

The LANDSWOMAN

SEPTEMBER 1918

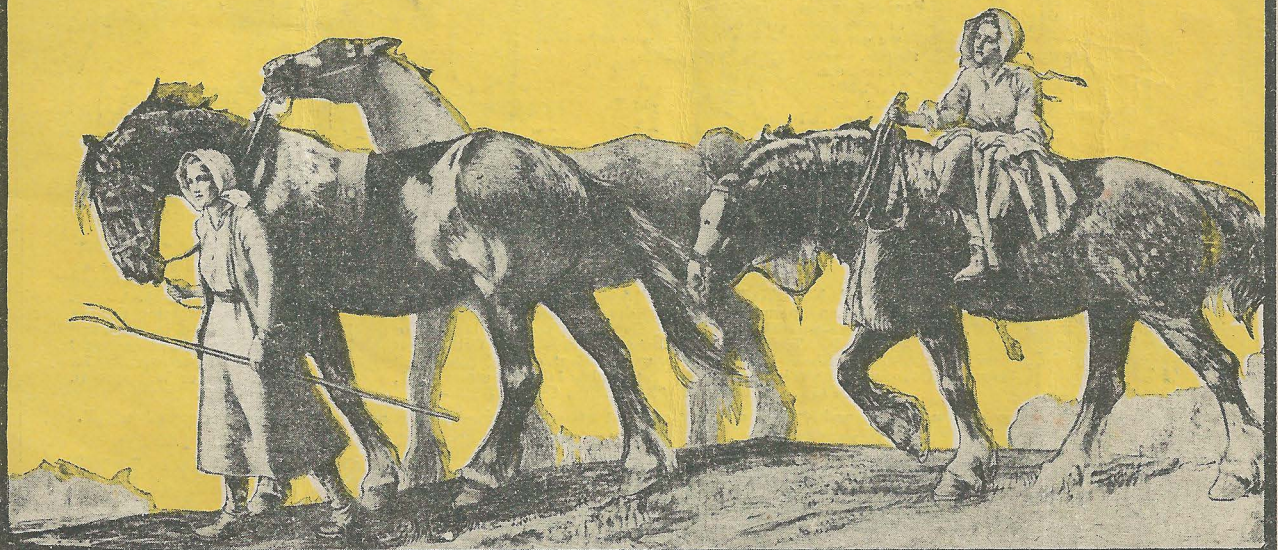
No. 9



Vol. I

Price

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THE LANDSWOMAN

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An English Painter of Agricultural Subjects



Haymakers. By G. STUBBS, R.A., 1794.

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THE Editor thinks that her readers must be getting rather tired of ordinary photographs as illustrations to *THE LANDSWOMAN*, so she proposes to reproduce, as a change, some pictures of agricultural subjects by famous painters. Those reproduced this month are by George Stubbs, R.A., and the Editor has asked me to tell you something about this distinguished eighteenth-century artist, who was an original and interesting man as well as a very successful painter of horses and of wild animals.

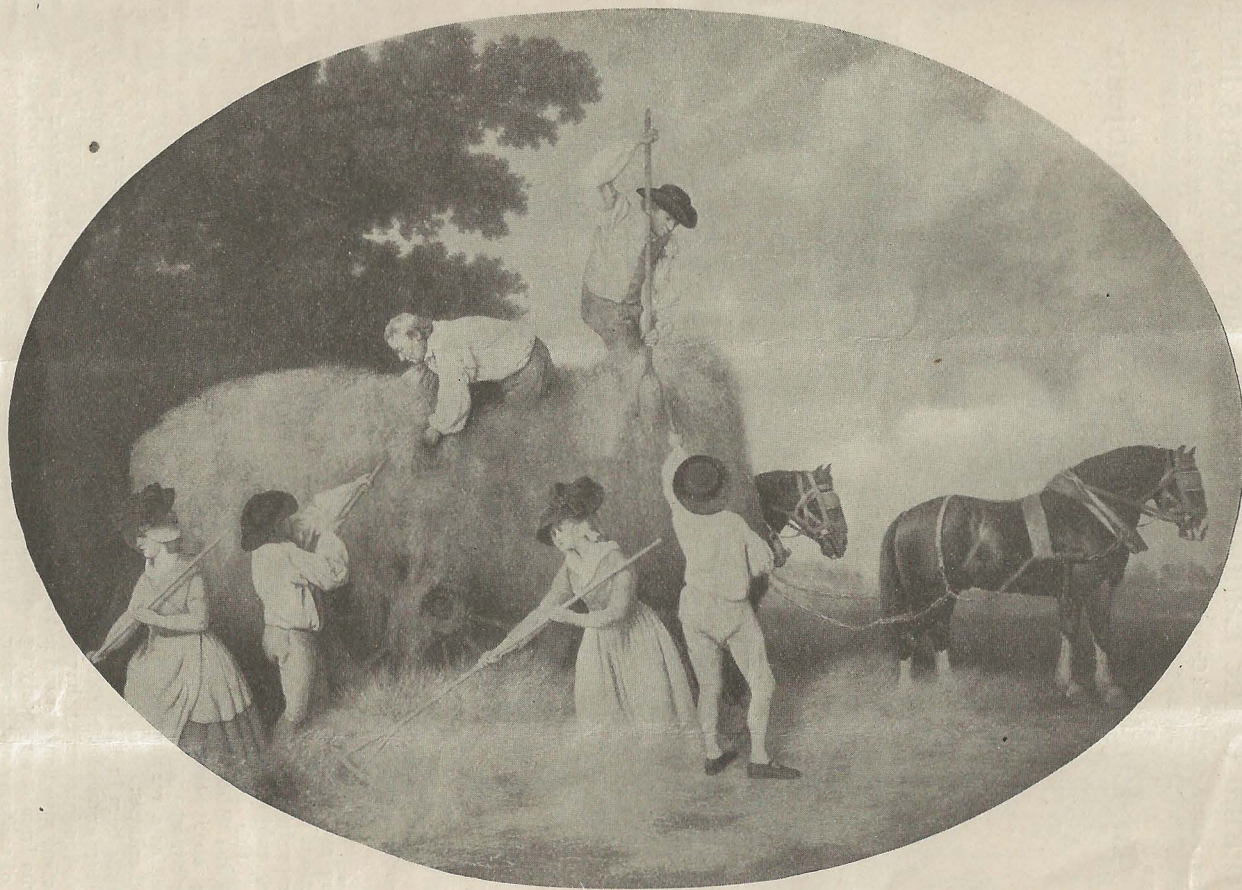
Stubbs was born in 1724. He was the son of a Liverpool currier and leather dresser, but although his father's business must have been concerned to some extent with horses it did not attract young Stubbs, who from a very early age cared only for the study of anatomy and drawing. When he was scarcely eight years old, a doctor who lived near his father's house lent the boy bones and prepared subjects, of which he made drawings. At the age of fifteen he was allowed to take lessons in painting, but he soon grew weary of the copies of pictures which he was instructed to make, and decided to "look into Nature for himself, and consult and study her only."

A few years later he went to York, where he studied anatomy, and was soon lecturing on this

subject to the hospital students. In this way he was led to devote himself to the anatomy of the horse, a subject on which he produced a book which has remained the standard work for artists until within quite recent times. It was illustrated with plates drawn and etched from dissections made by Stubbs himself. Sir Edwin Landseer, the well-known animal painter, had Stubbs's original drawings for this work, and used them a great deal when painting his pictures.

Stubbs's method of carrying out this work was certainly original. He retired to a lonely farmhouse near Horkstow, in Lincolnshire, so as not to inconvenience his neighbours by his dissections. Here he remained for eighteen months working hard at his drawings. The body of the horse on which he was engaged was suspended to the ceiling by means of hooks and an iron bar, with its hoofs resting on a plank. We are told that it sometimes remained there for six or seven weeks, "until no longer endurable." No doubt at the present day some local authority would object to such a proceeding. So keen was Stubbs on his work, however, that he seems to have been utterly indifferent to the evil smells arising from the carcase!

When his drawings were finished, Stubbs took them to London, hoping to find an artist willing to



Hay Carting. By GEORGE STUBBS, R.A., 1795

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The Haymakers. By GEORGE STUBBS, R.A., 1783.

Reproduced by special permission of the Walpole Society.

engrave them; but being unable to get anyone to do this, he set to work and engraved them himself. The book was immediately successful when it was published, and it was generally agreed that the work reflected great honour, not only on the author of it, but on the country in which it was produced. Stubbs himself said that the success of the book led, more than any other thing, to his becoming a painter of horses. He received many commissions for portraits of horses from this time onwards, one of the first being from Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was said that Stubbs sometimes received a hundred guineas for a portrait of a horse; that is more than Sir Joshua asked for some of the portraits of fine ladies and gentlemen which he painted.

Not content with his experiments in anatomy, Stubbs next turned his attention to chemistry, with a view to discovering some new colours suitable for enamel painting. It was Richard Cosway, the miniature painter, who first suggested to Stubbs that he should paint some large enamel pictures on china tablets. The two oval pictures, "Haymakers" and "Hay Carting," reproduced in this number, are examples of this method of work. They were formerly in the collection of the late Sir Walter Gilbey, and they belong now to Lord Leverhulme.

Stubbs's experiments in painting on china were

remarkably successful, for these pictures have a delightful freshness and purity of colour. Besides this, the figures are lifelike, and the painting of the landscape is true to Nature. The costumes of the eighteenth-century "Lasses" are picturesque, but not more so perhaps than the uniform of our own landswomen, and by no means as suitable for hard work!

It may interest readers of *THE LANDSWOMAN* to know that George Stubbs was in the habit of rising *very* early! He was abstemious in his food, and during the last forty years of his life he drank nothing but water. "yet" (as one of his biographers puts it) "he lived to enjoy eighty-two years of vigorous health."

He was a man of great physical strength, and it was said of him that he more than once carried a dead horse on his back, up two or three flights of a narrow staircase, to his dissecting room—surely an amazing feat! Moreover, when in his seventy-ninth year, if he chanced to miss the stage coach, he was still able to walk from his house in London to the Earl of Clarendon's estate, "The Grove," between Watford and Tring, a distance of about sixteen miles, carrying a small portmanteau in his hand.

There is a fine portrait of Stubbs by Ozias Humphry in the Walker Art Gallery, at Liverpool, where some of Stubbs's own pictures of horses and lions can also be seen.

H. F.

Five o'Clock a.m.

MARY MORALIE tramps wearily up the ploughed hill to the field beyond. The moon has set half an hour ago, and a pale light that suggests only sleep to her mind makes the path dimly visible. It is a light that gives no joy, no encouragement, and it makes the long stretch of plough appear as lifeless as itself; Mary's heart is in her clayey boots as she tramps.

It has lain in those boots for many days now, whether they are sticky with clay, heavy with soil, or wet through with the long clinging grass of the meadow. And this is not like the Mary her friends had known—self-assertive, good-natured, and full of the pleasure of the moment.

But that had been in the glorious days of idleness, when Mary had realised that ten o'clock was a very good time to be up and about, and when "up and about" had only meant a very little housework and a great deal of nothing else. As to climbing sticky plough at five o'clock in the morning, she had never dreamed of such a thing, and is by no means sure whether she is dreaming now or whether she actually tramps with a purpose. It is dreary enough anyway.

Behind her lies the farm in the trees, and in the yard the cows that have to be milked and the pigs that have to be fed, and, worst of all, the stout farmer, who is cross with Mary. He has said plainly that there are lasses that have some notion of work and lasses that have none, and it is not needful for him to say which sort of lass Mary is. But if she chose to get up early and do that which she ought to have done before and had failed to do ("Mook yon field!") he might say that there was more grit in her than he cared to say now, and then she could come back and milk the cows. And that was all there was to it. And that taunt has driven Mary out into the mirk, so that she may prove herself one of the lasses that know what work is. What the use of it is she fails to see. Life and work present no aspect of entirety to her mind; she only conceives of it as a series of events most of which are at the present disagreeable. But the crossness of the farmer is unendurable.

And all the long, white village below the hill sleeps.

In half an hour she reaches the field and stands to breathe; all around her is silence and the mirk of early morning. Faint outlines of hedgerow and stone walls she can descry on the country spread out below her like faint mirage, and white spots like ghosts in the eerie light which she knows for sheep. All is grey and vague, without form and without meaning, like her own work, as she thinks. It is very cold. She takes the fork and sets to work, and the pungent smell of the manure rises to her nostrils with the steam of her own breath.

Mary has spent her childhood and early youth in a slum of a large manufacturing town. Her parents are poor and shiftless and without ambition. Her father is an "outside porter" by profession, and spends most of his time sitting on his barrow waiting for work which never comes. Her mother keeps the house together, but as the house consists of one room with a bed, a deal table, and a box turned upside down as the family sofa, there is not much to keep. Mary had been to school, of course, and had done fairly creditably, and since then had lived aimlessly, taking a "place" here and there and spending months at home "to help her mother." She knitted a very little and cooked a very little, and lounged up and down the town a great deal, with thoughts anywhere or nowhere and imagination asleep. Her hat over the aimless little face was always adorned with a large and grubby feather bought from a friend in its palmier days; her boots, purchased from a secondhand shop, had suede "uppers"; her frock was stained, and she made it a rule to wear a smut on her snub little nose which she rubbed in rather than rubbed off.

She is impressionable enough, but her impressions are vague and without finality, and all take the form of a desire to possess. If, with nose flattened against the window-pane of the draper's establishment (from which practice no doubt the inevitable smut), she sees a silk blouse of more than usually uncompromising a hue, her thoughts immediately run to the personal wearing of it. If she sees flowers in the fruiterer's shop, she compares the colour greedily with that of her best frock. So now, when she is confronted with a cheery byre full of cows, her thoughts are "that t' stable 'll ave ter be cleaned ter-morrer." Pigs are disposed of in her mind as "being nasty," because of the trouble the cleaning of pigstyes invariably gives to Mary. And just as her life-long impressions of her own town are a series of drapers' establishments, so her impressions of farm life are mainly the sweet shop in the long, white village and Sunday's dinner of pork and onions.

She drifted into the "Land Army" in the vague way that she drifted into anything else that she did. She saw a pretty poster, and her friend liked it, and the clothes suited her, and there you were! Even the six weeks of the Training Centre has only gone so far as to impress her with the conviction that "the world was a lot queerer place than you thought it was,"

but the fact that her hands, which were not unskilful, have been turned to a definite purpose has roused her sleeping imagination to some vague sense of its own deficiency.

Such is Mary!

Half an hour passes. The heaps of manure are beginning to dwindle; most of it is spread upon the field, but, true to her tradition, Mary has left a portion of it for her clothes and her nose, which is red with cold between the patches of black. She has been crying a little, and has rubbed her dirty fingers into her eyes, so that she looks a little coal-heaver in breeches and overalls. There are grimy streaks down her cheeks from her eyes to her mouth. Her hair hangs in wisps round her face. She is sick with hunger and cold, and her hands are numb. She is very busy with her "muck rake," for her thoughts run to bacon for breakfast and pork for dinner the day after to-morrow (there are times when pigs are less nasty than others). All around her is very still and grey, but it is such things as these that have brought the dawn to Mary's world!

Quite suddenly it seems to the girl as if the world around her has given a start! It is as if a colossal something has moved, and as if a great shadow is passing away. She pauses in her work and stands leaning on her fork. She looks around and sees that the pale light has intensified the little puffs of mist like a flock of grey wolves stealing away out of sight. A hedgerow wakes to life and becomes visible, then a stone wall. Something that was an indefinable grey streak becomes a silver thread winding its way down the hill. The plough up which Mary has toiled an hour ago, and which was to her as the Slough of Despond, turns to wholesome brown earth, but the colour of everything is very faint and subdued, and is only to be guessed at. A mountain top springs into sight and stands out against the pale sky, and she realises that she herself is standing on a hill, a solitary figure against the sky-line. A cloud that has been grey is touched with rose, another that was black and threatening, with amber. The stream has become a thread of fire.

She has never seen anything like this before. It does not feel to her like blouses in a draper's window, nor anything else of which her drab life has hitherto been made. It would almost seem to the girl as if out there in the pale sky a door had opened, behind which she had been waiting many years. She is no longer consumed with the desire to possess; rather, is she wholly possessed. The thought rushes through her mind, "Truly the world is a lot queerer a place than you thought it was." Her thoughts do not know how else to express what she feels.

There is a moment of intense cold which freezes her to the very marrow, another of a passion of expectancy which makes her gasp and sob. It seems to her that she and the whole wide world were holding their breaths together for an event for which Nature waits with the same ecstasy of joy every morning, even though Mary be tucked up snug and self-satisfied in her cotton sheets in the attic below.

The sky is all a shimmer of welcome now. Every detail of the landscape stands out sharp and clear, and over the mountain-top he comes, the Giver and Holder of Life, with his great cheery face in a glow of benevolence that warms the very heart of the world. From his throne he looks down at the little hill and at the figure outlined against the sky, the solitary, bewildered child of the slum with the face blackened with toil and the great hungry eyes staring before her and mouth all agape. What is it that she is idle and slovenly and empty of purpose? Is she not to him as great as the queen in her palace, and no greater than the newly-born calf in the byre? She is still staring straight before her with her fork held loosely in one hand and her battered hat in the other, and she is still sobbing.

And this thought he gives her as impartially as he sows the seed in the waste places, and gives new hope to the chilly sheep on the hill. She thinks that he in all his majesty, and with all the colossal task which he has set himself to perform, has also come to bring her own mean toll into fruition.

It is no great thought, but it suffices her need of the moment. It fills an empty space in her muddled brain, so that a false conception steals away like the mist. It warms her through and through with the rays that come to her in dazzling spears. It is to her as a first taste of freedom and the new tears are washing the grime away.

The farmer comes up the plough in the sunshine. He is not an unkindly man, and it does not please him to sit down to breakfast while she is hungry. He mops his brow and breathes deeply. He does not gasp nor sob, for he has seen half a lifetime of dawns and learnt long ago the meaning of sunrise and labour. He says:

"Whatlivers got t' lass, begocks! She's gitting through with t' mook."

He speaks truer than he knows.

M. F. H.

Thatching

THE art of thatching can be learnt by any intelligent farm labourer, if he is given a little instruction and a few opportunities for practice. Farm hands frequently possess a natural aptitude for work of this kind, and an industrious man will soon become proficient.

It is a great advantage to a farmer to have men or women in his employment who can undertake ordinary thatching. After harvest the local thatcher is often hard-pressed with work, so that it may be difficult to obtain his services when they are most required. Meanwhile the unthatched ricks are exposed to the weather, and, should a wet season be experienced, the damage may be considerable. All risk of this sort is avoided if the thatching can be done by the regular staff, and farmers should, therefore, encourage their farm hands to make themselves proficient in the process.

HOW TO LEARN THATCHING.

A thorough knowledge of thatching, like that of any other branch of farm husbandry, cannot be gained without careful observation and frequent practice, but the beginner can commence by thatching straw ricks and thus acquire the skill necessary for the more important work of thatching corn and hay ricks.

OUTFIT AND MATERIALS.

The thatcher's outfit is neither a large nor an expensive one; it consists of a bill-hook, a paring knife and a pair of sheep shears for trimming the eaves, a large "thatching fork" to hold the drawn straw or "yealms," and a wooden hand-rake with iron teeth.

Other articles necessary for thatching are a ladder sufficiently long to reach the ridge of the stack when laid perfectly level with the roof, a quantity of pegs, binding cord or oakum, a suitable wooden mallet or other implement to drive in the pegs (a flat leather attached to the wrist, and covering the palm when pressing the pegs home, serves the same purpose), and a running noose to convey the yealms of straw to the thatcher.

The principal materials used for thatching purposes are straw, reeds, and heather, according to the purpose for which they are intended. Oat and barley straw are only serviceable where the corn to be covered has not to remain in the rick for any considerable length of time; well-grown stiff wheat straw will answer all general purposes on the farm, but for more lasting purposes rye straw and reeds are to be preferred, heather being mostly used for ornamental thatching—as, for example, model dairies, cricket pavilions, and summer houses.

PREPARATION OF THE STRAW.

The preparation of the straw is of importance. Straw of a dry, loose character cannot be packed so tightly and securely as damp straw; for this reason the straw should be well doused with water and turned over with a fork until it becomes thoroughly moistened. The heap must then be slightly compressed by beating with the fork or treading. This has the effect of ridding the straw of flag and shuck, the presence of which tends to arrest the flow of water.

YEALMING.

The straw should next be drawn from the bottom of the heap where the pressure is greatest. The usual method is to grasp as much straw as can be gripped by both hands, the two being held close together. The straw is then drawn out by a quick movement of the arms towards the right, followed by a swing over to the left, finally laying it at the worker's feet, the thickest end being to his right-hand side. The work of yealming is usually undertaken by the thatcher's assistant or server.

When a sufficient quantity of this partially straight straw has been collected, the yealmer works through it, using his fingers to regulate it and to remove any loose portions, at the same time drawing the bundle closer to his feet, until the layer amounts to as much as he can hold in the grip of both hands. A "yealm" thus formed should never be broken, but kept firm and secure until placed on the stack. As the yealms are completed, they are placed crosswise on a short rope or cord, the thick and the thin ends alternating. When of sufficient number and weight for a man to carry, the rope, which should have a running noose, is drawn round the yealms, which are in this way conveyed to the rick.

A common practice in the South of England is to place the drawn straw direct in the "thatching fork," which, when fully charged, is carried to the rick, and the straw so conveyed to the thatcher. Other thatchers draw the straw dry and lay it on a board, after which it is damped, trimmed, and straightened out, being finally separated into yealms which are bound up in straw ropes.

PREPARATION OF STACK.

In commencing to thatch a rick, the thatcher first prepares it by filling up any hollows with loose straw and levelling down humps in the roof in order to secure a firm, even surface. As the rick will probably have settled down, the top may require bolstering up with a "dummy," or tight-tied bundle of straw. When the roof has, in this way, been made firm and even, the straw can be laid on.

Perhaps the most opportune time for commencing the work is when the weather is somewhat damp, for the straw is none the worse for being slightly wetted. Under such conditions, also, the work of carrying in the corn is generally at a standstill, and there is ample leisure to complete the thatching of ricks which have already been erected. Very wet weather, however, is quite unsuitable, as the topmost sheaves would then be covered up whilst still wet with rain. Windy, gusty weather is also unsuitable for thatching as the thatch is being constantly disturbed and ruffled up.

HOW TO COMMENCE THATCHING.

The ladder should be placed so that it lies flat on the rick; the work should then commence at the bottom, or eaves, the straw being meanwhile packed as firmly and securely as possible. When the top is reached, the straw is laid well up to form a point, thus affording a good pitch for the water to run off. In general practice, the eave-line of the stack is laid with a double thickness of straw, in order to provide a projecting eave which will shoot the water off the stack without injuring the sides. The actual operation of laying the yealms of straw upon the stack is quite simple, and very much resembles the slating of a roof. It is important to insert the thin end of each yealm under the roof of the stack; this makes it doubly secure, and ensures an even and permanent thatch. The pegs which are driven in the thatch should be inserted in a horizontal direction, not vertically; in the latter case they easily convey water into the interior of the stack, which naturally has an injurious effect. When laying the yealms alternately, one overlapping the other, the expert thatcher will keep them damp by sprinkling with water, meanwhile combing the straw with a thatcher's rake to make it lie perfectly even; he will then beat it down lightly but firmly so as to consolidate the whole roof into a regular thatch of uniform thickness throughout.

A medium coating of straw well laid invariably throws off water much better than a larger quantity of straw badly placed together. It is customary to commence thatching hipped-end stacks about the centre of one side, in order to ensure a good finish: gable-end stacks are usually commenced at one end. The width of stack capable of being covered without moving the ladder will depend on the thatcher's reach, but this must not be exceeded beyond comfort, for when the thatch has to be packed in at arm's length it can never be done so firmly and securely as when a shorter stretch is taken.

PEGGING AND CORDING.

To keep the thatch in position, pegs made of split hazel, willow, oak, or other tough wood are used. These pegs should be cut into lengths of from two to three feet, with the ends pointed. Any knots must be shaved off so that the pegs may be pushed easily into the stack. Split hazel rods are often made to take the place of cord between pegs, an arrangement which certainly has a very ornamental appearance; for general purposes, however, oakum or binding cord is used. As the work of laying the yealms proceeds the pegs should be inserted in a horizontal direction, and the cords secured thereto. The elaborate roping or cording of ricks is not practised so extensively at the present day as it was some years ago; few farmers keep their grain in the ricks for more than two years, while with the majority under twelve months is usual. If thatching is done with good, well-drawn wheat straw, well packed upon the roof of the rick, there will be no need for the elaborate methods of pegging so frequently seen in some districts. Thatching needs to be done very thoroughly in exposed parts of the country, especially in Scotland and in high-lying farms near the coast.

TRIMMING THE EAVES.

The overhanging eaves of the stack must be pared or trimmed off. This is done by means of the paring knife, the sheep shears being subsequently used in order to trim off any rough edges and projecting straws, and to impart a smart "finished" appearance to the stack. The greatest importance is attached to the trimming off of the eaves: if this is well done, the under-surface of the eave will present a horizontal or even a slightly rising appearance, and the water will consequently shoot clear of the stack; but if the shears are used incorrectly, and the eave appears sloping downwards, water will find its way into the stack.

LABOUR AND EXPENSE.

Working single-handed, a man should complete five "squares" in a day of ten to ten and a half hours, though the work may be done much more rapidly. A "square" represents a hundred square feet. The usual cost of thatching a square amounts to 11d. or 1s., while for straw ricks the amount may not be more than 8d. or 9d. Hazel rods may be purchased for 2s. 6d. to 5s. per 100 according to locality, with 25 rods in a bundle, and two bundles will generally be found sufficient to complete the thatching of ten "squares."

A Different Service

I WEAR another uniform, and as I take my stride
My pocket gives a jingle from the dancing pence
inside;
But London town, gay London town, is one dark
cell to me;

It's cutting bracken on the hill in land kit I
would be.
You're up betimes, but, Farmer's Girl, I covet you
those hours;
The fields are heavy everywhere with dew, the
dreams of flowers.
Small puffs of golden cloud trail by; the gossamer
hangs out
Upon the furze like fairy sheets their laundress
left about.

It's fun to touch those woolly webs, with tunnels
at the heart,
For out of them some speckled chap with ogrish
greed will dart;
But never touch the little tents of web and grass
tops knit,
The mother spider guards outside, her eggs are
under it.

Forgive my sinful envy, Lass, and show your kind
goodwill
By carrying some messages to people on the hill;
My love, please, to the dragonflies, the bugloss,
and the wren,
And say when Peace discharges me I'll be a Land
Lass then.
J. B.

(i)
Imagination.



(ii)
Realization.



Animals in the Dock and the Witness-Box

HE would be foolhardy who said nowadays, "This or that part of farm work is not woman's work." We have made it all ours. The white smock may be seen perched over the most complicated machinery, scrambling over the half-thatched roof of a barn, or stooping over mole traps. On the whole, however, the majority of us are working with animals, and woman's chief triumphs have been in the rearing of young stock, the management of dairy herds, and the care of horses. The success of a woman's way with cattle lies in studying their individual feelings, almost as though they were human persons, and in being very patient with stubborn, vicious, nervous beasts, because, after all, they are *not* reasonable human persons. Now, in the old days, this attitude was absurdly, tragically reversed. Animals were treated as though they had no more feelings than a chair; they were also treated as though they had human intelligence and ought to act on it. You will hardly believe the instances of this, if you will read on, but I entertain you on truth.

Cock-fighting and baiting chained bears with mastiffs were fashionable amusements. The Minstrels' Festival at Tutbury used to end in sawing off the horns of a bull, cutting off his ears and tail, soaping him all over, filling his nose with pepper, and then letting him run, while everyone tried to cut off a piece of his skin before he crossed the Dore. At Stamford bull-running was not finally abolished till 1839. At a quarter to eleven, every 13th of November, a bell would ring to warn children and old people to leave the streets, and at eleven the bull was let loose. He was teased till he ran, and the whole town ran after him. It was a great point to drive him on to the bridge, and then, by sheer weight of numbers, push the great creature over the parapet into the river. When he swam ashore the chase was renewed in the meadows until the rabble was tired. The bull was then killed, and the smoking flesh sold cheaply to the pack for supper. Shrove Tuesday was the day for ill-treating hens. Sometimes one was chained up and thrown at, sometimes she was chased with flails and threshed, sometimes tied by the leg to a man ornamented with bells, while the rest of the farm hands, blindfold, pursued them with sticks.

If one may judge from the present wretched state of French cab-horses, and the Italian oxen, covered with sores from the ploughman's goad, the ancestors of these people were probably no less brutal to their brutes than our own forefathers. Yet on the Continent animals were held to be amenable to law. This was supported by several texts from the Old Testament, particularly by Exodus xxi. 28, where it is said that an ox which gores any one shall be put to death. Accordingly, any mischievous tame French animal which was found guilty by the common criminal court was executed. In every case lawyers were appointed to defend the accused animals, and the whole trial was conducted with all the strictest formalities of justice. There are records of ninety-two processes against animals in French law, between 1120 and 1740, when a cow was tried and executed. As an example of the sort of thing that brought animals into the dock, a sow and her young were tried at Laveguy in 1457 for having murdered and partly eaten a child. The sow was found guilty and condemned, but her orphans were acquitted on account of their youth, their mother's bad example, and lack of evidence that they were concerned in the eating of the body.

The wild animals came under the Ecclesiastical Courts conducted by bishops, priests and monks. If locusts, rats or wolves were annoying a district, the court sent to investigate the grievance. An advocate was appointed to show why they should not be summoned, and if he failed, they were cited three times; the summons was read by an officer of the court in a favourite haunt of the offenders. Then, if they did not appear, judgment was given against them by default. The court next issued a *monitoire* ordering them to leave the district in a certain time, and if they disobeyed, they were solemnly excommunicated. Unfortunately, the villains usually went on flourishing, in spite of the curse of the Church; this looked bad, so the court would use every means of delay—and the law knows many—to put off pronouncing the sentence. (You could always put it down to Satan's evil power when the locusts refused to wither off the face of the earth as they should have done.) One such lawsuit between a plague of insects and the inhabitants of the commune of St. Julien dragged on for forty-two years and almost ruined the people. At last they agreed to give the insects a certain piece of land to retire to, but just as the contract was complete, the question of an ancient right of way falsified the whole thing. The mutilation of the documents prevent us from knowing the end.

Chassannee, a celebrated French lawyer, actually made his name over the defence of some rats, and so the trial is famous in the annals of French law.

"The rats not appearing on the first citation, Chassannee, their counsel, argued that the summons was of too local and individual a character; that as all the rats in the neighbourhood

were interested, all the rats should be summoned, in all parts of the diocese. This plea being admitted, the curate of every parish was instructed to summons every rat for a future day. The day arriving, but no rats, Chassannee said that, as all his clients were summoned, including young and old, sick and healthy, great preparations had to be made, and certain arrangements carried into effect, and therefore, he begged for an extension of time. This also being granted, another day was appointed, and no rats appearing, Chassannee objected to the legality of the summons under certain circumstances. A summons from that court, he argued, implied full protection to the parties summoned, both on their way to it and on their return home; but his clients, the rats, though most anxious to appear in obedience to the court, did not dare to stir out of their holes on account of the number of evil-disposed cats kept by the plaintiffs. Let the latter, he continued, enter into bonds, under heavy pecuniary penalties, that their cats shall not molest his clients, and the summons will be at once obeyed. The court acknowledged the validity of this plea, but the plaintiffs declining to be bound over for the good behaviour of their cats, the period for the rats' attendance was adjourned *sine die*." The case was won.

In Spain, Italy and Switzerland animals were held subject to law. At Basle, in 1474, a cock was tried for having laid an egg. The prosecution proved that a cock's egg was of great value for making certain magical preparations; sorcerers would rather possess one than the philosopher's stone; the cock must be in league with the Evil One. In vain did the advocate for the defence plead that his client had no bad intentions, and that the laying of an egg was an involuntary act. After learned wrangling too long to report, the cock was condemned to death, not as a cock, but as a sorcerer or devil in the form of a cock, and with due ceremony was burnt at the stake with its fatal egg.

THRO' the long, still, quivering sun-baked days,
Up and down
The furrows brown
My horses have toiled in the shifting transparent
haze.

Steady and slow, up and over the steep-pitched hill
Walked I
Stolidly,
And my team pulled the heavy harrows with good-
will.

Evening crept over the distant down-land's rim,
The sun
Going down
Filled the deep valley with darkness to the brim.

The distant fields are smothered with night's dark
cloth,

The sky
Blinks a sleepy eye
And the moon brushes over the clouds like a
silver moth.

The horses lie warm and snug in their straw-strewn
bed;

In the lane
Sweet rain
Falling, drives me to rest my weary dream-dazed
head.

Sleep strokes my pillow with delicate starry fingers,
And bids
My lids

Close up for sleep while the last pale moon melody
lingers.

YVONNE GWYNNE JONES.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS*

By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE

CHAPTER X.

BOBBY MAKES A FRIEND.

CECILIA was paying her toll to the domestic gods, and giving her cabin a regular New England cleaning. She went at it with the same ardour that characterised her efforts in any direction, and nine o'clock of this particular morning saw all her Lares and Penates lined up in a well-dusted row in front of the house, while Cecilia, armed with a broom and a bucket, did valiant service within. Omar lay outside in the sun, his head on his paws, with the usual masculine irritation at such upheavals.

It was with a yelp of relief that he espied Bobby all unattended, making through the wood toward the cabin. He rushed to meet him, and Bobby got down on his knees and hugged him and kissed him, taking especial care, however, not to crush a bunch of short-stemmed dandelions which he carried. When they appeared together at Cecilia's door she viewed them unenthusiastically.

"Mornin', 'fwaidd lady," crowed Bobby.

"Good morning. Where did you come from?"

"My house. I tamed all by myself, tause you said to tome again, so I did."

"Do they know where you are at your house?"

He hesitated a moment.

"I didn't tell Bidgie esactly where I was wenting, but she said I could play at the Judge's house; so I guessed I would liker to come to dis house."

"Who is Bidgie?"

"She's—why she's de nurse, an' de cook, when Hulda tan't tause she's a gween Swede, an' Bidgie is evwything."

"The Irishwoman? Oh, yes, I remember her now."

"Yes, Iwish—norf countwy Iwish. I bwrought you some flowers, 'fwaidd lady."

He proffered the tired little bunch of weeds, and Cecilia took them seriously.

"Thank you; that was kind. I am cleaning house to-day, so I suppose you would not care to come in."

"Oh, yes. I tan help; I always help Bidgie."

"What can you do?"

"I tan swash de water on, when she scwubs."

"But you would get all wet."

"Yes, dat's why I like it."

"Don't you get scolded when you get wet?"

"No, I don't det scolded."

"Well, come in, if you want to. Here's an extra rag, you might go ahead and swash. I'll come after and scrub up."

"All wight. Tan't Omar tome in?"

"No, he tracks the floor up."

Bobby knelt down and whispered to the dog, then remembering his manners, he flushed and explained:

"I dust explained to him dat I had to swash a lil, an' I'd be out pretty soon, so it wouldn't hurt his feelings."

"You're a kind-hearted little boy."

"I don't know if I am or not," he said shyly, "but I dust love Omar."

"Why don't you stay out and play with him, then?"

"Tould you stay, too?"

"No, I have to finish house-cleaning."

"Bobby will help you so we tan tome out an' play wif him."

"All right. We'll get to work then."

Down on his marrow bones went Bobby, his fat bare legs so near the girl that she had an almost irresistible desire to pinch them. They worked in silence for a little, and then he reversed himself, and sat down, just ahead of the wet spot. Cecilia squatted back on her heels and inspected him.

"It makes you tired on your hands and foots, don't it?" he inquired politely.

"It does. It's a hateful position and it's a useless performance. In a week it will be dirty again. Why should we bother so? Animals are clean and yet they don't clean their holes."

Bobby caught the peroration.

"Don't lions an' tigers scwub?"

"I never heard of it."

"Does Omar scwub?"

"No, he's the man of the family. He lives with me and I do the scrubbing."

"Let's teach him to scwub."

"He wouldn't hold the wet rag in his mouth."

Bobby thought deeply.

"Have you got a mopper?"

"A mopper?"

"Kind of wet fing on a stick."

"Oh, you mean a mop. Like this?"

She held up an improvised mop, and Bobby seized it, wet it, and dragged it to the door, leaving a long snail-like trail across the clean floor.

"Omar," he called; "tome, Omar."

Omar responded joyfully, and Bobby prised open his mouth and inserted the mop-handle between his teeth.

"Scwub, Omar, scwub," he ordered.

Omar dropped it in disgust, and made for the door. They couldn't play any of their tricks on him.

"Pick it up, sir," Cecilia said.

He stopped and surveyed her, with an *Et-tu-Brute* look, and then grasped the mop-handle. Bobby pulled him about, calling him to follow. After his first disgust he decided to humour them, so he shook the mop-stick about in mimic fury, and spotted up the clean floor with his dirty paws.

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The peals of laughter that greeted Mrs. O'Brien, as she hurried through the woods in search of Bobby, brought her straight to the cabin door, where she stopped in amazement. Cecilia sat on her heels in one corner, Bobby cross-legged opposite her, and in the centre of the room Omar rushed the mop about madly. The two were screaming with laughter, and it was plain to see that Omar was grinning behind the mop-handle.

"In the name av St. Patrick, phwat are ye doin'?"

Bobby clapped his hands.

"It's Bidgie, 'fwaidd lady. We're teachin' Omar to scub. He'll scub for you, too," he added, with his seraphic smile.

"An that he won't, the crazy thing. D'ye call that scrubb'?" she demanded, pointing to the dirty floor.

"I call it an experiment," Cecilia answered. "We haven't perfected the scheme yet. Bobby invented it, so I tried it to please him."

"He's full av inventin', he is. Who towld ye ye could come way off here in the woods, scarin' the loife out av us?" she demanded.

"I fought I would tell when I dot home."

"Ye did, did ye? A foine idea that is, an' me runnin' me legs aff, an' nearly havin' a conniption fit over yer fallin' in the lake."

Bobby hurried to her. "Oh, Bidgie, not a heart'n'ption?"

"Sure I did."

"When I'm bad she dets a ache in her heart," he explained to Cecilia.

"I asked him to come over and he forgot to mention it to you that he was accepting my invitation."

"Well, home ye go an' play in the gyarden."

"No, I got to help de 'fwaidd lady."

"Hilp the what?"

"That's what he calls me. Let him stay if he wants to."

"Why do ye call her that, darlin'?"

"'Cause I like to; 'sides, I don't know her honust-to-goodness names."

"My name is Cecilia Carné."

"Yes, her name is dat," he nodded to Mrs. O'Brien.

"Sure he ain't in yer way, miss?"

"No, I never found cleaning so painless."

"'Tis an awful mess ye've got there, Bobby! D'ye know the way home, if I lave ye?"

"I'll bring him home," Cecilia offered.

"Very good, miss; he can stay a little, thin."

She nodded and left, and they exchanged triumphant glances.

"She tatched us," Bobby chuckled.

"She did. Now, we must dismiss Omar without any character at all. I'd never recommend him for a scrubber. We'll have to do it all again."

"All wight," said her assistant cheerfully.

They drove Omar forth and went at it again.

They worked and talked busily all the morning. They discovered a mutual fondness for Peter Pan, and discussed the fascinating possibilities of training Omar for the part of nurse. Cecilia made no concession to his youth, nor he to her age, but they

both had an innate honesty, and that was the plank of understanding on which they crossed.

Once he leaned against her knee to look at something which she was dusting, and she trembled and pushed him away almost roughly. But she went and put his short-stemmed dandelions in a bowl, as if in justification, or apology. When everything was dusted and brushed and set in order and sweetness, she suggested that they walk through the woods toward the Lodge, and gather fresh flowers for the vases.

"An' take Omar?"

"Of course."

"Oh, he'll like it, won't he? Why tan't dogs pick flowers, 'fwaidd lady?" he asked her.

"Call me Cecilia," she said, as he ran out to the dog.

Cecilia stopped to twist up her tousled hair, and the voices of the boy and the dog came in to her in a sort of joyous duet. She stopped and listened to it, with a half smile. "I'm getting sentimental," she grumbled, and went to the door.

Bobby and Omar were playing a game of catch-as-catch-can on the edge of the bluff. It consisted of Omar's chasing down the bank after sticks which Bobby tossed into the air. As Cecilia came out and called to them, Bobby was holding a big branch high above his head, urging Omar to get ready. The dog jumped and barked excitedly, and then Bobby threw it with all his might, and all at once—Cecilia never knew how—they went over the edge together, boy and dog.

Never a scream, never a sound to break the silence, but just the hush of stalking Death followed. The bank went down some sixty feet, a sheer drop to the beach below, and it was covered with underbrush and some stunted oaks. Cecilia ran to the edge and looked down, sick at the thought—and saw Omar tugging at something half-way down.

She plunged down toward them, and Omar cried and whined as she came. It was all she could do to stop herself in the descent, beside the small figure. There was blood on his hands and face and dress. Cecilia pushed Omar away, and knelt beside him. She tore open his blouse and laid her ear to his heart, in a panic of dread; but it was beating.

She gathered him tenderly in her arms, and began to climb, slowly and painfully toward the top, following Omar's lead. She never knew how long it took her, nor when or how she reached the cabin, but she found herself there at last. She laid Bobby on her bed and washed his face and torn hands, and finally he stirred a little.

"O God!" she said softly, "O God!"

Bobby had said God was there a moment since; perhaps He would hear her, for the boy's sake, if she called Him.

"'Fwaidd lady, I'm hurted," he moaned. She bent and kissed him on the mouth.

"We're going to go through the woods to the Lodge now, Bobby," she whispered; and he dropped off into unconsciousness again.

She took him up, and went out into the woods, toward the Lodge, and all the way she whispered with Bobby's simple faith, "O God! O God!"

(To be continued)

Great Bidlake Farm

MANAGED AND STAFFED ENTIRELY BY WOMEN

I HAVE spent a day at Great Bidlake Farm and I would that I might spend all my days there. An ideal spot, with ideal work, under ideal conditions, such is the place where some of the lucky Devon girls who have joined the Land Army are trained; and whenever I get the blues, as I often do, about the conditions under which a lot of our land girls work, I shall think of Bidlake and my gloom will be turned into something very near the breaking of the Tenth Commandment. It lies peacefully in the bosom of Dartmoor, while in the distance, near at hand, everywhere as far as the eye can see, stretches the glorious heather-clad moor, all purple and gold, save where it is blotched with patches of shadow cast by the little, fat, fleecy clouds in an otherwise brilliant blue sky.

We lunched and then we started out to look at the farm. First we went to see the horses, lovely creatures with glossy, well groomed coats and beautifully kept harness, shining like silver. And here let me say that everything at Bidlake has a delightful air of good management: tools and implements in splendid order, milk pails and pans polished till they would serve admirably as mirrors for the dairymaids, and the shippen, where the cows were being milked, spotless and smelling of nothing but lovely new hay.

Out on the potato field were rows of Land Army girls with hot but happy faces, lifting second earlies, and every now and then two of them would come tearing down the steep field, with the wind blowing through their bobbed hair, dragging a newly filled sack down to the cart waiting in the lane below. The photographs on the opposite page show that the potatoes are afterwards weighed, the sacks stitched up, taken in the cart to the station and even loaded into the trucks by the girls themselves.

Leaving the potatoes we wandered on through the mangolds, the best field of them in the district, and then round the crops—20 acres wheat, 46 acres oats—the ripe wheat, 5 ft. high, looking like sheets of burnished copper in the light of the setting sun.

This farm consisted of 145 acres of pasture and marshland when taken over under the D.O.R.A. by the Devon Men's Executive on October 26th, 1917.

Formerly the Manor Farm of the Bidlakes of Great Bidlake, it had fallen from being one of the best bits of wheatland in the district to grazing ground let annually, with little or no manuring or upkeep.

In 1916 and 1917 the pastures let at from 50s. to 80s. an acre, whilst the thirty odd acres of marshland realised about 30s. an acre. Each field has a water supply, and the river Bride runs through the marshes.

The fields are typical of West Devon, small and high banked.

The quota laid on the farm by the Western Divisional Executive was forty-five acres, and this seemed a high-enough aim when it was first decided to cultivate the ground with woman labour.

The Devon W.W.A.C. asked the Devon Men's Executive for this particular farm for experimenting with women labour, owing to its compactness and the reputation it had in old days as corn growing land. After considerable delays and difficulties a scheme was put through, and the farm handed over to the D.W.W.A. for cultivation.

A staff of four girls was sanctioned, who arrived on November 2nd. There was at that time no single tool, implement, or building available, nor any authority to purchase except by the lengthy way of requisitioning, nor any petty cash fund available. To make a start an F.P.D. team and ploughman were sent down, but the latter proved quite inadequate and was returned. Then two local farmers ploughed about twenty acres of the best land for wheat.

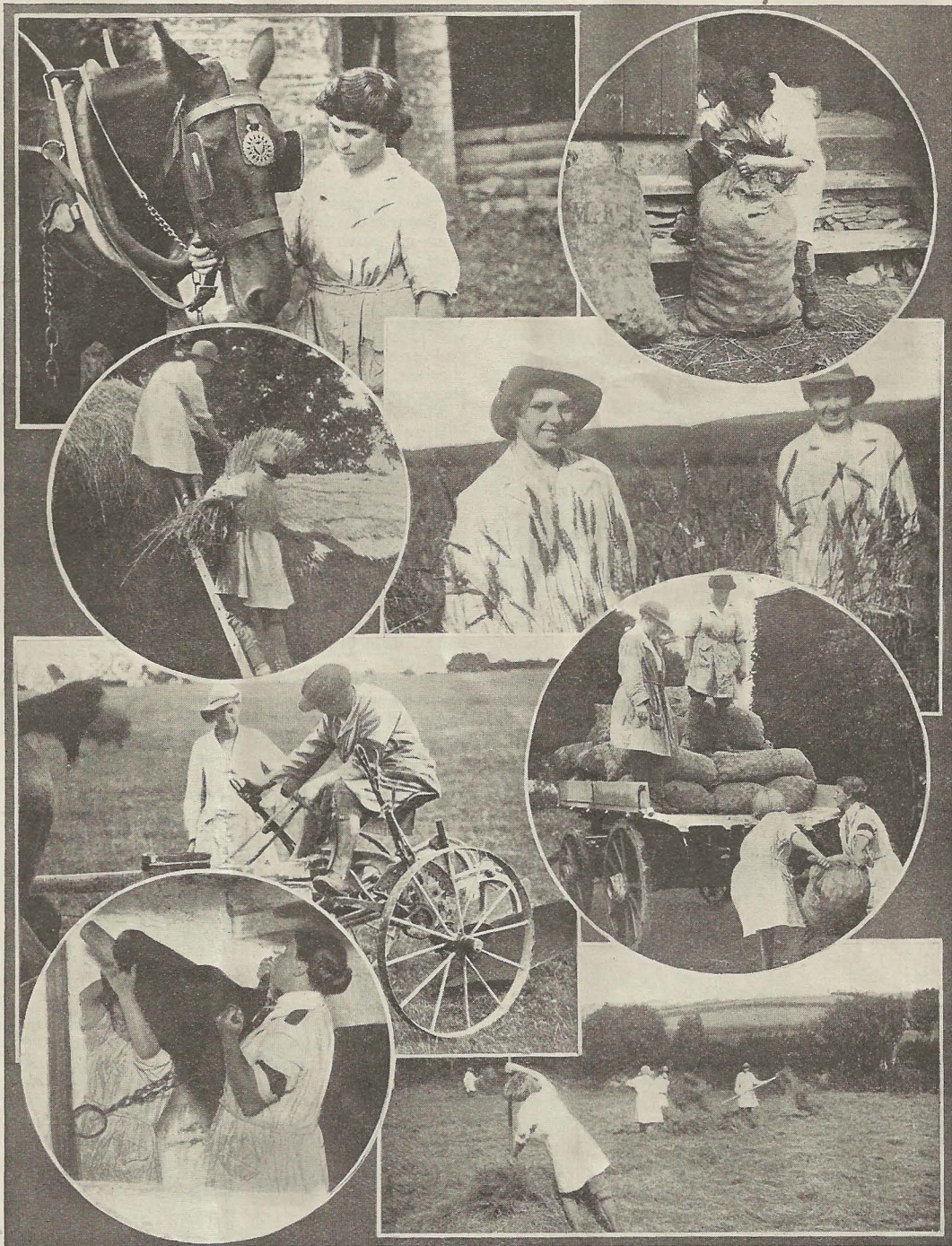
Another F.P.D. soldier, aged eighteen, was then sent, and managed to plough ten acres and to make himself generally useful. He stayed until Christmas, and thereafter no male labour at all was employed.

It was suggested that a trial should be made of the Syracuse riding plough, and though many were sceptical of its suitability for our hilly country, it proved that the implement which would make the work easily possible to women had been discovered.

The forewoman, Miss Dawson, and the horsewoman, Miss Chilton, then finished all the remaining ploughing with this plough—some forty-five acres—and did excellent work, much ahead of the work done by hand with the Huxtable one-way plough.

As much as one and a half acres was ploughed a day with a pair of strong young horses. With this plough to help, we resolved to get as much as possible under cultivation, and achieved a total quota of eighty-





two acres in place of the forty-five laid on the farm.

All the time horses, implements, and buildings were gradually acquired. The horses consisted of two young local horses that would certainly not have been described as suitable for women, but which answered for a great amount of the hardest possible work, and stood to it day in and day out; an aged mare for carting, and a half-cart cob of fifteen hands to run in the float and take any place on the farm.

The buildings were taken over under the D.O.R.A. and with the willing consent of the occupier, Mr. Drielsma, of Great Bidlake House, and consisted of stables for four and a fine shippen to stand at least twelve bullocks, and a big loft overhead, also two implement sheds.

The shippen was in a state of great dirt, having been used for lumber only for more than ten years. The girls got to work and cleaned and whitewashed it throughout.

Twenty acres of wheat were put in in November, in spite of the gloomy mutterings of all the neighbouring farmers that all the crops would be doomed to failure on newly-turned land, and, above all, "bewitched" by woman labour. Two fields were sown with locally-grown Red Standard, and one with Little Joss from the department. Next came forty-six acres put into oats, then eight acres of potatoes, half in Second Earlies British Queens, and therest in Up-to-Dates and Arran Chief.

The land was very carefully worked, and chemical manure used up to the amount allowed by the Executive. Six acres of mangolds were put in, and proved the best root crop in the district.

The best of the pastures were dressed with slag in the bottoms and superphosphate in the high ground, and chain-harrowed and rolled.

Six cows were bought in March, and it was decided to send the milk daily to Plymouth; later, six more were added. In June, owing to the closing of Seale Hayne College, the Depart-

ment expressed the wish that Great Bidlake should be used as a training centre. Neither the Farm Management Committee nor the Devon Women's Executive were very anxious for this, as they were keenly interested in the farm as a paying proposition. However, realising the national necessity, they consented, and agreed not to train more than twelve girls at once.

The forewoman, Miss Dawson, declined to undertake the training and left. However, one of the original staff engaged, Miss Macdonald, undertook the job, and the work of the farm went forward much the same with the added help of many pairs of hands for weeding and other jobs.

Mrs. Hockin, a village worker who has done yeoman service on the land since 1915 (before which she "never so much as muddled her boots"), was engaged to instruct the trainees in field work, and proved invaluable in teaching them not only the best methods, but also what a good day's work should be.

The hay harvest was begun in June, and all the cutting done by Miss Isaac, from North Devon, a girl of eighteen, who handled the team for the first time in a mower with considerable skill.

The condition of the corn crops is a matter for continual kindly words from the neighbouring farmers, and the girls have had the reward for their very hard work of last winter in being awarded the "finest crops in the parish." Visitors come from many places to see the farm, but probably the most-prized praise is from the neighbouring farmers, who, though from the first friendly neighbours, were loud and constant in their predictions of failure.

The girls who have carried out the work are of different stations and experience. The forewoman had lived in Plymouth all her life before she joined the Land Army. The horsewoman is a country girl, straight from school—her father has a farm in North Devon. The third hand is a girl of seventeen of unusual physique and strength, who has done two years' service on the land—too young till now to join the Land Army; the fourth, the latest comer, and one of the most enthusiastic of them all, a little girl who until she joined the Land Army had spent all her working hours in the kitchen of a club at Exeter. These, the permanent staff, occupy the lodge, while down in the charming little cottages at the cross roads there is ideal accommodation for twelve trainees. All such things as catering and household management are in the capable hands of Miss Retallock, who was also responsible for the furnishing of the fresh, airy bedrooms, living room, and a delightful little sitting room, with a large open fireplace where a wood fire blazes in the winter. Hassal friezes are round the walls and there are plenty of basket chairs for tired farm labourers to rest in when the day's work is done. Here, in the



We all go the same way Home.

evening, we had a sing-song, and seldom has that lane heard such shrieks of enjoyment and delight as were heard that night over the excitement of the penny game.

Then good night and to bed, and next morning happy, laughing girls, singing their hearts out, wandered across the meadow to their milking, all the keener on their work this morning for the fun of the evening before.

New Ideas for Competitions—Prize Winners

1. My most exciting adventure since joining the Land Army.—*Sunbeam.*
2. A Farm Alphabet—e.g., A is the ass, etc.—*V. M. Lloyd.*
3. Notes on an Ideal Land Army Club.—*C. I. Matlock.*
4. The best set of three photographs illustrating the Land Army's work.—*S. C. Lloyd.*
5. The best cures for toothache and bee stings.—*Sunbeam.*
6. Some strange tricks and habits I have seen with animals.—*Sunbeam.*
7. What I would do if I had the power?—*Sunbeam.*

Herefordshire Women's War Agricultural Committee

A VERY interesting afternoon was arranged at Great Howle, Ross, at the training centre, on July 23rd, a white elephant sale being organised to provide a gramophone for the training centre to help the Red Cross Depot. In spite of bad weather there was a very good attendance, and the "white elephant" and the toys made by the people at Adforton (Herefordshire) were soon all sold. Great interest was shown in the work done by the girls and the conditions and arrangements made for their comfort.

The girls went through their usual afternoon's work of milking, separating, cheesemaking, etc., gearing, carting, and loading manure and thatching. It was unfortunately too wet for field work and tractor ploughing.

Tea was followed by an excellent entertainment arranged by the Vicar. He conducted the patriotic chorus sung by the girls, who formed a tableau, with Britannia, America, and the kangaroo in the centre.

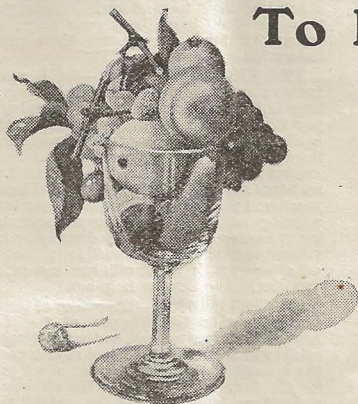
Gardening Hints for September

THE vegetable garden is now fully cropped, and weeds will be troublesome. If possible, in these overworked times, don't let them seed. There are always plenty of seed from other places blown in by the wind to stock your garden with weeds without allowing yours to seed. It not only makes the after work so hard, but it hurts the crops, keeps the ground from its share of sun and air, and takes the nourishment meant for the other things. Cauliflower can still be planted out for the winter, and seed sown either in a frame or box to be placed in a greenhouse. Earth up celery and sow seed of lettuce in a frame or sheltered spot—no manure. Plant parsley for winter in boxes to be protected by glass in bad weather.

Potatoes should all be taken up and stored, even if the shaws are still green; they only harm if left in the ground, and they ripen just as well when stored. Spinach, sown in the middle of September, will grow well before winter and be very useful. Thin to six inches apart. Onions must be WELL DRIED before storing. A very useful vegetable is seekale spinach. It answers two purposes: the stem, which is white, is cooked like seekale with a white sauce, the leaves, like spinach; it is a winter vegetable. Strawberry beds should be made this month. The best soil is a rich sandy loam with plenty of moisture, the ground well trenched and plenty of manure between the top and bottom spit; with a top dressing in the spring, they will last the three years, the life of a strawberry plant. It does not matter if the ground gets as hard as nails, they will fruit the better; only keep weeds away. Tomatoes will be fully ripe, and want a little more care now, so as to get all the sun and air possible. Take out shoots, if crowded, so as to be sure of the remainder. Tomatoes can be propagated from cuttings, but it is rather a bother. Get your seed sown in pots in February under glass; the earlier they are potted up the larger the crop, even for those to go out of doors.

FRANCIS WALKLEY.

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A delicious, clean-drinking, and appetising beverage will quickly revitalise your waning energy, restore tone to your nervous system, and produce a feeling of healthy vigour. This rich drink contains all the vital and nourishing elements of the choicest fruits which assist Nature in her fight against disease. Take FORT-REVIVER two or three times a day, and you will enjoy the glow of perfect health and fitness.

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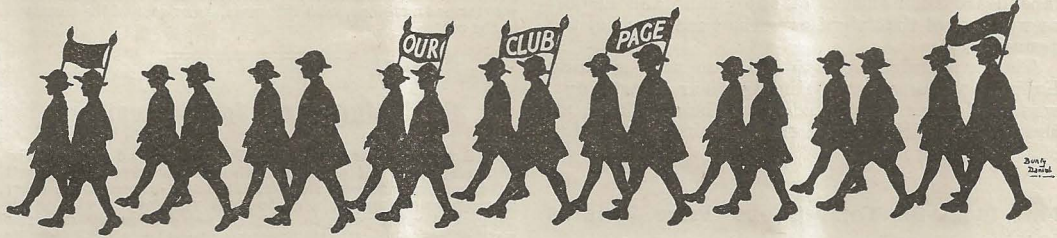
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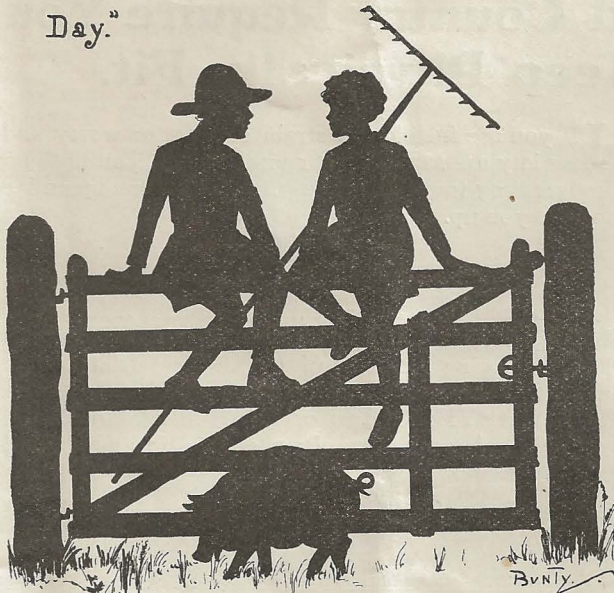
August 30th, 1918.

DEAR GIRLS,—I hope you will all be pleased with the splendid illustrations in this number and especially with the beautiful reproductions of Stubbs' pictures. I thought it would interest and amuse you girls to see how women in the eighteenth century helped with the harvest, the work which you are all busy doing just now.

How tiresome and hindering those full long skirts must have been, and how difficult to balance those hats at the right angle while you pitched! I think we all feel glad from a practical point of view that we live in the twentieth century. Next month we are to have a similar article on Millet, a great French artist who took so often as his models the peasant farm workers of his native land, and there will be reproductions of some of his most delightful pictures.

Talking of illustrations, I am very pleased with Bunty Daniel's sketches in this issue. Some time ago, she sent me, without any address, a design for a heading for the Club Page. Not knowing her address I could only express my thanks by using her design, which I am sure you will agree has cheered up our Club Page ever since. Last week came the first entry for the drawing competition from Bunty Daniel. This time there was an address, and I was at last able to get a load off my mind and thank her for the Club Page heading, and ask her to send along some more of the same. Here they are, and the two sketches, Imagination

"The End of a
Perfect
Day."



and Realisation will appeal to lots of us who live in Land Army boots and gaiters!

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.—I seldom get requests nowadays from old Land Army girls for the names of other girls with whom they can exchange letters. I imagine it is because we have managed to fix up all the lonely ones with correspondents. This may not be the case, however, with the new recruits, and I should like them all to know that I shall be only too pleased to put any of them into touch with other members, new and old, of our large family who will be glad to write and receive letters. In the early days of *THE LANDSWOMAN* one lonely girl who asked for letters, in consequence of her request suddenly found herself the proud recipient of seven a day, and has never felt lonely since!

SEWING CLUB.—Sewing is still more or less confined to underclothes, and I suppose it is because we are so comfortable in our uniform that we don't bother much with skirts and blouses these days. I know I never want to get out of mine, even on Sundays. So patterns and ideas for underclothes monopolise all the spare time of the Sewing Club, except when we launch out into baby clothes, and then we get really interested. The little white silk frock for Joan, aged six months, is cut out, the design for the embroidery and the slots of the ribbon transferred, and if D. M. W. gets on with it as quickly as I should like her to, Joan—who, I understand, already has Land Army aspirations—will soon have taken the first step by wearing a frock made from a *LANDSWOMAN* Sewing Club pattern. I had a letter some time ago from Miss M. H. Doherty, Coon Cottage, Barrowdale, Keswick, Cumberland, who told me of the many demands made on her time by Land Army girls anxious to take advantage of her kind offer in the April number, to knit into any garment any wool which you liked to send her. I understand that she has been busy ever since, and enjoys it. Such nice people there are in the world!

THE SHOPPING CLUB.—As I am at present away from London on sick leave, I have not been able to do much shopping for you this month; but we have managed to send all sorts of things from Messrs. Peter Robinsons—to F. B., long cloth for underclothes to D. S., books to Y. W. and C. E. H., and dark smocks to E. R. Gladys Goldsmith, to whom I referred in my August letter, is still wanting her secondhand bicycle, and wanting it badly. She is stranded far away from village and post office, and feels that her only hope is a good reliable secondhand machine. Can anyone help her?

COMPETITIONS.—The writer of the first prize essay on the Honour of the Land Army asks for no reward, so that the special prize which I mentioned last month goes to the second essay, allowing the usual prizes for the 3rd, 4th and 5th. We all seem to be hard up for new ideas for competitions, but I think that we might well try some of those suggested by the prize winners and you will see that I have already made use of two of them. This month prizes will be offered for the three best short stories, not more than 1,500 words in length. When they appear in print, we will give our artists a chance to illustrate them! In the meantime will our poets give us, expressed in verse, their feelings, "When I first put this Uniform on," and please remember there is

no compulsion to parody W. S. Gilbert! All entries to reach the Editor, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, before October 10th.

I had such a happy evening last week. I wandered down, about half-past eight, to some cottages, where Land Army girls—twelve of them—were having a sing-song, after a hard day's work in the potato field. We had no piano, but we all sat round in the twilight and sang everything we could think of. And then someone suggested the penny game, and after that the laughter and excitement and shrieks of delight must have been heard down in the village half a mile away.

Do you know the penny game? because it is an excellent one, and as it only costs 2d., which you get back in the end, and any number of girls can play, it is worth knowing. Let me try to explain it to you. You divide your company into two equal sides, consisting of an uneven number—7, 9, 11, etc. You sit down in two rows of chairs facing each other, each side occupy one row, with your knees almost touching those of your opponents. You put a small table at each end and on one of the tables you put two pennies. The object of the game is to see which side can be the first to get their penny passed down to the table at the other end of the row and back again. It sounds very simple, but it is much more exciting than it sounds. It is done by every alternate girl cupping her hands to form a basin, and the girl in between acting as a spoon and lifting the penny from one basin and putting it into the next.

Anyway, we had great fun over it, each side winning fairly evenly, and lots of ties and dead heats, and by the time we went to bed we had quite forgotten those aching backs in the potato field. Believe me, it is a good thing to have a change of occupation in the evening; it sends you so much fresher to your work the next day. You just try it and see.

Your sincere friend,
THE EDITOR.

The Editor will be glad to consider any contributions to THE LANDSWOMAN in the form of stories, verses, photographs, and articles on any subject of general interest. Those printed will be paid for at the usual rates.

Bracken as Litter

IN view of the present high cost of feeding stuffs, it is necessary that as much as possible of their manurial value should be recovered in the dung. The fact that the ordinary supplies of potash are meanwhile cut off furnishes another reason for preserving manure, especially liquid manure, with great care; liquid manure is rich in potash. In districts, therefore, where straw is scarce, or where it can be profitably fed to stock, farmers and horse-keepers should use for litter any other suitable material that may be available at a reasonable cost. Bracken or "fern" is specially worthy of attention at the present time.

Bracken possesses considerable value as litter, and in many places it may be obtained for the cost of cutting and carting. Bracken harvested while still green usually contains as much phosphoric acid as straw, and much more nitrogen, but less potash. If exposed to rain throughout the winter a considerable loss of substance is likely to result, although bracken cut in April has been found, on analysis, to have a similar composition to straw.

Bracken possesses a considerable power of absorbing ammonia and urine. To secure the full absorptive effect, however, bracken must be very thoroughly trampled upon by stock.

Dung made from bracken may be expected to be equal in chemical composition to dung made from straw. On the other hand, it takes longer to decompose in the soil, the fibrous woody stem being only slowly attacked. It therefore opens up the soil more, and is for that reason likely to be more useful on a heavy clay than on a light sandy soil. Bracken should be cut and dried in autumn, but where this is impracticable it may be cut and carted during suitable weather throughout the winter months.

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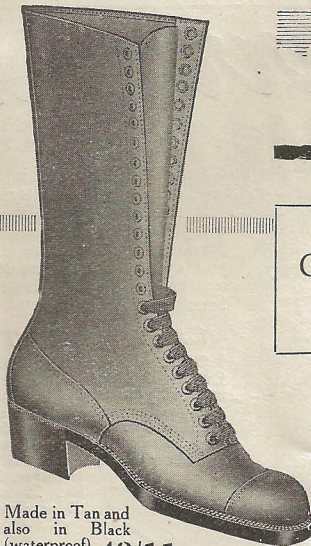
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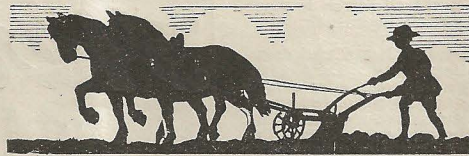
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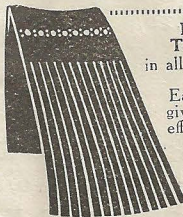
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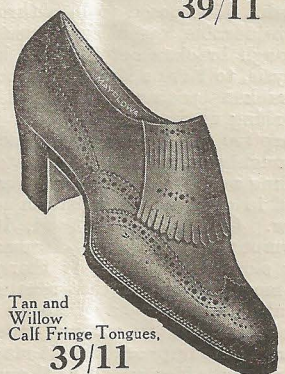
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L O N D O N



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A Farmer's Boy a Hundred Years Ago

FEW books could make more delightful reading for a Landswoman than William Cobbett's *Rural Rides*. He was born in 1782, the grandson of a farm labourer, and the son of a small farmer, and young William, in a patched, faded blue smock and nail boots, was at work in the fields when he was eight years old. He was afterwards gardener, soldier, journalist and Member of Parliament, but when he had risen to "eminence and distinction" as a great political writer, he was still a farmer at heart. His honest, rough tongue and daring opinions were constantly getting him into trouble, and once he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a fine of £1,000 for writing against the flogging of some militia men at Ely, under a guard of German soldiers. While he was in prison he still directed the management of his farm. His sons were brought up on the land; indeed, when they were told of their father's sentence, and the youngest was too young to know what "jail" meant, they were chopping at the ground with their hoes, blinded by tears.

This man, who had known what it was to be so hungry that he could break down over the loss of a halfpenny when he was a grown man, and who became one of the great forces of his age, used in his leisure years to jog about England on horseback, talking to the farmers and labourers, fasting so that he might afford to give some poor fellow a square meal for once in his miserable life, teasing the lovers on the stiles, and joining in a run with the hounds whenever he heard their voices. He has told us all his adventures in his *Rural Rides*, but in these pages we must confine ourselves to a few quotations about country conditions between 1821-32.

The Landswoman in Cobbett's Day

MARLBOROUGH, 1821.

The labourers along here seem very poor indeed. Farm-houses with twenty ricks round each, besides those standing in the fields; pieces of wheat, 50, 60 or 100 acres in a piece; but a group of women labourers, who were attending the measurers to measure their reaping work, presented such an assemblage of rags as I never before saw even amongst the hoppers at Farnham, many of whom are common beggars. I never before saw *country* people—and reapers, too, observe—so miserable in appearance as these. There were some very pretty girls, but ragged as colts and as pale as ashes. The day was cold, too, and frost hardly off the ground, and their blue arms and lips would have made any heart ache but that of a seat-seller or a loan jobber.

GLOUCESTER.

All here is fine; fine farms; fine pastures; all inclosed fields; all divided by hedges; orchards a-plenty; and I had scarcely seen one apple since I left Berkshire. Gloucester is a fine, clean, beautiful place; and, which is of a vast deal more importance, the labourers' dwellings as I came along looked good, and the labourers themselves pretty well as to dress and healthiness. The girls at work in the fields (always my standard) are not in rags, with bits of shoes tied on to their feet and rags tied round their ankles, as they had in Wiltshire.

BURGHCLERE, Nov. 21st, 1821.

I must not quit *Burghclere* without noticing Mr. Budd's *radical* swedes and other things. His is but miniature farming, but it is very good, and very interesting. Some time in May he drilled a piece of swedes on four feet ridges. The fly took them off. He had cabbage and mangel wurzel plants to put in their stead. Unwilling to turn back the ridges, and thereby bring the dung to the top, he planted the cabbages and mangel wurzel on the ridges where the swedes had been drilled. This was done in June. Late in July, his neighbour, a farmer Hulbert, had a field of swedes that he was hoeing. Mr. Budd now put some manure in the furrows between the ridges, and ploughed a furrow over it from each ridge. On this he planted swedes taken from farmer Hulbert's field. Thus his plantation consisted of rows of plants *two feet apart*. The result is a prodigious crop. Of the mangel wurzel (greens and all) he has not less than twenty tons to the acre. He can scarcely have less of the cabbages, some of which are *green savoys* as fine as I ever saw. And of the swedes, many of which weigh from five to nine pounds, he certainly has more than twenty tons to the acre. So that here is a crop of, at the very least, *forty tons to the acre*. This piece is not much more than half-an-acre; but, he will, perhaps, not find so much cattle food upon any four acres in the country. He is, and long has been, feeding four milch cows, large, fine, and in fine condition, upon cabbages sometimes, and sometimes on mangel wurzel leaves. The butter is excellent. Not the smallest degree of bitterness or bad taste of any sort. Fine colour and fine taste. And here, upon not three-quarters of an acre of ground, he has, if he manage the thing well, enough food for these four cows to the month of May. Can any system of husbandry equal this? What would he do with these cows

if he had not this crop? He could not keep one of them, except on hay. And he owes all this crop to transplanting. He thinks that the transplanting, fetching the swede plants and all, might cost him ten or twelve shillings. It was done by women who had never done such a thing before.

EASTON, 1822.

As you cross the road, you enter the estate of the descendant of Rollo, Duke of Buckingham, which estate is the parish of Avington. In this place the duke has a farm, not very good land. You come a full mile from the roadside down through this farm, to the duke's mansion house at Avington, and to the little village of that name, both of them beautifully situated, amidst fine and lofty trees, fine meadows and streams of clear water. On this farm of the duke's I saw (in a little close by the farm-house) several hens in coops with broods of pheasants instead of chickens. It seems that a gamekeeper lives in the farm-house, and I dare say the duke thinks much more of the pheasants than of the corn. . . . The turnips, upon this farm, are by no means good; but I was in some measure compensated for the bad turnips by the sight of the duke's turnip-hoers, about a dozen females, amongst whom there were several very pretty girls, and they were as merry as larks. There had been a shower that had brought them into a sort of huddle on the roadside. When I came up to them, they all fixed their eyes upon me, and upon my smiling, they burst out into laughter. I observed to them that the Duke of Buckingham was a very happy man to have such turnip-hoers, and really, they seemed happier and better-off than any work-people that I saw in the fields all the way from London to this spot. It is curious enough, but I have always observed that the women along this part of the country are usually tall. These girls are tall, straight, fair, round-faced, excellent complexion, and uncommonly gay. They were well dressed, too, and I observed the same of all the men I saw down at Avington. This could not be the case if the duke were a cruel or hard master; and this is an act of justice due from me to the descendant of Rollo. . . . I must say again that the good looks and happy faces of his turnip-hoers spoke much more in his praise than could have been spoken by fifty lawyers like that Storks who was employed, the other day, to plead against the editor of the *Bucks Chronicle*, for publishing an account of the selling-up of farmer Smith, of Ashendon, in that county.

Bournville Cocoa

"Of special importance to workers during these strenuous times."

The Lancet.

MADE BY CADBURY

Sunglow

WILL you list to the song of summer days
 Lived out in the parching blue,
 No song of love but the love of life
 And the joy of the long day through?
 God made the world, and He gave me strength
 For the useful work I do.

Hark to the praise of the ripening corn
 And birds in the summer sky;
 Sweet are refreshing nights of sleep,
 Hours of fatigue put by.
 All Nature sings to praise its God;
 Then tell me, why should not I?

M. E. (a Land Girl).

The late C.O.S. for Gloucester, Miss Thorne, was presented with a beautiful silver travelling clock and silver butter knife by L.A.A.S. in Gloucester, when she resigned her post. She greatly values this mark of appreciation on the part of the Land Army members.

To the Editor of THE LANDSWOMAN.

Ash Bridstow, Ross.

MADAM,—May I be allowed a small space in your columns to express the sorrow and regret of the land girls from the Hindly Training Centre, as well as my own, at the loss we have sustained by the resignation of Miss Sadler, our Organising Secretary. It was a great pleasure to work under one who took such a keen interest in all connected with the Land Army.

Yours faithfully,

G. S.

Magic

I CONTEMPLATE the growth of all things green,
 With heart at Nature's mysteries athrill,
 And troubled eyes grown tranquil and serene,
 Each sense aroused, alert, to take its fill.

Meanwhile forgetting every disillusion,
 Oblivious of each if and might have been,
 Conscious of nothing, save a calm suffusion
 Of youth eternal, yoked to hope supreme.

Tractor Ploughing

SHUT in by the din of our tractor's loud hum,
 We plough up the fields from morning till night.
 When we start the whole world becomes suddenly
 dumb,

We are part of it only because we have sight.

We see the rapt larks as they're rising in song,
 And the flight of the partridges hearing us come,
 We see the smooth planes ever gliding along,
 But we're shut in the cage of our tractor's loud hum.

We seem deaf to the world and its burden of sorrow,
 To the graveyard of youth that its soil has become,
 Our only ambition to plough a straight furrow,
 As we slowly move on with our tractor's loud hum.

For now it behoves us to drive straight and true,
 And for even brown furrows to add to the sum,
 No triumphs or losses disturbing our view,
 Shut in by the din of our tractor's loud hum.

MARY BRIDSON, W.L.A.

THAT NEXT TURNING.

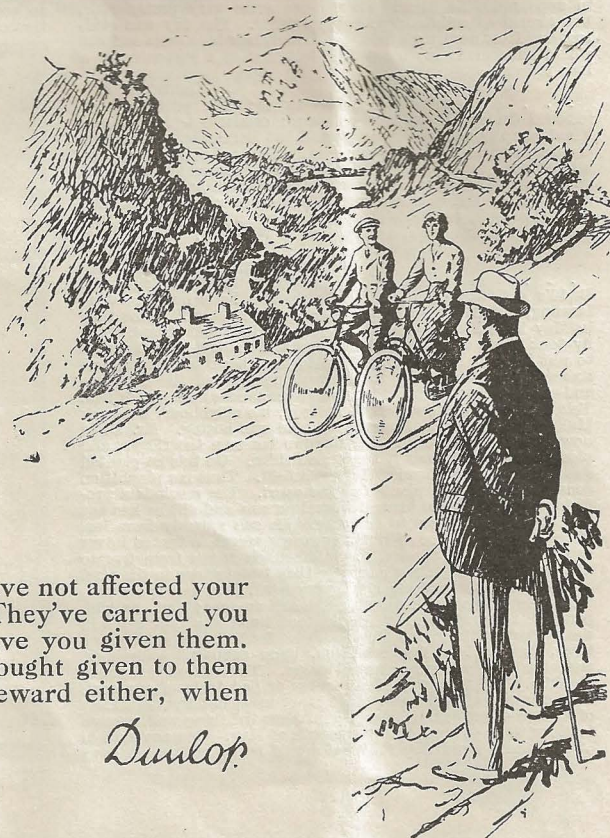
THERE'S a fascination about the
 next turning in a road—and
 one's mind flies ahead of the spinning
 wheels.

It's time you turned back, you know
 quite well, but "what is there round
 that next turning?"

And so you go on and on and then
 there's the hurry homewards. No
 time for stopping if the light's going:
 just speed and then a little more
 speed—and you've "beaten lighting-
 up time by ten minutes and a lucky
 thing, too, for somebody borrowed
 the tail-lamp on Sunday evening."

And those jolly miles out and home have not affected your
 good sturdy Dunlop tyres an atom. They've carried you
 safe and sound and never a thought have you given them.
 That's their reward—not to have a thought given to them
 once they're fitted; and not a bad reward either, when
 you come to think of it!

Dunlop



Competitions

The Honour of the Land Army

First Prize

WHAT a subject for a raw recruit! and yet I don't know. I may be able to tackle that subject from a different point of view—a point of view which has not struck you older workers. Anyway, I am going to try, in spite of the fact that the Editor will in all probability turn me down at once. I can't help it if she does. I absolutely must tell someone soon what I feel about this wonderful thing—which we, each single one of us, hold in our keeping—the Honour of the Land Army.

Before I signed on I used to work in Oxford Street, and many times have I seen the Land Army march down that street, and many, many times have I listened to the convincing arguments and persuasive oratory of those splendid recruiting officers who held forth daily—at any corner in Oxford Street—reminding the idle shoppers how greatly the nation had honoured them, by giving into their hands so important a share in the great struggle. Did you notice, you other girls, as you marched on your way to Hyde Park or Buckingham Palace, or even so far back as the Lord Mayor's Show, how wonderful was the welcome which the people of London gave to you so freely? How the old men solemnly raised their hats as you went by, how every old woman threw you a smile, and everything young cheered you to the echo: "Here come the Land Girls, good old land girls, three cheers for the lasses!" How I longed, as I stood among the crowd on the pavement, to be marching in that white-smocked column—to be sharing in that shower of welcome and glory which seemed to wrap you round like a fairy mantle—till it seemed—yes—with your flower-decked wagons and your laughing faces—it seemed that it was indeed a fairy pageant being wafted down Oxford Street like a breath of fresh country air!

Had I been marching with you, I thought, I must surely visibly swell with pride—so impossible would it be to contain that feeling of joy at being held in such high honour by the rest of the world. And ever since I enrolled my only fear has been lest I might, in some weak moment fall short of the ideals of the Land Army, and be unworthy of that glorious welcome.

The ideals of the Land Army!—how dare we fall short of them? What excuse have we? We, in the clean, pure air of the country, with the joy and the glory of Nature all around us, and with healthy hard work to keep our bodies active and our minds satisfied, with that perfect satisfaction which only comes after a day's hard physical work well done. How impossible it seems, when we stop to think about it, that we should ever do anything which might destroy that faith in the high standard of the Land Army, which, believe me, does exist in the hearts of a great many people.

And, after all, is it so difficult to do our best? Isn't our work the happiest of all war work? Is there one of us, really keen on our work, who would give it up, even if we had the chance? Apart from the national need for our labour at the moment, don't we do it for the sheer love of it? Do you know those lines of Walt Whitman's:

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

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

Let us see to it that we do not, by our own wilfulness, spoil the will of the open air and the earth to have their way with us, and to make of us the best persons—persons so brimful of the joy of life that all around us cannot but be joyful; persons at least, worthy to be associated with the glorious surroundings in which we work. Ruskin would have us even more than this. He says: "The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. 'Her feet have touched the meadows and left the daisies rosy.' You think that only a lover's fancy; false and vain. How if it could be true?"

L. M.

Second Prize

It is easy to become enthusiastic about, say, the honour of one's school, where there are a number of girls together, and other schools to endeavour to surpass in every way, and when one is constantly meeting their representatives on the playing fields. The same feeling must apply to soldiers in regard to their regiments. Just as the schoolgirl thinks her school the best, so the soldier thinks his regiment the finest. Then there are traditions—old traditions—to be lived up to, and perhaps records of fine deeds to be added to, and continued. It must be the same, in fact, wherever any large body of people is gathered together with a common purpose and ideal.

But in an organisation like the Land Army, with its members widely scattered, things are different. Many of the girls are entirely alone in a district, and seldom see any of the others, and it may be very difficult to have the enthusiasm that they would feel if they were with a group. But it is on these lonely girls, almost more than on the others, that the honour of the Land Army depends, for they are the only specimens that the people about them see, and so, naturally, the whole Army is judged by them. If they were to make a habit, for instance, of arriving late to work, people would immediately rush to the conclusion that all land girls are bad timekeepers, and gradually a prejudice would grow up against them; for it is the small things that seem to count, and feeling is still strong in many places against the girl worker. But whether a girl is by herself or with others, it is her business to uphold the honour of the Army, and make its uniform and badges respected wherever she goes.

We are a young Army. Our traditions are yet to be made; and they are in our hands in the making now. We have this advantage over the other women's services—the majority of them will cease automatically with the war; but who can doubt that, in spite of all difficulties, ours will be carried on? Many women now on the land intend to remain, and others will come, and it is we who have the making of the traditions to be handed on to them.

I should like to quote my old school motto. It runs: "Non nobis solum, sed toti mundo, nati," and seems to me to be a rather appropriate one for all Landswomen.

For it is up to us girls who are in the Land Army now to pave the way for another and a mightier army of women still to come, who shall play no small part in the building up and setting in her rightful place in a peace-seeking world, of a greater, fairer, and more wonderful Britain than has ever yet been seen.

DORIS A. HELSBY.

Third Prize

It is absolutely necessary for the improvement of the Land Army that every member of the same should thoroughly understand at the outset that the Land Army's object is to maintain the food supply not only for our Armies, but for those at home, until the peace and liberty of the world is established on a higher and firmer foundation than ever before. It should fill us with pride to think that we have been given an opportunity of proving ourselves worthy to help undertake this mighty task.

Without a doubt we have all sacrificed something to answer our country's call, but what of it? We should not be worthy of the name of Britons if we failed our country in its hour of need.

"Who stands if freedom fall?

Who dies if England live?"

It would not be practicable to form organisations or clubs with the object of improving the honour of the Land Army; it must be left to each individual land girl. As we work more or less on our own, it is up to us to prove that we can be trusted and honoured, and also to show those who are prejudiced against women working on the land what the women of England are capable of doing.

At the end of the day we shall come home bodily fatigued, but we shall thank God for having given us strength to do our bit, and courage and good humour in face of all difficulties.

If we put our heart and soul into our work, and in doing so forget ourselves, we shall become truly great, and our behaviour and actions will be such that they will tend to uphold the honour of the Land Army.

"If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you

Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'"

then you will indeed be a credit to the Land Army and the great Empire to which you belong.

G. E. M.

Fourth Prize

We "Land Lasses" are one large family, and in that case we must all be sisters. The "old hands" are the elder sisters, and the new recruits are the younger ones. The older ones have tried, and are trying still, to live up to the good motto, "Keep

fit and do your bit." They know that "keeping fit" means more than the ever-important physical health, more than going early to bed, more than oiling boots to prevent damp feet. It means mental health, too, a mind that is always alert and ready to learn, for a farmer's learning days are never finished. They know that their "bit" is not only the work of every day, the milking and the carting, and the sheep-tending, and all the other jobs, pleasant or otherwise, that may fall to the lot of a "farmer's boy"; but also the work of teaching and influencing others. I expect everyone of us has written in a copy-book "Example is better than precept"; and now we are able to prove the truth of the saying. The example of a cheerful, conscientious, intelligent worker goes further than the best of lectures. It will be a splendid thing if people can say of the Land Army: "The women showed what could be done by patience and 'grit,' and

they went about their work so gladly and willingly! Their influence was all for good."

Another duty of the "old hands" is to help the younger members of the family. Those of us who happen to be blessed with elder sisters, of the right kind, know how good it is to have the help of someone who is more experienced than we are. Why should not each member "adopt" one or more recruits? We learn to make a large number of things (from coats to cheeses!), including time to write some letters.

Now surely it would be a help to members to feel that there was someone to whom they were bound to set a good example. It would be encouraging to recruits to think that there was "someone special" who was trying, and wanted them to try, to make the Land Army as famous as Kitchener's Army.

"SCOTTIE."

"Gone, but not forgotten"



Fry's PURE BREAKFAST COCOA

LOVED BY THE BAIRNIES



As Fragrant as the Flower

There are 23 varieties of "Court Bouquet," each as fragrant as the name it bears. The Lavender, for instance, is delightfully true to nature and most refreshing in use. "Court Bouquet" affords a profuse and velvety lather, and remains usable and fragrant to the very last bit.

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Federation of Women's Institutes

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

Women's Institutes and Reconstruction

WOMEN'S Institutes can take a most important part in the work of national reconstruction that lies ahead. Each Institute member should realise that the Institute gives the opportunity and the responsibility of helping in the fundamental work of deepening and strengthening the sources whence the life-springs of the nation arise. It is on the young people from the countryside who are drawn to the towns that we depend for new blood to vitalise the nation. Conditions of life in villages must make for healthy bodies and sound minds, so that those who replenish our town populations are strength infusers. Conditions in the villages must give to townfolk who are attracted to the country, convenient dwelling places and the means for social amenities that make for pleasant living. After the war we shall be faced with the pitiful fact that in saving our Empire we have lost the best of the material that went to its making in this generation. Those who are left must redouble their efforts for service. The Institutes place in the hands of country women the most efficient means to help in the rebuilding. Individual action has little effect, co-operative action can accomplish most things. The Institutes are the most convenient channels through which the educational authorities in a county can reach the people. The housing question, the education of country children, easy access to agricultural colleges for country boys and girls, marketing facilities, questions that relate to the health and well-being of the community, the development of agriculture so that the primary industry of our country is placed on a sound basis; in fact, all matters of interest to intelligent men and women must engage the practical attention of Institute members. The production of healthy children is the most valuable service that can be performed for the State, and women must make a special study of their own bodily needs, so that strong mothers can learn how to bring up their children, and lessen the infant mortality that is a disgrace to our age. How necessary reforms can be brought about is worth the attention of thinking people.

Let each Women's Institute determine to make the village to which it belongs the most prosperous and happy corner of the Empire. By continued efforts to do the possible the impossible is accomplished. The fundamental principle that membership means equal rights and equal responsibilities involves the sustained work of each member. Brain, mind, heart and hand go to the making of any successful undertaking, and if each Institute member gives her best to make her Institute the centre of interest in the community she is helping in the work of empire building. The national life that has to be reconstructed will not be a replica of the old edifice; wiser, graver men and women are the builders; economy not alone in name but in deed, will have to be exercised by every citizen; but if all work together for the common good, a newer, better life will evolve, sounder, broader and more

truly beautiful because the people as a whole will put their best into the making of a nation that will be worthy of those that died to save it.

Two Great Events in October

WE would remind all our readers who are interested in Women's Institutes that two events of the utmost importance in the Institute year are arranged to take place in October—the Annual Meeting and the Exhibition. A note about the latter, which promises to be a gigantic success, appears elsewhere.

The Annual General Meeting of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, to be held at the Caxton Hall in the morning and afternoon of Thursday, October 24th, will deal with matters of vital concern to every individual Institute.

At this meeting the members of the executive will be elected, the constitution will be adopted, schemes for the promotion of the industrial activities of the movement will be considered, and various questions of great interest to Women's Institutes will be discussed.

The opinion of all is needed, and, therefore every Institute is urged to send a delegate, and, if possible, a visitor.

Hon. Secretaries of Institutes are reminded that, as stated in the preliminary agenda, all nominations for candidates for election to the Executive Committee, all resolutions to be moved at the General Meeting, and the names of delegates must be sent to Miss Alice Williams, the Hon. Secretary of the Federation, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.1, by September 9th.

Exhibition News

MY DEAR MEMBERS.—The interest in the October Exhibition is surpassing all expectations! Fourteen County Federations as well as the North Wales Union have undertaken stalls, besides very many individual Institutes which are not yet blessed with federations.

As will be seen in the new schedule, members have been most generous in offering prizes, but there are still eighteen classes with blanks where the names of the donors should be! It takes 10s. to supply first, second, and third prizes in each class.

Five Women's Institutes have quite spontaneously and most generously given subscriptions towards the expenses, which kind act has been much appreciated by the Organiser, who sees the expenses piling up with alarming rapidity! A full list will appear in our page next month of those who have so kindly given prizes and who have so nobly contributed to the expenses.

Will you please make a note of the following regulations which it is important to observe:

(1) Every Women's Institute must send to their "Exhibition County Organiser," before October 1st, an exercise book containing their lists of exhibits for competition or otherwise, with *Name, Address, Nature of Exhibit, Group, Class, and Price*.

The name of the Institute must be clearly written on the outside cover of the book.

A duplicate of this list must, at the same time, be sent to me by October 1st.

(2) As the Exhibition will be largely attended the sales will probably be very good, members are, therefore, urged to send sufficient articles to replenish the stalls for each successive day. In every case members will receive the whole of the money taken for their goods, minus 2d. in the 1s.

(3) *Schedules*.—Those requiring new, printed, up-to-date copies, price 6d., should apply to me for them as soon as possible, enclosing the amount.

(4) *Accommodation*.—Members wishing for advice on this important matter for the Exhibition week, should write to me, with full particulars, as soon as possible. We cannot *promise*, of course, to find what is required in the way of accommodation, but are ready and willing to do our best to find reasonable rooms for our country members.

I hope very many of you will be coming to London for that week (October 22nd to 30th), and I am looking forward with great pleasure to making the acquaintance of many members with whom I have had the pleasure of corresponding.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

ALICE WILLIAMS.

Please address all correspondence connected with the Exhibition to Miss Alice Williams, *Exhibition Organiser*, Federation of Women's Institutes, Woman's Branch Food Production Department, 72, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.



A PERFECT ALL WEATHER COAT
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LANDSWOMEN

Price 37/6. Carriage Paid.

THIS lightweight model of the famous "All-British" SPORTSMAN'S Coat has been expressly designed by Ernest Draper & Co., Ltd. (of Land Boot Fame), for landworkers who desire a fashionable coat which will be thoroughly useful and dependable in all weathers.

All the hardwearing-weather-defying qualities of the original Sportsman's model have been retained, and, in addition, their special knowledge of farming requirements has enabled Messrs. Draper to make some very practical alterations and additions which will naturally appeal to every woman whose duties demand perfect freedom of movement, etc.

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

STUDY THIS SPECIFICATION.

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

STOCK SIZES: Ladies'.

Breast . . .	34	36	36	38	38
Length . . .	46	46	48	46	48

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

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

SEND NO MONEY until you have seen the boot for you self, then, and only then, if you are satisfied remit the 22/6 and the fellow boot will be sent at once. On the other hand, return the boot to us carefully packed and be free from obligation.

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



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Notes from Women's Institutes

HEIGHINGTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—This Institute is making rapid progress and has started an upholstery class. Instruction is given by one of the members, whose offer was gladly accepted, and sixteen members joined the class. They have also started a fish club with twenty-seven members, and are hoping in the near future to begin boot-mending and basket-making classes. On July 3rd they held a most successful rummage sale in aid of the Lincolnshire Prisoners of War Fund. The sale realised the sum of £17 10s.

KETTLETHORPE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—The June meeting of the Kettlethorpe Women's Institute took the form of a garden fête. The President lent her grounds for the occasion, and the fête was run by all the members. It was a great success. There were plenty of attractions, including a fancy stall, bowling competition (the prize for which was a live pig), and a variety dog show. The dog show was very amusing. There was a most interesting and instructive demonstration on fruit bottling and canning. The proceeds amounted to £70, and are to be distributed among the various charities for the blind.

KERESLEY AND COULDON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—The President of the Keresley and Couldon Women's Institute (Worcestershire) started rabbit breeding in December, 1917, with nine does and two bucks. By March 1st she had sold forty-three young rabbits to Institute members, and since then has sold 150. The rabbits are sold when four or five weeks old at 10d. each. Members are advised to fatten them for table use, but if they prefer to sell them they can dispose of them when about twelve weeks old to the President of the club at 1s. per lb.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES IN ESSEX.—Miss Christy, Assistant Hon. Secretary of the Essex Federation, reports that the rest room at Chelmsford is found very useful. The members take a keen interest in the management of the house. It is used principally on market days, when a place to meet a friend or enjoy a quiet cup of tea is greatly appreciated.

The Canning and Jam Committee has determined that nothing that can be conserved for winter use is to be wasted this year. The Industry Committee has undertaken the organisation of industries in connection with the Institutes, while the success of the market stall has become a byword in the county.

BLAENAU FESTINIOG WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—Meetings of this Institute are usually held at the higher elementary schools in the evenings as the women are better able to attend evening meetings. At this building they have cookery and housecraft classes. Demonstrations are generally given. Demonstrations have already been given on:

- (1) Making starch out of diseased potatoes.
- (2) Refooting cashmere stockings.
- (3) Rushlights and rushpans.
- (4) Cooking summer dishes.

And there have been "Talks" on:

- (1) Food value and food substitutes.
- (2) Clothing and the importance of adequate warm clothing for women and children in cold districts.

There have been competitions for potato bread and hand-knitted socks.

This Institute aims at making the meetings as pleasant as possible, as it is felt that the members need to be entertained as well as instructed. There are always music and recitations at every meeting. The meetings are well attended and highly appreciated, and the Institute has a membership roll of 102.

REPTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—This Institute has been converting stockings and socks into gaiters and mittens for the small children to wear in school during the cold months, as they gather that the supply of coal allotted to the schools will be quite inadequate. They are also making other garments for the same purpose, such as knicker-gaiters out of the sleeves of an old vest joined together.

HAYWARDS HEATH WOMEN'S INSTITUTE MARKET.—A market is held weekly at Haywards Heath, to which the following Institutes contribute: Wivelsfield, Scaynes Hill, Lindfield, Horsted Keynes, and Danehill. The market is held every Friday, and business so far runs very smoothly. The members are very pleased with the prices that they get for their produce, and those who buy are pleased with their purchases. Fruit, honey, garden and wild flowers, cheese, live chickens and rabbits, bottled fruit, jam, toys, vegetables, and needlework are sent. Each Institute has its own stall, and is responsible for selling its own produce. It also has its own market secretary, who keeps the market book and pays the money out to the producer after deducting the commission of 2d. in the 1s., which is sent to the market treasurer. The Market Committee is composed of the President and Secretary of each Institute in the scheme.

KNAPWELL WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—Knapwell is a scattered village of fifty-three inhabitants. The President, is very capable. At one meeting three school desks were covered

with vests, pants and shirts for the Red Cross, £27 being raised to buy these articles at a jumble sale. They also collected £51 17s. for War Savings from July, 1918. The village is full of varied activities. Rag mats are made and sell well, and one member gave a large one, which realised two guineas, to the wounded soldiers' fête. Since the war began Knapwell has raised £225 15s. for the Red Cross, Serbian Relief Fund, Prisoners of War Fund, War Savings, Y.M.C.A., etc., and sent over a hundred garments to the Belgian refugees. The money for the Red Cross was spent in materials, which were made up into garments for hospitals, or in summer spent on ready-made things. Part of the money was given at the fortnightly meetings, and part raised by jumble sales. Someone gave sixteen people 3d. each to trade with, and the result was that £5 was made in six weeks. One girl had done crochet d'oyleys, and made £1 1s. 7d. out of her 3d., for which she was awarded Princess Mary's Gift Book. There are only fifty-three inhabitants over sixteen years of age, and no wealthy people in the village.

BOTTISHAM WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—Bottisham has undertaken laundry work, and members are sending specimens to the exhibition. They have also made 400 pairs of socks for soldiers since November 1st. The people in this village are very cheerful and happy, and like hearing of other Institutes. On the occasion of Institute meetings each woman brings a pinch of tea, which is put into a canister, and two people provide the milk. "Bottisham Tea Blend" is pronounced to be excellent. Each woman brings her own cup and saucer, and the President provides the cakes.

LINTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—This Institute was started three months ago. They have a weekly market in the Market Place, and a large notice "Women's Institutes" in front of the stall. It is served by one member of the Committee and an ordinary member. One penny in the shilling is taken for the Institute, and the market is doing very well.

HEADINGTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—This Institute is having a London mother and two children for three weeks' holiday. They are also holding a mother and baby fête.

HURST WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—The Hurst Institute is finding the newly established basket-making classes very interesting. The classes are complete, and there is a waiting list. They have just had another cheese-making class and several people are now making their own cheese, finding the Pont Eveque the most suitable as no apparatus is needed, and it is ready to eat in ten days. They have started a library for the Women's Institute, and are also joining the *Challenge* Library. The subscription is to be 1s., 6d. going to the *Challenge* Library and the other 6d. to paying carriage, etc. A garden party was given by the President and the members. It was well attended, and a demonstration of cheesemaking and basket-making was given. Members of the Women's Institute Glee Party gave a selection of glees and costume songs.

Hints in cheesemaking: Excellent substitutes for straw mats in making cream cheeses can be found in green rushes, which thread much more easily than straws, and look much nicer.

Drying and bottling at the kitchen would help to make it pay, so that the price of daily meals could be kept low.

SWAINSTHORPE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—A very successful opening meeting was held at the Swainsthorpe Institute. Miss Jowett from the Friends' Society spoke on the life of the women and children in the ruined villages of France.

The members of the Institute entertained twenty-one soldiers from the neighbouring hospital. They also provided a stall with jam, vegetables, fruit, and needlework, proceeds of which were to go to the funds of the Institute. Tea was provided, which was sold at 3d. per head to the non-members of the Institute. In this way over £3 was made.

Swainsthorpe is a very small village, with only forty-six houses in it.

The women are now trying to organise something to raise funds to restore the roof of the room in which they wish to have their meetings during the winter.

WROXALL WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—A delightful report of the Wroxall Women's Institute has been sent by an active member, aged eighty-five, who helped in the arrangements for the show, and is taking a keen interest in the discussion on "house planning," which is interesting the members.

The Wroxall Women's Institute held a meeting at the Knowle. There was an exhibition of fruit, and vegetables grown and presented by registered land workers. A lecture was given on "Herb Growing," and many prizes were given for the best displays of vegetables.

An exhibition of baskets made by the members was most creditable, as it was only in April that this enterprise was inaugurated. They were made from withies grown in the neighbourhood, and the work of preparation, drying, etc., had been carried out by the members. Three of the baskets were particularly well made, and earned warm praise from the judge.

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A Story with a Moral

THE President of a Women's Institute approached the local dealer to inquire if he could supply her with feeding stuffs. He declared that it was impossible to add another customer to his list. "But," said the President, "I represent a W.I. Pig Club with a large membership." "That," said the dealer, "makes a great difference. I have no doubt the matter can be arranged." And it was!

Wroxall Women's Institute

ON July 17th last, in a charming garden at Wroxall, I saw, for the first time, a little of the capital work effected by the Women's Institute there. The goodly and plentiful display of vegetables and fruit exhibited there testified to the ardour and interest which it has aroused. All these were grown entirely by women whose men folk were either on active service or have been called up, and the prizes awarded, not to mammoth specimens, but to the largest and best-grown collections, thereby of greatest benefit to the country. A lively address was given on "Herb Collecting and Drying," teaching a valuable industry and the methods of preparing the numerous medicinal plants and weeds otherwise wasting their sweetness on the desert air.

A fresh useful feature of the show were baskets made from withies grown on the island. These withies are appallingly stiff and hard and have to undergo prolonged soaking before they can be coaxed into use. Being, too, about 6 ft. long, they require soaking in the matutinal bath for some days in order to obtain the desired pliability, personal as against "work for home and country," and the latter won "hands down," with most gratifying results, for the baskets were extremely well made for the district's first attempt, according to the judge's decision. All were sold and more ordered. This work is very hard for women's hands, but most women realise that the harder we work with head or hands the easier it is to bear the ache in our hearts, and efforts in this small corner of our dear country show how bravely women come forward to help as far as in them lies for our dear men and Motherland.

[The above is contributed by an elderly lady (85). She has become a member of our Institute, and is now paying me a long visit. She was most active and helpful in helping to make the arrangements for the July meeting held at my house, and is hoping to fill in one of the house-planning papers.]—Yours truly,

AGNES KERROW,
Hon. Sec., Wroxall W.I.

A Co-operative Market is held at Haywards Heath, to which the following Women's Institutes—Wivelsfield, Scaynes Hill, Lindfield, Horsted Keynes, and Danehill!—supply fruit, flowers and wild flowers, honey, cheese, tomatoes, live chickens, rabbits, bottled fruits and jam, vegetables, toys and needlework.

So far the business runs very smoothly. The women are pleased with the prices they get for their produce, and those who buy are pleased with their purchase.

Each Institute has its own stall and is responsible for selling its own produce. It also has its own Market Secretary, who has the market book, and pays the money out to the producer, deducting the commission (2d. in the 1s.), which is sent to the Market Treasurer, Market Committee composed of President and Secretary of each Institute in the scheme. Outside people are allowed to send in produce to be sold subject to market regulations.

ROYAL VINOLIA VANISHING CREAM



For the RED CROSS WORKER.

THE arduous duties of the Red Cross worker do not leave her much time to devote to the care of her skin and complexion. Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream is all that is needed. Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream is the most convenient of preparations for the war worker; it can be applied in a moment.

A little of this delightful and soothing cream rubbed on the skin regularly will prevent it from being roughened by inclement weather, give the complexion a clear, healthy bloom, and keep the hands soft and white.

*To all workers in the open,
Royal Vinolia Talcum
Powder is a necessity.
Soothes and protects the skin.
Delicately perfumed. Tins,
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