Factory, the farmers buying back the bacon required for the household, and also brawn and delicious sausages of all descriptions, which are made at the factory.

The eggs are collected regularly by the egg collecting depot. The smallholders have also established co-operative bakeries, and their wives are able to obtain their bread and cakes from their own bakery.

It will be seen from the above that the present-day farmer's wife has a much easier lot than her grandparents had. As the dairy work, baking, and bacon curing are taken out of the house, she is left with only her ordinary domestic management, the care of her poultry, and, if necessary, the calves and pigs. The farmer himself has no trouble in disposing of his produce, and he gets the best prices possible. His feeding stuffs, seeds, and manure are bought from his co-operative society, so that he is able to devote his whole attention to the cultivation of his land.

The consequence is that neither he nor his wife have to work anything like so hard, yet they can produce more and obtain much better prices; this happy result being solely due to co-operation.

Houses.—Another great advantage possessed by the Danish smallholder is the comparatively new house which he usually occupies. These houses are chiefly bungalow type, and are planned so that they may be worked with a minimum of labour. The Danish housewife is house-proud, and as her husband prospers she invests in new and substantial

Signs of Rain—1664



Young horses rubbing their backs against the ground.
 Sheep bleating, playing or skipping wantonly.
 Swine being seen to carry bottles of hay or straw to
 any place and hide them.
 Oxen licking themselves against the hair.

Frogs croaking.
 When beasts eat greedily, if they lycke their hooves.
 The appering and coming out of wormes.
 These declare rayne.

furniture. The floors are usually varnished, thus eliminating the toil of scrubbing. The men and women when working out of doors always wear wooden shoes; in the porch these shoes are exchanged for list slippers as the worker enters the house, consequently the floors are kept in good condition. The farm buildings are situated behind the house, and consist of two or three wings; they are well built, roomy, and well ventilated. All the farms have a liquid manure tank, and every ounce of manure is saved for the land. Owing to the application of plenty of manure and constant working, the land is kept in a light and good condition.

The Danish people are beginning to realise the importance of good gardens, and the women chiefly attend to them; around most of the farmhouses is a small flower garden, a patch for vegetables, and a considerable number of fruit trees have been planted. As fuel is very dear and scarce in Denmark, the farmers' wives find it a decided economy to buy their bread and as much cooked food as they possibly can. It is also the custom only to have "washing day" once a month, and in the winter we were told that it very often only occurred once in three months. This necessitates a large amount of underclothing for the family, which is usually made by the women of the household.

Schools.—Danish people are very keen to learn all they possibly can, and place a very high value upon general education. This is shown very clearly in the type of schools which they prefer. In Denmark there are the ordinary elementary and secondary schools, which are similar in many respects to schools in Great Britain, but there are also special "Folk High Schools." These are intended for adults, and no pupil under eighteen is admitted. The courses vary from three to five months, and only general education is given—not usually anything of a technical nature—the whole idea being to rouse interest in the minds of the students regarding life generally. The instruction is oral; there are neither entrance nor leaving examinations. The chief subjects are geography, history, literature, sociology, hygiene, and sanitation, singing, mathematics, physics, the decoration of the home, with sewing and embroidery for the women.

The men, as a rule, attend the school in the winter and the women in the summer. This is not because the Danes believe in a separation of the sexes, but because the schools are usually too small to admit both sexes at the same time.

Another very interesting type of school was the smallholders' school. In this case there is usually a considerable amount of land attached to the school, and lectures and demonstrations are given in the actual practice of farming and market gardening. The courses extend from three to five months, with special courses of eleven days for those students who cannot attend for the full term. One of the schools which we saw was able to accommodate 200 students—men and women being admitted at the same time. A very important feature in the course are the lessons on "Home Making"; the men and women together are taught how to lay out their land, the type of houses and buildings which

are the most economical and useful, how to lay out the garden so to add to the beauty as well as the utility of the home—also simple exterior and interior decoration. The women attend demonstrations of cookery or take practical lessons; they are also taught needlework, both for decoration of the home as well as personal adornment.

Some surprise was expressed by the visitors that so much ornamental needlework should be taught, and it was explained that the students who attended the school had previously received instruction in cutting out and making of garments.

One extremely interesting feature of these schools is the fact that they are either privately owned or are co-operatively owned by smallholders themselves. Consequently, the students can insist upon such subjects being taught as they desire. No school receives State aid until it has been in existence for two years, and has demonstrated the fact that it is filling an actual need.

The whole tour was very interesting, and the British visitors returned very much impressed with the enormous development which had taken place in a comparatively small and poor country through the application of co-operative methods.

If Flowers Could Walk

IF flowers could walk about, I know
Daintily, daintily they would go;
To and fro along the grass
Prettily, prettily smile and pass.

I know that they would meet and talk
In coloured groups along the walk,
And, ladylike, with perfect ease
Bow low to every passing breeze.

I see them move and set afloat
Their clouds of perfumed petticoat
And chide with aromatic kiss
The baby buds that walk amiss.

I almost see them turn about
And spread their scented sunshades out,
Or pause and, laughing, lean as one
With jewelled smiles toward the sun.

But when the evening star hung low
Above the sunset's fading glow,
Back to the borders, light as air,
Like drifting rainbows they'd repair.

And then a perfumed prayer they'd say
And fold their fragrant frocks away,
And go to sleep like "my son John,"
Keeping their green silk stockings on.

—From *Punch*.

In the Orchard

O THE apples rosy red!
O the gnarled trunks grey and brown,
Heavy-branched overhead!
O the apples rosy red!
O the merry laughter sped
As the fruit is showered down.
O the apples rosy red!
O the gnarled trunks grey and brown.

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

Geese



The Goose Girl

[By V. C. Prinsep, R.A.]

(Reproduced by permission of the Corporation of Liverpool.)

THE custom of having a roast goose for dinner on Michaelmas Day is a very old one. There is a story that it dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth, who is said to have been eating a goose when she received the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and that in commemoration of that event she ever afterwards on that day dined on a goose. It is probable, however, that the habit prevailed long before that time, and there is an old saying that if you eat goose for dinner on Michaelmas Day you will never want money all the year round.

Goose Fairs are still held in some parts of the country, and a most amusing tradition used to be popular as to the origin of the great holiday fair held at Nottingham under that name. A father, for some reason or other, had brought up his three sons in total seclusion, so complete indeed that they had never set eyes on the female sex. On arriving at manhood he took them to the fair, promising to buy each of them what he thought best. They gazed around, asking the names of all they saw, and upon beholding some women working they demanded what they were. Alarmed at the eagerness of their inquiries, the farmer replied: "Pho! Those silly things are geese"; whereupon all three instantly exclaimed: "Oh, father, buy me a goose."

To the Grasshopper and the Cricket

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune,
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass.
Oh, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter—Mirth.

LEIGH HUNT.

Michaelmas, September 29th

IT was for a long time the custom to appoint at this season of the year or thereabouts the governors of towns or cities, the civil guardians of the peace of men, because, as an old historian supposes, "the feast of angels naturally enough brings to our minds the old opinion of tutelary spirits, who have, or are thought to have, the particular charge of certain bodies of men, or districts of the country, as also that every man has his guardian angel."

An old ceremony used to take place about this time in London when the Lord Mayor and Aldermen proceeded from the Guildhall accompanied by their Sheriffs and, embarking on the Thames, went in great state to Palace Yard. Here they proceeded to the Court of the Exchequer, where the following "solemn and impressive" ceremony took place. The tenants of a manor in Shropshire were directed to come forth to do their suit and service; on which the senior alderman stepped forward and chopped a single stick to show that it had been customary for the tenants of that

manor to supply their lord with fuel. Next the owners of a forge in the parish of St. Clement were similarly summoned, when an officer of the court produced six horseshoes and 61 hobnails, which he counted over before the cursitor baron. This business being over, the whole of the company then returned in their barges to Blackfriars Bridge and were afterwards entertained to a magnificent feast.

Much more curious customs prevailed, however, in the country places, and at Kidderminster on the election of a bailiff the inhabitants used to assemble in the streets and throw cabbage stalks at each other. This was called the lawless hour, and the town-house bell gave notice for the battle to begin. It generally lasted for about an hour; after which the bailiff-elect and corporation in their robes, preceded by drums and fifes, visited the old and new bailiff, all the time accompanied by the mob. In the meantime the most respectable families in the neighbourhood were invited to meet and fling apples at them, and on one occasion at least "forty pots" of apples were expended at one house. No wonder we sigh sometimes for the "good old days." I wonder if those "respectable" families wore masks—or tin helmets!

Ballade of the Optimist

HEED not the folk who sing or say
In sonnet sad or sermon chill,
"Alas, alack, and well-a-day."
This round world's but a bitter pill.
Poor porcupines of fretful quill!
Sometimes we quarrel with our lot:
We, too, are sad and careful; still
We'd rather be alive than not.
And, sometimes, on a summer's day,
To self and every mortal ill
We give the slip, we steal away,
To lie beside some sedgy rill;
The darkening years, the cares that kill,
A little while are well forgot:
Deep in the broom upon the hill
We'd rather be alive than not.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

(Ballades and Rondeaux. Walter Scott, Ltd.)

Peace Celebrations

Berkhamsted

ABOUT a week before July 19th one of our local Land Army girls had a brain-wave and sent it to our Registrar. The said brain-wave was this: that all we local L.A. girls should take part in the town's peace celebrations, as we felt we were a few of the war winners.

Our Registrar was eager to help us, and called a meeting—or, we might say, Peace Conference—at her house to discuss what we should do. After much voluble discussion, we came to various satisfactory arrangements.

There were ten of us all told, so six of the ten agreed to decorate a farm cart, which somebody's "boss" was kind enough to lend for the occasion. Two others said they could bring a couple of cows, and the other two promised to make a banner. The arrangements being complete, the "Peace Conference" broke and went away feeling somewhat elated by thoughts of how we should shine in the coming festivities.



The Cart

Saturday came as usual, but it was going to be a big day for us, and, no doubt, we all went off to work in the early morning with the same thoughts of coming pride and pleasure.

We had to assemble outside the Town Hall at 11 o'clock, so about that time you could have seen various figures in spotless smocks and shiny boots and leggings looking somewhat important.

Along came the cows, and how lovely they looked! There had been such a day of cleaning horns and hoofs and a general grooming down; all ribbon-bedecked, too, as you see in the accompanying picture; but looking very solemn, as is the way of the dear things.

But where was the cart? The clock hands were rapidly travelling towards 11.15, the time for the procession to start off. We spent quite a dreadful five minutes; one girl went off to look for it, and came back without finding any trace of it, and another asked a policeman quite pitifully not to let the procession start without the all-important cart.

At last it appeared in sight, and, in our eagerness, three of us ran down the street to meet it as hard as we could go. Well, it looked a treat; not like a rough old farm cart, but it soon felt like one. Two girls in particular worked very hard on it, and were fully paid for their labours. We could hear remarks of approval on all sides.

We took up our allotted position among the other cars, etc., and the procession started off. Then we began to feel proud of ourselves, for we got many admiring looks and hand-clappings. We journeyed all round the town, thoroughly enjoying our joy-ride. The best cheer we had was the one the "boys" gave us; they were lined up either side of the road, and, as we passed between, the air rang with one big cheer and cries of "Good old Land Army!" That will remain in all our minds, I think, as one of memory's treasures.

The procession then halted, and then the unexpected happened. Someone brought a card and handing it us said, "You are to have the 1st prize." Imagine our faces covered with one big look of blank astonishment. There, sure enough, were the words on the card, "1st Prize for Decorated Cart," and then we all said in a breath: "We've got the first prize, and it is £31!" We never expected it, honestly we didn't, for what is an old farm cart? Congratulations came from everyone, and one and all said we deserved it, so we were immensely proud when it was presented to us in the afternoon after the sports.

K. FOUNTAIN (L.A.S.), Berkhamsted.

NOTE.—Many thanks are due to our Registrar, Miss A. Smith-Dorrien, who provided most of the cart's decorations. She is also in the photo, standing at the side of the cart.

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Norfolk

THE local members of the Land Army had another glorious opportunity of showing their really patriotic spirit on Peace Day. It was arranged by the Town Clerk that a short musical service should be held in the Cathedral, and afterwards a grand procession round the city, and a massed assembly in the market place to hear the Lord Mayor read the Peace Proclamation. Naturally we were there! All the girls within reasonable cycling distance willingly gave up their holiday and joined the office staff. We assembled at 9.30 at our office and were joined by Lady Fellowes, our President, and Miss Wise, a member of our Committee. After a brief address from Miss Burgess we "formed fours" and marched to the Cathedral. Our party numbered 60, and in their clean uniforms with various badges the girls made a most impressive sight. We had an excellent position allotted to us in the Cathedral nave, and very proud we were to be associated in a service of praise and thanksgiving with our local



The Cows

J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted

heroes, the Norfolks, and all other war workers who had done such splendid work in the last five years. It was most inspiring and touching to hear the Doxology sung as by one man by hundreds of voices. After the Mayor and Corporation had filed out, the various units lined up and fell into position, each headed by a band. We felt so proud and pleased with ourselves as we marched along between the hundreds of people that lined the streets. Cheers greeted the land girls all the way; the public fully recognised what they owe to the loyal and strenuous work these girls have done for them in the matter of food production. One group of fellows started singing "The Farmer's Boy," to the great amusement of everyone. The refrain was taken up with enthusiasm and we marched to the tune while the band rested. The scene in the market place was most impressive. Flags and banners were everywhere; the bells of St. Peter's, the glorious parish church, were ringing a merry peal, and there was an entire absence of the rowdy element; only a spirit of quiet, cheerful thankfulness seemed to pervade the entire crowd. We could not hear the actual Proclamation, but we could tell by the movements of the Lord Mayor's arm when we were to cheer, and cheer we did. We marched back to our office for dismissal, all feeling we could not have missed taking our part in the Great War for all the riches of the world, and not grudging one hour's work in the wind and rain, unpleasant as it has been sometimes.

To-day the County Organising Secretary has received an official acknowledgment of our efforts from the Town Clerk. He says:—

"I know that I am expressing the wishes of the Lord Mayor and citizens of Norwich in thanking you for the hearty co-operation of yourself and those associated with you in connection with the Peace celebrations. I also send my most cordial thanks for the support you have given me throughout all the arrangements."

"I gather from all sides that the procession and assembly in the market place was most impressive and appreciated, indicating to the public the magnificent part played by your organisation during the last five years."

And that fully compensates us

Bedford

IT was a very pleasant surprise when I received a letter from our C.O.S. to the effect that my farmer had granted me permission to attend the peace celebrations at Bedford, July 19th, and to present myself at the Girls' Modern School at 9.15 a.m., as the procession was to start there.

It was a beautiful morning, so with great glee I cycled to the station, looking forward immensely to the day's programme.



The Denton Girls and their Decorated Cart

About 50 Land girls assembled at the rendezvous. Girl Guides and Boy Scouts also took up their position, and we all marched into the Square (St. Paul's), where the procession really started.

We were practically headed by a girl on a carhorse (two officers were in front to keep the pace), after whom we marched four abreast, according to rank. The horse behaved well until our arrival at Bedford Park, having apparently enjoyed the hearty cheering accorded to the L.A. as much as we did, but he did not approve at all of standing still during the short open-air service, but thought the people were very much in the way, so tried to push aside the Scouts, and when that plan was frustrated, backed into us. Eventually he had to be led away.

The service started with the old favourite, "O God, our help in ages past," after which the Peace Proclamation was read, and the Mayor gave a short address. He reminded us we were chiefly celebrating the victory won by those who had fallen in the war, and to sympathise with all those whose hearts were sad in the midst of the general rejoicing.



West Suffolk

THE Women's Land Army Volunteers were invited by the borough to take part in the "Peace Procession" on Saturday. Owing to the fact that the hour was somewhat early to collect girl milkers, not a very large detachment was available. However, headed by their County Organising Secretary (Miss Wayman), the Volunteers marched from the Hostel to the Angel Hill, and took up their stand for the united service. At 12.30 they returned to the G.F.S. Hostel, and, through the kindness of the Marchioness of Bristol, 33 were entertained to dinner, arranged by the Lady Superintendent (Miss Clarke) and a band of willing helpers.

The meal was followed by toasts, songs, recitations, smokes, and peals of laughter, and then all finally dispersed to the garden for the photographer to "snap" the merry party. Many had bicycled some miles after their early morning work to share in the Bury St. Edmund's festivities, while in all the villages where Peace celebrations were held the land girls were prominent and received an invitation to join the ranks in procession. The borough of Bury St. Edmund's has very kindly presented each Land Army Volunteer working in West Suffolk with an elaborate "Peace Medal," as a souvenir of the occasion.

DEAR EDITOR,—I am sure it will interest you and also some of the girls who were not lucky enough to witness the Peace March of July 19th to hear how two of us got on. We went to London about 9 a.m., and weren't we just glad to see that busy old place again. The quiet old cows were quite forgotten in the excitement. We made our way to Buckingham Palace and found crowds were getting tremendous, and we looked like taking a back seat. But that is not the Land Army's way. We managed to get on to the road at Constitution Hill and made our way to a genial-looking policeman. He cast his eye at a bank where several wounded soldiers were seated,



Durham Peace Procession—No. 4 Detachment

and as if by clockwork these moved together and made a space for us.

After the march was over we went into the Park and spent some time trying to find the different amusements. The choir was one of the finest things anybody had ever heard. It made you feel absolutely bursting with patriotism. I would give a lot to hear it again.

When it got near 11 p.m. we made a search for chairs, and then carried them to the firework area and waited. When the fireworks started we were enthralled. It was lovely—exquisitely so. It looked just like fairyland. It is a sight one never forgets. My friend was waxing very eloquent over it when someone put a squib behind her chair. Result—spent half an hour trying to unmix her with the chair. Well, it was getting past 12 p.m., and so we made steps for home. Oh, the crush! I pitied any poor frog or beetle. We got separated, and I only met my friend at Victoria. We just lost a train and had to wait an hour, and finally got home about 3 a.m., tired, hungry, dishevelled, but happy—just as happy as sandboys—and then slept like a top till 8 a.m. next day, and in the afternoon we were back in the quiet old cowsheds, thinking of what had been, and perhaps longing too.

So that was our Peace Day.—I remain, yours sincerely,

JEAN COOTER, L.A.A.S.

Lancs St. Helens

By the kind invitation of the Mayor, the Land Army were asked to be represented in the Peace Day procession. A group leader and 15 girls went and received a very hearty reception.

The mayor arranged that tea should be provided for us afterwards.

LANCS ROSE.

A September Morning

YESTERDAY, at breakfast, my wife said to me, "My dear, I think perhaps we ought to go away somewhere for a change." I knew at once that some fool in the village had been telling her she ought to take the Squire away for a bit, and this was by way of quieting her conscience. So I said:

"We can't leave home in September," rather shortly. She did not try to hide the relief in her face, as she answered:

"No; they always wanted to be at home in September, ever since they were quite tiny. Perhaps in October. . . ."

Yes, perhaps, but not now, this month. You see in other Septembers we had the three dear boys, happy with the horses and guns in the broad acres which were to be for them and for their children's children. Now three small strips of French soil have claimed them . . . and somehow we feel very old and tired. They seem to have gone on so far. . . .

So there the subject of our going away dropped, and I showed her a letter I had had from the foreman of one of the outlying farms, asking if I could go over and see a valuable young horse which was ill. The vet. was puzzled, it seemed. I told her I should walk over, and stop the night at the farm if the colt were no better, coming home again in the early morning, and she said:

"Yes, do, dear; I'll tell Mary to put a few things ready for you," though I knew she wanted to say that it was too tiring for me, and so damp and misty in the mornings. But she knew that even at sixty-eight one can be driven by a very fiend of restlessness which never tires. It is just that understanding in her which made Christopher say once, "You don't have to tell mother things—she just knows."

"I shall go and see Mrs. Gold," she said, as I kissed her good-bye. "I hear her son is missing." So I kissed her again at that, and left her with Michael's old spaniel Pansy, eagerly waiting for a walk. Sally, the foxhound, followed me as usual. Nicholas had walked her as a puppy, and we took her when the pack was dispersed in 1915.

I stayed the night with the old man at Alder Farm, for it was touch and go with the colt all the evening. But we had spent so many other nights there, happy ones, after a long shoot, that I felt too haunted by the past to sleep much, and my mind was running on the "young gentlemen," as they were there, more than usual, as I set out for home very early, through a light mist, the first smoky smell of autumn in the air. Partridges were calling. In that purple clover field, grey now with dew, Nicholas brought down his first bird . . . quite a little chap he was, too. . . . And I remembered just such a morning when my wife had called me back as I was going down to the stables, and said, "Take care of them, Geoff, they are so little, and so precious," and then waved so proudly to the three small figures on three small ponies, cantering beside my big roan. Their first meet . . . Nicholas might have taken the Mastership later on . . . well, well. . . . "Sally, old lady," I said to her, as she loped along beside me, "we're beginning to get so old, and what's to become of it all?" She too looked old and sad.

Our path lay by a small wood, beloved of many a vixen and her cubs, and I quickened my pace instinctively, every corner had some memory. Confound it. Then I stopped. A horse? No. . . . several . . . were coming down the old lane . . . nearer and nearer, their hoofs thudding on the wet turf. . . . Horsemen? . . . Hounds? . . . the pack with their joyous waving tails? . . . and a field behind them? . . . the keen, cheery, hard-riding crowd of other days? I was a fool, dreaming; this expedition had been too much for me after all. No they were there. . . . The Master? . . . but he was killed in Gallipoli. . . . Charles, the first whip? . . . Jack Hallyard? . . . Tony—old Anstruther's boy? . . . But they are all dead . . . dead in the face of the enemy. . . . Why . . . those hounds on the right . . . Duchess and Dragon, Bellman, Ranger. . . . I'd know them anywhere . . . and they were killed too—in April, 1915 . . . because of the nation's need . . . That bay mare of Tony's, and Grainger's great black . . . they went out to France in 1914, and I often wondered since if . . . Christopher . . . Nicholas . . . Michael . . . the three best horsemen in the county they called them. . . . They're going by . . . they don't see me. . . . But I saw their faces—how happy they were—happy as they used to be—but something more—much more than that. They used to look something like it when they came home to us after a long absence . . . they loved the place so. . . .

Then I found I was quite alone. Sally was nowhere to be seen, but in a minute I heard her give tongue, the old "full-cry" note, getting further and further away. She had gone with them, then . . . with those I'd seen. . . . Had they been real. . . . Something was missing . . . What? . . . wait . . . the pink? . . . they . . . they had all worn khaki. . . . They can come back, then. . . .

When I reached home, my wife was in the hall, busy with

some flowers. She came to meet me, with a great bunch of golden-rod in her hand, and saw by my face that something unusual had happened. So she just said, in her quiet way,

"Come into the library, Geoff."

There, while she stood in the sunlight, still holding her flowers, I told her what I had seen—told her of each man and horse and hound—which we had named dead . . . told her of her own three sons—Christopher, Nicholas and Michael . . . each in his turn . . . and of the something—beyond happiness—which had been in their faces.

She just whispered—"Oh, Geoff," and put out both her hands, and took mine—while the golden-rod slipped down on to the floor. Then—"Where's Sally?" she asked. "Gone with the pack—she'll come back, though," I answered. "As they do," she said softly. . . . "They know . . . they always wanted to be at home in September." C.

"When Summer Dies"

WHEN Summer dies, the leaves are falling fast
In fitful eddies on the chilly blast,
And fields lie blank upon the bare hillside
Where erst the poppy flaunted in its pride,
And woodbine on the breeze its fragrance cast,
And where the hawthorn scattered far and wide
Its creamy petals in the sweet springtide
Red berries hang, for birds a glad repast
When summer dies.

Gone are the cowslips and the daises pied;
The swallow to a warmer clime hath hied;
The beech has shed its store of bitter mast,
And days are drear and skies are overcast,
But Love will warm our hearts whate'er betide
When summer dies.

ARTHUR G. WRIGHT.
(Ballades and Rondeaux. Walter Scott, Ltd.)

Self-reliance

INSIST on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is an unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. If anybody will tell me whom the great man imitates in the original crisis when he performs a great act, I will tell him who else can himself teach him. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment, there is for me an utterance bare and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if I can hear what these patriarchs say, surely I can reply to them in the same pitch of voice: for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Dwell up there in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.—EMERSON.

Happy L.A.A.S.

THE LANDSWOMAN

To a Doleful Poet

WHY are you sad when the sky
is blue ?

Why, when the sun shines bright
for you,

And the birds are singing and all
the air

So sweet with flowers everywhere?

If life hath thorns, it has roses too,

Be wise and be merry. 'Tis half
untrue

Your doleful song. You have work
to do.

If the work be good, and the
world so fair,

Why are you sad ?

Life's sorrows are many, its joys so
few !

Ah ! sing of the joys ! Let the
dismal crew

Of black thoughts bide in their
doleful lair,

Give us glad songs ; sing us free
from care.

Gladness maketh the world anew.

Why are you sad ?

H. COURTHOPE BOWEN.



Mixed Bathing in the Dinner-Hour



Harbottle Camp, Rothbury



On the Medway



Her Pet Lamb



Sunday morning

My Ideal Small Farm

"The greatest things are done by the help of small ones"

A PERUSAL of the extracts from letters sent to me for my advice thereon show that no two are agreed as to the actual plan of running the small farm. Nor should they be, since, apart from having one sound specialist line that stands out from the rest, the choice of programme must be left to the individual. The would-be small farmer must take full measure of himself on the lines set out in this and other chapters. The first two important items are: (1) to have a special line to act as the support, and (2) to start with a holding of medium size. Then capital will have to be allowed a say in the drawing up of the plan. To give an illustration, I will take it for granted that a man has £500 capital. Such a person may aim at a farm of from sixteen to twenty acres, which may eventually be set out something after the following plan:

	2 acres (for 200 head of poultry for breeding)	2 acres (for rearing chickens)	1 acre (fruit-trees)
			1 acre (market garden, etc.)
3 acres (meadow)	3 acres (pasture)	2 acres (for about 600 head of laying hens)	2 acres (for roots and cereals)

PLAN OF 16-ACRE FARM.

Such a farm would carry, say, 2 cows, 600 head of poultry for laying; 200 head of poultry for breeding purposes, 2 or 3 (or more) breeding sows, and bees, and such-like as desired. And personally, with such in full swing, I should expect to see profits exceed £400 per annum. The exact amount would depend entirely upon the man at the helm, and yet my plan can be carried out with £500 as capital, allowing even for a reasonable ingoing and a little money as a reserve fund.

To go into the diagram, we have:

1. A three-acre meadow, which will be put down to hay and turned over to the cows, after the hay-crop has been gathered, to graze the aftermath.

2. A three-acre plot or field for pasture, upon which the cows would graze.

3. Two acres of grass-land which would be divided up into small wire-netting enclosures each about 20 yards square, with a house or roost in each, and holding a pen of from eight to ten hens and a cockerel. Housed in such small permanent enclosures one can run a hundred head of poultry to the acre, so that in this breeding section of the farm I should run 200 head of poultry for breeding purposes.

4. Two acres of grass-land upon which to rear chickens to "feed" the laying section, for sale or otherwise. It would be resting as regards the poultry during the autumn and winter with the stock then matured and removed.

5. One acre devoted to fruit culture, whether small or large trees. Here chickens could also be reared. If small bush-fruit trees—currants, raspberries, and the like—were planted, the chickens would have to be removed when two or three months old if the fruit was then ripe. I would probably arrange to have here my brooder-house, holding 500 or 1,000 or more chicks, so that when they were eight weeks old they could be graded and passed on to the rearing-ground. On the other hand, I might give this piece of land over to table chickens or to ducklings; but whatever I did I should utilise the ground fully with stock to secure "top" (fruit-trees) and "ground," or "bottom" crops.

6. An acre would be devoted to market-gardening, from which ground also the house might be supplied with vegetables.

7. Two acres would be set apart for the growing of crops—roots or cereals—for the stock. Near here the piggery might be established if it does not exist near the homestead.

8. The remaining two acres would be handed over to poultry kept for laying stock. My system would be to divide this into equal parts, so that I had an acre on the south side and one on the north. The houses would be arranged to face the south and would be divided up into sections, each with outer wired-in run varying in size according to the experience of the owner in handling laying stock. The more experienced farmer might run two flocks of 300 head each. If he did this he would have, say, one continuous laying house divided in the centre, each half taking a flock of 300 layers. That would mean dividing up the two acres into four half-acres—two on the north side and two on the south. Wire-netting would be used to make the enclosures. The idea would be to crop the half-acre on the north side whilst the 300 birds were occupying the half-acre on the south side for six months of the year. They would then be turned over to the north side for the next six months, whilst the south side was being cropped. The crops could be gathered or left for the fowls to clear.

With so many birds run to the acre the land would need to be dug or ploughed, and here again a careful study of my plan will reveal the fact that the laying section is next the two acres devoted to crops, and also the market garden, in case one might desire to have the whole four or five acres ploughed up at a given time. The wire-netting forming the runs would, during the operations need to be taken down, and it would be so erected to facilitate same. On the same principle, of course, the six hundred layers could be accommodated (under one roof in a continuous laying-house) in six lots of one hundred birds, each flock with an outer enclosure of equal size on both north and south sides. Or a smaller or larger number could be run in each flock. The land, too, could, if desired, be dug with the spade and cultivated for market-gardening purposes.

Before my ideal farm of sixteen acres is in being, laid out as suggested, much difficult ground-work will have to be covered. Supposing I take in hand the man and his £500 capital and give a rough idea of the steps to be taken. His first plans must concern the food for his table, as he must live as economically as possible. That must be the first move in any concern. Next, he must look at matters very broadly, and hit upon the one line which is to see his ship into harbour the first season, and at the same time not to devour too much of his available capital. His thoughts will invariably fly to market-gardening or fruit-culture as the ideal speciality branch. He has been told that apple-trees give a return of from £30 to £50 per acre; pears, £30 to £40; plums, £40 to £50; damsons, £50 to £60; cherries, £60 to £80 (often considerably more); gooseberries, £25 to £30; currants, £25 to £30; raspberries, £30 to £40; strawberries, £30 to £40; and cobnuts, £50 to £80. Figures may even have been placed before him pointing out that, by combining one of the soft fruits, a "bottom" crop to standard fruit-trees, the dual return jumps to £60 to £70 per acre. Such may be quite true, provided qualifying factors are taken into



A Poultry Farm in Northants

account. I will concern myself with but one query: "What happens if a bad year is experienced?" A season can be bad in two ways: first, there may be such a glut that the fruit hardly pays for picking; and, secondly the crops may be completely wiped out, as in 1918. In both instances, all share alike in the majority of seasons.

Viewing the matter squarely, I see no more certain speciality branch than poultry. You may at once jump to the conclusion that I am biased, arguing that, as a prominent poultry expert, I would naturally lean towards this section. In reply, I refer my readers to the arguments I give from my side to back up my opinion. It is not the idle statement of an outsider. As a professional poultry consultant, and one who is continually establishing poultry farms up and down the country, and, what is more, controlling them wholly or in part, I am in a unique position to voice a sound opinion. I have handled the rawest of material, sometimes by post alone, and sometimes by post and periodical visits, but I have always seen the man who is all out to win through reach his objective. A few poultry farms I control wholly as if they were my own, and, to take but one of these, I find that this student's record week for 1918 showed a return of £32 on a head of about 150 breeding birds. This was during the breeding season in the spring. Everything, of course, depends upon the "key" man, as I have pointed out, and the methods adopted. The poultry-farmer I have mentioned had not been established three seasons.

I am very much in favour of making a start with stock that will show a return almost from the beginning. The weary waiting for returns does not encourage the novice, but rather disheartens him, and more so if capital is on the small side. An ideal start would then be made with poultry in, say, early September. Pullets of the current year's hatching (previous March for heavy or sitting breeds like the Wyandotte, and April for light varieties such as the Leghorn and Minorca) would be purchased for delivery the first or second week in September. By time of delivery (mid-September, say) the winter laying-houses would have to be ready for the pullets so that, on arrival, they could be placed in them immediately. My system as outlined allows the pullets several weeks in which to settle down, so that eggs should be forthcoming early in October. Under this plan one does not have to wait long ere returns come in, and, whilst this does so much to give the owner confidence in himself, it also ekes out the capital.

From the amount of capital in hand we must deduct £40 or £50 to cover expenses of ingoing. There may be hay, straw, crops, fittings and the like to pay for, as these will be taken over from the previous tenant. The larger the farm, of course, the greater the amount required for these items. That brings us to one important cross-road! Before putting into practice one's original plans, it may be well to enquire of the predecessor his views of lines to be taken up for profit as based on his knowledge of local colour, markets, and the like. One cannot afford to ignore such channels of information, because the man who makes it his business to "find out" local matters from reliable sources will be working on correct lines. In the case in point we will take it that there is no stock to be purchased but crops—growing and harvested—and plant of some kind or other. The presence of plant might considerably alter matters. Supposing, for instance, there was a well-constructed piggery on the estate and crops (harvested and growing) to feed the inmates, one would not be wise in not utilising same to the fullest extent. The first thing would be to ascertain from the predecessor his profits on that piggery over a given time. One might, for instance, be able to see the books and accounts. If the man was moving out because he was a failure and you were sure that his piggery showed a heavy loss because of the markets, you would use the buildings for some other purpose than pigs at the start-off. If, on the other hand, the predecessor was flourishing and was leaving the farm in order to take a larger estate, then pigs might be from the start one of the special branches. Such is a point one must not disregard, as, in taking over the piggery, it must be put to best possible use. One might, for instance, put in one sow and hand the other sties over to ducks, after bedding down the floors of the houses.

Upon the selection and purchase of plant great thought must be bestowed. There are those who, having got the fever, rush off and spend nearly all their capital in plant. I grant you that plant has an important say in matters, but it does not warrant the parting with capital that could be put to better use. One of the greatest failings on a limited capital is to invest at the start in expensive plant. The next weakness is to neglect it, as so very many do. In normal times one could have the "best," as that was even cheap in those days. In pre-war days you could house 100 birds under one roof for 3s. 4d. each, whereas at time of writing the price is well over £1 a head. Maybe prices will drop rapidly, but I mention the point so that the novice will use discretion in the matter.

(To be continued—"A Living from the Land," by Powell Owen [Newnes].)

"Sammy"

JUST outside the churchyard of a little village in Norfolk there is a tiny grave, and on the wall above it the one word "Sammy" is scratched. Thereby hangs a tale.

Sammy was an enormous spider, easily eclipsing in size and magnificence all the other "creepy-crawlies" which gambolled about the barn in which he lived—he might even be called a super-spider.

When his home was invaded by a gang of Landworkers, who proceeded to make their beds in the manger or on the floor, he made no demur, but philosophically said to himself: "Well, there's a war on, so I may as well do my bit too." And from that day the noble little fellow used to keep watch over us, night after night, from his favourite station on the wall just above my bed. How I loved him, with his cheery presence and pretty winning ways!

Then one morning the tragedy occurred. A drooping, dejected-looking being greeted me from my pillow instead of from his accustomed place, and I discovered with dismay that he was pitifully weak, and one front leg was missing. I did my best to comfort him, and presently the other inmates of the barn began to wake up.

"Whatever's the matter?" asked my next neighbour sleepily. "Something awful has happened," I replied. "Sammy's had such a frightful accident."

"Sammy!" said a disgusted voice; "why, I thought at least there had been an air-raid and I'd slept through it."

"Or the orderly couldn't get the fire to light, and we should have to go without breakfast," chimed in Granny, aged 27, the eldest of the gang.

"Or it was raining so fast that we couldn't go to work!" added our gang-leader.

"Far worse than any of those everyday occurrences," I said; "Sammy has lost a leg and he's in awful agony."

"Hallo! did you say someone was hurt?" cried the occupant of the far end of the manger, and as she had been a V.A.D. I hailed her with joy.

"Yes, it's Sammy; one of his legs has gone and he's suffering fearfully. What would you do?"

"Idiot!" snapped the unsympathetic V.A.D. "Fancy waking us up to tell us a thing like that!"

"Fetch a vet., Bodge," suggested Granny; "it's only three miles, so you can easily get there and back before breakfast if you bike fast."

"Institute a thorough search for the missing leg and stick it on again."

"I should amputate the opposite one and make him symmetrical."

"I think you are all perfectly heartless and horrid," I declared. "Perhaps in another existence you'll all be spiders, and Sammy a Land Girl, and then you'll be sorry!"

"How did it happen?" asked Smith Junior, pulling on her stockings.

"I don't know, I expect Sammy was prowling round and his leg got entangled in something—perhaps he was trying on somebody's puttees!" I added spitefully.

"Beast! I hate you!" said the V.A.D., who was even at that moment putting on a pair of new puttees of which she was absurdly proud.

"Thanks awfully" I returned; "but anyhow, something must be done for Sammy, I can't leave him like this, poor dear! Perhaps if I lay him in some boracic powder in a nice airy matchbox, he'll be better, I don't suppose that can do him any harm, even if he eats it."

As soon as the day's work was over, I flew back to Sammy's box and looked eagerly inside. Alas! my poor little pet lay huddled up in a corner, dead!

As Sammy's next-of-kin, or rather, nearest and dearest, I was the recipient of many condolences.

"I feel for you, Bodge; I know how I felt when grandma's parrot died!"

"Well, he's only a spider," said the V.A.D. callously; "you can easily adopt another. I'll give you the next one I find and perhaps he won't come to a bad end trying on puttees!"

We buried him that evening in a thimble, and the whole gang showed their respect and affection for him by being present at the ceremony. It was very simple, but most affecting; we lined the little grave with thistle-down and covered it over with ivy leaves, while the musical members of the party played funeral marches on combs; and then the gang, with armlets reversed, chanted in mournful chorus the pathetic and appropriate ditty:—

"Sammy's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
Sammy's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
Sammy's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave;
His leg is marching on"

BODGE.



DEAR GIRLS,—We awarded recently a prize of one guinea, presented by a farmer, to a member of the Land Army who has been working on the same farm for 23 years, and we were very proud to do so; but that record has now been beaten, for I received a letter the other day telling me of a land worker in Cornwall who, though not a member of the Land Army, has worked continuously on one farm for 47 years. She is now 71, and still does milking and calf and pig feeding. Her name is Jane Garrett. It is certainly a great tribute to the healthiness of the life that age makes no difference, but I wonder if we shall all be as keen on our milking at 71 as we are at 21, or thereabouts.



L.A.A.S. at the March Horse Show.

[Photo by Miss Askew.]

I want to tell you, too, about a fellow-worker of yours—Doris Goodall. One of her cows the other day got something stuck in its throat, and was obviously in great distress about it. Goodall, while the farmer held the cow, put her hand down its throat and extracted a piece of tin, which was 2½ inches in diameter and had jagged edges. It was a plucky thing to do, and undoubtedly saved the cow from very serious consequences.

There is no doubt at all that the skilled Land Army girl, as a milker, is widely recognised and appreciated by the farmers. I was very interested to see that a dairy farmer in Cumberland, a county noted for its dairy cattle, whose model farm is one of the four or five Grade A farms in the country, employs five Land Army girls to help him in the routine of producing milk of that higher hygienic quality required by the Local Government Board, which entitles it to be sold at a price exceeding the maximum for the time being in force.

The test which has to be passed before a Grade A certificate can be obtained is based on a scheme drawn up by the National Clean Milk Supply, and calls for a very high standard in what the ordinary milk producer might regard as quite unimportant details. It goes without saying that there must be perfectly healthy cows; equipment, the location and construction of the cowshed, its drainage, ventilation, air space, lighting, and facilities for cleansing, are important points; the milk room or house must be free from contaminating surroundings, and extra points are awarded if there are separate rooms for the washing of hands and the handling of milk. Not only perfect equipment but perfect methods are needed, and one-fifth of the points awarded are allowed for the actual milking, so that hands have to be clean and dry, udders clipped and flanks washed. Straight

to the milkroom the milk passes from the cowshed; there it is weighed for milk records, passed through the cooler to reduce it to 50° Fahr., and bottled in a very short space of time.

We realise that all these things are very necessary, when we read a recent report of the investigation into the state of milk supplied to one of our big cities. In at least three cases of disease outbreaks investigated, there was no doubt milk was the cause of infection. One affected 280 persons. So that milk, instead of bringing life and health, may also bring death and disease, and it is surely up to us Land girls, who will play so large a part in the milk supply of the future, to see to it that that milk shall be clean.

SEWING CLUB.—The demand for our Sewing Club baskets is still very keen and, although the supply of fruits is keeping pace with it, we are particularly short of the actual baskets. I shall be glad to supply the rush to any girl who is a competent basket maker and who will send me a sample of her work. These baskets make very nice presents and as Christmas time draws near the demand will be greater still. I should like to be quite sure that we shall be able to supply it, before I take any more big orders. I want to say again that all the work must be perfectly done—and it is not difficult to do it perfectly—or we shall lose our market, so that you must not be surprised that we want to see samples of your work before we send you any large quantities of materials, which are expensive. Someone wrote the other day for materials for 100 dozen fruits, before they had sent any completed samples for inspection. The materials for such a large quantity involve a very considerable outlay in silk, nylon and wadding, so you will understand why I want to know that they are not going to be spoilt in the making before I send them along.

Miss Doherty, who has been so very kind in doing all sorts of knitting jobs for some of you, wishes me to tell you that she has changed her address. Any-one who wants her help should write to her at Heather Glen, Armistable, nr. Armathwaite, Cumberland.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.—It seems early to be thinking about Christmas, but I want to remind you that we hope to have a double number of THE LANDSWOMAN for December, as we did last year. So I hope you won't forget to send to your Magazine Secretary or your Welfare Officer that extra 3d. in good time, so that she may know at least a month beforehand how many copies of the special December number she will require for her county.

As you all know by this time, I am always glad to receive suggestions for the magazine, and you cannot write too soon



Perks L.A.A.S. who marched in the Reading Procession.

to tell me what sort of things you would like the Christmas number to contain.

COMPETITIONS.—Five prizes of one guinea each will be offered this month for the best contributions to the Christmas number in the form of plays, short stories, drawings, verses, songs or music. In order to give you plenty of time—and I know you have not much time for such things during harvest—the entries need not reach this office until October 25th.

I have not quoted any of your letters this month, not because they were not just as interesting as ever, but because there have been so many other things to talk about. Of all the fascinations of Land work, you all seem to love best the care of animals and particularly of cows and calves. We, in the Western Hemisphere, are so accustomed to look upon the cow merely as the machine which provides us with milk and cream that I often wonder if we ever remember that in the East she is worshipped as a goddess, a white, velvety goddess, with kohl-darkened eyes and strings of holy cowry shells or beautiful wreaths of heavily-scented flowers hung on her smooth neck. There she is queen of all, temples are set apart in her honour and dark priests worship her, and she radiates content. She is such a passive, quiet, nerveless creature that some of us almost forget at times that she is anything but a machine, and it is this very calm which commands the Oriental's worship: he adores her impassiveness, her quiet pensive wisdom; she seems to him one with the eternal marble temples and tombs of India.

Some of us who are looking after cows all our time, and really become intimately acquainted with them, know well that they are not all of one pattern—indeed, that every cow in the herd has her own personality if only we take the trouble to find it out. And in that, of course, lies the real fascination of tending animals. They respond so readily to any little bit of affection which we give them and repay a thousand times all the *real* interest which we take in the care of them.

The holy cows of the East respond also to the spirit of worship with which they are surrounded, and their influence is soothing and productive of calm, symbolic of eternal repose. I sometimes think that we, who make such a commotion over any little bit of work which we do manage to accomplish, would do well to take a lesson from the cow, who quietly goes on from day to day, doing her job and doing it well, making no fuss at all about it, and asking and expecting no thanks, no praise. How we do love to be praised! To some of us it is the very breath of our existence; we simply can't get on without it; it is the only thing that matters. And it is the same with old and young—even children understand it. I realised this very acutely the other day. I was talking to a girl about all her troubles and worries when, quite suddenly, from a corner of the room where a small girl, forgotten by us, had been quietly playing with her dolls, came the wise little remark: "You know, I 'specs at the bottom of your heart you wanted to be praised." I think we all have that feeling at the bottom of our hearts, but we shouldn't let it interfere with our work when the praise isn't forthcoming. So often we may think that because no one sees our work, whether it is good or bad, that it doesn't really matter which it is. But after all, we know—don't we?—that at the bottom of our hearts where we keep that longing for praise, of which we are half ashamed, there is that other approval which matters much more—our own honest approval of our own honest work. That is the only *really* satisfying thing, just because we ourselves only know the best of which we are capable; and what is the good of praise for anything but our best work? The praise that is really deserved is the only praise worth having.

Your sincere friend,
THE EDITOR.

Preston

THE Demobilised Soldiers and Sailors and the Mayor of Preston invited the Land Girls to join in the procession. On the eventful day we were up betimes to milk the cows and feed the chickens, etc.; then we rushed for an early train, some of us coming in the guard's van.

At Preston, we all met at the Avenham Club, where we found our energetic officers dispensing cocoa and collecting our ties and won L.A.A.S. badges. 10 a.m. found us 60 strong at the Town Hall, where the Mayor addressed us.

We fell in behind the V.A.D.'s and marched to the Park for a Drumhead Service. Delightful in its simplicity and sincerity. After the service we went to the club again. There we found our W.O. had prepared dinner for us—with strawberries and cream, and chocolates. Our C.O. proposed the King's Health, and the W.O. the Land Army. We gave our officers the usual three cheers, and then left for further festivities. Much later we went home tired after a happy day. LANC'S BELL.

Lancaster

The County Town had a magnificent procession three miles long.

It was excellently arranged and very pretty. Three of our officers came up, and with them we marched between rows of people for six long miles, and we finished up by all massing before the Mayor and Mayoress in a field and singing patriotic songs. LANC'S DAISY.

Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.

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HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

Our Flax Camp

WAY down in the heart of Hunts is a small village. It consists of a handful of cottages, a tiny post office and school-house. Standing in the park is a beautiful old church, close to the great house called the Castle. The inhabitants of C— live a quiet life, with no excitement whatever. So when, early in the summer, they suddenly awoke to the fact that they were to be invaded by the "Land Army" great was the interest displayed. Literally, the "Land Army" consisted of some thirty girls, who were to camp at the Castle Home Farm for flax pulling.

Before the great day when the camp was to be opened the natives were all agog at the appearance of motors tearing up and down, lorries laden with equipment churning up the road, and much joy was caused by the group leader, who buzzed about all day on a motor-bike. In the village itself a picturesque cottage was transformed into a Y.W.C.A. canteen, and this was the centre of attraction for the time being, as many officials drove up in motors and rushed in and out, apparently up to their eyes in important business. The windows being small and heavily leaded hid the fact that a great deal of the business ended in cups of tea and—smoke, but that by the way.

After much heart-rending the camp was at last in working order, and the girls began to arrive. With laughter (and some tears) they viewed the barn prepared for their reception.

"Looks like a mortuary," was one lugubrious remark, and it certainly was rather a true simile, as the beds (?), when stuffed with straw and "laid out" on the floor do remind one of so many coffins, or perhaps mummy cases.

However, these little details were soon forgotten, and the girls soon settle down, even begging flowers and jam jars to adorn their "bedroom." The cook-matron and her assistant had rather a hard time starting the "cook-house," which was really the farm wash-house. However, all the difficulties were soon overcome, and in due time the fires got going. Land Army girls are wonderful people, they can always laugh and sing under the worst conditions.

At first our camp was rather handicapped by the weather, and the flax pulling was "hung up" for a while. The farmer, however, found work for the girls round about the farm, and, clad in sacks, they cheerfully whitewashed hen-houses and cattle sheds and did any other odd jobs that came to hand.

The sun kindly shone in a few days, and "To the flax field!" was the joyful cry.

Alas! the anticipation was better than the realisation. "Look at my hands, miss," was the general wail the evening of the first day's work, when, as usual, they all turned into the Y.W.C.A., where the club leader was awaiting them with tea and cake. Blisters, thistle prickles, and strained wrists were the worst trouble, and "Oh! my poor back," was the next complaint.

The club leader soon found remedies for most of the troubles, except the stiff backs, and her only advice for that was to grin and bear it and hope that it would work itself off. Her great panacea for stiffness was "dancing," and the schoolroom being available whenever wanted, "dances" from 7 to 9.30 became very popular. The village of C— really owes a great debt of gratitude to the flax pullers, as they have been given something to do and think about, and our girls make the place look so cheerful and gay. Church parade on Sundays is quite a new sight for the rather scanty congregation.

Peace Day passed off very well owing to the Land Girls, who entered every event possible for them, and what would have been a very staid and dull entertainment was turned into a very gay affair by their keen excitement and cheery good-humour. The end of the day turned miserably wet, but everyone turned into the big room at the village inn, where the tea and sports had been held, and a dance wound up the proceedings, many

thanks being offered to the squire and the rector, who had worked so hard to make "Peace Day" a day to be remembered by old and young. Happy are the girls who work in a flax field bounded by a high road, and unhappy the farmer or supervisor who had by the task of keeping the gang to the work in hand, which is certainly not aided by the bandying of witty remarks with the passers-by. No one, from a Bishop to the smallest errand boy, escapes the flow of joyful comment—all receive their share of chaff, and no one could resist hurling some remark to the jolly crew: even ladies rolling by in their cars wave a hand and smile.

In the Army it is the duty of the orderly officer for the day to go round and ask the question, "Any complaints?" If you or I were to do the same each day in the flax camp we should be received by a crowd of girls each eager to pour into our ears complaints of the hard beds, the food, the tea, the everything. But if some high official suddenly appeared and asked the girls if the camp should be closed and all go back to farms, etc., the unanimous cry would go up, "No, no! We love camping. It is the jolliest time we've ever had in our lives."

We shall all want to pull flax again next year, and only hope to be sent to C— camp.

Work begins about 7 a.m., as the dew are very heavy, and it is impossible to pull flax when it is wet. Some of the girls work in a field a few miles away, some in the Home Farm fields near at hand. Those far-off workers are driven to and fro in a farm cart, and it is rather a subdued crew that drive off in the morning and a very noisy and cheery lot that makes the return journey in the evening. When they drive into the yard they all tumble out helter-skelter and make for



the sleeping barn. Up the steep pladder they scamper, off come their working clothes—precious few this hot weather—wash, hair-dress, and then into beautiful clean smocks and off to the mess barn to enjoy their well-earned dinner. After this they really begin to feel life is worth living, and down the road they go in twos or threes, singing and laughing, to spend the evening in the Y.W.C.A. or at the school, as the case may be. Sundays and Saturdays tea is the great institution at the Y.W.C.A., or perhaps a picnic in the Castle grounds is arranged, and a great fête is to be held before long at the Castle, the chief attraction being a performance by the "Drayton Gang," a party of pierrots from an adjoining flax camp. Dancing afterwards on the lawn to a band will (weather permitting) close a much looked for and longed for day. This little word-picture of a flax camp gives but a poor impression of the life as it really is for a few short weeks, but "just try it next year" is the advice of a mere

Y.W.C.A. CLUB LEADER.

Some Practical Recipes

REMOVAL OF STAINS.

General Rules.

1. Treat at once if possible.
2. Employ simple methods first. If strong chemicals are used they must be thoroughly removed.
3. There are three classes of stains :—
 - (i.) Animal—e.g., blood, milk, gravy.
 - (ii.) Vegetable—e.g., tea, coffee, fruit.
 - (iii.) Mineral—e.g., tin or iron mould, ink.

Treatment of Stains.

1. *Animal*.—These contain albumen substances which harden with heat.
Blood put in cold water and salt.
Milk contains albumen in the form of casein, therefore use cold water.
2. *Vegetable*.—(i.) Apply boiling water at once from a height; begin from outside and work inwards.
(ii.) Put to steep in boiling water and one teaspoonful of borax; change water if necessary. Soda may be used; it is much stronger but more harmful.
(iii.) Bleach in hot sun and strong light or frost.
(iv.) Glycerine may be used; solvent for many organic substances. Should be thoroughly soaked and left for 24 hours, then washed.
(v.) Chlorine bleaching solution may be used, but it is very harmful to clothes; it removes most mineral and vegetable stains.

To make solution, take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chloride of lime bleaching powder, 1 oz. soda, mix gradually into one pint boiling water, allow to stand for a little, stirring occasionally, carefully removing scum from top; pour off clear liquid without disturbing lime at bottom.

To Use.—Should be bottled and corked and kept in dark place. Mix one part of solution with four parts water; add a few drops of vinegar.

Action of Chlorine.—Chlorine has great affinity to hydrogen and takes it away from clothes. In bleaching, chlorine unites with hydrogen in water, setting oxygen free; oxygen unites with stain, changing it into new colourless compounds.

3. *Mineral*.—(i.) Ink, if fresh, can be removed by using slightly warmed milk, which should be changed when coloured; rub slightly. If not fresh, pour boiling water over, put salts of lemon on, and leave for a time, according to severity of stain; pour boiling water from height. A blue stain remains, which can be removed with boiling in the wash or with alkaline solution. Oxalic acid is stronger, but injurious to garments.

Note.—Salts of lemon and oxalic acid are both strong poison, and should be :—

- (1) Labelled poison.
- (2) Kept right away from food.
- (3) Out of reach of children.

REMOVAL OF STAINS FROM COLOURED FABRICS.

Same means may be employed, but heat and sunshine avoided.

1. *Tea Stain*.—Glycerine (not borax) and boiling water.
2. *Iron Mould*.—Salts of lemon with lukewarm water.

VARIOUS STAINS.

1. *Wine and Fruit Stains*.—May be removed with salt.
2. *Medicine and Coloured Ink*.—Methylated spirits or other alcohols.
3. *Sealing-wax*.—Same as former.
4. *Blood on Woollen Materials*.—Cold water and starch; also old bloodstain.
5. *Paint*.—Turpentine and paraffin, or turpentine and ammonia. Last must not be used for coloured fabrics.
6. *Tar Stains*.—Grease or solid fat—e.g., lard—remove lard with borax and soda if not coloured fabrics.
7. *Condy's Fluid and Permanganate*.—Acids—e.g., vinegar—salts of lemon.
8. *Mildew*.—Caused and increased by heat and moisture. Cover with alkali—e.g., soap and water or paste of chalk, soap and water. Chlorine may be used, but it sometimes only changes colour.

TREATMENT OF WHITE SILK FABRICS.

It is found by experiment that :—

- (1) Hot water turns white silk yellow.
- (2) Soda makes white silk worse colour.
- (3) Chlorine rots silk and turns it bright yellow in two minutes.
- (4) Cold water has no effect either on colour or fabric.
- (5) Weak acid restores colour harmed by alkali.



Fruit Picking Gang at Sutton St. James

Washing.—Squeeze and knead in warm, soapy lather. Soiled parts may be rubbed carefully between hands. If soiled under arms remove with methylated spirits. Do not wring, but squeeze. Rinse in lukewarm water when cold.

N.B.—For coloured silks add vinegar to second rinsing water in the proportion of one tablespoonful to one gallon of water. If colour runs, add salt to water in same proportion. White silk can be blued with care.

Stiffened Silk.—In green water. One dessertspoonful of methylated spirits is supposed to give a glow. Iron while damp; do not damp down, as it gives a water-mark.

Tussore needs no stiffening; it is not ironed while quite wet, as it would stiffen up too much. Let it partly dry, then iron equally over whole surface on wrong side or unnatural gloss is obtained.

Spunella.—Treated as above.

Crepe-de-Chine.—Iron when dry.

Glaze Silk and Ribbons.—Adulterated with metal substance so are better dry cleaned, as washing takes away all stiffness.

Chiffon and Ninon.—Shake in a bottle in a lather.



Hampshire L.A.A.S. with Cheriton "Gay Boy"

M. L. COLLIS has reared this promising young Guernsey bull from birth. For sixteen months she has had entire charge of the stock at Malt House Farm, Cherton, and has done all the dairy work, separating, butter-making, etc. She is to be married in September and hopes to work with her husband on a small holding of her own. I am sure we shall all join in wishing her the success she has so richly deserved.

A Mixed Collection of Local Farm Terms

- "Apple-john": An apple so called from its being at maturity about St. John's Day (May 6th).
 "Athole brose" (Scotch): A compound of oatmeal, honey and whisky.
 "To wear the barley cap": Tipsy.
 "Barley-mow": A rick of barley.
 "Budge": Is lambskin with the wool dressed outwards.
 "A bunt-mill": A machine for sifting corn (*Somersetshire*).
 "Cock of hay": A haycock.
 "Come ather" (*pron. ah-ther*): Means, when addressed to horses, "come hither"—i.e., to the left, the side on which the teamsman walks.
 "Woo'sh": Bear to the left.
 "Hull" or "Cop": In Norfolk it means to throw.
 "Crone": A ewe whose teeth are worn out.
 "Dag-wool": Refuse wool.
 "Dannocks": Hedging-gloves.
 "The black jack": The turnip-fly.
 "Boiled jammies": Boiled sheep's head.
 "A Cotswold lion": A sheep.
 "Loy": A long narrow spade used in repairing roads.
 "Mell supper": The harvest supper.
 "Pikle" (Eastern Counties): A small piece of land enclosed with a hedge.
 "Potato-bury": A pit or trench for preserving potatoes for winter use.
 "Poult": A young turkey.
 "Soll the milk": Yorkshire for "sile the milk"—i.e., strain it, or skim it. A sile is a sieve or strainer.
 "Ram" or "Tup": A male sheep; "ewe," the dam; "lamb," the new-born sheep till it is weaned, when it is called a "hogget"; the tub-lamb being a "tub-hogget," and the ewe-lamb a "ewe-hogget"; if the tub is castrated it is called a "wether-hogget." After the removal of the first fleece, the tup-hogget becomes a "shearling," the ewe-hogget a "grimmer," and the wether-hogget a "dinmont." After the removal of the second fleece, the shearling becomes a "two-shear tup," the grimmer a "ewe," and a dinmont a "wether." After the removal of the third fleece, the ewe is called a "twin-ewe"; and when it ceases to breed, a "draft-ewe."
 "Shepster time": The time of sheepshearing.
 "Arish geese" (Devon): The geese into stubble-fields before the "easing," or ploughing.
 "Temse": A corn sieve.
 "Tit": A horse.
 "A white harvest": A late harvest (1891).
 The "wicked weed": Hops.
 "Whit-leather": The skin of a horse cured and whitened for whip-thongs and hedging gloves.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

- "Ails": Beards of barley.
 "All of a hoogh": Out of shape.
 "Baaks": Places not properly ploughed in a field.
 "Azew": Applied to cows not giving milk.
 "Bargan": Small holding.
 "Batts": Odd corners in a ploughed field.
 "Bittel": A very large mallet for tying out horses; sometimes called a slakebittel when used for driving stakes.
 "Bonnygoo": A lively horse.
 "Breed": Plait.
 "Butt": Small meadow near a house. Probably because such meadows used to be used for archery practice.
 "Cham": To chew.
 "Clutched hen": A hen sitting on eggs.
 "Cup": Cry to call cows home.
 "Dresh": Threshing.
 "Galley-hagger": Scarecrow.
 "Grippen": Bindingwheat.
 "Harlens": Cow's hock-joint.
 "Hatch on": To yoke horses to plough.
 "Headlen": Part of field nearest the hedge where horses turn in ploughing.
 "Keert loose": A cart rut.
 "Knittles": Strings for tying socks.
 "Leazen": Gleaning after wheat is carted.
 "Mayet": Carters' mats.
 "Hitch": As much as one can carry.
 "Not": Cow without horns. Possibly because of the Anglo-Saxon word "knot," meaning shorn.

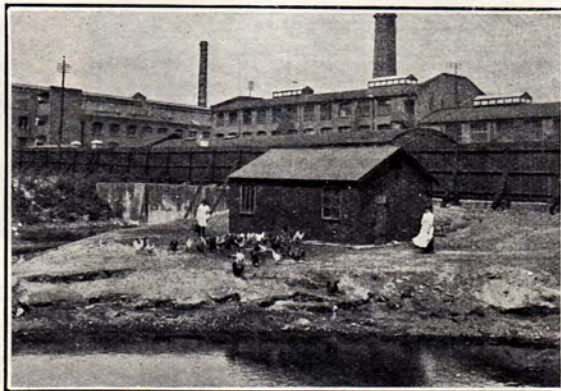
- "Polehaps": Leather strap on top of horse collar.
 "Reaches": Ridges in ploughed field.
 "Riggish": Cattle that are always getting through a hedge.
 "Shet off": To unyoke horses.
 "Spudgel": Small bucket.
 "Straw-vork": Large wooden fork used in thatching. Sometimes applied to long-legged people!
 "Tackle": Harness, farm implements or food, etc.
 "Thiller": Horse of a team in the shafts.
 "Kues": Teeth of a harrow.
 "Top up": Finish anything.
 "Trow": Trough (not used only in the Island).
 "Varm": Clean.
 "Voold": Sheepfold.
 "Willey": Large basket for carrying chaff.
 "Wuts": Oats.
 "Zool": Stake to fasten hurdles to.
 "Zwanth": Layer of grass cut down by scythe.

SALOP.

- "To strike out," "To cop out" (Salop): Making first furrow in a land.
 "Land stretch" (?), "Cop" (Salop): Division of land to be ploughed.
 "To lugg" (Salop): To carry in harvest.



L.A.A.S. working in London. She has charge of the Pigs at the Clarnico Works



She looks after the Ducks and Chickens as well

"To quayle" (Salop): "To cock up" (Wilts.): To put hay into heaps for pitching.
 "Stooking," "Shocking," "Setting up" (Salop): Putting sheaves in a position to dry.
 "Rakings" (Salop), "Oddsies" (Wilts.): Scraps left when the harvest is carried.
 "Harvest home": Supper after harvest.
 "Drum": Threshing machine.
 "Yealming," "Straking" (Salop): Preparing straw for thatching.
 "Staples" (Scotch): Straw prepared for thatching.
 "Winnow": To separate chaff dust, etc., from seed and grain.
 "Pikle" (Salop): Hay fork.
 "Scooen": Large fork for felling roots.
 "Batten," "Bolting," "Piling": Tied bundle of straw.
 "Croft" (Salop), "Tallet" (Wilts.): Loft.
 "Puggins" (Salop), "Racketings" (Wilts.): Loose straw and scraps from threshing.
 "Clamm," "Hog" (Salop), "Burg" (Staffs.), "Pie" (Kent): Winter store for roots, composed of earth and straw.
 "Mow" (Shrop.), "Hayle" (Som.), "Shock": Sheaves of grain set up to dry.
 "Pit" (Staffs.): Pond.
 "Rhyne" (Som.): Ditch.
 "Wind-row": Hay raked in rows for drying.

OXFORDSHIRE AND UPPER THAMES.

"Leaze": A pasture.
 "To ean": To bear lambs.
 "Bristings": First milk after calving.
 "The measter": Master.
 "A veard": A yard.
 "Peg": Pig.
 "Eow": Ewe.
 "Vett": Gate.

"Chitterling": The intestines of sheep or pigs.
 "Drock": A waterway.
 "Fogging": The giving of fodder. (It is also heard in mid-Wilts.)
 "Leasowes" (S. Stafford): Fields.

NORFOLK.

To "fye" a pond: To dig and clean out.
 "Holls": Small ponds.
 "A lift": A light hurdle.
 "Thwating": Cross-ploughing.
 "Cast": A horse lying down in the stall and unable to get up.
 "Twig": Tough and pliable ash for making into shafts.
 "Tempering" brooches: Soaking in water pegs for thatching.
 "A hale": A root-clamp, where roots have been stored and earthed over.
 "Blue skim": Skimmed milk.

"Filangs" (Notts.), "Tugs" (Berks.), "Thill tugs" (Bucks.): Draught chain.
 "Wanty" (Bucks. and Berks.): Belly band.
 "Winkers" (Irish), "Mullings" (Glos.): Bridle.
 "Ridger" (Sussex): Buckehain.
 "Weapon" (Sussex), "Bodkin" (Glos.), "Whippers" (Berks.): Whippetree.
 "Tilt cart" (Sussex), "Box cart" (Berks.), "Tumbrill" (Essex): Dung cart.
 "Bolting" (Glos.): Bundle of straw.
 "Midden" (Irish and Glos.), "Mizen" (Sussex): Dung heap.
 "Skillews" (Glos.): Standings.
 "Clat banging" (Bucks.): Dung spreading.
 "Clip" (Salop): Fleece of sheep.
 "Cratch" (Salop): Hayrack.
 "Barrener": Heifer for fattening.

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WANTED to purchase, or lease, genuine Elizabethan or Tudor residence, with 5 to 10 acres of garden and orchard, and containing 5 reception rooms and 12 bedrooms. The house must stand on high ground with good views and be not more than 1½ miles from station, and within 1 hour's journey of London.—The Editor, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E.

WANTED: nice bright young girl in September, as Governess-Companion to girl of ten attending day school. Music, needlework and gardening. No teaching required. Write, stating salary, Box H, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E.

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THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS

By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE, Author of "Bambi," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.—continued.

THE court bailiff rapped for order.

"Sheriff, take this man into custody."

The Judge's calm manner contrasted vividly with the tense excitement into which this interruption had thrown the court room.

"Judge Carteret ees afraid to let me speak! He has used every means to keep me out of zees trial, an' now he will not let you hear me!" Giron cried excitedly.

"At the proper time you will have the opportunity to be heard."

The audience scarcely breathed, and the Judge's voice bit the silence sharply. The jurymen stood irresolutely not knowing what to do. At this point the attorney for the prisoners arose, and, after carefully polishing his glasses, began to address the Court in measured tones. Nothing in his manner indicated the desperation to which the events of the trial and the fatal instructions given by the Judge had driven him. There was not a tremor to show that he was clutching at a straw.

"May it please the Court, it has been the feeling of my clients since the outset that they were not receiving, and could not at this time receive, a fair trial. It is not necessary to comment on the public excitement caused by the events that made this trial inevitable, nor upon the newspaper clamour, which some way manages to make itself felt, nor upon the public prejudice with which the air has seemed charged. It is enough to say that the events of this day indicate that the prisoners at the bar are labouring under a greater load—the prejudice of the Court."

The words were thrown out like an exploding bomb. The speaker was grazing the edge of contempt with every word, and he picked his way carefully, fully alive to his danger.

"Is this Court prejudiced? It is not for me to say. The Court has been so accused informally and properly, and in such a way as to subject the accused to punishment for contempt. Nevertheless, it is due my clients that the truth be known whatever that truth is."

He sat down apparently without emotion or further interest in the matter. He had scored his point. If the case rested there, a lingering doubt in the mind of some jurymen might cause him to hold out against conviction. That would insure victory for the defence.

"Let this witness be sworn," said the Court.

The prosecuting attorney was on his feet instantly, vehemently and foolishly objecting.

"Objection overruled. You may proceed, Mr. Counsellor."

"It is not my province; it is for the Court," insisted the attorney for the defence.

"It is out of the usual order of things, but is within the jurisdiction of the Court, on the motion of the accused, to order these charges aired here and now. I direct the prosecuting attorney to find out what this man has to say."

"Oh, don't let him! I don't!" moaned Cecilia, and the bailiff rapped sharply for order.

Giron was sworn in, and the attorney continued.

"Your name is Giron? Gaston Giron?"

"I am so called, but yet, monsieur."

"You are an American citizen?"

"I am citizen of France."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"Eleven years."

"What is your vocation?"

"Painter, writer, socialist, Unionist—what you will!"

"Have you at any time been employed by labour unions as an agitator?"

"Agitator? I make speeches for ze Union now and again." Here the Judge interrupted.

"Mr. Attorney, the matter of this man's guilt or innocence in regard to the Parker murder will be established at another time. Proceed to his accusations against this Court."

"You made certain statements against the personal honour of Judge Carteret. Are you prepared to prove them to be true?"

"I am, if you let me speak my own way."

"Proceed."

"I make speech at Crossroads ze night before Parker was killed, but I was not zere ze day of ze shooting. I hear zere is a warrant out for me, so I go into hiding. I hear my comrade Conrad ees to stan' trial before zees Judge Carteret. I know heem. I have one large grudge myself against heem; so I say,

'I go keel zees man for ze cause of Labour!' So I go to ze house of Monsieur Barrett, where ze young Barrett an' Monsieur le Judge are alone one night. Ze Judge he invite me to supper wiz zem: I accept. We talk a long time."

"Judge Carteret knew you were Giron?"

"I tell him when I go in."

"He made no attempt to take you into custody, or call for the police?"

Giron shrugged his shoulders.

"No, I am armed. I have so pleasant a time I decide eet ees not well to kill so charming a host, so I say good night and go."

"He made no effort to detain you?"

"He does not want me to appear in ze case."

"What motive can Judge Carteret have for keeping you out of court, when you are wanted in this murder?"

"Ze Steel Trust, I am told, offair Judge Carteret ten thousan' dollair to get zees men convicted, so ze Trust can use eet as a club over ze Union."

A whisper ran over the audience, cut short by a rap of the gavel.

"You can prove that?"

Again the whisper and the sharp rap.

"I see Meester Milton, ze President of ze Trust, and Meester Orkeney, ze manager, offer Judge Carteret ze money."

"Where were you when you saw that?"

"In a private dining-room of ze Union Club. I was a waiter zere. Meester Milton, Meester Orkeney, and Judge Carteret come in about four o'clock zat day."

"What day?"

"August twenty-fourth."

"The day of my picnic, Scarlotti," Cecilia whispered.

"Zey order three drinks. When I come back I hear Meester Milton say, 'Judge Carteret, ze directors have decided on ten thousan' dollair.'"

"That ees mos' generous," ze Judge say.

"We can rely on you; so if you undertake zees matter for us, we be mos' grateful."

"I appreciate ze action of your committee in zees affair, gentlemen, and I shall try to arrange it."

"Zen Mr. Milton give ze Judge a cheque, and he laughed."

"Better take a receipt, Milton," he said."

"Did anyone else overhear this conversation?"

"No."

All eyes were turned toward the Judge, who sat quietly under their challenge. He listened to Giron as quietly as he would to any man giving testimony on the most indifferent subject.

"Why do you think this affair of the cheque has any bearing on Judge Carteret's desire to keep you out of court?"

"Ze Judge recognise me when he rise to go out."

The Judge leaned forward at this, in evident surprise.

"He recognised you a second time, and yet made no move to take you into custody?"

"Yes. Ze nex' day he send a messenger to me an' offer me one thousan' dollair to get out of ze jurisdiction of zees court."

"You can prove that?"

"Here ees ze cheque."

An exclamation of surprise ran around the room as the Frenchman handed the attorney a slip of blue paper. After examining it carefully the attorney said:

"This cheque is not made out to you."

"It ees made out to ze messenger."

"It is drawn to a woman—Cecilia Carné. Who is she?"

"She ees ze mistress of Judge Carteret."

The bailiff's gavel dropped thunderingly, and the Judge leaned toward Giron, his judicial calm broken through at last, and all that was primitive in the man was bared in his face.

Before anyone could speak a voice at the back of the room answered Giron.

"It is a lie, all of it, from beginning to end!"

The crowd turned, as one man, toward the place from which the interruption came, so they missed the horror and concern upon the Judge's face. Cecilia looked only at him. She came toward him quickly, unconscious of the people who made way for her. Scarlotti followed her to the front of the room, where they faced Giron.

"The bailiff will preserve order," said the Judge. "Mr. Prosecuting Attorney, proceed with this witness."

"You must listen to me," Cecilia said to the jurymen, "indeed

you must listen. I am Cecilia Carné, and I have a right to defend myself, and to tell what I know of this man."

The Judge considered a moment.

"If there is no objection, let the witness be sworn," he said finally.

"I object, on the ground that it is prejudicial to the rights of my clients."

"If the counsel thinks it will prejudice the rights of his clients I will sustain his objection."

This was exactly what the chief counsel had not expected. He assumed that self-preservation, being the first law and the usual rule, was always followed. It seemed that here was an exception; so he lamely withdrew his objection, and the witness was sworn.

"You are Cecilia Carné?" the attorney began.

"Yes."

"You know this man Giron?"

"He is my father."

There was an instant buzz in the room, quieted by the sharp rapping of the gavel.

"You are married?"

"No."

"He does not go by his own name, then?"

"His real name is Gaston Giron Carné. He has gone by many names. He was once called Devaux."

The Judge started at the name. The whole thread of connection was plain to his mind.

"The Devaux who figured in the De Marcy case?"

"At your service, monsieur," smiled Giron.

"Miss Carné, did you live with your father at the time of the De Marcy trial?"

"No."

"Your mother lived with him at that time?"

"Yes."

"She was French?"

"No; Spanish."

"How long have you known Judge Carteret?"

"About five months."

"How did you come to know him?"

"I went out to the country, up the Lake Shore, and took possession of an empty cabin near his home. I have been living there since."

"As Judge Carteret's guest?"

"No. I was there when he came out. I don't know who owns it."

"Did you know the Judge before you went to the North Shore?"

"No. I never saw him until then."

"What means of support have you?"

"I am a painter."

"Did Judge Carteret send you to ask Giron to leave the city?"

"He did not."

"Did he know that you were Giron's daughter?"

"No."

"Did he give you a cheque for one thousand dollars to be used as a bribe with Giron?"

"He did not."

"How did you come into possession of the Judge's cheque for that amount?"

The silence in the room was breathless.

"Judge Carteret gave me the cheque two months ago in payment for a mural decoration I am making in his library at Hillcrest."

"How did Giron come in possession of the cheque?"

"I gave a picnic for some artist friends of mine, on the twenty-fourth of August, and Giron came out late in the afternoon, just before they were starting back to town. I had not seen him for several years. I heard him say that Judge Carteret was prejudiced against the Unions, and I was afraid he might attempt to hurt him in some way. I knew about the De Marcy case, and that he had a private grudge against the Judge, so I looked up the cheque the Judge had given me and came into town to try to buy Giron to go away."

"The Judge knew of your intention?"

"No; he didn't know that I knew Giron. I offered him the cheque to go away without harming the Judge, in case the men were convicted."

"He agreed to that?"

"Yes. I agreed to stay in the house with him until the verdict was rendered, and not to tell anyone of his whereabouts. We have been staying with my friend, Miss Scarlotti."

(To be continued.)

North Wilts

AT Swindon on August 1st the Countess of Pembroke presented Good Service ribbons to the members of the W.L.A. working in North Wilts. Lady Pembroke and Miss Olivier, C.O.S., were met by the Mayor of Swindon at the Town Hall. They then presided at a huge tea party, given by Lady Pembroke to the Land Girls. The District Representatives and village Registrars helped in the labour of "pouring out," etc. After tea, the members of the Land Army, headed by the Scouts' band, marched to "The Lawn," very kindly lent by Major and Mrs. Goddard, where the ribbons were presented.

Miss Olivier spoke of the very necessary work which the Women's Land Army had done, and the Mayor added his testimony to the splendid way in which the girls had come forward in England's great need. He proposed a vote of thanks to the Mayor, also to Major and Mrs. Goddard, and the proceedings were closed with hearty cheers for Lady Pembroke, and for all who had helped arrange so delightful an afternoon.



Opening of The Church Hut at Chilgrove. Procession to the Chapel.

Village Entertainments

DEAR LAND GIRLS IN BEDFORDSHIRE,—Miss Hendry, our Welfare Officer, thinks you might be interested to know how I woke up this quiet village in the evenings during last winter. I assure you it needed it.

During last winter, which was my second winter on the land, with the Armistice signed and nothing being done in the village to celebrate it, I thought to myself, "Why should not the only L.A.A.S. girl here try to brighten things up a bit?" "How could this be done?" was the next question. On went my thinking cap, and it's wonderful what brilliant ideas one gets, generally when sweeping and "mucking out" cowsheds. Anyhow I found a farmer's wife in the village to help me. We talked things over, and decided to start with a social, called a "Victory Social," making it also a welcome home to our one prisoner of war in the village on December 28th. Refreshments were our biggest difficulty, but that was overcome, as I went round the village and begged them, mostly from the villagers, who I must say were splendid in their efforts to help.

It was with very mixed feelings that I went down to the Village Hall on the 27th, wondering if anything would be a success. There were competitions, with small but nice prizes: Tongue Twisters to be said, which caused endless fun; hat trimming competition for men; heaps of singing and dancing; not forgetting the bran tub, whose dippers got good value for their money. There was not a dull moment, and before the evening was half over I knew it was a "howling success."

I was asked on all sides to get another one up for the 30th, which meant very quick work, but we had it. That was followed by a Whist Drive and Dance, which went off splendidly, the people coming from the villages round. Then came more socials, and so on, till summer time came and put a stop to our evenings for a while. On settling up, and all expenses being paid, including all our Whist Drive prizes, I was delighted to find I had £8 in hand to send up to St. Dunstan's Hostel, and so help a little towards the fund for our boys who have given up so much for us.

N. COLLINS, L.A.A.S.

Landswoman Exchange Column

N. Bates, L.A.A.S., Stacey's Farm, Broomfield, Chelmsford, is willing to take orders for hand-made baby clothes. Fancy Bibs, 1s. 6d. each; Silk Shoes, 2s.; Bonnets from 2s. 6d. to 7s.; Knickers, 3s. 6d. per pair.

Good Service Ribbons

Wilts

R. A. Callaghan, I. Haines, M. Plank, R. Lynes, M. Mizen, W. Price, W. Hillier, G. Chance, H. Paige, M. Howlett, E. Scovell, M. Payne, B. Henley, N. Clarke, — Andrew, E. Ashton, E. Bell, V. Bell, L. Bruford, K. Brunson, L. Butler, H. By, L. Chamberlayne, S. Court, E. Darrington, E. Davis, E. Dunk, D. Grace, C. Haines, D. Henley, Mrs. Hicks, N. Hicks, E. Hindes, M. Hughes, E. Ings, F. Keen, — Kinniffick, E. Kirby, J. Lalor, V. Lawrence, — Leonard, E. Lockley, A. Packer, D. Packer, D. Paget, D. Pike, D. Plank, V. Pope, K. Raymond, E. Ricketts, G. Rogers, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Sharpley, H. Shrewing, E. Smart, B. Smith, M. Smith, R. Webb, R. Woollard.

Brecon

Beatrice Seymour, Betty Gunning, Kate Clark, Kate Hanford, Lucy Hudson, Lillian Officer.

Westmorland

Ada Revoca, Elsie Taylor, Hilda Watson, Gertrude Guilfooy.

Cheshire

A. Adams, M. Alcock, R. Ault, M. Blythe, Mrs. M. Barton, E. Burton, G. Bishop, P. J. Bishop, E. Forshaw, D. Gosling, G. Goldsmith, M. Massey, L. Lyatt, S. Neale, M. L. D. Proctor, M. Howard, Ada Holt, A. Cosgrove, J. Cooper, D. Craven, M. Connor, E. Barnes, Lucy White, Ivy Spencer, A. Chapman, M. Mainwright, F. Farrington, N. Walsh, H. Dodd, E. V. Waterfall, P. Hewitt, R. Oddie, Rachel Oddie, B. Warburton, F. Tullett, E. Reid, L. McNeill.

The day was quite a success and the Mayor attended in full robes, and two policemen, with silver-headed sticks, came to fetch the girls from the station.

West Kent

E. M. Adams, — Alderton, J. E. Aldridge, D. de C. Andrade — Atkinson, — Avery, G. Backes, F. Bailey, M. Bainbridge, V. Baker, E. M. Baldock, C. A. Ballard, — Baucone, — Barden, A. Barnes, M. Barnes, C. L. Bartlett, F. Batcheller, N. Bates, — Beames, — Beard, N. Beckett, E. Beckwith, E. Beeny, E. M. Belcher, A. Bennett, M. Bennett, Mrs. Berwick, D. Bilton, — Bird, — Blake, G. Boakes, E. Booth, L. M. Boyes, M. Brett, D. M. V. Bridger, G. L. V. Bridger, N. Bridger, — Bridson, F. Briggs, V. Brighton, — Britton, D. Broadbent, N. Broadbent, M. B. Brown, G. Brown, — Bryant, G. Burchell, — Buck, V. Burgess, F. M. Burlton, E. M. Burr, — Bush, F. Callenne, — Capon, C. A. Chapman, N. L. Chandler, F. Cheal, B. Chittenden, — Cheeseman, K. Clark, R. Clayton, H. E. Cleverley, V. M. Colegate, J. R. Coleman, — Collard, — Collingridge, — Colyer, O. Combley, A. Compton, E. Coolbear, A. Couchman, W. Courcha, J. A. Crane, — Cranston, — Cripps, E. B. Croft, E. Crouch, F. Crouch, R. Culling, F. E. Cutler, — Cyster, G. Cook, K. Dadson, — Daniells, E. Dash, L. Davidson, M. Davies, — Deane, — Dickier, E. Didcock — Dadds, K. Dormer, F. Draper, W. Duke, — Eastman, A. Edwards, L. M. Edwards, G. M. Edwards, D. Evans, A. M. Eykelbosch, — Fairhead, E. Fennell, — Ficke, J. Fleming, E. M. Foreman, E. Foreman, M. Forster, N. R. M. Forster, — Fowler, B. Foy, E. S. Franks, G. Fransen, D. French, M. D. French, — Fulbrook, B. I. Padsden, F. Gardener, C. Geddes, — Gegan, L. George, — Geere, — Geere, — Gilbert, — Glanville, I. Glaxbey, — Golding, — Gooding, — Gould, — Gould, C. Green, M. Greengrove, R. Greenwood, F. Guy, — Haisell, — Hall, — Hares, — Harris, R. Harman, L. Hatch, I. Hay, D. Haynes, L. E. Haynes, I. Hellard, — Hicks, — Hind, M. E. Hinnen, A. Hinnen, C. Hoadley, S. R. Hoadley, V. Hobbs, L. Hobbs, E. E. Hockley, E. I. Hockley, D. Hodgkinson, M. C. Hoffenden, B. Hoffman, M. Holbourne, B. Holden, — Hollis, — Howe, G. Hughes, R. Hyder, M. Jarman, — Jarvis, E. A. Jefferies, Mrs. Jeffrey, N. Jeffrey, — Jempson, — Jenkins, M. G. Johnson, — Johnstone, V. Johnstone, K. Jones, A. Keeley, K. Kennard, L. Kimsy, — Kitley, E. M. King, G. L. King, M. King, E. Kingshott, — Kneller, — Knight, B. Knowles, — Lambert, — Lambourne, J. H. Lane, U. Langdon, D. Law, E. Lear, — Lebourne, H. K. Lee, B. K. Legat, — Levitt, D. Liddament, L. M. S. Light, — Lister, — Longbottom, D. E. Loosley, M. L. Lovett, G. Lubbock, B. Luck, M. V. Luckman, B. Lumsden, M. Lumsden, M. McAlister, — McClan, — McCoy, — McDonald, — McGowan, — McKenzie, M. Magmusen, L. Marden, — Mason, P. Massett, E. J. Mayhew, — Mellor, F. Merry, J. Mersen, E. Miles, — Mitchelson, — Mockett, — Mosley, — Mothersole, M. Muggeridge, L. Murrell, G. Myatt, E. Naylor, — Neeves, — Newberry, — Newland, — Newman, F. G. Osborne, E. Page, D. Palmer, K. Parrott, A. Parsons, M. A. R. Patmore, — Payne, M. A. Pearson, — Percival, — Phipps, D. M. Pierson, J. Pinfield,

F. E. Pitman, S. E. Pocock, L. E. Poolle, W. F. Pope, — Popjoy, R. Potter, A. Pratt, — Pritchard, E. Pring, L. Pullen, L. Purcell, E. Quail, L. Ralph, M. Ramsay, — Rance, D. Raynor, R. Reach, D. Redsell, E. Relf, — Rhoden, E. Richardson, K. Richardson, — Riley, M. Roberts, H. M. Robertson, D. Rogers, B. Roland, A. E. Rose, D. Rose, D. Rous, E. A. Russell, — Rutherford, — Sampson, B. W. Sanderson, Mrs. R. Saunter, — Sansum, D. Sheppard, N. Shergold, L. Shipp, — Simmons, — Simpson, E. Sinden, A. Singyard, E. Singyard, — Slater, D. Smith, D. Smith, M. E. Smith, W. E. Smith, L. Smith, W. Holwell Smith, — Sorrel, — Soulier, F. E. Sparks, M. Sparks, S. L. Sparks, — Steel, D. Steele, D. Steere, — Stephenson, M. Stone, C. Streeter, W. Strike, — Surridge, M. Swaffer, — Tully, A. E. Taverner, G. Taverner, C. Taylor, J. Taylor, E. Teasel, H. V. Terry, Mrs. Thompson, — Thompson, — Thompson, — Thornton, B. Tick, C. Tissington, — Tizard, Mrs. Toone, H. Townsend, — Trodd, A. Tullett, J. Turner, — Turton, D. Vacher, I. Valentine, — Vardon, D. M. Wakefield, S. Wardle, B. M. Watts, A. Weaver, — Webster, — Weedon, — Weighill, M. E. Weller, — Wells, — West, G. H. Wetherell, K. Whitehead, R. A. Whitney, — Whittingham, F. Williams, G. Williams, E. M. L. Williamson, L. Willis, M. Wilson, P. Winters, — Witley, D. Wood, E. Wood, F. E. Wood, W. Wood, F. E. L. Yeoman.

Durham

Elsie Gray, Mary Johnson, Eva E. Preston, Margaret Ion, Lily Marshall, Marjory Pouton, Annie Fletcher.

East Sussex

Battle District.—Volunteers A. D. Goodwin and F. M. Wells. Cuckfield District.—Volunteer M. Markham. Eastbourne District.—Volunteer A. O. Foster. East Grinstead District.—Volunteers D. Allen, E. P. Brown, N. Dines, N. Hemsley, Alice Mason, Annie Mason, C. E. Stevens and W. A. Stevens. Lewes District.—Volunteers B. E. Bateup, E. M. Lane, E. A. Morris and I. Philpott. Hailsham District.—Volunteers E. E. Bray, E. Brett, G. A. K. Castle, S. Donena and E. E. Laurence. Newhaven District.—Volunteers E. E. Carey, D. Carey and I. D. Wilcocks. Ticehurst District.—Volunteers M. Adams, N. Coussens and I. Hardy. Uckfield District.—Volunteers R. Cutts, C. R. Green, M. Donena, and E. Thunder. Rye District.—Volunteer H. Sayers.

Good Service Ribbon Presentation in Wiltshire

DURING June, Lady Mary Morrison invited the L.A.A.S. in her district to a garden party at Fonthill House, at which their Good Service Ribbons were presented. Two recipients, not to be done by the Wiltshire train service, waited two hours for their local taxi, and arrived, late, but triumphant over transport difficulties.

At the meeting of the Alderbury Women's Institute the Countess of Radnor presented Good Service Ribbons to L.A.A.S. in that district.

The Bradford-on-Avon Ribbon was presented by Lady Hobhouse at Monkton Farleigh during August, while North Wilts had a great Rally at Swindon on August 2nd, when the Countess of Pembroke kindly consented to present the ribbons.

Great Bidlake Farm

ONCE again the Land Army girls in Devon have been holding high revel, this time at Great Bidlake Farm, which, as we all know, has been run for the last two years entirely by women under the able directorship of Miss Calmady Hamlyn.

A grand victory march was one of the chief events of the day in which the Land workers assumed dresses representing the Allies, Peace, War, D.O.R.A., and the Seasons.

Countess Fortescue distributed G.S. ribbons, and Mrs. Bayne, Mr. Horne and Miss Calmady-Hamlyn all made interesting speeches testifying to the excellent work done by the Land Army during the war.

Good Service ribbon awards were made to the following: The Misses Barrow, Bidder, Bradford, Brooks, Cook, Minnie Chapple, Crabbe, Farrier, Haggood, Harley, Hooper, Huyshe, Knowles, Legg, Ellen Meardon, Melhuish, Norton, Paemore, Pereira, Pollard, Pomeroy, Squire, Steer, Toms, G. Tucker, Waite, West, and Widger.

The following members of the L.A.A.S. were unable to be present, but the Good Service ribbon is being sent to them: Misses L. Brimblecombe, Gammon, Gibson, F. May, B. Meardon, Radford, D. E. Richards, Salter, Snell, Vick, V. M. Wills, D. Wills, V. E. Wills, and Wyatt.



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Cheshire

THERE was a committee meeting the other night in Chester, the first of its kind in the county. Round the table in the L.A.A.S. Rest Room sat a small party of Land girls. It was a Saturday evening and they might have been enjoying themselves at the theatre or the pictures—but no, here they were with knitted brows thinking and discussing what they could do and what they could arrange to unite the Land girls of Cheshire in a bond of friendship and sympathy, so that in time to come they would feel they were one large family, willing and eager to help each other when necessary, and bound to live up to a high ideal lest they should bring trouble and disappointment to the other members of their family.

It was a long meeting, for there was much to decide. Amongst other things there was a club for the Land girls in the Chester area to form. If it is a success, clubs in other parts of the county will be arranged with this one as a model.

The Chester club room was ready—in fact, they were holding their meeting in it. It is a bright airy room looking over the river Dee. There are inviting deck chairs and soft cushions, and, above all, a gramophone. On one of the tables some novels and magazines are lying. The committee see them and one member volunteers to start a library. Someone thought that many girls would have a long way to come by bicycle or bus, so she will undertake to make tea at a small cost, sufficient to cover expenses.

Business must be combined with pleasure in the Land girls' scheme. The club expenses will not be heavy, but money will be needed to keep it running, and there is always the welfare officer who insists upon having pennies for the savings bank in spite of the moans of the L.A.A.S. that they are hard up.

Therefore, though games and dancing will have their full share, certain evenings will be set apart for needlework, weaving—anything, in fact, which will make up into attractive articles for sale. When they are disposed of part of the proceeds will go to the club expenses and part to the worker. There are, too, those who are thinking about the bottom drawer, and have visions of starting to fill it during the cosy evenings they hope to spend in the Chester club room, sewing to the strains of the gramophone.

Barton End Training Centre

THOSE girls who have happy recollections of the above will be sorry to hear that as the Grange House, where they lived, is required by its owner, the centre has been closed. Barton End was one of the first training centres to be opened, as it was ready for work before the Land Army even, and during the whole of the three years during which it has done such excellent work Miss Bull has been the instructress and Mrs. Hutchings has acted as matron. Barton End has won a splendid name for training girls, milkers especially, and the interest and respect which it has earned in the district was well shown on Peace Day, when Miss Bull and the girls were invited to take part in the local procession and were fêted and fed with the soldiers. They had a splendid time.

Miss Bull is still going to work on the land. After a holiday she hopes to take up poultry work in England—so, Barton End girls, you may meet her again yet.

Books to Read

IT is a long time since I have come across a book of such absorbing interest to the would-be smallholder as Mr. Powell Owen's new book, *A Living from the Land*. It touches every branch of farming or market gardening possible on a small farm, and it not only tells you what to take up, it is equally emphatic about what to leave alone. No matter if you wish to go in for poultry, fruit, vegetables, rabbits, goats, flowers, or the whole lot combined, *A Living from the Land* will tell you how to set about it. Every detail is carefully thought out and figured out, and I never realised before what a number of paying side lines one may combine on a smallholding of a dozen acres or so. We have reprinted in this issue a chapter from the book, and we hope it will form an introduction which will induce many of you to become better acquainted with it.



Britain's Women Workers

need to protect the complexion, otherwise the skin becomes coarse, red, and rough, and the face unattractive.

The woman who uses Pomeroy Day Cream regularly need have no fears regarding her complexion. Just a dab of Pomeroy Day Cream once or twice a day will keep your complexion clear, your skin soft and supple, and prevent those blemishes which so often follow exposure to all kinds of weather.

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The Alphabet Competition

THE Alphabet Competition brought in many entries, nearly all of which had some good points. Unfortunately no one was really good from A-Z, but the first prize goes to Miss Brooker, Bucks; the second to Ruth Anden, Worcestershire; and the third is divided between Binny Morris, Sunny Jim, A. M. Davies, F. A. E. Walkeley, D. F. L. Rhodes, J. M. Kelly and A. J. Austin, out of whose entries we have completed the third alphabet.

First Prize

Appetites Absolutely Alarming.
Breeches Buttons Bust.
Cows Cow Cowards.
Donkey—Devil's Disciple.
Eyesore (I saw) Eeriewigs Everywhere.
Farmers' Fairy-like Feet.
Girls—Giddy Goats.
Hostel—Humming Hive.
Insects Insanitary Inspectors.
Joy! Just Joined.
Keep Kaiser Kneeling.
Lassy Long Legs.
Manure—Meaty Microbes.
Nanny's Naaty Nudge.
Overtime Oh! Oh!
Pigs—Peculiar Perfume.
Quarrelsome Quackers' Quartette.
Rumour—Rabies—Run.
Sausages—Sows Shuddering.
Typical Turnip Topics.
Udders Usually Underneath.
Vegetables Vegetating Visibly.
Women Wangle Wurzels.
X. Xasperating Xit
Young Yokels Yawning.
Zyder Zummat Zatisfying.

M. B.

Second Prize

Animals Appreciate Amiability.
Bulls Baffle Beginners.
Chickens Cultivate Cussedness.
Digging Dispels Despair.
Everyone Esteems Efficiency.
Frivolity Fatigues Farmers.
Groundsel Grieves Gardeners.
Humour Helps Hardships.
Inane Interrogation Irritates.
Jibbing Jeopardises Joy-riders.
Kindness Kills Kicking.
Laughter Lightens Labour.
Mistakes Mean Mortification.
Never Neglect Nothin'.
Overwork Oppresses Optimists.
Piggie's Predestined Pork.
Quietude Quells Qualms.
Responsibility Requires Resource.
Smocks Surpass Skirts.
Threshing Tries Tempers.
Unpunctuality Undermines Usefulness.
Victory Vindicates Valour.
Weather Withstands Wishes.
Xperiments Xtend Xperience.
Yesterdays Yield Yarns.
Zomerset Zider's Zweet.

R. A.

Third Prize

Always Ask Advice.
Bantams Boast Beautifully.
Care Cultivates Corn.
Donkeys Detest Duty.
Eggs Evade Eyes.
Forewoman Forgives Frivolousness (?).
Ganders Good Gatekeepers.
Halting Hinders Haymaking.
Idleness Increases Imagination.
Jargonelles Jolly Juicy.
Kids Kindle Kindness.
Loyal Lassies Labour.
Manure-spreading Maddens Maidens.
Never Neglect Nettles.
Onions Obstruct Osculating.
Please Powder Pigsties.
Quieten Quarrels Quickly.

I SAY, GIRLS!

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and

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form of that food,
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healthy English Factory. So,
when buying sweets, always say

"CLARNICO, PLEASE!"



Roosters Rouse Resters.
Spud-setting Strafs Slackers.
Treat Thistles Thoughtfully.
Uniform Unexceptionally Useful.
Volunteers Vanquish Vanity.
Wasps Want Watching.
Xperts Xplain Xactly.
Yokels Yield Yarns.
Zealous Zigzag Zephyr.



A'Lindsay L.A.A.S.

Landswoman Portrait Gallery

The Distinguished Service Bar has been awarded to the following L.A.A.S.:

PITMAN, Miss K. (Wiltshire).—For exceptional skill and devotion to duty. She worked as a shepherdess on a very exposed aerodrome for a whole winter. She lived in a shepherd's hut during the lambing season, which she carried through most successfully.

WALDER, Miss W. (N. Riding, Yorks).—For exceptional courage and devotion to duty in rescuing a valuable mare which she found astride on a length of barbed wire. Miss Walker immediately loosened the stakes and let the wire down. Her prompt action undoubtedly saved the mare from being lamed.

STARKEY, Miss M. (Buckinghamshire).—For exceptional skill and devotion to duty. Miss Starkey has entire charge of her employer's valuable herd of Friesian cattle and has shown great skill in the rearing of stock, especially young bulls.

THOMAS, Miss ETHEL (Wiltshire).—For exceptional courage and presence of mind on the occasion of a fire caused by an accident with petrol. When Miss Thomas started the engine of the machine it "back-fired" and some petrol and oil which had been spilt caught fire. She immediately turned off the petrol and smothered the flames. Her promptitude saved what might have been a big fire, as the engine was in the barn when the accident occurred.

THOROGOOD, Miss W. (West Suffolk).—For exceptional courage and devotion in attending her employer's child while suffering from an infectious and dangerous illness. It was impossible to obtain a nurse at the time and though Miss Thorogood fully realised she was running grave risk of infection she stuck to her post until the child was out of danger.

LEVERSUCH, Miss R. (Worcester).—For exceptional courage and devotion to duty when at considerable personal risk she attended a cow suffering from a contagious disease. The veterinary surgeon considers that her good nursing and scrupulous cleanliness tended in a great measure to the cow's recovery.

TAYLOR, Miss C. (Maidstone, Kent).—For exceptional courage when at great personal risk she saved a fellow worker from burning. With great presence of mind she fetched water and threw it over an old man working with the threshing machine whose apron had caught fire. Miss Taylor's hair and hands and ears were burnt, and if she had not come to the rescue the man would certainly have lost his life.

GRAY, Mrs. A., nee OLIVER (Middlesex).—For exceptional courage and devotion to duty when at various times she was left by her employer in sole charge of the farm and stock. On one occasion she showed great presence of mind when she found that part of the roof of the cowshed had collapsed. She succeeded in quieting the animals, and at considerable personal risk to herself extricated them from a dangerous position.

BARR, Miss J. (Hertford).—For exceptional courage and devotion to duty in saving valuable pigs from drowning. They ran on to the ice during frosty weather and fell into the water. Miss Barr succeeded at great personal risk, by hanging on to the fence with one hand and catching hold of their ears with the other, in pulling them out of the water.



Jessie Bar.
E. Thomas.

M. Starkey.
Mrs. Gray (nee Oliver).

F. E. Bridgeman.
C. Taylor.

A Letter from Our Co-operative Farm

THE alarm went off at 5.30, and, amid many groans and grunts, we tumbled out of bed and scrambled into our clothes.

We ought to have been feeling very light-hearted, for at last the manure was spread, and the meadows were looking healthy; but, alas, the generosity of our neighbours nearly appalled us, for, looking out of the window, we saw that one of them had lent us seven huge bullocks which were peacefully grazing on our best meadow.

Four minutes later three agitated damsels were driving the animals across the river to their own pasture. This done, we turned our footsteps towards our pasture to bring in the milch cows, and there we found one horse and ten sheep which the day before had belonged to another neighbour. These we put out into his fields and brought in our cows, only to find that the bullocks had returned again. Again we drove them out, but as we were about to leave the field we espied the cattle fording the river and heading for the meadow. Six times that morning we sent them home, and six times they returned.

Towards evening we found that Ecton Hill was inhabited by four more beasts than was usual, and upon investigation discovered that the farmer on the other side of the hill had loaned us a bull and three heifers.

As we were finishing work for the night, word came from the station that there were five and a half tons of manure to be removed next day.

When we retired that night we each prayed that the following day Staffordshire farmers would be just before they were generous.

Staffordshire County Sheet.

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