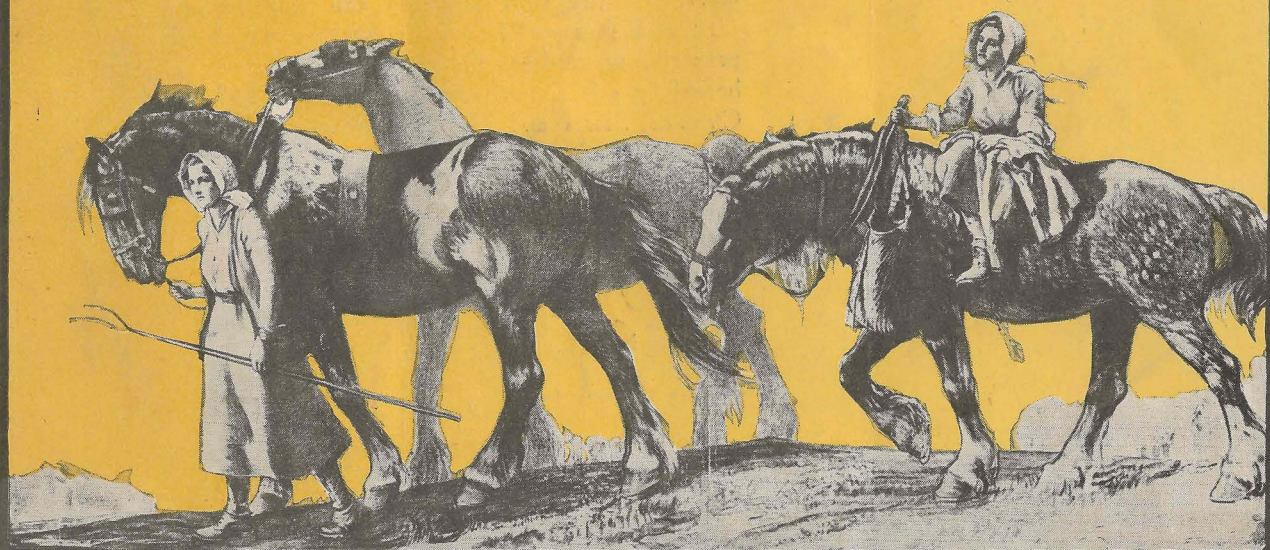


The LANDSWOMAN

FEBRUARY · 1918 *Price*
No. 2. ❖ Vol. I. **2d**



Shortage of Butter

While Butter and Margarine are difficult to get, look round for efficient substitutes.

Chocolate,

made of Cocoa and Sugar, contains a very large percentage of cocoa butter, a most nourishing and digestible fat, which old and young can easily assimilate.

A piece of chocolate and a slice of bread make a meal.

Buy the purest and best chocolate with the delicious flavour and see you get

Bournville Chocolate

MADE BY CADBURY



Every Morning

OFTEN before the dawn, many women workers are out and doing. The air is often cold and raw, but they can defy the weather if they use Oatine. It possesses special properties which keep the skin and complexion beautifully soft and velvety. $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{2}{3}$ of Chemists, Stores and many Drapers.—Ask for

Oatine

FACE CREAM

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THE LANDSWOMAN

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

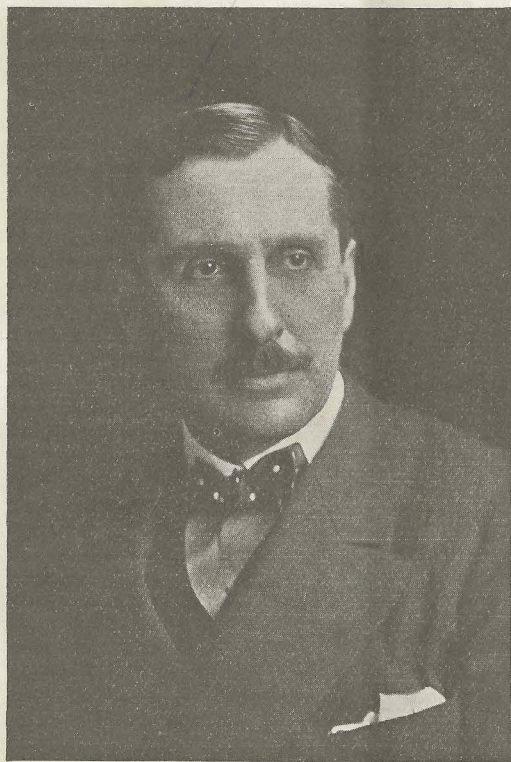
Editorial Office: Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E.

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The Director-General

THE Director-General of the Food Production Department, Board of Agriculture, Sir Arthur Lee, has just been given the Grand Cross of the new Order of the British Empire, in recognition of his success in organising and increasing the output of home-grown food.

Those who have worked under his able, stimulating and generous leadership know how well the honour is deserved.



He has, from the beginning, done all he could to encourage the Land Army, the village women who work on the land, and Women's Institutes. Landswomen therefore owe him a special meed of gratitude, and perhaps he will accept their congratulations, and the assurance of the members of the staff of the Women's Branch that they ask nothing better than to be allowed to go on working under him as long as he needs them.

United States Food Mission

The very first visit of inspection on landing in England is to a farm in Cheshire to see the Land Army at work

WITH a full appreciation of the vital importance of securing an adequate supply of food-stuff to the populations of the Allied nations in Europe, the United States Government in November last sent a "Food Mission" across the Atlantic.

The members of the Mission, six in number, under the leadership of Mr. Mitchell, landed in Liverpool on the morning of December 4th.

With only a few days at their disposal to spend in England these gentlemen gladly fell in with a suggestion from the Board of Agriculture that they should, on their way to London, learn something of the efforts which are being made in Cheshire to increase food production, and especially of the great part being played by the Women's Land Army in the county.

The Cheshire County Committee for Promoting the Employment of Women in Agriculture had only a few hours' notice, but were able to depute two of their number, with Miss Knowles (Travelling Inspector for Lancashire, Cheshire and Westmorland), to meet the Mission midday at Warrington, and to accompany them to Aston, where Mr. Robert Shepherd has for some months been training a succession of women and girls in tractor ploughing, milking, and general farm work.

Mr. Shepherd, who, in addition to growing a large acreage of corn and potatoes, goes in for milk production on a considerable scale, showed the visitors over his farm buildings, where in one shippon he has standing for 120 cows. Here the land girls were seen at work, mixing and preparing provender for the cows or otherwise making themselves useful. Going on to the farm land, other members of the Land Army were found at work with a "Titan" tractor and three-furrow plough. These girls, who had practically completed their training, were doing very good work; they are now employed in ploughing under the orders of the War Agricultural Executive of the county.

There was just time for a brief visit to Aston Grange, an old farmhouse, which is equipped as a hostel for the girls, and where there is room for 30 at a time, when the party had to leave for Warrington to catch their train for London.

Before leaving, all the members of the Mission expressed the pleasure they had derived from their visit. From the moment of their arrival in England

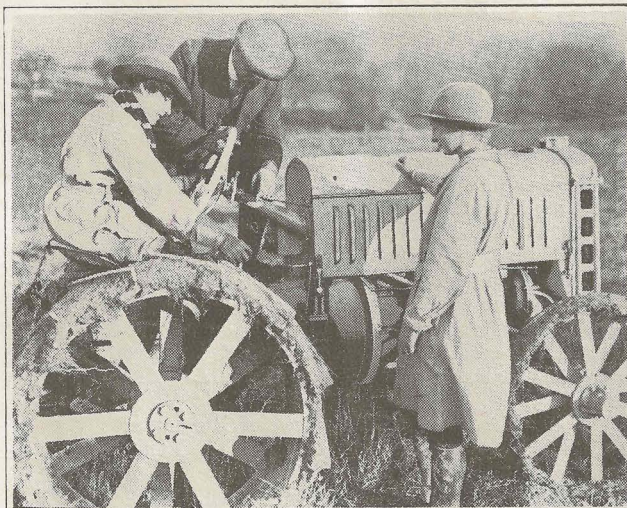
they had been impressed with the way in which the women were bearing their share in the necessary work of the country.

The women porters and ticket collectors on the railways, the women who drove the two Ford cars which conveyed them out to Aston and back, as well as the work they saw being done on the land, all made a deep impression.

For their hosts, the members of the Cheshire County Committee, the visit of the United States Mission has also been a pleasant experience. The physical and mental vigour of their guests, their grasp of the situation, and, above all, the account they gave of preparations being made on the other side of the Atlantic, were all most encouraging and instructive.

A School for Women Tractor Drivers

Photographs reproduced from "The Autocar."



Left—A Lesson in Gear Operation on a Ford Tractor.

Right—Examining details of the Tractor, the Instructor explaining the operation of the Paraffin Carburettor.



Two Pupils practising with a three-furrow Plough.

Why I Didn't

By HAROLD BEGBIE

AS true as I am sitting here, just as I leaned forward, pen in hand, to begin the preaching, up started a little brown devil of depression and said:

"Who are you, pray, to teach these gallant ladies of the land what they should be doing?"

I returned to my former posture, leaning well back in my chair, and regarded this inhibiting demon with a reflective dislike. He was horribly ugly, with a disagreeable habit of munching his lips when he wasn't speaking.

"Who I am is of no matter," I rejoined. "What I have to say is another thing."

"You and your old pen!" sneered the demon. He had a sallow complexion inclining to greenishness. "Why don't you get out of doors and grow potatoes?"

"It is not customary," I replied, "to sow potatoes at this season of the year."

"If I were you," he went on, a vindictive glint in his green eyes, "I'd be ashamed to sit there, telling other people what they should be doing, other people who are working hard from morning to night, other people who are really helping their country. You and your old pen! Do you think the Prussian cares a hang about you? Not he. But the Landswoman makes Hindenburg turn green every time he thinks of her. And when Hindenburg turns green Ludendorff turns green, too. They both turn green together. And it's exactly the same shade of green. *There's* unity of command for you! Bah, I'm getting fair sick of you and your moralising. Why don't you get out and do something?"

The phrase *fair sick* struck me as vulgar, and I pointed out to the little brown devil that he was speaking in a room tenanted by all the greatest minds in Europe, from Shakespeare to Matthew Arnold, indicating my bookshelves; I suggested to him that he should endeavour to speak like a gentleman.

"What are you going to say—come, tell me that?" he demanded impatiently. "Never you mind about Shakespeare; he won't care a duchess's drat-it for anything you think or write; not he!"

I filled a pipe at this point, humming an air from *Figaro*, and leisurely rose from my place, to light a spill at the fire.

"I'm glad to see you save matches," sneered the demon.

I returned to my seat, and took the pen from its little metal vase.

"What does the baccy cost you?" asked the demon. "The money you put in your pipe ought to be put in war savings, *and you know it*; don't tell me you don't."

I opened my writing pad, and put the figure 1 at the top of a sheet.

"What are you going to say?" asked the little brown devil. "Tell me that, and I'll hop it?"

Once more sitting back in my chair, I regarded this unwelcome visitor with reflective disapproval. But knowing very well that there would be no writing for me, while he sat crosslegged on a box of cigarettes right in front of me, I made answer:

"I am going to begin by reminding these landswomen of Washington's farewell to his soldiers. Washington entreated those soldiers to go forth as missionaries among their fellow-citizens, preaching the gospel of unity. In the same way I intend to entreat these fine women to regard themselves, in every place where they work, as missionaries of new ideas. I shall say to them: 'Do not be content, I beg you, with milking a cow dry, or turning the handle of a chaff-cutter with diligence, or driving a straight furrow, or putting a stone on a pig, or keeping our dairies as fresh as a morning in May; doing these things, sow also in the minds of your rural neighbours new and revolutionary ideas—the ideas of a communal existence, of joy in widest spread, of laughter, and music, and dance, and frolic, of greater intelligence, nobler wisdom, and bolder faith: in a word, dear ladies, stir up the somnolent old villages of this distracted country, and give us back the Merry England of days gone by.'"

"And a fat lot of good that will do," sneered the devil.

"My view is," I retorted, "that it may do a very considerable amount of good."

"You make me tired," said the demon.

My pipe having gone out, I went to the fire and lighted another spill. "Don't you think," I asked, pulling at the tobacco, "that it is time you went?"

"Oh, you make me tired," exclaimed the demon.

"Look here, what you propose to say has been said by hundreds of people. Miss Talbot, for example, who really does know what she is talking about, is always saying it. Don't it occur to you that it would be more modest if you left the matter to those who are *working* to bring it about?"

"That is true in a certain sense," I made answer; "but it is possible that a mind which comes freshly to a subject may be able to put the matter in a new light, so that many see it more clearly and truly because of the fresh treatment."

He burst out vindictively, scratching his knees at the same time. "You're incurable, incorrigible, you and your old pen! Oh, give it up. Go out and see if the hens have laid an egg. You keep

hens, don't you? Somebody else feeds them, cleans out their houses, puts new straw in the nest boxes, and gives them roup powders when they're off their cackle, but you keep them: they're your fowls all right; you tell people up in London what you're doing to help the country, don't you? *My fowls, my goats, my swedes, my potatoes!* Why, you couldn't milk a goat if you were to try from now till Peace Day!"

I attempted to smile, not very successfully I admit, and made answer:

"In spite of my failings, you'll agree, I think, that it's a good and hopeful idea that these new women, working in our villages, should act as the leaven of a social revolution, introducing into the stodginess of our rural existence the ferment of their quick intelligence and their youthful high spirits?"

He burst out laughing, uncrossing his knees, and slapping his thighs as he laughed in my face. "I'll bet a ten pound war bond," he cried, "to all the silver you've got in your pockets that you'll be soon talking of this idea as your own. You will really. You'll be thinking you started it."

Good Night

DON'T you fret about to-day; anyhow,
Nought you do and nought you say can
change it now.

Go to bed and go to sleep,
Let to-day her sorrows keep;
It's not any good to weep. Good night.

You are tired now, I know, with your work,
And it seems there's nought to show. You didn't
shirk.

No one seems to have the wit
To see that you have done your bit;
Well! what's the good to think of it?
Good night.

Perhaps some fault on you may rest. What say
you?

Your temper never was the best, you know that's
true.

You wonder how the troubles came,
Think that you are not to blame;
Other folk may feel the same! Good night.

To-morrow you can start again, fresh and fit;
What puzzles you may grow more plain, bit by bit.
Rain must give place to sunny skies:
For you some waiting pleasure lies—
Now, lie still and close your eyes. Good night.

L. A. SCLATER, L.A.A.S.

You'll look up at the stars and say to the listening universe: 'Behold what I have done for my country!'"

"You seem to me," I said forcefully, "to be a thoroughly malicious spirit."

He hopped on to the paper before me, stood there with his legs apart, very impudently, and looking up challengingly in my face exclaimed: "Write this article, do. Do write it. It will make Miss Talbot split her sides. It will send Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton into fits. It will give a new joke to the Land Army. Lord, how they'll laugh at you!"

"Why do you say these things to me?" I demanded.

"Write it, write it!" cried the little devil. And as he said this he jumped up and disappeared in a flash of sunshine.

I sat thinking for a few moments. Then I put my pen slowly back into its metal vase. Then I said with decision: "No. that's just what I won't do. I won't write it."

And now I'm going out to see if the hens have laid.

P.S.—They haven't.

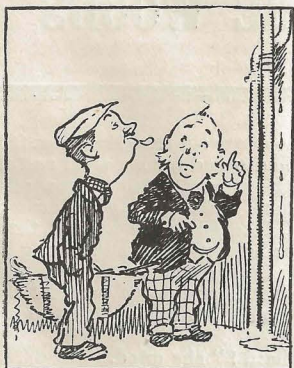
Wiltshire Rally

Women land workers in Wiltshire were specially honoured at Devizes on December 13th by the presence of the Minister for Agriculture at the presentation of their badges and stripes.

The proceedings took place in the Assembly Room at the Town Hall, and a very picturesque gathering it was, with 250 land girls in uniform, who hailed their chief, Mr. Prothero, with a crescendo of cheering as he entered the hall. Mr. Prothero was equal to the occasion. "I thought ladies couldn't cheer," he said, joining in the laughter, "but I find they can. That is due to work on the land, no doubt. I don't suppose that that work is an occupation that most women would naturally choose, but there are lots of them, I am glad to say, to whom the country, the free and open country, and the cold winds that blow on these beautiful downs, and the care of animals, and even the solitude of the fields, do attract. And I am sure they are amongst the wise ones of the present generation."

Mr. Prothero went on to speak of the many difficulties to be overcome and hardships to be endured by women working on the land in the winter. "Yet now you have got to hold this home front," he said, "just as your brothers and your friends are holding our various fronts by land and sea on the Continent. If you do not hold it by growing all the food you can in this country, then the line will be broken at home. If it is broken at home, in respect of food, it will break down throughout the whole of the fronts, and you will be letting down the men who are giving their lives for you on all those fronts. That is the appeal."

HOW TO REALISE CONDITIONS AT THE FRONT.



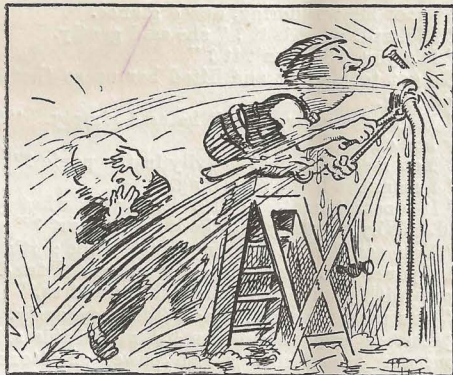
"Yus, I see what that is—ole in the pipe most likely—nothing serious—"



"The men in our shop as does these jobs in the ornary way is all at the front—"



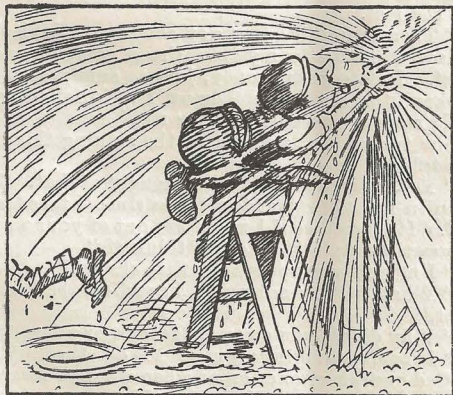
"I takes on any job now—not as I cares for 'em, being literary—used to sell papers afore the war—"



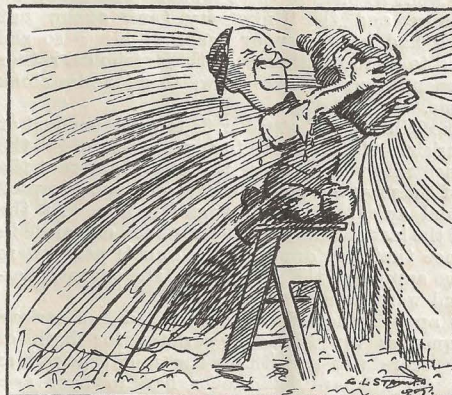
"But wot s a bit o' discomfort if it wins the war? An' it's times like these as brings aht the real strength of a man—"



"Ad a letter from my brother oo's aht—says the weather's somefink crool—mud an' rain—"



"RAIN AN MUD TRENCHES IS ARF FULL AN' GITTIN' DEEPER ALL THE TIME—"



"Us in ole England finds it ard to realise, but I does, my best to bring it 'ome to folk."

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THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS

By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"RICHARD, let me see it. What is it?" Anne demanded.

"I'll tell you later—I've got to go."

He rushed past her and out of the room, leaving her in the dark as to his intention and his destination. She knew he was overwrought, for Richard never grew introspective unless he was in a scrape of some kind. If it was only money, she told herself, it was no matter. They had more than enough, and he could afford to lose gracefully.

"I wonder if our money is the cause of it all," she mused. "If we had loved one another and been poor, who knows what life might have meant to Richard and me."

She went about her afternoon duties, with only an occasional thought of their talk at luncheon. On her return to the house she found that her husband had called her several times on the telephone, but had left no message. She could not get him at his office, so she decided he was on his way home. When she was dressed to go out for dinner, however, she sent her maid to find out whether he had come in, and his valet replied that he did not expect Mr. Barrett. Anne called up his favourite club, but he had not been there all day.

She went off with a vague feeling of alarm. The table talk did not distract her thoughts, for it was mainly of the day's panic on the Board, and the havoc already wrought. They told tales of fortunes wiped out, of men who wept and shrieked impotently on the floor, of one capitalist who was reported crazed by his losses. The air seemed heavy with catastrophe, and Anne could scarcely repress her nervous anxiety until the dinner was over.

She went at once to the telephone and called up the house and the University Club again, but nothing had been seen or heard of him; so she decided to go to the theatre with her friends, rather than spend hours of anxious waiting for him alone at home.

"The Whirlpool" was a trifle too apropos just at this crisis. There were too many men in the audience who were making the same fight that the hero of the play was engaged in; too many glimpsed the final defeat that had engulfed him. At the end of the last act the audience rose and dispersed in a silence that was oppressive. Anne's party were to have supper at the Annex, but she excused herself and went home.

She apprehended that the day had had serious consequences for Richard, perhaps for both of them. Here was something she might help him with; for Richard had never had to bear any defeats, and she foresaw his boyish collapse in the event of trouble. She faced possible disaster with welcome in her heart if only they might share it together.

The servant at the door said that Mr. Barrett had just come in. He had asked for his wife, and then shut himself up in the library. Anne threw off her cloak and hurried there. Richard lay in a crumpled heap on the couch, face down, as he had thrown himself half an hour before. One hand hung limp to the floor, and his head rested on the other. On the table, in reach of his hand, lay a toy that shone brightly. For a moment Anne's heart stopped beating.

"Richard! Richard!" she cried.

She knelt beside him and tried to turn his face towards her. He roused himself dully, sat up and faced her. She sank back in fright when she saw how old and haggard he looked. She touched him to attract his wandering, dazed glance.

"Richard, what is it?" she said gently.

"It's you, Nan, isn't it?"

He got to his feet and lifted her up so that she faced him.

"We're done for, Nan," he said simply. "To-day has cleaned us out."

"You mean you lost heavily in the panic?"

"I mean we lost everything."

"It doesn't matter; I'll lend you what you need. Why should you take it so to heart?"

"You can't lend me anything, Anne; it's all gone, yours too. I risked all mine, and I tried to recoup with yours, and there's the end of us."

"You used my money too?" incredulously.

"Yes. I tried to get you by 'phone this afternoon, and I couldn't. I had power of attorney, you know, and my brokers said that I might pull out if I had the money at once; so I took it. That's all."

She went away from him and sat down and waited for the rest.

"There is nothing that you can say or think that I have not said to myself. I'm a gambler and a thief. I stole your money, just as surely as if I'd broken in at night, and I know I've forfeited what little respect you ever had for me."

She turned and pointed at the shining thing on the table.

"Yes, coward too. I even thought of that. I've been in hell these last few hours since I faced myself. It seemed as if I might get out of your way—it was the only thing I could think of."

"I'm glad you spared me that shame."

"What little manhood I have left balked at that."

"Why didn't you go to my father, or yours?"

"I couldn't bring myself to do that. They settled our inheritance on us when we were married, and I made up my mind I would not go whining to them."

She looked her surprise and nodded her approval.

"I think you did right in that."

"I can pay for my folly; but the pity of it is I've dragged you into it too."

She came and stood opposite him.

"I don't care about myself."

"I'll make up every penny I took, Nan."

"Please, we won't talk of that now."

"Yes, we must talk of it. Bobby has to be thought of."

"Bobby?"

"I've risked his education and his whole future, and I must make it up to him. When we get things cleared up, you and he can go to your people for a while till I get a start. Or perhaps you'd rather go for good, Nan, and be rid of me?"

"That is unfair, Richard, as well as unkind. Shall we have anything left at all?"

"This house and the country place. They ought to bring enough to make you comfortable for a while."

"We'll have to sell Hillcrest?" she cried.

He turned away and leaned his head on his arms.

"Oh, Nan, Nan! how can you ever forgive me?" he moaned.

She laid her arm across his shoulders.

"I don't mind! Really I don't mind losing the money, but I can't let you lose your own respect for yourself. You must pay it all back, even to me; only let's bear this trouble together, dear. Let Bobby and me be your partners. Just think at every step, 'Now must I do this or that, because my partners depend on me to do the right thing,' or, 'I'll face this out, so those partners of mine will be proud of me.'"

He turned and took her in his arms, the tears rolling down his face.

"Nan! Nan! God bless you, dear! I can't say—"

He broke down and wept bitterly, sobbing like a man torn with suffering; and for the first time in her life Anne Barrett took her husband's head upon her breast to comfort him, and her face was that of a Valkyria bearing her wounded warrior to Valhalla!

CHAPTER III.

THE READJUSTMENT.

THAT fatal day on the Board of Trade has gone into history as a record-breaker, and it was the ten-days wonder of the time. Many fortunes were lost, and the trend of many lives was changed by the outcome of that one day.

Possibly the most discussed of all Misfortune's victims were the Richard Barretts. Tongues had wagged so busily before this disaster as to what the outcome of their open indifference to one another would be, that this added tit-bit of financial ruin offered a welcome opportunity to old Dame Gossip. Of course Anne Barrett would divorce Richard now; the Harmons denounced their son-in-law as a rascal; he had forged his wife's name in order to save himself with her money; she had come to his rescue at the last minute with her fortune to save his honour—and so tongues clacked, and the stories grew.

As for the victims themselves, after the first shock was over they took up their problem and insisted upon solving it for themselves. Both

the Harmons and the Barretts rushed to the rescue with offers of help and advice, both of which Anne and Richard firmly but gently refused. In family council Richard made a clean breast of it all, nor did he spare himself in the telling. He made clear to them the step he and Anne had determined upon, and he explained that they would sell the two houses to pay their creditors. They would, however, retain the Lodge at Hillcrest and make that their home.

At this point both the mothers-in-law burst out in indignant protest. Why, they demanded, with two town houses and two country places in the family, should their children banish themselves to that stuffy Lodge at Hillcrest?

"Why, Anne, you could not have more than two servants in the place to save your life," Mrs. Harmon objected.

"The fact is, we mean to have only one," smiled Anne. "Mrs. O'Brien is to be installed as sole ruler of the Lodge."

"No chef, no maid, no nurse—how can you get along?" Mrs. Barrett demanded.

"Think how many women never have any of those things. Are they so much cleverer than I am? I shall take orders from Mrs. O'Brien. I shall learn to dress myself, and to take care of Bobby."

"Take care of Bobby? But you don't know how," her mother objected again.

"I can learn, can't I? Bobby and I are going to get really acquainted this summer. We have had only a bowing acquaintance so far."

"It is the most absurd thing I ever heard of in my life!" Mrs. Barrett burst out. "Richard, I should not think you would permit Anne to undertake such a thing."

"This is Nan's own idea. I didn't want to do it. I begged her to take Bobby and go abroad with some of you for the summer."

"Once and for all, I, Anne Harmon Barrett, choose to do this thing of my own free will. I've never made up my mind on anything before: and I warn you that from now on I'm a free agent. I choose to make a home for my husband and my boy within the limits of Richard's income. It makes me ashamed to have you all so surprised and horrified at my deciding to stand by and help him out. I'd be a coward to go away and leave him to fight it out alone. No, we are going to work this thing out together, and we will not accept one penny from anybody; although we thank you from the bottom of our grateful hearts."

There were tears in Anne's eyes, as she concluded this longest speech of her life; and Richard put his hand on her shoulder and spoke up proudly.

"Isn't Anne great?" he said.

"Let the children alone," said Barrett, Senior, bluntly. "This may be the best thing in the world for them. Richard begins work with me the first of next month, on a nominal salary until he is some use in the business."

"Henry, I never thought you were a hard man before," wept his wife.

"Hard? Stuff! I am just; and when a man plays the fool he pays the piper. That law won't be set aside for Richard, just because he's our

boy, Jane. He's gambled and squandered what it took me years of hard work to make, and now he'll atone like a man, or he gets no help from me. There's no snap open in my office."

"I'm not looking for a snap, and I'm grateful for the opening, father," said Richard; and his mother stared at him in astonishment.

"When do you expect to make this insane move?"

"As soon as we can dispose of the two places," Richard answered. "We shall have no trouble about selling this house, of course, but it may be difficult to find a buyer who is willing to let us keep the Lodge at Hillcrest. Both places go on the market to-morrow, and we hope to settle up shortly."

"I'm counting on moving to the Lodge in May," Anne said. "We shall have to make a few changes in it, to make it accommodate our family, but if we begin at once we can get in some time in May, we think. Richard and I have been working at the plans."

"If you must have a lodge, why don't you take ours at Pine Grove?" asked her mother. "That is twice as big as the one at Hillcrest."

"We like the one at Hillcrest better, thank you."

"What will you do with the furniture in the two houses?"

"Sell what we can to the buyers, and the rest at auction," Anne replied.

"Auction!" cried her mother. "Auction? Why, Anne Harmon, we've never had such a thing in our family before."

"Stuff! There's no disgrace in an auction," said Barrett, Senior. "A very wise decision, Anne."

"We'll never let it come to that," Madame Barrett announced. "What they can't sell in the houses, we'll divide among us."

"No charity, please," Richard protested.

His mother began to weep.

"It's a pity that your own mother can't be allowed to buy things from you when you need money, without being talked to like that!"

"Oh, mother!" Richard pleaded, trying in vain to soothe her.

Barrett, Senior, arose angrily.

"Look here! It strikes me that these young people of ours have planned their own business pretty well without our interference, and they're acting in a decent, sensible manner. We're doing our best to make them act like silly fools, and I move we let 'em alone."

"You're not a mother, so you can't understand," sobbed his wife.

"Well, hang it, I'm a father, ain't I? I've got some right to my feelings in the matter, and I say I'm proud of 'em, the way they're going at this thing. Richard has played the part of a silly, irresponsible boy long enough; and if this is going to make a man of him, what are you crying about?"

"Hear, hear!" laughed Anne; but the mothers-in-law wept bitterly and refused to be comforted.

"Please, please, don't feel so badly about it. Why, I'm actually glad!" said Anne. "I want Richard to square himself with all our creditors,

and then we're going to begin again; and this time maybe we can make a success of it. We've let you take all the responsibility of our lives for us, up till now; and from this time on we are going to see what we can do for ourselves. I'm sick to death of this big house and the formalities of the life we lead, and I'm going to be very happy in that cottage; so don't you be sorry for me."

She laughed and shook her weeping mother gently.

"I'm sure your father and I always tried to do our best for you. We had no intention of trying to run your life for you, as you call it."

"We certainly did not, my dear," said gentle old Mr. Harmon, speaking for the first time.

"Don't you think I know that? I'm not reproaching you, my dear people, for what you've done; I'm only telling you what an impotent, unthinking creature I have been, refusing my own responsibilities. You should have pushed me out of the nest long ago, and made me fly."

A diversion was introduced here by Bobby, who for once had outwitted Mrs. O'Brien and now came marching into the midst of this tearful assembly. He inspected them seriously a moment, and then went to each of his weeping grandmothers, patting them gently.

"Poor gwan'ma! don't cwy. Bobby take care of you."

When his endearments only aggravated the weeping he turned to his mother. "Did you punish my gwan'mas?"

She shook her head, and Richard went over and took his hand. "Daddy has punished your grandmas, boy. Will you help him to make them glad again?"

"Yes, me will," his son answered seriously.

He turned and ran out, and when they had almost forgotten about him he came back, a big Teddy bear in his arms and a woolly lamb dragged after him.

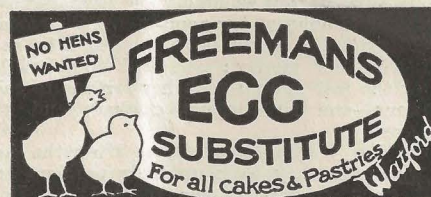
"Nice gwan'ma," he said to Madame Harmon. "Bobby give gwan'ma a Teddy bear if she won't cwy."

He repeated the formula to Madame Barrett, with an offer of the lamb, and perforce they all laughed, and the solemn conclave broke up much more cheerful than anyone could have expected.

Among all the notes and letters of sympathy and affection that came to Anne, the one that spoke most directly to her heart was a line from her new friend, Judge Carteret. He wrote:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—If happiness were wrapped up in your money, I should mourn your loss most bitterly, but as it is I find myself rejoicing. Will you understand that, I wonder?"

(To be continued.)



Timber Work and the Land Army

DURING the winter, when only the stock farms are busy and general land work is slack, a certain number of the Land Army girls, who have been employed on seasonal jobs during the summer, have been transferred to timber work.

All over England such work is being done, and, as the reports show, well done, by women, and they seem to find it very enjoyable.

On the Duke of Bedford's estate at Endsleigh they have a particularly good time and just recently a recreation room has been provided and furnished by the Duke for their use.

The opening ceremony was made the occasion for a very delightful dramatic entertainment, carried out entirely by the girls, under the able direction of Miss Rettallock.

Four scenes from "Midsummer Night's Dream" were presented, and the realistic effect of the forest scene, produced by a free use of pine branches and fir trees, with plenty of russet leaves to cover the ground, is worthy of special mention. The girls who took part thoroughly entered into the dramatic situations, and enjoyed themselves so much, that further efforts in this direction are to be made at Endsleigh.

We give on this page a charming photograph of the girls who are working in the Conway Valley. Here, much to the distress of all lovers of this beautiful valley, the wooded slopes are being denuded of their chief charm; but it is comforting to know that, although the national deed for the moment must deprive us of the glorious foliage, our Land Army girls are taking an active part in the clearing of the ground, after the felling has taken place, and the planting of the young trees.

At Rothbury, in Northumberland, numbers of girls are working well, doing wood sawing for Lord Armstrong.

There are twelve of them thus employed, and, as Lord Armstrong has been kind enough to provide their hostel with a piano, they have a merry time when their work is done. Dora Budge, one of these girls, writes: "It's all very interesting, and we always do our best with a willing heart. The trees, after being felled by men and dressed ready for sawing, are dragged out of the wood by horses. We lift them on to a trestle, where they are measured into different lengths, according to the sizes

required. The thick ends are sawn off and sent to the sawmill to be made into sleepers for use on the railways. Next there are the balks—these measure from six feet up to twelve. The remaining part of the tree is sawn into props.

"We use a cross-cut saw, and, as two girls use one saw, it is not heavy work. Lord and Lady Armstrong have been very kind indeed to us all."

I believe Norfolk was one of the first counties to start gangs of L.A.A.S. on pit prop cutting. There are many pine woods in Norfolk and Suffolk, and these counties have contributed very largely to the numbers of pit props, that in the days before the war, came to us chiefly from Norway.



Timber Workers: Conway Valley.

The first gang started work in the Wallington woods, near Downham, and soon gained the approval of the foreman, who from the first instructed and helped them with great patience. He has now been called up, but the original gang are carrying on, more and more capable as the weeks go by.

In Suffolk just about twenty women of the Land Army are employed on the Brooklands Estate, on the same class of work.

Work in the pine woods has a great deal to recommend it. The dirt is such beautifully clean dirt, and the smell of the freshly cut pine wood health-giving and delicious. Certainly, if one may judge by the thoroughly delightful photographs given here, the health of the girls leaves nothing to be desired.

Thirty girls are working at Lyndhurst, in the New Forest, in clearing and the planting of young trees, and they make a very merry little party. In a letter recently received from one of this gang, L. Edmiston writes as though she thoroughly enjoys life.

"The work," she says, "may seem hard at

first, but one soon gets used to it. We take our lunch and midday meal out into the forest; there we have a nice big fire to sit by meal times, so we all sit round and toast our bread on sticks. Some people would say how awful, but nothing of the sort; we think it simply grand. We enjoy it very much, it's simply ripping."

Personally, I think that any work at Lyndhurst, in the heart of that glorious forest, would be "ripping." It is one of the many places in England where I have quite decided to spend my old age.

There are several other of these lovely spots, where Land Army girls are employed in this useful and enjoyable manner; and when the spring comes, and food producing on the land calls them back to their real work, they will remember with pleasant memories their winter spent with the timber.



Timber Workers : Norfolk and Suffolk.



With their Tools.

Notes and Queries

1. M. R. S. is fattening bullocks and one of them has ringworm. What must she do to avoid catching the complaint herself?

For all practical purposes a girl treating a bullock for ringworm should protect herself from infection, if she applies the lotion with a brush (small painters' brush) and keeps her arms and hands covered while doing so. She should also wash her hands and wrists in a disinfectant after each dressing.

2. B. P. has charge of a young calf about ten weeks old, whose "coat all round its neck, ears and eyes has disappeared." What is she to do?

A remedy cannot be suggested, as the disease, if disease it be, can only be definitely diagnosed by examining the calf. The disease is probably ringworm, but that is mere guesswork. I would suggest that B. P. should consult a local

veterinary surgeon.

3. E. M. P. wants to know if anything is being done *at present* for girls who wish to take up farming in the colonies after the war.

Nothing very definite can be done in this matter until after the war; but a register is being prepared at headquarters of the names, addresses, and qualifications of those girls who wish to take up this work. When the war is over the various Colonial Governments will be approached with a view to obtaining special facilities in the colonies for all the girls whose names are on this register.

TECHNICAL ARTICLES

We are to have

A Series of Technical Articles, the first of which will appear in the March Number. They will deal with various subjects of general interest to Land Workers.

Cows I Have Known

A Sketch from Life

THERE is a saying that it takes all sorts of people to make a world, and I think it is equally true to say that it takes all sorts of cows to make a herd.

This sounds rather as though I am comparing people with cows; but certainly some cows seem to have more intelligence and a great deal more character than some people with whom I have occasionally come into contact!

Have you ever studied the individual character and disposition of each cow that you have had to do with?

This sounds rather an absurd question, but it isn't really; you try it, and see if it doesn't afford you quite a lot of amusement, besides making your work amongst them more interesting.

I have to do with a herd of ten, and they are all different, every one of them. Some are good-tempered, some aren't; some are pigs, and try to knock the pail out of one's hand in their hurry to get at the contents, instead of waiting politely till one has fed in, as do some of the well-behaved and less greedy ones.

Others are rather conceited, and love being scraped down with the curry comb and made beautiful.

There is one that stands with a self-satisfied, fatuous expression on her face and her tail sticking out into space while her toilet is being done, and then wanders across to a pond and stands and gazes at her reflection in it for hours on end, with dreamy content in her eyes and utterly oblivious of the world in general until brought into abrupt contact with it again by a prod from the horns of another cow.

But some are slovenly and untidy, dragging their bedding out into the yard from their sheds with their hoofs and invariably choosing the muddiest parts of the field in which to lie down, as if delighting in getting as dirty as possible.

There is one little creature in the herd that I'm sure would be a very dainty, particular lady if she were a human being, for she is so very dainty and particular as a cow.

She never seems to get dirty, and yet she shares the same field and shed as one of the most slovenly of them. Her coat always shines like silk, and her manners—oh, they are beyond reproach!

She always draws politely back to enable one to pass between her and her neighbour in order to feed her, and then, when she sees all is in order, tucks her little velvety, glistening nose in and begins daintily and particularly to eat, careful never to spill more than she can help, or, if she does, to go down on her knees afterwards and clear it up!

Once when I was letting her out of her shed she even drew back and allowed me to pass out first, but I'm afraid this was due to shyness and a certain trepidation rather than to good manners.

But there is one in the herd, as there usually is, that is a selfish bully, taking all the best cabbages, or whatever food there may be, for herself and driving away the weaker ones who are too timid to fend for themselves. But bullies are cowards all the world over, and she always runs away in arrant disgust if any of the stronger ones approach her, trying to appear as if the food from which she was being driven had no attraction for her.

And then there are—but it would fill a book to describe all their different characters—the thoughtful ones, the frivolous ones, the nice-minded ones, and I assure you that there are these and the reverse, and those that give their milk willingly, and those that have to be coaxed.

So I hope that those of you who have to do with cows will exercise your imagination and sense of humour and notice their little odd ways, each so different from the rest.

I feel sure that in so doing you will not only find much amusement, but it will make you become more interested in and intimately acquainted with them. No longer regard them, as perhaps some of us do, as senseless animals with whom one cannot make friends and as having neither brains nor intelligence of their own.

A COW LOVER.

Farm Benediction

GOD bless the cow, although she bellows;
 God bless the cowmen, honest fellows!
 God bless the byre and bless the stall,
 And bless the labourers—bless them all!
 As for the patient great cart-horse
 Who works so hard, bless him of course.
 God bless the roads and bless the fields,
 God bless the land and all it yields.
 God bless my little cottage home
 To which at night I tired come.
 God bless the fire in the grate,
 And bless the food upon my plate;
 But most of all, dear God, be blest
 The narrow bed wherein I rest.

YVONNE GWYNNE JONES.
 (Group Leader.)

Rally News

Cheshire

A RALLY was held at Warrington, for the Bucklow Hundred of Cheshire and the West Derby Hundred of Lancashire, on Saturday, December 15th. Two hundred of the Land Army and part time workers were present.

The procession, which was headed by the Blue Coat School band, and carried a banner bearing the words "Women's Land Army," marched from the station to the Parr Hall. It was joined *en route* by one of the motor tractors from the ploughing demonstration, driven by women.

The speakers at the subsequent meeting spoke in the most enthusiastic terms concerning women's work, and estimated that the demand for women next year was likely to be very large.



East Suffolk Rally.

East Suffolk

A most successful rally was held at Ipswich on Tuesday, December 11th. It was market day, and the town was unusually full. From an early hour little groups of girls, looking very spruce and neat, could be seen about the town.

At one o'clock they assembled at No. 5 Butter Market, the office of the County Committee, and after a brief ten minutes' drill the Land Army, some sixty in number, marched to the Council Chamber at the County Hall.

The President of the Committee, Lady Beatrice Pretzman, having been called to Edinburgh to see her sailor son, Lady Cranworth in a pleasing and cheery little speech welcomed Miss Talbot, who then addressed the workers. Subsequently she presented the badges to the Land Army, who with military precision marched up in couples to receive them. The local workers then filed past, and were presented with stripes for six months' service; a

long procession—old ladies with white hair, girls fresh from school, mothers carrying tiny babies. No wonder the Land Army was touched, and gave its co-workers a great ovation.

West Suffolk

A fine and inspiring sight was witnessed at Bury St. Edmunds when women land workers in West Suffolk marched in procession round the town and afterwards assembled at the Theatre Royal for the presentation of badges and stripes. The proceedings strikingly demonstrated the success of the Land Army movement in this county, and it was felt that the honour thus paid to these patriotic workers was well deserved.

To-day the committee can call on the services of 2,300 women, 700 of whom have secured one or two stripes.

At the Theatre Royal Miss Talbot presented these decorations to recipients, who ranged in age from 13 to 70; and 30 Land Army girls were given badges.

West Riding

To see women land workers marching through crowded streets in full farm kit is an experience which the people of Leeds will not readily forget, and one which will be bound to react on the movement for securing more women labour for the land.

The procession presented several novel features, including a milk float, a load of hay, and a steam plough. It was headed by Lady Mabel Smith, dressed in Land Army uniform, and was accompanied by the band of the West Riding Volunteer Regiment.

In Victoria Square the workers were informally inspected by Lord Harewood, after which the procession made its way to the Town Hall, where badges were distributed by the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Frank Gott. During the meeting that followed many interesting speeches were delivered.

Hertford

A reunion of the Hertfordshire landworkers was held in London on January 2nd at the Passmore Edwards Settlement, Tavistock Place.

The proceedings started with a concert, after which the girls all sat down at two long tables to tea.

The speeches by Miss Talbot and Admiral Fawkes, which followed, were much enjoyed by the girls.

Miss Talbot appealed to each of them to make a New Year's resolution to bring in at least one fresh recruit; and Admiral Fawkes spoke as an old sailor and told some good stories, which were much appreciated.

Competitions

How I Spend My Winter Evenings

ALL the essays on "How I Spend My Winter Evenings" attained a very high standard, and it has been difficult to decide which were the best three. K. Hogarth, D. M. Smith, D. Long, B. Florey, E. M. P. and G. L. Andrews did very good work, and I hope they will not be disappointed, but will try again next time. The prizes have been awarded as follows:—

First prize (5s.), E. B. Bennett.

Second prize (3s. 6d.), L. Selater.

Third prize (2s.), Cicely Rathbone.

First Prize

HOW I SPEND MY WINTER EVENINGS.

"Hurry up! All finish before tea," comes the cheery voice of the "Boss."

For the next ten minutes all else is submerged in the persistent whirr of the separator and the rattle of milk pails.

"I've got the baby calves' milk, Jim, if you will bring the lantern and the other bucket."

After feeding the calves we do justice to a good hot tea.

"Don't trouble to change, you're all right, Miss B," is the usual comment; however, we all get "cleaned up," as the Devonians say, and gather around the large kitchen fire.

Let me introduce you to the circle—the farmer and his wife, their housekeeper, the soldier substitute, and Jimmy and Edie, the horseman's children; then comes Tinker, Tiger, Smut, Spot, Tit, Tweedledum and Tweedledee the cats, Doris and Shep the dogs.

This is one of my favourite evenings. Our boss, as we call him, is a past-master in the art of reading Devonshire stories, and he is going to while away the next hour and a half with quaint stories in the local dialect.

We laugh so much that it almost seems as though the blazing log and the kettle and crock are joining in.

As we sit around the fire, some sewing, others just listening, in the lull between one story and another, one could imagine Burns saying:

"... Does a' his weary carking cares beguile

An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil."

At 8 p.m. we pull on our boots, light up the lanterns, preparatory to "feeding up."

"My days, it's like ice, the very same," remarks Jimmy, his hands deep in his pockets; "never mind, us'll soon git yet * again."

The yard is flooded with moonlight, and the boss's tall, fine figure is silhouetted on the frosted ground as he makes a bee-line to the barn. The boss always rations out the corn, the rest of us busy ourselves with giving the bullocks hay and straw, and letting the horses drink. Last, but not least, old Shep is shut up in the stable.

The blaze has given place to a crimson ruddy glow, as we once more draw around the cheerful hearth.

One's thoughts travel across to the boys who are keeping the home fires burning; and our hearts respond to the lines in the hymn:

* Hot.

"We cannot with our loved ones be,
But trust them, Father, unto Thee."

At 9 p.m. we go to bed, and thus ends one of my evenings in a Devonshire farmstead, on the outskirts of Dartmoor.

"BENNIE."

Second Prize

Ah! How! I hear a lot of long winter evenings, but to me they are short, very short. Tea at six, over anywhere to half-past. To-night I really must darn stockings. Oh! my gloves—driving is ruinous for gloves. To-morrow, I must write to mother, and pray the Germans won't bring the labour of my hands to naught by sinking the mails, as sometimes happens. If it were only letters lost—but—. One night this week I must clean my harness, oil it and shine the brass till the sun dazzles one as it glitters on the bridle, etc. No—not an unpleasant winter evening. It is warm and clean in the stable, the horses warm it, and close the door—it is cosy. "Puss," my horse, I call her, whinnies softly. "Yes, lassie, to-morrow you will look smart." Hark!—someone calls. "Coming," I answer. How the time has flown!

Yet another night. So busy to-day. Tired, so tired, but my "gee" shall be groomed. Done! Now sit on that corn hutch and dream the war is over, and I shall soon be crossing the sea to home and "them." "There's a long, long trail a-winding"—Oh! let's get in and go to bed. I feel lazy to-night. Why should I help put away the tea things—I need not; but the dear little Devonshire Dumpling in the kitchen works hard, and is always cheerful and willing, and she fairly beams when I carry out the tray. I stay and talk to her, she is amusing. It must be dull always alone in the kitchen. I sit by the hearth fire—I know I ought to be sewing or writing, but it is nearly bedtime now, and I will have my usual piece of cake or bun and some cocoa, or put a little cup of cider down and "chill" it, as they say. More sewing to-night, and writing. There! I did want to write another letter, but it is nearly nine o'clock, and I have to be up just after five each morning.

One evening in the week at least shall be comfortable. I will sit by the fire and read; the day's work and discomfort surely have earned it—after all, one has a lot to be thankful for now. So the winter evenings hasten by. There is no Sunday evening church to vary it here. Sometimes—but very rarely—I walk to town, three miles; but it is a very long way back after a long day's work. Is it true there will be sweet spring evenings soon, with flowers and birds? Cheerio! Good night.

L.A.S.



Third Prize

The sound of chaff-cutting in the stable loft ceases, and the light showing through the doorway gets brighter as a girl comes out with the lantern, and slithers slowly down the ladder. She is in no hurry, the bustle of the day is over, and her time is her own. She shivers slightly as a gust of cold wind blows the lantern out as she stumbles, rather wearily, across the yard.

"Haven't you finished those cows yet, Copper?" she calls through the dark.

"No, it's this idiotic heifer which will kick," comes a muffled voice from the cowshed.

"Oh, tie her legs together, or something; only do hurry up. I'm ravenous."

"You go and tie your old horse's legs together, my child, and see what happens then," says the voice. "Oh, well, I've finished now." The heated and dishevelled owner of the voice appears in the doorway. "Come along, Billy, we'll paint the world red to-night, won't we?"

"Call this the world?—I call it a wilderness. Now, if it was only London——"

"Oh, shut up, goose."

The voices are caught away by the wind, as the two cross the yard arm-in-arm, and disappear down the lane.

* * * * *

"I say, what a difference tea does make," says Billy, an hour later, as they sit toasting bread over the fire in their lodgings. I feel as fit——"

"Yes," replies her friend. "Shall we go and explore Bodstock to-night? I've got 10½d. to spend, and you want some stamps."

This is at once agreed upon, and they start off in high spirits on a damp ride of two miles in the pitch dark. Arrived at the village, they spin down the apparently deserted High Street, and slow up at the "stamp and tape" shop, as Copper terms the post office. They can scarcely open the door, so crammed is the interior with a collection of people, evidently there for a little evening gossip. They inquire from habit, but without any hope, for matches, sweets, throat lozenges, and india-rubber, and get the same reply—"Sorry, sold out."

Nothing daunted, they sally forth once more, and try every shop they can find. As the blinds are all drawn down it is no easy matter to distinguish between private houses and shops, so they just push in anywhere, and hope for the best.

On their way back along the bumpy road, laden with one roll of tape and some stamps, Billy sighs mournfully.

"Just think of 5.30 to-morrow morning!" she remarks.

"Oh, pessimist!" retorts Copper. "Think of this time to-morrow night."

"What shall we do, though?"

"Well, you know, we said we would do that absurd poem for *THE LANDSWOMAN*."

"Oh, yes; let's be lazy, and compose lyrics on the hearthrug, and eat apples. There is nothing like a good old fire on nights like these, is there? I am afraid that wonderful poem won't last us long, though."

"It's no good looking too far ahead with this job. The old mare might die suddenly one evening,

30

or the cows go mad, and keep us all up till midnight. You never know. We'll just have to take things as they come."

Billy agrees, and as it is already nine o'clock they go off to their little whitewashed bedroom under the roof.

"POLLUX."

Cures for Chilblains

THE chilblain competition has proved very popular indeed, and a large number of cures have been sent in.

Opinions seem to be equally divided between the healing powers of what we may call the soothing cure and the irritant cure. All the recipes which contain mustard or soda may be called irritant, and the "vegetarian" cures soothing.

Medical opinion, which I have carefully consulted, seems to be in favour of the vegetarian cures. On the other hand, experience, which after all is the best test, is unanimous in suggesting that the irritant cures are more rapid at any rate, even if they may not be so lasting.

One lady told me that if we would only drink a spoonful of olive oil night and morning we should never have chilblains. I don't know what you girls think about it, but my prompt reply was that I would rather have the chilblains.

In order to arrive at a definite conclusion as to the best cure, I want you girls who suffer from chilblains to try all the prize-winning ones, and let me know which you consider to be the best. The name of the girl whose cure has got the most votes, will be published in the March number, and she will be awarded an additional prize of 2s.

Prizes of one shilling each have been awarded for the following:

Take a carrot and grate it finely, place it in the oven with about 2 oz. of lard. When the lard has melted leave it at the bottom of the oven until the lard and carrot are well blended. Set it in a cool place, and when cold use it as an ointment. The affected parts should be bathed in hot water before using the ointment.

G. L. ANDREWS.

Soak the parts affected in very hot (as you can not bear it) water. Wipe with a warm towel, and rub in a mixture of equal parts of camphorated oil and turpentine. It must be thoroughly rubbed in. If common soda is added to the water it is more effective.

L. A. SCLATER.

Bathe with hot water as hot as can be borne to draw out the inflammation, and paint over with methylated spirits.

F. BEARFIELD.

Mix together equal parts of home-made lard and mustard, and rub on.

M. LANEX, E. GILLEATT, MAIRON BUCKINGHAM.

Get a raw onion, cut it in two, dip it in salt, and rub hard on the chilblain until it burns. Cut a thin slice off the onion for every chilblain.

M. H. FRANCIS, G. MASON, W. R. CLARKE.

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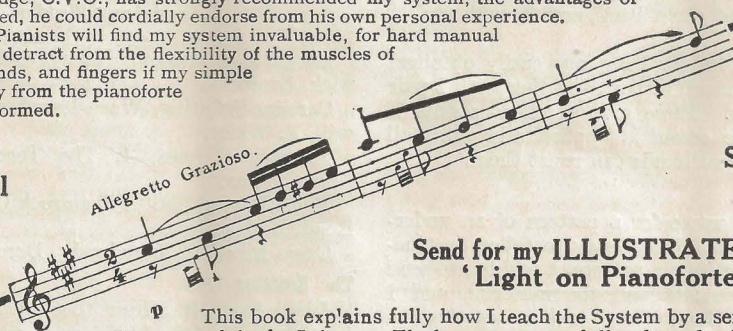
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OUR CLUB PAGE

DEAR GIRLS,—I wonder if you will understand what a great deal of real pleasure you have given us by your frank expressions of delight with the first number of your LANDSWOMAN.

We always knew that a magazine was wanted for the Land Army, but we never realised how much it was needed or how glad you would be to get it until we received your delightful letters of thanks. Let us here and now make a solemn compact with each other: If you will always be the girls *we* want you to be—that is, the very best women land workers in England—I will see to it that the magazine is always what *you* want it to be—the very best women land workers' magazine. So that's a bargain!

I have had a great many letters, and I have answered them all; but I want lots and lots more, and I shall never be too busy to answer any of them.

The Shopping Club.

Several of you have taken me at my word, as I hoped you would, and have asked me to go shopping. I trust you have not been disappointed with the results.

The embroidery scissors for K. Stepney took me a long time to find, and I think that I went into six shops before I could get anything *like* embroidery scissors. Those which I finally bought were not by any means perfect—they were just the best I could get for the moment; so I hope if K. Stepney is not pleased with them that she will send them back, and I will try again.

Vinolia cream for H. King was easily obtained and sent off by return of post, together with a pair of rubber gloves. These give excellent results if put on after the cream is applied and worn all night. No chapped hands can resist them.

The Sewing Club.

Eileen Mutter wrote for a pattern of an underskirt. As it is not always easy to follow instructions, and cut out from a pattern, I told her to send me her measurements and the material, and I would cut it out for her and tack it together. I am quite prepared to do the same for any of you who get into difficulties with your dress-making.

The Correspondence Club.

A great many of you have written to ask me for the names of other girls with whom you can exchange letters. In each case I have given you the

address of another lonely girl, and at the same time warned her that letters from you would be coming along.

I had a very appreciative and interesting letter from a lady whose maids are doing useful work in the garden in their odd moments. The maids thoroughly enjoy it, and all the money thus earned is carefully put on one side and goes to buy War Savings Certificates.

I think that this is an excellent suggestion, and might well be carried out in other households. Remember, THE LANDSWOMAN is for all land workers, whatever and wherever their work may be.

The following girls are feeling extra lonely, and would be glad to have letters:



A Land Army Wedding.

Margaret Compton, Nancy Cottage, Standerwick, Somerset.

Caroline Whiting, Waen-Issa Farm, near Holywell, N. Wales.

Margery Stevens, 4, The Terrace, Woodford Green, Essex.

Maud Rosina Smith, Shamrock Cottage, Frinton Road, Kirby Cross.

Cissie Powell, 3 Longbredy, Dorchester.

The Knitting Club.

I hear from Mrs. Grant that orders are beginning to come in for the khaki wool which she is kind enough to supply for you. I am so glad to hear it. If only you girls would knit your own stockings, you would find they would wear so much better—somebody wrote to ask for a remedy for large holes!—and be ever so much warmer. In answer to a request from one of you, here are Welldon's instructions for knitting women's stockings:

LADY'S RIBBED STOCKING

Required, 7 balls of black cocoon wool and four steel knitting needles, No. 16. Cast on 120 stitches: 51 on the first needle, 36 on the second needle, and 33 on the third needle. Knit in ribbing: 3 stitches plain and 1 stitch purl, round and round, till 11 inches are worked. Now with a thread of cotton mark the 1 purl stitch in the centre of the first needle and consider it as the seam stitch, and on each side of this decreasings are to be made—rib to within 4 stitches of the seam stitch, then knit 3 together, knit 1, purl the seam stitch, knit 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slipped stitch over, and finish the round as usual. * Knit 11 ribbed rounds. Next round decrease again in the same way. Repeat from * till the stocking is reduced to 88 stitches. Then knit for the ankle straight on in ribbing for 5 inches. For the HEEL—Rib to the seam stitch and 23 stitches beyond, turn the work, slip the first stitch, and again rib 23 stitches beyond the seam stitch, thus bringing 47 stitches upon one needle wherewith to knit the heel, and leaving 41 instep stitches divided upon two needles. Continue ribbing upon the heel needle forwards and backwards, always slipping the first stitch in every row for 40 rows. To turn the heel—Leave off ribbing, slip the first stitch and knit 22 plain, purl the seam stitch, knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 1; turn, slip the first stitch, purl 2, knit the seam stitch, purl 1, purl 2 together, purl 1; turn, slip the first stitch, knit 2, purl the seam stitch, knit 2, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 1; turn, slip the first stitch, purl 3, knit the seam stitch, purl 2, purl 2 together, purl 1; turn, slip the first stitch, knit 3, purl the seam stitch, knit 3, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, knit 1; turn, slip the first stitch, purl 4, knit the seam stitch, purl 3, purl 2 together, purl 1; and continue thus doing one stitch more each time on each side the seam stitch till all the side stitches are knitted in, and 23 stitches remain on the needle for the top of the heel. Knit plain along the 23 stitches, and on the same needle pick up and knit 23 stitches along the side of the flap; on another needle rib the 41 instep stitches; and on the next needle pick up and knit 23 stitches along the other side of the flap, and knit 11 stitches from the top of the heel. There now are 110 stitches in the round. Knit plain along the foot needle. Rib along the instep needle. For the GUSSETS—* On the first foot needle, knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, knit plain to within 3 stitches of the end of the second foot needle, knit 2 together, knit 1; rib along the instep needle. Knit 2 rounds plain on foot and ribbed on instep. Repeat from * till reduced to 88 stitches. Continue plain on foot and ribbed on instep till the foot including the heel measures 8 inches. For the TOE—Knit along the first foot needle and take the last stitch of it together with the first stitch from the next needle; the rounds of the toe are to begin here, exactly in the centre of the sole of the foot; from this arrange the stitches equally, 29 stitches upon each needle, and knit, 1st round—Knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass the slipped stitch over, knit plain to within 3 stitches of the end of the needle, knit 2 together, knit 1; do the same on each of the other needles. 2nd round

—Knit plain, no decrease. Repeat these two rounds till the toe is reduced to 12 stitches. Take a rug needle and run the wool through the stitches.

Employment for Winter Evenings.

Not many of you have asked questions on this subject, but somebody sent for a play suitable for a village entertainment, on which no fee was payable. That was an almost impossible thing to find, but I managed to get a friend of mine to let me have one of his, which I sent to her, and I hope that she found it suitable.

Competitions for February.

Three prizes will be given for the three best Land Army songs, set to well-known tunes, which can be sung by all land workers.

Three prizes will also be offered for the three best essays, not exceeding 500 words, the subject being "THE FARM WORK I LIKE BEST AND WHY?" All competitors must send in their papers before February 10th to the Editor, THE LANDSWOMAN Office, Stone Field, Kidbrooke Grove, Blackheath, London, S.E.3.

I cannot close my letter without telling you girls that the Government has just sent out to the women of England an urgent call, to supply, before the spring is here, thousands and thousands more workers for the land.

Let THE LANDSWOMAN be the first to answer this call! I appeal to all of you who are already working on the land, who know the joys and sorrows of farm life, to do your utmost to bring in new recruits, and *at once*.

In the March number of THE LANDSWOMAN a Recruiting Club will be announced. Every member who brings in five new members to enlist in the Land Army will be awarded a special badge of honour.

There are at present 7,000 L.A.A.S. working on the land. Wouldn't it be just splendid if each of you girls brought in five recruits before the end of March! We should then have a great Land Army, as the President of the Board of Agriculture said the other day, "holding the Home Front." Carry on!

Your friend,
THE EDITOR.



Women's Institutes

A Village without and with an Institute

FOR some years I have spent a holiday each summer with a friend in the country. She lives in one of the loveliest places in the kingdom. The first time I saw its glory of mountain and sea I compared the lot of the fortunate dwellers amongst such beauty with the unspeakable dreariness of life in a city street. My friend, a town-bred girl, is intelligent, but not intellectual. Her husband is a working man with a fair wage, and the home is comfortable and is well kept. The first time I stayed there, after the excitement of gossiping over mutual friends, I noticed how listless the once vivacious girl had become. When I spoke of the beautiful scenery she supposed it was beautiful, but said the mountains seemed to shut out the world, and that she would never get used to the loneliness. The shops and the pictures were not such bad scenery after all! The people in the village were kind enough, but they didn't like strangers, and anyway there was no social life of any kind in the village. She wound up the tirade with, "There is nothing of interest to do, there is nowhere to go, and this is the dullest place on the face of the globe." During that first visit we explored the different beauty spots of the place, and my friend regained something of her old spirit, which showed that congenial companionship was one of her needs. On each succeeding visit I found a more listless woman, to whose list of complaints bad health had been added. On my fifth visit, as I stepped out of the train, I found a brighter, more animated woman than I expected to welcome me. As we drove along in the 'bus she asked could I manage a bit of a walk after tea, as there were some final arrangements she must make for the Institute meeting to-morrow. The stare she gave, when I asked what was the Institute resembled the expression on the Londoner's face when confronted with the Yorkshireman's question, "What is St. Paul's?"

I was told a Women's Institute had been started in the village; my friend had been made the secretary, and there was so much to be done that it required real planning not to neglect household duties.

There was a mending party once a week where articles that needed mending, from wearing apparel to kettles, were taken and the members who had skill in repairing gave expert advice and often practical demonstration of their abilities.

In connection with the Institute there was a War Sewing Class, where contributions for the fighting men of the village were made. There was a cooking class, a dressmaking class, a poultry club, a rabbit club, a coal club, a jam-making

circle, a library club, an entertainment committee, an allotment group and a War Savings Association. So many activities took my breath away! A girl who on a former visit had confided to me that the very first chance of a job in town would see her there, remarked, "We are having a good time in our village now," and each day the transformation became more apparent. The people had got to know each other, they had learnt to work together, to play together, and had developed a pride in their own success that was almost amusing. They talked proudly of the vegetables they had grown, of the fruit they had bottled, of the eggs they had preserved, of the honey they were storing, and of the lovely meetings they had every month. The President, who formerly was the lady who lived in the Hall and knew very little about their lives, is now the leader in the Institute's activities; she wants the Institute to be a success just as the members do, so a common interest has brought all the women of the village to a common meeting ground. I had often wondered what could be done to make this special village livable, and my thoughts always ran in the direction of what some great benefactor could give to the place.

The Women's Institute has found the true solution by helping the people themselves to find out their own needs and then apply their own remedies. It is the wisdom of the wise to allow women to lay the first stones in rural reconstructions: the building will be on firm and broad foundations.

JANE STRONG.

Recipe for making Syrup from Sugar Beet

MISS SWANZY, secretary of the Sevenoaks Women's Institute, sends the following recipe for making syrup from sugar beet:

METHOD OF EXTRACTING SYRUP FROM SUGAR BEET.

Wash the roots thoroughly, peel them as thinly as possible, and again rinse them under the cold tap. Cut the beet into small dice; put these into a pan and cover with cold water. Boil rather quickly for two hours, then very slowly for five hours. If the water boils away and any of the root is uncovered, more must be added, as it is essential that the beet should be covered all the time. If too much water is used the syrup will naturally be weaker. After boiling, strain it while hot through a fine sieve, pressing every drain of syrup from the beet.

N.B.—If the saucepan used is at all stained it will discolour the syrup. This syrup will turn mouldy if not kept well stoppered. Jam made with it does not keep well, but it is excellent for stewing fruit, puddings—especially milk puddings, porridge and cakes.

Miss H. Swanzy, has kindly sent us a leaflet containing some excellent recipes for potato dishes

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which are recommended by the members. A few of these recipes are given. Each leaflet costs 1d., and she is to be congratulated on having sold over 2,000 copies already.

POTATO BREAD, No. 2.

Two pounds flour, salt and 1 lb. mashed potato (warm). Rub well together. A good $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. yeast dissolved in tepid water (about half a pint, but be careful not to make it too wet). Place in tins not more than half full, set to rise in a warm place (in front of fire). Tins must be covered. When risen bake in a good oven till the bottoms tap hard. A good plan is to turn them out of the tins, and replace them upside down to finish baking.

POTATO AND APPLE PUDDING, No. 2.

Twelve ounces mashed potato, 1 oz. suet, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dry, floury, mashed potato, 1 lb. stewed apples, sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. margarine. Mix together, and bake in the oven till the top is brown.

POTATO AND TREACLE PUDDING.

Half pound mashed potatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. flour, 3 oz. chopped suet, small half teaspoonful carbonate of soda, 2 tablespoonfuls of syrup, a little milk, 2 oz. crumbs. Mix together the flour, crumbs, suet and soda, beat in the potato and syrup, add a little milk. Turn the mixture into a greased basin, cover with greased paper, and steam for three hours. Or add rather more milk (about $\frac{1}{4}$ pint), turn into a pie dish, and bake for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

POTATO CHEESE PUDDING.

Twelve ounces mashed potatoes, 1 oz. suet, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk, 1 oz. grated cheese, a little boiling water. Bake in a pie dish.

POTATO DUMPLING.

Three-quarters of a pound floury boiled potatoes, mashed, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. flour, a little salt, as much milk as will make a fairly firm paste. Pour mixture in greased basin, and boil for one hour. Serve with gravy, jam, or fruit.

POTATO CHEESE (BAKED).

One pound mashed potatoes, 3 oz. grated cheese, pepper and salt to taste; mix up with a little milk, and put mixture in a shallow open dish and bake in the oven until nicely brown. Serve hot.

POTATO CAKES.

One pound potatoes, boiled and mashed very fine, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. suet, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas. Mix with milk and bake in flat cakes, and serve very hot.

POTATO CAKES, No. 2.

Take any quantity of cold mashed potatoes, break into them an egg, add sufficient flour to make into a stiff paste, roll out and cut into rounds, and either bake or fry lightly in a greased pan, and serve very hot.

Notes from Women's Institutes

WOMEN'S Institutes readers will be sorry to hear Lady Denman has typhoid. Fortunately, she is progressing well towards recovery, which we hope will be reached soon. She is so interested in the Institutes that she begged to be kept informed of the progress of the work. Lady Denman hoped to send a message to Institute workers in this issue of the LANDSWOMAN, but the doctors have forbidden the exertion of writing.

The programmes which have been entered for the Prize Programmes Competition are excellent. It is hoped several more entries will be made before January 24th, the final date for receiving entries.

Institute readers are asked to send to the Editor recipes or any useful hints.

A HINT FROM A SCOTCH WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

In order to get the necessary china for Institute Meetings, Longniddy Women's Institute had a "China Shower" as an item at one of their monthly meetings, each member presenting a cup and saucer to the Institute.

The Hon. Secretary of the Kemsing Women's Institute suggests that a tin of café au lait, boiling water and biscuits would solve the difficulty of providing refreshment for the members of Women's Institutes.

The Reports for 1917 and the Programmes for 1918 are coming in splendidly, and are most interesting. We know that the Committees of some of the Institutes are finding the work difficult and cannot help but feel at times depressed by the adverse remarks which always strew the path of a new undertaking. For the comfort of these may I quote from Elizabeth Harrison the following lines:

"The men and women who are lifting the world upward and onward are those that encourage more than criticise."—Yours, with very best wishes.

ALICE WILLIAMS.

Hon. Sec. and Treasurer,

Federation of Women's Institutes.

All communications from the Women's Institutes already formed should be addressed to:—Miss Alice Williams, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer of the Federation of Women's Institutes.

Commandeered

Last year he drew the harvest home

Along the winding, upland lane;

The children twisted marigolds

And clover flowers, to deck his mane.

— Last year he drew the harvest home.

To-day—with patient, puzzled face,

With ears a-droop, and weary feet,

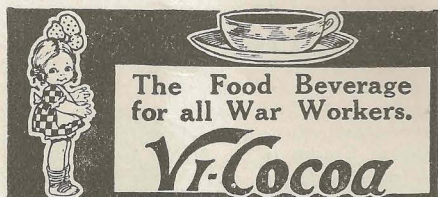
He marches to the drums of war,

And draws the guns along the street.

— To-day he draws the guns of war.

L. G. MOBERLY.

Reprinted from "The Westminster Gazette."



It must be BOVRIL

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says so



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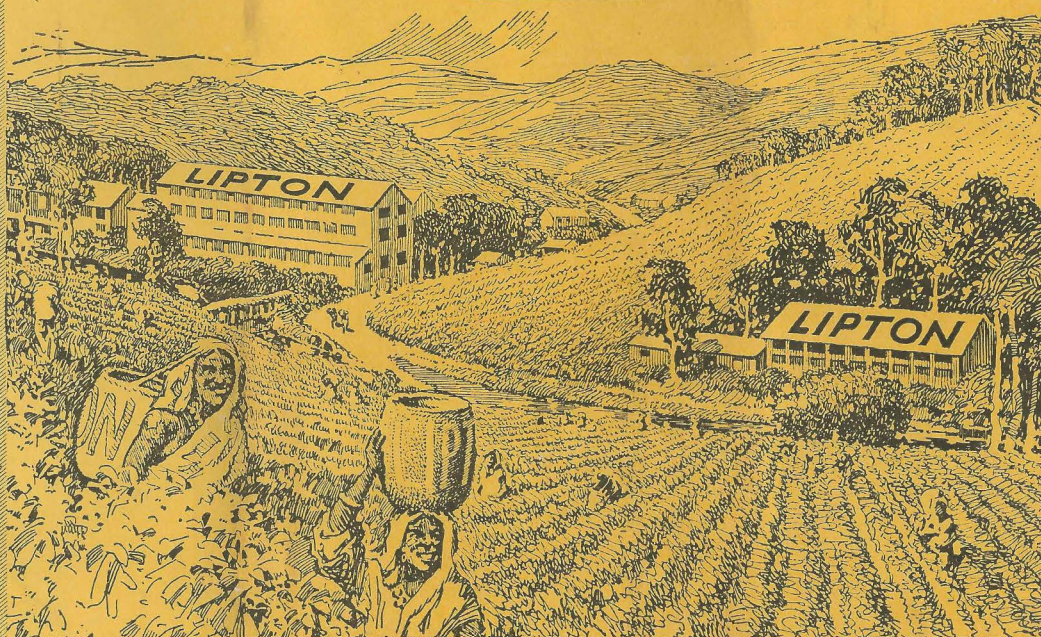
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