

# The LANDSWOMAN

JULY : 1918  
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D. LLOYD GEORGE.

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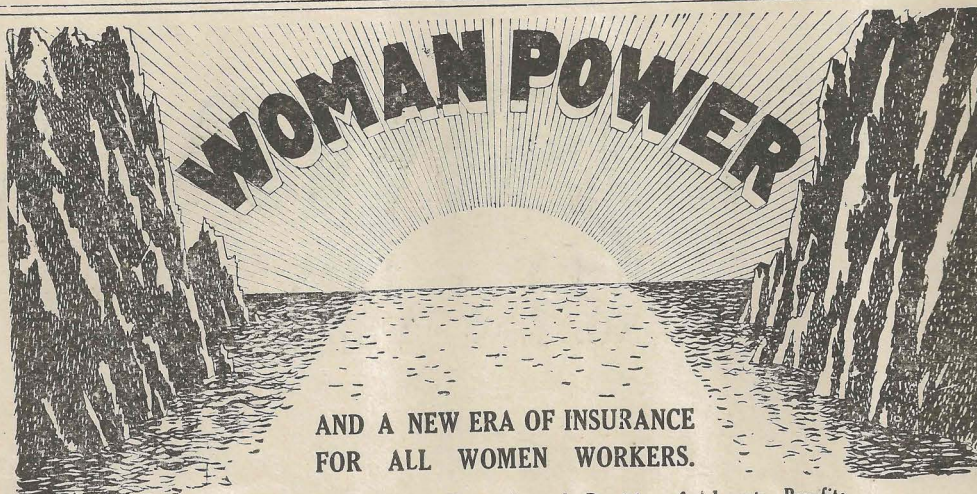
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sel butter, chese, mylke, egges, chekyns, capons, hennes, pygges,  
gese and all manner of cornes."





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But with it all, in her self-sacrificing efforts and her consideration for others, she has ignored the risks to her own health in respect of accident and sickness and the losses and dangers arising therefrom. She has failed to grasp the meaning of what the consequences of a serious illness or accident would be to her—of what the loss of salary—the cost of medical attendance, of maintenance during convalescence, of maintenance during convalescence would mean to her in

while well and sound how near accident or sickness she may be, nor how an assured income to cover all costs of medical attendance and nursing in the event of a serious illness would materially assist her in recovering health and strength. In short, while having every consideration for others, she neglects to ensure provision for herself.

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# THE LANDSWOMAN

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

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

Advertising Offices: W. H. Smith & Son, 55 Fetter Lane, E.C.

## The Prime Minister's Appeal to Women

10 Downing Street, Whitehall, S.W.1.  
June, 1918.

The fields are ripening for the sickle; the toil of the winter and the spring is earning its reward. This is no ordinary harvest; in it is centred the hope and the faith of our soldiers that their own heroic struggle will not be in vain.

In the days before the war the whole world was our granary. Now, not only are thousands of men fighting instead of tilling our own fields, but the German submarines are trying to starve us by sinking the ships which used to carry to our shores the abundant harvests of other lands.

Women have already served the Allies by their splendid work upon the farms, but the Army in France has asked for still more men from the land to come and help their brothers in the desperate battle for Freedom. These men must go; women will be first to say it. But the harvest is in danger for want of the work these very men would have done.

Once again, therefore, as often before, I appeal to women to come forward and help. They have never failed their country yet; they will not fail her at this grave hour. There is not a moment to lose.

Every woman who has the great gifts of youth and strength, if not already devoting these to essential work for her country, should resolve to do so to-day. If she lives in a village let her go out and work in the fields from her home. If she can give her whole time, let her join the ranks of the Land Army. From the nearest Employment Exchange she can learn all about the conditions of service.

I have watched with deep interest and admiration the splendid work already done. Never have British women and girls shown more capacity or more pluck. And just as the soldiers have asked for thousands more men to come and help them to win the war, so do these brave women in the villages and in the Land Army call to other women to come and help them save the harvest.

I know this appeal will be heard. Ask the women who have already shown the way what they feel; they will declare that work in the fair fields of our green Island is a privilege as well as a duty.

D. LLOYD GEORGE.

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## Land Lass in Wonderland

IF one of our land lasses got magicked back hundreds of years into the Middle Ages, she would expect to find clothes different, travelling different, doctoring different, but she might think that *her* work would be pretty much the same. After all it is the same earth, and they are the same cattle!

Let us suppose she is going to work on Sir William de Bec's estate. She begins to talk about the minimum wage, but that is double dutch to the bailiff in his cape and hood, gay tunic, and trunk hose. She soon learns that her pay would be a small holding of generous size, and that she must share the hay and acorns it produces with the Lord of the Manor, and work on his own demesne by way of rent.

She would have to go ploughing with a wooden plough drawn by six or eight oxen, because the iron shoes necessary for horses were too dear. The reaping would look strange to her, for the corn was cut off close under the ear, and the long stubble cut later for thatching, or litter, or ploughed in for manure; this, and the folding of sheep on the fallows, was almost all that was done in that way, and probably she would rejoice in less muck-spreading! Of course, she would be prepared for the flail. She would have to wander right down the ages searching vainly for a threshing machine until about 1749 she would hear tell of a machine "moved by a great water wheel and triddles," and another "by a little wheel of three feet in diameter, moved by a small quantity of water." As for the crops, they would be chiefly rye and oats, and perhaps peas and vetches. If she spoke of turnips or potatoes, the village dames, with long, trailing gowns, and swathed heads, who came threshing, winnowing or hoeing corn, would shake their heads and talk of evil spells and madness. Roots and salads were not known in Britain till the end of Henry VIII's reign. Queen Catherine sent special messengers to Holland for a salad when she wanted one. Potatoes have only been naturalised British subjects since Queen Elizabeth's day. Their ancestors came over from America in the hold of a little wooden ship, along with gold and jewels stolen from the Spaniards; with feathers, beads, native weapons, and a new weed called tobacco, that Captain Sir Walter Raleigh had bartered from the Indians. Old Donaldson, the first Scots writer on agriculture, recommends potatoes to "husbandmen and others that have numerous families." His instructions for the planting may entertain modern market gardeners:—

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Staff Officer (inspecting scratch collection of G.S. men). "AH, MY MAN—RIBBON, EH? DON'T SEEM TO REMEMBER THE COLOURS. WHAT CAMPAIGN IS THAT?"

G.S. Man (proudly). "FIRST PRIZE, PLOUGHIN' MATCH AT YEOVIL, ZUR."

NOW, Prothero,  
*Why* bother so  
 At being undermanned?  
 Here's Eve come out of Paradise  
 To lend a helping hand.  
 She's Adam's better half—and so  
 There's little that *she* doesn't know.  
 You asked for Woman—Prot-her-o,  
 And now that you have got her, go  
 Give her this row!  
 It's hers to hoe!  
 She'll undertake the Land.

M.C.

"I sing the gallant soldier-girl, the soldier-girl I sing! Her hair is bravely out of curl like little bits of string; and in her breeches stout and strong, and boldly unconcealed, she faces danger all day long in England's *cattle-field*!"

"For every soldier-girl a rousing cheer! For every soldier-girl a loud hooray! For blear-eyed bulls no longer she has fear, as in the namby-pamby pre-war day! She pats the pretty cows and strokes the sows, and joins the little piggies in their play. There is nothing she's afraid of, for the proper stuff she's made of, is the soldier of the Doubleyou-Ell-Ay!"

From *The Sketch*.



## Pretty Maid

KATHARINE GUNNER was one of those nice women who peep into p'rams, stroke stray cats, and scatter the crumbs of a sandwich lunch to the sparrows of the park. When she felt that the quarrels and tyrannies of the office and the fight for 'buses day after day were no longer bearable, she wrote "Work with Animals" firmly opposite question 14a of the Land Army Enrolment Form. It was a great adventure, and as she came out of the Labour Exchange she wondered if George felt like that when he came out of the Recruiting Office in 1914. George used to work in the office, too, and they would go down to Kew of a Sunday, and discuss the furnishing of the home they were saving up for; it wasn't so bad before George was sent to the East.

Mr. Brooks, of Ferry Farm, was prepared to give the first land lass in Little Witcham a fair chance, but he did not expect her to replace the stockman who had left the pastures for Hill 60. "She can lend a hand with the poultry and the pigs, and manage the dairy very like," he said. "The cows must look to me and Jim, dang his impudence." Jim thrashed the milk pony, hustled the cows, and whistled on a gate when he should have been mucking out pig-sties; but Jim was between school-age and military age, which is a very strong position to be in nowadays.

"Afraid of cows, Miss?" Brooks asked her, smiling tolerantly, as she showed her round the farm, and they reached the dark cow-stable with its lazy munching noises.

"I got over that at my training," said Katharine, without adding that they were darlings, and so quietly that Brooks was impressed. He led her off then and there to the dusty room where the sacks of meal, and the corn-bins and measures were, and instructed her in the feeding of his cattle. The day came when he said at the "Anchor" that "Women was better with cattle than men. They was quieter with the cows, and more perticklerer at their cleaning. When his lass went on what she called her leave the whole lot had gone poor. Now she was back again they shone like so many chestnuts, in spite of the food the dealers palmed off on you nowadays."

As for Katharine, "I don't know when I've been so happy," she said to herself over and over in the cool bright sunshine of the early morning, as her step in the yard woke a chorus of lowing, squealing, whinnying, clucking and flapping. Wherever she went bright eyes were bent on her, and friendly hairy faces turned to touch her. "They depend on me for everything," she would say to herself, and scrub away at her cleaning or puff away at her grooming all the harder.

But her greatest happiness was with the young things who staggered about on legs much too stiff and tall for them, got lost half a yard from their mothers and didn't know what was good to eat. She loved them all, including the black satin pigs, but especially she loved what she called her first calf, who went by the name of "Pretty Maid," and was the ugliest heifer in the county. She was mottled like a mouldy cheese, and her off hind leg had been trodden on when she was quite little, with the result that her hock turned out akimbo every time she put that foot down. Her nose had an undeniably pink shade, too. Katharine sat up all night to nurse Pretty Maid through her childish ailments, overfed her, and groomed her for all she was worth; but Brooks said she would never come to any good. Later, when Pretty Maid reached school age and went to play with the other calves, she had a rough time. As they stood swishing their tails under the oaks, I believe they called her Plain Jane and Dot-and-carry-one; and the great strong things certainly shouldered her away from the manger. But Katharine saw this with indignant, motherly eye; she stood by Pretty Jane and stroked her while she fed, keeping off the others with a switch that never hurt a fly.

The months passed, and there came a dreadful day when Brooks spoke of the market. Katharine spent a dismal week reflecting that no decent farmer would buy such a weakling, and Pretty Maid's purchaser would probably be some poor man who would half-starve her, and perhaps twist her tail and shout at her when the slow cripple stopped to nibble ragwort instead of hurrying through the gate. One morning she woke with a feeling of gloom. "Something nasty happens to-day," she said, as she splashed the drowsiness out of her rosy face with cold water, and then she remembered, "Market!"

Heavy-hearted she watched Brooks and Jim's successor set off with ash staves behind the ambling calves. There was a little wet spot on Pretty Maid's rough neck: dew, I suppose. All day Katharine waited for the evening, and she was at the gate when three of the eight emigrants turned the corner of the lane. There was Pretty Maid's mouldy-looking coat! Her heart bounded, and she was pink with pleasure for the rest of the evening; Brooks put her radiance down to the stockman's pride in the good prices the others had fetched.

A little longer the three weedy ones grazed among the buttercups and sorrel, then they made a second journey to East Grinstead. Katharine felt that it was no good hoping for Pretty Maid's escape again; yet return she did, with a very cross Brooks behind her, grumbling at what she had cost him in food, and talking darkly of the butcher. Katharine suggested a calf for Pretty Maid: how her gentle pet would love her little one, how she would look from Katharine to the bundle of soft hair in the straw, how she would show off to the other cows in the meadow! Pretty Maid was meant to be a mother. Brooks, however, scouted the idea of having such stock on his place, he got contemptuous, and loud, and finally he stumped off declaring that he was going to get it settled with Bones now.

Katharine stood still for a few miserable moments, with a feeling of tragedy. She could not think clearly, but she apprehended one thing: in a little while a bargain would be struck which would seal Pretty Maid's fate for ever, and she could do nothing to protect her weakling. It was in this mood that she fell to a terrible temptation. You must remember her state of mind before you judge her too hardly.

Brooks heard her hobnails clumping after him on the baked cart track, and turned to see what could have come to his quiet lass. She caught her toe in a rut and stumbled up against him, panting, "I want to buy Pretty Maid. You can stop her board out of my wages." Brooks declared to his wife that it was the only silly thing his lass had done so far, but he had no objection.

Yet it was a miserable Katharine who crossed the misty Autumn fields each morning, and saw her very own, safe, Pretty Maid running to meet her and lick her hands with nutmeg-grater tongue. For there was a load on Katharine's conscience, which had been a particularly easy one since she had stolen sugar from the nursery cupboard. She no longer set off to the post office each Saturday with a letter that she looked at twenty times before she finally parted with it to the box. Her trousseaux sewing lay undisturbed when she came home of an evening. As she worked she was composing long speeches of contrition, renouncement and promises of reparation. Mrs. Brooks told her that she needed a tonic, and Brooks, who was terrified lest she was nursing thoughts of bettering herself, raised her wages, but she continued to work without "Annie Laurie" or the "Swanee River."

She was at the chaff-cutter one morning, composing that heroic letter for the hundredth time, when she heard a clatter and a shout behind her, and turning saw a great, brown, different George rushing headlong into the barn. At first she cried his name and ran to meet him, and then turning pale, she got behind her machine.

"Wait," she said tragically, "I must tell you. . ."

George stopped dead, and grew very stern about the mouth and very stiff all over. It was worse than running into an ambush of Turks, to come back and find the girl he had been waiting for in the desert, and hurrying to all day across England, dreaming of her welcome and her joy, to find her, at last, as other men had found their women, unfaithful. That is certainly what George expected, though he never said a word.

Katharine spoke very low, looking over his shoulder at the blue cheerful sky without. "I have done you a wrong," she said; "I will repay you one day, but I don't expect to be forgiven. I don't ask you to try. I release you, George. I—I took the nest egg to buy a heifer with."

Three-quarters of the nest-eggs were George's savings, and when he saw the brass lamp, the fumed-oak sideboard and Axminster rug thus suddenly snatched from him, he might have been expected to do anything but shout with relieved laughter. Then Katharine saw his left sleeve, and cried, "Your arm!"

"I've bought myself out with it," said George. "I've come home to settle down."

At this point the old hen, who was having a dust bath near by, and who afterwards told me all about it, got tired of listening, so I cannot tell how the conversation ended. But a blackbird in the thorn by the stile heard a little more that evening. She says George said he had been in a desert for three years, and he couldn't have spent his pay if he had wanted to. He had saved thrice the sum of the nest-egg. Moreover, as he smoked his pipe among the flies at sundown, he had longed for the English countryside, fresh green rustic England to rest his sand-weary eyes.

"I've fought for her," he said. "And now I mean to have a corner of her for my own. We could be very happy with my pension, a small-holding, a few head of poultry, a couple of sows, a skep of bees, and . . ."

"A cow!" said Katharine.

J. B.



## My Hens

JUST a year ago, when I first started keeping hens, I determined to give them a good start in their career of usefulness by naming them after some notable characters so that at least they should not be handicapped by a name such as Lazy Jane or Traipsing Julia.

After much debating I decided on Sunshine Jane, Mrs. Wiggs, Aunt Chloe, Persevering Martha, Simple Susan and Deborah.

Now the question is, have they lived up to the high standard thus set before them? On the whole I think yes, with exceptions.

Sunshine Jane—nice, fat, motherly old thing—is a perpetual beam of sunshine, now rejoicing in a healthy brood of nine chickens. She has fully justified my choice of a name, and her bonny gold plumage catches every gleam of sunshine and her perpetual good nature is an example to all and sundry, be they hens or humans. Mrs. Wiggs comes next. Oh, Wiggssy, how could you fail so miserably when you were blessed with the name of the cheeriest soul we have met in present-day fiction? Perhaps the ideal was too high. I think you meant well at first, for you did lay fairly well up to August, and then you entered upon your downward career with a vengeance; nothing pleased you, you stood on one leg all day long and grumbled at everything, snatched all the best food, picked holes in your neighbours and looked the picture of discontent. I left you alone till Christmas, when the others began to lay, and hoped you would retrieve your character—but no, not a ghost of an egg, and you waxed fatter and fatter till one day in March you heard a rumour that fat hens ought to be killed.

That roused you to momentary activity and on Easter Day, with a magnificent effort, you achieved an egg.

Now, I thought, she has earned her reprieve and having started, she surely will go on.

No such thing. Wiggssy, having soothed her conscience or, rather, her apprehensions, relapsed once more into a state of food hoggishness and laziness. Patiently I waited, and once again I had hopes when she, wily bird, sought to soften my heart by presenting me with an egg on my birthday. I appreciated your tact, Wiggssy; but why, oh why, did you not persevere and justify your existence and the amount of food you consumed? Well, this is war time and I could not possibly afford to keep a hen that only laid on special occasions, so one fine morning Wiggssy trundled off to market to provide a good dinner for someone (in exchange for so many coupons), for she was fat as butter, and thus atoned in some measure for her useless career.

Aunt Chloe, poor dear, must have suffered some acute sorrow in the past, she was always wrapped in deep gloom and gazed with a suspicious eye even at those who fed her. She made great friends



Land Girls in Training.

with Persevering Martha and imbued her also with suspicion, and no amount of food and coaxing availed to persuade them that I really wished them no harm.

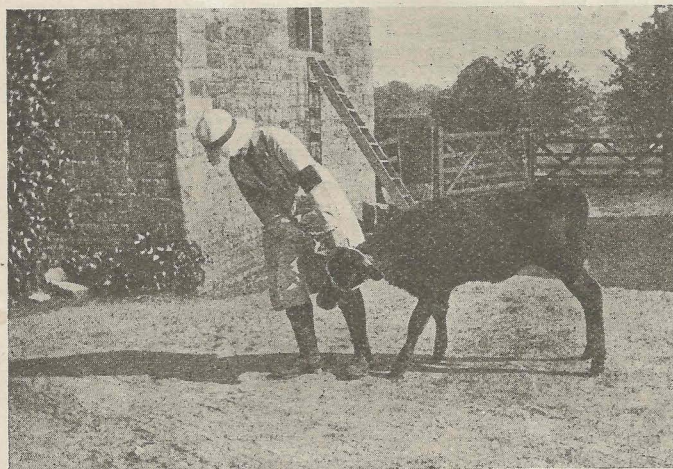
Aunt Chloe came to a sad end: her comb became quite yellow with sorrow, and she moped and brooded and refused her food and finally died, I believe, of a broken heart.

Persevering Martha, her boon companion, still maintains a distrustful attitude, but she does her duty by me in her persevering way, and has kept up quite a good laying record. At present she is disgusted with life in general, as she persevered and sat on nine enormous white eggs for a month, when they turned out to be ducklings. This was startling, but still she persevered and did her best with them, but unfortunately they all sickened and died, and poor Martha is more suspicious than ever and very jealous of Sunshine Jane, who is so obtrusively happy with her chicks.

Simple Susan is a simple soul who lays her eggs, as in duty bound, suspects no one, and so is perfectly happy and quite willing to make friends with everyone.

Deborah is really the pick of the bunch, as regards laying. She is a splendid worker and ought to be a "Dame," but she considers children are only encumbrances and interfere seriously with the main object in life—namely, EGGS!!

WOULD-BE LANDSWOMAN.



At Burghley Park.

## Plough Horses

HERE, where to-day you strain and sweat

To turn the dark and sombre soil,  
The cornfields' mellow gold shall glow—  
The looked-for guerdon of your toil.

Here, where to-day a silence reigns  
The lark shall build her hidden nest,  
And, soaring in the unclouded nest,  
At heaven's gate make her behest  
In notes so thrilling, sweet, and clear  
The angels surely pause to hear!

And when the harvest days are come,  
And hearts are filled with kindly thought,  
The gleaming scythe shall garner in  
The golden miracle you wrought.  
And lo! from out your toil and strain  
The farmer reaps the ripened grain.

W.N.L.S. CORPS.



## Cleanliness in the Dairy

MILK is perhaps at once the most nourishing and the most delicate of all foods; nourishing because it contains all the constituents necessary to support life, and delicate because it gradually changes from the moment it leaves the udder of the cow. These changes are produced by germ lives, that produce effects on the milk according to their different kinds. For instance, a lactic bacterium gives out a substance which acts on the sugar in milk, and makes it acid; this acid acts on the casein contained in milk, and forms curd. The unpleasant flavours so often found in butter, milk, or cheese are usually due to one of these various germs. Cleanliness in handling the milk is the main way of keeping these microbes under control.

Except the first milk drawn from the teat, milk as it exists in the udder of a healthy cow may be considered to be practically free from germ life. With proper precautions perfectly pure milk may be drawn, but in ordinary practice it is more or less exposed to contamination by these microbes, and this is the reason that souring and other changes take place.

If the very best milk for keeping purposes is required, the milk which is first drawn should not be mixed with the rest, as it always contains harmful germs. Milk from cows which are obviously unhealthy should never be used for human consumption, but may be given to poultry, calves, or pigs after boiling. Pure, clean, raw milk from healthy cows may be considered much better for general consumption than milk which has been pasteurized or sterilized, especially when drunk while still warm.

The germ lives which find their way into milk belong to the smallest form of plant life. They find milk a very suitable food, and multiply in it quickly, especially when the milk stands for a time in a warm place after being drawn from the cow.

### SOURCES OF BACTERIAL CONTAMINATION.

The chief sources of contamination of milk are dirt and dust on the cow, the milker, the air, the water supply, the hay, and the dairy utensils. The cow herself is one of the most fruitful sources, not that she secretes milk containing germs, but because these germs exist on the hair which covers her body, and many of them during milking are in some way carried into the milk. A cow kept in a dirty, badly-kept or ill-ventilated byre is rarely clean; her exterior, especially about the udder and hind-quarters, becomes more or less covered with dust and dirt, on which germs multiply, consequently increasing the number of organisms which fall into the milker's pail. The milker's hands and clothes, which in many cases are none too clean, are also fruitful, and at times dangerous, sources of infection.

Figures 1-6 illustrate the very material differences which exist between dirty and cleanly cows, pails, and byres. The plate cultures derived from the impure sources contain many more "colonies" of organisms than those derived from the cleanly sources.

### CLEANLINESS IN THE MANAGEMENT AND HOUSING OF COWS.

Efficient ventilation is, perhaps, the first essential to a good cow-shed or byre. A properly ventilated cow-shed is one in which fresh air is constantly supplied without causing a draught. The walls, beams, and rafters should be regularly swept down and frequently lime-washed; above all, cobwebs and dust should never be allowed to accumulate. During the winter, when she passes most of her time in the shed, the cow should be brushed down each day after milking. Where this is done the bacterial contamination of the milk is sensibly decreased, but cleaning and brushing should neither take place when milking is actually in progress nor immediately before.

The hair on the udders and hind-quarters of the cows might usefully be clipped in autumn when first taken into the stalls at night, or as they calve. Clipping the udders has been practised on one farm for thirty years, while the hind-quarters have also been clipped for several years, and the plan has been found a great aid to cleanliness. When a power clipper is used it is not so tedious a matter as may be supposed. In the case referred to about 200 cows are dealt with in this way.

It is not desirable to confine the cows entirely in the sheds during the winter; they should be given at least an hour in the open each day, for few things are equal as disinfectants to daylight and exercise.

Cows should on no account be allowed to consume hay or dusty fodder during the time milking is in progress, as both contain countless organisms.

Too much attention cannot be given to the drinking water. It is to be regretted that in many cases the cows have access only to a stagnant pond, into which they must wade before sufficient depth is attained to enable them to drink. When drinking, cows are apt to void excreta, with results that may be imagined should such material fall into the water, as it too often does. Such a state of affairs should be remedied at once, and ponds should be fenced in, the water being drawn by a hand pump into a drinking

trough outside the fence. The ideal watering-place is a running stream of pure water so protected that cows cannot wade into it, or a trough through which such water passes. Where no such stream exists every endeavour should be made to approach the ideal as nearly as possible, and if it is necessary for the cattle to drink water that is more or less stagnant, matters should be so arranged that they can obtain what they require without being able to stand in the water.

It is best not to milk cows while they are dripping with rain water. This is probably a frequent source of bacterial contamination.

Dairy farmers, and especially those engaged in cheesemaking, should be most careful not to allow poultry in and about the cow-sheds, or to have access to hay and straw used as food for the cattle. Droppings of poultry are a little recognised but frequent source of contamination. They teem with bacteria injurious to milk, and are often responsible for excessive fermentation or "sponginess" in cheese curd.

### CLEANLINESS IN MILKING.

If the best is to be made of the milk after it has been drawn, it is necessary to observe the strictest cleanliness in everything to do with the milking.

In order to prevent contamination of the milk everything should be at rest within the byre at milking time, that is to say, there should be no shaking of bedding or feeding of the cows. The whole place should be clean and sweet and quiet.

As soon as the milk of each cow has been drawn, it should be taken outside the cow-shed and passed through a strainer, consisting of muslin resting on a fine wire gauze, and then removed to the dairy as quickly as possible. The use of thick heavy cloths for straining purposes is to be condemned, as they are liable to be very imperfectly cleansed. Numerous cases of "fishy" flavour and rapid souring in milk have been traced to the use of such cloths. Straining should take place before cooling, which should be done as soon as possible after milking, and invariably in a pure atmosphere. It is advisable to rinse the cooler with boiling water and then with pure cold water immediately before the milk is passed over it. The milk should be cooled to 50° F. It is a great mistake to allow milk to stand about in the cow-shed, as is often done, for this only serves to contaminate it further.

Experiments with two of the best modern milking machines showed that they were a source of great contamination, owing both to the difficulty in cleaning them and to the sucking in of air and dust when the cups fall off.

### IMPORTANCE OF CLEANLINESS.

(1) *In Dairy Utensils.*—Vessels used for the reception of milk should be absolutely unabsorbent, otherwise it is impossible to clean them thoroughly. If, for example, warm milk is put into a dry wooden vessel, the heat of the milk causes the air in the wood to expand, and so drives out a portion of it; and afterwards, as the milk and the vessel cool down, milk is sucked into the wood to replace the air previously expelled. When milk has once entered into wood it is a most difficult matter to remove all traces of it, the result being that the portion which almost invariably remains acts as a food for germ life. To obviate this, wooden milk vessels, if used at all, should always be thoroughly saturated before being used to receive milk, by first placing them in hot, and afterwards in cold, water.

In the majority of dairy utensils tin is the surface with which the milk comes in contact. Such utensils are excellent, provided that all joints are properly made and that all parts are readily accessible for cleaning; all should be cleaned immediately after use, and on no account should milk be allowed to dry upon them. The cleansing may be best accomplished by first washing them in cold or slightly warm water, afterwards using hot water and a stiff brush, which is much better than a cloth. The utensils should finally be rinsed in boiling water. If steam is available, and the vessels can be put over a steam jet, so much the better. The hotter the final rinsing or steaming, the greater the likelihood of all forms of germ life being killed. After cleansing, milk vessels should be left in an airy position with the mouth or opening turned downwards, but in such a manner that the air has unrestricted access. Parts which are not easily accessible should be washed with lime water occasionally.

(2) *To the Milk Seller.*—To both wholesale and retail milk sellers all forms of germ life are objectionable, for if they wish to retain their customers it is necessary to produce milk which not only meets the requirements of the standard of quality, but retains its freshness as long as possible. The dairy or shop should be pure and clean, and well ventilated, but protected from dust, etc., while water employed for any purpose should be quite pure. The keeping quality of milk is mainly determined by two factors: (1) the amount of germ life contained in it: (2) the temperature



at which it is kept. The latter factor is, in reality, only a part of the first, since the rapidity of the multiplication of germ life is dependent on temperature. For this reason milk to be sold as fresh milk, or milk which has to travel any distance, should invariably be run over a cooler in order to lower its temperature, and should be kept at a temperature not exceeding 50° F., ice being used if necessary.

In the retail trade all stale milk, or milk left unsold, should be kept quite apart from fresh or warm milk. All milk to be sold should be kept well stirred and the vessels kept covered. If the trade is in *warm fresh milk*, then especial care is necessary in its production and management.

During hot or dusty weather floors and their surroundings should be sprinkled with clean cold water.

(3.) *In Butter and Cheese making.*—It is not going too far to say that cleanliness is absolutely essential to the successful making of first-class butter and cheese. In butter-making pasteurization of milk is possible, but for the cheese-maker it is not practicable. For cheese-making, therefore, especial care is necessary in the production and handling of the milk. Unlike the milk-seller, to whom all forms of bacterial life are objectionable, the maker of dairy produce has to depend on certain forms of germ life to perform vital functions in the processes by which milk is transformed into butter or cheese. In cheese-making, milk may be compared to a field free from weeds, the cheese-maker sowing in the milk those cultures of the ferments or bacteria which he wishes to grow, and which produce the desired flavour. Butter-makers often nullify all previous efforts to avoid contamination by washing butter in the churn with impure water, or by packing butter in bad paper or in unsuitable packages. Yet experience teaches that wherever uncleanness exists there also will be found a large number of germs which, by their action, are almost certain to prevent the successful manufacture of dairy produce. Indeed, it not infrequently happens that, owing to the uncleanly management of the cows, uncleanly milking, or uncleanly utensils, the possibility of making the finest butter or cheese has been destroyed before the milk has even reached the dairy.

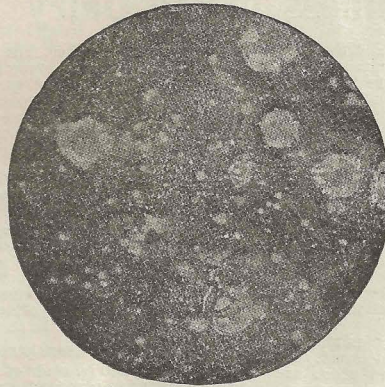


Fig. 1.—Photograph of a gelatine plate exposed for one minute in a badly ventilated cow-shed.

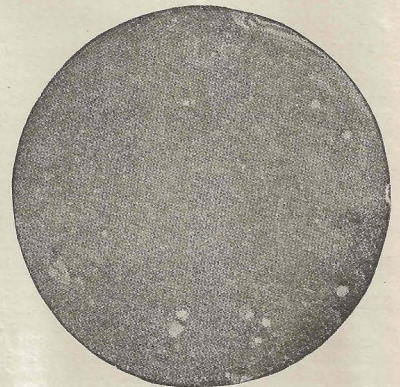


Fig. 2.—Photograph of a gelatine plate exposed for one minute in a well-ventilated cow-shed.

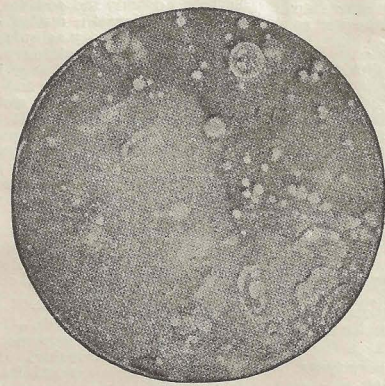


Fig. 3.—Gelatine plate exposed for one minute during milking under a dirty cow.

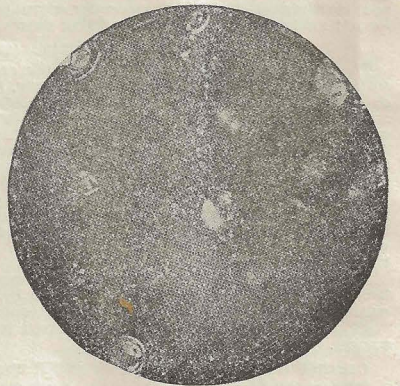


Fig. 4.—Gelatine plate exposed for one minute during milking under a clean cow.



Fig. 5.—Plate culture made from milk drawn into a dirty pail.

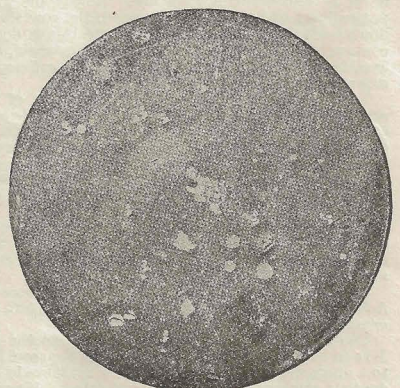


Fig. 6.—Plate culture made from the same quantity of milk drawn into a clean pail.



## A War-Time Field

OH, newly-ploughed field, with your silvery sheen,  
Gone is your pretty gay dress all of green;  
There the buttercups shone and the daisies once grew,  
And light skimming swallows against your breast  
flew.

More plough land, more food for my need, England  
cried,  
Then your gay peace-time dresses you folded aside;  
And you gave yourself up to your work for the  
sheaves,  
Like a busy young housewife that rolls up her  
sleeves.

Oh, the plough it has seared all your beautiful face,  
And the drills with the grain have now taken its  
place;  
The war-workers shoulder their tools and depart  
Till the green of the Springtime shall dress you so  
smart.

It is Autumn once more, and I stand once again  
To look on the waves of the yellowing grain;  
The lasses will come, and their tools they will bring  
To reap and to rake, while they whistle and sing.

And Old England thanks you, you true little field,  
For all the good food for our sons that you yield;  
How hard you have striven must go all unguessed,  
We only can say you have given your best.

C. T. & J. B.

## What I Long to do After the War

June 21st, 1918.

May I, my dear Dragonet, call you my sister,  
for we have dreamt the same dream? You long  
to go to France or Flanders after the war, I  
long to do the same for the same purpose. And  
do not say that this part of  
your dream *might* come true:  
say that it *will* come true. As you  
know perhaps, I am here to recruit  
Frenchwomen to come and help you  
English land girls to cover your  
hospitable England with, I hope, the  
richest crop God has ever granted  
you—the crop of Victory, as later,  
after Victory, you will come and  
help us Frenchwomen to cover our  
own beloved, scarred “patrie” with  
a new crop—the crop of Peace and  
of eternal friendship between England  
and France.

Let me thank you in the name of  
the Frenchwomen who have already  
come to join the ranks of the  
Women's Land Army for your  
generous impulse, so beautifully ex-  
pressed. Our ideal is the same,  
and your words prove once more  
the truth of the old motto that  
“A cœur vaillant rien d'impossible.”

JEANNE VÉRON.

## The Gardener's Evening Prayer

1.  
ACCEPT, O Lord, as done for Thee  
The labour of this day;  
For Thee we've hoed and dug and sown  
And taken weeds away.  
We haven't shirked the dirty jobs,  
Nor done our work for show,  
Such never could be offered Thee,  
Nor blessed by Thee, we know.

2.  
We've tried to draw the drills quite straight  
And make the hedges neat;  
That which has been done well at all  
We lay, Lord, at Thy feet.  
If we have scamped or hurried through  
An uncongenial task,  
Or wasted time—for this, dear Lord,  
We Thy forgiveness ask.

3.  
These hands, grown sunburnt, rough and scarred  
With service—may they be  
Still, in Thy sight, fit to receive  
Thy holiest things from Thee.  
As in a sacrament mine touched  
The things of earth; indeed,  
An outward sign of life unseen  
Is flower and fruit and seed.

4.  
We've seen Thee, too, all day at work,  
And felt Thee very nigh,  
For near us stand Thy changeless hills,  
Above, Thy glorious sky.  
Thy blessing grant on all our work,  
Pardon for work ill-done,  
And rest this night for weary limbs,  
Fresh strength with rising sun.



A Farmer teaches his Land Girls Sheep Shearing



## THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS\*

By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE

### CHAPTER VII. (continued).

AT this point Bobby tripped over the threshold on his face, and threw a big hop-toad at his mother's feet.

"Bobby!" she cried, "are you hurt?"

"No, no," he said, scrambling up. "Tatch my hopper; tatch him."

Richard made for the toad, laughing, and the toad made for shelter. Bobby jumped up and down and shrieked with joy as his father pursued in vain.

"Head him off over there, Nan!" called Richard, and Anne rushed to bar the way into the dining-room, while her husband and son beat under the furniture, trying to flush the game.

"I don't like him jumping towards me," Anne protested.

"Coward! Bobby carried him in in his hands," Richard taunted.

"I tatched him under the porch—I tatched him!"

A lunge from Richard, a hop from the toad, and a shriek from Anne brought Mrs. O'Brien to the door. They all explained at once, and she went for a broom, laughing to herself.

Just then a big red setter bounded into the room, grasped the situation at once, apparently, and joined in the chase. At a step on the porch they all turned. Cecilia Carné stood in the door.

"Did my dog come in here? Why, what's the matter?"

"My little son brought a toad in here, and we're trying to get it out on the porch."

The girl laughed and eyed them all frankly.

"Omar, take him, take the toad," she ordered.

Omar did as he was told in short order, and dashed off with the poor thing dangling from his mouth.

"Put my hopper down! Tell him to put him down!" Bobby ordered Cecilia.

"Drop him, Omar," she called, and the toad limped away, Bobby in full pursuit again.

"Are you the Barretts?" asked Cecilia bluntly.

"Yes. Will you come in? Are you a neighbour?"

"I live in the woods. My name is Cecilia Carné."

"Of course! How stupid of me! If I hadn't been so excited over that horrid toad I'd have known you at once."

"How?"

"Saxton Graves, the architect over at the big house, and a great friend of ours, told us about you."

"Oh!"

"Were you out here last summer? We were at Hillcrest several months, and I'm sure I should have remembered you."

"I came late in September."

"You must have found it lonely wintering out here."

"I am never lonely."

"I hope we shall be good friends. There are so few people about that we ought to be neighbourly."

"When is Judge Carteret coming out?" said Cecilia, ignoring Mrs. Barrett's friendly lead.

"Next week, I hope. You know the Judge?"

"Only by name."

"You'll like him, I'm sure. Everybody does, he is so genial and charming and kind."

"I never like anyone that everyone recommends. Besides, I don't approve of Judge Carteret or his views. I'm a socialist."

"Indeed?" said Anne, in a horrified way. Was this a bomb-throwing young person, such as one read of in the newspapers? That was the only thing socialism meant to Anne.

"Good dog you have there," Richard commented, as Omar bounded up.

"Yes. He's the most sensible person I know. Where are you going to put your kitchen garden?"

"Kitchen garden? Why—I—we—where are we going to have it, Richard?"

"I don't know anything about gardens. Why?" he asked.

"Because I've picked out the place for it. Come out, and I'll show you."

Perforce they followed their strange guest out to the back of the house. Quite a bit east of the Lodge there was a cleared space, where the sun had a good chance at the earth.

"You see this little roll in the ground will help to water it, because the rain will drain down, and the sun gets at it. It is far enough away from the house, so you can fence it in."

"What would you advise us to raise?" asked Anne.

"Peas, tomatoes, onions, lettuce. You can raise all you'll need for the table."

"How splendid that would be, Richard, and what a saving!"

"Humph! Not if you don't know anything about it."

"Ever tried gardening?"

"No; we had two gardeners at the big house. We are not planning to have any at this little place," Richard answered.

"I should hope not. You ought to get things out at once. It's lucky for you that the season is backward."

"Bobby has a book on gardening that his grandmother gave him. We'll read it," said Anne.

"You needn't; it won't do you a bit of good. You just have to learn by trying. It's the most fascinating thing in the world to make a garden. I'll drop in now and then and give you some help."

"That's very kind," said Richard.

"No; it's self-indulgence. It's like building an open fire—nobody can do it as well as you can yourself. Same way with a garden. Do you know how to build a fence?" she asked Anne.

"Me? A fence? Why, no!"

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"I'll come over and show you. You just need a little one to keep the dogs out. We can build it while your husband is in town some day."

"All right. We can get the carpenter to help us."

"Carpenter? What for?"

Anne subsided in disgrace, and they walked back to the house. At the door they invited Cecilia again to come in, but she refused. As they stood on the porch, the girl's eye fell on something in the room that attracted her eye. Without a word of apology she walked past Anne, into the room, and up to a picture on the far wall—a study of a forest fire.

"Where did you get that?" she asked.

"I picked it up at a little shop in town. I just love it," Anne answered. "You see, I have it hung opposite the fireplace, and you've no idea what a striking effect there is when the firelight falls on it."

"Too striking, I tell her," Richard interposed. "It makes me choke with wood smoke to look at it."

"It is a tragic, thrilling picture to me," Anne said; "like the immolation of a splendid band of martyrs."

"It is good," was Cecilia's only comment. She went to the door and turned, Omar beside her.

"Perhaps we shall like each other," she said, nodded a good-bye, and tramped off without another word.

"What a strange creature!" said Anne. "Beautiful, too, in a way."

"Can't see it. Sort of dippy, I thought. You can see she knows all about gardening, though; so we'll cultivate her till I get things started, and you get the fence built," he laughed.

"Wasn't it queer the way she marched over to look at this picture?"

Anne went over and stood before the painted forest speculatively. She stood on tiptoe and scanned it closely, just as a streak of sunlight fell across the corner of the canvas. She gave a startled exclamation and turned to her husband.

"Richard," she said excitedly, "she did it!"

"Who did what?"

"That girl—Cecilia Carné—that's the signature, as plain as day. I never could make it out before. Why, she's a genius!"

She sat down in a heap opposite Richard.

"Maybe. She's also a socialist, a gardener, a dog-fancier. Queer combination!"

"Nothing so interesting has happened to us for a long time. Think of finding a real genius out here in the woods!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE JUDGE ENTERTAINS.

"TIRED, Bobolink?" Anne inquired of her small son as he trudged along beside her through the woods.

"Kind of."

"Well, suppose we try pickaback."

Bobby got on her shoulders, and they went on slowly, until presently they came upon Cecilia squatted in her favourite position, painting.

"Good afternoon, Miss Carné."

Cecilia looked up, nodded, and went on painting.

"May I look over your shoulder?" asked Anne, and exclaimed with pleasure. Cecilia just worked on.

"I have wanted to see you so much, to tell you how happy I am to find that you did my forest picture. I never could make out the signature until that day you came in, and after you left us it flashed across me like a message."

"I'm glad you have it," said Cecilia.

"Let me down, mudder."

"No, we'll go on, dearie. We're going to try to decorate the house a little for the Judge. He's coming out to-night to take his first dinner at Hillcrest. Bobby and I have ravaged the woods, but it's a bit early yet for out-of-door things. I had some flowers sent from town, so we shall rely on them for the most part."

Cecilia put in the last stroke and began to pack up her traps.

"If you are through, come along and help us. It is a good chance to look over the house. We think Mr. Graves has done splendidly with it."

Cecilia considered a moment and then rose.

"All right! I'll come," she said.

"I don't want her to do to do Judge's house," complained Bobby.

"Why, Bobolink, that isn't polite," his mother reproved him. "Why don't you want her to come and fix flowers for the Judge's house?"

"She don't like Bobby."

Cecilia looked at him gravely.

"He's right. I don't understand children, and they embarrass me."

"Maybe you haven't known any intimately. I never did until we came out here to live. Bobby and I are just getting acquainted, aren't we, boy?"

"We play, don't we, mudder?"

"We do," she laughed.

They started along, Cecilia shouldering her traps, and Bobby perched on his mother's back. Anne and Bobby chattered away, but Cecilia was silent. Anne almost regretted asking her to come.

On reaching the big house they began their work of decoration at once. They collected all sorts and sizes of vases on the library table as a beginning. A keen observer might almost have read the temperaments of the two women in the vases they arranged. Anne chose the tall slender vases and the more delicate flowers, two or three pale roses in a bed of asparagus fern, or wood flowers in a tiny bowl.

Cecilia chose all the vases of unusual shape—squat low pottery bowls, copper and brass jugs from India—and she filled them with flowers in barbaric combinations of colour. Together on the table they almost made Anne shudder, and Bobby said, "Dose are ugly!"

But with the unerring instinct of an artist she placed each bowl and vase where it became the one needed spot of colour.

"Let me do all the things for this room, and you do the ones for the dining-room, will you?" she asked Anne. "I like this room—it belongs to me—it's home."

Anne wondered at her, but she and Bobby obligingly carried her things to the next room and left Cecilia in possession.

She had crawled up on the library ladder to try the effect of her arrangement, when there came the puff of an automobile on the drive, voices in the entrance hall, and they were in upon her before she



could escape—Richard, Barrett, Saxton Graves, and a tall distinguished man, whom she knew to be Judge Carteret. She did not stir, but sat aloft on the ladder and surveyed them all in unembarrassed silence. Saxton Graves saw her first.

"Upon my word!" he cried. "The presiding genius of the place superintending!"

They all looked at her in astonishment.

"I came to help Mrs. Barrett arrange the flowers," she said simply.

"Judge Carteret, may I present you to The Girl Who Lives in the Woods? Girl—Judge Carteret."

Judge Carteret smiled his rare sweet smile, and advanced to the foot of the ladder.

"I am glad to find you here; it is a good omen."

She looked directly back at him and smiled.

"I thank you, Judge Carteret."

Mrs. Barrett and Bobby came down from upstairs, and there were greetings, congratulations, and much fun. The Judge looked about appreciatively.

"It is lovely, friends, and I can never tell you how much I appreciate this thought of me. Why, it is a real home-coming to a lonely man. Come, let us go over the house together, so we may uphold each other in our criticisms of Graves's work. Then you must all stay and have dinner with me. We will have an informal house-warming. I should have invited you all long ago, but I am so unsure of my time these days."

"We have to go home with Bobby, thank you," said Richard formally.

"Nonsense, run over to the Lodge with him, and come back. We'll make dinner suit your convenience. Mrs. Barrett, present me properly to my other guest. This Graves boy performed some fantastic ceremony which he called an introduction."

"Miss Carné, this is the Judge. Miss Cecilia Carné—Judge Carteret."

"Miss Carné, will you descend to our humble plane and look over my house?"

He held his hand to help her, and she touched it lightly as she sprang down. They began the tour, all but Richard, and he moodily insisted upon going home with Bobby. He was unable to overcome his dislike of the Judge.

Anne and the Judge led the way into the dining-room, and then on through the house, Cecilia and Saxton Graves following.

"This is the greatest luck," he said to her.

"What is?"

"Finding you here to-night. You never came back to see how we were getting on, did you?"

"Yes, frequently."

"When?"

"Days you were not here."

Saxton groaned.

"You didn't like my glad young smile and the light of my laughing eyes?"

She paid absolutely no attention to this sally, but crossed to look at the view from the Judge's study window.

"What do you think of it, Miss Carné?" the Judge asked, joining her.

"I think it is wonderful. I don't believe anyone could do mean, petty things who lived with that clean, open sweep of sky and water."

"And the Lord was upon the land and upon the

face of the waters," said the Judge softly in his resonant voice. "I like that thought, Miss Carné, and each morning I shall look out and cleanse myself, and each night I shall purge me of the day's sins."

Cecilia made no reply, and they entered the library, where Anne and Saxton had preceded them.

Richard came to the door and beckoned Anne.

When the Barretts had disappeared Saxton said to Cecilia, "I'm sorry you think I'm too silly and trivial to notice."

"What difference does it make what I think?"

"It makes a good deal to me."

"I fail to see why it should."

"Because I want your good opinion."

"I don't like young men. I can't talk to them. They are full of themselves, their interests, their amusements, their love affairs—and I'm not interested."

"You think we're all conceited prigs?"

"All I've met are."

"I shall prove to you that there are exceptions."

"What's the use? We shall not see each other again in all probability."

"Don't you make that mistake; I intend to see a great deal of you."

She turned upon him angrily. "No, you will not! No one shall see a great deal of me. I came out here because I want to be alone. People nag me like gnats. I want to work with the big silences all about me. I don't want you with your jokes and your epigrams and your pert cynicisms. I want the big things that grow in solitude."

Saxton stood speechless while her words lashed him. The girl went to the door and would have run away had not the Judge barred her exit.

"I want to go home—don't ask me to stay," she said, her eyes shining.

"That shall be as you like, Miss Carné," he answered gravely.

"I have no place here—no business beginning things with all of you—I'll get caught again."

"Caught?"

"In the web of little activities, hateful little human interests and passions."

"Hateful little human interests and passions," the Judge repeated slowly. "I sometimes wonder if Divinity isn't made of such stuff as human interests and passions."

"No, no!" cried Cecilia passionately. "Divinity is Beauty, and Beauty sits apart, in the highest heavens, above all human reach. It is only through a withdrawal from men that we can truly worship her."

"My child, Divinity is Love, and it is only through service—my hand upon the next man's shoulder—that we can truly worship."

A look of fear came over the girl's face.

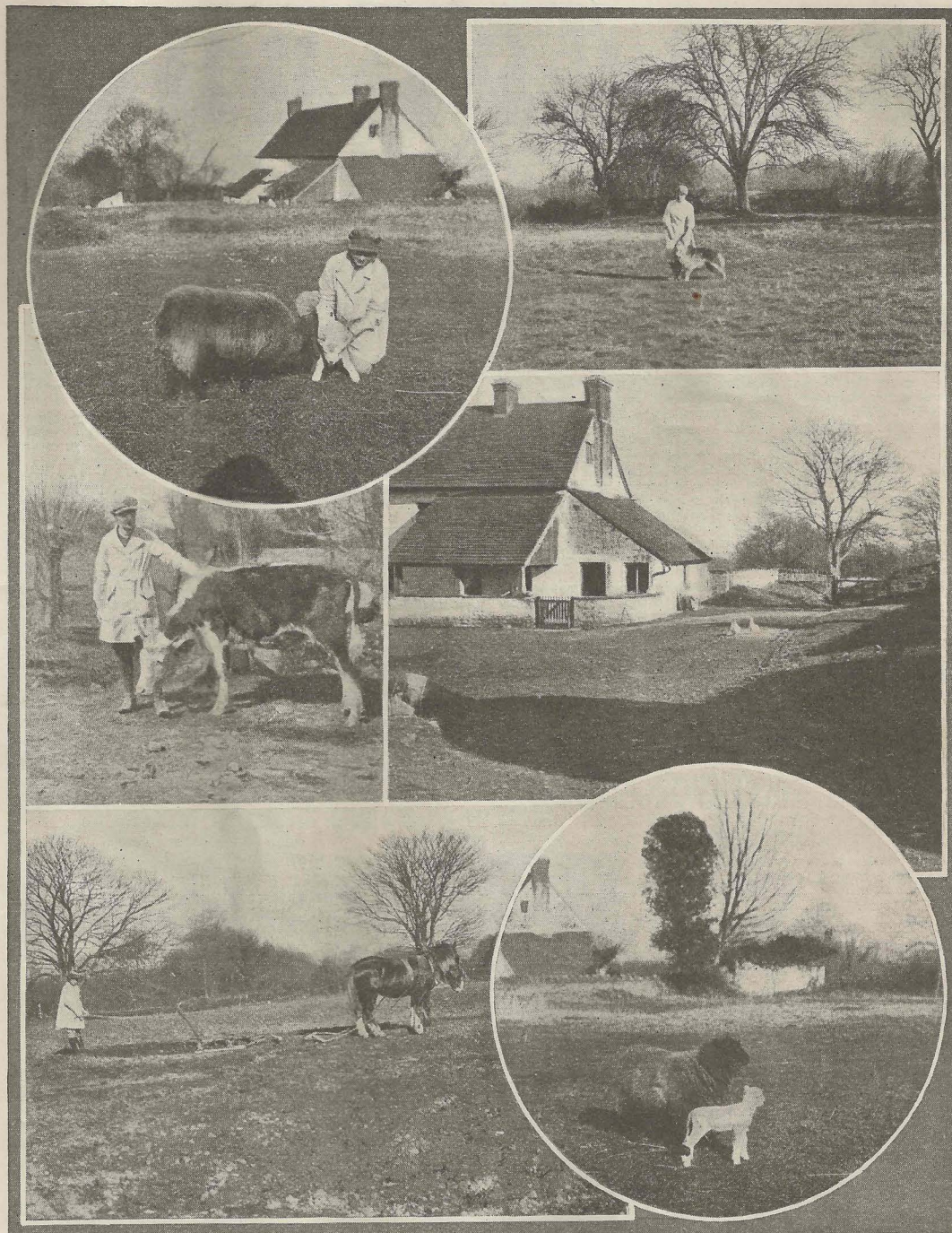
"I must go," she said, and ran past him and away. The Judge looked after her, puzzled, and then he turned to Graves. The younger man's face was white and stern.

"Did our eccentric young friend open fire on you, Saxton?"

"Yes, Judge, she did, and I think I'm mortally wounded."

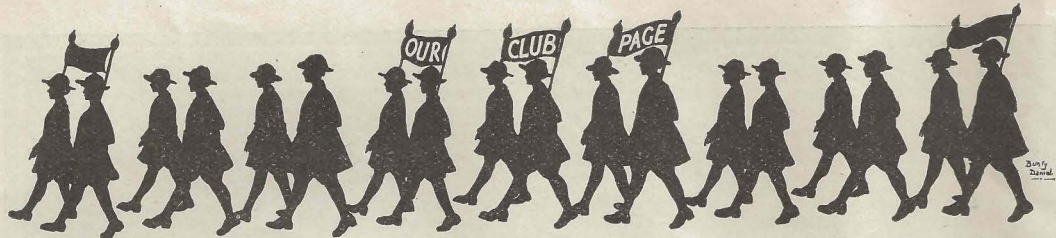
(To be continued)





Views on Lord Treowen's Pwllrhwyaid Farm, Llanover, Mon.  
Staffed entirely by Women.





July 12th, 1918.

DEAR GIRLS.—I want, first of all, to tell you about the Procession of Homage of Women War Workers which took place on Saturday, June 29th. Three thousand women, engaged in many different kinds of work, marched to Buckingham Palace to present an address to the King and Queen on the occasion of their silver wedding.

Four hundred land workers took part in this procession. Two hundred and sixty of the Agricultural Section of the Land Army; fifty forage and fifty timber cutters and forty members of the National Land Service Corps. V.A.D.'s led the way, then came the Women's Legion, the W.A.A.C.'s, W.R.E.N.'s, Land Army, munition girls, postwomen, 'bus girls, tram girls, railway girls, Metropolitan Asylums Board nurses, women police, and ever so many others.

It was an imposing procession, and it is an occasion which is not likely to occur again in the lifetime of any one of us. We should like to have had representatives of the Land Army from every county in England and Wales, but it is a busy season for the farmer, and it was impossible to ask him to spare his land girls for more than one day. So Miss Talbot had to confine the invitation, to the girls in those counties where the train service made it possible for them to come and go in the same day. They came from eighteen different counties, and some of them had to leave home very early indeed in order to get to Headquarters at 11 o'clock, where the Land Army section assembled.

At 11.30 we marched off to lunch at the Y.M.C.A. Headquarters in Tottenham Court Road, and then to Hyde Park, where we were due to arrive at 1.30. Here we found all the other sections drawn up in companies, receiving their final instructions from the N.C.O.'s of the Scots Guards. The Land Army formed up in the space allotted to No. 5 section, and tried to look as though it had been drilled for weeks especially for this occasion, as most of the other services really had been. Finally, the band struck up, and we all began to file off in companies and march out of the Park. At the gate General Sir Francis Lloyd took the salute, and the Land Army girls—not to be outdone by the W.A.A.C.'s and W.R.E.N.'s—responded to the order "Eyes Right!" just as smartly as the others. Dense crowds cheered us all the way to the Palace—"Here come the Land Army girls!" "Good old land girls!"—till we found ourselves inside the quadrangle. Miss Durham, Chief Inspector of the Ministry of Labour, read the address; the King replied; a representative of each corps was presented to their Majesties: the band struck up "Land of Hope and Glory," and we all marched past the dais and out of the gate, through cheering crowds, back into the Park, where we were ever so glad to sit down on the grass and rest.

After tea the Land Army had a great recruiting meeting in the Park. Miss Talbot, Mrs. Lyttelton, Miss Barker (of Woolwich Arsenal) and all the recruiting officers spoke, and the result was 84 recruits!

We were all very tired at the end of the day, but very proud indeed that we had taken part in a unique ceremony. The girls who marched in our section had seen at least a year's service in the Land Army, and it was a great disappointment to us that it was not possible for those splendid Land Army girls of ours in the more distant counties, to share in this great opportunity of showing our loyalty to our King and Queen.

CLUBS.—The clubs are all flourishing. I have been ever so busy at the July sales buying nighties, camisoles, etc., for lots of girls who are far away from shops, and I am very touched and delighted with the way in which you

girls trust me so implicitly with all your worldly wealth, and are prepared to leave the choice of everything entirely to me, even when the bill comes to £4 10s. I have done my very best in this case, and sincerely hope that C. M. will be pleased with the result. The choice was rather limited, because she absolutely insisted that there should be no lace frills to tear, and yet she wanted them all to be extra pretty. If they are not exactly what she wants, I hope she will send them back and we will try again.

Paper patterns, chin straps, plays, books, tennis racquets, balls, watches, and innumerable other things have been sent.

Happy, cheerful letters keep on pouring in, and I cannot resist quoting just a few of them for the benefit of those who are feeling down in the dumps.

"Isn't the country just lovely now? I am so very happy. I sing and whistle all the day long; no one could do otherwise if they were in the Land Army, everything has such an interest."

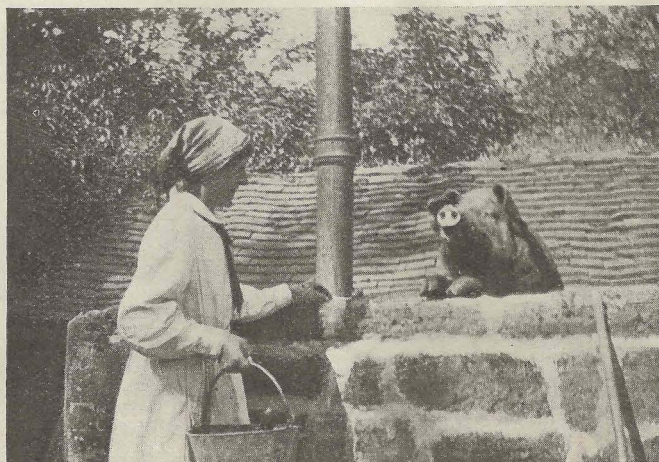
"It's wonderful what a fascination farm work has. How one grouses at it when one is doing it; and I've heard my pal say she'll never look at a plough again after the war. But when she was away for three months she was absolutely crazy to get back, and she wrote and told me that her greatest desire was to do her 'acre a day' again, and glory in cleaning out the stables and making the horses beautiful in the afternoon."

"I enjoy the glorious open-air life, the peace and beauty of the country: away from the toil and dust of the City. To look around and see, not the dirty grey walls of houses closing in upon you, but the green, brown and yellow fields, the rippling streamlets. Doesn't it make your heart thrill to think that your hands helped to plant that grain and to make that hay?"

"If only more girls would 'come to the wild,' how many happier hearts there would be, how many bonnier girls would return to their parents after the war. To everyone who comes Nature bids you welcome: she will reveal to you her wondrous beauty, which has hitherto perhaps been hidden by the dull, grey pavements, the shop, the dusty office of some great city. Every land lassie, too, bids you welcome, bids you share with her the joys of farm life."

"I send out my copy of THE LANDSWOMAN to my son, who is on active service in Egypt. I thought perhaps the enclosed extract from his letter might be of interest to many readers:

"I was much interested in the copy of THE LANDSWOMAN for March which you sent me.



Ruth Feeding Polly.



"The photo of the march through Birmingham was very interesting because only a few days previously I had seen the same scene on 'the pictures' out here.

"It was called 'How Warwick Appealed to the Women of England to Join the Land Army!' and was sandwiched in between 'American Preparations for War' and 'Scenes in Alsace Lorraine,' so you can see the importance attached to it as one of the world's events.

"The women here do most of the work on the land; in fact, often they are the beasts of burden, and three or four of them are hitched to ploughs, which they pull. It is no uncommon sight to see the women trudging along with big bundles on their heads while the men ride contentedly on a donkey."

**COMPETITIONS.**—Is it that you girls find village life perfect, or that your suggestions for waking up the village seem to you too revolutionary? Because there have not been nearly so many entries as usual for the competition set in the May number. "What can be done to wake up our village?" We print two only of those sent in, and it is evident that we shall have to tackle this subject again later on, when we are not so afraid of putting our ideas into words.

I am not surprised nowadays at any literary ability, however rare, shown by the workers of the Land Army, but I really have been impressed during this last month by one or two drawings which have come into my hands, done by girls who have never had any training in this subject, and very little or no practice. They are evidently born artists, which is, I think, a rarer thing than a born writer. I am, therefore, going to give them a chance, and offer three prizes for the three best drawings on any subject. If the response to this competition is what I expect, the October number ought to be profusely illustrated!

I hope that all you girls—who are perhaps enjoying the delights of an open-air life for the first time in your lives—remember to go about the country with your eyes open, and to cultivate the habit of observing the wonderful doings of Nature. I am going to offer three prizes for the three best descriptions of some of these doings of Nature, which you have observed in the course of your work or your rambles.

Such things as a spider making or mending its web; a bird feeding its young; a beautiful sunset; ants at work; bees

gathering honey; or even such everyday operations as an old hen teaching her chicks to pick up, or breaking the grain in her own beak before she will allow her babies to touch it.

We used to have a cat—who lived a more or less wild life on our farm, for, though she was very great friends with us all, she scorned our offers in the way of food, and existed almost entirely on mice and birds. One day we found her in an out-of-the-way corner of the farm yard, with her very fine family of kittens all arranged in a row in front of her. She was teaching them how to attack a rat. She had caught a tiny baby rabbit, killed it, and propped it up in the corner of the barn, and each kitten in turn was being taught the art of attack and defence.

Some of you—if not all of you—must have noticed many such happenings. Describe them in your own words—not more than 500—and send in the results to the Editor, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, before the end of August.

**RECRUITING.**—Every one of you within the last few weeks has received a delightful letter from Miss Talbot, the Director of the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture, congratulating you on your work, and asking you to find two more recruits for the Land Army. I hope that this appeal is going to have the most tremendous results. By the time you read this number over 10,000 new members of the Land Army will have joined our happy family, and will be working for England in this most delightful of all occupations. I very much hope that the readers of THE LANDSWOMAN are not forgetting the hearty welcome which they promised to these new recruits, and that they are doing their best to help the Land Army smile to grow and become permanent on the face of every worker in our great army.

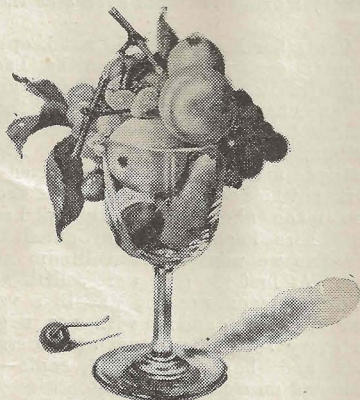
**GUILDS.**—We are very busy at Headquarters with all sorts of tremendous and splendid plans for your amusement and recreation in your out-of-work hours. This winter will be a great time for the Land Army, for we are going to organise clubs and guilds and parties and concerts and debating societies in every village in England, and we are relying on every Land Army girl to help us just as much as ever she can to make all these plans a success.

Your sincere friend,  
THE EDITOR.

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## Welfare Work in the Land Army

THERE is an official document which is such an argument for enlisting in the Land Army that we should like to print it in full. It is the Middlesex Welfare Report, and it has notes on the work, wages and billets of individual workers that make most interesting reading. The average wage appears to be "All found and seven shillings a week," while the more experienced sometimes make 10s. or even 18s. Such reports as "Excellent food and billets" are common, and it is pleasant to read of the happy feeling between girls and their employers' families. Frequently one comes across such paragraphs as: "Mr. F—— cannot speak too highly of K——. He says she is the best worker they ever had. As good as a man." "She told me she could not be happier than she was." "I saw Mr. and Mrs. O——. They could not speak too highly of E——, both as regards her work and her relations with them. . . . On my way to another farm some distance away I was lucky enough to meet E—— herself, driving a cart. I got off my bicycle and had a nice long chat with the girl. She was so happy in her work, it was a pleasure to talk to her—she was so keen." "E—— M——. Milking, tend cows, field work, horses, carting. Chain-harrowing and rolling. Wages, 25s. Billets, 15s., including washing. E—— is a real Londoner. I brought her to the farm when she began her work here—she was so nervous—never having been in the country before. I was afraid the girl would not stick it. It is a lonely farm up a very narrow lane, no other Land Army girls working there. She is the greatest success. Mr. C——, the bailiff, with whom she billets, gives a splendid report of the girl. She and Mr. C—— and a boy are running the farm without any other help, except occasionally a lady friend of Mr. C——'s comes down to give a hand. He is very good to E—— and is going to teach the girl to ride. There are 16 cows, 5 horses, 9 calves, geese, guinea fowls, ducks and poultry. Sometimes she has to work very hard indeed, till nearly 8 o'clock, but E—— loves the work and does not grumble. She is very proud because she drove into Watford and back to fetch a load of mangolds—quite alone. Mrs. C——, the bailiff's wife, says she is very nice in the house too."

One lady who has employed two Land girls for gardening, poultry and dairywork "is expecting a lady bailiff in a few days to take charge. . . . She hopes to work the whole estate with women grooms, gardeners and farm. She has turned the new stables into a bothy for the girls. I inspected the whole building. It is fitted up with gas fires in the rooms; a large bathroom, with a constant supply of hot water from an outside furnace; the kitchen is fitted with a large gas cooker; everything is new and up-to-date. The girls' rooms are large—two single beds (new, with spring mattress) in each room. A young servant is to be provided to cook and keep it in order."

"In most of these districts the girls are making friends amongst the local residents, which is really the best thing possible, as they become more settled in their places if they live a normal family sort of life."

"On Sunday afternoons Lady Hillingdon gives

an open invitation to the L.A.A.S.'s to enjoy the gardens and grounds and tea, and then they all go off to church with her in one big party."

The reports of the Training Centres present a picture of good feeling between kindly matrons and high-spirited recruits. We cannot refrain from quoting from the description of the Land Army Hostel on Harrow on the Hill:—

"On Monday evenings the Matron has a sort of party in the large studio joining the house. They have dancing and games, and coffee and such cakes and light refreshment as can be got out of rations. 'Old Girls' are always welcomed—and a good many turn up from the farms in the neighbourhood—and if not on Mondays, on their Sundays out. We have been able to get a piano temporarily, which is a great help for the singing and dancing. The Timber girls from the Club in College Road are always free to come and join in with anything going on at 67 High Street—and the Land girls go down to the Club. . . . There is a canteen at this Club and the N.S.V. have their meals in the canteen, which is very jolly for them. They join in all the Club lectures, entertainments and concerts. This gives them a great chance of recruiting, and a good deal of success has been gained in this way—a good type of girl having come forward. Mrs. Murray came down on May 29th with Dr. Thomas, and the former gave a most interesting lecture on Agriculture and animals of old times and distant ages and all lands. The girls thoroughly enjoyed it."

As for rations. "The girls have very good food—a generous allowance is made under a special 'Institute' arrangement. There is a soft spot in the hearts of the local tradesmen for the Land Army girls. They get served with cheese and jam, when we ordinary mortals have not even *seen* these luxuries."

The Paper Controller himself should not keep us from describing a certain party given by Lady Hillingdon. She invited all the Land Army girls who worked anywhere near enough, and there were a few W.A.A.C.'s, Munition girls and N.C.O.'s from the Aeronaut Camp to meet them. After tea, badges, stripes and armlets were presented to the Land Workers who had earned them, and short speeches were made about the work by Lady Hillingdon and Miss Paget, which delighted the girls. "After this we went to the ballroom and dancing began. At first the girls were a little shy at starting, but this soon wore off and in a very short time we were all dancing with our might and main in every sort of uniform and dress—evening shoes and hobnailed farm boots—to beautiful music and on a perfect floor."

"What an extraordinary scene the beautiful and graceful Romneys, Reynolds and Gainsboroughs gazed down at from their frames! The contrast between these 'fighting' and 'sun-browned' women of to-day and those delicate-looking women of by-gone days was most striking. One could not help feeling that if they could have come down from their frames they would have spoken words of proud encouragement to the descendants of their race who were coming forward to take their place in the 'fighting line' from all parts of London."



## The Poet and the Land Lass

THE forerunner of the Land Lass of to-day was surely the Nut Browne maid five hundred years ago. She was an earl's daughter, and her lover, to try her faithfulness, pretended that he had been outlawed; to which she replied that she will go to the greenwood with him. In the ballad he protests

"Ye could not sustain

The thorny ways, the deep valleys,

The snow, the frost, the rain. . . ."

He tells her it is "no maiden's lore"

"To come on foot, to hunt, to shoot. . . ."

just as we are told farming is no woman's work. But in the very spirit of the Land Army she stands by her promise, in spite of his most awful threat, that she must

"Cut her hair up by her ear,

Her kirtle by her knee!"

The actual land workers of poesy are many and illustrious. Who could count all the shepherdesses, from the Princess of the *Winter's Tale*, down to Bo-Peep? How true a woman that same Shakespearean shepherdess was, prizing the natural flowers above the ones man had crossed and grafted. It is to be feared that most of them were faithless. Lodge's Phyllis is but typical—

"My Phyllis hath prime-feathered flowers

That smile when she treads on them,

And Phyllis hath a gallant flock

That leaps since she doth own them.

But Phyllis hath too hard a heart,

Alas that she should have it!"

Yet they are all forgiven for the sake of the Phyllida, who called Corydon to keep his flock with hers, and sang with him so prettily—

"PHYL. When my Corydon sits on a hill

Making melody—

COR. When my lovely one goes to her wheel,

Singing cheerily—

PHYL. Sure methinks my true love doth excel

For sweetness, for sweetness,

Our Pan that old Arcadian Knight.

COR. And methinks my true love bears the bell

For clearness, for clearness,

Beyond the nymphs that be so bright."

Milkmaids and gardeners may dispute over the joyous, wild, squirrel-hearted being Meredith drew in *Love in a Valley*, for she kept a cool, white dairy at the moss'd old farmhouse, yet we know she loved her borders—

"Kerchief'd head and chin she darts between her tulips,

Streaming like a willow grey in arrowy rain.

Some bend beaten cheek to gravel, and their angel

She will be; she lifts them, and on she speeds again.

Prim little scholar are the flowers of her garden,

Train'd to stand in rows, and asking if they please.

I might love them well, but for loving more the wild ones

O my wild ones! They tell me more than these."

The field workers have had their tribute from poor, witty, noble-hearted Thomas Hood:—

"She stood breast high amid the corn,

Clasped by the golden light of morn,

Like the sweetheart of the sun,

Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,

Deeply ripen'd—such a blush

In the midst of brown was born.

Like red poppies grown with corn."

Wordsworth wrote—

"Behold her single in the field,

Yon solitary Highland Lass

Reaping and singing by herself;

Stop here, or gently pass.

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,

And sings a melancholy strain. . . ."

Milton sings, too, of the neat-handed Phyllis who went to bind the sheaves, or help build the tann'd haycock. Thomas Randolph (1605-1635) was also their champion. When he writes to Master Anthony Stafford to hasten him into the country, how gallantly he cries—

"Go, see the country girls make hay,

Whose brown have lovelier grace

Than any painted face

That I do know

Hyde Park can show:

Where I had rather gain a kiss, than meet

(Though some of them, in greater State,

Might court my love with plate)

The beauties of the Cheap, and wives of Lombard Street."

The stockwoman had somewhat melancholy traditions. There's Kingsley's Mary, who was sent to call her cattle across the

treacherous sands of Dee, and there is the moonshine maid with her shadowy kine in *The Ballad of Keith of Ravelstone*.

As for the dairymaid, she comes of a fine old poetic family. Milton loved her for singing blithe. Sir Henry Wotton marked her as he sat a-fishing one spring day when all Nature seemed in love, about three hundred years ago:—

"Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now

She trips to milk the sand-red cow,

Where, for some sturdy football swain

Joan strokes a syllabub or twain."

For the information of inquisitive modern Joans, we can state that a syllabub was a sweetened drink of milk, wine, and cider, but the Editor cannot supply a recipe. In the old lament of "Phyllida Flouts Me," there is a somewhat forward dairymaid of the name of Doll, who makes advances to the deserted swain by laughing at him, and throwing "milk on my clothes"; a curious form of love-making, one would think, though not so strange as her rival Winifred's who "plays with my nose." However, he seems to take a mournful pride in both these little attentions, though nothing avails to make Phyllida jealous.

There is a milkmaid well worth your meeting in the fourth chapter of *The Compleat Angler*. Piscator gives her mother a chub he has just caught, and refusing a drink from the red cow, bargains for a song in exchange. Maudlin sings that shepherd's love song of Marlowe's, with its flowery offers, and her mother gives the matter-of-fact refusal, written by Sir Walter Raleigh. Whereupon Viator exclaims: "I now see it was not without reason that our good Queen Elizabeth did so often wish herself a milkmaid all the month of May, because they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all day, and sleep securely all the night, and without doubt, honest, innocent, pretty Maudlin does so. I'll bestow Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid's wish upon her 'that she may die in the spring, and, being dead, may have good store of flowers stuck round her winding sheet.'" There is something in the nature of retort in Maudlin's second song, about a shepherd who married a fair wife—

"But on the green sickness

Soon changed her likeness;

And all her beauty did fail.

But 'tis not so

With those that go

Through frost and snow

As all men know

And carry the milking pail."

## Gardening Hints for July

PUSH forward all planting for autumn and winter use as far as possible. It will depend, of course, on the weather. If very hot and dry, thoroughly water the ground over night and plant early in the morning or at night, well watering the plants in. Bury all garden rubbish, as the hot sun makes the stumps of cabbage, and in fact all green stuff, offensive. Dwarf and runner beans can still be planted; a few may be useful, and if the weather is favourable will bear well into the autumn. Celery must be got out this month, planted in moist weather, also leeks. Leeks do very well in a partly shaded place, and do not run to seed so quickly. Early potatoes to be taken up and dried before storing; never mind if the tops are still green. Sow winter spinach and turnip, and, above all, keep the hoe busy, and the garden clean and neat. Sow cabbage seed for transplanting early in the spring; also transplant a few rows in the late autumn to come in early. Cabbages are rather difficult to grow well, they will run to seed, so leave some in the seed bed, given plenty of room to stand the winter. Taken up with a large ball of earth when transplanting, they will hardly feel the move. Put some lime when digging the seed bed. Small salads can still be sown in a shady place, or the sun will bake them. There is not much else to say this month as everything will be done: but mind and pinch out side growths of tomatoes, and do not allow all growths to mature on vegetable marrows. If anyone would like hints about flowers, they have only to say so, and if room is available it will be a pleasure to give them.

## A New Development of the Land Army

THE English Landswomen will be interested to hear that a French Legion and a Belgian section of the Land Army have been formed. The cleverness of the French and Belgians with market gardening and intensive culture is well known, and the idea of women working on the land is no new one on the Continent.



## Competitions

### What Can be done to Wake up Our Village?

#### First Prize

My receipt for waking up village life is also a war economy. We should be twice as lively if we made our own fun instead of paying for it.

You clever old gentlemen, who spend your time spelling out dusty papers in museums and writing dull, learned books about the past, why don't you take off your spectacles and tell us how to bring Merrie England back again? The villages weren't dull in those days. There were maypoles with flowers and ribbons on the village green, morris dancers with bells and rosettes of gay colours, and mummers going round the houses at Christmastide, acting St. George and the Dragon, with plenty of horseplay and noise. There used to be fiddles and flutes in the galleries of the church. The waits were worth hearing then: they weren't three little boys who had neither voices nor handkerchiefs, nor anything but the first verse of "While shepherds" in their repertoire. In those days the English people seemed to sing on every occasion. As our readers know, there were apple-singers as well as carol singers. But Merrie England is over; we have sunk into the dull, lazy habit of paying other people to dance and sing for us. Gramophones and cinemas and the police news are cheap ways of forgetting a hard day over the washtub or the turnips.

Mr. Professor, there ought to be Merrie England Clubs all over the country, and you ought to come and teach us the old catches and dances. There are endless schemes to teach economy and morality and sewing: it is time we had one for pure amusement. The first plays were church plays. A Russian novelist says, "He who laughs serves God." Then why should we be ashamed of wanting to enjoy ourselves heartily? The club room should have shelves of the best romances, such as *Treasure Island* and *Monte Cristo*. It should be run by the people themselves as much as possible, for it would lose its meaning if they did what someone thought good for them instead of what they wanted. If they had the opportunity of hearing the sweet English airs of our golden time they would not pine after American discords. There would have to be some small subscription to buy instruments and dresses. Dancers and musicians should teach us for the joy of sharing their enthusiasm with someone. Entertainments that really entertained should pay for a visit to London to see some special play, and to visit Hampton Court, or the Tower, or British Museum in the morning, where Pharaoh would seem far funnier to the rustic mind than Charlie Chaplin, and the cannibals' war-masks raise more laughter than a song about mothers-in-law. The dead kings, having, let us hope, now got into a proper frame of mind about their own nobility, would not grudge Jarge his merriment.

I foresee a friendly rivalry springing up, that would be an excellent tonic for rustic somnolence. Hillford should be famous for its part-songs, Medchester for its dancers, Little Wickton for its fiddling. Perhaps there could be a County Club, that organised mass concerts every now and then, and give trainings to many a hidden genius. As soon as the flagstaff comes down, let us up with the maypole.

T. R.

#### Second Prize

##### HOW CAN WE WAKE UP OUR VILLAGE?

Send them more Land Girls!

And I believe if you were to ask, How can we cheer up the bored-looking girls who saunter about London town the answer would be,

Put them on the land!

Our little village used to keep itself to itself. Its idea of sociability was to ask someone to tea, shut the door and the windows, and sit down to scandal. Most of the people looked scared if a stranger wished them good-day. Old Tricker used to give you a sideways nod of his head if you said it was a lovely morning and hoped his rheumatics were better, or, if the spring weather and a rousing glass at "The Jolly Sailor" had made him garrulous, he would go to the extent of grating out: "Ah—oh—aye!"

But after J—P— had been driving on the milk round for a month it was all different. You would see women with cross-overs hanging over the garden gates all down the road, swinging their milk jugs and waiting for a joke with the "milk boy." J—P— can't make out their dialect, and they can't understand her cockneyisms—they never get over the humour of their mistakes. Then they want to know if she has milked the ducks, or whether she pumped the old cow's tail, or has been chasing the hens to make them lay. Such is the hilarious effect of a life in the open that J—P— laughs heartily over it, and retorts about their stick-in-the-mud ways, and delights them again and again with the stories of her first blunders. But you must not think that they make light of her farming. She is always called round to the back if anything seems wrong with the pig, and her good opinion of the potato patch is a coveted thing. When J—P— joined the Girls' Club, musical drill and

games quite shouldered sewing and acrostics out of the way; shyness vanished, and the attendances grew. It was she who suggested the play to raise funds for the village's two prisoners of war, she who superintended the dressmaking, inspired the rehearsals, and took the boy's part with huge success.

She has waked up old Ginger since she was in charge of him—you should see him coming down the station hill now. You should hear her at five o'clock in the morning wake the birds to the clink of pails and the tune of "When Johnnie comes marching home again—hoorah!" You should note, on a Sunday, how she has waked up the rustic fashions, or listen to her waking up the old-fashioned notions about politics, war-rumours, actresses, Royalty, and novels at a cottage tea-party.

We have never dozed off again since we were first awakened by the clatter of her hobnails on our old cobbles. The faces that popped out of the dormers among the thatch were a little blank, maybe a little shocked, at first, but now we part our curtains, and put aside the geraniums, only to wave to her.

J. B.

### Why I Joined the Land Army

#### First Prize

ONCE I had a little poultry farm—

Chuck! Chuck! Cher-awk!

I wasn't doing anyone the least bit of harm—

Cluck! Cluck! Squer-awk!

But the Kaiser, posing in the lime-light—

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!

Sat on it hard, and squashed it quite—

Chuck! Cluck! Squer-och!

So then without my little poultry farm—

Chuck! Chuck! Cher-awk!

I looked round to see what would do the Kaiser harm,

And make him squawk!

They wouldn't let me go away to France—

Bother! Blow! Hang!

To pot at the Hun with a nice little gun—

Bang! Bang! Brrr-ang!

So, as the Editor wishes to know—

[It may surprise her]—

I started out to plough and to hoe—

To squash the Kaiser!

DORIS A. HELSBY.

## "AMALIA" OVERALLS

### THE "AGRICOLA" OUTFIT

as illustrated, is strong, serviceable, well cut and becoming. Specially designed and made for women workers on the land, and capable of withstanding the hardest wear. Price in Superior Quality Khaki Jean. Overall (40 inches long) and Breeches (small, medium or large):—

### OVERALL AND BREECHES COMPLETE

PRICE 18/11 Postage free.

Puttees, per pair 2/11  
Mob Cap, 1/9, or Dutch Cap, 1/6  
All post free.

WE ARE MANUFACTURERS.

BARGAINS IN  
BLOUSES, SKIRTS,  
WASHABLE  
KNICKER SLIPS.

OUR ILLUSTRATED LIST OFFERS A WIDE CHOICE OF GENUINE BARGAINS.

Write for it to-day!

We guarantee perfect satisfaction or return your money in full

THE CLEVELAND MANUFACTURING CO.,  
54D, Cleveland St., Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1

(Proprietors: Chamberlain & Co., Ltd.)





**Second Prize**

BECAUSE I love the country,  
And outdoor life is grand,  
I heard the call for women  
To work upon the land.

For I knew the boys were fighting  
And we, too, must take our stand,  
So I volunteered with others  
To work upon the land.

For the sake of dear Old England,  
And a life that's simply grand,  
I joined the Women's Army  
To work upon the land.

I know I'll never regret it—  
We're such a healthy band;  
And I hope that I shall always  
Be a lassie on the land.

"PADDY," I.A.A.S.

I HAVE joined this little army  
In the hour of Britain's need.  
For to gather in the harvest,  
And to help to sow the seed.

I have joined this little army  
'Cos I know I'm needed "there"  
To prevent the grains of wheat  
From being choked up by the tare.

I just joined this splendid army,  
When I thought of our brave lads;  
For the Army's taken farmers' sons,  
The same as "undergrads."

And I wouldn't give it up now—  
At least, while the war is on,  
'Cos the outdoor life is healthy,  
And I love the work—*très bon!*

"BIM"

"Gone, but not forgotten"



**Fry's** PURE  
BREAKFAST  
COCOA

LOVED BY THE BAIRNIES

**PRICE'S  
COURT BOUQUET**  
COMPLEXION SOAP

*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—*

**PRICE'S  
BATTERSEA  
S.W.11**

## 4 ESSENTIALS for LADIES WORKING ON THE LAND.



### "BETULA ALBA JELLY"

For PREVENTING Mosquito, Midge  
and Insect Bites, 6d. per tube. Postage  
and packing 2d. extra.

### "PUMICE STONE SOAP"

For Removing Stains from the Skin,  
and thoroughly cleaning Dirty Hands.  
Tablet, Post Free, 1/-.

### "SAMBULINE" or

**Elder Flower Jelly.** For allaying  
irritation caused by Heat, Chafing through  
Exertion or Exposure to the Sun. Tube,  
Post Free, 1/6.

### "GLYMIEL JELLY"

Makes Rough Hands, Face and Skin as  
soft as Velvet. Tubes, 6d., 1/- or 1/6.  
Postage and packing 2d. extra.

The above are sold by leading Chemists and Stores, or sent direct on receipt of stamps by

**OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN**  
19, Golden Square, Regent Street, London, W.



## Federation of Women's Institutes

(ESTABLISHED IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE WOMEN'S BRANCH, BOARD OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES.)

### County Federation of Essex Woman's Institutes

*President:* THE LADY PETRE.

*Vice-President:* MRS. WYTHES.

*Hon. Secretary:* MISS DORA CHRISTY.

*Hon. Treasurer:* F. J. COVERDALE, Esq.

IN September, 1917, at a Conference of Presidents and Secretaries in Chelmsford, the Federation of Essex Women's Institutes was started. Since then the Institutes have rallied to the call, those older Institutes which worked in somewhat of an isolated way before the formation of the Federation have proved themselves to be its props and pillars, and in return receive help and advice. The newer Institutes growing up under its sheltering care appeal to us as a child to its mother.

Each Institute much appreciates the list of helpers and lectures which the Federation supplies. The list contains over twenty subjects, and a choice of speakers for each.

Interest in the work is spread by sub-committees for the various schemes, each one having, as far as possible, totally different members.

The Market Stall has a strong committee of ten, four of whom are expected to be present weekly at the stall. They are assisted by members from the contributing Institutes. Garden produce, eggs, live rabbits, bottled fruit and jams find a ready sale. A section of the stall is devoted to handicrafts of every kind, including soft toys, baskets, plain needlework. A halfpenny commission is charged on all goods sold, and in less than four months £300 has gone directly into the pockets of W.I. members.

The Rest Room or Club has a Committee composed chiefly of working women; their keenness in speaking of the comfort of the Club has quickly made this an attractive rendezvous for all classes. The room set apart for committee meetings in the same house is also proving itself of the utmost convenience. The Canning and Jam Committee also is composed of practical working members who are determined that in no part of the county this year shall anything be wasted that can be conserved.

In this way members of all classes and from every district are helping to conduct the affairs of the country, and it is encouraging to those who hitherto have had the capacity for management but have lacked the opportunity.

Industries also have a committee drawn from all parts of the county. Basket making and soft toys are most popular. But some of the new Institutes bring in fresh ideas. One of them just starting decided that birch brooms were badly needed, and that in taking up the making of them they would sweep all before them. Another new Institute decided to start a piggery, but found difficulty in fencing. They procured some osiers which, owing never having been cut since the war, were useless for baskets, and with them started making hurdles. An old West Countryman willingly taught the art of raddling, and when the pigs are all securely fenced in, this Institute is to take up wattling hurdles as a trade.

The Federation of Essex is extraordinarily fortunate in its president. Be the Committee never so practical and uninteresting, she will be sure to turn up at it, and be the Institute never so far away, she will visit it, and carry with her that inspiring manner which makes every member feel she is most truly working for Home and Country.

Land-workers will find that

## PETER ROBINSON'S Summer Sale

affords just the opportunity they are looking for to save money on the purchase of their

### Overalls and Land Suits



Y 213

### PRACTICAL LAND-WORKER'S SUIT

of "Bush" Jean, consisting of Breeches and Coat. **Sale Price 21/6**

Hat 2/11

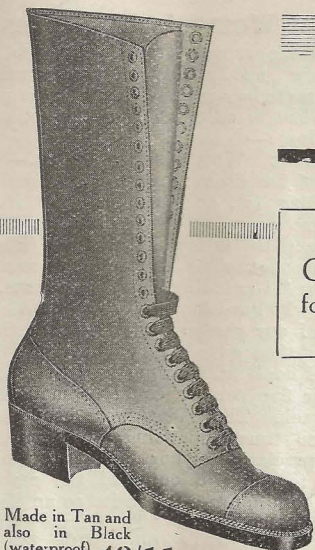
*Sale Goods cannot be sent on approval.*

**Peter Robinson, Ltd., Oxford St.**

LONDON, W.1.





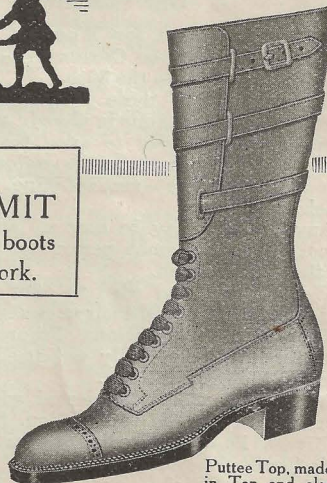


Made in Tan and also in Black (water-proof) 11½ inches, 49/11



We hold a  
**GOVERNMENT PERMIT**  
for the Sale of these high-leg boots  
for ladies engaged on War Work.

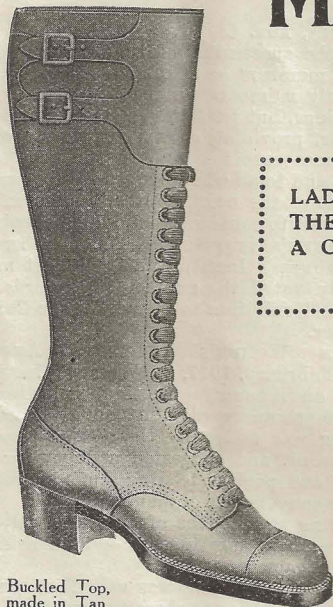
*The material and work-  
manship is the same as  
that employed in our Field  
Service Boots for Officers.*



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

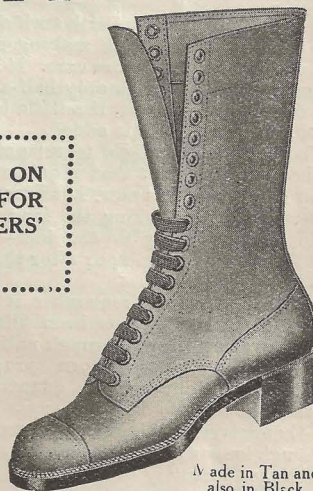
## MAYFLOWA WAR WORK BOOTS

LADIES ENGAGED IN WORK ON  
THE LAND SHOULD WRITE FOR  
A COPY OF OUR WAR WORKERS'  
BROCHURE.



Buckled Top,  
made in Tan  
and also in  
Black  
(waterproof) 55/-

Leather  
Legging in  
Tan & Black  
(Service cut).  
12/9



Made in Tan and  
also in Black  
(waterproof).  
10 inches high.  
39/11

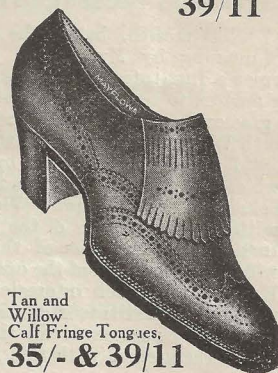


**FRINGE  
TONGUES**  
in all materials and  
colours.  
Easily attached,  
giving Brogue  
effect to ordi-  
nary shoes.  
2/6  
per pair.

**W. ABBOTT & SONS, Ltd.**  
98 Kensington High Street, W.

131a Queen's Road,  
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239 Brompton Road, W.  
Arcade, Liverpool St.,  
E.C.

7 Poultry, E.C.  
65 George Street,  
Richmond.  
458 Holloway Road,  
N.  
60 Ludgate Hill, E.C.



Tan and  
Willow  
Calf Fringe Tongues.  
35/- & 39/11

Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.



## Women's Institutes

### Our Exhibition

**T**HE Exhibition for Women's Institutes will take place at the Caxton Wall, Westminster, from October 23rd to the 30th.

The response of those Women's Institutes intending to send exhibits is already most gratifying. Members will be glad to avail themselves of the various classes and demonstrations, which will take place each day—viz., cobbling, basket-making, stitchery, etc., etc.

Any exhibits may be sent up and sold for the owner's benefit, a small percentage being deducted for the Central Fund.

Would those who wish to offer money for the prize fund kindly send their names in immediately?

There will be a National Federation Stall, and gifts for it will be gladly welcomed—the proceeds going to the Central Fund.

All correspondence connected with the Exhibition to be addressed to the Hon. Sec., Miss Alice Williams, Food Production Department, 72 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

The word "*Exhibition*" to be clearly written across back of envelope.

### Jam Making in War-Time

**A**T the present time, with such a limited amount of sugar to use, jam making must necessarily be done with a little more care. It is quite possible to make good jam with only half-a-pound of sugar to every pound of fruit, if a little longer boiling be given, after the sugar is added.

The cardinal principle to remember at all times is that it is the *fruit* that requires boiling, *not* the *sugar*; this rule has now, however, to be altered a little, and after cooking the fruit first, we give a little longer boiling to the jam—that is to say, boil from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour after the sugar has been put in.

Another point to remember is to cover down immediately the jar has been filled, using a thin paper covering drawn through milk or starch paste.

When using glucose, corn syrup, or any sugar substitutes, a fourth of the quantity of sweetening matter should still be pure sugar—the substitutes by themselves will not make good keeping jam, although longer boiling will do much to make up for diminished quantity of sugar.

### A Gracious Message from the Queen

**N**EXT month, being the anniversary of the opening by Mrs. Lloyd George of the first Women's Institute Hall, it will, no doubt, interest our readers to see the telegram which Her Majesty so graciously sent to the President of the Dendraeth Women's Institute on that occasion—

"I am deeply touched by the kind thoughts which have prompted you to convey to me, on behalf of the Patron, Vice-Presidents, Committee, and Members of the Dendraeth Women's Institute, an assurance of their loyalty and goodwill on the occasion of the opening of the Institute Hall. I am much interested in the objects for which this Institute Hall has been built, and I wish every success to all those who have associated themselves with this movement."

## Notes from Women's Institutes

**T**HIS month the reports from the above are proving how successfully our movement grows. There seems to be a spirit of healthy competition, and one is lost in admiration of the splendid results shown below:—

**BISHOP'S CASTLE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—The second meeting of the above Institute was held on Thursday last, May 1st, and as one of the items of the programme was a cooking demonstration, the affair was held in the cookery school (kindly lent for the purpose). The meeting commenced with a lecture on "Gardening," by Mr. Evans, of Lydham Manor, who gave some very helpful advice about the care of our garden at the present time. Mrs. H. Edwards then gave a very clever practical demonstration of cooking, showing how the allowance of meat for five persons could be made into dinners for a week. The dishes were economical and at the same time appetising, and members showed their appreciation of her demonstration by their eagerness to make a copy of the recipes. Mrs. Downes, who is quite a favourite as an elocutionist, recited the account of "The Picnic" from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Mrs. Petford then gave a demonstration on boot mending, by very neatly soleing and healing a shoe in just over  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour, which was both practical and useful to members.

The President, Mrs. Chilmick, then spoke a few words about the successful meeting that evening, and five new members were introduced; she also stated that only members will be admitted to the monthly meetings, but that they will be allowed to bring a visitor, providing she is not a resident in the town. Great credit is due to the Secretary, Miss Marston, and to all who have helped to arrange the programme of the next months, and members may look forward to some very enjoyable evenings.

**EPING WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—The members of the Epping Women's Institute, at their last meeting, generously voted the sum of £1 towards the expenses of the Exhibition to be held at the Caxton Hall in October.

**CULLOMPTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE ANNUAL REPORT.**—In February, 1917, the Women's Institute started with an inaugural meeting, held in the parish room to encourage pig and poultry keeping.

The meeting was called by the Parish Council, who were present, and suggested a depot for the supply of pig and poultry feeding stuffs should be opened for the convenience of members.

Except during the months of July, August, and September, members' meetings have been held the first Monday in each month.

In May a special meeting was called in connection with the Local War Savings Committee. Miss Castell, H.M.I., Exeter, gave an address.

May 10th a communal kitchen was opened in the Victoria Hall, members of the Institute volunteering their services for one hot dinner, to be served to the public every Thursday.

In June a small co-operative society for fruit bottling and preserving was started with sixteen members of 2s. 6d. shares.

Monthly meetings commenced again in October. The collection of waste paper was commenced.

In December the amalgamation of the existing Arts and Crafts Society with the Women's Institute was effected, the club room subscription to be one shilling per annum to Institute members.

(Continued on page 160.)



## Cow's Diary

5 a.m.—Woke up. Felt hungry.  
 5.5 a.m.—Chewed cud. Felt better, but stiff. Got up and walked about.  
 5.10 a.m.—Saw a hole through hedge into turnip field.  
 5.15 a.m.—Got through it.  
 5.20 a.m.—All the other cows got through it.  
 5.25 a.m.—Ate turnips.  
 5.30 a.m.—Heard someone calling me.  
 5.35 a.m.—Didn't move. Looked for cowboy; saw a girl in breeches. Decided to take no notice of a mere girl, so lay down.  
 5.40 a.m.—Girl still calling. Bluebell and Spot got up and walked towards her. Silly idiots! Stayed where I was.  
 5.45 a.m.—Girl hurried on Primrose. Primrose bunted me with her nose, so had to get up. Felt very cross.  
 5.50 a.m.—Came into cowyard. Decided not to go into shed.  
 5.55 a.m.—Tried to bunt girl for trying to drive me into shed. Got whacked; felt *very* cross.  
 6.0 a.m.—Had to go into shed. I hate this girl.  
 6.5 a.m.—Heard girl milking Bluebell. My turn next. I'll give it to her if she tries to milk me.  
 6.10 a.m.—Here she is. Now wait a minute, Polly. Let her sit down. Now! One, two, three... Ah! *that's* done you one, my fine gel! Milk pails and all; and a nice dirty smock and face *you've* got to show to Farmer Iddles when he comes to see how you're getting on with the milking.  
 6.15 a.m.—Well! I be blowed if she hasn't got up again, the saucy minx! What you're coming here?  
 6.20 a.m.—Moo-o-o—moo-o-o! Oh! I won't kick her again; she hit my leg. I'd better be quiet for a bit till she gets her temper back.  
 6.30 a.m.—It's rather a nice feeling to be milked by a girl, after all, and she sings quite nicely. I wonder why she only hit me once and didn't swear at me; and she doesn't seem to mind dirt. Well! perhaps she's not so bad after all.  
 6.35 a.m.—I've given her more milk than I let the boy have. Wonder what Master will say?  
 6.40 a.m.—I feel bored. Wish it was time to go into the field.  
 6.45 a.m.—Hooray! We're off!  
 6.50 a.m.—Talked to Bluebell; *she* is *all* on the girl's side. I wonder what Rufus says. Bulls are usually rather clever.  
 9.5 a.m.—Ate, drank, chewed cud. Felt thirsty. Suppose there's no water in the tank. That boy hates pumping; but I'll go and look.  
 9.6 a.m.—There *is* water. Had a good drink. That girl's no fool. Shall tell the others.  
 9.10 a.m.—Told the others.  
 9.15 a.m.—We all had a drink.  
 9.20 a.m.—Had a walk round.  
 10 a.m.—Came to where gap into turnip field was this morning. Couldn't see it. Queer! I felt sure it was by that tree. Smells funny. Smells of fingers. I believe that girl has had something to do with it. Anyhow, it's good-bye to the turnips.  
 10.5 a.m.—Smelt something nice to windward. Went to investigate. Hay! Hooray! That's really good luck! Don't regret *turnips* now.

10.10 a.m.—Wonder where that White-smock is now? Hope it's making something good for dinner.  
 2 p.m.—Ate, chewed cud and dreamed of turnips, hay and linseed cake.  
 2.5 p.m.—Began to feel uncomfortable. Wonder if it's milking time yet? Think I'll go and see.  
 2.20 p.m.—Hello, White-smock, milk me first, do! Moo-oo!  
 2.30 p.m.—Eating steadily.  
 3 p.m.—Milked.  
 4 p.m.—Turned out. She patted *me* on the flank, Buttercup! Now, aren't you jealous? Of course, if you *will* steal other people's cake, any self-respecting White-smock *will* whack you on the nose. Serve you right! Now, then! who are you bumping into, Bluebell? Oh! all right! only you always want twice as much room as everyone else.  
 4.15 p.m.—There! Serve you right! I told you it wasn't my fault. Now you're all muddy!  
 4.20 p.m.—Saw Rufus. He *does* look handsome.  
 4.25 p.m.—Hey, Rufus! Who gave you a new coat? What! It's only your old one brushed. Well, who brushed it? White-smock again? What did you say? You tried to toss her? You ungrateful pig! Men are always like that, though. Oh! You're sorry now, are you? Well, follow her up and put your nose in her pocket and she'll forgive you. Sometimes she has apples about her.  
 4.30 p.m.—White-smock has shut the gate. Good-night, cows!

## A Valuable Food

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.
- 4...BECAUSE it is rich in fat, sugar and proteids.
- 5...BECAUSE with a slice of bread it makes a complete meal.

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

## Bournville Chocolate

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.

CADBURY BROS., Ltd.  
 Bournville,





A Lightweight Model of Draper's popular  
"ALL-BRITISH"

## SPORTSMAN'S COAT

FOR THE LANDSWOMAN. Price 37/6.

THIS is a model designed for Summer and Early Autumn days. It is better to be sure than sorry when a shower spoils an otherwise sunny day. The Lightweight model enables you to be sure of keeping snug and dry. It is so light that it is no encumbrance, and with it on your arm you can venture out any day with confidence.

The Sportsman's Coat (Lightweight Model) for men and women is sold under the same honest satisfaction-ensuring conditions as its predecessor.

### HAVE IT ON APPROVAL FOR FOUR DAYS.

The coat comes to your door by return for 37/6 with your order. If it fails to satisfy you return the coat within four days in same condition as received and we will return your money in full. You risk nothing. We guarantee to satisfy you.

### STUDY THIS SPECIFICATION.

There are two models of the Sportsman's Coat (Lightweight)—one for men and one for women. Made from specially prepared strong cotton in Khaki shade and efficiently proofed. Cut by expert craftsmen to give an extremely stylish appearance in wear. Fitted with Syddo interlined fronts, stiff self belts, strapped cuffs, and lined throughout with plaid lining. No more need be said than that they are equal in value to the original heavier Sportsman's Coat, which was designed for winter wear. For style, wear, protection and convenience these Lightweight models are ideal.

STOCK SIZES:		Ladies'.					
Breast . . .	34	36	36	38	38		
Length . . .	46	46	48	46	48		
		Gents'.					
Chest . . .	34	36	36	38	38	40	40
Length . . .	44	46	48	46	48	48	50

Write for Illustrated Booklet, Post Free.

**ERNEST DRAPER & CO., LTD.**  
(Dept. L-W) "All-British" Works, Northampton.

## For Lady Land Workers

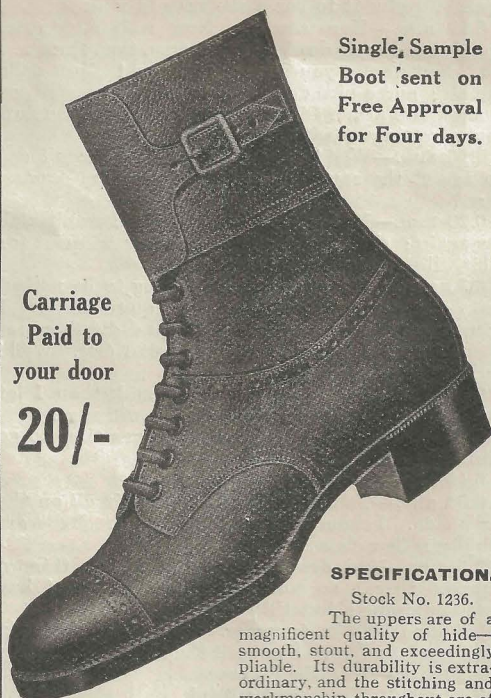
### High Uppers still obtainable!

We have received a special permit from the Director of Raw Materials, to continue the manufacture of our well-known ladies' "Field" Boot with its high uppers—made originally for farmers' wives and daughters—and to sell them to women who are engaged in national work on the land.

Further, to those who have never seen this famous model we make the following special offer. Simply send us your full name and address and we will send a sample boot for your personal inspection and fitting, on four days' free approval.

SEND NO MONEY until you have seen the boot for you self, then, and only then, if you are satisfied remit the 20/- and the fellow boot will be sent at once. On the other hand, return the boot to us carefully packed and be free from obligation.

This popular model for country wear has withstood the most severe test in the hardest weather, and is universally recognised as the finest "bad weather" hard wearing boot obtainable. At our "All British" FACTORY price you will make a distinct gain in both money and quality.



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.



### An "If" for Girls

**I**F you can dress to make yourself attractive,  
 Yet not make puffs and curls your chief delight;  
 If you can swim and row, be strong and active,  
 But of the gentler graces lose not sight;  
 If you can dance without a craze for dancing,  
 Play without giving play too strong a hold,  
 Enjoy the love of friends without romancing,  
 Care for the weak, the friendless and the old;  
 If you can master French and Greek and Latin,  
 And not acquire, as well, a priggish mien;  
 If you can feel the touch of silks and satins  
 Without despising calico and jean;  
 If you can ply a saw and use a hammer,  
 Can do a man's work when the need occurs,  
 Can sing, when asked, without-excuse or stammer,  
 Can rise above unfriendly snubs and slurs;  
 If you can make good bread as well as fudges,  
 Can sew with skill, and have an eye for dust;  
 If you can be a friend and hold no grudges,  
 A girl whom all will love because they must;  
 If sometime you should meet and love another,  
 And make a home with faith and peace enshrined,  
 And you its soul—a loyal wife and mother,—  
 You'll work out pretty nearly to my mind  
 The plan that's been developed through the ages,  
 And win the best that life can have in store,  
 You'll be my girl, a model for the sages,—  
 A woman whom the world will bow before.

ELIZABETH LINCOLN OTIS.

Reprinted from *The Watchword*.

### The Patriot Potato

A SONG FOR WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.

Tune—The Tarpaulin Jacket.

**A** PATRIOT potato lay tubbing,  
 And as in the water he lay, he lay,  
 To the cook who the mud off was scrubbing,  
 scrubbing,  
 These valuable words he did say:  
 Keep me wrapped in my nice khaki jacket,  
 jacket,  
 The best of me's lost with the skin, the skin.  
 Dish me up when the heat starts to crack it,  
 crack it,  
 And eat me from outside to in.  
 Don't boil me, but steam half an hour,  
 In a basin some five minutes more, minutes more,  
 When you mash me to mix with your flour, flour,  
 The proportion is one part in four.  
 Do you wish to reduce your bread ration,  
 Then bake me and serve me with cheese, with  
 cheese,  
 Or with anything else in creation, 'ation,  
 Your grocer will yield to your pleas.  
 To peel me and throw out the peeling  
 Is awfully kind to the pigs, the pigs,  
 If for strawberries you showed the same feeling,  
 feeling,  
 Your share would consist of the strigs.  
 Very soon to the polls you'll be going  
 And wonderful things will ensue, ensue,  
 But it's up to you now to be showing, showing,  
 What women with 'taters can do.

Reproduced from the "*Daily Chronicle*."

### Professor Dunstan and Woman's Work on the Land

**A**T a meeting of the National Land and Home League on April 17th, to discuss the question of "The Part-time Food Producer," Professor Dunstan made a speech which is of importance to our Land Army girls. He pointed out how the work began under difficulties. There was the stubborn prejudice of the farmer, the vexed question of wages for men and women, and the feeling that it was wrong for women to work in the fields, as though we were lowering our standard of employment, and it was a revival of the Middle Ages. But his experience was that "They can do things on the land, and that the farm is a business and an occupation for which they are intellectually and physically fitted." He would rather have the average woman worker on the land than the average man farm labourer who was left. Their efficiency he could vouch for, and their work was exceptionally conscientious. "There is no doubt about it that the educated women working on the farm consider their employers' interests as identical with their own. And this sense of responsibility, which is extraordinary, has been developed in the last two or three years." He went on to speak of the future—  
 "I believe women are going to consider the question of permanent employment on the land, and if they are, I would ask them to consider what particular niches they are going to fit into in farm work. There is one department of farm management which our women can do better than men, and that is everything connected with the rearing of young stock. Those who are acquainted with farms in Scotland and in the North know quite well from which farms the best calves come, and that these are the farms on which women rearers are employed. In that department I know that women are well adapted for employment, it may be either as shepherds or as cattle women. There is a future for them if they will take up the work seriously and devote themselves to it as well as they do in the North. Women ought to consider the question of what is going to happen after the war. Are all these women and girls going back to their ordinary everyday life which they lived before the war? I think not. . . . I have had a woman with me for three months, and I must say that I never had a better manager of horses in the field or in the stable. And yet it has been said that one thing women could not do, and that was manage big horses—the ordinary farm horses. Undoubtedly that is one case, but in two other cases I have seen women manage horses as well as any man and I am bound to say that their work in stable management was even more satisfactory."

### America

**W**HILE men of all nations are allied to kill, in every country armies of women are forming to grow things, and save life in plant and beast. We refer to the French and Belgian women who are joining our ranks in this number, and we mentioned the American Land Army last month. Our sisters across the Atlantic are carrying on their work with great seriousness and good result. The recruiting goes well. We can be proud of our Allies in the fight we are making to feed the world.



(Continued from page 156)

In January a musical afternoon was given, with tea and a silver collection in aid of the expenses of the club room taken over by the Institute.

February, a lecture on "Food Production" was given by a county representative, also the members enjoyed a lantern lecture on Jerusalem, given by Canon Yates, Weston-super-Mare.—B. ELLWORTHY, Hon. Sec., High Street.

**BARROW-ON-HUMBER.**—The Barrow-on-Humber W.I. held a public Art Exhibition on May 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, in aid of the Red Cross Fund, which was a great success, £10 10s. 10d. being realised. The pictures, models, and art objects were lent by Mr. J. Somerscales, A.R.C.A.(Lond.), and included his reproduction of one of a series of historical paintings in the Houses of Parliament.

A collection of oil paintings by Mr. C. J. Somerscales (the marine Painter) was also exhibited, with valuable books, and many beautiful stones including opals, rock crystals, and agates, the gift of Ruskin to Miss Somerscales (Member of our Committee).

**MEDBOURNE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—We had our meeting yesterday, for which a cookery demonstration had been arranged. At the last moment our demonstrator failed us. This we felt was our opportunity to rise to the occasion, and one of our members at once offered to show us how to make milk cheese, after which the Vice-President (in whose house the meeting was held) and her cook showed us how to make an excellent vegetable pie and oatmeal scones. Thus a double advantage was achieved, all the materials being used up that had been prepared, and the resources of our members made practical. Altogether a most pleasant afternoon was spent.—E. M. NEVINSON.

**NEASHAM WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—I was present at the opening of the Neasham Women's Institute last week. They made a railway coach into such a pretty room, all painted white inside, with green curtains and green matting on the floor. Mrs. Harry Stobart spoke on "Bees," and there were various competitions, and an exhibition of bottled fruits, one member bringing some bottled in 1916, which still looked splendid.

**SCAYNES HILL WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.**—Three cwt. of Allwood's Bone Flour has been sold co-operatively.

Vegetable seeds have been bought co-operatively from the Farmers' Central Trading Board.

Eight dozen fruit bushes have been bought co-operatively from Mrs. Keal and Son.

Fifty black currant cuttings were given by Colonel Stapleton-Colton to members of the Institute.

One hundred superlative raspberry canes were bought from Colonel Stapleton.

Two wounded soldiers were sent from the Royal Sussex Regiment for a month's work in members' vegetable gardens to help dig up ground for potatoes. A patriotic rabbit club (Miss Pollock's scheme) has been started.

The Club consists of breeders and rearers, and is likely to prove a great success.

Miss Leigh-Pemberton is the Hon. Sec. of the Club.

Cheese making is undertaken by one of the members of the Women's Institute.

Amongst the "Home-made" Labour Saving contrivances exhibited at the May meeting there was a gas ring oven made out of a large biscuit tin. There was room in the oven for two dishes—a rice pudding was baked in it.

Forty dozen 2-lb. fruit bottles have been sold at 6s. a dozen.

### NOTICE.

It has been decided to appoint an Organising General Secretary—salary, £200 to £300—and two Travelling Officers—£175 to £200—to assist the work of the National Federation of Women's Institutes.

Applicants, who should have had practical experience of Women's Institutes' work, should apply in writing to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Alice Williams, National Federation of Women's Institutes, 72, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

Each applicant should submit two copies of recent testimonials and should state her previous experience.

### A Message from the Secretary of the Women's United Services League, London, to the Members of the Women's Institutes.

I HAVE kindly been granted a tiny corner of THE LANDSWOMAN to make known a favourite scheme of mine, which I hope may appeal to some members of the Women's Institutes.

You may not know that the Women's War Clubs in and near London, which are affiliated to this League, have many interests in common with the Institutes which are so successful in country districts, of which we read with much interest in THE LANDSWOMAN.

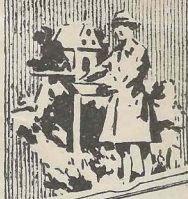
The soldiers and sailors' wives and relatives (who form the members of our clubs) would be so glad to become acquainted with some of their country sisters—and as many of the women sadly need a change and rest during this time of anxiety, it has struck me that perhaps some of those amongst you who have a room to spare would be glad to let it for a week or two during July, August, or September, and thus be the means of benefiting yourselves and of enabling the women of our clubs to obtain a much-needed rest; at the same time the mutual interchange of thoughts and ideas might be helpful on both sides, and would surely help to strengthen the tie between City and Country.

If this idea appeals to any of you, would you kindly write direct to the Secretary, Women's United Services League, 8 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

### An Apology.

THE Editress of the Women's Institute pages regrets to hear that the message in Welsh from Mrs. Ceridwen Peris was incorrectly rendered. Owing to difficulties of printing under war conditions the proofs were delayed, and as the Editress is not a Welsh scholar she could not correct the article, and had no time to send the proof to Mrs. Ceridwen Peris.





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