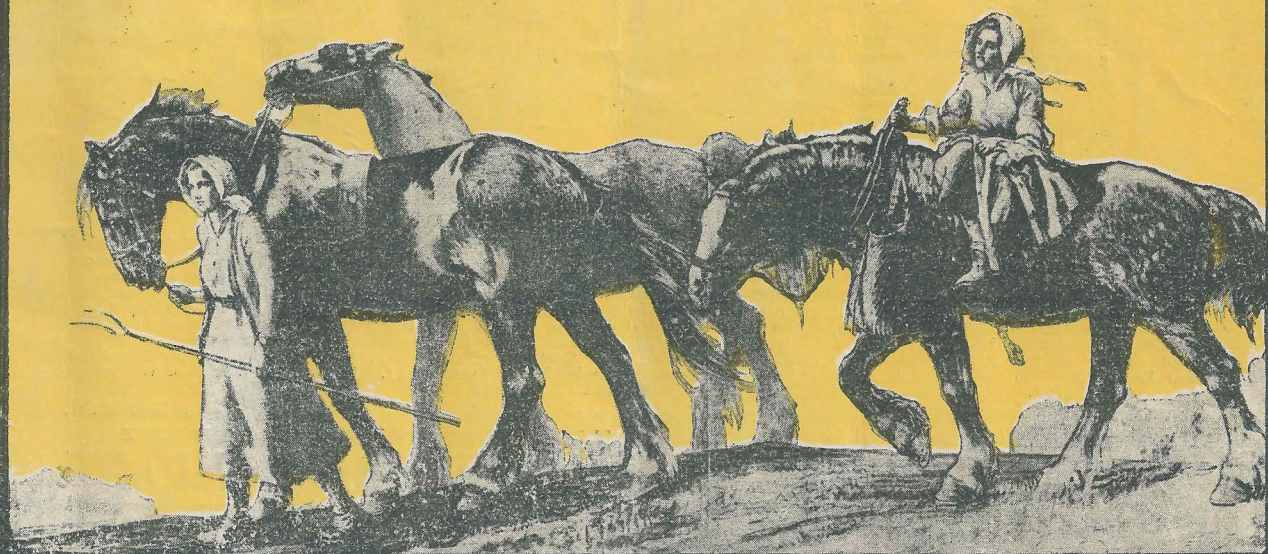


The LANDSWOMAN

AUGUST 1918
No. 8 ❖ Vol. I

Price
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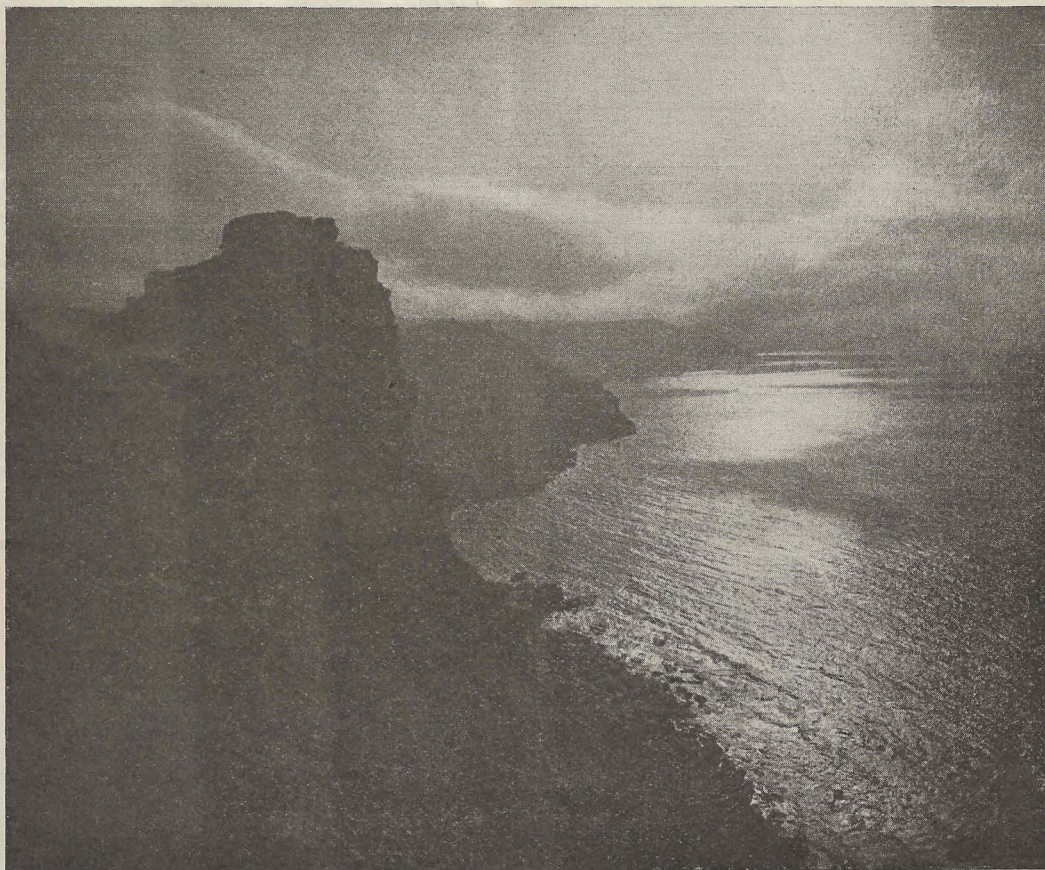
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Castle Rock, N. Devon.

Riches

I MAY neither sport nor feast;
Wealth is not for me to make;
But the sun is mine, at least,
And my blue hills none can take.
If I own no gardens fair
I can see the wild rose twine,
Wood and wold are mine to share
And the hills, the hills are mine.

Though my purse can never buy
Place to hear the diva's song,
There's a lark against the sky,
And to me the birds belong.
Though I own no acres broad,
Though I hold no farms in fee,
Yonder glorious hills of God
Hold their purple arms to me.

(From "Country Life.")

If my cellar lacks of wine,
Blowing splendid from the sea
Are not all the hill-winds mine
Brimming golden cups for me?
If my shelves of books are bare,
Have I not the skies to read,
And the wild flowers that declare
What is aye the cleaner creed?

Let the wealthy hoard their gold,
Let the famous guard their wreath;
All I ask to keep and hold
Is my path across the heath;
None my freeway to withstand,
None my faith and me to part,
Just the winds to hold my hand
And the hills to keep my heart!

WILL H. OGILVIE.

Private Turnip Speaks Out

"WILL you tell me a story, Aunt Jean—or are you Uncle Jean now?" asked Joan, as they sat shelling peas on the front-door step.

Leave or no leave, Jean couldn't keep away from the kitchen garden.

"What is the good of telling you stories?" she said; "you don't believe them. There was that lovely story of the blue walrus, and the one about the dragon who took snuff—you said they were not true."

I think myself that Jean was shy, and wanted an excuse for not telling stories before Mr. Atkins, who was helping.

But Joan insisted. "I'll believe anything," she clamoured, "I'd believe a pink guinea pig."

"Well," said Jean thoughtfully, "it is too hot to make things up, but I don't mind repeating what I heard in the castle garden the other day. You must believe this. I am sure I have got it all quite accurately. I could be cross-examined over it."

"It must have been a Saturday, for I remember wiping my hands on my smock as I sat down on the barrow. It was one of those hot, drowsy days when the bees sound half asleep. I closed my eyes for a second. Immediately the quiet garden was full of chatter. Fortunately I had the presence of mind not to start, but to sham asleep. I looked through my lashes, though, and saw who was speaking."

"A La France Rose was saying passionately: 'I don't know what the garden is coming to. The place is going to rack and ruin.'"

"Come, dear," said Mrs. Christie Miller, soothingly. "Even the best people have had to give up men-servants and take to parlourmaids. And I must say the girl serves the manure and leaf mould very nicely."

"I was speaking of the loss of tone," said La France.

"Why," said Mrs. Christie Miller meekly, "you know best, but she seems to me rather a refined person compared to Wiggins. He hadn't an aitch to his name, and his language—well, dear, you know yourself his language. They say it turned a Juliet into a Frau Karl D—— in a single night."

All the roses, except one white one, gave a little scream at the mention of a Frau Karl D——. "Don't talk to me of those Huns," cried La France. "They ought to be interned. Of course they've changed their name to British Queen, but we all know what these naturalised people are at heart. When I spoke of the garden going to the dogs, I referred to the kitchen garden coming into the pleasure. Potatoes in the tennis court, swedes in the bowling green, turnips in our lawn—they'll be in the beds next. Goodness knows where they'll stop. My only hope is," she went on viciously, "that they'll get to blight."

"Thank 'ee kindly, marm," said a fat turnip. "But we're in the pink."

"There," cried La France, "I told you so. They've turned out the pinks now."

"No, no, dear," said Mrs. Christie Miller. "That is just a phrase vulgar people make use of when they have no indisposition; it expresses salubrity, in short."

"How impertinent of him to speak to me! What are we coming to?" cried La France, tossing her head. "Of course this is the result of Socialism. Now you see for yourselves how the vulgar people are taking advantage of this war. Every vegetable is profiteering its way into the best circles. Instead of—*My lord, here is a rose from my hair, wear it next your heart, it is—Take me to Winklepops before you go back; I've got two coupons and they have the most divine new potatoes.* The Queen of Flowers is rationed. No, my lady, we must manure the potatoes well, I can only spare half a load for the flowers. It is the influence of that whippersnapper girl. What does she care for royalty's feelings? She plumps down these jumped-up munitioners with only a path between them and the oldest family in the world. It is sheer insult." She was speaking louder and louder. "Fancy, roots only came to England quite recently while we go right back, and have always been held to be the aristocrats of flowers. As the dear old poet—I forget which—said:

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"The Rose in her Redness is richest of flowers."

Then no other flower has caused a war, but we split a kingdom in the War of the Roses. We are mentioned in the Bible, too. The Rose of Sharon—

"Was really a sort of buttercup," broke in the turnip.

"Don't take any notice of him," cried Mrs. Christie Miller.

"he's only a common turnip."

"At this point Mr. Atkins interrupted, putting on a gruff country voice, speaking for the turnip:

"Only a common turnip, am I? No, ma'am, only a common Tommy! Don't you know that this here war has got to be won, and it's mainly a matter of food now? You want the British Lion and the Tudor Rose busted all to bits by the talons of the Kaiser's pet eagle, do you? There wouldn't be any rose gardens if Little Willie got over here; there'd be beer gardens. Every garden must send a lawn to the colours if we're to feed the English people and make a long nose at the U-boats. You're sheltering behind the potatoes in the trenches, and you're abusing 'em. Taint handsome, ma'am."

"As to your fine talk about roses, you didn't mention the sweetest an' fairest an' most precious rose there ever was, the English Girl, ma'am. She's come out of her conservatory, an' she's rolled up her leaves—sleeves—an' she's feeding the little 'uns and the Members of Parliament an' King George, and the Army and the British Navy. She's saving the world, by gum, she is. That pretty little tea-rose that was just her mother's table decoration or a young man's buttonhole, she's saving the world!"

"What did the La France say, Aunt—Uncle Jean?" asked Joan.

"Oh," said Jean confusedly, "why—just then there was a step on the gravel, the flowers went to sleep and I woke up. It was the countess. I jumped up and cut her a British Queen which had hung its head ever since La France had talked about Huns. She said it was exquisite and pinned it into her blue dress. Then I took a trowel and a basket over to the kitchen garden. There is a border of herbs round the rose-bed now. Even he is doing his bit."

"Ah," said little Joan, with conscious pride. "I made a muffler."

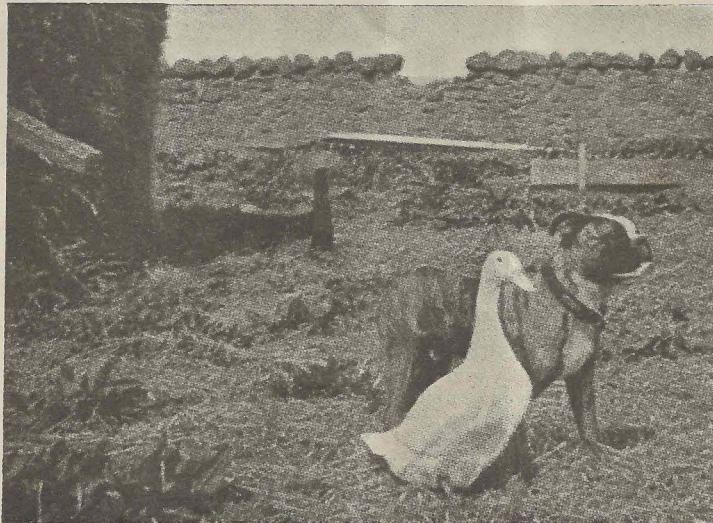
"I always think a muffler would be such a nice present," said Mr. Atkins.

"Are you going to have a birthday?" Joan asked.

Mr. Atkins hesitated. "Well, not exactly a birthday," he said.

* * * * *

And the arch was of swords and spades.



Playmates.

Forestry Pictures

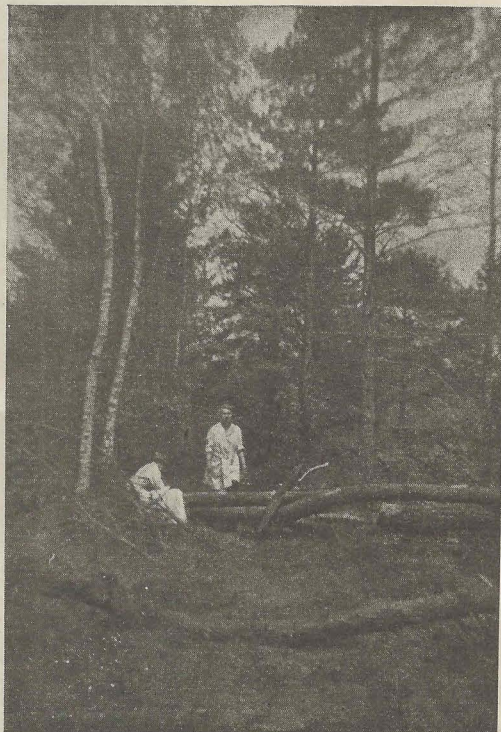
ONCE upon a time if one had wished to paint a picture of forestry there could have been no figures in it but those of weatherbeaten men. Now come and see our forestry pictures throughout the day.

The first is called *Foresters at Dawn*. Here come the girls flocking out from the huts, looking for all the world like a covey of angels, in their white smocks, between the gleam of sunshine and dew. The light flashes on the weapons of industry; the huts are bark-brown, with peaked roofs; and behind are the blue hills.

Follow the horses. A carter of rosy eighteen is softly murmuring to the foremost "Come on, Bobs!"—fortunately Bobs is willing; with Polly one has to pretend to be a man, and yell "Crrrp!" and make parade with a stick. They go in among the felled Scotch firs, and harness the horses to the heavy logs, to load the sawmill trolley. A modern artist, I think, would complain that this picture is too pretty: lovely Daisy and handsome Bobs among the slender standing larches, and the little fox-terrier jumping and barking round them. I shall call this *Modern Chivalry*; one sees such pictures of the olden time sometimes—the slender youth, the great horse, the faithful hound, and the helm (a soft felt) hung at the saddle-bow.

The next is a moving one—*Off to the Sawmill*. Away goes the trolley, Bobs in harness, Edie on the logs driving, and Laura running behind to skid the wheel; as jolly looking as any picnic party.

Are these things forestry? They are the work of the Forestry Corps. Why, we helped to lay this line, and they say we may have to drive the sawmill one of these days. And if I had time to take you through



the whole gallery I could show you trench-digging, beating out conflagrations (not our own), hut building, road-mending, hedge-grubbing. But let us get on to forestry, as it is generally understood.

Five to Eight is the mysterious name of this picture, a green ride below a bank of heather, sloping up to a wood of small firs; in the foreground piles of pit-props; among the heather, girls sawing in pairs or carrying out props on their shoulders. They seem working in fairyland. They are better than fairies: they are cross-cutters busily carrying out a special order for props.

Up the ride, and across the bridge, we mount to New England; but it is just Old England really, with her blue distances, her rich fields, her villages and tiny churches nestling under the hills, seen from this height between the



grey larch boles, beyond the shoulder-high bracken.

Does this picture seem to want a touch of warmer colour? It is there in Peggy's sunburnt bronze and rose and the Indian handkerchief round her hair. Our fellers look so small at the base of these sixty-foot columns of timber; but they are quite equal to their deadly work. Crash! goes one of the giants as we watch, thrown true and parallel with his fallen brothers.

Must you go? I will take you to the station, and there we shall see a farewell picture. This is not beautiful with the beauty of the woods and heaths; but such scenes are favourites with some modern artists, anxious to paint life as it is; only, instead of brawny men, there are girls standing on the black lorry, and in the black truck, and lifting the heavy boards from one to the other.

These have been pictures worth seeing, have they not? Well they may be, for we painted them with sweat and pain, and anxious thought, and tears, and heartache: not without grief, and not without error. No true work, they say, was ever done without these. There was talk one day of a motto for the Foresters, and this of Carlyle was proposed: *No faithful workman finds his work a pastime.*

B. CHAMIER.



On a Hill

THE harebell's swinging in the breeze.
We cannot hear her chimes;
If only I could understand
And make it into rhymes!
Is she Town-crier, do you think?
Oyez! Oyez! a moth
Has somehow lost her chrysalis,
Brown satin, faced with cloth.
Or do you think she rings for church?
The down is still as prayer,
Except for drowsy choirboy bees
Intoning here and there.
The crickets hark (but say *A mens*),
The knapweed pricks an ear.
The sermon's by West Wind to-day.
I'll keep my Sunday here.

JANET BEGBIE.

THE robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their
glee;

The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamoured their piteous cry incessantly,
Knowing Who hears the raven's cry and said,
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think Who made them, and Who
taught

The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instruments of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven.

LONGFELLOW.

Horses *

HOW folk differ in looking after the comfort of horses! A good carter or waggoner, when given charge of young, healthy animals, will rarely want the assistance of the "vet," but the man who does not look after their comfort is continually running after the medicine bottle. I have met with carters and stockmen who seem to think that animals go on from day to day, winter and summer, feeling just the same in condition. We know the action of weather conditions on the human frame, and it is much the same thing with all classes of stock. Give them icy-cold food, poor beds, and draughty houses to sleep in, and it will be found difficult to keep them in good health. Cold and wet, frost and snow, make all the difference imaginable in winter. Travelling is harder over muddy roads, and when the atmosphere is muggy and the horse has his winter coat on he enters the stable dirty, tired and hungry; it is then that the carter has a chance of showing his ability in caring for the comfort of the horses under his charge. He sees that the stable is warm and free from draughts, that grooming is not scamped, that feet and legs are given special attention, and that shoeing is attended to more frequently than in the warm summer months.

The horse-stable on many farms is a most wretched place. In visiting farm sales up and down the country one gets a good impression of what some stables are like. Even if they are not draughty the floors are full of holes where cobble-stones have either sunk or become loosened and removed. The result of this is that the floors are rather wet, and the bedding can never be kept dry for any length of time. Drains in stables cannot be too well attended to, as if the urine is not carried away the atmosphere of the stable can never smell sweet and wholesome. If there is one thing that a horse appreciates more than another, it is bedding, and if this can take the form of a layer of sawdust to absorb the moisture, with a good layer of straw on the top, so much the better. I have always found this practice economical in the use of straw, as straw is never so quickly used up as when it is laid on a wet bottom or floor. The bed should be well shaken up each morning and aired, so that all litter impregnated with urine and dung can be thrown out on the dung heap. If this is carefully performed it should only be necessary to renew the bed every second or third day.

The importance of good food must be remembered and feeding regulated according to the season of the year. Although horses may have hard work to perform in summer and winter, they do not want such heavy feeding when they have the advantage of picking wholesome grass from the paddocks when turned out in the evenings, and at week-ends. In addition, the exercise they get on dry ground does them a vast amount of good. The winter diet should consist of good hay, chop, oats, bran, peas and beans, and if a few carrots are available so much the better. I do not believe in a lot of cold, raw vegetable food for horses, although anything that is in season like vetches, lucerne, an occasional cabbage, green maize, and an odd ripe mangol, is quite safe, and wholesome.

Some feeders stint hay, but this is a great mistake. Horses ploughing day in and day out, or engaged in equally hard work, should be given as much good hay as they will consume, without, of course, overdoing themselves. I know some farmers who in pre-war days fed wholly on oats and hay, and allow their carters two bushels of oats per week per horse, and one truss of hay, the remainder of dry food to be made up of chaff and wheat hulls. I do not believe in this restriction of rations, as very often one horse will perform quite useful work on the two bushels of corn, whereas another will look all the better and perform better and more work on two bushels and a half. Then, again, there is the quality of the oats. It is a mistake to winnow the season's oats with the intention of selling the best and heaviest, and leaving the lightest for the horses. Fat horses are certainly of no use to any farmer, but one does want active working animals, with plenty of muscle and life about them. The meals should be at least four per day, measured out according to the nature of the work performed, and if a horse can be given an hour and a half to consume his food he will masticate it all the better.

Watering and grooming is often carelessly performed, except by trustworthy men and women. A horse should always be given pure water from a clean bucket or pail, and water before and not after a meal. When watered before a meal the odd particles of sour food remaining in the stomach are moved onwards, and the stomach is as it were flushed out and cleansed. If water is given after a meal it tends to wash the food out of the stomach, and also makes the bulk of the food so liquid that it is less easily digested, and the nutritive properties of the food

are not assimilated as they should be. This is one of the reasons why some horses look so thin and poor in condition, notwithstanding that they are well fed, a condition which is often wrongly attributed to worms. What looks better than a well-groomed horse? If the skin and coat are to be kept healthy, grooming must be performed morning and evening. Commence with the curry-comb at the head, gradually working down the neck, breast, and fore-legs, then up the forelegs to the chest, round the barrel, loins, croup and quarters, and lastly down the back legs. Next brush briskly with the dandy-brush, paying special attention to the legs, hocks, and fetlocks. Finish off with the body brush and cloth, and finally give the mane and tail a good combing.

The feet should be well washed, usually twice a week. In the case of Shires the hair on the legs should be regularly combed, and freed from mud, and if the hoofs are dressed each morning with a preparation consisting of whale and train oil, this will be found helpful. When horses come into the stable in a sweating condition they must be wiped down with a wisp of straw, and should not be watered until they have cooled. If the heated stomach is allowed to be chilled with cold water a severe chill may easily follow.

The week-end meal or Saturday night mash is not always taken advantage of as it should be. I was talking to a large London contractor some time ago about horse-feeding, and he told me that he had insisted for years on his horses being given a bran mash on Saturday night, as he remarked that it had a very soothing effect upon the system and kept the bowels in good order. There is certainly no need to tax the animals with a heavy meal on Saturday evening, as they have a day's rest before them. A very good plan in preparing the Saturday night's meal is to take a bucketful of bran and add sixpenny-worth of liquorice and one pound of linseed, and on to this pour as much boiling water as will bring it to the consistency of porridge, and feed when lukewarm but not hot. A pinch of saltpetre put in the food three times weekly helps to keep the blood pure, while if the appetite seems sluggish a little common salt in each feed will stimulate it. I do not believe in a lot of medicine for horses, or, in fact, any animal, but at the same time there are many remedies that can be effectively used. Every animal, young or old, runs the risk of illness, and when this takes a form that we, as farmers, cannot clearly understand or diagnose, then I have always found that it is the wisest plan to consult a veterinary surgeon, and with as little delay as possible. But a great deal can be done in preserving and promoting health in the stable by good management and forethought.

BROOD-MARES.

The period of gestation in mares extends over an interval of forty-eight weeks, and they are capable of conceiving again nine days after parturition. This fact is usually acted upon, as it is a more likely period for securing conception than if mating were postponed until a later date. March and April are the usual months for mares to foal in, and the latter is universally considered the more satisfactory, as the foals then experience none of the little seasonal hindrances with which those born earlier in the year so frequently have to contend. Weather and sunshine may reasonably be expected to favour the April foals, and their progress will at once be noticeable. Moreover, the mare is fit when required at hay-time, and the foals are usually strong and healthy when the time comes for them to be weaned in October or November.

In-foal mares are better worked on the land in back-band and chains than on roads between the shafts. In any case they must never be made to "back" carts or waggons or to haul timber or heavy loads: they should plough, harrow, or do other light work. Exercise is very necessary to them and mares may be worked almost up to foaling-time. When parturition seems imminent, the mare should be left in a roomy horse-box, and immediately after it has taken place she may be given a warm bran-mash and be allowed green food or roots. She should be kept in for a day or two before being turned out into a pasture, and even then it is advisable to bring them in at night unless the weather be extremely genial.

The mare, when she is rearing her foal, must be kept in good condition. Sweet, sound fodder, clover, or lucerne hay for preference may be given generously, and it may be both chaffed and whole. Crushed oats, with abundance of meal in them, are excellent for their milk-making properties, and bran, too, should be given for the first few weeks. Later on, when the mare is feeding on green vetches or rye, the bran may be discontinued.

* "Farming Made Easy." By J. C. Newsham, F.L.S.—Pearson.

When the mare has once more been put to work the most important point is to avoid overheating her, for nothing upsets a foal quicker than to be allowed to suck when the mare is in a state of ferment. She will always have a sweating tendency because of her anxiety to get back to her foal, but hard work should never be allowed to contribute to this tendency. Many farmers permit the foals to accompany the mares, for it is an advantage that they should be able to suck frequently. This, however, is not an altogether satisfactory arrangement, for often the foal proves itself a hindrance, and is also liable to meet with some mishap. It is, on the whole, better to allow two or more foals to be together in a comfortable yard or airy loose-box until the time comes for the mares to rejoin them.

BREAKING-IN HORSES.

There is no greater mistake than that of working young horses at too tender an age, neither should they be allowed to become too old before breaking. Every young horse should be taken in hand at the age of two years. I do not mean that it should be given any strenuous work at this age, but merely handled so that when the horse is 2½ to 3 years old there will be less difficulty in managing it.

If put to heavy work too soon young horses are apt to become strained, with the result that they rise in the loins, or become "up in the back." This happens very simply, and I have known it result from giving one vigorous pull. Every care should be taken to avoid blemishes or anything that tends to shorten the animal's life, and it is particularly important to avoid ailments such as spavins, side-bones, splints, ring-bone, and stiff shoulders.

If the colt is allowed to grow and develop up to the age of four years without being given strenuous work to perform, it stands to reason that its working days will be prolonged. The colt is all the easier to break if it is handled from its birth, and taught to be led by a halter, to lift its feet for shoeing, and to be handy and gentle. They may be bitten by means of a breaking bridle, which they will champ until their mouths become tender or amenable to the rein.

In yoking a young horse, he should first be accustomed to carry harness, and not to be afraid of the rattle of it. I have known many a young horse to bolt at the sound of clanking chains. It is also necessary to accustom the colt gradually to the tightening of the girth.

The first lesson in the actual drawing of a load must be carefully imparted, and on no account must the colt be allowed to run away, as if he once gets free and makes off there will be future trouble in this direction which may be attended with disastrous results. Long cords should be attached to the bit on each side and should be held by strong and reliable attendants while he is led out by the bridle. When thoroughly accustomed to this exercise he will be ready to be yoked between two steady horses in a plough, although personally I much prefer the cultivator. It may even be necessary to hitch on to a heavy log to start with. Harrows I do not like, as they may overturn, in which case the spikes are liable to cause serious injury. In all probability the youngster will be scared and frightened, and may break into a profuse sweat; therefore he ought not to be too severely tried at first.

Half an hour is quite long enough for the first lesson, after which he should be taken back to the stable. For some time after his introduction to labour, quarter and half-days are quite long enough to try his strength, and during the whole of the first winter he cannot be considered as more than half a horse. A summer run is then just what is required to complete the animal's training, and to give him time to regain his strength before engaging in more strenuous work, which commences with harvesting operations, and is followed by wheat-sowing. Always take care to see that a horse is never abused in any shape or form, remembering that bad habits are better cured by firmness and kindness.

HARNESSING A HORSE.

It is very necessary to have a sound knowledge of the principles which govern the use of the various articles comprising the equipment of the light and heavy horses on the holding, and although local custom may vary the outfit a little, there are not a very large number of pieces of harness with which to become familiar. In the case of a land-working horse, we have the bridle and reins as a means of leading or directing the animal, the collar and hames to which the load is attached by means of the traces or tugs, and finally the cart saddle with its attachments, including the crupper, belly-band and breeching. In those cases where chain work is to be performed, no cart saddle is used, and its place is taken by a back-band and hip straps to carry the chains, although the latter are often dispensed with.

In harnessing, the cart saddle should always be put on after the collar and before the bridle, while the horse is in the stall

and the belly-band tightened sufficiently for firmness without discomfort. The head tie of the horse is first released, and the collar placed on by inverting it in order to allow it to pass easily over the eyes and ears, when it may be readily reversed just at the place where the head joins the neck, and then slipped down into its correct position against the shoulders of the animal. Always see that the collar is well fitting and causes no irritation to the animal. Horses with broad foreheads may easily have their eyelids torn and even their eyes injured, by attempting to force over their heads a tight collar, or one on which the hames have been left too tightly buckled. The latter may often be left buckled on the collar for convenience, but the correct method is of course to remove them.

When the collar is on, the hames must be tightly buckled at the top with a sound strap, and it is most important that these should hold fast. For those horses whose shoulders are liable to become sore it may be preferable to use a breast collar, but this is rarely necessary, especially if the animal has been carefully broken. The collar should have a back loop for attaching to the crupper, or straps for attaching these to the cart saddle. The hames should be properly fitting and easily adjusted, and the manner in which the collar sits largely depends upon the position of the draught hooks of the hames. The hames should be so adjusted that the collar is perfectly fitting when the horse is pulling. The cart horse bridle is comparatively simple and usually comprises snaffle bit and bearing rein.

For trap or light horses the crupper is always used. This is attached to the pad and is fitted under the horse's tail, so that the latter prevents the pad or saddle from moving, and this in turn carries the breeching, which enables the horse to back the cart and hold his load down hill without the strain falling on the cart saddle itself. Where the back-band is used, this keeps the chain steady, and prevents the swinging whiplashes from causing the chains to rub the horse's shoulders. Back bands should never be used too long or placed too far forward.

Village Women in Herts

WEST HERTS.—A large number of women are at work, especially round Tring, Chipperfield, Berkhamsted and Wigginton. Quite a number work not as part-timers, paid by the hour but for a weekly wage. At Tring girls leaving school ask their Registrar for a job, and she has been most successful in securing them weekly employment. On one farm several girls worked last summer as regular hands, the farmer teaching them milking and giving them practically an all-round training. In the winter they went into service. They started work again this year, and many joined the Land Army when our recruiting appeal was made. In Tring there are two village forewomen who take their gangs from farm to farm. There is also a third gang, employed by one farmer. At Berkhamsted a gang of high-school girls, led by an old girl, has just been formed. They intend to work afternoons and evenings, from 2 to 7. At Hemel Hempstead the Registrar leads a gang on her father's farm. At Wigginton the Registrar takes all new workers on to her own farm, and teaches them. When they are hardened and know how to use their tools, she sends them out as part-time workers to the farmers. At Watford, Mrs. Bentwich, our Group Leader, has recently formed a gang of shop hands, teachers and school girls. Shop assistants and secondary school girls are working on Wednesdays from 3 to 6, elementary school teachers and secondary school girls every evening from 6 to 9, and all work on Saturdays. That, anyway, is the scheme; the gang has only just started, with nine shop girls, six school girls, and two gang leaders. They have been hoeing onions for Mr. Ayre, who lent them their tools. Mrs. Bentwich led them at first, and reports they took well to the work.

EAST HERTS.—Here a large number of women work. Though in most places they make their own independent arrangements with the farmers, there are gangs in several villages. At Brent Pelham the Registrar leads a gang on her father-in-law's farm; at Sacombe the Registrar and her sister supervise the village gang; at Watton and High Cross there are gangs with gang leaders. At Standon five or six educated girls from London have settled in a cottage furnished for them, and take detachments of women to work on the various farms. Standon thus has four gangs. The Standon women get 5d. an hour, and there is a keen demand for their labour. At Hertford two gangs have recently been formed, also led by educated girls from Hertford. These two gangs work for two farmers. At Ware a gang has been formed, and is proving very popular, more women wishing to join it than can at present be employed. Here the gang is led by a village forewoman.

The women here referred to are village and towns women, who work part-time, six to eight hours a day. Besides their land work they often have houses and children to look after, the majority being married women.

A Pig in Revolt

HUMANITY has always been rather unkind to pigs. We have made a byword of their table-manners and rashers of their persons. We used to keep them in little sties where they were up to their armpits in a black filth, wherein they squelched about disturbing and distributing for yards the rich odour of the floor, like Italian barefoot peasants, treading grapes for a wine-press. (This was before there was a Land Army, of course.) But there was once a pig who revenged his race for every dish of fried bacon that ever appeared on the breakfast table, every ham dangling from the grocer's ceiling, and every string of sausages banded about in pantomime. The story is told in Henderson's book on the *Breeding of Swine*, which was published in 1814:—

"Within the last century (probably about 1720) a person in the parish of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire, called 'the Gudeman o' the Brow,' received a young swine as a present from some distant part, which seems to have been the first ever seen in that part of the country. This pig having strayed across the Lochar into the adjoining parish of Carlavroc, a woman who was herding cattle on the marsh, by the sea-side, was very much alarmed at the sight of a creature that she had never seen before approaching her straight from the shore as if it had just come out of the sea, and ran home to the village of Blackshaw screaming. As she ran, the pig ran home, snorting and grunting after her, seeming glad that it had met with a companion. She arrived at the village so exhausted and terrified, that before she could get her story told she fainted away. By the time she came to herself a crowd of people had collected to see what was the matter, when she told them, that 'there was a diel came out of the sea

The night being dark, they durst not part one from the other to call for assistance, lest the monster should find them out and attack them singly; nor durst they speak above their breath for fear of being devoured. At daybreak next morning they took a different course, by Cumlongon Castle, and made their way home, where they found their families much alarmed on account of their absence. They said they had seen a creature about the size of a dog, with two horns on its head, and cloven feet, roaring out like a lion, and if they had galloped away it would have torn them to pieces. One of their wives said: 'Hout man, it has been the Gudeman o' the Brow's grumphy; it frightened them a' at the Blackshaw yesterday, and poor Meggie Anderson maist lost her wits, and is ay out o' ae fit into anither sin-syne.'

"The pig happened to lay all night among the corn where the men were pulling thistles, and about daybreak set forward on its journey for the Brow. One, Gabriel Gunion, mounted on a long-tailed grey colt, with a load of white fish in a pair of creels swung over the beast, encountered the pig, which went nigh among the horses' feet and gave a snort. The colt, being as much frightened as Gabriel, wheeled about and scampered off sneering, with his tail on his 'rigin,' at full gallop. Gabriel cut the strings and dropt the creels, the colt soon dismounted his rider, and going like the wind, with his tail up, never stopped till he came to Barnkirk Point, where he took the Solway Frith and landed at Bownes, on the Cumberland side. Gabriel, by the time he got up, saw the pig within sight, took to his heels, as the colt was quite gone, and reached Cumlongon Wood in time to hide himself, where he stayed all that day and night, and next morning got home almost exhausted. He told a dreadful



Who's Afraid of Pigs?

with two horns in his head and chased her, roaring and gaping all the way at her heels, and she was sure it was not far off.' A man called Wills Tom, an old schoolmaster, said if he could see it he would 'cunger the diel,' and got a Bible and an old sword. The pig immediately started behind his back with a loud grumph, which put him into such a fright that his hair stood upright in his head, and he was obliged to be carried from the field half dead.

"The whole crowd ran, some one way and some another; some reached the house-tops, and others shut themselves in barns and byres. At last one on the house-top called out it was 'the Gudeman o' the Brow's grumphy,' he having seen it before. Thus the affray was settled, and the people reconciled, although some still entertained frightful thoughts about it, and durst not go over the door to a neighbour's house after dark without one to set or cry them. One of the crowd who had some compassion on the creature called out: 'Give it a tork of straw to eat, it will be hungry.'

"Next day the pig was conveyed over to Lochar, and on its way home, near the dusk of the evening, it came grunting up to two men who were pulling thistles on the farm of Cockpool. Alarmed at the sight, they mounted two old horses they had tethered beside them, intending to make their way home, but the pig getting between them and the houses, caused them to scamper out of the way and land in Lochar moss, where one of their horses was drowned, and the other with difficulty relieved.

story! The fright caused him to imagine the pig as big as a calf, having long horns, eyes like trenchers, and a back like a hedgehog. He lost his fish; the colt was got back, but never did more good; and Gabriel fell into a consumption and died about a year afterwards.

"About the same time a vessel came to Glencaple Quay, a little below Dumfries, that had some swine on board; one of them having got out of the vessel in the night, was seen on the farm of Newnains next morning. The alarm was spread, and a number of people collected. The animal got many different names, and at last it was concluded to be 'a brock' (a badger). Some got pitch forks, some clubs, and others old swords, and a hot pursuit ensued; the chase lasted a considerable time, owing to the pursuers losing heart when near their prey and retreating. One, Robs Geordie, having rather a little more courage than the rest, ran 'neck or nothing' forcibly upon the animal, and run it through with a pitchfork, for which he got the name of 'stout-hearted Geordie' all his life after. A man, nearly a hundred years of age, who was alive in 1814, in the neighbourhood where this happened, declared that he remembered the Gudeman o' the Brow's pig, and the circumstances related, and he said it was the first swine ever seen in that country."

But in these little antagonisms between four legs and two legs, humanity gets the last word. Even this victorious pig had no finer sepulture than Mrs. Gudeman o' the Brow's trying-pan.

J. B.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS*

By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE

CHAPTER IX

CECILIA DINES OUT

THE Judge paced slowly up and down his wide veranda, waiting for his guest, Cecilia. He had invited the Barretts to join them, but they had gone into town instead, to a farewell dinner with their respective parents, who were departing for Europe on the morrow.

The Judge was rather glad it was so, and that he and Cecilia were to have the evening alone. He saw the diplomacy necessary to win the confidence of this strange girl, and he did not for an instant discount his interest in her. She seemed to him a unique figure. In all the years that the endless human army had marched before him in review he remembered not one like Cecilia Carné.

Life had bruised her, and it would take long and careful nursing to win her back to the normal, to real sanity. His was a long and fruitful service in the healing of the mental and the spiritual sick, and perhaps, he mused, he might win this passionate girl back to "sweetness and light."

He glanced at his watch and then toward the wood. She was not in sight, so he determined to go after her, lest she lose her courage and decide not to come at all. He strode off toward the cabin, and came upon her, making her way slowly through the wood, Omar beside her. She was as usual without a hat, and wore her short skirt and sailor's blouse; and there was a sort of savage beauty in the high carriage of her head, and the animal grace of her slender body. She waved her hand to him.

"A very good evening to you, my friend," said the Judge, taking her hand.

"You were coming to meet me? How nice of you!"

"You must not mind if I make you a very frequent excuse for coming through this bit of wood."

"This is an enchanted place. I love it."

He fell in step and they loitered along.

"Were you never afraid out here, alone, this winter?"

"Never. I had Omar."

"Where did you get the dog, Miss Carné?"

"I didn't get him, he came to me. The first night I spent in the cabin he came and whined and cried at the door, so I took him in. He did not have a collar, or anything by which I could discover his owners, and he has never made any effort to run away; so I decided that he wanted to be a hermit too, and I took him into the firm."

Omar wagged his tail frantically to show that he understood, and the Judge patted him. As they

came out into the driveway the Judge exclaimed, "Fresh carriage tracks. I have had a guest."

Cecilia half drew back.

"No doubt they disposed of him at the house."

As they approached the door Saxton Graves greeted them.

"Why, Saxton, where did you come from?" the Judge asked.

"Town, where it's piping hot! The Barretts asked me out to dinner, forgot all about it, and have gone to town themselves. I came to beg hospitality of you, but if you have a guest——"

"You remember Miss Carné?"

"Well, rather."

Cecilia bowed distantly.

"Excuse me a minute, and I'll have an extra place added."

"You are sure I'm not intruding? I can catch the seven o'clock back to town."

"You shall not go back to town unfed. Pardon me, Miss Carné."

"Will it spoil the whole evening for you if I stay?" Saxton asked, when the Judge had left them.

"It makes no difference to me one way or the other."

"Don't I make any impression on you at all?"

"No."

He turned away and walked moodily to the end of the porch. The Judge found them so, and gave a sigh for his doomed dinner party. Under some circumstances three is an unendurable crowd!

"Beautiful view from there, isn't it, Saxton?"

"What? I beg pardon."

"I thought you were looking at the view."

"The view? Oh, yes—yes—fine."

"Dinner is served, sir," announced the butler.

"It is a pity that we dine at the most beautiful hour of the summer day. That is one great advantage to my out-of-door dining-room—it makes a slight concession to the poetical possibilities."

"Do you mean to say that you would rather see a good sunset than eat a good dinner, Judge?"

"Certainly I do," smiled his host.

"Judge, Judge, will you never grow up? It is a disgraceful sign of adolescence to adore the setting sun."

"All the centuries of sun-worshipping ancestors cry out in me. I have the old impulse to fall upon my face before the daily miracle—but not the courage," he added, laughing.

"Fire is my deity," said Cecilia. "I should not mind the death prey; I think that is a splendid way to greet death!"

"There's a cheerful idea for you! Fancy such a horror, in the face of a good dinner," cried Saxton, determinedly gay.

"This man is an idealist, a sentimentalist, Miss

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Carné, and his one idea is to hide behind the cloak of the materialist."

"Spare me, thou good and honourable Judge, spare me!"

"Why are you so afraid of being what you are?" Cecilia asked him. "You always make me feel that you are playing, that you cannot be in earnest."

"I should not dare to be in earnest before you, Miss Carné!"

"Why not?"

"You would not permit it."

Cecilia frowned at the personal flavour Graves had introduced, and the Judge came hastily to the rescue.

"I had an amusing incident in the court room to-day, in the case of the People *versus* Conrad, Gridley, and Martin. Martin, who is an Irishman, was called to testify in regard to an outbreak of Union men against the police at Crossroads, a night or two before killing this man Parker. It seems that a cordon of police marched to the hall out there, where a strike meeting was being held, to prevent any disturbance, and this man Martin told the court about the subsequent battle.

"Who began this disturbance?" asked the Prosecuting Attorney.

"The police," answered Martin promptly.

"The police struck the first blow?"

"The police began the disturbance, sor."

"How did they begin it?"

"Well, sor, I was the presidin' officer av the meetin', an' I was in the middle av a stirrin' speech, whin some dirty bluecoat at the back av the hall began to snore so loud I couldn't hear meself think. I called his attention to the matter twicet, and thin I stipped down on the floor and give him hell! He called on the others, an' we had a free-for-all."

"But you said the police began the disturbance."

"Sure, that's what I'm tellin' ye. I lave it to yer Honour if snorin' ain't a insult in the furst degree. 'Twould be a poor-spirited orator that wouldn't smash a man that snored at him!"

"I had a fellow-feeling for the man," the Judge added; "you see, he didn't have a bailiff to assist, as I have."

Saxton laughed, and Cecilia smiled at the story.

"There is a great deal of interest in this case, isn't there?"

"Seems to be. Have you been reading about it, Miss Carné?" the Judge asked, just to draw her into the talk.

"I know something about the case. We all wanted it to go before a judge who was for the Unions," she added, to his utter surprise.

"Favourable to the Unions? That would be a strange position for a judge to take."

"You are not in favour of them, then?"

"How can anybody be in favour of them so long as they resort to murder as the quickest way to get rid of an enemy?" Saxton interposed.

"Do you think Conrad's killing of Parker was murder?" she asked the Judge.

"It is impossible for me to express myself on that point, Miss Carné. The case is under trial before me."

"I think Conrad and Grinley and Martin are patriots. Conrad did a great thing for our cause."

"Our cause?"

"Yes; the cause of Labour."

"So you are a trades unionist?"

"Yes, and a socialist."

"You, living like a nun in a convent, call yourself a socialist?" cried Graves in unfeigned astonishment.

"I advocate socialistic principles; and Conrad did away with a tyrant who blocked the way of the many."

"That comes dangerously near being anarchy, doesn't it?" the Judge asked gently.

"In this case there was no other way. If Parker had declared for Union Labour at Crossroads, thousands of men would have had an equal chance; but he declared for Open Shop, and he had to be removed. What is one man's life to the welfare of thousands?"

"Dangerous ground, my friend," warned the Judge.

"But Parker had brain, he was a power in the world, his one life was worth more than your thousands of blockheads!" Saxton said.

"And who is responsible for these thousands of blockheads in the world? The Parkers of the world."

"How do you make that out?" Graves demanded.

The Judge frowned at him, because he saw that he was annoying Cecilia.

"So your remedy is, Down with Parkers?" he asked her.

"Yes, if they stand for the suppression of the many."

Saxton would not be quieted.

"Hasn't Parker as much right to advocate Open Shop as your Union leader has to stand for Unionism?"

"My dear young people, do you realise that I sit for hours each day and listen to this case *pro* and *con*?"

"Beg pardon, Judge; you stopped us just in time to prevent a bloody conflict. I had no idea Miss Carné was such a fighter."

"I feel very strongly on the subject. I belong to the working classes myself," she said.

"So do we all, my dear young lady, all three of us," protested the Judge.

"Not in the same way. Your business is to help the man who has to keep what he has; and mine is to help the man who hasn't to get what he needs."

The Judge smiled and shook his head.

"And what is my function?" asked Graves.

"To sit on the fence and make jokes at both of us," she retorted instantly, rising to follow the Judge into the library. Graves laughed and brought up the rear, protesting that she would not take him in earnest.

"Shall we stay in here or go on to the veranda for our coffee?" asked their host.

"Let us stay in here a moment, and then go out. I love this room," Cecilia said.

"So do I. Saxton has designed me a beautiful home for my friends, has he not?"

"Your friends?" she questioned.

"Yes, my books. I always think of this room as their home, where they entertain me as their guest. Think what a motley company we are in," he added,

going up to one of the cases. "Stanch old Carlyle scowling here at Villon, the poet-vagabond; Kipling next door to John Bunyan; Soerates and Stevenson; Nordau and Maeterlinck—I refuse to sort them out according to their predilections. In this Home for Old Indigent Books, this Retreat for Modern and Maudlin Books, this Hospital for Diseased and Neurotic Books, every fellow has to put up with his neighbour's viewpoint. Sometimes I fancy them o' nights coming off their shelves and rushing into verbal combat. Such a clash of words, such a jumble of ideas—that would be a battle of the gods!"

Cecilia laughed aloud, and the Judge turned to her in surprise at the musical gurgle of laughter.

"I'd like to referee a fight between old John Bunyan and D'Annunzio," said Saxton.

"I understand that Bunyan's life and D'Annunzio's principles don't go so badly together," laughed the Judge.

They wandered out to the porch and watched the moon come up out of the water, and they talked of many things; but the Judge held them down to a quiet key, for he was tired himself, and he felt that Cecilia had had excitement enough at the dinner-table.

When time came for her to go, he said to Saxton, "Will you walk along with Miss Carné, Saxton, as my deputy? I have several things to attend to yet to-night, and I am sure she will excuse me."

"Of course," said Cecilia; "I've enjoyed it, Judge Carteret. Thank you."

She gave him her hand and then turned and led the way abruptly down the drive and into the woods.

"I am not the least afraid, so you need not come," she said to Saxton.

"But I want to come," he said with a sigh.

"Come along, then, but don't be moony!" she ordered.

"There is not the least use in your trying to hide from me behind your wall of impersonality," he challenged her.

"No?"

"No. For I am the most persistent wall-climber you ever met in your life!"

"There are spikes on my wall!"

"Good. I enjoy spikes. I'm a collector of spikes."

"There is a fire-snorting monster behind the wall."

"Referring to yourself?"

"If you like."

"I have a fondness for adventure. Give me a guerdon and I'll capture your monster."

"I'm not in need of a knight, thank you."

"Are you in need of anything?"

"Yes; sleep."

"Nothing of a more material nature, such as a lover, a slave, a husband?"

"Mercy, no!—pests, all of them."

"Ever tried them?"

"All but the last."

"And the greatest of these is the husband!"

"Greatest pest? I don't doubt it."

When they came to her cabin she faced about.

"Good night," she said.

"Aren't you going to say that you enjoyed my company home?"

"Why should I? I told you I didn't want you to come."

"A less valiant man than I would give up after that."

"Be a trifle less valiant, then."

"You flatter me. Do I understand that I am asked to call?"

"You do not."

"May I—please?"

"Certainly not."

"I'm invited not to call?"

"Yes," with a sigh of patient endurance.

"You do not need a door mat?" persistently.

She had to smile at this in spite of herself.

"Don't let me keep you," she said. "Good night."

She opened the door and stepped inside.

"Good night. I'll come around again, lady, and see if there is anything you do need. You know the song about Cupid, the Pedlar? That's me."

"I set my dog on pedlars."

"Dogs always take to me," he retorted.

He went off singing lustily about Cupid and his pack, filling all the woods with his clamour.

"That is the most persistent idiot it has ever been my misfortune to meet," said Cecilia, and smiled at the Man in the Moon, who winked and smiled back at her.

(To be continued)

Joy

MARY danced a little dance in the nursery, after tea,

With all her might for the dear delight that youth and life could be;

The rhythmic beat of her flying feet, the quaint curls floating wild,

Were the simple art to express the heart of the little joyful child.

Now Grandpapa—for such things are—was jaded, worn and old,

Life lived too fast becomes at last as a dull tale that is told;

In the lamplight gloom of his lonely room, his tired thoughts turning round,

In the deepest stress of his weariness, laughed the little lilting sound.

Then he left his cares and his worldly wears, and climbed the sight to see,

To drown his strife in the glowing life of her spontaneity;

And as more and more of the sight he saw, his understanding grew,

Till her spirit burst on his soul athirst, and set him dancing too.

M. F. H.

Nursery Rhymes for the Next Generation

HICKORY, Dickory Dock,
The mouse ran up the smock,
She did not flinch or budge an inch,
The mouse died of the shock.

As Land Lass Brooks and Susan Snooks
Wore hobble skirts on Sunday,
They met a stile, walked round a mile,
And wished that it was Monday.

Drive a crock hoss to Banbury Cross,
They've taken my men and my only sound hoss,
But milk's at the station, and pork's in the pot,
All along of that good little Land Lass I've got.

Daughter dear, daughter dear, where have you been?
I talked to a girl with an armlet of green.
Daughter dear, daughter dear, what did she say?
The life of a Land Lass is honest and gay.
Daughter dear, daughter dear, what did you do?
I saw her complexion and I enrolled, too.

Little Bo-Peep
Has all her sheep,
And knows just where to find 'em.
She's joined, you see,
Our Land Armee;
We've taught her how to mind 'em.

There was a young woman
Sick, nervous and blue,
She had so many troubles—
I know what I'd do,
I'd give her a kit
Without any skirt,
And I'd soon have her whistling
And shovelling dirt.

Ding Dong Dell,
Bread and beef to sell!
Who fed the stock?
Girl in nice white smock.
Who grew the wheat?
Girl with hob-nailed feet.
What a splendid thing was that,
To keep the English babies fat,
The U-boats shall not do them harm,
While Englishwomen man the farm.

Showers of Blood

IN her July letter the Editor asks for curious stories of natural history. The following anecdote seems to me particularly interesting, because it shows how easily superstitious people can make a miracle out of a common occurrence:

In 1826 William Hone was writing at his desk when he "took up an envelope which he had received ten minutes before, and, to his surprise, observed on its inner side, which had been uppermost on the table, several spots which seemed to be blood. They were fresh and wet and of a bright scarlet colour. They could not be red ink, for there was none in the house; nor could they have been formed on the paper by any person, for no one had entered the room; nor had he moved from the chair wherein he sat. The appearance seemed unaccountable, till considering that the window sashes were thrown up, and recollecting an anecdote in the *Life of Pierese* (by Cassendi) he was persuaded that they were easily accounted for: and that they were a specimen of those "showers of blood," which terrified our forefathers in the dark ages, and are recorded by old chroniclers."

In the "Life" referred to it is stated that in 1608 Pierese was very busy observing and philosophising over the "bloody rain" which was said to have fallen about the beginning of July. Great drops were seen on the city wall, and the church near it and upon all the walls of villages for miles round. The naturalists said it was caused by the congealing of vapours drawn out of red earth, which was hardly a less absurd explanation than the common people's, who thought it the work of witches who had killed young children. Everyone was excited about the phenomenon, and wondered what it foretold.

"In the meanwhile an accident happened out of which he (Pierese) conceived he had collected the true cause thereof. For some months before, he shut up in a box a certain palmer-worm which he had found, rare for its bigness and form; which, when he had forgotten, he heard a-buzzing in the box, and when he opened it, found the palmer-worm, having cast its coat, to be turned into a very beautiful butterfly, which presently flew away, leaving in the bottom of the box a red drop as big as an ordinary sous or shilling; and because this happened about the beginning of the same month, and about the same time an incredible multitude of butterflies were observed flying in the air, he was therefore of opinion that such kind of butterflies resting upon walls, had there shed such like drops, and of the same bigness. Wherefore, he went the second time, and found by experience that those drops were not to be found on the house-tops, nor upon the round sides of the stones which stuck out, as it would have happened if the blood had fallen from the sky, but rather where the stones were somewhat hollowed, and in holes, where such small creatures might shroud and nestle themselves. Moreover, the walls which were so spotted were not in the middle of towns, but they were such as bordered upon the fields, nor were they on the highest parts, but only so moderately high as butterflies are commonly wont to fly.

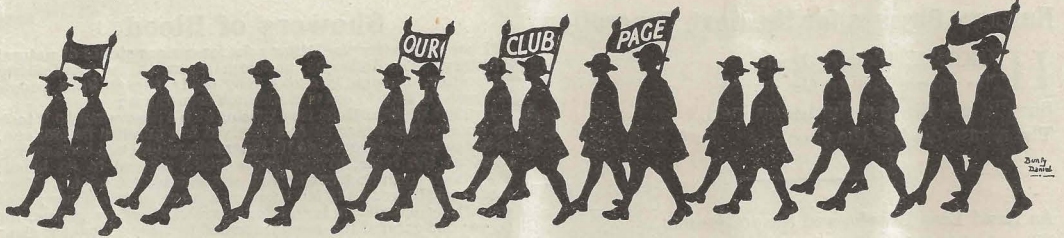
"Thus, therefore, he interpreted that which Gregory of Tours relates, touching a bloody rain seen at Paris in divers places, in the days of Childebert, and on a certain house in the territory of Senlis; also that which is storied, touching raining of blood about the end of June, in the days of King Robert . . . for it was the same season of butterflies."

And so

— "ends the history
Of this wonderful mystery."



A Land Army Wedding.



August 1st.

DEAR GIRLS,—Such a lot of letters have come in this month—very friendly letters—and all repeating over and over again the story that I love to hear, of your joy in your work and your delight in your Magazine.

It is particularly cheering to me for the moment to hear this chorus of approval of your work, because I have just been reading a book which, although it rejoices in the open-air life, dwells so persistently on the hardships, "the paralysing monotony and mental stagnation" of land work, that I began to wonder whether we, any of us, have any right to persuade you girls to undertake such work.

The book is one which I am sure would interest all of you, if only because it shows you the difference which the organisation of the Land Army has made in the conditions of employment of women in agriculture. Miss Olive Hockin, the writer of this book, *Two Girls on the Land*, started working on a farm in the very early days of the war, when the common rate of pay for women was a shilling a day, without one's food, and when the general opinion of the farmer was that "a woman about the place would be more trouble than she is worth."

It took her and her friend "Jimmy" a long time to wear down this prejudice on the part of "maester," and even when he was forced to acknowledge the value of their labour—the only result was a grasping determination on his part to get as much work out of them as he possibly could—saving his pocket at the expense of their health.

The book is freshly written, and so absorbingly interesting to anyone keen on this subject, that once I had started to read it, I found it difficult to put it down. I think I was all the time nursing a feverish and insistent hope that the next chapter would tell of the tremendous joy of it all—in spite of the hard work—of some mysterious feeling of satisfaction which would make all the monotonous toil and all the sacrifice supremely worth while. But it never came. The story, or rather monthly diary, culminates in a vivid description of a dangerous and ghastly ride through a snowstorm, so dramatically told that at the end of it one's own face was blue with cold, and stinging from the needle points of frozen snow which had been driving against it for hours.

And the result—the ultimate end of land work according to this book is this—these two girls break down in health, and their places are taken by two soldiers.

The whole book left behind it a feeling of utter disappointment and bewilderment, and it was with the greatest relief that I turned to a batch of delightful letters from you girls—letters such as I quoted in the July number, such as I get every day from you, all of them insisting on the perfect success, from every point of view, of work on the land. It is true that Miss Hockin in the preface to her book, which, by the way, I read last, says: "Under the present organisation of women's agricultural work, with its vast network of committees and secretaries and voluntary organisers, with friends at headquarters to advise them, to train them, to place them, to stipulate for holidays and decent wages; who shop for them, hunt up local friends for them, and even publish a magazine solely to keep in touch with them—with all this the Land Army girls of to-day have a better chance of obtaining fair conditions than was possible in the early days of the war."

So it seems that we must put down all the success of the work at the present time to the organisation of the Women's Land Army! Of course that has helped—helped enormously—and it is going to help still more, till the whole thing is perfect. But it isn't that that makes poets of all you girls, for nearly all of you send me poems of some sort, and often the most beautiful ideas are hidden beneath the most faulty rhyme and metre; it isn't that that fills you with a consuming desire to sing your heart out, as you milk or hoe or gather in the hay and the corn.

It is the supreme joy of helping to make things grow—the love of the animals, the sense of freedom which the close contact with Nature brings you, the larger view of life, the realisation of the wonderful beauty of the Lord—beauty of which we should be, and are, a part, and which we have no more right

to mar by ugly hearts or unhappy faces than the flower or the butterfly has the right to spoil its petals or its wings.

Add to this the perfect happiness which comes with perfect health, and you have the secret of the mysterious fascination of work on the land. Of course, the thought that helps most when the work is hard is the thought that we are sharing in the much harder work which our men are doing at this time. But even after the war is over, and the need for this particular labour is not so urgent, many of you will stick to it for the sheer love of it, and because the call of the land will make it impossible for you to go back to the confinement and triviality of town life.

THE SHOPPING CLUB.—Ties, chin straps, books, breeches, ribbons, alarm clocks, smocks, and lots of other things have been purchased and sent off to all parts of England and Wales. A little book which I generally send to any of you asking for a simple book on cattle is out of print for the moment; but another book has just been published by Pearsons, called *Farming Made Easy*, and it may be, I think, a very useful book for some of the new recruits of the Land Army. It is a little more expensive, 2s. 6d. instead of 1s., but it covers wider ground, as it deals with almost every operation on a farm. We have quoted from it rather largely in this number in order that you may be introduced to it, and possibly make further use of it by getting a copy of your own.

I have also had various offers this month from girls who would like to sell or buy or exchange new and secondhand articles. One girl had some new breeches she wanted to sell, and another is very keen to buy a secondhand bicycle. Now, if this is a pressing need, I am quite prepared to put into communication with each other girls wishing so to bargain amongst themselves—in short, to set up a "Landswoman Exchange and Mart Column." Only it must be *clearly* understood that I take no responsibility whatever for the success of any transaction between you. I shall merely be a means of communication. You can send to me—any of you—a list of things which you wish to buy or sell secondhand, I will publish that list each month in THE LANDSWOMAN, giving always the name and address of the buyer or seller, and you can then write direct to each other and make your own bargains. Girls who, during the winter, wished to do sewing or knitting might take advantage of this Exchange and Mart column to advertise their work.

There are a lot of girls who are no good at sewing who would be very grateful indeed to have their underclothing, or their stockings, made for them by other Land Army girls rather than buy ready machine-made stuff. Some of you do beautiful embroidery and drawn threadwork which others might be glad to have done for them. Some months ago a girl who was embroidering an elaborate afternoon tea-cloth for a present wrote to ask me to find for her a Land Army girl who would do the hemstitching, as her eyes were not strong enough to stand the strain.

I think that this Exchange Column may be useful to some of you, and I should like to hear from you what you think of the idea.

THE SEWING CLUB.—Paper patterns are always in great request, and even though the price, owing to the scarcity of paper, has gone up from 6d. to 1s. there is no slackening in the demand.

Generally the largest order is for underclothes, but this month a girl, who is "more up in the ways of calves than babies," asks for advice about the making of a dainty frock for a babe who will be six months by the time it is finished, and who is certainly going to be a "lass" because she "simply hates petticoats now!"

There is nothing more delightful to make than little clothes for babies. Anyone can afford to make them, being such tiny things little material is required, but one can always put such a wealth of love and devotion into the needlework. I never can understand how folk can dress tiny babies in machine-made garments. A being so newly and so beautifully made as a baby should have nothing next to it but the purest of hand-made clothes.

I wonder if you girls have realised that the best blouse to wear under your smock for the winter is one made exactly the same shape as a boy's shirt with a turn-down collar. It keeps down well inside your breeches, and is always comfortable and neat round the neck.

COMPETITIONS.—Two extra prizes have been offered for the competitions The Honour of the Land Army. A lady sent me 10s. 6d., and a Land Army girl, who is a very great friend of mine, brought me 4s. the other day to go towards the prize fund because she had been earning such a lot of money doing overtime during haymaking.

Unfortunately the essays have come in so late that I am obliged to hold them over till the September issue.

I had hoped that by extending the time for doing essays, etc., that we should get a great many more sent in. But this has not proved to be the case. Perhaps the subjects have been too forbidding lately, perhaps some of you who have tried month after month have given it up in despair. Anyway, there has not been that spontaneous rush to enter for the competitions that there was in the beginning of the year. I am sorry about it, because I like you all to have a try. Even if you don't get a prize, it is ever so good for you to learn to express yourselves on paper and to put into words the thoughts that come to you during your work. So we will take an inspiring and easy subject this time, and shall expect to have lots and lots of entries. Essays not exceeding 500 words in length, on "My Most Exciting Adventure since Joining the Land Army," and six shilling prizes for the best ones for toothache and bee stings!

All papers must reach the Editor—Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, London—not later than October 12th.

There are still a large number of land girls who never see THE LANDSWOMAN. I am certain it is not because they don't want to see it, and I should be very hurt if I thought it was because they were not prepared to find 3d. per month for it. The real reason is that they have either never heard of it or they don't know where to get it. Now, I want you girls who do get it and read it regularly to see to it that every Land girl you know does the same. It can always be obtained from your County Organising Secretary or, in some cases, from your

Village Registrar. There are now at least 18,000 workers in the Women's Land Army, and I want each one of those workers to have her own copy of THE LANDSWOMAN every month.

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

Clamping Roots

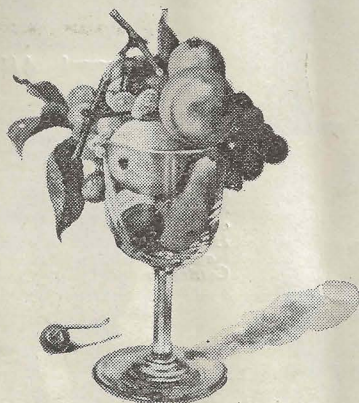
It is often necessary to store roots in an exposed field, and should the clamp be not sufficiently protected with coverings or cavings, turf, or soil the cold winds accompanied by frost soon penetrate into the heap, with the disastrous results which are only too familiar to those who have experienced such misfortune. If the roots cannot be placed in sheds, the clamps should be made, if possible, near a shelter hedge, or some convenient spot in the rickyard; and whenever thrashing operations are conducted previous to covering up the heap, the barley cavings will make an excellent covering, with the addition of nine to twelve inches of soil thrown over them. Even this amount of soil or thatch is in itself insufficient to keep out a sharp, penetrating frost, more especially if it is accompanied by a strong east wind; and both straw and soil will be necessary.

Another mistake is to handle the roots when frosted, as the least knock when the cells are frozen, or, as it were, practically filled with ice, causes rupture, a mixing of the cell contents follows, with the result that fermentation and rotting soon take place. With mangels, as in all other plants that become frozen, thawing should take place as gradually as possible, so that the cells may regain their elasticity, in which condition they are not so liable to injury. The ventilation of the heap is also important if mangels are expected to keep well into the spring, and every opportunity should be given for the surplus heat to escape before the heat is finally closed down. Also it is of importance to uncover the heap in the spring when there is no likelihood of severe frosts. The heap should never be made too wide, very useful dimensions being 12 feet at the base and reaching about 6 feet at the apex. A heap thus formed will hold about 4 cubic yards per yard run, and when mangels are sold in the spring this is an easy means of calculation.

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As a Summer Beverage it not only quenches your thirst, but is an inspiring and invigorating stimulant. You will find it as exhilarating as the sunlight that has found its way into the fruit essences of which it is compounded. It is not a fruit syrup, but a distinctly flavoured liqueur, clean to the palate and with a subtle sharpness that makes it a perfect appetiser and digestive.

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As a tonic it should be taken without addition. It represents the highest form of nourishment and has wonderful fortifying and reviving powers. Its effects are almost instantaneous and they do not pass away.

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Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.

Impressions of Wye College

MANY L.A.A.S. friends have inquired: "When are we going to have an article on your Wye Course in THE LANDSWOMAN?"

If the editor has not received another account, perhaps she will satisfy them with mine.

To picture "the sixty seconds' worth of distance run" of every crowded minute of the six months at Wye would be impossible. It has made me disagree with the poet man who wrote: "To scorn delights and live laborious days." The days of hard work at Wye were filled with pleasure.

Fifteen Landworkers were selected by the Board of Agriculture to take a course in advanced agriculture, and thereby be trained for instructors and bailiffs.

The work was mainly theoretical, though two afternoons a week we had the opportunity of learning how to do the practical work we had not yet encountered.

Shall I ever forget learning to plough, with a shining new plough minus a furrow wheel!

"Some job" to keep the furrow straight and even. Even more of a job to correct one's zig-zags next time round. One thought of the Scriptural injunction about not looking back!

The lecture subjects were: Agricultural zoology, mycology, botany, economics, surveying, building construction, soils and manures, foods and feeding, stock, dairy, veterinary science, crops, implements, book-keeping, poultry, vegetable growing and horticulture. The cream of the diploma course put into six months!

One did at first get these somewhat mixed up in one's dreams and have visions of "Pytophthora infestans" being a serpent-shaped beetle devouring whole fields of turnips.

The college being the agricultural side of London University, the lecturers are first-rate men, some of them of International reputation.

To the principal and staff we owe a debt of gratitude for their unfailing courtesy and help in our difficulties and search after knowledge.

Wye College is a charming place, set in the midst of a beautiful part of Kent. Some of the building is very old, being built by Cardinal Archbishop Kemp in 1470.

His portrait, in full regalia, hangs over the ancient fireplace in the old raftered refectory, where we dined off old bare oak tables, sitting thereto on oak benches.

One has often tried to picture the twelve priests for whom John Kemp founded the college for quiet study, dwelling in the old building. The candle sconces above the reader's place are still on the refectory wall. One thinks that he "builted truer than he knew," for his old foundation to-day is a centre *luce et labore*.

The spacious old library with beautifully carved panelling also occupies part of the original building. It has 4,000 works on agriculture, dating from Jethro Tull's *Horsehoeing Husbandry* to such modern works as R. Prothero's *English Farming, Past and Present*.

We had comfortable study bedrooms and a sunny common room, much used in the Sunday hour for the pleasant chaff and banter which comes as second nature to Land girls.

Our debating society meetings were held there, when we talked about wages, uniform, Sunday labour, land taxes, village institutes and 72, Victoria Street!

WYE SCHOLAR, L.A.A.S.

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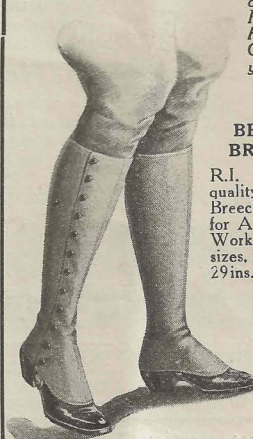


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Woodman Burbidge, Managing Director.

Ils ne sont pas méchants, les Prussiens.

EVERY day I saw him in his old blue cloak, faded and rather torn, his cap pulled down over his ears, carrying his long thonged whip, and followed by two mongrel dogs, one like a fox. He was long and lean, his face brown and scarred, and he wandered in a straggling way over the fields with his fifty sheep, all that remained of a flock of 150 he had before the Prussians came that September day and changed his habits of years—no, only partly—even they weren't strong enough for that. For on September 6th, the day that they arrived at the ford below the village, 10,000 strong, he took his cloak and stick as usual, called his dogs and sheep together with that harsh long whistle they knew and set out over the fields away from the village over the higher ground behind, towards the French lines. The night before, his wife and daughter kept begging him to leave with them and let the sheep go. They weren't his own; the master was rich. What were they compared with his life, which meant everything to them? And M. le Cure had said the Prussians were sure to come, and M. le Maire had sent round word for the people to leave.

No. He had been prisoner in Prussia in '70 for twelve months before he returned to marry her, and he knew they were not a "méchant" people, for they had treated him well, and all the stories of the burnings and the women and children shot were just old wives' tales; and finally there were the sheep, and he wasn't going to leave them. So she let him go, and started putting a few things into a black wooden box—a Prussian box. She remembered how he had arrived one day with the box on his back when she had given up all hope of ever seeing him again. And now the Prussians had come again, when they were old, and they would be separated a second time. This time they would never see each other.

She put in two shirts, four pocket handkerchiefs, one rather torn for everyday use, some linen for herself and her daughter, the photographs of her sons at the war, and of her daughter's husband, and one of Varlet with his sheep. She could not see properly for tears. He was lost for certain, going over the open fields in the rain of artillery fire, which was now becoming worse.

There they were, all passing the windows—the Chorés in their cart—poor Mademoiselle had been bed-ridden for years and only the fear of the Prussians had got her up—the Monjeans, laughing always, in spite of misfortune; the Thomassins, the Herzogs, and all the village in a long procession of carts and wheelbarrows and perambulators, old and young, the weak and helpless, for the rest were fighting; cows, horses, ducks, geese, even pigs, in that strange convoy. Madame Varlet roused herself suddenly, and lifting the box, put it on the little one-horse cart her daughter had got ready, and joined with the rest, to leave all they cared for, their gardens, their homes, everything the world held for them, except those fighting out there somewhere beyond. Up the steepish street, past the washing place, with the little fountain in the middle still playing gaily, past the church, past the presbytery, whence M. le Cure had been watching his people as they went. He too, had made a bundle, put on his old cassock, his old hat, and taken down his umbrella, with a vague idea it might be useful. He was very old and his hand shook as he tried to drink a little milk between each terrific explosion.

The shells were coming faster now; one had come tearing through his study and left nothing but a gaping hole where his books had been. He thought if he could only get to the church and bury the chalice and the silver crucifix, as he had heard his grandfather say folks had done in the village in the terror of 1739—but it was too late now as they had all passed, and Madame la Maire had come for him and they set out together after their people; for, if he was their spiritual father, she mothered the village and shared its small joys and sorrows. The Maire stayed behind to try to save the town. The Prussians burn the villages where the mayors "insult" them by leaving before they arrive.

Alas! Nothing could save Etrépy from that onslaught. They came over the hills like a grey avalanche, and over their heads from far behind came hurtling the shells, incendiary in their very being.

Meanwhile, the shepherd went on across the fields for three hours. Sometimes a sheep was killed, sometimes wounded, and he had to give up killing those after a time and push on to save the rest. The heat was very great and he felt old and tired. The dogs barked when the shells came near them, and he had hard work to do to keep them from rushing at them when they burst. A charm seemed to preserve his life and theirs. He looked back only once; behind him he saw the smoke beginning to rise from Etrépy, and to the east on the cross-country road, he saw the long line of the refugees and beyond that as far as he could see through the poplars by the bridge over the canal there were the grey-black masses of Prussian troops. What did they want here, the "canaille," he growled. Why couldn't

they look after their own sheep? Ah, yes, there were the sheep—he had forgotten them for the moment. Turning, he doggedly set his face southwards, the sheep following as best they could. Three hours over the fields, often sheltering in shallow ditches, often lying flat on the ground with the dogs and sheep covering up to him, all the time talking to the frightened animals, his mind set on the one thought—to get them back to safety.

He had given up wondering about the village and his wife, and hoping she had remembered to put in his Sunday coat and waistcoat when she packed the black box. His head was getting bewildered. . . . At last—French soldiers, French trenches near the brick works of Maurupt. The trenches were deep; the '75's were there. There was shelter for his sheep and food for himself. He counted his sheep—only sixty left. But these trenches were soon within reach of German fire and no longer safe. So he set off again, turning more to the west to avoid the entrenchments and struck across the valley. After he reached the forest of Cheminin he skirted the woods and let the sheep go more leisurely. They would never reach him now. The French were strong there. The colonel had told him. Still he remembered how they swept over in '70 and pressed on towards St. Dizier, which he reached on the third day with two dogs and fifty sheep. They housed him with his flock in the yard of the electric works, and there he lived for days and gave no sign of interest in anything, seemingly content to have his sheep in safety. In reply to questions about his family, he only answered: "*Ils ne sont pas méchants, les Prussiens.*"

At last, one day, a young man from Wassy came to tell him that his wife and daughter had reached Haute Marne in safety. Then they arrived to see him. "See, I have fifty sheep left. And did you put in my Sunday waistcoat?"

"O, Léon, I forgot it! I am full of shame and despair!" Still, it was a comfort to think *ils ne sont pas méchants, les Prussiens*. Perhaps things weren't so bad after all, and he would find it again.

After fifteen days they returned—he over the fields the same way, and Madame and Madeleine, with the horse and cart by the roads. The bodies of his sheep were mixed with the bodies of men this time, all huddled together as they fell. A dead quiet was over all. The old man walked slower and slower as he came nearer home. The dogs sniffed the tainted air, and the sheep could scarce find a place to graze, such was the waste man had made of their pleasant food.

The Jolly's farm was burned, but it was on the height in range of the guns. At the top of the village where the cross-road runs into the highway, he met his wife and daughter and together they walked, with the sheep following behind. He could not recognise the place. Surely this could not be Etrépy? Where was the Herzogs' house and the Monjeans'—the other side of his? Well, anyhow the Great Farm was standing, though badly battered. Madame Mayot came out of a miserable lean-to of wood.

"Your house is gone, too, and nothing is left."

"Come along," he said; "she is only a talker."

When they came to the other side of the barns of the Great Farm he saw it all. There was only the place where his house had been—the fireplace with the blue tiles showing empty and naked, the little barn burned, the remains of his sheep-pens. Madame tried to find her rooms. Yes, this was the living room, here Madeleine's room and here the armoire stood where she kept all the sheets, some that her great grandmother had spun with her own hands, and the beds full of beautiful feathers she had plucked and prepared herself, and all her clothes to put on on Sundays to Mass; and—

"Leon, thy waistcoat has gone! They have burnt it!"

"It was too beautiful; they couldn't burn it. They have stolen it, the savages. *Mais ils sont tout à fait changes. Ils sont donc méchants, les Prussiens.*"

MAY. E. HOBBS.

The sun is father to the flowers,

He tells them what to do,

Obediently they go to bed

Just when he tells them to.

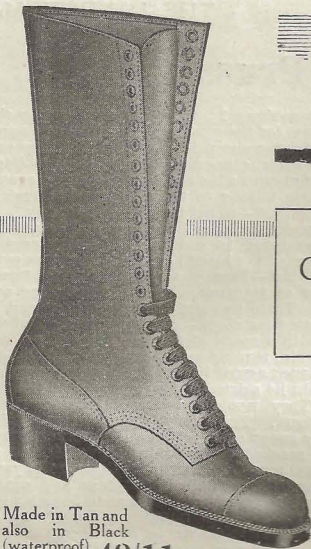
Then mother moon bathes each in dew

And sets a glow-worm light,

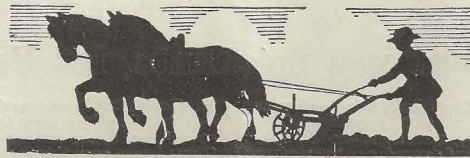
And then, in case they fear the dark,

Sits up with them all night.

J. B.



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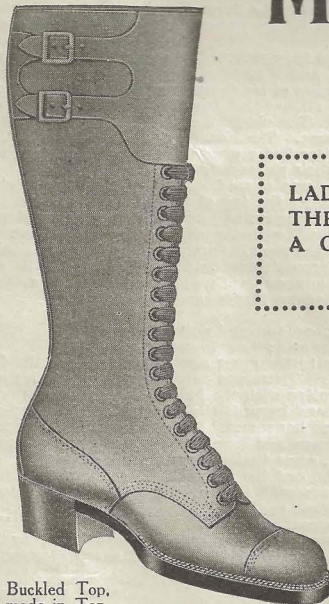
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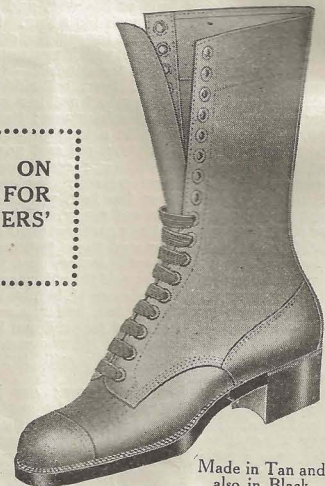
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Made in Tan and also in Black (waterproof). 10 inches high. **39/11**



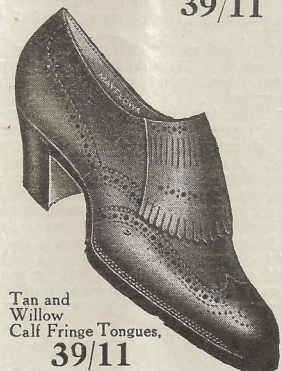
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L O N D O N



Tan and Willow
Calf Fringe Tongues,
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The Performers

THEY were the happiest little company in life. A good comradeship, and a mutual understanding reigned supreme in their feathery world, and a vindictive peck or even a nasty temper expressed by a screech was a rare event indeed. In the morning they rose on their perches fresh and early, and a terrific preening and pluming had to take place before breakfast could be served. Wings gold and green, black, shot with blue; wings red with yellow bars, wings like filmy webs were stretched and shaken out, and the chirping was like a tiny peal of bells. This was broken ever and anon by a discordant note from one of the larger members of the company and was intended to convey intense joy in the matutinal bath.

They were only a little troupe of performing birds and I knew them intimately, for I trained them myself. I had studied the idiosyncrasies of each member of the company as it was my duty and my pleasure to study them. The idea of training them came to me in a period of convalescence after a severe illness.

To start with I bought a bird of haughty demeanour and a face like a taverner—a red-faced love bird now rarely to be purchased in England. In a week I had him so tame that he would follow like a dog—in the air be it understood. I then taught him a few simple tricks on a wheel and on the trapeze and proceeded to purchase the rest of my company.

They were a motley crew. F A, a flaming glorious nonpareil, so greedy for artistic effect that he has taken to himself every colour of the rainbow. He bears his blushing honours with *éclat*, however, for he is as bold as brass, loud voiced and blatant, and has withal the affectionate and playful disposition of a kitten. Next to him a heavy, sullen, dull-green Madagascar parrot, a neat budgerigar and a dozen tiny brilliant waxbills and averdavats. I also bought a minute shy brown and red bird, the name of which I never knew.

I tamed them first, and in a few weeks they would fly to me in a sparkling cloud whenever I entered the room. I had the power then to do anything I wished with them. The taming was, however, a matter of infinite patience, a knack of using the hands rightly and of allowing the little creatures to imagine themselves free when they were actually possessed by a stronger will than they understood. I never caught them or even put my hands over them, but induced them to come on to my fingers by what they fondly imagined was their own free will.

Then I started my training. My company proved themselves amenable. They drew each other about in tiny carriages, they hauled each other up by pulleys on to the trapeze. The first bird—he of the red face—climbed the rope and entered the top car holding on to the rope until a small waxbill had taken up her position in the lower car. The big bird then let go, and starting the car by his own weight, pulled the smaller bird to the top. Arrived there, the waxbill waited until her companion had begun to climb the rope once more and then sailed down with immense dignity in her own car, and so on, *ad infinitum*, for they loved the game. The budgerigar was an adept at waltzing in the good old-fashioned style, and the Bengal parrot turned a wheel at lightning speed, emerging after three minutes sulky and resentful, but he did not like to miss his turn. My company could also march and give exhibitions on the tight rope.

I was not able to work at the time and so my troupe became my world for the nonce, and a very delightful world it was; rather like a quiet tale of elves and fairies.

After a month or so they became such adepts that I introduced them to the public, both in the country villages, at charity entertainments, and later on they became a London company. I had by then taught them a little play.

The tricks were simple, but I was a novice in the art of training and had myself everything to learn as I taught. One thing I realised and have never forgotten, to my sorrow, and that is, that cruelty is at the moment as effective a means of training as kindness, although I am certain that its results are not ultimately so good. I saw, though nothing would of course have induced me to try the method, that semi-starvation and fear would be powerful weapons against obstinacy or laziness. I arrived at my ends, however, by patience, by quiet movements of the hands, and by a good deal of careful adaptation of the tricks, to the individual habits of the performers, and never by the withholding of food or by the rewarding with food.

Rehearsals were regular, but not too constant, and each trick had always to be performed in exactly the same way. I felt that my company liked their work and many times I have entered the room to find them on the trapeze playing by themselves and playing right.

Averdavats and waxbills are not long lived and my little company grew old very quickly. Beaks grew long and hooked, tempers became querulous, and one by one my troupe dropped out of the ring. The rosy-cheeked, haughty gentleman met with an accident, the gorgeous nonpareil was given away, and

at last there remained only the little common-place budgerigar and one other. The budgerigar lived for many years, and was so much my good friend that he would travel all over London—and over England, for that matter—in my pocket or buttoned inside my coat, with his impertinent little head peeping out at all that passed. If ever a bird knew how to give the glad eye it was that budgerigar! I taught him his part in a duologue and he became quite famous in a small circle. He died at the age of six, much honoured and deeply regretted.

There also died and was gathered unto his own people the tiny being whose name I did not know. I could not tame, much less train him, for he was too shy, but he had his own gifts. All day he sat glued to his perch, a little sullen gleaming jewel, without life and without love, but when the company were asleep, with heads tucked under wings and tails down, and their trainer sat silent over work or book, and the room was dim in the light of a shaded lamp, there arose the whisper of a song, so haunting, so exquisite, that she used to wonder what there was in the soul of the creature that could turn the dull room into an earthly Paradise. M. F. H.

Instructions for the Care of Boots

Should the boots get very wet, great care should be taken in the drying. They should be put in a warm room (not near heat of any kind) and be allowed to dry naturally. Mud should be washed off with lukewarm water, and after the water has cleared off the surface of the boot, before the leather is dry, a coat of oil or grease should be given them, and well rubbed into the leather to prevent it hardening. No mineral oil should be used, but oils such as olive, cod or castor are very suitable.

Woollen stockings should be worn with thick boots, and changed twice a week. Stocking feet should be soaped every night. If these precautions are taken, boots will last double their time and suffering from sore feet will be prevented.

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Bottling Fresh Peas, Beans and Tomatoes

A FOLKESTONE reader of THE LANDSWOMAN asks for a reliable recipe for bottling the above, and wants to know why, after following the usual directions last year, most of her bottles fermented and had to be emptied of their contents.

The reason is a scientific one, and it is seldom or never explained in the ordinary bottling directions, but we may take the opportunity of giving it here.

There are certain spores of bacteria which remain hidden among vegetable matter which are not killed by boiling as long as they remain in the shell which protects their infantile state. Fully developed bacteria can always be killed by exposing them for a little time to a temperature of 212° F. The way to ensure the spores being killed is to submit the bottle or can of peas, etc., to a second period of sterilisation at boiling point, after giving an interval of two or three days, during which time the spores come out of their shells and become developed into full-grown bacteria. This is called the intermittent process, and if followed carefully it ensures that not only are all bacteria destroyed but the eggs that were proof against destruction are likewise destroyed after developing. It is the development of bacterial spores that causes fermentation to occur some time after sterilisation has been apparently most successful.

Perhaps the most reliable method of bottling, etc., green vegetables, such as peas, beans, leeks, spinach, etc., is to boil in a saucepan for one or two minutes with a pinch of carbonate of soda, salt and (for peas) sugar; to pour the vegetables into a colander and let cold water run through them until quite cold, then fill bottles, fill up with clean cold water, cap and screw, and stand in a pan of cold water, bring to boiling point and keep there for one and a half hours, then lift out, screw tightly and set away. Three days afterwards loosen the screw a little, stand in cold water again, bring slowly to boiling point and boil for half an hour. After second sterilisation the bottles should be tested to assure their being air-tight, the screws removed, then stored away in a cool, dark place.

Tomatoes are counted a fruit for bottling purposes, and, like fruit, are not subject to the same bacteria or their spores, therefore need no second or intermittent processing in bottling or canning. They are brought to a temperature a little higher than fruit and given a little longer time—viz., 30 minutes instead of 15, then screwed down and set away.

L. H. Y.

Gardening Hints for August

GOOD management is wanted this month to fix (as far as possible) all crops for the winter and spring. Make good, from the seed bed, all plants that have failed. Keep all beds well hoed, if the weather is dry. Broccoli to be planted out and given plenty of room, especially sprouting broccoli. Grow two varieties of cabbages, allowing a week or so between the two sowings. Cauliflower must be sown on a sunny border to stand the winter. Lettuce sown about the third week to stand the winter; sow very sparingly. Celery to be well earthed up as required; it takes five weeks to blanch properly. Onions sow twice during the month, at the beginning and end. Onions to be stored must be well, very well ripened—the most important thing. Put them in a glass frame, turn them every day, and keep the glass propped open top and bottom; they will then keep until the early spring (autumn sown) are ready to pull. Tomatoes may be gathered when one only is turning colour; place them either in a sunny window or hang them up on a line in the kitchen. Tomatoes will ripen placed in a box between layers of flannel, and keep for months if packed fully grown, but green. It is the best way when they are to be sent by rail. Turnips can be sown this month. "All the year round" is the best. Parsley can be planted out from boxes, it transplants exceedingly well. Do not crowd the plants, but have ten inches between each at least. *Snails* being the worst enemy of parsley, protect it with a deep box; if you can put a piece of glass on the top, instead of the wood, so much to its advantage. Remove the box when the weather breaks. Look over potatoes and remove any that are diseased or wet; don't store for the winter yet, either potatoes or onions. Spinach and radishes can be sown to stand the winter, if needed.

(MRS.) FRANCES WALKLEY.

Exiled

O H, how I love thee, Devon!
 Tho' exiled far away.
 I pray with hope, that Heaven
 May send me back some day.
 Thy red brown cliffs, beside the sea
 Thy wave-lapped beach, where wild and free
 The seagulls wheel incessantly
 O'erhead—are calling me.
 All other hopes forsaking,
 My heart would fain discern
 With silent wistful, aching
 The day of my return
 To greenclad hills with wooded tops,
 To shady lanes and witching copse,
 To orchards, where the blossom drops
 Sweet showers from each tree.
 Not weakness, not rebelling,
 Shall God's kind judgment read,
 If from my heart deep welling
 My love for thee I plead.
 For night and day it haunts my dreams,
 I see thy winding silver streams,
 The birds' song there far sweeter seems,
 And Heaven is nearer me.

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

Wait and See (Advice to Girls)

IN bygone years to town I daily went
 To earn the money I so quickly spent;
 In crowded car or train I sat and thought
 How all the money simply to me brought
 A weight upon the soul.

Now in the country happy days I spend
 In healthful work—the cattle to attend,
 The hay to toss, the mangolds too to hoe,

Though when the ground is wet I get, I know,
 A weight upon the sole.

Now to all girls I freely give advice,
 To country joys pray let me you entice,
 Where honest work, performed in open air,
 Make health, and peace, and freedom from dull care
 Await upon the soul.

LILIAN E. GARWOOD, L.A.A.S.

If —
(A Landworker's Version.)

If you can hold your load when all around you
Are dropping theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can always smile when all men rate you,
But make allowance for their rating, too;
If you can rake and not get tired of raking,
Or working with the cart don't lag behind;
And say that you find pleasure in haymaking,
And in hard work there is some joy combined.

If you can work, and not be in the limelight,
Nor make the friendly camera your aim,
And get your armlet and the badges bright,
And still continue working just the same;
If you can bear to see the hay that's ready
Soaking and sodden by the thunder rain;
And watch with cheerful calm that downpour steady,
And when it's over turn the hay again.

And if at night your zeal is not diminished,
And when you're wanted most you never
shirk.

If you can toil until your task is finished,
And never breathe a word about your work.
If you can force your heart and mind and sinew
To go on working after you are "done,"
And so go on when there is nothing in you
Save patriotism which says to them, "Go on."

If you can work with men and keep a woman,
Work all the day nor lose your former fun;
If you can work as well when there is no man
To watch you work and see what you have done.
If you can always work with smile and sonnet,
And feeling bored and tired still say you're fit,
Yours is the farm and everything that's on it,
And—what is more—you will have done your bit.

"Gone, but not forgotten"



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The Care of Implements—Thrashing

Hints about Thrashing *

BEFORE the beginner can learn to thrash corn properly, it is unnecessary for him to know something about the thrashing machine.

Modern thrashing machines work on a rubbing and striking principle. The beaters of the drum strike the corn, and the rubbing action forces the corn to separate from the glumes, or chaff, which surround it.

The concave needs adjusting very carefully, for if not close enough to the drum, corn will be left in the straw; while if it is adjusted too closely, the corn will get cracked.

Another important point to bear in mind is even and regular feeding, the sheaves being well broken up and fed as regularly as possible; this is especially important when the sheaves are wet or matted together.

Barley is especially influenced by careless thrashing. When the drum and concave are too closely adjusted, many of the grains are chipped and broken; and of course, the latter spoil the whole sample, particularly from a maltster's point of view. Damaged grains do not germinate, and very quickly develop mould, which leads to unsoundness in the malt and bad results in the brewery.

Little harm is done when the awns are knocked off in the machine; it is when the close setting of the drum injures the skin of the kernel that the mischief is done. This is particularly noticeable in the case of grain that has been constantly wetted previous to harvest, for the skins are then in a very weak condition. If it is observed that the grain is being damaged in this way, the machine should be stopped and the drum opened slightly.

Similar care is necessary in adjusting the barley-awner, for if the beaters are set too closely, the grains will be "nibbed" or over-run.

Apart from these precautions, those in charge of the machine must see that the engine runs smoothly and at a uniform speed, and also that the sheaves are well broken and fed regularly.

Particular care is necessary with machines that have been in use for some little time, for these are almost sure to be badly adjusted in the wearing parts. The drum and concave will be worn most in the centre, on account of the feeding being more at that part than at the ends. Hence, if they are not set to thrash clean, the ends will be too close together, and the grain will be chipped and broken in consequence.

When the corn, together with chaff, dust, cavings, etc., is rid of straw, it is passed to the middle of the machine and shaken on to the caving riddle.

When thrashing oats, especially if they are at all dull in condition, the riddle must be carefully attended to, for the oat grains and the remaining materials which fall on the riddles

vary only slightly in weight, and when they are damp they are all the more difficult to get rid of. Thus the riddles are often choked, and before they will act freely frequent rubbing is necessary.

Subsequently the corn passes over sieves which remove the earthy or heavy dust and heavy small seed; and when it reaches the elevator, it only remains to separate it into head and tailing corn.

The hummeller or awner removes the awns from barley and any chaff adhering to wheat grains. The latter then fall on another sieve, where they receive a blast of air and are freed from lighter impurities.

Separation of the head and tailing corn is effected by means of a rotary screen, which has helical bars running through it, so that the corn is carried from end to end.

The thinner grains pass through the divisions between the wire bars of the screen first, then a second and third separation is effected by means of divisions which are fixed in the hopper underneath.

The corn which passes out of the inside of the screen is the head or dressed corn, while that which passed through the divisions of the wire bars of the screen is known as "tallings" which prove so serviceable for poultry feeding throughout the winter.

Care of Implements *

The capital invested in implements and machinery on the ordinary farm amounts to a considerable sum, and it is nothing short of sheer waste of capital to allow the dead-stock of the farm to suffer from undue exposure to the elements, or from lack of care in its management.

How frequently we see the cultivating or harvesting implements standing practically where they have finished work, and there they remain, unoiled, forgotten, and uncared for until their use is again necessary. Then, and not until then, is any attention paid to them, with the result that just when the season demands their use it is found that parts are damaged, missing or broken, entailing much trouble, expense, and perhaps serious loss of time.

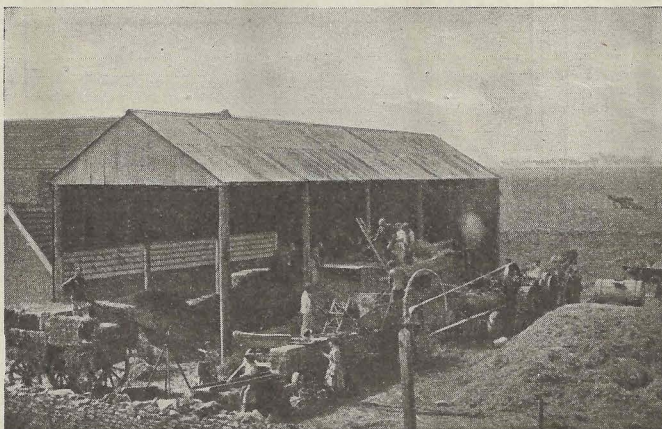
The cost of implements of all kinds has risen to such an extent that the necessity for rendering them as durable as possible is all the more important. A shed suitable for the storing of all the farm implements and machinery is nearly always available. Any light and airy shed, however, with a clean, hard floor and walls, preferably whitewashed, will serve the purpose, and in this each implement should have its proper place allotted to it.

Each implement or machine as soon as it is finished with should be carefully cleaned and oiled, while ploughs and the simpler implements may be washed first, and each placed in its appointed place in the shed, where it may be attended to subsequently when opportunity admits. Wood and iron parts which have been painted should always be repainted with "implement blue" or red paint on wet days or at any other convenient time. The necessary tools for adjusting the implements, paint-pots, etc., may all be kept for convenience in the implement shed, preferably under lock and key.

All replacements for broken or damaged parts should be secured and fitted to the machine at once, whether the latter is required for immediate use or not, as it is only by a system of this kind that one can be sure that any particular implement will be in working order at the moment it is required for use.

Much the same applies to all the smaller and hand tools of the farm. A proper tool-house is of course a great asset, but in the case of those tools which are in constant use, even the wall of a shed will suffice, if dry, and provided with hooks or nails, and a few shelves. Here again every tool, when the day's work is finished, should be properly cleaned and brought in to be hung up in its proper place until required for use.

Tools or implements which are allowed to become rusty and which are never cleaned soon deteriorate, and their life is short as compared with those which by care and good management are rendered as durable as possible.



* "Farming Made Easy." J. C. Newsham, F.L.S.—Pearsons.



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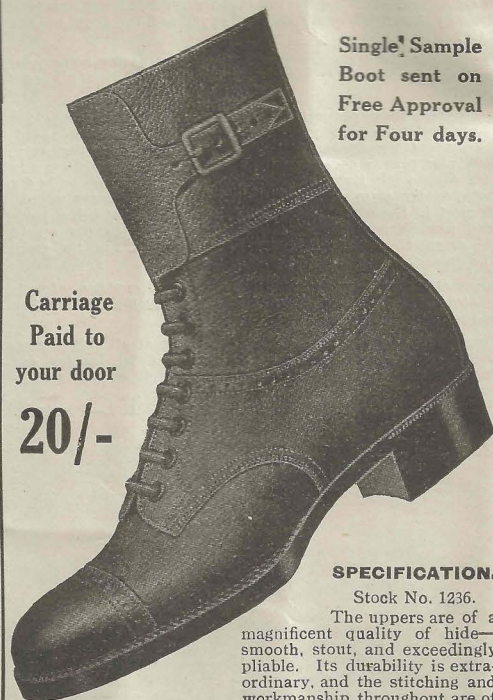
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Federation of Women's Institutes

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

MRS. WATT'S SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION FOR VOLUNTARY COUNTY WOMEN'S INSTITUTE ORGANISERS. HELD AT BURGESS HILL, SUSSEX, MAY 6TH TO MAY 24TH, 1918.

WHEN the Board of Agriculture decided it was impossible to carry on Women's Institute Propaganda without more assistance, Mrs. Alfred Watt, M.A., M.B.E., as Chief Organiser, was asked, among other questions, to state what in her opinion were the essential requirements of a W.I. Organiser. Among the requirements (Mrs. Harris, of the W.I. Section, is said to have remarked, "These Organisers would have to be heaven-born to come up to Mrs. Watt's standard!") Mrs. Watt laid down the necessity of undergoing a course of instruction and training.

She had for some time thought of the possibilities of a School of Instruction as a means of training more Women's Institute Organisers; she felt that those taking the course would, as well as the technical side of the work, require practical demonstrations, so she chose Sussex as the county where not only the Institutes themselves were successful but that the county organisation was most efficient.

Mrs. Watt then called together a few Institute workers living in the centre chosen and met with a most wonderful response to her request for assistance. A Committee was formed to undertake all local arrangements. Hospitality was offered by these ladies and their friends for all of those whom the Board of Agriculture sent to take the course; several of them offered to lend cars for transport, and most delightfully Mrs. Bridge (President of Burgess Hill W.I.) offered her house, "Wyberlye," as a place to hold the school. All these offers enabled Mrs. Watt to take the plan to the Board in concrete form. The idea was kindly received by all the officials, and even when they realised that there was only a week to make the necessary arrangements, they undertook to see it through, promising all that was asked of them.

It may be of interest to those who read of this school to know something of the basic ideas of the course. It was planned that each week's course should be complete in itself, but that each should be different, so that those who wished to take the three weeks should receive a wider course. It was arranged to have lectures, etc., in the morning from Mrs. Watt, other Organisers and Sussex W.I. workers; the afternoons were devoted to object lessons, visiting local Women's Institutes, agricultural undertakings, and village industries; these last were to emphasise the importance of this work, especially to point out the agricultural possibilities for women. It was altogether a very human affair intermingled with much sociability, which broke the mental effort and the informal meeting and intermingling of those who were teaching and learning enabled all to learn from each other.

With regard to the course itself I can only touch briefly on the chief features of each week. At our first session held at Little Ote Hall on Monday afternoon, May 6th, our hostess, Mrs. Godman, gave us a hearty welcome. Mrs. Watt lectured on "The History of the Movement"; this was intended to show the widespread character of the movement, and her speech brought fully the history of Women's Institutes from Canada into Europe, England and right to the home. It impressed us at the outset with the vitality and enormous force of the movement.

The preliminary propaganda work in a county was then taken up as the next subject in the education of an Organiser. Mrs. Kensington, a successful propagandist in East Sussex, addressed us on her methods in this work, and a paper was read, sent in by Miss Waghorn, secretary of the East Sussex Propaganda Sub-Committee. The weeks' sessions also included addresses from Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Clowes, and Mrs. Godman on "How to Start a W.I.," and the instruction was furthered by Mrs. Watt on "The Aims and Objects, and Ideals," and by Mrs. Clowes on "How to Present Aims, and Objects, and Ideals to Village Audiences."

On May 9th Lady Denman gave a talk on the "Central Federation and Future Position of Voluntary County Organisers." Mrs. Clowes on the last morning of Course I, dealt with "W.I.'s and Food Saving." Food economy literature and recipes were exhibited and distributed. Mrs. Watt finished the course with her valuable talk, "Instructing a Committee."

During the afternoons the school visited Wivelsfield, Burgess Hill and Seaynes Hill Women's Institutes, the Red Cross Bandaging class and the Burgess Hill W.I. toy industry, where they were able to see toys and could carry away patterns and samples if they wished to have something to show in their talks. Visits were also paid to Allwoods Nurseries, a bee farm and small holding, and a model dairy.

The second week commenced by attendance at the Sussex W.I. Conference held at Hayward's Heath on Monday, 13th. This conference showed the activities and scope of the Institutes in Sussex, and enabled all to carry away the right idea of what a Women's Institute Conference should be. During the afternoon Mrs. Watt spoke at the conference on "The future of the W.I. Movement."

The next morning was devoted to study of W.I. Programmes. Mrs. Watt's very complete file of Canadian, Welsh, English and Scotch programmes were exhibited; a number of programmes, obtained from the Board especially for this purpose, were distributed to Organisers, and Mrs. Huddart (President of the Seaynes Hill W.I. Prize Programme for 191-) gave a talk on, "How to get out a Programme." We also had the pleasure of hearing Miss Campbell give a short talk on "Scotch W.I.'s." Other lectures held during the week were on "Office Organisation," by Mrs. Nugent Harris (the Sussex W.I. secretaries being invited to attend); "Food Problems," by Lady Denman; a short talk on "The Burgess Hill Entertainment Sub-Committee," by Miss Downer, and two lectures from Mrs. Watt on "Starting and Establishing a W.I.," and "Instructing a New W.I. Committee." The session on Friday, May 17th, proved particularly helpful, short talks on "Little Helps in W.I. Work" were given, and many new ideas were brought forward.

Places visited during the afternoons were the Heritage Craft Schools, Chalely, the Lindfield W.I. Meeting, Upper Beeding, to start Women's Institute, and the Burgess Hill toy industry.

Course III. was even more carefully planned as final; the best was chosen from the preceding weeks, and so moulded into a better whole. On Tuesday, May 21st, the morning was devoted to further study of the W.I. Programme. During the afternoon Mr. Nugent Harris lectured on "Psychology of Audiences." His lecture taught how to prepare an audience and how to handle it. A subsequent lesson the next day on "Three Village Meetings"—

1. Propaganda—Mrs. Kensington;
2. Commencement—Mrs. Godman;
3. Consolidation—Mrs. Clowes—

showed how to carry on the work, keeping in mind the psychology of different villages and counties. During this week Mrs. Watt repeated her lecture on "Electing and Instructing a New W.I. Committee"; also she gave an inspiring talk on "The Heart of the Matter." Mrs. Harris, of W.I. Section, again met the Sussex W.I. secretaries and talked on "Office Organisation." A successful Roll Call was held on Thursday, May 23rd, on "How to Help an Unsuccessful W.I." The last session on Friday, May 24th, was a repetition of the final session of Course II., "Little Helps in W.I. Work."

Ditchling Women's Institute was attended on May 22nd. Next day the school heard Mrs. Clowes speak at Hurstpierpoint to organise a Women's Institute, which proved an inspiring demonstration in starting a W.I.

Each course closed with a lesson on public speaking by Miss Poppea Peacock (L.G.S.M., Guildford). Mrs. Watt nobly gave herself as a horrible example, also the organisers in giving their impressions of the course enabled the teacher to hear and criticise their speech-making.

It is impossible to relate fully of every Session. Each one seemed to prove of more educational value than the last. It was all so very informal, with plenty of time for discussion and questions, with no set forms of instruction and examination, yet in a wonderful way Mrs. Watt did both; she judged capacity and goodwill of those who came to be trained and found out what they had learnt and how they would impress audiences. Arranging that those who were instructing were also learners, perhaps gave a delightful feeling of mix-up.

Apart from the success of the technical side, and practical demonstrations in W.I.'s and agricultural undertakings, the impressions sent in by those who took the course showed that not only had they learnt all they were meant to of these subjects, but had received high inspirations on the aims and objects and ideals of the movement as well. They realised the infinite factor that Women's Institutes must be in the future, their unlimited possibilities, and high ideals of love and sisterhood.

Many beautiful impressions were received. The following extract from one of them shows the general impression made on all who attended the school:—

"I was greatly struck by the thoroughness and order with which a subject so full of idealism and personality was put before us. The work was so admirable throughout.

- "1. The Aims and Objects, giving the larger view.
- "2. How to present them to your audiences and win them.
- "3. The propaganda, working up villages and an information bureau.

"4. The Organiser's work of starting an Institute, and instructing a Committee.

"The minutest care was paid to every point where we could be given help, and the help given was invaluable.

"The lectures given by yourself, Mrs. Clowes, Mrs. Huddart and Mrs. Godman and 'How to Present Aims and Objects and Ideals to Village Audiences' were a real revelation to me of what can be done if you only understand enough, and care enough about that which you are saying—and have love enough and understanding enough to have faith in those to whom you are talking.

"That is what impressed me most:—

"The Vision of what should be;

"The understanding that it can be;

"The faith that it shall be.

"That was the truest help given, I think, perhaps unconsciously by the speakers themselves.

"You all saw through different windows different bits of country and would win audiences in different ways; but you all saw and felt these three things, and I don't think I can say more than that.

"Mrs. Clowes showed a supreme faith in her audience that they could not help believing in their best selves and those of their neighbours and be ready to try anything at the end of the meeting!

"One saw the ideal and felt the need before, but certainly my knowledge and understanding of what to do was terribly inadequate before going to 'The School'.

"Now, although the standard is so high, just because your course had made one care so much, one feels it impossible really to fail, because an ideal is so much bigger than oneself."

Mrs. Clowes said she was sure the success of the school was largely due to Mrs. Watt's first speech on the first day. It created the desire for knowledge in all; and I think everyone who had the privilege of attending the school realise the success was due to her personality, to her manner in always seeing the good, and in bringing out that best in everyone.

The following Organisers took the course, and on the recommendation of Mrs. Watt have been appointed voluntary county organisers of Women's Institutes:— Mrs. Allen, Essex; Miss Christy, Essex; Miss Kingsmill, Hampshire; Mrs. L. E. Jones, Huntingdon; Mrs. Allen, Huntingdon; Mrs. Dunstan, Kent; Mrs. Freer, Leicester; Mrs. Martineau, Berkshire; Mrs. Warner, Oxfordshire; Mrs. Alcock, Shropshire; Mrs. Brew, Somerset; Mrs. Huddart, Sussex; Mrs. Kensington, Sussex; Miss Mott, Surrey; Mrs. Hooper, Worcester; Mrs. Brookman, Middlesex.

There were, as well, a number of visitors who were asked to attend or who were invited to give some special report. Mrs. Clowes, Mrs. Godman and Mrs. Nevins rendered valuable assistance.

As the school had proved such a success Mrs. Watt endorsed the suggestion made by the Organisers themselves that this small beginning opened a way not only to more advanced courses of W.I. work, but perhaps of Rural Economics as well.

I have tried to give as much information as possible in a short account of an extensive subject, but would like to say that Mrs. Watt and I have prepared a very full account of this first School of Instruction, embodying a large number of the lectures. It also includes a complete programme of the course, programmes of meetings attended, is illustrated by photographs of the places visited and exhibits shown, accounts and impressions of the course by Instructors, Organisers and others, personal and biographical notes and photos of officials of W.I. Section, Organisers and lecturers, and the statistical report of the Secretary as sent to the Board.

The publication of this book, undertaken by the Executive of the Sussex County Federation, is looked forward to with keen interest by all who were present at the School, and every W.I. worker in this country will find it of value.

NEST LLOYD, Secretary to the School.

Notes from Women's Institutes

DUNSTABLE has a large Institute, with about 50 or 60 members, with a clever and capable Vice-President. Although only started a year, this Institute took a house for Red Cross work, and quickly had a membership of 70 members. The work done was so excellent in character, and so promptly executed "for emergency orders," that Dunstable was voted *second* to Belgrave! Not content with this good work, the members looked around for fresh enterprise, and found through the energetic Vice-President a model jam factory, and they have just installed a perfect system on the lower floor of gas-jets, and small stoves and tables run along the windows, to take the pots and jars as they come from the canner. This is the most perfect little jam factory one could wish to see. The upper part is to be used for storage. Considering how short a time this Institute has been started, the members should be warmly congratulated on such excellent undertakings.

E. M. B.

Kettlethorpe and District W.I. had a Garden Fete in June. The President very kindly lent her grounds for the occasion. The fete was a splendid success, realising the sum of £70, which has been distributed to the various blind institutions.

I visited Brouilly's Institute. This was their third meeting, and being a large dairying district they had arranged cheese-making classes, which I think were greatly appreciated by the farmers' wives. The immediate neighbourhood were going to start cheese-making and, if possible, send some to market. For that district I do not think they could have done anything wiser, and the district already owes a debt to the Women's Institute. For their next meeting they have arranged boot-mending, fruit-bottling and haircutting and basket-making. I think this Institute will go on very satisfactorily, having very practical workers.

I visited Narbeth; they seem already to be doing very good work. They support two district nurses, have a girls' guild, Red Cross sewing class and one or two other local things, so that the ladies I interviewed felt it would be quite impossible to take up anything else at present.

Huntingdon W.I.—There is to be an exhibition of flowers, fruit and cooked dishes at the meeting on August 30th, which is to be held at Castle Hill, to which members of other Institutes are invited to come.

Alconbury Weston, Hunts.—Prize cake recipe:—

| | |
|--------------------------------|------|
| 1 lb. self-raising flour | 1½d. |
| 2 oz. margarine | 1½d. |
| 1 oz. sugar | — |
| 1 dessertspoonful of syrup | 1d. |
| 1 teaspoonful of ground ginger | 1d. |
| 1 teacup of skim milk | — |
| | 4½d. |

Weight of cake, 1 lb. 3 oz.

Ramsey W.I.—There was no piano, and they had noticed one great point was that the meetings should be social. A committee meeting was called, and it was decided to buy a piano and borrow the money from the bank. They purchased a piano from St. Ives for £38. Then the Committee considered the best way to raise the money, and decided to have a whist drive. This was held on Whit-Monday, and realised the sum of £25; 150 tickets were sold at 1s. each, and prizes offered during the evening were a live fowl, 4 score eggs, a War Savings Certificate and a box of handkerchiefs.

We would ask all who are interested in what Women's Institutes are doing in Huntingdonshire to help us to discover those who have experience to offer on all subjects.

Will anyone who is willing to come and help an Institute by showing how to make cheeses, dressmaking, tinkering or how to mend boots, let us know?

The Ashby St. Ledger's Women's Institute started their first meeting early in November, 1917, and has, since then, steadily progressed. Although only a very small village we have 28 members. During the winter months we had weekly meetings. The first one in every month was an open evening, to which the gentlemen were invited and whist was usually played. The prizes given were usually made by members of the Institute—e.g., a tin of coffee made from roasted parsnips. On January 1st, 1918, a war-time supper was given to the school children, consisting of fish cakes, soup, jellies and blancmanges; games and music were provided, and the evening proved a great success. The educational part of the Institute has not been neglected. Lectures have been given on "War-time Cookery," "The Hay Box," "Soldering of Tins," etc., by a member of the Institute; "Boot-mending," by another member. An Institute Cookery Book has been made, which contains many useful recipes. Boot-mending tools have already been bought out of the funds. During the summer months we are holding our meetings in the President's garden, which is much more congenial than a room.

HON. SEC.

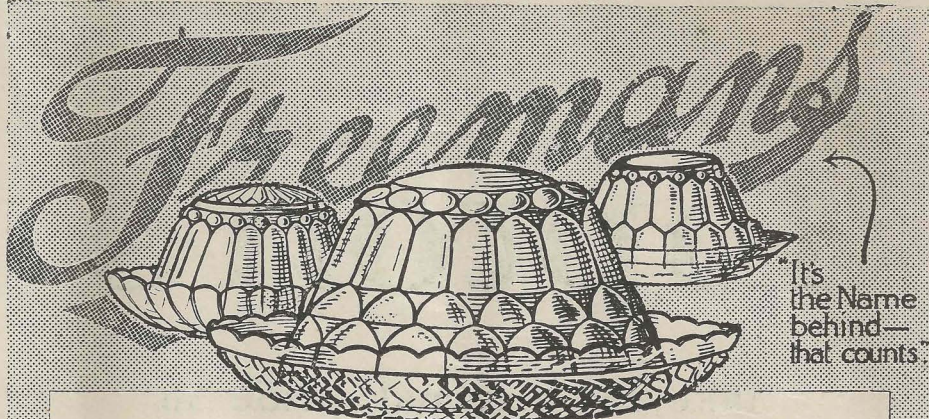
NOTICE

The National Federation of Women's Institutes is most interested to know of all Co-operative Marketing Schemes in connection with Women's Institutes and is very anxious to have particulars of them. Hon. Secretaries of Women's Institutes having markets in existence are asked, therefore, to send short accounts of their marketing schemes to the Hon. Secretary of the Federation, Miss Alice Williams, 72, Victoria Street. Miss Williams will also be glad to hear from those Institutes which contemplate starting marketing schemes in the near future.

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