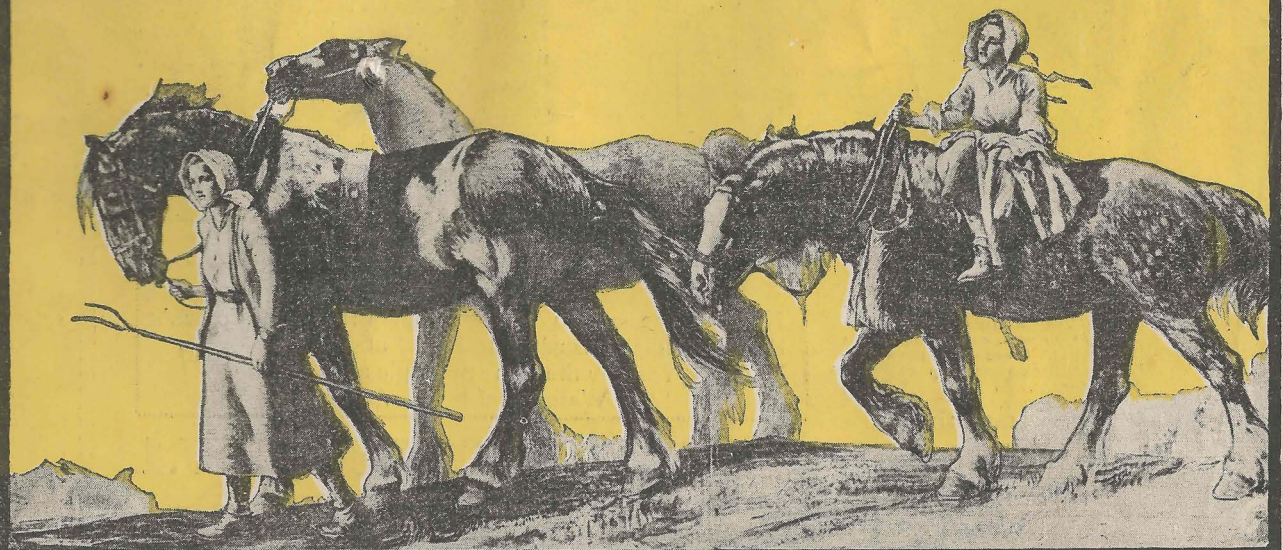


The LANDSWOMAN

APRIL : 1918
No. 4 ♦ Vol. I

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THE GREAT LONDON RALLY

MY first feeling when I heard there was to be a procession of Group Leaders through the streets of London was one of intense annoyance.

cockades, falling into line with banners, "dressing-down" the ranks, soon drove away this feeling and I began to feel excited and to realise that, after



The Hay Wagon in the Gardens of Buckingham Palace

[Daily Graphic]

How horrid, I thought, to go and "swank" about London in farm-kit as though we have just come straight up from the physical work of a farm. How mean of us—as organisers—to take the cheers (which we know London is always generously eager to give to anyone who is trying "to do his or her bit"), which, by right, belong to the splendid L.A.A.S. girls who are left behind, toiling away on their farms.

However, when I arrived at the place where we were all to assemble, the bustle of girls adjusting

all, we, too, were doing the best we could in our own way.

The flag-bearer went on in front of the whole procession. I had the good fortune to be placed next, with the editress of the magazine; behind us came the band and then the ranks of girls which stretched an impressive distance along the street behind us.

I think we all felt a little nervous at first of spoiling the procession by not marching really



Three Cheers for the Queen

[Daily Graphic]

well, but once we were out in the open street the band struck up, and then—then we felt as though we could march for ever.

The crowd which lined the streets cheered us splendidly, and by the time we reached the Savoy Hotel, whither we were bound for lunch, we had fallen so thoroughly into the spirit of the day that we felt we could recruit all London with ease.

After lunch the real business of the day began. We marched to Trafalgar Square, dispersed, and then came the speeches.

First Miss Talbot, with a rousing speech to lead off the proceedings. She was followed by Lord Chaplin, who was received by the crowd with enthusiasm, and then the Group Leader from Yorkshire leapt up in the lorry and made a splendid appeal—describing in simple telling language the work which she evidently loves. I knew my turn would come next, so I began to cudgel my brains for the speech I had planned to make. The excitement of the morning had driven it com-



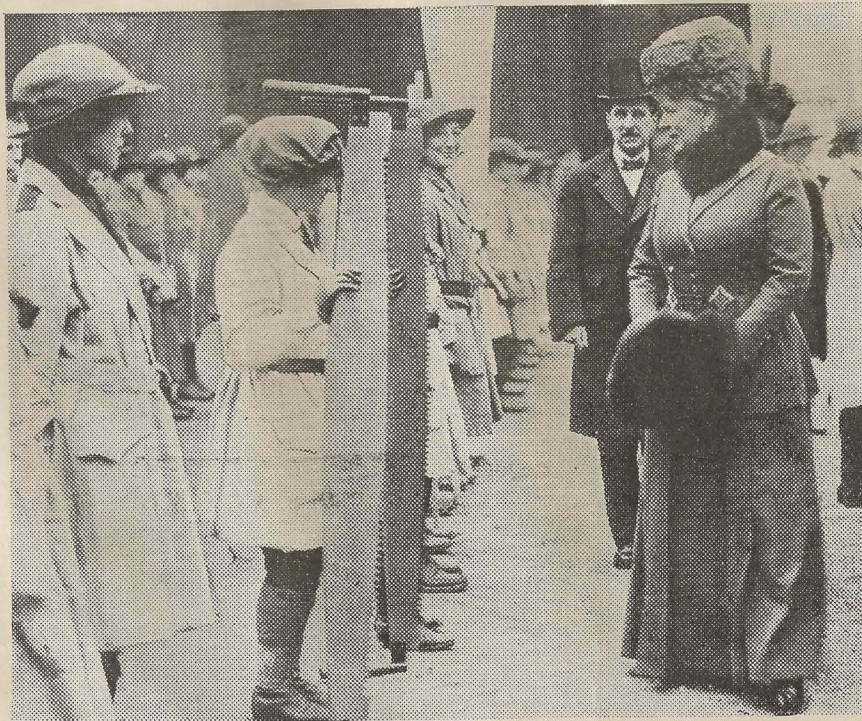
[Daily Sketch]
The Queen talks to our Editor

pletely from my head; but somehow it didn't seem to matter—I felt as though the crowd would inspire me with what to say when the time came. When I had finished speaking, a Y.W.C.A. organiser addressed the crowd, and then we all marched off with banners held high, and the band playing exhilarating tunes, to Buckingham Palace.

The Queen inspected us, and spoke to several of the girls. We gave her a rousing cheer, and then marched back along the crowd-lined Mall to Trafalgar Square. The rest of the day was spent in recruiting, magazine selling, and speech-making and hearing. It was a great reward for all our hard work—at the end of the day to be told that we had brought in 500 recruits and sold 5,000 copies of "The Landswoman." I have since heard that as a result of the Rally 1,000 girls enrolled in the Land Army. Thirty thousand are now wanted to take the place of those soldiers who cannot now be spared from the Front. We had

a very nice tea in Ciro's Y.M.C.A. Hut, and then we were free for the evening.

We were all tired, but few of us were too weary to go to the London Opera House, where the manager kindly allowed us to see the performance free. At any hour between 9.30 and 10 a Londoner might have seen little knots of Group Leaders, finding their way home, tired, but contented, having enjoyed their day in London, but knowing they will be happier still when they are once more back in the country surroundings, to which they really belong.



The Royal inspection

[Daily Sketch]

Behind the Plough.

PIERS, who saw the vision on the Malvern Hills, was a ploughman. To some, if they thought about it at all, the fact would come as a surprise. It always seemed incongruous to me until I also had learned to plough.

A ploughman is commonly supposed to be a dull, stupid boor, with an unsatiable appetite. Hungry he may be, as who is not who walks his fifteen miles a day, but his stolidity is the result rather of an inability to express himself than of stupidity. That, at least, is what my own experience of ploughing would lead me to expect.

There are good, honest folk who dread to be beyond reach of bricks and mortar, whose pale souls shrivel with fear if there is not a human crowd within sight or sound or smell. It is an attitude of mind which remains a mystery to me, and I remember the astonishment with which I heard a strong man say that for the first and last time he had wandered on the moors as far as the Scotsman's Post, where a young traveller was murdered seventy years ago—and he was devoutly thankful when he got back into the lighted streets. The place was one of my favourite haunts, because up there, among the heather, you were usually secure from interruption. You could forget your body, for you were alone with the brown earth and the wide reaches of the sky; the wind whistled through your hair, and the weird cry of an old grouse heightened the bliss of the solitude.

So it is behind the plough. The world of human lusts and desires drops from you like your day clothes when you go to bed. Be it on the hill-top or in the valley, you are alone with nature, yet there is no such thing as loneliness, for so many creatures keep you company. Your horses, if they understand their work as well-broken horses do, are a continual help to you, especially over the bad places where the rock lies in ambush just below the surface, ready to give you a knock-out blow in the ribs if the horses snatch and the share strikes it. Dainty pied wagtails behind you dash about on their swift little feet in the furrow as you go. In the spring, skylarks pour out their ripping melody about you, and the shy, sleek meadow pipit trips along in the wagtail's wake. You could spend a lifetime of acute pleasure watching the peewits, for they have more cunning in their littlest wing-feather than all the other birds together. They swirl, swoop, strike straight upwards and turn on the tips of their flights, so that you hold your breath for the poignant beauty of their skill. Surely they are the true experts in the art of flying to whom all other fliers should pay homage. And the peewit himself, even the peacock in all his glory is not arrayed like one of these, for what words shall describe the gorgeous blue-green of his back and wings, the debonair carriage of his head with that divinely saucy vest, and, most effective final touch, his neat red legs?

Besides the birds—the jays and magpies lurking in the delicate tracery of the distant trees, the lazy, flapping heron “fanking” away down by the sun-freckled trout-stream, the pigeons cooing

softly in the shade of the wood, the little tits and finches that flit past from time to time, and the black community of clever thieves, who sail by high overhead, with sharp eyes watching for acres newly sown—besides all these, soft brown rabbits flash from the hedge, as the horses turn on the headland, squirrels chatter in the tall oak by the gate, and a stray stoat darts down a hole with one last whisk of his tail.

In the furrows, too, what an amount of life there is! Black beetles with wonderful shiny armour-plating and legs of a seductive shade of red; queer scaly creatures, like glow-worms in the daylight; slugs of all sorts, sizes and sliminess; occasionally that enemy of farmers, the little yellow wire-worm with his beady black eyes; and always any number of earthworms wriggling and writhing in all directions, their poor bodies torn and mangled by the passing plough. It is the worms that hurt in ploughing, but what can you do? And the strange law that makes all living things prey one upon another, brings their anguish to a speedy end in the swift beak of some watchful bird.

You drive on, the smell of the red earth in your eager nostrils, and in your ears the swish of the plough, as the mould-board lays the furrows over. Around you is the wide English sky, ever changing and beautiful always, in sunshine or in rain.

There is something about the sky, with the flight of birds, and the earth with the creeping things thereof, that draws your spirit from the bondage of your body and brings you nearer to the pulsing heart of life.

The ploughman becomes a mystic. He feels the innate goodness and beauty of everything around him. In a sudden flash of understanding, golden as the sheaves of ripened corn, the infinite bigness and the infinitesimal littleness of Creation are revealed to him, and daily he realises that in some strange way not akin to the human intelligence, all things are separate and yet are one.

Is it, then, a source of wonder if, when he returns from the field, he eats his dinner in silence?

A. M. CROOK.

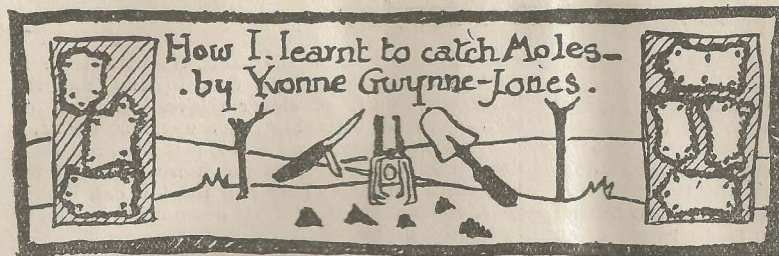
Timber.

BRIGHT sunshine overhead,
O'er the fir-woods and the moors.
But as yet the winds are rude,
And no birds sing.
The insects sleep or are dead;
There seems no life but ours,
Where on the skirts of the wood
The axes ring.

We work in this northern clime,
With the saw in frost-nipped hands,
Women instead of men,

At a heavy thing.
For the sake of a better time,
When all the suffering lands
Shall bloom and be happy again
In a peaceful Spring.

B. CHANNIER.



NOW I am a Group-Leader, and have to be ready, as such, not only to find people who want things done, but also the people to do them; and if they don't know how to do them it is part of my business to show them.

One day a lady appealed to my C.O.S. (and all Land Girls know what a C.O.S. is, so I shall not explain the abbreviation) for two or three girls to catch moles. She said that her estate was overrun with them; they were spoiling the pasture and making the ground look very unsightly, and she wanted them exterminated. The aged man who used to make his living by catching them and selling the skins had died, without passing on his knowledge about mole-trapping to anyone who was prepared to carry on his work, and the moles were, therefore, rampant throughout the whole district. Having tried, unsuccessfully, to find a man to catch these pests, she came to see if we could supply her with any girls competent to do it for her.

This was the first time I had heard of such a job, but I said I was quite willing to try my hand at it: so we arranged that if I were successful I should teach two other girls, and then leave them to travel round from place to place, clearing the ground of moles wherever they were asked to.

Accordingly off I started, one cold and pouring wet afternoon, to see what could be done.

I found that the gardener had caught a few and knew how to set the traps, so I went round with him that afternoon to learn what I could, and the next morning I went out, unaided, to see whether I could not do, at any rate, as much as he.

Now the mole is a methodical animal, and has a regular routine, to which he adheres pretty firmly. He knows that life is a dangerous business for small creatures, and that man has designs upon his life, and so he builds or rather burrows a fortress for himself in which to take refuge in times of danger.

At night he sleeps securely in his tunnelled home, but in the morning he sallies forth in quest of food, and (at this season of the year) a nice wife, with whom he can settle down for the rest of the year. So at about eleven o'clock he starts away from his fortress. He goes along yesterday's tunnel as far as it stretches, and then, if he doesn't find either food or congenial company, he tunnels on further. When he has gone a certain distance (throwing up earth behind him as he scrapes with his hind feet) he finds that there is more earth around him than he can comfortably shovel out of his way with his feet, so (to relieve himself of this obstruction) he humps his shoulders and "heaves"; and up through the grass comes that little heap of loose earth, which we call a mole-hill.

Now, as you walk around the mole-hills in any given spot about which you are working, you will notice that some of the heaps of earth are obviously freshly "heaved," and then you may be sure that Mr. Mole is not far away. He will "heave" his way for a certain distance, and then, when he begins to get sleepy will run back down his tunnels to dream until the afternoon, when he repeats his morning sally.

If you poke about with a stick in between the last few newly arisen mole-hills, you will come on a spot where the earth, after resisting the stick to the depth of about two inches suddenly lets it drop down with a "plop." This is the mole's tunnel, and if, with a knife or trowel, you cut up here a sod of grass, you will be able to push your fingers up and down his run. Then set your trap, and place it in the hole facing up and down the tunnel, with the bottom of it about half an inch below the level of the run. Replace the sods lightly around the trap,

unharmed. You can then skin him and stretch the skin on a board with tin-tacks, wash it over with a weak solution of alum and water, and put it out in the open air to dry. You will find it dries quite supple, and will keep until you have sufficient skins to send to the furrier to be properly dressed and made into all sorts of nice things.

Moleskin gloves, waistcoats, and coats are delightfully cosy things, and while I was creeping about in the icy-cold wind, setting traps, I consoled myself with the thought of the pretty things my labours would provide against next year's chilliness.

Well, I set six traps that morning, and in the afternoon I found four of them sprung. Three had moles in them and one was empty. The mole had evidently blundered into it somehow, released the spring, but had gone on unharmed. I set the trap again for him, however, in a spot near by where I saw his tracks, and was rewarded by actually seeing the trap go off, as I passed it later in the afternoon. I pulled up a fine, fat, grandfatherly fellow with a splendid coat.

I caught about fourteen moles in three days with nine traps, and as I was a novice at mole-trapping and the moles were old and wily creatures, used to avoiding snares, I thought that was a fairly good result, so I sent for my two pupils and started them off.

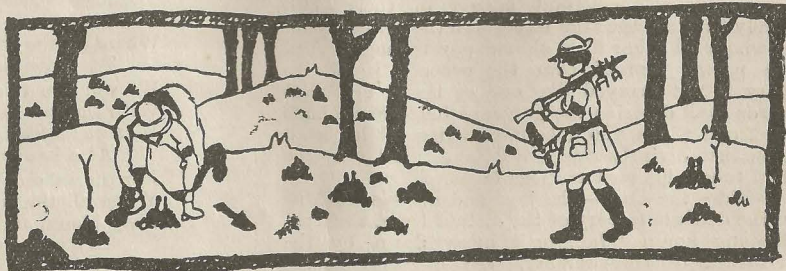
One of them thought before she arrived that moles were a sort of fish, and that you could catch them with a bent pin tied on to the end of a string and baited with worms. I didn't think she sounded a promising trapper, but I explained to her what they really were, and impressed upon her that, as a pioneer girl mole-catcher, I wanted her to be a really first-class one, and started off with her at once into the park.

She was very keen, took to the work like a duck to water, and the next day had three moles to her credit. I don't think she much enjoyed skinning her first one; she was clumsy over it and it bled; but when the skin was really stretched on the board pride overcame all other feelings, and she was eager for the afternoon to come, so that she might see for how many more moles she had accounted. I left both her and her friend that night, and they have since caught a lot of moles.

The mole's chief protection is his sense of smell, so one has to be very careful to touch the earth and traps as little as possible with one's hands. I am told that the best thing to destroy all traces of human interference is bottled worms, kept corked up until they turn into jelly, and then smeared over the traps. It sounds unpleasant, but my girls say they are going to try it.

The moles in this district are especially plentiful this year, and we are anxious to catch as many as possible before they start breeding, as otherwise they and their families will "heave" up nearly all the pasture ground and then, where shall we be for hay?

This is rather a sketchy description of what is really quite a skilled operation, but space is limited. If anyone would like more detailed information as to methods, tools, etc., I shall be delighted to tell them all I know. An encyclopædia is a great help, as it describes at some length the habits of the mole, and enables one to take advantage of the wily fellow's weak points.



Calf Rearing.—II.

Methods of Rearing

A.—LIBERAL USE OF WHOLE MILK.

At any time rearing ordinary commercial stock on whole milk is a costly process; in these times, with restricted supplies of milk available for human consumption, it is neither profitable nor patriotic to give much of it to calves. The feeding of whole milk in considerable quantity to calves is at present only justifiable, if at all:—

(a) On somewhat inaccessible farms where milk-selling is impossible and where facilities for making butter or cheese do not exist.

(b) Where milkers cannot be obtained and recourse must be had to suckling.

(c) In the rearing of valuable pedigree stock.

Restricted Suckling.—In non-dairying districts, where the grass is of good quality and winter keep can be grown cheaply, three or even more calves per cow per annum may be reared, according to the milk-yielding capacity of the cow. Under this system the best results are obtained when the cow calves in the early winter. Milk can be used most economically when hand feeding is practised, but where this is impracticable the cow's own calf and another are put on to suck three times a day. In the intervals between meals they should be kept tied up near the cow or turned loose in an adjoining box. At the end of about four months the calves may be weaned, and, if the weather is suitable, turned out to grass. The cow may then be given another calf, or two if she is a good milker, and be brought in from grass three times at first and later twice a day for suckling. On the whole foster calves are likely to do best when penned up and the cow is brought home for them to suck. They should, however, have the run of an open yard and be supplied with green food.

Cows calving in winter are likely to yield most milk in the course of a year, as the flush of grass in spring and early summer tends to prolong the period of lactation. Where plenty of roots or other succulent food and good straw are available in winter, a cow, suckling two calves, should not require more than 2 to 3 lb. of cake or meal daily in addition. Where, however, winter keep is scarce, it will be better to let the cows calve down in April or May, when a more intensive system of suckling may be adopted.

A cow calves, say, in the month of May, and within a day or two another calf is obtained, and the cow is made to rear both. Three times a day for the first week, and twice a day afterwards, the cow is brought in from the pasture, tied up, and given a feed of some kind to occupy her attention. The calves are then let out of their yard or crib, and in a few minutes suck her dry. Most cows at first rather object to the foster calf, but if their attention is taken up with a little trough food they do not usually make much difficulty. If gentler measures fail, a restive cow may usually be controlled by haltering and tying to the fodder-rack overhead, or by passing a rope tightly round her body immediately behind the shoulder.

The calves soon learn to go to a particular cow.

In about a month they will begin to pick hay or green food, and to eat linseed cake, or crushed oats. When they have reached the stage (usually in six to eight weeks) when they are consuming half a pound of linseed cake or oats per day, they may be weaned, and given up to 2 lb. per head per day of, say, a mixture of linseed cake, crushed oats, and bean meal, or other digestible concentrated food, except cotton cake. Two more calves are then bought and put on to the same cow, and in six to eight weeks they also are weaned. Some farmers leave each pair of calves on for ten to twelve weeks, but there is no need to wait so long before weaning. When the second pair are weaned two more calves are similarly put on. The calves put on after the first pair should be at least ten days to a fortnight old. They need only be fed twice a day.

Hand-feeding.—The rearing of calves by suckling has the merit of requiring the minimum of labour, but does not allow the milk-producing capabilities of the cow to be utilised to the fullest possible extent. Where adequate labour is available hand-feeding methods are undoubtedly superior in this respect, since they enable a systematic and thorough milking of the cow, and, moreover, permit of a more careful rationing of the calf in accordance with its needs. A general outline of the method of feeding has already been given, and it is only necessary to emphasise again the importance of giving the milk always in warm and sweet condition, of thoroughly scalding the pails, etc., after each meal, and of avoiding too large quantities at any one meal.

B.—RESTRICTED USE OF WHOLE MILK.

Although it is found by experience to be undesirable, if not practically impossible, to eliminate whole milk entirely in the rearing of calves, it is a very common practice to restrict its use to the first few weeks of the calf's life, and to replace it subsequently by cheaper materials, the nature of which varies according to the character of the farm and the supplies available. Generally speaking, some new milk will be given throughout at least the first four weeks. On butter-making farms the whole milk will by the end of that time be replaced by separated or skim milk, to which is added an oil or meal preparation, which is devised to serve as a cream substitute. On milk-selling and cheese-making farms, however, when whole milk-feeding ceases recourse must be had entirely to meal mixtures which are made up for feeding with water or with whey. It will thus be convenient to deal separately with these different cases.

1. Butter-making Farms.

Where butter is made, skimmed or separated milk or butter milk is usually available for calf-rearing, and, in the absence of whole milk, there is no better basis for a calf-food. Hand-skimmed milk, or butter milk obtained in the churning of whole milk, contains more fat than separated milk, and has been used alone for calf-rearing more or less successfully.

The essential difference between whole milk and separated milk is that the latter has been almost

entirely deprived of its cream or butter-fat. In other respects the two are practically identical. In using separated milk, therefore, the aim obviously should be to replace as much as possible of the fat removed by another fat possessing similar properties. Various meals, however, are also used as cream substitutes.

Separated Milk and Oils.—Cod liver oil is the most commonly used for this purpose, but linseed oil has been used when cheap enough, and satisfactory results have also been obtained with a form of dripping obtainable from large slaughter-houses.

In using the oil a tablespoonful is measured into a calf bucket, and the warm separated milk for one meal poured on to it; the mixture is poured into another bucket so as to mix or emulsify the oil, and is at once served to the calf. A calf thus gets three tablespoonfuls (say, 2 oz.) a day, or half this quantity during the second fortnight, while having part new and part separated milk. If desired, double this quantity, i.e., six tablespoonfuls a day, can be given quite safely to a calf a month or six weeks old, though more than this is apt to cause scouring.

Separated Milk and Meals.—A great variety of calf meals or cream substitutes has been successfully used, but most contain linseed as a prominent ingredient. Linseed alone may be used either as boiled whole linseed or in the ground form.

Lawrence, at Newton Rigg, prepares boiled linseed as follows:—Two pounds of linseed are put to soak over night in three gallons of water, boiled and stirred the next day for twenty minutes, and five minutes before the boiling is finished $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour* (previously mixed with enough water to prevent it being lumpy) is added to this gruel to counteract the laxative tendency of the linseed. This will keep sweet for several days, and may therefore be made in considerable quantity; one pint of this gruel is added to four pints of separated milk.

Many of the proprietary "cream equivalent" meals on the market are also said to have given satisfactory results.

The procedure in rearing is much the same whether oil or meals be used as cream substitute. Where the utmost economy of whole milk is desired it is usual to allow the calf for the first two weeks of its life about a gallon per day of whole milk in three meals. Separated milk is then gradually substituted for the whole milk, and at the end of the fourth week the calf will be getting $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 gallons of separated milk daily, with the addition of some meal. As an example of subsequent practice the method followed by Lawrence may be quoted.

New milk is discontinued at the end of the first month, and for the next month the allowance of separated milk for each of three meals is three quarts with cream substitute. If the calf is intended for veal an extra pint of milk is given, and the fattening is hastened by a further addition of boiled oatmeal to the milk. Calves not intended for veal are

given sweet meadow hay in the fifth week, at which age they begin to chew the cud. At the ninth week the midday milk is replaced by a handful of linseed cake (6 oz.), and the calves get a good drink (five quarts) of separated milk morning and evening without cream substitute. As they get older the hay and linseed cake are gradually increased until in the fifth month the calves receive half a pound of linseed cake a day and eat about 5 lb. of hay. A little crushed oats ($\frac{1}{4}$ lb.) is now added to the cake, and sliced swedes are given. At six months milk may be discontinued altogether, but this comes about gradually, the evening's milk being first stopped; in fact, all food changes with calves should be gradual.

Calves born before March are turned out to grass as soon as the weather is mild (June probably), but do not lie out at night until hoar frosts are well at an end, and they continue to receive their daily allowance of linseed cake and meal. Calves born in the spring and summer months are not turned out that year, experience having shown that these calves thrive much better off the grass, escape that very troublesome calf disease—hoose, and turn out better stores the following spring.

The calf dietary for the first six months may be shortly tabulated as follows:—

First week.—Its own mother's warm milk three times a day, commencing with about a quart and increasing to two quarts at each meal by the third day.

Second week.—Two quarts of warm new milk (not necessarily its own mother's) three times a day.

Third week.—Two pints of new and three pints of skim (or separated) milk, with half a pint of linseed porridge or half a tablespoonful of cod-liver oil, three times a day.

Fifth week.—Three quarts of warm skim milk, with one pint of linseed porridge or one tablespoonful of cod-liver oil three times a day, and a little sweet meadow hay, increased week by week.

Ninth week.—Midday milk and cream substitute omitted. Five quarts of separated milk are given morning and evening, a handful of broken linseed cake (6 oz.) at mid-day, and hay, increasing week by week.

Thirteenth week.—Milk as before, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. mixed linseed cake and crushed oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon pulped swedes (green-meal in summer), gradually increasing, hay *ad lib.*

Twenty-first week.—Milk as before, 1 lb. of mixed linseed cake and meal, increasing quantities of roots, hay *ad lib.*

Twenty-fourth week.—Evening milk discontinued.

Twenty-seventh week.—Milk altogether discontinued.

* At the present time, since it is not permissible to use flour, the finest grade of milling offal (fine middlings or fine thirds) or finely ground maize meal should be substituted.



Carry On!

THERE'S Tom that drove a ploughshare,

And now he loads a gun ;

There's Dick could reap his acre,

Now soars against the sun ;

There's Jack that was a shepherd

Is watching on the sea,

All dark with death and hatred.

But England's still, and free !

Yet the harness shan't be rusty

Because of you and me.

Carry on! Carry on!

For the men and boys are gone

But the furrow shan't lie fallow

While the women carry on.

Who'll grow the bread of victory ?

Who'll keep the country clean ?

Who'll reap Old England golden ?

Who'll sow her thick and green ?

Who'll teach their teams to whinny

At another step than theirs ?

Who'll rear another flock of lambs

To crowd the lonely fairs ?

Who'll toil and ache from chilly dawn

With love that never spares ?

Carry on! Carry on!

For the men and boys are gone ;

But the furrow shan't lie fallow

While the women carry on.

We may not die for England,

We'll work for England then ;

She's our land, just as their land—]

Deserve her like her men !

O Tom, we'd give our comfort

To stand where now you stand ;

O Dick, we'd give our safety

To swoop at your right hand ;

O Jack, we may not plough the sea -

Well, we will plough the land.

Carry on! Carry on! !

For the men and boys are gone ;

But the furrow shan't lie fallow

While the women carry on.

JANET BEGGIE, W.A.A.C.

The Queen talks to a Lassie

IT is not the lot of every landworker to take part in a War Exhibition as some of us have been doing in London at Harrods. It was very exciting, especially as all sorts of people took such an interest in us, our clothes, and what we had been doing on the land.

The climax was reached one day when we suddenly heard that the Queen was coming. Two of us were stationed just at the entrance to the Exhibition, and before we had time to collect our thoughts the Queen arrived. Her Majesty asked with amusement if we were real live land workers, and then she stopped and spoke to each of us in turn, asking where we had worked and what we had been doing.

I think I told the Queen I had worked in a Remount Depot, and that I was very fond of horses—but what I said or how I behaved I don't very clearly remember!

At any rate I do know that Her Majesty said we looked very well, but the great thing that I shall always remember will be Her Majesty's sweet and gracious manner and her smile. You feel life is worth living after all, in spite of the War and all its troubles, when you have earned the smile of the highest lady in the land.

The Queen took a great interest in our uniform, especially in the boots and gaiters. Her Majesty thought the photographs were charming and, asking the meaning of the letters L.A.A.S., was delighted to hear that we were generally known as the Lasses.



[Daily Sketch ;
Lord Arthur Grosvenor and a Competitor at Warrington.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS*

[By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE]

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"THAT is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard you say in my life! Why, he's forty-five years old—twice my age; he told me so himself. Why on earth shouldn't he be devoted to me? I just love him, he's so strong and kind and understanding."

"Well, your loving him doesn't necessarily endear him to me," snapped Richard.

"As long as Hillcrest is my house, Richard, I think I have a perfect right to choose my own buyer, and I choose Judge Carteret right now."

"If that is your wish, I have no more to say. Judge Carteret can have the place; but I want it understood it is against my wishes. Am I to let him have it at his own price?" he asked haughtily.

"Certainly not. It is a business matter, pure and simple."

"Possibly you had better make the terms yourself."

"Why, Richard!" indignantly.

He marched out of the room, and left her to puzzle over this new element—Richard's jealousy. He had never taken the trouble to be jealous of her before, and it amused her, annoyed her, and pleased her a little, too.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GIRL WHO LIVES IN THE WOODS.

IT was one of those days late in April when pretty Miss Spring coquettes with departing Winter. She preens and plumes herself like a self-conscious beauty. She buttons on her new frock with pale green buds, and winds a circlet for her hair of the first frightened wood flowers; she wraps herself in a veil of soft blue and white clouds, and flaunts a pennant of mild warm winds about her. Thus attired she wafes a kiss to disgruntled Winter, and bids him begone to his lair.

On such a day of alternate sun and shadow a girl, who was swinging along through the woods towards Hillcrest Lodge, stopped short and listened, her head held high like a hunter sniffing a new scent. The sound of hammers and saws and workmen's voices out the country stillness.

"Intruders," the girl said indignantly, walked up to the open lodge door, and looked in. The men at work stared at the apparition in frank astonishment.

She was slight, and rather small, but lithe as a willow bough. Her hair was blue-black, curled low off her brow, and was caught in a knot at the nape of her neck. Her eyes were blue or green or grey, according to her mood, and her skin had the warm cream-white of a Japonica flower. She was strangely dressed in a very short dark wool skirt, a man's loose sweater, which hung below her hips, heavy low shoes, and thick stockings. She wore no hat, although the wind was keen.

"Is someone going to move in here?" she asked.

"Sure," answered one of the men.

"Who are they, do you know?"

"Barrett's the name. They used to own the whole place; but young Barrett got funny on the Board of Trade and lost his pile, so he had to sell the big house to some old gent named Carter, or Carton, or something like that. The Barretts are coming to live in the Lodge."

"Thank you," said the girl, and turned and marched up the driveway to the big house.

"I hate them," she muttered to herself; "I've owned this place myself so long, and now these Philistines will overrun it and just ruin it for ever."

The big house was open, and she marched boldly in. There were workmen there, too, stumbling over each other in the rush. They stared at her, but no one questioned her right to be there, her manner was so proprietary. She wandered through the big rooms, looked out of the windows at her favourite views, without apology or by-your-leave. She felt this place to be hers by right of discovery and her love for it.

The furniture was swathed and piled in the centre of each room, and as one looked through the lower floor it was like an army of invasion in full possession of the points of vantage. The girl stood in the frame of a long French window that looked over the bluff and the water, and sent her thoughts back over the hours she had spent dreaming that this place belonged to her.

It had been like a game, or a story with no ending, or a Chinese play, in which she had indulged herself on long grey winter afternoons, pacing the verandah and dedicating the house to new uses each day, with herself as *châtelaine*. Sometimes, to amuse herself at night, she made sketches of these dreams and the people who inhabited them.

As she stood in the window, saying good-bye to her possessions, she laughed aloud at the absurd ending of her fairy tale; then, at a sound of amusement behind her, she turned and faced the man who stood in the doorway. He swept off his hat.

"So you're one of the intruders?" she said calmly.

"I? I was about to apply that term to you—mentally of course, only mentally."

"I'm just—a girl who lives in the woods. I've always felt, ever since I came out here, that this place belonged to me."

"I see. I am just an architect fellow, named Saxton Graves, and I'm doing the house over for Judge Carteret."

"Judge Carteret?"

"Yes; he's your intruder."

"I shall hate him. When is he coming out here?"

"Next month, if we can get ready for him. He's a prince of a fine fellow. When you know him you'll not mind letting him have your place out here."

"I shall not like him," she flung over her shoulder, as she walked out of the room. "I always know when I am going to like people."

Mr. Graves followed in her wake.

"Do you tell people in advance whether their chances for your favour register high or low?"

"Why?"

"I'd like to know what my rating is."

"You? Oh, I hadn't thought of you at all."

"I see. Some people do not register at all—simply fail to cast a shadow! Have you an antipathy to architects as well as to judges and intruders?"

"I've never known any."

"Good. Then you must have an open mind on the subject. I think the first of a new species is always sure to be interesting; don't you?"

"It depends entirely on the specimen you run across."

"I think you must be very exacting, Girl Who Lives in the Woods, but I assure you I am a very excellent specimen."

"Are all architects so modest?"

"Yes, that is one of our striking characteristics as a species."

"So. You might give me a list of the main traits and peculiarities, so that I may recognise your kind at sight."

"For purposes of scientific investigation?"

"No; protection."

He laughed aloud at this, and led the way to the heaped-up furniture in the middle of the hall.

"Under such circumstances, what is my pleasure becomes also my duty. Every lady should be taught how to defend herself when pursued by a wild architect. Kindly be seated on this misshapen monster, which, in real life, is a Louis XV couch."

The girl looked at him, hesitating a second, and then sat down on the couch. Saxton Graves stood before her, looking whimsically at her serious face. He assumed an oratorical tone, as of one exhibiting a collection of rare specimens in a museum.

"The architect, a specimen of which you see before you, is a two-legged, non-fur-bearing animal of the Beaver family; he is, in fact, a natural-born builder. He is to be found in droves, herds, or flocks in our large cities, his favourite habitat, although in the early spring and late fall, preceding and following the summer season, he is found in large numbers in the country, building and rebuilding with brick and plaster dwellings for the Man family."

"Does he build by instinct?"

"No; by necessity. He is, or may be a contriver and contractor by instinct; but a builder is not born, but made."

"Harmless?"

"Until aroused."

"And then?"

"Dangerous—very dangerous."

"How can you tell when he is aroused?"

"He makes a noise like conversation."

"Dear me! Is he easily excited?"

"Yes, by ladies."

"Any ladies?"

"All—I might say—all ladies."

"Stupid! I knew he wouldn't interest me."

"He is, I forgot to say, affectionate by nature."

"Worse yet. A dog is the only animal that can be affectionate gracefully."

"You would not care to trap and domesticate one, then?"

"Mercy, no! I hope they do not inhabit these parts."

"No doubt there are a few wild ones hereabouts. They like to root out new sites for buildings."

"The Forest Preserve Society ought to exterminate them; they are ruinous to the woods."

"But no; they improve the country. A good-looking house, such as I build, will improve any woods."

She sniffed her scorn and changed the subject.

"What do you mean to do to this house? I know you'll spoil it."

"You like it as it is, then?"

"I think it is almost perfect."

"Thank you!" elaborately.

She lifted her eyes in question.

"A poor thing, but my own!" he deprecated.

"You built this house of your own dream, your own thoughts, your own brain?"

"Yes, mixed with a little brick and mortar."

"I have more use for you than I thought I had."

He ignored this gracious concession, and led the way to parts of the house where changes were to be made, and explained his plans to her. Now she objected, now she praised, and Graves found her frank comments interesting. He had never met anyone so surrounded by impersonality, and being a young man used to the most personal relations with his kind, especially womankind, he was piqued and curious. After the inspection she turned to go.

"Look in now and then and see how we progress, Miss——"

"I shall not be interested in my house, now that it is to belong to this disgusting judge person."

"Won't you allow the poor Judge any chance at all? Wait till you see him, before you condemn him, Miss—— By the way, you haven't told me your name."

"No. What difference does it make?"

"Well, I expect to be out here a good deal this spring, and I believe you said you lived in the neighbourhood, so I thought I might come into your woods and call on you some day. I would not know whom to ask for. Perhaps your people might——"

"I haven't any people. I live alone."

"Then I ask permission of you."

"I never have callers."

She started to go.

"You refuse to continue the study of the species *architectus*, genus *homo*?"

"It doesn't seem to interest me much."

She moved towards the steps.

"You might take a look at the genus."

"I have; bores me awfully," came the retort from halfway across the road. Then she glanced back and threw him a smile, teeth, eyes, and red lips all aflash, before she disappeared among the brown tree-trunks.

"You couch with the wild birds, in bracken and ling,

O'er your sleep, danger-haunted, the wistful larks sing,

And the gay blackbirds fling you their mirth," my green Plover;

Lie close in your cover—the Hawk's on the wing!"

the architect animal sang gaily and defiantly.

(To be continued)



THE SHEPHERD. John Sell Cotman.]

(Reproduced from "The Connoisseur.")

[In the possession of C. E. Hughes.

HOW sweet is the Shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fill'd with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.
WILLIAM BLAKE.

Apple-Tree Singers.

ONE winter's evening, as we were sitting comfortably before the fire reading our papers, the hard, cold day's outdoor work being done, suddenly, we heard the creak of the garden gate opening, then the sound of shuffling feet in heavy boots, and that subdued growl of voices which we Somerset folk call a "mummel." At that, with a hasty glance at the calendar, my sister and I exclaimed together: "Why, it's Apple-tree night! I always do forget which night it is: but it must be Old Twelfth Night."

Soon there was no doubt, for the well-known old chant began:

"Jolly wassail, Jolly wassail,
Jolly go here, Jolly go there,
Jolly go everywhere."

This is the chorus of that song which should be sung to the apple trees on Old Twelfth Night. It sets them a-stirring and a-dreaming, I fancy, in the midst of their winter sleep, of the lovely white and pink blossoms with which they will be decking themselves when spring comes again. And, maybe, they dream of the welcome they will give the honey bees when they come humming through the orchard, and of the beautiful apples which will hang from their branches in the autumn. Then the trees will sink again into their winter sleep, till they are awakened by this old, old song.

How old this song is it would be hard to say, but doubtless it was sung long before the alteration of the calendar. Countryfolk are always adverse to, and suspicious of, change, so these West country-folk continue to hold their wassail and to sing to their apple trees on the same Twelfth Night as their fathers and grandfathers, and countless generations before them, did. Their Twelfth Night became Old Twelfth Night, and what had been to them New Twelfth Night became Twelfth Night.

But the men are singing again. After a hearty shout of "Hatfulls, Capfulls and three bushel bagfulls, and ever so many more," with which every verse is finished:

"There was an old woman as had an old cow,
To keep her cow waarm she couldn't tell how,
Zo she built up a barn to keep her cow waarm,
And a little more cider 'ull du us no harm."

This is about all these latter-day singers know of the old song, and is a slightly different version from the one we used to hear when we were children. Having sung all they can remember, they trail off into "The Farmer's Boy" and other old favourites. Then having received a little to aid in their "Jolly Wassail," off they go, and we settle down to our papers in peace.

But not for long, for a thing happens that has never happened before. Again the garden gate opens, again there is the shuffle of feet, and the "proper old mummel" of voices that announces the arrival of the apple-tree singers. We feel indignant, the singers have been, have gone, and one can't go on for ever, even though it is war-time—and the general scarcity makes a good crop of apples of even more importance than usual. We both stamp angrily to the garden door to remonstrate,

and are confronted by our good friend, Gig of the Apple Trees. Our remonstrances die away on our lips. If it be he, it must be all right, even though it seems to be a strange man with him. Soon he begins, "A Jolly Wassail," and we can tell at once that he knows all about it, then he goes on:

"There was an old fox, lived down an old lane,
A-licking of his old chops, and a-combing of his hair.

Shall us go catch'un, boys, shall us go catch'un?
No'o not I, No'o not I, No'oo not I'i."

Then came:

"My Lilly, My Lilly, My Lilly white Duck,
Come to the door and shut back the lock.
My Lilly, My Lilly, My Lilly white pin
Come to the door and let us all in."

After that he sang a very queer old verse about "A zilly old Owl, and her feet were cold and her legs were cold;" but it was new to me, and I could not catch any more of it. At the end came another verse:

"Good Master and Mistress, please
Bring out the white bread
And a little bit o' cheese."

This threatened to be the end of the singing; but after some applause, and much pressure from Gig, he consented to give us:

"He was a knave to his father,
A knave to his mother,
A knave to his sister and brother;
He took up the cup,
And he left none in."

But that was the last he would sing of the "Apple-Tree" song, though he sang two or three more songs, the like of which we often used to hear sung after hay and harvest suppers.

The next morning I happened to meet Gig, and said to him: "That was nice singing, Gig, we had last night."

"Ees," he said; "I zought as how you ladies would like vor to hear the old Biall zing, for he do know all the old zongs, ees he do sure enough. Those other chaps do zing 'un all wrong, ees 'm do, they do zing 'un all wrong; an' they don't know all the verses neither, noa'm don't." Then he went on: "Biall he had comed over to nurse vor to have his hand done up, he have cut er ter'ble bad, an' I urned up agin'im: then he ses to me, an' he du talk ter'ble broard, he du: 'Caen't us go wassailly a bit, vor, doant ee mind, it do be wassail night?' 'Ees it be,' sayes I. 'Well, doant um never wassailly here thin?' sayes he, 'Noa, I don't think'm do,' sayes I. 'Why! but du ee jus' listen. I due hear'm now'; an' he goes on quite excited like. 'Where ever can go for tue wassailly a bit.' So, for a bit o' mirfty like,* I bringed him up for to zing to you. Vor I knowed as how he did know all zicky old zongs."

After a little pause Gig went on again: "Poor old Biall, he didn't half like it 'cause us wearn't unner no tree. Ses he: 'Us bain't no dree, an' us ought for sure tue be right unner er apple dree.' So I ses: 'Why'm ull hear all right for'm be only

* Mischief or fun.

jus' over there; an' this do be where us allus do stand.' Well,' he said, 'I due hope'm ull 'ear, though us bain't unner no dree.'"

'Well, Gig,' I said, "I hope the trees did hear all right, though you wern't under them. For I remember once, when I was a child, we had a very bad apple year indeed, especially out in the four corners of the orchard; the yield was so poor that there was very little cider for the hay-makers the following summer. One day my father was talking about it to Jeremiah, our head man, and wondering why the apples had failed so."

'Well,' said old Jeremiah, 'you do zee, zur, as how it be thick way: you due mind it were ter'ble rough last Wassail Night; it blowed, an' it snowed, an' it sleeted, an' it rained, an' it hailed oll to once like.' 'Yes,' said my father, 'so it did.' 'Well,' Jerry went on, 'thim there apple-tree singers um jes' zang to middle or orchard, thin the old lantern blowed out, an' that were enough for they; um left all the voar corners tue take care o' theirselves, an' never zang tue um at all, but went back up to house so fast as they could. An' that is how it due be, zur.' 'Well, I suppose it must have been that,' says my father. 'So you see, Gig, I hope you were near enough for them to hear, for apple trees don't like to be slighted.'"

"Noa'm don't," he answers, "but 'm cude hear right enough if um were minded tue, an' that is where us allus due stan', ees it be."

So we are hoping for the best.

The Lady Mayoress's Land Gangs.

THE Birmingham Women's War Agricultural Committee, which is so happy under the presidency of the Lady Mayoress (a keen and enthusiastic chairman), is now roping in young gardeners from the schools and offices of the city.

Under the above title, small parties of girls sally forth on Saturday or other holiday afternoons to cultivate vegetables on neglected land too insignificant to be seized by the Allotment Committees. They also help gardens in danger of being neglected. Sometimes they give temporary help and are paid for their services by the owners; sometimes they claim the produce of the land, the sale of which will repay them for the labour and seeds, etc. Each application is judged on its merits.

Last week they ploughed up an acre of grass belonging to one of our V.A.D. hospitals, where they intend to grow enough potatoes to supply that hospital for four months. That is the work of college girls.

A Special Constable broke his arm and could not finish digging his garden ready for planting. High school girls came to the rescue. One hard afternoon's work and that vegetable garden is in order for the maimed guardian to cultivate at his leisure.

A Welfare Centre in a crowded district has half an acre which a handful of office girls will look after in their free time.

Of course, just at the beginning, a lot of time is spent interviewing people, inspecting land and getting permission. I hear there is an offer of

2½ acres attached to a farm in the post. As soon as that comes through off will go our Group Leader to call on all schools within easy distance and gather in fresh gangs to work this land. She is a charming girl, enthusiastic and tactful, and she mostly returns to report the names of more willing recruits than she asked for. Then we look out for further land in that neighbourhood, and so the ball is kept rolling.

Should offered land prove grass-land and heavy soil, the nearest farm is visited and the farmer is cajoled into lending a plough for an afternoon. It is such a time-saver, and time is everything at this season.

K. RICHARDS.

Gardening Hints for April.

IF the suggestions of last month were carried out the ground should be ready for all planting. April is a very busy month. Early peas, broad beans and first early potatoes will be already sown, and the peas through the ground. If birds are troublesome the most simple and effective way is to put three sticks at top and bottom of the rows and three in the middle about a foot out of the ground. Get some black cotton, a "bobbin" sold for the purpose, tie the cotton on to one of the sticks, and walk up and down the row until all the sticks are threaded. If mice are a worry, put penny traps under the thread, baited with a pea. When the peas are a foot high, put short boughs to hold them up; if allowed to fall you do not get the same amount of peas from the crop. When staking for full growth, put the boughs in *slanting*. It saves time and trouble in not having to reduce the pea sticks and you can (with a little care) stake to any height the pea requires. Remember, peas are gross feeders and require plenty of manure to grow well.

Potatoes must have first place in every garden this year, grow as many as possible, and if labour is short plant them six inches deep, and then you need not earth them up, though it is best to do so. The next most valuable foods are parsnips; carrots, turnips, cabbage, and, for winter use, harrirot beans. Of harrirot beans there are climbing and dwarf kinds, sow three inches apart, three inches deep, two feet between rows of dwarfs, four feet between climbers. Thin both sorts to ten inches between each plant. The pod is not eaten, only the bean. Sow end of April in rich ground, stake the climbers like scarlet runners and leave the pods to turn brown, gather about the second week in October, it depends on the weather. Sow turnips, spinach, peas for succession (second earlies), main crop of onions, lettuce, leeks and celery in boxes (if not already done), so that they can be covered over in case of frost. Parsley should be thinned to a foot apart. Mint planted in a corner to itself, as it runs so. In sowing seed in boxes always put a thick layer of leaves a year old, if possible, four inches deep, then the sifted earth. This often saves the seedlings by feeding them when they cannot be transplanted early enough.

(MRS.) FRANCES WALKLEY.

Competitions

The Farm Work I Hate Best, and Why

First Prize

IT'S Pigs—sly, fat, slobbering old things—that don't appreciate what you do for them, and care about nothing else but eat, eat, eat, all the day long.

(And they have such bad manners. This morning, after I had worked myself into a regular fever heat, making my Eliza Jane really comfortable—such sweepings and cleanings as never was—the horrid old thing, when I passed outside the sty to take breath, stood on her hind legs and slapped me on the shoulder—grunting down my neck, "mangels, mangels, mangels"—not even please, either. I gave her mangels—hard on the nose too. They're deep, are pigs—oh, yes, very deep. There's Christabel and Sylvia now, who have a sty together. Yesterday, Christabel told me as a great secret, that she thought, if the weather lasted fine, she would present me with a nice little family to-day. Now Sylvia overheard this, and thought to herself, "Good idea—but I'm going to have that family, not, you, old girl." And so she did. Whereupon Christabel was so mad that she sat on the tiniest piglet—Sylvia Benjamin—and killed it. Of course Christabel was marshalled into another sty in disgrace—and there she is now, sulking. She says she isn't going to have her family until the food is more decent. There's been no pig-meal these last few days.)

The nicest character I have amongst my large family is the Dowager. Poor dear old thing—she is wobbly on her legs. She really is not equal to those four great bouncing children of hers. I let her out for a little constitutional in the yard every day. I think it strengthens her legs, and she does so like to choose her own mangels from the big heap there. She can tell in the wink of an eye which are the nice squelchy ones. The jolliest thing that ever happened in my pig experiences was one feeding time, out in the field, when a great black pig rushed between my legs and bolted off with me sitting on its tail. That was a joy ride. I was nearly shot into the trough to finish up with!

(Oh! I suppose really, it's not such a bad job—taking it altogether, only—only—it's tantalising sometimes these lovely Spring days to be cooped up amongst the styes, when you know there's a wind blowing up the fields, and the larks are singing, and you see your chum go past on the top of a load of hay, looking the picture of lazy content. And yet—I'm a beast to grumble. Shouldn't I be furiously jealous if anyone else understood my gruntings like I do. By the bye, do you know that black and white spots are all the fashion for this season's piglets? Pink safin, too, is being very much worn.

MARJORIE H. WOOLWORTH.

Second Prize

Of course, it depends on whether you mean one of the routine jobs or one of those things that are suddenly sprung on you as an "extra." If it's the latter, I don't hesitate for a moment I have only once had to help with the pig-ringing, and it's my one hope that I shall never have to again. The poor little things came running out to me so hopefully—they knew me as the commissariat—and their fate was on them. One lusty boy caught a pig by one foot and an ear and slung him on to a second boy, who gripped the wriggling little creature between his knees and held his head by the ears, while I, feeling quite cold and sick, firmly grasped his snout in my left hand and with my right snipped the sharp ring through his little indiarubber snout. It was only the knowledge that hesitation hurts more than quick action that enabled me to do it at all. And then, when it was over, the poor little things huddled together in a corner, cramming their heads well into the crevice, and squealing pitifully, as we sorted them out to see if all were properly "rung." I don't think I can ever do it again.

But that, after all, isn't my usual work, for I am a cowman's boy. It's very hard to say whether I more dislike—for I don't "hate" any of my work—mangold draining or the order "Fetch down a bundle or two o' straw, maiden." I almost think the straw, because I always think it won't be so bad—and it always is! Now mangold trimming never lets you down! You know it's going to be deadly.

But straw-carrying! I always start out to the rick yard quite jauntily, with my prong and bonds over my shoulder. (For the sake of the uninitiated, I may explain that "bonds" are just two ropes, each with a loop at the end and at the other a little piece of wood tied crosswise.) In the yard my troubles begin; for in the yard here dwells a little imp—the mischief of all the things. Wherever I elect to make up my bundle, there the Imp springs up! I cast my bonds in neat parallel lines on the ground, fling an armful of straw across them, and turn away

for the second armful: I come back—and the Imp has been at work, and the straw is scattered all over the yard. I toil away feverishly, knowing how the cowman will be talking of the incompetence of women—he is a staunch Conservative—and at last my bundle seems big enough. The first stage is over—or so I think. But, as I stoop to pick up the ends of my bonds—ugh! a rat, with beady eyes and horrid little human hands and a scaly tail, jumps out at me. I don't mind frogs or mice or spiders—but rats!

However, I pluck up my courage, and, with some difficulty on the neutral-coloured ground, my bonds, pull and tug the twigs button-wise through the loops and draw tight. Then comes the one nice moment. I slide my prong into the bundle and let the handle fall on the ground. Then I put my left foot firmly against the end of the prong handle, grasp it (the handle, not my foot!) with both hands and heave it up, at the same time slipping my shoulder under the bundle. It lasts, I suppose about one-twentieth of a second, but I do enjoy the sense of balance and poise.

And then away to the cow-pens. The straw gets into my hair and down my neck and the prong-handle grates on my collar-bone and the bundle seems rather rocky—will it stay on till I reach the pens? If it does, the low doorway knocks it off, and it must be tugged ignominiously through. And, once in the pen, the bundle looks so small and I must certainly go and get another. And the rat is still there—!

No, it's not a nice job; but after all, it's out-of-doors, and there's always something—the shadow of a racing cloud or a sudden breeze or the whistle of a bird, or the first butterfly—and who could "hate a job that gives you that?"

MARCH HARE.

Third Prize

Whenever I see a boar thistle my heart sinks like lead. It sinks till it reaches the memory of a certain month of June spent in a 20 acre pasture field, on the top of a hill. As a matter of fact, the view was superb, the wood at the far side was full of queer little noises, and pretty colours; the field itself was the happy hunting ground of several young heifers, who, as the flies got worse, gave entertainment by careering up and down with their tails stuck straight on end. Then, too, the action of spudding in itself is really quite fascinating; the spud goes in with a scrunch at a certain distance from the thistle, and a certain twist is needed to lift the thistle clean out.

But for one who has just started farming and is therefore consumed for the moment with patriotic fire; who has had visions for months past of days so full of work amongst cows, calves, pigs or turkeys, that they fly by unheeded; who is passionately fond of horses; and who is already suffering from a "swelled head" at the thought of doing a man's work, it is certainly rather damping to be told, "You may as well get a few of these thistles up, we don't generally bother about them, and we plough here in the autumn, but still there is nothing else just now."

Thence follow endless hours in the heat, surrounded by flies, going over the same never-ending questions, "Is it worth it? Couldn't I be doing something slightly more useful? Does he expect me to go down to the farm, seize an axe, and proceed to lay about me to show that I have some physical strength?" And persistently a voice says, "Leave, chuck this, you know you can do better, go somewhere where you will be worth your pay," and many other tempting suggestions.

As I walk home at night (passing on the way dozens of thistles that have been overlooked) comes the thought, "Oh, well, may as well stick it through, else he'll think girls are no good, and that I can't do anything if I can't do this; perhaps, after all, I can't."

For these reasons do I hate all thistles, but especially "boars" in turf; and now as I plough them in and get well beneath their roots, I shake my fist at them, for I feel I have my revenge for that long month a long time ago.

C. R.



Land Workers' Guilds and Libraries

The Sheffield and District Land Girls' Guild

WHEN the land workers of Sheffield and District met together in January at the Workers' Educational Association House they decided to form a Land Girls' Guild.

The aims of the guild are:

To promote social intercourse.

To interchange ideas and experiences.

To foster a real love of the soil, through a better knowledge of agriculture, and to form a link of friendship between all girls who are working for their King and Country. The girls decided on three conditions of membership. They are:

(1) Membership in the Land Army.

(2) Full-time workers on the land.

(3) Annual subscription of 1s.

This shilling is paid to the W.E.A., and through it the members of the guild gain all privileges of the house, including use of the library. This library is a great attraction as the guild has a special librarian and extra books, lent by the Free Library Committee, and the girls can change their books every fortnight.

Meetings are held the first Sunday in every month, with a special meeting every quarter, to which outsiders are invited.

The first of these was held on March 3rd. The members and visitors all brought their rations, and we had an amusing and varied tea.

A business meeting followed, when the committee and officers

pecting Organising Secretary "to say something nice," and when she got there she couldn't get in for the crowd, who had to be turned away for an overflow performance.

When she did arrive, she was plumped like "Mechanical Jane" on to a platform littered with every conceivable article, which had to be arranged while she was "being good and saying something nice"! The result of it all was seventeen guineas for the Prisoners of War Fund. Magnificent!

I hear all kinds of rumours of the next undertaking of these ambitious Land Army girls; talks of taking tiny places like the theatre, or the Guildhall, or the Shire Hall. The funds, of course, next time, will be for a Shopping aeroplane, as they hear the Editor goes to bed worn out, trying to match in ribbon somebody's boy's eyes. Alas! the cow won't wait, and the little pigs are tearing over the newly ploughed-up fields (Mr. Prothero said they could be led by silken leads! Let him come and try ours, that's all!), or I would tell you, dear Editor, who the girls are, what the boys say, and how they write, and who has written this; but there, I can't. It would be mean to give them all away! And they are so splendid!

The Basildon Land Workers' Club

OWING to the kindness of Colonel Morrison it has been possible to open a club for women land workers on the Basildon estate in Berkshire. The club is open on two evenings of the week, and supervision is given by Mrs. Mortimore, of the Home Farm. On February 14th, 1918, Mrs. Mortimore arranged a gathering for the members of the club. Colonel Morrison and Major Norris were unable to be present, and letters were read expressing their regret. Miss Gladys Pott was invited to give an address, and she also presented stripes and badges to those who had been working the prescribed periods, including the sixth stripe to Margaret Moore, who had established a record in her own district of three years' uninterrupted work on the land.

After the inspiring address by Miss Pott the girls were entertained by Mrs. Ball's concert party from Pangbourne. The very excellent programme provided included items by Miss Vera Smith of Reading, an elocutionist of exceptional ability. The entertainment concluded with a farce—*Tilda's New Hat*—in which Mrs. Walter Wyard's attractive personality, combined with Mrs. Ball's clever rendering, excited great enthusiasm among the audience. Miss Lockley Smith, the Berkshire Organising Secretary, and her staff, were present.



"Hannah Comes Round."—The Cast.

were appointed. Mrs. Hall, a Derbyshire member of the Land Army, was chosen president, and Miss Annie Dixon hon. secretary.

After the business was over Lady Mabel Smith showed some very interesting lantern slides of her life on a farm, and of potato and raspberry picking. The audience were much amused at recognising some of their number in truly working attire.

A very enjoyable evening was concluded by a jolly little concert got up entirely by the members of the guild. Misses A. and E. Dixon and Miss Barton and Mrs. Barton, two of our visitors, entertained us with songs, solos and recitations.

We have already enrolled twelve members.

Worcestershire

AN ENTERTAINMENT AND ITS RESULTS.

ELEVEN Land Army girls, wishing to amuse themselves and others, got up, under the supervision of the Group Leader, two small plays, without Royalties, mark you! Their aim at first seemed merely a desire to help themselves to forget the horns of the—cow, and the dreary slough of the farmyards after a heavy fall of snow; but the plot "grew and grew," just like that peach the boys sang about before the Kaiser began his plotting.

First, it developed into a tea for all the wounded; then it reached taking a schoolroom at Castle Morton, where the door money amounted to £9; finally, it blazed out with taking the Town Hall at Upton-on-Severn, to which they invited an unus-

"Hannah Comes Round"

A GROUP of young amateurs performed the new one-act play, *Hannah Comes Round*, at Haverfordwest, on St. David's Day. The play, which is by Mr. J. G. Griffith, deals with Welsh village life under war conditions, and turns on the tactful handling of an old-fashioned Welsh dame, "Hannah," whose pet aversion is the "landswoman," owing to the uniform principally. She eventually "comes round" completely, and allows the irresistible Connie, who works on a neighbouring farm, to do her garden for her. The play was enthusiastically received and was produced under the supervision of Mr. H. E. H. James, Director of Education, who is also Hon. Secretary to the County War Agricultural Committee.



Land Workers' Libraries.

THERE are now some forty centres established. In addition, quite a number of isolated girls have been supplied with books. We send five volumes at a time to these lonely workers. The girls pay carriage one way.

Most branches have fifty or a hundred books down at a time, and then change ten or twenty as they want new ones.

Several counties have organised schemes by which the books sent to them are circulated amongst the various centres in the county first, before being returned to headquarters. This is altogether to be commended, as it lightens the work at the central office and saves considerable expense.

The Secretary is always glad to hear from the members of any special books they would like, and will do her best to supply those asked for. The titles chosen should be confined as much as possible to the cheaper editions.

Isolated workers should write direct to the Secretary if they require books, giving the name of their district registrar, if possible. The Secretary is always particularly glad to be able to send to these girls.

The initial expenses are very heavy, and so each place is asked to try to raise something towards the funds, but this is not compulsory, as the Secretary knows that many places which most need the books cannot raise money. Still the co-operation of the librarians is relied on.

Branches have been started all over England and Wales. Several training centres have already been supplied. Girls joining during their training are entitled to the use of our books wherever they go.

Her Majesty the Queen, who takes a great interest in anything to do with the Land Army, has sent the following letter to the Secretary of *The Challenge Libraries*:

"The Lady in Waiting is commanded by the Queen to write to the Secretary of the Land Workers' Libraries, and say that having seen the appeal for books in *The Challenge* Her Majesty is sending forty volumes to the libraries for the use of the workers, and gives permission for Her Majesty's gift to be mentioned in the papers."

Ackworth Land Girls' Guild.

A little circle of land workers met on Sunday, March 10th, at Ackworth School. There were two members of the Land Army and three other land workers. We had a very jolly tea together and talked about the library in the district and other means of enlivening the girls, who live so far from each other in our neighbourhood. We were fortunate enough to have struck a day on which there was a charming lecture in the School Hall on "English Spring Flowers." In breaks between the slides a gentleman with a glorious baritone voice sang us some grand classical songs. Needless to say, we all enjoyed our evening and are convinced our little Guild will flourish. HELEN ANDREWS.

A small Club has been started at Cottingham, Yorks, for Land Army girls in the district. This Club meets two evenings in the month, and has been started by Mrs. Pennock in her own house. She has also kindly offered to accommodate for the week-end, at a nominal cost, any Land Army girl who has got a week-end off and has nowhere to go.

Longham Girls' Club.

DEAR EDITOR,—Land girls at Longham have started a Girls' Club on February 5th. We had some difficulty in finding a meeting place. We are now paying 3s. a week for the schoolroom, opposite the post office. We had eight girls to start with, and five more from Wimborne came over to join on the second night. Our Tuesday evening meetings are now a great success. At 6.30 prompt we have our business meeting for about twenty minutes to settle everything, then we practice over some part-songs. There is no piano, so I am taking the songs in solfa notation. The girls are getting on splendidly. Then we have country dances as drill, taught by Mrs. Beaumont, and finish at 8 p.m. The girls are working up for a concert they intend giving on March 26th.

The following rules were discussed and passed at our first meeting:

- (1) It was agreed that all business should be decided by vote of members at the weekly business meetings.
 - (2) That we meet on Tuesday evenings at 6.30 to 8 p.m.
 - (3) That all officers are to be elected every three months.
 - (4) That the weekly subscription be 3d. per week.
 - (5) New members to be introduced by an existing member.
 - (6) A week's notice must be given for the alteration or addition to rules.
 - (7) That members wishing to leave must give a week's notice.
- We shall be glad to hear of other clubs being started by land workers, and wish them all success. —MARGARET HICKS, *President*.



A Group at the Warrington Test Meeting.

[Daily Sketch.]

OUR CLUB PAGE

DEAR GIRLS.—The tremendous struggle which is going on in France just makes us long to share it. Every woman is aching to help, and now is our great chance.

The Government was relying on a large supply of soldier labour for the land this spring. Owing to the situation on the Western Front that labour is no longer available, and every woman who is not doing essential work is asked to come along and take the place of those soldiers.

We now demand 30,000 recruits for the Land Army, instead of 12,000, and not one of us must rest until we have got them.

You girls should feel very proud that this most vital of all national work for the moment has been given to us to do. Let us all be full of flaming enthusiasm! Let us set fire to such a blaze of endeavour throughout England that not the smallest demand for labour on the land shall be left unsatisfied, and that every want shall be filled and well filled by women.

The march through London on March 19th was really thrilling. Great crowds waited to receive us at Trafalgar Square. The reception they gave us when we did arrive made one feel quite choky. They were all so very friendly and so pleased to see us, even to the old flower woman who came up to me, and said "You have been to see the Queen with your bunch of primroses, my dear: will you now accept a few violets from an old flower woman?" You would have been proud to be a member of the Land Army if you had been there, and 100 recruits per hour wasn't such bad work, was it? Please remember though that 500 is a very small drop in our 30,000 bucket, and all the members of our club must work just as hard as ever to get their five recruits. The cockades are ready, and look very pretty, so be quick and earn one.

I must tell you also how charming it was of the Queen to remember THE LANDSWOMAN. Miss Talbot told Her Majesty that I was your Editor, and the Queen said, "Oh, yes, I remember quite well. You sent me a copy of the first number, with a little foreword about me. A delightful little magazine." The Queen also asked me if you were all keeping fit, and said how pleased she was with the Land Army girls working at Windsor and Sandringham.

Nearly 5,000 copies of THE LANDSWOMAN were sold during the afternoon.

The Shopping Club

Plays and recitations have been in great demand, and I should be very glad to hear of any really good Land Army recitation or play. I am constantly being asked for them. Tooth-paste, boot laces, a wrist watch, Harrods' boots and outfits, cream canvas and a pink embroidered silk for a Duchess set, books on needlework and farm work, green drummer dyes, and many other things, have been bought and despatched.

The Sewing Club

The demand for patterns of various descriptions has been very brisk. Frocks, coats, smocks, breeches and underclothes of all sorts and sizes, I have sent to all sorts of people, and I am longing to hear how the garments have turned out. N. C. H. tells me that the camisole pattern which I sent her is a great success, and looks very well made up in longcloth. B. P. was rather worried because she had bought material for her little frock and had not got more than 5 yards, 22 inches wide. However, we solved the difficulty by choosing a design in which it was quite easy to make the sleeves, collar and vest of a different material. I feel sure that the frock, of a pretty shade of mole, will look charming with its sleeves, etc., made of a dainty flowered cotton voile from Liberty's. I have sent P. M. B. S. cam soles and nightie, already marked for embroidering, slots for the ribbon, etc. Several readers have suggested that they would prefer the nightie pattern of which I spoke last month, to fasten down the front, instead of pulling over the head. That is quite simple: it is a most adaptable pattern and can be cut to suit all fancies.

Mrs. Grant wishes me to say that the supply of the khaki wool, mentioned in the January number, is long since exhausted, and that she has had at least seventy applicants, whom she has been obliged to disappoint.

Miss M. H. Doherty, Coon Cottage, Barrowdale, Keswick, Cumberland, who is very keen to help any Land Army girl, is willing to do knitting for you, if you will send her the wool. Stockings for yourselves, or socks for your boys or brothers, she will be only too glad to make.

Competitions

This month I have had many letters telling me that the magazines arrived too late to make it possible for you to enter for the competitions. I think, therefore, that it will be better in future if we do not announce the prize winners in the very next number, but wait until the following month; that is to say, the Prize Essays of the Competitions set in this April number will be published in June instead of May, and the latest date for sending in entries will be May 10th instead of April 10th. This ought to give you plenty of time. In spite of the short notice, however, the essays this month are better than ever, and I am sure you will agree that "Pigs" is really exceedingly amusing. The Limericks are excellent, and you have not forgotten to make them funny. I hope you will all have many a good laugh over those printed in this issue.

I always think a good healthy grumble is a great relief sometimes, and helps to let off steam, but after I had set the competition for March I began to wonder whether the subject would be abused, and I should get lots of grumbly and grouchy essays! I need not have worried. As you will see by the Prize Essays, it has evidently been difficult to find any farm work that is really disliked so much as to be hated for all time, and even the very unpleasant jobs seem to have their compensations. It has done my heart good, after reading through all the disagreeable details of a week's threshing or hoeing, to come across a sentence like this:

"No, it's not a nice job, but, after all, it's out-of-doors, and there's always something, the shadow of a racing cloud, or a sudden breeze or the whistle of a bird, or the first butterfly; and who could hate a job that gives you that?"

Prizes will be offered this month for the best essay on "What I long to do after the war." We must not forget our innumerable Land Army poets, so will some of you write short poems on the subject, "My feelings at 5 o'clock in the morning!"? All competitions must reach the Editor, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, before May 10th.

I want you to be pleased with our reproduction of "The Shepherd," by J. S. Cotman. Cotman was one of our greatest English water-colour artists, and he did a lot of his work in Norfolk and Suffolk. Any girls living near Norwich, or Birmingham, or Manchester, can see beautiful examples of his work in the galleries there.

"The Landswoman" Sunday Guild.

At the time of writing we have only had one Sunday of our Guild, but we made the most of it, and had a really jolly time. I hope you girls will remember that I want you all to come, if you are anywhere near, and that I am really bitterly disappointed when we don't have a crowd.

There is a piano, and we sang hard last Sunday; heaps of comfy chairs, books to read, writing materials, and cocoa and buns and a fire, and real friends when you get inside; so don't stand at the gate, as I heard of two girls doing a fortnight ago.

Your friend,

EDITOR. ♀

The directors of the Empress Picture Palace, King Edward Street, Nottingham, admit any members of the Land Army in uniform at half-price to any of their performances. This kindness is greatly appreciated by the girls in and around Nottingham.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR SUEET.—Put a small quantity of tapioca into a basin, fill with water and soak all night. In the morning press out any superfluous moisture, then mix with flour as if it were fat. It will turn out beautifully light. It is not so good for meat pudding as it is slightly sweet.

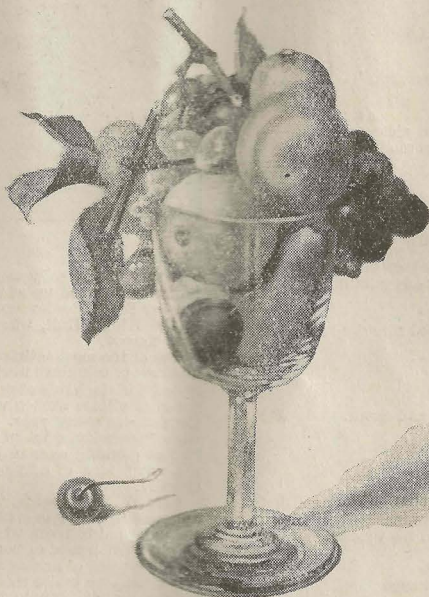
HOT POTATO CAKES FOR TEA (No Eggs).—Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of cold mashed potatoes, 4 oz. of flour, or 2 oz. flour and 2 oz. of maize flour or oatmeal, 1 oz. of fat, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 pinch of salt. Work the fat into the flour first, then all together into a little milk into a stiff paste. Roll out lightly, thinly, cut into rounds, put two together and bake in greased tin, brown on both sides; bake in oven, or can be baked on griddle or in frying pan. The secret of making potato cakes light is to strain the potatoes as well as if for eating plain and mash them while warm till quite smooth and light, then use when cold, but if allowed to get cold before mashed they never become light and fluffy. A fork is best to mash with.

Government regulations do not prevent Newman's "Fortreviver" being sold and consumed at all hours.

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Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.

Limerick Competition**First Prize**

A girl, trained in Land Army ways,
Cleaned a pig-sty—oh! quite beyond praise—
The pig now demands
Scented soap for his "hands"
And a powder-puff, curlers, and stays.

M.V.

Second Prize

There was a young girl on a farm
Who said, "Let's keep perfectly calm,
But I've put all the hens
In quite the wrong pens,
And I don't want to spread the alarm."

C.R.

Third Prize

Said a wicked old cow known as vicious,
"What's the use to pretend I'm malicious
While I'm milked by a maid
Who isn't afraid
And styles all my capers delicious?"

M.G.

Six Additional Prizes of 1/-

Said our latest farm-hand, "I've been puzzling
Why you let your pigs spend the day guzzling;
In these times of distress
They should learn to eat less;
If you ask my advice—they need muzzling!" N.W.
A Land Girl recruited in town,
Who acted at first like a clown,
When milk-time came round
Put her pail on the ground
And pumped the cow's tail up and down. P.P.
A certain young girl on a farm
Forgot to wind up her alarm,
At six the next night
She woke in a fright,
But said, "That alarm has its charm." C.R.
A lass, armed with shovel and prongs,
Taught a pig all his rights—and his wrongs.
The pig, now he knows,
"Shines" the ring in his nose
And curls up his tail with hot tongs. M.V.
There was a Landswoman whose marrow
Just froze at the sight of a harrow.
She cried in alarm
When she got to the farm,
"Oh! please let me trundle a barrow." R.R.
There once was a cow called "Phoebe"
Kicked over a farmer named Beeby.
Said he, "I must see
What the butcher's fee be
Before Phoebe be beefy Phoebe." J. JACK & BILL.

Notes and Queries

B. M. T.—It is probably the spring and the extra work which it involves on the farm that is making you feel tired. You will probably soon get over it; but, if I were you, I should try "Fortreviver," which is advertised in our magazine. It really is wonderful stuff and does buck one up.

E. T.—Don't worry about your poultry. It would certainly be quite wrong to kill off now any laying bird. We are to be allowed 1 oz. of grain per head for any chicken hatched after January, 1916. I am feeding mine quite successfully on this amount, with the help of household scraps, etc., and they are laying well.

L. S.—I quite agree with you; boot mending in remote country places is a problem. If your boots have really gone too far to be mended, and you must have others, you cannot do better than get them from one of the firms advertising in this number. Messrs. W. Abbot & Sons stock every sort of boot and gaiter useful to the farm worker. Their leggings and spats in tan and black, at 12s. 9d., are wonderful value and very useful; and they have a brown calf heavy boot at 39s. 11d., to be worn with a gaiter, which should stand any weather and wear well.

Messrs. Harrods offer two styles of farm boot at 37s. 6d. I went to see them the other day to buy a pair for one of the readers of the Shopping Club, and they really seem to be excellent. One is a high boot which would reach the knee band of the breeches, and do away with the necessity of gaiters. The other is not so long and fastens over on one side with two buckles.

RALLY NEWS**Carlisle**

A very cheery rally was held in Carlisle on March 18th. The procession formed up at the station and, headed by the band of the 1st Batt., Border Regiment, marched through the old city to the King's Hall, where the decorations were presented by Miss Talbot.

One of the most satisfactory features of the rally was the large numbers of voluntary workers who attended it, Cumberland being famed for its hardworking farmers' wives and daughters, and gangs of village women who are willing to do seasonal work for the farmers every year. Both they and the Land Army girls were "as hefty a lot of lasses as anyone'd wish to see," as a farmer (turning over in his North Country and cautious mind the novel idea of employing a woman in breeches) remarked heartily.

Miss Talbot's speech, with its unflinching keynote of sincerity, appealed to our plain-spoken folk as it could not fail to do, and as she appealed to them when she visited these parts before, when an old woman said of her that "she spoke for half an hour and never a word o' nonsense!" I wonder if Miss Talbot has any idea what high praise this constitutes coming from a Cumberland farmer's wife? Cumberland intends to double and treble the numbers of its landswomen before the spring ripens into summer.

M. F. H.





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for all War Workers.

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will be thoroughly appreciated by the discerning reader. It is a 6d. Illustrated Weekly for 3d., most attractively produced. An "all-star" band of notabilities contribute bright articles on topical events and personages. Cartoons from the World's Press and Official Photographs also find place. Notes of special interest to up-to-date women are regular features.

"Everything for Everyone"

IN

EVERY WEEK

SOME DETAILS of the APRIL 4th ISSUE

MAJOR HALDANE MACFALL, Author of "Germany at Bay," writes arrestingly about "When and How the War Will End."

LOUIS J. McQUILLAND contributes a singularly comprehensive sketch entitled "The New Irish Leader."

DR. ROBERT BELL, the greatest dietetic authority of the age, discourses on that very topical subject, "John Bull, Vegetarian."

WM. LE QUEUX, in "From Behind the Curtain," once again rends the veil of official secrecy.

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Northamptonshire Tank Week

RALLY OF LAND ARMY GIRLS.

Last Saturday I received a letter from our Organising Secretary saying that the Mayoress of Northampton was arranging a Women's Day in connection with the visit of a Tank to Northampton. There was to be a grand procession from the Town Hall, and she had asked if the members of the Land Army would take part in it.

Of course I was very pleased at being asked, and my employer consented at once to let me go. I received a free warrant for my journey, and on Saturday morning I came by train to Northampton.

On reaching the place where we had been told to assemble I found crowds of other girls in the same uniform, and at 2.15 we all marched up to the Town Hall to join the rest of the procession. The route was lined with girl guides, and V.A.D. nurses and other war workers took part in the procession, which was headed by a glorious band, but I am sure our uniform looked the smartest of the lot! Miss Simpson, our Organising Secretary, and the Marchioness of Exeter, together with Lady Knightley, our Chairman, marched with us, and as it was a beautiful day lots of people watched us all marching along, and we all felt very proud of ourselves.

When we reached the Tank we all stood to attention, and the Mayoress and some other ladies climbed on top of the Tank, and they addressed us in turn. Last, but not least, Miss Simpson gave us a ripping little speech, and asked everybody to put as much money in the Tank as they could, and afterwards we heard that the Tank collected £1,600,000 in Northampton.

After this the Land Army girls marched back to where we had assembled and we all had our photographs taken. This over, we all went to the Girls' War Club, where we were entertained to a jolly good tea, and afterwards a lady played the piano and we all danced. There seemed to be thousands of us girls, but as a matter of fact I believe there were just one hundred.

After we had been dancing for some time we made a collection among ourselves, and the youngest girl then presented a beautiful bouquet to Miss Simpson, as she had done such a lot for us. She seemed to like it most awfully, and thanked us all very much for it. Then we called for three cheers for her.

After this we played some very jolly games, until at last some of the girls had to go and catch their trains, and soon after I had to say good-bye, too, to return to the station and back to the everyday farm life, after having spent one of the happiest days of my life.

A LANDSWOMAN.



Northampton

Wetherby, W. Riding, Yorks

A test was held at Wetherby, on February 28th, in ploughing, carting and milking. A great number of farmers assembled to watch the competitions, and some of them were so impressed with the efficiency of the Land Army that they applied on the spot for the next girls available.

Rally and Recruiting Meeting at Tunbridge Wells

Glorious weather, great crowds and a procession of some 200 land workers all contributed to make the Rally held at Tunbridge Wells on March 9th a great success.

The procession, consisting of West Kent and East Sussex land workers, assembled at the station and marched through the principal thoroughfares to the Town Hall, preceded by the band of the West Kents. Here a very successful recruiting meeting was held. The Mayor presided, and the crowded audience listened to a very interesting speech from Miss Talbot.

All the arrangements, including tea (and a hundred free seats at the cinema for the evening), were ably carried out by the President and the local District Representatives and Registrars of the West Kent Women's Agricultural Committee.

Ruddington

A land workers' rally was held at Ruddington on Tuesday, February 26th, at 7 p.m., and land workers from all the neighbouring villages were present to receive their well-earned armlets, badges, etc.

Major Peacock was in the chair and Mrs. Peacock distributed the armlets, etc., after which Mrs. Cartwright gave a short address on the urgency of the present crisis and need for extra female labour. After the vote of thanks there was a short concert of songs and recitations, including the land workers' song, "Good-bye, Madam Fashion," and ending with "God Save the King."

Cuckney

A violent snowstorm unfortunately interfered with the success of this land workers' rally, which was held on Thursday, February 28th, at 7 p.m., and the audience was smaller than expected, but what it lacked in size it made up for in enthusiasm.

Mr. Warner Turner, Chairman of the Men's Committee, presided and referred in appreciative tones to the good work done by the Women's Committee.

The Duchess of Portland distributed a large number of armlets, stripes, and certificates, and Mrs. Cartwright gave an address.

Mr. Galbraith, in proposing a vote of thanks, spoke of the good work that was now being done by women on the estate who, although not L.A.A.S., were whole-time workers, taking the place of men.

Norfolk

Badges and stripes were presented to the women working on Mr. Thistleton Smith's farm, on February 25th, by Mr. Alderman George Edwardes. Mr. Thistleton Smith was the pioneer of woman farm labour in Norfolk, and he expects between April and October that his woman staff will number nearly fifty. "They have given me no trouble," he says, "and in most cases their work has been followed by the most obvious benefit to their health and physique." One old lady of sixty-nine, who was reported to be working most satisfactorily, from the cheerfulness of her manner seemed to find the occupation thoroughly agreeable.

Rally and Recruiting Meeting at Rochester

The first of a series of Rallies and Recruiting Meetings for West Kent was held at Rochester on February 27th. Headed by the band of the West Kents, the procession, with banners, milk floats and wagons, threaded its way through the narrow streets of the old city. The ordinary traffic was brought to a standstill by the interested and enthusiastic crowds, and many of the onlookers poured into the Castle Hall to hear the speeches at the meeting, at which the Mayoress presided. As the result of excellent speeches some thirty recruits marched up to the platform and gave in their names as prospective members of the Land Army.

Monmouth

On January 19th there was a most interesting Rally at Newport, very well organised by the Monmouthshire Committee, under the chairmanship of Lady Mather Jackson, who is always foremost where hard and difficult work is needed. The Land Army girls, looking splendidly well, and headed by various ladies from their districts, including Miss Clay and Miss Paton, the Group Leader, assembled first in the Hall, kindly lent, and were given some food. They then formed up and marched through the town, led by a band of outriders on horses. The tractor didn't behave quite well and lagged, but it could not spoil the general effect. The meeting was packed. Lord Treowen spoke in most encouraging terms of the women's work on his own farm, and admired their pluck and energy. Mrs. Lyttelton, Deputy-Director of the Women's Branch, Board of Agriculture, addressed the girls, and adjured them to show the stuff British women were made of, and to respect their uniforms, and make them respected in return. She was very well received, as was also Lady Rhondda, but when Lady Mather Jackson got up to say a few words it was evident that the audience knew whom they wanted to hear and to cheer, by the ovation they gave her. Altogether Monmouthshire is very much alive, keen and full of fresh ideas. It was a most encouraging afternoon.

Worcester

The Rally at Worcester was a great success. The Landworkers, 100 strong, marched through the town, and attracted a great deal of attention. They were entertained to lunch at the Georges by Lady Deerhurst, and afterwards marched to the Guildhall, where the certificates won at the test meeting at Birmingham, and also Government badges and stripes, were presented.

Lady Deerhurst, Lord Coventry, Lady Georgina Vernon, Miss Severn Burrow, the Hon. Miss Pakington, Miss Peers, all addressed the girls, and their speeches were received with great enthusiasm.



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We have been favoured
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PERMIT for the Sale of
these high-leg boots for
ladies engaged on War Work.



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(waterproof) 11½ inches. **49/11**



Puttee Top, made
in Tan and also
in Black (water-
proof). **63/-**

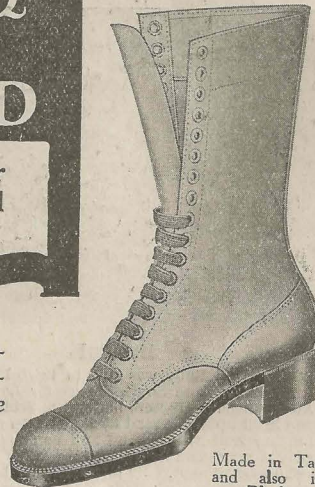
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Legging in
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Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.



Brighton

The Recruiting Rally at Brighton, which took place on the first day of the War Service Exhibition, held at 1308, Weston Road, Brighton, was a great success. A procession of the Land Army and the W.A.A.C.'s paraded the streets and attracted a great deal of attention.

The weather was glorious, and the land girls in their smocks and with their bright, cheerful faces were very much admired. The Countess of Chichester made a very persuasive appeal for recruits for the Land Army at the opening of the Exhibition. The badges and stripes were presented to the land workers, who afterwards sat down to a most enjoyable tea, provided by Lady Chichester.



Warrington

In spite of the terrible weather and cold, piercing wind the Test Meeting at Warrington was attended by some 2,000 people. During the luncheon interval speeches were delivered by Miss Talbot, the Countess of Derby, the Mayor of Warrington, and the Hon. J. E. Cross.

Miss Talbot assured all concerned in the success of the meeting that she would be able to give Mr. Prothero a gratifying account of the work that was being done in Lancashire, Cheshire and Westmorland.

There were no fewer than 250 entries for the 400 actual tests. Tests on the open fields embraced the duties of teamsmen, general labourers, motor tractor drivers, threshers and gardeners, and there were good entries in each class.

Certificates of proficiency were issued to those women who gained 80 per cent. or over in the branches of agriculture in which they were tested: a special certificate being awarded to those who gained 90 per cent.

Berkshire

An excellent gathering of land workers was held at Basildon on the evening of February 14th, some 20 N.S.V.'s being present, in addition to a number of village workers. Miss Pott was asked to present stripes and badges and give a short address, after which an entertainment was carried out by local ladies and members of committees.

One of the N.S.V.'s present, Gertrude Moore, had been trained by the Berkshire Committee early in 1915, and had, therefore, earned six stripes. Another worker, a village woman, had earned four, another five.

East Bridgford

A very successful land workers' rally was held at East Bridgford on Monday, February 25th, at 7 p.m. The Village Hall was well filled.

Mrs. Eaton, Chairwoman of the District, distributed badges, armlets, stripes, and certificates amidst great enthusiasm, and the proceedings were enlivened by delightful songs and recitations contributed by Mrs. Andrews, L.A.A.S.

Bingham

Badges, armlets, stripes, and certificates were distributed at a meeting of the Bingham Women's Institute on February 26th, at 7 p.m.

Sleaford

The Rally at Sleaford on February 27th was attended by forty Land Army girls and one hundred village women. Lady Ancaster made a splendid speech, and the girls were then addressed by Mrs. Lyttleton, who was given a very enthusiastic reception. Stripes and badges were distributed, and a delightful tea was served, which was enjoyed by everyone present.

Bristol

A very successful Rally was held in Bristol on February 7th, the North Somerset and South Gloucester Landworkers taking part. After refreshments were had at the Soldiers' Rest Bouffee, the women lined up in the road by the station and were marched to the Colston Hall with a band and banners. Here the Lord Mayor gave a very good address to the 2,000 Landworkers and farmers who were present. He regretted that he had to apologise for the absence of The Right Hon. Walter Long, who was unable to be present owing to a chill. Mr. F. Horne (Commissioner for the Board of Agriculture, Western District) followed with another splendid address, and Hon. Mrs. A. Lyttleton also addressed the meeting, and was enthusiastically cheered, her speech was even more popular than those of the Lord Mayor and Mr. Horne, the women feeling that Mrs. Lyttleton belonged to them. Stripes were then presented to the women by the President of the Somerset W.W.A.C., Lady Hylton.

About 400 North Somerset women took part, and 2,000 of the South Gloucester women were present.

Tring

A very happy meeting of Landwomen was held at Tring. Thirty-seven members received service stripes, two having earned six. All the others varied in numbers from four to one. Ten women received armlets. A very rational tea was provided, and there was a general inspection of land boots and skirts, and to finish up with those present drew prize numbers for some very delightful oil-socks, which the supervisor had had presented to her from the firm.

A most instructive and interesting test for Women Landworkers from the six North Wales Counties was held at Llewellyd Farm, Rhuddlan, Flintshire, on Thursday, February 7th.

Competitions were held in milking, horse and tractor ploughing, hedge trimming, thatching (particularly interesting in view of the fact that a very considerable amount will need to be done this ensuing year), wagoning, trenching, and pruning. The weather was propitious, and a splendid attendance was assured.

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Chocolate is a valuable food.

- 1...BECAUSE it is all food and there is no waste,
- 2...BECAUSE it is concentrated and can be carried in the pocket.
- 3...BECAUSE it is ready for instant use without any preparation.
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- 5...BECAUSE with a slice of bread it makes a complete meal.

Get the best, made under ideal conditions, with the delicious flavour.

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We take this opportunity to state that we are supplying our trade customers with as large a quantity of chocolate as the Government restrictions in raw materials permit, and express our regret for any inconvenience the public may experience in obtaining supplies.

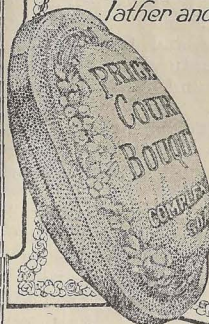
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The charm of Court Bouquet lies in the velvety nature of its lather and the naturalness of its perfume - Court Bouquet looks what it is - a Toilet Soap of refinement and absolute purity. It is made by -

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ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.

Boot-Mending at Home

By Lady Petre

(President of Essex County Federation of Women's Institutes.)

IN these days of shortage it is absolutely necessary for everyone to be self-supporting. This does not only mean that the allotment should be made yet more productive, and that small livestock should be kept in every backyard, but to be really self-supporting it is also necessary to study certain crafts which have hitherto been left almost entirely to the trade, and which, in reality, can easily be practised at home.

One of these crafts, and possibly the most important to the village community, is that of cobbling, and the "calling-up" of the village bootmaker has been a very severe loss to many a neighbourhood.

It is my object to show how easily women can acquire the art of cobbling, and in their spare time repair their own boots and those of their children. It should be as natural to do this at home as to darn stockings and mend the other garments worn by the family.

The work of boot-mending is by no means heavy—in fact, it is a trade that can very easily be plied by women, and it requires great neatness of fingers.

Soling, heeling and patching can easily be learnt in a few lessons. After having taken half a dozen the pupil should be able to manage her own repairs, though a good bit of practice will be needed before her work could be compared with that of a professional bootmaker. It is very difficult to find teachers of boot-mending at the present time, and where one is not obtainable much may be learnt from a book such as *Boot-making and Mending*, published by Messrs. Cassell & Co., price 1s. 3d. This little work has the advantage of being profusely illustrated. Boots in every stage of repair and disrepair are shown, besides pictures of the necessary tools, and how to use them.

Home boot-mending is one of the greatest economies a woman can practise. The price of leather, though much higher than at the outbreak of war, cannot be compared to the cost of having boots repaired at a shop. A piece of leather sufficient for three pair of soles and a pair of heels can be bought for 3s. 9d., whereas for doing this amount of work the bootmaker would charge 8s. 6d.

The outlay on tools should not be considerable. Those which are most needed by the beginner are as follows: A cobbler's knife, iron foot, shoemaker's hammer, nippers suitable for cutting the long nails in heel, rasp and file, glazing iron and a fore part iron. These will be sufficient for riveting and patching soles and repairing heels, and they can be bought for the sum of 5s. An awl will be needed in addition when the boots are to be handsewn. Besides the leather, few materials are required; the rivets should be of three lengths— $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch, cobbler's ink and heel ball are also needed; and for sewing, thread, bristles, and shoemaker's wax. It is well to mention that the preparing of a "wax-end" for sewing is no easy

matter, and should not be undertaken without a few lessons from an experienced boot mender.

It is impossible here to fully describe the work or to give any definite instructions as to how to proceed to resole or heel a shoe, but my intention in writing this article has been to point out to Women's Institute members and others how the difficulties of getting shoes mended may be satisfactorily and economically overcome, and how easily the work can be done at home in the winter evenings.



Scaynes Hill Women's Institute

LAST Autumn, some very interesting and successful boot-mending classes were held in connection with the Scaynes Hill W.I. About 17 members came to the classes, and were taught by Mr. Verrall to sole and heel boots, wax threads and many other tips in boot-mending. They also watched a demonstration in patching and toe-capping. Tools and materials were sold to members at cost price.

In consequence of these classes, boot-mending has been sanctioned by the East Sussex Education Committee, and it is now taught in Scayne Hill School, as a manual subject.

In less than two months, the children have soled 14 pairs of boots and shoes, and repaired 9 pairs. The head teacher, Mrs. Button, is on the Committee of the Scaynes Hill W.I.

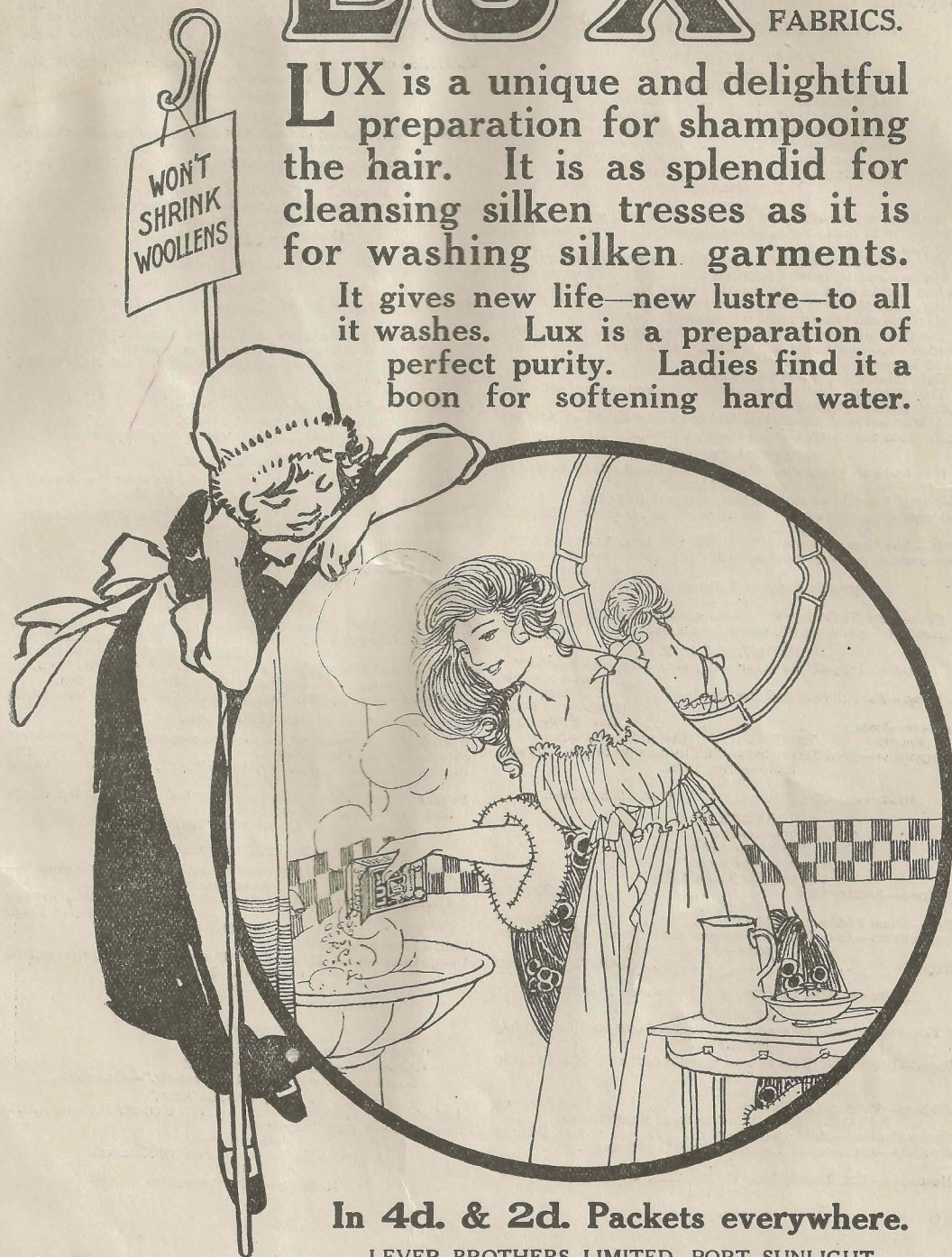


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LUX is a unique and delightful preparation for shampooing the hair. It is as splendid for cleansing silken tresses as it is for washing silken garments.

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In 4d. & 2d. Packets everywhere.

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The Prize Programme

We give this month a reproduction of the winning programme in Class I of the Women's Institutes Programme Competition.

SCAYNES HILL WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

PROGRAMME, 1918.

COMMITTEE:

Mrs. HUDDART	..	President.
Mrs. WILFRED WILLETT	..	Vice-President.
Mrs. GREENLAND	..	Hon. Treasurer.
Miss MARGESSON	..	Hon. Secretary.
Mrs. BONIFACE	..	Mrs. BUTTON.
Mrs. GANDER.	..	Mrs. AVERY.

Mrs. GRAHAM.

Meetings, unless otherwise stated, will be held on the Second Wednesday in each month, at the Reading Room, Scaynes Hill, at 3 p.m.

The Annual Membership Fee to Women's Institutes is 2s.

Women and Girls over fourteen are eligible. Those wishing to join should send in their names to any Member of the Committee. All Members' Fees should be renewed in July.

Members can bring a guest on payment of 4d.

The Committee are arranging for a Pig, Chicken, Rabbit, and Garden Club—on Co-operative lines. Also for a Branch of the Land Workers' Libraries.

Entertainments arranged at intervals.

The Women's Institute is working in connection with the Infant Welfare at Lindfield.

A War Savings' Association has been established at Scaynes Hill. Hon Secretary, Colonel Cooke, Colwell.

JANUARY 2ND.

"Who keeps no guard upon himself is slack and rots to nothing in the next great thaw."

Reports, Election of Committees, General Business.

Address—Spraying and Pruning Fruit .. Mr. GOARING, F.R.H.S. Trees.

Talk—The Uses of Goats' Milk .. Rev. ALFRED ATKINS

Demonstration—Vegetable Soup Making .. Mrs. NEWNHAM and Miss MILLAR

Vegetable Soups and Biscuits. (No Tea.)

Classes for Tinkering will begin on January 9th, at 2.30. Classes for Toymaking will be continued on January 11th, at 2.30.

FEBRUARY 19TH.

"If thou wilt thyself be borne with, bear also with another."

Address—Fuel Making and Fuel Saving .. Thomas & Kempis. .. Mrs. PEEL (Ministry of Food)

Lecture—Bees .. Rev. F. WILLETT

Report .. Roll Call. .. Favourite Quotations.

Competition—Best Dinner for a Child to take to School Prizes. Judge—Mrs. PEEL.

Hostesses—Mrs. Gander, Mrs. Symonds, Miss Hope.

MARCH 13TH.

*"To every man there openeth.
A High Way and a Low,
And every man decideth
The way his Soul shall go."*

Address—Poultry Club .. Mr. TARBET

Talk—Some Phases of Child Life .. Nurse HIPKINS

Competition—Best Child's Garment made from old Stockings Prize. Judge—Nurse HIPKINS.

Exhibits .. Children's Clothing

Hostesses—Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Newnham, Miss Millar.

APRIL 10TH.

"Yea, we may hope, for we are seeds dropped into earth for heavenly blossoming."

Paper—Garden Work for Second Quarter of the Year. MR. PULLING

Address—Patriotic Rabbit Club .. Miss POLLOCK

Demonstration—Haybox Cookery .. Mrs. BUTTON

Exhibits—Home-made Labour-saving Contrivances. Tea.

Hostesses—Mrs. Beard, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Walder, Mrs. Avar, Miss Dann.

MAY 8TH.

"If we could do our work in a lighter, less anxious spirit, it would weary us less. It is worry, not work, that wears."—Goulburn.

Lecture and Demonstration—Bottling and Drying Fruit and Vegetables (Lecturer from Food Production Department).

Report. Roll Call. Cleaning and Polishing Hints.

Exhibition of Soft Toys made by Members of the Scaynes Hill Women's Institute.

Co-operative Tea.

JUNE 12TH.

"Give us—oh, give us, the man that sings at his work."—Carlyle.

GARDEN MEETING AT CUDWELLS. Address—Co-operative Vegetable Depots MR. NUGENT HARRIS, A.O.S.

Report. Exhibition of War Trophies.

Competition (for School Children)—Best Arrangement of Wild Flowers. Prizes.

Guests—Wounded Soldiers.

Songs. Tea.

Hostess—Mrs. Huddart.

JULY 10TH.

"Time is, indeed, a sacred gift and each day is a little life." Sir John Lubbock.

GARDEN MEETING AT SCAYNES HILL HOUSE. Fruit, Vegetable, and Small Stock Show. Prizes.

Paper—Garden Work for Third Quarter of the Year MR. PULLING

Talk—Child Welfare. Report.

Competition—Home-made Bread. Prizes. Entertainment by School Children. Tea.

Hostesses—Miss Margesson, Miss Amy Margesson.

AUGUST 14TH.

"Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve."—Browning

GARDEN MEETING AT BEDLES HILL. Talk—Accidents and How to Meet Them Nurse SOWERBUTTS

Demonstration—Bandaging .. Report.

Demonstration—Upholstery. Pet Economies. Tea.

Roll Call. Hostess—Mrs. Wilfred Willett.

SEPTEMBER 11TH.

"True glory lies in the silent conquest of ourselves."—Thompson.

Address—Our Food .. Mrs. ANDERSON (National Food Economy League)

Paper—Local History .. Colonel W. WILLETT

Report. Exchange of Seedlings. Tea.

Hostesses—Mrs. Rydon, Mrs. Cuthbert Clarke, Mrs. Greenland.

OCTOBER 9TH.

"No day is commonplace if we had only eyes to see its splendour."

Paper—Storing Vegetables .. MR. PULLING

Address—Peasant Embroideries and Toys .. Miss JOAN DREW

Report. Roll Call. Recipes.

Fruit and Vegetable Show, including Bottled and Dried Fruits and Vegetables. Prizes.

Co-operative Tea.

NOVEMBER 13TH.

"What I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think."—Emerson.

Address—What to do with Left Overs .. Miss TAYLOR (Ministry of Food)

Report.

Talk—Wool Substitutes.

Competition—Best Home-Made Christmas Gift. Price not to exceed 1s. Prizes.

Tea. Hostesses—

DECEMBER 11TH.

*"But once I pass this way,
So while I may, with all my might
I will essay sweet comfort and delight."*—Oxenham.

PARTY, BEDLES HILL. Address .. MR. NUGENT HARRIS, A.O.S.

Exhibition—Village Industries. Entertainment.

Guests—Husbands and Sons of Members. Tea.

Hostesses—The Committee.



**Laugh at the rain in an ALL-BRITISH SPORTSMAN'S COAT—
FOR THE LANDWOMAN.**

35/- Carriage Paid to your door.

This is the supreme coat for outdoor men and women. It is a coat that is **rainproof** in nature as well as in name. It defies torrential downpours and is impenetrable under all conditions—keeps you snug and dry when wind and rain are raging. At its price (or even for much more) it is an outstanding bargain, and we sell it on simple and straightforward terms. To our regular customers we will send this coat free

ON APPROVAL FOR 4 DAYS

To new customers we send it on approval if, in token of good faith, banker's name and address are given. On the other hand, if you send cash with order we refund your money in full, if you are not fully satisfied and return the coat to us in same condition as received within seven days. You risk nothing, and we guarantee to satisfy you.

READ THIS SPECIFICATION.

The texture of the "All-British" Sportsman's Coat is a heavy double stout twill, precisely as that used, after the keenest tests, by His Majesty's Government, in trench warfare. The proofing is thorough throughout and of super-quality, and we warrant it not only torrential rainproof, but capable of withstanding all climatic effects. It is full cut, skirt and cuffs are lined with insulated leatherette, and all seams are sewn and taped throughout. We guarantee its wearing qualities and durability under the severest conditions.

NOTE THE SIZES:

LADIES'.					GENTS'.					
Sizes	1	2	3	4	Sizes	1	2	3	4	5
Bust	34	36	38	40	Chest	36	38	40	42	44
Length	46	48	50	52	Length	44	46	48	50	52

Other sizes for Gents can be supplied in a few days.

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The Ladies' FIELD BOOT

Still with High Uppers!

High uppers are not banned for the ladies who are helping Britain on the land. The Director of Raw Materials has given Ernest Draper and Co., Ltd., a special permit to continue to manufacture and sell this Ladies' Land Boot, with its high cut leg.

This is a boot of distinct merits, originally designed for farmers' wives and daughters. It has withstood the most severe tests in the hardest weather, and is generally recognised as the "bad weather" hard wear boot par excellence. Its price is the lowest possible, and it is guaranteed to give you full satisfaction or your money is refunded without demur.

Single Sample Boot sent on Free Approval for Four days.

**CARRIAGE
PAID TO
YOUR DOOR.
20/-**



SPECIFICATION.

Stock No. 1236.

The uppers are of a magnificent quality of hide—smooth, stout, and exceedingly pliable. Its durability is extraordinary, and the stitching and workmanship throughout are of equally high grade. The "leg" is high cut as illustrated, there is a watertight bellows tongue reaching above lace holes, leather lined quarter, carefully machine-stitched and well reinforced—enabling it to resist heavy strain. "Field cut" pattern, with adjustable straps as illustrated. The soles and heels are of extra stout solid leather of the very best quality, nailed flush with steel slugs, which enormously increases the "life" of the sole.

Stocked in all usual Ladies' sizes, full fitting only.

20/- Carriage Paid.

Illustrated Catalogue Free on receipt of a post card.

ERNEST DRAPER & CO., LTD.

(Dept. L-W) "All-British" Works, Northampton.

Life on a Hay Bailer

By Gladys Wiles

"WHEN a woman wears the breeches she has a good right to them." So runs an old proverb. Ceres, the Goddess of Agriculture, of sweet flowers, fruitfulness, and all earth-born things, must have proved this saying to be true, for whole armies of breeched women are now serving her right well. Our struggling Empire, in its ever-increasing need, is calling forth every resource available, and with patriotic promptness women have responded to the call. Amongst numerous other things they have donned the garb of man and become porters, coalheavers, van drivers, and last but not least, hay bailers.

These plucky hay bailers, who have left comfortable situations for the strenuous life in the open, you may come across in any countryside. Listen! Behind the notes of the bird and the leaf rustling breezes you may hear the persistent panting of the bailer; follow the sound and you will come upon a little gang of men and girls working on a stack. At first their figures seem hardly distinguishable from the hay, the khaki men and the girls' chaff-dusted overalls are toned to the golden green of the stack, of which they seem to be a living part. It is good to watch the strong free movement of the girls, silhouetted against the sky, as, perched high upon the stack, they toss the hay into the mouth of the hungry engine. How different from the cramped positions of floor-scrubbing or dish-washing. Bravely they work, singing in the sunshine or setting their teeth in stormy weather, but always tirelessly "doing their bit," taking the rough with the smooth and filling their hearts with spacious countenance.

In spite of war and misery, life is a great thing for the girls out there on the bailer, and the difficulties to be faced are not the finicky worries of civilian life, but good gritty troubles that you can put your teeth into. A battle with wind and rain is better than a scolding mistress; a comfortable "now-I've-earned-my-rest" sort of tiredness is better than the stuffy "end-of-day" feeling in an office; the confinement of walls is replaced by the unending sky; instead of the irksome click of the typewriter and the uneasy rumble of traffic, cock-crowings and pig-gruntings fill the ear.

The women hay-bailers belong to the Forage Committee and are now under the Army. Jolly proud they are of it, too, as they stand in their uniform, green hats, white overalls, green corduroy breeches and heels clicked smartly at attention. They work with the men in gangs of eight: three Tommies and five girls; 7.30 a.m. sees these workers "with shining morning face" faithfully at their posts keen with determination, not only to get more work done than any other gang or to gain the bonus given if their output is above the fixed weight, but to help the boys at the Front, because each bail that is finished means food for a horse that carries provisions for the Tommies in the trenches. It is this thought that gives the girls such a purposeful look and fills them with restless energy.

At midday the bailers have an hour's rest. Hot and dusty they throw down their tools and repair to a caravan for dinner. If the day be cold the girls pack inside as tight as sardines, laughing and jesting as they eat their rations, consuming quantities of meat and bread such as we Londoners only dream of in our more delicious moments.

The superintendent of each district is responsible for engaging the billets, about which there is little difficulty. The cottagers are only too glad to do what they can for "the lassies" if only for the sake of their boys at the front. So at the end of the day there is generally an old dame with a smiley welcome and a good dinner of meat and vegetables. Although the abode is small, for the time being it is a real home, marked with the intimate records of a mother's life.

The evenings are generally spent indoors reading, the girls are too tired to want much diversion. Sometimes, however, if the landlady is very hearty and understands young people, she will invite the Tommies in for a game of whist and a gossip round the fire; or else, maybe, the girls will be invited to the vicarage for an evening and amused with books, music or games.

After a few months of life on a bailer, travelling from village to village and living in the open, the post office clerk, the domestic servant, the typist, are very different girls. Pale cheeks have turned to a healthy glow, their figures are sturdy and plump, and their eyes bright and keen. Not only have the girls altered physically but their mental outlook is different.

The girls are now part of the Army, with responsibility and tradition to uphold, as well as the good name of their own special gang. For the first time these girls are working with men as comrades and equals. It is not tinsel and jewellery that will attract the man now, but energy and stability that will awaken his admiration. These robust qualities will be better expressed on a Sunday morning by spotless white overalls and shining boots and gaiters than by cheap feathers and flimsy blouses. The glow of comradeship and *esprit de corps* will be found a surer basis for friendship than the giggles of flirtation.

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