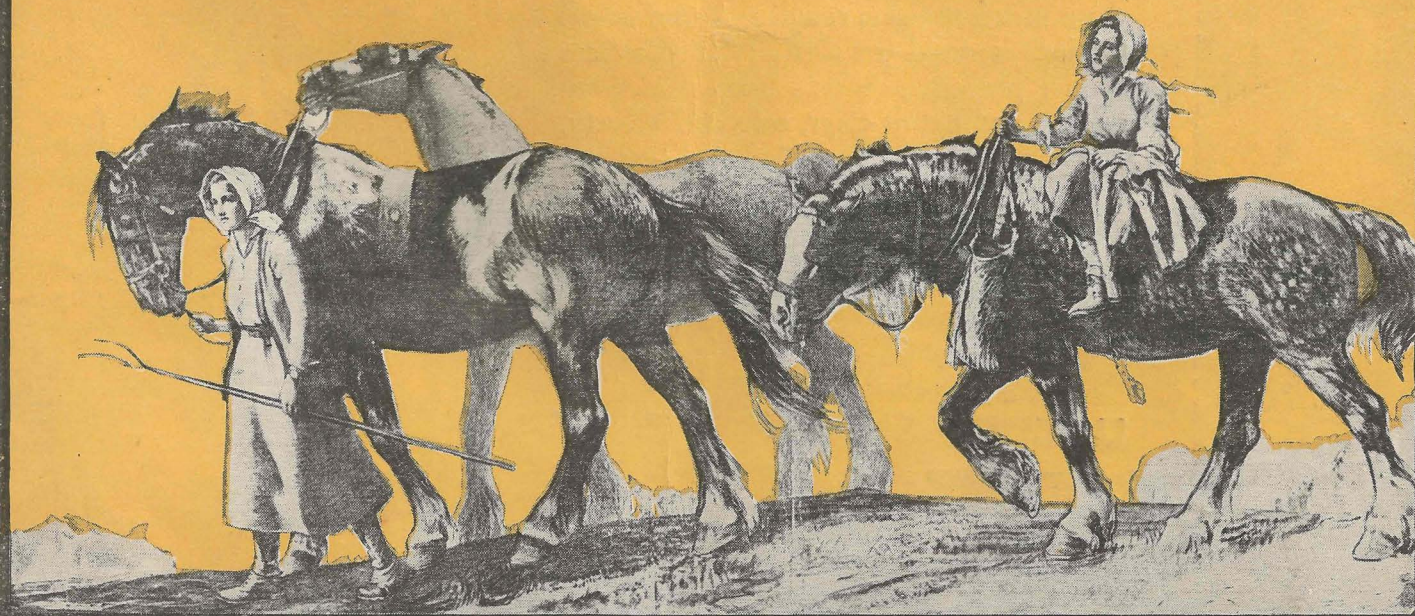


The LANDSWOMAN

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THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Army and the Women's Institutes

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MY VISIT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

LET me begin my Foreword, by telling all readers of THE LANDSWOMAN of the Queen's interest in our new venture.

Her Majesty sent for me last week, so that she might hear of what women are doing in land work at this time. She asked me about the conditions of their work, how they were housed, of the particular operations best suited to them and in which they are most proficient.

She enquired about the effect of the work upon their health, and the arrangements made for suitable clothing, and for their general well-being.

I told Her Majesty of the response given by thousands of her subjects, rich and poor, to this fresh call of the country for their help, of the skill shown by many of them in all kinds of farm work, of their special aptitude in the care of young stock, of their proficiency, after even short courses of training, as milkers, horsewomen, field workers, and more recently as motor tractor drivers.

I spoke of the large numbers of village women who had come forward since the war, to help others of the same class who for generations have worked on English and Welsh farms.

I spoke also of the sacrifice made by many in the Land Army, who had left their homes in the towns, for what was often hard and lonely work, and how for them, as for all land workers, the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture had started this magazine, so that they might have news of one another, and have a paper of their own through which to make known their ideas and their needs.

I told Her Majesty, too, how the farmers are depending more and more upon the help of women to increase their crops and look after their cattle, and so to meet the world shortage of food, and defend our homes from the fear of hunger.

Her Majesty commanded me to assure all women land workers, and those concerned with their welfare, of her great interest in the work they are doing, and to wish all possible success to THE LANDSWOMAN.



So our magazine is given a right royal send-off, for which we offer our most grateful thanks to Her Majesty.

I am glad to think that our first number will be out at Christmas—a time when across all the hideous discords of war the early message of Peace and Goodwill rings forth.

It is as friends that I hope we shall often meet one another in these pages and as comrades in the service of our country that we shall strive to reflect the Goodwill of Christmas, and, in the end, overcome all our difficulties.

Genl. Talbot

The Women's Land Army

AS days shorten and winter deepens, women on the land, especially if they have been accustomed to towns or have been trained in agricultural classes, feel the loneliness of their lives. They have little chance for rest or recreation. They pine for some congenial soul with whom to compare notes. We hope that the Magazine will be a companion, and that women workers will talk to one another through its pages.

I should like to give a word of encouragement to those who are working on the land. The work they are doing is not only useful, it is vital to our national existence. I believe that in many ways the worst is over for women on the land. Let me mention two of the obstacles they had at first to face. One is the reluctance of farmers to employ them, the other is the aloofness of the villagers. By honest, strenuous work alone can both be overcome. All honour to the pioneers who have, to a great extent, conquered both difficulties. They have set the standard and by so doing have smoothed the way for those increasing numbers of women who will, we hope, follow in their steps. To the Women's Land Army they have been what the first Seven Divisions were to the men.

The farmer's reluctance is not all prejudice. Our farming conditions are such that it is often really difficult to employ women. The seasonal nature of many of the farmer's needs is not fully understood and has caused disappointment. The wages paid to women on the land are poor as compared with those earned in other occupations. Yet for ordinary agricultural work women's labour is to the farmer more expensive than that of men. These real difficulties cannot be wholly removed. But the prejudice of the farmer is gone or going fast. The cheers that greet the mention of women on the land at meetings of farmers all over the country prove that employers recognise the value, and are grateful for the help, of women. For some time the farmer was taking stock of his new helpers.

He was not used to that form of labour; he thought that women would not stick it or would shirk the rough and dirty work. Seeing is believing. He knows better now. He realises that it is only in the heavier agricultural work, where physical strength is necessary, that women cannot compete with men.

Honest strenuous work has won the day for women with the farmer. It is winning it with the agricultural labourer. Hard manual labour, long hours, rough feeding and their own special discomforts of housing and housekeeping are the lot of women on the land. But those who toil with the men, sharing their field life, living on less than their wages, cease to be "foreigners" to the villagers. It takes time to pass from civility to confidence. Nature's processes are slow, and those who help her become perhaps slow, not only in movement but in thought and expression. And the barrier is old and strong. It is built up of the self-restraint and patient dignity which country life begets, of the solitude of the fields which makes men more ready to listen than to speak, and of the reserve that is born from poverty and from the sense of being undervalued. But women's physical endurance and manual labour have earned the respect of the villagers, disarmed their suspicions, are breaking down their reserve, and winning their confidence.

All honour, I repeat, to the pioneers of the Women's Land Army and to those who follow in their steps. They are helping to hold the home front as the men are holding the lines by sea and land. I trust that in so doing they may learn the full truth of Whitman's words:—

"Now I see the secret of the making of the best persons,

"It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth."

R. E. PROTHERO.

The Miracle

COME, sweetheart, listen, for I have a thing
Most wonderful to tell you—news of spring.

Albeit winter still is in the air,
And the earth troubled, and the branches bare,

Yet down the fields to-day I saw her pass—
The spring—her feet went shining through the grass.

She touched the ragged hedgerows—I have seen
Her finger-prints, most delicately green;

And she has whispered to the crocus leaves,
And to the garrulous sparrows in the eaves.

Swiftly she passed and shyly, and her fair
Young face was hidden in her cloudy hair.

She would not stay, her season is not yet,
But she has reawakened, and has set

The sap of all the world astir, and rent
Once more the shadows of our discontent.

Triumphant news—a miracle I sing
The everlasting miracle of spring.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

From *Poems*, 1908-1914 (Sidgwick & Jackson).

Land Demonstration at Maidstone

GLORIOUS weather added greatly to the enormous success of the ploughing match and test meeting which took place at Maidstone on Thursday, November 29th, under the auspices of the Women's Agricultural Committee for Kent.

Large crowds of outsiders who flocked to Allington Farm, so kindly lent by Messrs. James Edmonds & Sons, bore testimony to the general interest which had been aroused in the County by the "Show," as it was called locally.

All the arrangements were splendidly organised—there were plenty of interesting things for everyone

This new feeling of welcome to the woman farm labourer, was referred to several times in the after-luncheon speeches of Mr. Hall, Miss Talbot and Mrs. Heron Maxwell. They all noted how the unwilling attitude of the farmer to experiment with women on the land, which was so prevalent in the early stages of this movement, had gradually disappeared, wiped out by the fact that women had shown themselves, not only willing, but able, to take the place of men in almost every branch of farm work.

Mr. Hall emphasised the terrible need for an enormous increase in food production, and urged



Tractor Ploughing at Maidstone.

[Sport and General Press.

to see—and the spectators were in a good humour and determined to enjoy themselves.

Every branch of farm work was well represented; two girls, who had only had five months' training, were awarded full marks for thatching, and fifteen others gained ninety, out of a possible hundred, in the milking sheds.

The tractor ploughing was a great centre of interest, and the general good feeling amongst the farmers was very evident in the ready way in which they rushed to the assistance of a girl, whose plough had got stuck on a difficult bit of ground.

women to come forward in even larger numbers to undertake this hard but vital work.

Miss Talbot, in addressing the girls in the Competitors' Shed, reminded them what a splendid privilege it was to be allowed to take part in this great struggle for freedom and right. How glorious to think that the women on the land were sharing the hardships of their men at the front, How it should encourage them to stick to their work, however monotonous and hard and muddy it was, when they remembered that they were fighting to keep from starvation the wives and children of the men who were giving their lives for England.



2

[Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

Horse Ploughing Match.



[Sport and General Press.

Village Women and Land Army Girls in the Pruning Test.

Rally at Hereford

A MOST successful Rally at Hereford! Over a hundred Land Army girls and about four hundred village part-time and whole-time workers, of whom three hundred and sixty had earned the stripe on their armlet. This means that they have worked on the land for over a year.

Mrs. Clowes, the chairman of the W.W.A.C., introduced the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, D.B.E., who addressed the girls.

She spoke first of the pleasure it gave them from London actually to see the result of all their dry paper work, how they at Headquarters only *talked* about hoeing and singling and ploughing and milking but their admiration and respect went out to those who *did* it.

She mentioned the immense value of the village women's work, and drew hearty applause from the Land Army girls in recognition. It is perhaps the first time that these village women have been publicly thanked for their work, and they appeared

to be thoroughly delighted about it. There was a great deal of enthusiasm when the Lord Mayor's Show was described. Mrs. Lyttelton's brother had told her how he stood on the pavement, and watched the happy, healthy girls go by, and how all the business men had cheered the girls as much as the Tanks, and what greater compliment could they have?

Mrs. Lyttelton spoke of the urgent need of the country that more food should be produced. She gave the girls a recipe for the moments in the early morning when they feel they cannot get up, or at midday when their backs ache, or at night when the evenings seem so long and dull. "Shut your eyes," she said, "and imagine yourselves in Flanders or Italy or Mesopotamia; think of the mud and the cold there; think of the men without any fireside to come back to, facing danger and anguish and death every day." No one is prouder, she declared, of what women have done than she, but it could not be compared for one moment with what men have done.

She appealed to the girls to uphold the dignity of the uniform. "When people see you go by they know you at once; they say, 'There goes a Land Army girl.' See to it that this phrase means, 'There goes a steady, pure-minded, hard-working, yes, and attractive girl.'" She reminded them that they were pioneers, that in a sense the whole reputation of their sex lay on their shoulders, to make or to mar. "Just because you are dressed like a man, just because you wear no skirts, we want you to behave like a woman."

She begged them to make the badge which had just been given them a badge of honour, and concluded her speech by saying that the Spring and the Peace were coming, and urging the girls to look forward to the time when the men themselves would thank their mothers and sisters and sweethearts for what they had done.

Mrs. Lyttelton's address was received with tremendous enthusiasm, reminding the girls as it did of the greatness of the work they had undertaken, and inspiring them to even greater effort in the future.

Certificates won at Birmingham and badges were then presented by Lady Evelyn Cotterell. Tea for six hundred followed, and an entertainment wound up the proceedings. Altogether a very delightful afternoon.



[Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.
Thatching a Stack.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS

By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE

CHAPTER I.

THE RICHARD BARRETTES.

WHEN Anne Harmon married Richard Barrett the comment of their world was, "Ideal!" They were both young, they had independent fortunes, they were the only children of old and aristocratic families, and so their marriage seemed one of those well-arranged affairs so rare in a world of haphazard matings.

It was, in truth, "well-arranged," for Madame Barrett and Madame Harmon had been lifelong friends, and their husbands business associates, so that Richard and Anne had been brought up from childhood to look upon the union of the two old families through their marriage as inevitable.

The two mothers were wise enough to negotiate the match while the victims were very young; the book of Richard's college days was just closed when the new volume of matrimony was opened to him, and if he fretted a bit at the ready-made situation he did not openly rebel; and as for Anne, in the flush of her first season, her marriage was just an incident, arranged by her mother as a fitting climax to the winter's gaiety.

The honeymoon journey to Europe, the furnishing of the great house on the North Side, which the two families had given them, the excitement of their first entertaining—these things served to amuse them for the first six or eight months; but once settled down, with the routine of life adjusted, it soon became obvious to them both that their tastes were utterly dissimilar, that, to put it frankly, they bored one another.

Richard's friends were of a gay Bohemian sort, harmless enough in their way, but distasteful to Anne, whose friends, like her marriage, were ready-made, the daughters of her mother's friends, and fashionables of a conservative sort. Little by little the gap between these two young persons widened until it was practically impassable, and more and more they became absorbed into their different worlds, and found their interests and amusements apart. The well-meaning and devoted mothers, who had not foreseen this crisis, attempted to adjust matters, but in vain. Anne gave Richard all the liberty in the world and demanded the same for herself, and so far as their intimates could see they were perfectly satisfied.

Anne Barrett had entered the holy state of matrimony an immature, romantic girl, high-strung, heart-whole, her head filled with youthful ideals of happiness. While she did not really love Richard she was thoroughly fond of him, and she fully expected that their marriage would develop in him a passionate devotion, which he was far from realising. Their first year together was a wretched one for the girl, and she worked out the problem as

best she could, alone. She felt a bitter resentment against her mother, who had been the arch mover in the plot for her undoing.

The second year of their marriage Anne gave birth to a son, and this experience, which might have brought them together, only widened the breach. Her anger at Richard's indifference to the child, plus her resentment at her unwelcome motherhood, added one more white stone along the road of her unhappiness. She handed the child, Bobby, over to an Irish servant, and paid only such attention to him as decency required. So Anne went her way, with little or no regard for the members of her household, filling each minute with some triviality to still the crying of her heart, until six years had dragged themselves by.

"Who is that feverishly gay young woman opposite us?" asked Judge Peter Carteret of his neighbour, Mrs. Colfax, at a dinner one night.

"That is Anne Barrett. She is one of the liveliest and most popular young matrons in society now. Isn't she lovely?"

"Yes. My long vacation across the water has left me behind the times, you see. Who was she?"

"She was a Harmon—Anne Harmon."

"Oh, yes, William Harmon's daughter, I remember her now. Is she happily married?"

Mrs. Colfax laughed.

"There is a good deal of speculation on that point, Judge Carteret. It was a marriage arranged by their parents."

"What a pity! Why do parents take such responsibilities?"

"Do you feel that it is an unwarranted presumption? Most people do, I suppose; but I often wonder if the French way isn't the better one in the long run."

"If children were puppets, it might work out but unfortunately they are human."

"But most of us marry when we are too young to know what we want. At least our parents know what we need; that is, if they understand us at all."

"There is the difficulty; so many parents do not take the trouble to understand. That was the rock the parents of the young Barretts ran upon, no doubt."

"It is strange about Richard and Anne. They were brought up together, and while they were never especially congenial, everybody thought it was an ideal match. But they pay no more attention to one another than if they had never been married. Of course, people talk more or less. I must say Anne has never given us the least loophole for gossip about her, nor Richard either, as far as that goes."

"The girl has a fine flower-like face. She looks as if she might have force."

"Force? I should doubt that. She has always

been a gentle creature, ruled by her mother, and willing to drift on the tide of anyone's decision so long as she was undisturbed. She's getting a little hard of late, with a sort of surface brilliancy. She might have developed into something if she had had a chance."

The Judge found his eyes constantly returning to the face opposite him. Keen student of men that he was, he pieced out the fragmentary story his neighbour had given him into a fairly accurate imitation of the truth. He saw that the girl was under a strain; her eyes were too bright, her laugh too ready, her manner too feverishly gay. She was the centre of conversation on her side of the table, and some of her remarks floated over to him.

"How valiant wounded women are!" was his thought.

After dinner he was presented to her, and they had a few minutes' chat before the order came to get their wraps and go on to the opera.

"I think I shall not go," Anne confided to him. "I'm tired to-night. I think I'll go home instead."

"I wonder if your mother's old friend might be permitted to come along with you?"

"Would you like to, really?"

"I should like it of all things."

"All right. Let us tell our fibs, make our excuses, and escape."

"Suppose, instead, I tell the truth for both of us."

"You may, if you dare. I don't. Truth is so uncivil."

He smiled and shook his head at her, as he made his way to their hostess. A few moments later he helped Anne into her carriage, where she gave herself up to the pleasant feeling of being looked after.

"I'm afraid you will regret the opera, Judge Carteret. You will find me a dull substitute."

"Nothing of the kind. I choose my pleasures with unerring *finesse*; that is one of the privileges of middle age. You are tired, and you are to let me try to entertain you."

"That will be an experience! Women always have to bear the brunt of social chatter. Men so seldom trouble to help."

Arrived at the house she turned away from the drawing-room with a smile.

"I feel as if you were not a drawing-roomish sort of person. Let us go into the library, where there is an open fire."

"Thank you, Mrs. Barrett, that is a very pretty welcome," he answered, as he followed her.

She sank back into the chair he drew forward for her without a word, and he stood before the fire, looking down at her from his fine height, his keen aquiline profile thrown into high light when he turned his head. He ran his hand over his shock of grey-black hair and smiled at her quizzically.

"I am trying to catch up. It seems only a minute ago that you were little Anne Harmon, in a short frock and bobbed-off hair, allowed in the drawing-room for tea. And here I find you a grown-up matron, and head of this elaborate *ménage*. It makes me feel quite antediluvian."

"I fancy you're the ageless sort—no age—all ages," she replied, looking up at him speculatively.

"That's good of you," he laughed, "but accuracy

compels me to admit that forty-five long years have rolled over my head."

"That's young. I feel ages older than that."

"It's one of the penalties of youth that we pack all the great experiences there—love, marriage, parenthood. Youth is the harvest-time of joy or misery; it is no wonder that sometimes life drags slowly then."

Anne looked at him inquiringly. Had he pierced her mask, this kind, strong man? She did not much care; the thought of his counsel was healing.

"I suppose you are all right if you just live through it. Youth is something to get over, like the measles and the mumps."

"My dear child," laughed the Judge, "from my standpoint, I look back on those acute sensations, even of pain, with joy. The apathy of matured sensibilities is like—why, it's like a shrivelled right hand."

"It is hard to believe that I shall ever look back to this with joy. And yet, your present always seems the worst, doesn't it? The future and the past are the only pleasant things."

"My present happens to be rather a pleasant one. I've had some years of poking into the old treasures of the world, and I've come back to take up my work again, with a rested and a placid mind."

"Yes, that sounds pleasant. It's all worked out up to the completion. It is the working out that is so hard—getting your life shaped."

"Exactly. And how have you shaped yours, little Anne Harmon?"

"I haven't shaped mine at all, I have let other people do the shaping; and that is the weakness I now seek to overcome. I am trying to reshape it, and I live on a loaded mine that may go off at any minute."

"Restful feeling! How long have you been married, Mrs. Barrett?"

"Six years. Your Honour."

"Children?"

"One boy."

"Age?"

"Four years."

"Healthy boy?"

"I fancy so."

"Fancy so? Don't you know?"

She flushed at the blunt question.

"I do not see very much of him. He is in charge of a capable woman, and I am so busy all the time with other things."

"Of course," responded the Judge, and Anne blushed again.

"You and your husband have a busy social time of it, no doubt."

"Yes—rather."

"I am sorry not to meet Mr. Barrett. I used to know his family very well."

"Of course you must meet Richard. I'll try to get you to agree on a night and dine with me."

"Thank you, I should be delighted. And now I must say good night. You were kindness itself to let me come home with you."

"I'm indebted to you for coming. I haven't many friends, Judge Carteret, and somehow I needed one to-night."

"Good. Let us make a compact here and now,

that whenever you feel that want creeping over you, you will send me a note, and I will appear like the genie of the lamp."

"Thanks, but that would be a one-sided arrangement, I'm afraid. I can give you so little in return."

"You can give me your trust, your confidence, and your friendship—three things I should cherish, my friend."

"Then it is a bargain, Judge Carteret."

"Thank you. Pleasant dreams!"

He smiled at her, and bowed over the hand she gave him.

"You won't forget about that dinner? I shall be at the Union Club until I find a permanent abiding-place."

"I shall not forget. Good night, Judge Carteret."

When she heard the door close behind him, Anne started upstairs.

"Your trust, your confidence, and your friendship!" It would be satisfying to give them to such a man, to feel that he understood always, and was there to help. Those other words of his about the boy flashed across her mind, and on the impulse she turned into the nursery and leaned over him. There is an irresistible appeal to all women in sleeping babyhood, and it was perhaps the first time in his four neglected years that little Bobby had really attracted his mother.

"I'm glad you're a man-child," she whispered to him. "At least, you shall never have cause to blame me for such illusion as I have known."

She covered him carefully and kissed him before she went on to bed.

CHAPTER II.

PARTNERSHIP.

THE day after the Judge's visit Anne lunched at home, with a rare visitor, her husband. It was so unusual a thing for Richard to come in for lunch that Anne wondered what he had on his mind.

"Hello, Nancy," he said gaily, as he joined her. "Surprise party, ain't it?"

"Yes. Are you ill, Richard?"

"No. Not ill—just a little off my form."

She noticed how white and dry-lipped he looked as he sat down at the table.

"Better see Dr. George; you look seedy."

"I'll be all right," he said. He ordered the man to bring him a brandy and soda, and the noon edition of the papers, and to have him called in case he were wanted on the telephone.

"What's the news with you, Nan? Thought you were going to the opera with the Van Croydens last night. I looked in about ten but I didn't see you."

"I didn't go. I came home and brought a Judge Carteret with me."

"Carteret? New slave? Is he the old boy who went on some diplomatic mission for the President, and has just come home, with trumpets and drums?"

"That's the man. He is charming. He wants to meet you, Richard. I told him we would have him to dinner. What night have you free next week?"

"Oh, I don't know. Don't let's talk about that now," he said absently. "Why the devil doesn't Hobson bring me that paper?"

"He had to send out for it. Is there anything the matter, Richard?"

He rose and started for the door, then came back, nervous and absent-minded.

"What is it that you are worried about?" Anne persisted.

"It's nothing—I'm all right."

He sat down and looked at her intently.

"We don't see much of one another these days, do we, Nan?"

"No."

"I guess I haven't made you much of a husband." She looked her frank surprise.

"You may feel that I haven't made you much of a wife—but what do you expect of a marriage like ours?"

"Like ours?"

"A mockery, arranged for us without our desire or interest."

"Well, we liked each other well enough at the start, didn't we?"

"No, we did not. Worse than that—we had nothing in common to begin with, and our way of life precluded our being forced to have any common interests."

"That's the truth, Nan. I suppose I might have gone your way a little more at the start, but your crowd bored me as much as mine did you."

"Why talk about it now? We both have our own interests, and that is enough."

"It would be pretty tough on you if anything happened to take away these interests and force us back on each other!"

"What could happen to do that? We have never been forced to do anything we did not want to, Richard. That's the trouble with us—we've always had too much of everything—too much of all the things that do not count, and the things that do count have been crowded out."

"What are the things that do count?"

"Love, toleration, generosity, forbearance."

Richard looked at her in surprise, then he went around and stood behind her chair, and leaned over her with unusual tenderness in his voice.

"It's too late now, isn't it, Nancy?"

"Oh, yes, it is too late now, I suppose. Life is so full, and habit so masterful."

He turned away and walked up and down the room, his head bowed in thought. He looked at his watch and exclaimed angrily, "Where has Hobson gone with that paper?"

"Is there something in the paper that worries you?"

"Did you see the morning edition? There's a panic on the Board."

"Have you lost some money?" indifferently.

"Yes—we're—I'm in pretty deep. My brokers will cover if they can, but it looks pretty squally."

Hobson entered with the paper, and Richard almost snatched it in his eagerness. He dropped into his chair and unfolded it nervously.

"My God!" he said, and half rose.

(To be continued.)

A Potato Harvester in Clifton Hampden

By "TUBBY" KEYES

ON Friday, September 21st, I received a railway voucher and an order to be ready to go to Oxford for the potato harvest. Accordingly I packed up straight away and was ready to start next morning. We had a most enjoyable ride through some pretty villages, and arrived at the station in good time for our train, which was to take us to Liverpool Street Station. Our train, like our horse ride, was most enjoyable, being made more interesting by the fact that there were several soldiers in the same carriage who had travelled that way before, and pointed out the places of interest to us. Our destination was Culham; therefore we had to go right across London to Paddington, that being the station for the Oxford line.

We arrived at the Parish Hall to find the girls at tea, and were very thankful to find a nice cup of tea when we had washed ourselves.

off for dinner. I don't quite know what other people think and do, but, for myself, I do like a good dinner, and more from fancy I think than from anything else I can't work unless I do get a good one. It so happened that I had a very good dinner that day; consequently there was some very good work done. We then went off to work again at 2 o'clock and went on working until 5. We then went to our billets to wash and get tidy before tea, which is served at 6 p.m. After tea I went out for a walk and a wounded Tommy asked if he could come with me. I told him that if he thought he could get a little bit of pleasure from my company he could come. So he did. We had a very nice walk, and as he had to be back at the hospital at 7 o'clock, I saw him home. Rather a funny arrangement, isn't it? But still it's war-time, and very funny things happen nowadays. The days that followed have a sort of sameness



A Potato Harvest Gang. "Tubby" Keyes marked x.

After tea we were shown our billets, and were glad to get to bed early. Next day, being Sunday, we came round to breakfast at 9 o'clock; then I inquired about a chapel, but the nearest one was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and I was too tired to go there, so I took a book and went down by the river to read. Monday morning I got up at 5.30 and was at the hall at 6 o'clock, but breakfast was not quite ready, so I had to possess my soul in patience and wait—a thing that has often proved a great hardship to me.

I went out to work with my mind made up to do my little bit for my country. I got on fine, and thoroughly enjoyed the change of work. We started at 7 o'clock and at 10 we left off for lunch. We all sat down by the roadside to eat our lunch. Rather a funny place to lunch, but still we are National Service workers and belong to the Land Army, so we must not mind having a few funny things to do. We started work again at half-past ten and worked until a quarter to one, when we left

about them—all exactly the same, but still a little bit different.

Our Supervisor is very jolly and nice. She is at present employed with plans and arrangements for a little blow-up before we go away from here. I'm to help, which I shall do as best I can; but please remember I'm only an amateur when you see me on the platform.

Our farmer is a very nice gentleman and I like working for him very much. The potato crops are good, and I am very glad it is so, but you know there are times when I would not mind if there were a few less, because it makes my back ache so; still, I'm alive after five weeks of it, and don't feel like dying yet, because everybody here seems so nice and kind, and I don't feel as if I want to.

As we were waiting for the train to take us back a troop train came in, and one of the soldiers asked me if I was supposed to be a farm-girl; but I told him that I wasn't supposed to be anything, but that I was a farm-girl, and proud of it, too! Why not?

How We Marched in the Lord Mayor's Show

By ONE OF THE GIRLS

WHEN we heard that some of us were to march in the Lord Mayor's Procession, of course we each hoped that we would be the lucky ones, and by good chance the farmer I worked for allowed me the day off.

The first thrill came when we arrived in the City and with our Organising Secretaries and Instructresses walked down the already crowded streets.

"How's the pigs?" I heard one man ask, and every step we took the crowd looked at us with a kind of amazement. I am sure I don't know exactly what they had expected to see.

Then, after a short walk, we passed down a dark street into the Drapers' Hall, where we met lots of other Land Army Girls from Surrey, Essex, Bucks, Herts, Oxford, Middlesex, and Kent.

Upstairs, in a huge hall, we all sat down to breakfast—and when I tell you that most of us had come away without anything to eat, you can



[Lady's Pictorial.]

imagine how we enjoyed it. There were about a hundred of us altogether, I believe, but it seemed to me that there were hundreds and hundreds.

Our photos were taken, and you should have heard the scream when the flashlight was suddenly turned on!

After that we formed up in the street in marching order, and crowds of gentlemen without any hats on gave us a rousing cheer as we started off. We

had to wait an age in a back street before we joined the rest of the procession. The girls in the cart had the best of it; I did envy them, but luckily my chum had brought her milking stool, so we both sat on it, or, rather, she sat on it, and I sat on her.

About twelve o'clock we were told to fall in, and off we moved, with the Guards band in front and the Boy Scouts behind. I have never seen such crowds and crowds of people before; the whole place seemed eyes staring at us, and there was round after round of cheering as we passed through the streets. It did us girls lots of good, and made us feel glad that we were doing our bit.

When we got back



[Lady's Pictorial.]

January, 1918

THE LANDSWOMAN

to the Drapers' Hall, though we were very tired, I believe we should have been quite happy to start the march all over again. We had a glorious tea, and then, much to our delight, we were each given a lovely box of chocolates.

Then we went into the drawing-room, and there were some speeches and some jolly songs, and everyone of us was sorry when the time came to march off to the station. But we went back to our work, very proud to have taken part in such a big show, and very determined to do our level best to "carry on."



[Lady's Pictorial.



We all sat down to Breakfast.

[Sport and General Press.

Federation of Women's Institutes

IT has long been felt that Women's Institutes needed a means of communication with each other, and the opportunity of sharing THE LANDSWOMAN with the Land Army will be enthusiastically welcomed by members of Women's Institutes. Each month Institute news, programmes, and all matters of special interest to W.I.'s will be published in THE LANDSWOMAN. Descriptions of schemes for co-operation, of the formation of village industries, receipts, household hints, etc., which have hitherto been circulated privately to Institutes, will in future be included in these pages.

We feel that the publication of this journal will stand out as a momentous occurrence in the history of the W.I. movement and that it is by no means the least of the important events which have taken place in the last three months.

During this time the A.O.S., to whom the inception of the W.I. movement in England is due, has, owing to financial reasons, reluctantly given up the organisation of the W.I. movement; the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture has stepped into the breach, and is now conducting the propaganda work.

These new arrangements were discussed at a meeting of delegates from W.I.'s held in London on October 16th, at which meeting the Federation of W.I.'s was formed and the Central Committee of Management elected.

An account of the speeches at this meeting will be included in the W.I. Federation Annual Report. Many requests have been made for a verbatim copy of Miss Talbot's speech, which explains so clearly the relation of the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture to the W.I. movement, and a full report, therefore, of the speech is given here.

Miss Talbot, speaking after the Right Hon. A. D. Acland had explained the reasons which made it necessary for the A.O.S. to give up the responsibility of the W.I. movement, said :—

LADY DENMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—First let me say that I do not know when I have felt so proud of any position as I do at this moment, when as Director of the Women's Branch I am responsible to the Board of Agriculture for the development of this most interesting movement. I do most truly feel the honour of being now closely connected with the extension of the Women's Institute Movement, started as it has been with so much vision,

energy, good sense and organising ability by the A.O.S. The words which Mr. Acland has already given you, in regard to the very natural disinclination of many, to hand over so intimate and so important a movement as this to a Government department, meet, at any rate, with the sympathy of one humble official of a Government department—myself. I have worked long enough in connection with a society outside Government control to know almost every corner of the sensibilities of any society towards Government interference, and because of that past experience I have had, I hope you will be able to find from me in the future, quick understanding of your very natural dislike of Government interference with existing management. And here I am speaking for the Department with which I am connected when I say that it is the intention of all of us to secure against any disturbance of the existing interest. I know you here, and all of those who are connected with this movement in the country, are anxious to see it grow and expand; but we all know, that without money support it is very difficult for a movement of this kind to expand very largely.

Mr. Acland has told you that as regards the financial help undoubtedly Government aid is of value. The arrangements which have been made in regard to this transfer, include the setting up in connection with the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture, a special section to be devoted entirely to the organisation of Women's Institutes, and to that section has been allotted by the decision of the President of the Board a certain sum of public money to be devoted during the next twelve months to purely propaganda work. I should like to make it quite clear at the outset, that there is no intention on the part of the Board of Agriculture to expend any public money upon the upkeep of a Woman's Institute when once it has been founded. The Institutes must in all cases, in the future as in the past, be made to be self-supporting as they are self-governed. But a very great deal of help can be given in the way of wise distribution of suitable literature, the provision of speakers, the help of paid organisers, and all the various ways in which the propaganda of a movement can be extended. Anything that will assist in the organisation of that movement in any part of the country will be in the hands of this section of the Woman's Branch of

the Board of Agriculture, for which at the moment, I am glad to say, we have adequate financial support. And we have the great advantage of being able to announce the appointment of Lady Denman, your own Chairman, as the Assistant Director of our Branch of the Woman's Institute Section, and of Mrs. Nugent Harris, to whose energy and imagination so much of this work is due, as head of the section. Mrs. Watt, who in the first instance brought from our great self-governing Dominion of Canada this idea, and therefore is an imperial pioneer in this great movement, has been appointed the chief outside organiser for this extended work. Therefore you have and we have at the outset, the original workers of the movement. You have in that fact a sense of security and continuity, and we at the Women's Branch have the great advantage of their experience and their knowledge.

I should like also to say at this point that you will be fortunate, as I am, in having Mrs. Lyttelton's help in this movement. I have asked Mrs. Lyttelton, who has given me such unwearying work and help since I took over this rather heavy burden, to be in charge at headquarters of the Women's Institute Section. In the first instance, matters affecting the organisation and development of the propaganda work for which the Board is now responsible, should be sent to her. She will report to me anything that she thinks should be reported, and I need not say with what intense interest I shall always watch the progress of this movement.

The appointment by yourselves of a Committee of Management to manage the Institutes when once they are founded is an important part of the new arrangement. That Committee, as I say, will be

appointed by yourselves. It will not be a Government Committee. It will have the important duty of arranging everything that affects the work of the Institute when once it is started. It is our part at the Board of Agriculture to see that these Institutes are widely founded and that gradually an increased number should be started. It will be the duty of the Committee appointed by yourselves to have the oversight and the mothering, so to speak, of the Institutes when once they are started. I hope I am making the position quite clear. I am sure you will all wish to see, as we do, a greatly increased number of Institutes. We believe that in this movement lies an almost limitless possibility for the future betterment of our country life, and therefore we are going to put our whole hearts into building up a widely spread organisation throughout the country. I hope you will look upon the present decision of the Board of Agriculture in regard to the future oversight of the organisation work of this movement, as a great tribute to yourselves.

In conclusion, may I hope you will always regard both Mrs. Lyttelton and myself as your friends, as those who wish to receive from yourselves suggestions at all points, and who would always welcome not only suggestions but criticisms. There is nothing so helpful—and that is why I have grown so wise during these six months—as criticism. I hope you will send us in, and directly tell us of, anything that occurs to you in regard to the future management of this movement. You may rest perfectly assured that both Mrs. Lyttelton and myself, will spare no effort, to carry out, on the lines upon which it has been started, this most interesting work.

Notes from Women's Institutes

The committees are very busy getting out the programmes for 1918.

We are told that these programmes will surpass anything that has been done before.

The programmes that win the prizes will be published in this journal.

It is difficult to include a competition for each monthly meeting, but it can usually be managed. "The best dinner for the children to take to school" is very popular and the mothers find it most helpful.

A sub-committee of the East Sussex W.W.A.C. is doing excellent work for Institutes.

There is a great demand for chip baskets; can

anyone tell us where the raw material can be obtained?

Is there any other kind of basket used for fruit that W.I. members can make?

New Institutes have been formed at Llanarth (Cardigan), Dethick (Derbyshire), Bladen, Frampton, Blackdown, Whitchurch Canoncorum and Bridport in Dorset, Witton-le-Wear, Evenwood and Neasham in Durham, Hallaton (Leicestershire), Blaenau Festiniog (Merioneth), Southwell, East Bridgeford (Nottingham), Ipsden (Oxford), Thorncombe (Somerset), Henfield, Balcombe, Patcham, and Glynde (Sussex), Cotherstone, Drenghouses and Barkstone Ash (Yorks), Beaumaris (Anglesea).

Letter to the Women's National Land Service Corps

THE Editor has kindly allowed me, through the medium of the first number of THE LANDSWOMAN, to send a Christmas greeting to the members of the Women's National Land Service Corps, of whom the earlier recruits were the pioneers of the Land Army.

Christmas will have come and gone three times since the first batch of workers were training at Little Baddow, and, for all we know, your services may well be wanted over yet another Christmas.

Many of you volunteered in the early days when—amateurs and ill-trained at best—you had to live down the disbelief of farmers in women, the opposition of other workers, and the suspicion of local women.

We could not make many conditions as to your terms of service, or no one would have employed you. We were all—headquarters, farmers, and workers—new at the job together. Your work was being watched and criticised in a way which is already (as a result of your work) going a long way to being forgotten by those who were the worst at it.

We know that most of you are working quietly and unobtrusively on the isolated farms of remote country districts. You have none of the companionship of those war workers whose work is done in large groups, none of the glamour attaching to work nearer the fields of warfare. It is work which during the long winter months requires a good deal of sticking it, and it takes not a little imagination to believe quite firmly on a wet day that scraping a muddy yard is helping to win the war. This is especially so when no one seems aware that you are not only doing it, but doing it often at great sacrifices to your own personal interests, and always at the sacrifice of your personal comfort.

You may rest assured, however, that we at Headquarters know what the work means to you—and what your work means to the nation. At first you had a lot to learn and not much to give, except perseverance and pluck; now you are much more valuable, you have knowledge and experience, and nothing remains to do but to stick it out till the end of the war. To give up after having attained that usefulness which can only be acquired by long practice would not be at all a good plan without some very adequate reason.

Our aim has always been for the armlet of the Corps to stand for efficiency—doing your job well—and reliability—sticking to your job.

I fear most of you who work with animals will not be spending Christmas at home, but, at the Christmas Days to come, it cannot but be a satisfaction to you to look back and think how you milked your eight cows dry on Christmas Day in the year of war.

L. WILKINS.
(Chairman, W.N.L.S.C.)

Land Workers in London

A MOST delightful meeting of Land Workers took place at the University of London Club, on Saturday December 1st, to inaugurate the formation of an Association of University Land Workers.

The gathering was held at the invitation of Dr. Thomas, who, in welcoming her guests, said that there were three elements represented in the hall—the Land Army girl, the University part-time worker, and, what she would like to call the cement of the organisation, the members of the Women's Agricultural Committees.

Mr. A. D. Hall, F.R.S., who next addressed the meeting, spoke of the difficulties of Food Production and emphasised the world shortage of food and the vital necessity of producing more.

He reminded his hearers that England was the only country which has kept food production up to the pre-war level, and that was entirely due to the splendid work of the women on the land.

He urged them to even greater effort, because unless more food can be produced, the shortage in June and July next year will be very serious indeed.

A short lecture followed, by Miss Barrat, illustrated by lantern slides, on "Life in a Fruit Picking Camp."

Several Land Army girls gave amusing accounts of their life on the farm, and a great deal of laughter was heard during the dramatic description of a chase after a bull who wandered into the cabbages!

Miss Talbot, who was received with loud applause, expressed her great pleasure in being present at such an interesting gathering. She welcomed the new talent which had been discovered among the Land Army that afternoon, the gift of public speaking.

She spoke of the great opportunities for service for women since the beginning of the war, and of how worthily that call to service had been answered, especially with regard to the work on the land and food production.

She begged them to give of their very best to this work, as there could be no prouder job than that of the Land Army. She considered that all those connected with food production were a vital arm of the fighting forces, and that it was a great privilege that we women should be allowed to take such a part in the victory of our men.

She expressed her appreciation of the practical help of those who belong to the Universities, help that would be in great demand next spring and summer.

Stripes, badges and armlets were then awarded and presented by Miss Talbot, and a very enjoyable tea was served.

The proceedings came to a close with an address on "Our Enemy the Weed," by Dr. Winifred Brenchley, and delightful recitations by that popular instructor Miss Exten.

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OUR CLUB PAGE

DEAR GIRLS,—The object of this Magazine, as we said on page 1, is to bind you all together into one big family—a very happy family indeed; and I want you to take me on as a friend, and to write to me, every one of you, and tell me all about yourselves and your doings.

Also, I am going to be a really useful friend, and I will suggest several ways in which I may be able to help you.

The Shopping Club.

First of all, I want you to know that I am prepared to go shopping for you—that is to say, if there is anything that you want to buy which you can't get at any of the local shops, or from any of the excellent firms who advertise in this paper, write and tell me all about it—say how much you want to spend—and if it is obtainable in London, I promise you that you shall have it.

The Sewing Club.

Then, I expect, some of you during these long winter evenings will be doing lots of needlework. Now, I know how to make all sorts of blouses and skirts and hats, how to alter and “do up” old frocks and underclothes, and if any of you want to know, too, here am I to give my advice.

The Correspondence Club.

Some of you will be sending a parcel to your boys in France; perhaps you don't know how to set about it, or how to pack it, or what to send. Perhaps your boy is in hospital somewhere in London and you would like to know *exactly* how he is getting on. Just write and tell me all about it, and you shall have all the help that I can give. Then, again, you might like to have another Land Army girl to write letters to, so that you may compare notes about your work. Let me have your name and address, and I will put you into touch with some girl who is feeling just as lonely as you are.

Employment for Winter Evenings.

If any of you would like to get up a little play or concert, do write and ask me how to set to work. I have been mixed up with amateur theatricals all my life, and I am sure that I could give you some hints.

Some of you may have suggestions to make as to the formation of little clubs amongst yourselves, during the winter, for the making of toys, baskets, and other things for sale. Send me along your suggestions and we will see what can be done.

The Knitting Club.

Any of you girls who want to knit your own stockings, or comforts for the troops, should apply to the Hon. Mrs. Grant, The Castle, Winchester, who has been kind enough to offer to supply you with beautiful khaki wool at 5s. per lb.

Notes and Queries Column

This column will be devoted to answering any questions you like to ask about your farm work. They will be answered by an expert, so don't be afraid to ask. A poultry expert has kindly consented to conduct a special poultry section of this column.

Competitions.

Five prizes of one shilling each will be given for the five best hints on “How to Cure Chilblains.”

Three prizes will be offered for the best essay on “How I Spend my Winter Evenings.” Essays must not exceed five hundred words in length, and must reach the office not later than January 10th, addressed The Editor, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath.

Finally, I know just how lonely and how dull it is during these long winter evenings, miles away from everywhere, and I want you to understand and to feel that there is someone here in London, at Headquarters, who is waiting to hear all about it, and who really means to help.

Don't forget! I shall expect lots and lots of letters, and by return of post.

Your friend,
THE EDITOR.

The Editor will be glad to receive contributions to the Magazine in the form of short stories, verses, photographs, and essays on all sorts of farm work.

Any contribution which is considered by the Editor to be of sufficient interest will be printed in the Magazine, and paid for at the usual rates.

We have to acknowledge, with thanks, the kind permission of Mr. J. Walter West, the artist, and Messrs. Headley Bros., Kingsway House, Kingsway, for the use of the cover design, from whom carbon copies can be obtained if required. Thanks are also offered to *The Lady's Pictorial*, for the use of blocks illustrating the article on the Lord Mayor's Show; to *The Sporting and Dramatic News*, for use of blocks illustrating the Maidstone Match; and to the Sport and General Press, Ltd., for use of photographs.

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