

The LANDSWOMAN

6^d



CHRISTMAS NUMBER  DEC: 1918

LAND OUTFITS, OVERALLS, BLOUSES, Etc.

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SPECIAL ATTENTION is directed to our Health Belt, made for land workers and all women in outdoor occupations. This Body Belt is made in soft natural flannel, much care having been given to the shape and design, and it will be found absolutely comfortable and easy in wear. This Belt protects the wearer from Chills, Rheumatism and kindred ailments. Waist measure only required. Price 7/6 each.

THE "STANDARD" OUTFIT.

HAT.

Stitched brim, lined, close fitting, shady. 3/11

SHIRT.

Well made and well cut. Buttons at wrist. 6/11

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Tailor effect, laced-up knees, buttons at hips, straps and buckles at waist. Can be worn with or without Coat. 10/11

PUTTEES.

Standard size. Army pattern. Full length, cut on bias, long tapes to fasten. 2/11

Sizes: SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE

COMPLETE OUTFIT 35/-



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COMPLETE OUTFIT 35/-

SEE ALSO INSIDE PAGE OF BACK COVER.

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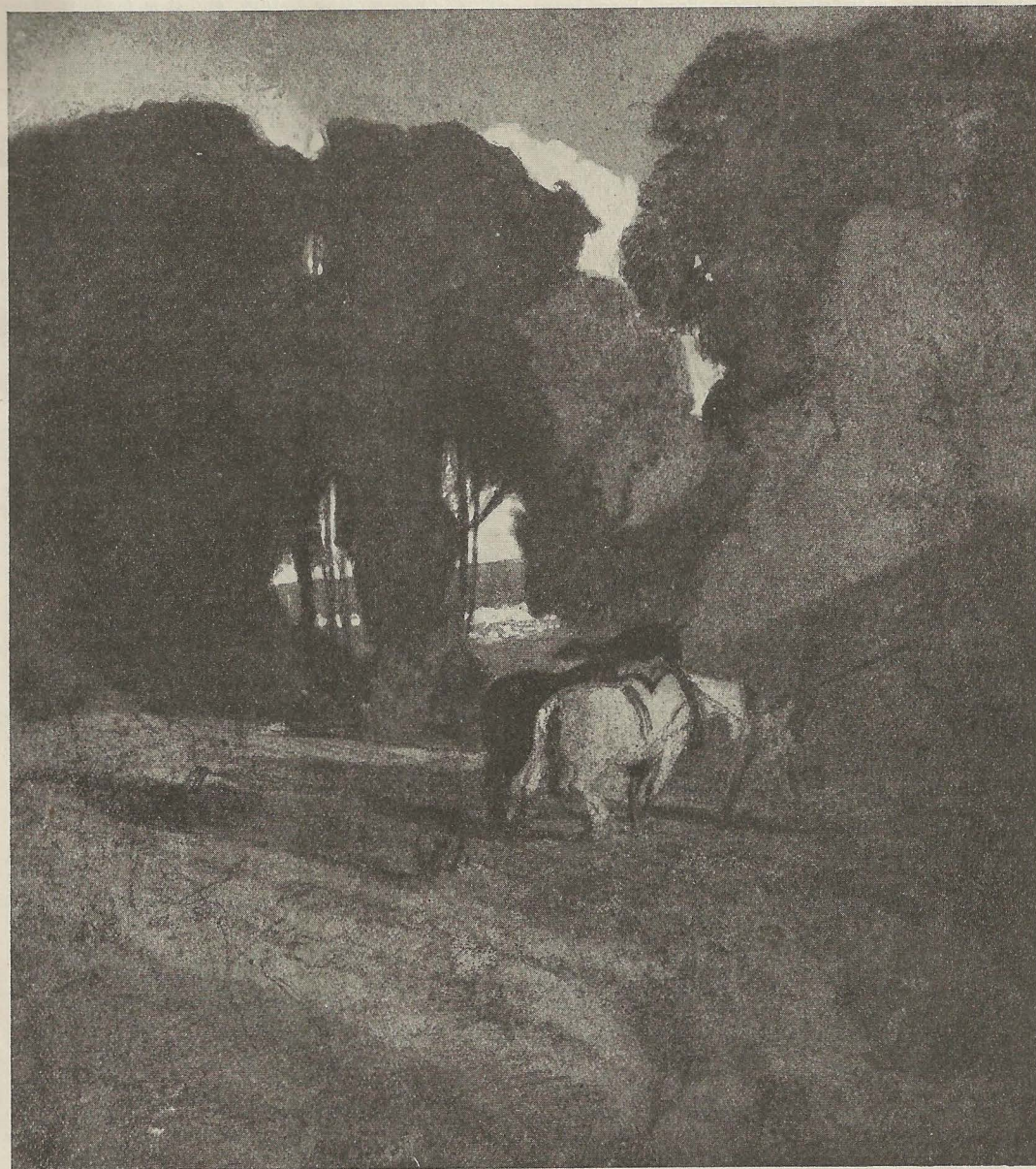
DECEMBER, 1918

THE LANDSWOMAN

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

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

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



"Breaking the Clod."—By J. S. COTMAN.

*From the drawing in the British Museum.
Photograph by the Autotype Company, New Oxford Street.*

Christmas Greetings to the Land Army

Archbishop of Canterbury

I am greatly impressed by the evidence which reaches me on every side as to the quiet and unselfish devotion which has been shown by thousands of women now doing the land work ordinarily done by men. The conditions have often been most trying and arduous, and I have heard nothing but praise of the courage and perseverance with which these have been faced. The whole country owes a deep debt of gratitude to the women who have thus come to its relief in a time of stress and difficulty. Their devotion will never be forgotten.

Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster

I am much interested in the account of the valuable labours of the Land Workers which appears in the copy of THE LANDSWOMAN that has been so kindly sent me. The women so engaged have indeed deserved well of the United Kingdom and of the whole British Commonwealth. I wish them every grace and joy and blessing of the coming Christmastide, that they may have true enjoyment in the days of comparative leisure which they will have so fully earned.

Rev. F. B. Meyer

Young Landswomen! We are proud of the splendid manner in which you have stepped into the breach and solved the grave problems of maintaining British agriculture and its attendant industries. You have carried a new spirit into the farm and dairy. Nature herself seems more prolific under your touch, and she has given you in return the breath of life and the hues of health. We are all your debtors! Bravo, and God's blessing on you!

Admiral Sims

Everybody knows that farm work is not an easy or enticing occupation, but no consideration of ease or comfort seems to have had weight with your stout-hearted young English women when the crisis dawned.

They went, in their thousands, to the dairy, the stable, the cattle shed, the field and the garden when the military call came for the older men. In most cases they had everything to learn about stock and crops and actual cultivation, but their enthusiasm and grit, their determination to make good, their irresistible conviction that they were helping to save the life of the British Empire, carried them through every difficulty.

The Right Honourable R. E. Prothero, M.P., President of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries

"Christmas comes but once a year." So sang Tusser, the Tudor poet of agricultural and rural life, in his *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*. The familiar words may, therefore, fitly head these lines few of greeting to the Women's Land Army.

No Christmas Day, except the first, at all resembles that of 1918. It gives peace in a world of war. It ushers in the dawn of a new era. It brings with it changes on every side. It lays on

all of us the duty of trying to guide those changes towards the well-being of the British Empire.

Christmas Day commemorates the greatest of all self-sacrifices for the highest and the least personal of ends. It is only that spirit which can fashion the new world aright. Women of the Land Army are already showing it in action. Their sacrifice is made without the spur of winning glory or of writing history, and it is made in those little things of life which are often the hardest of all to surrender. Women of the Land Army have helped the Allies to win the war, not in the limelight, but in the sequestered nooks of the countryside, on the wide solitudes of the land, in the obscurity of the manger and the stall. They are setting an example. They are treading that path of self-sacrifice which all must follow who would save the nation from the perils of peace.

For months to come the end of the war will not substantially ease the situation. Food will still be scarce; the need of help in its production will continue urgent. I hope, and I believe, that, in the true spirit of Christmas, the Women's Land Army will persevere, neither failing in its high courage nor slackening in its efforts, nor weakening in its resolution.

Miss Meriel Talbot, Director Women's Branch, Board of Agriculture

Our hearts are lighter this Christmas time because of the good news of the Allies' victories in all parts of the world, and the peace which has been brought to us. Such big things are happening. We feel almost stunned by the wonder of it all as we watch the gradual unfolding of the Divine purpose for the world.

We seem so small individually, and our part in it all feels insignificant; but we know that the whole is made up of all the different parts, and that every bit of honest work has helped to set free the forces of liberty and righteousness for which the Allied countries have been striving.

Every member of the Land Army, every worker for a Women's Institute, has borne her part in this great campaign. Let her continue to give of her best to the country, and to keep high her courage for whatever the future may have in store.

I wish to one and all a truly happy Christmas.

Miss Elizabeth Robins

Outside the province of medicine, no organised service by women, since the declaration of war, has worked so much good for the present and for the future as the Land Army.

Among its most valiant war-workers, these smocked and gaitered girls work also for the peace that shall last.

Whenever I come upon them (do they know, I wonder, that they have the most becoming uniform of all the services?) I find myself at a centre of sound work, sound health and a new facet.

All honour to the Land Army!

Miss Lillian Braithwaite

A Happy Christmas to you all, and may you reap the best fruits of the Victory you helped to sow.

The Song of the Farmer

By E. V. LUCAS

WALKING recently in Herefordshire, where the cattle seem to be nobler creatures than in the Home Counties, with their friendly, sagacious white faces and their rich, shaggy umber coats, and those spreading horns (almost worthy of the big-game hunter's smoking-room)—walking recently in Herefordshire, where also I saw some of the straightest furrows ever driven through the patient earth, and again marvelled at the skill of that least-flattered of artists, the ploughman, upon whom, as I trust, when he exchanges the fallow soil of his native land for the sacred turf of the Elysian Fields, an unending measure of conscious sweet do-nothingness will fail, not unaccompanied by pipe and glass—walking recently in Herefordshire, I came (as I have been trying so long to tell you) upon an inn where the cider was served in earthenware vessels on which were written verses in praise of the goodness and greatness of the farmer.

Poetical pottery has always interested me, ever since, as a child, I used to visit the collection of the late Henry Willett, that discerning brewer of beer, in the Brighton Museum, where much of the social, political and belligerent history of England in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries is recorded on jug and mug, the range being wide enough to comprise the glory, not only of Lord Nelson and William Pitt, but Daniel Lambert and Tom Crib. I was, therefore, glad to be in the company of this rhyming receptacle.

I cannot repeat the whole of the song which I read, and endeavoured to get by heart, in the intervals of consuming the cider. I forget the three opening lines, which the ingenious reader may perhaps be amused to reconstruct, but the rest was more or less as I shall transcribe. The complacent farmer, it should be understood, is the singer: his own celebrant.

The first line that I recall is the fourth, which runs thus:

"I eat my own lambs."

I must interrupt to say that the words gave me a shock, and will probably have the same effect on you, for there is a suggestion in their bluntness of the absence of all the ordinary intermediate culinary operations. Coming suddenly like that, one is reminded of Jack the Giant Killer, where the giant had half a flock dangling at his waist, and the boast sounds like sheer primeval carnivorousness. However, there it is. Let us proceed:

"I eat my own lambs,

My own chickens and hams.

I shear my own fleece and I wear it.

I have trees, I have flowers,

I have bees, I have bowers,

The lark is my morning alarmer,

So join me, boys, now:

God speed the plough,

Long life and success to the farmer!"

That, to my mind, is a little too assured and self-satisfied to be a perfect Georgic: and it takes no account of the farm hands and their co-operation; but it is good enough as a ground-work on which to establish a better in praise of that later and not less admirable toiler in the open air—the Landswoman or the Female Farmer. Could not something be done with it?

Personally I am no poet, or I would try. All I can do instead is to be a critic in advance and insist on the deletion of the line about the lark. The Landswoman may be the most worthy of her sex (as I believe her to be), but she must not follow this agricultural egoist in looking upon the "blithe spirit" of Shelley's ode merely as an alarum. But I am sure that she wouldn't.



Two Wooden Ploughs used in England in the Middle Ages—these primitive ploughs are still used in Russia and other European countries,



The Tumbles of a Meddlesome Small holder.

"I'm afraid, my dear, this kind of thing will not be good for our little patch of colewort."

Specially Drawn for "The Landswoman."

New Eyes and New Ears

By Edith Lyttelton

II. THE ROBIN.

I AM going to turn both your new eyes and your new ears on to a very familiar little bird—the robin.

Some of you who come from towns may not have seen a robin till this year, but you will know him well now. Everybody knows robin and robin knows everybody. He is not a bit afraid: at this moment as I write out of doors a dear little fat fellow hops on to a table near me and runs about on the brick floor, because he knows I often eat out here and he can find some little crumbs. He has a very bright, steady eye—some people call it a trusting eye, but I think it is rather defiant.

Robin is a great fighter: he puffs out his red feathers and he will not allow any other bird to come near him, not even another redbreast. I have watched robin guarding the entrance to the place where I sit, for some sparrows and a wren or two also thought it would be a good hunting ground. But robin said it was his preserve, and he simply drove everyone off, rushing at them, screaming to them to go away, and giving a nasty peck at them whenever he could.

There is a charming old rhyme which you can hear in Sussex like this:—

"Robins and wrens
Are God Almighty's friends,
Martins and swallows
Are God Almighty's scholars."

Perhaps the robin is called God Almighty's friend owing to the legend about him. It is said that his breast is red because when our Lord Christ hung upon the Cross, a robin perched beside him, and some of His blood fell upon the bird's breast. This may be the reason, too, why he has always been well treated by man and why certain superstitions have grown up round him and helped to guard him from harm. There is an old saying:—

"If you go to catch a robin,
Mind you come not home a 'sobbin.'"

And there is an awful name given to anyone who is suspected of killing a robin: "Robin-annie-jinny-flit." It would be terrible to have that called after one! In Suffolk they say that if you take a robin's eggs you will get your legs broken, and in some parts of England that your hand will wither up. I only wish there were such dangers about all robbing of birds' nests.

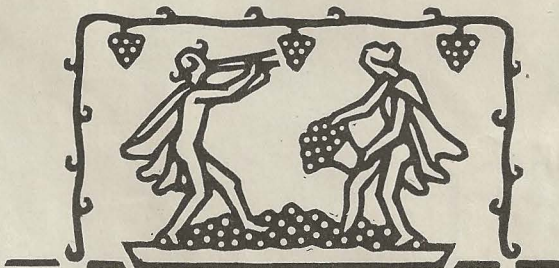
The robin's eggs are white with red streaks, so be careful if you come across any like these that you do not touch them.

This is the time of year when the robin comes quite close to houses and leaves the woods. Do you know that it is not every robin who stays in England for the winter? Lots of them migrate, so I

think we owe some love and gratitude to those who stay and gladden our eyes with their hopping and fluttering, and their lovely red breasts, and our ears with their delicious little song. Do listen for the fine, clear, delicate notes, full of a kind of chastened gaiety in the winter.

The robin's song is always one of the home sounds wherever you may be in the world. I know a man who heard it once in Greece and could not help crying, for he was carried back so quickly to his home in the Hebrides.

Try and make friends with a robin if you can. A few tiny little crumbs put out every day in the same place will help, and if there is a hard frost, give him a little saucer of warm water also. And do not forget that "Robins and wrens are God Almighty's friends" as well as yours.



Ancient Greeks Treading the Vines.

Dear and Incomparable

DEAR and incomparable
Is that love to me
Flowing out of the woodlands,
Out of the sea;
Out of the firmament breathing
Between pasture and sky,
For no reward is cherished here
To reckon by.

It is not of my earning,
Nor forfeit I can
This love that flows upon
The poverty of man,
Though faithless and unkind
I sleep and forget,
This love that asks no wage of me
Waits my waking yet.

Of such is the love, dear,
That you fold me in,
It knows no governance
Of virtue or sin,
From nothing of my achieving
Shall it enrichment take,
And the glooms of my unworthiness
It will not forsake.

JOHN DRINKWATER.
1918.

*Daily Sketch*

AN exceedingly interesting and comprehensive exhibition of women's work has recently been held at the Whitechapel Art Gallery in London. Every sort of work undertaken by women during the war, was here gathered together, and anyone who did not realise before how large a part women have been playing in the work of the world during these last few years, cannot fail to have been amazed at this evidence of the wonderful things they have done. Every form of munition work, every sort of hospital job and surgical appliance, machinery, and optical lenses, etc., and last, but not least, all women's war services were represented. In that section of the exhibition devoted exclusively to the War Services, the Land Army exhibit attracted far and away the most attention. Three artist's models,

made to move every joint, were dressed in Land Army clothes, and were to be seen pursuing their natural occupations! One was caressing a life-sized stuffed cow, to which a milking machine was attached; another was sitting in the straw, surrounded by life-sized goats, kids, and a lamb which "baa-ed"; and the third, and most intelligent of the lot, was seated on a pile of sacks absorbed in the November number of *THE LANDSWOMAN*!

Her Majesty the Queen, who visited the exhibition on October 30th, is here seen examining the Land Army Section and talking to our Editor, who is holding *THE LANDSWOMAN* in her hand. The Queen was somewhat startled when the lamb unexpectedly emitted a loud "baa-a!"

Story Competition

First Prize—Mr. Slippery Slime and others

MARY was tired. She was angry, too, and felt she hated everybody. She hated Hilda Brown because she threw worms at her, she hated Farmer Johnson for scolding her when she screamed, and Mrs. Johnson because she said she must bear all her small trials, even slimy ones, with patience, but, most of all, she hated those worms themselves!

She threw herself down on a heap of turnips and thought of home, her first Christmas away from it, and of the parties that patriotic Mary had given up—given up to do her bit, which was more to her than champagne or dancing.

"How warm and comfy the shed was. Surely that was not the dressing gong? How silly she was! She was in Farmer Johnson's turnip shed, and yet—it sounded like—and then—"

"What dress will you wear, Miss Mary?"

"Oh, my silver one to-night, Annette, as it's my first night at home, and lots of people coming. Oh! how lovely it is to be at home for Christmas! I never thought I should get here."

She hurried to the drawing-room without waiting to complete her sentence. It was packed with men, but—oh! horror!—each man was a Johnson! Johnson, Johnson, Johnson, and yet again Johnson! His wife and Hilda Brown were the only ladies present. Mrs. J. wore an exceptionally low dress of delicate, old-rose chiffon. If, however, she had been thirty years younger, and if a sense of super-modesty had not obliged her to don a man's "dicky," complete with the usual made-up tie, she might have looked better.

Hilda, though very dirty, had not troubled to change after her day's work, and Mary's eye mechanically traced her muddy track across the carpet.

It was then she noticed two other tracks, silvery lines that twisted in and out among the furniture and at the end of them—

What—what were those? Those two figures? Were they figures, though? Did people ever writhe and squirm like that? Were they—could they be?—They were! Worms—worms standing on their tails and reaching as high as men!

"Here you are, Mary!" said her father. "I must introduce you."

Then, turning to the nearest worm—

"Mr. Wiggley Squirm, my daughter."

The worm writhed a bow, which Mary returned—at a distance.

"And," continued her father, "Mr. Slippery Slime." And once more Mary was obliged to return the wriggled salutation.

"Dinner is served," boomed Smith, the butler.

Who would be her partner? Johnson, surely! At least he wasn't loathsome! But, no! Mr. Slippery Slime came slithering to her side! He did not look at all robust. Evidently he had met with an accident at sometime, and a thick, red join did not enhance his appearance; besides, it prevented his collar fastening. He was one of those worms whose pink shades to blue, probably owing to anemia, and whose nervous disposition causes them to telescope up if they are touched.

"Oh, I'm going in with Mr. Johnson. You see—er—"

"My dear," broke in Mrs. Johnson, fussily, "you wound Mr. Slippery Slime's feelings and display an unladylike lack of hospitality which pains me."

"Yes, dear, Mr. Slippery Slime is your partner," said her mother, and poor Mary was obliged to walk to the dining-room with that reptile gliding beside her.

At table she sat between Mr. Slippery Slime and a Johnson. Mr. Wiggley Squirm and the triumphant Hilda opposite her, and all the other places filled with "spare copies" of Johnson!

The soup was handed round. It smelt good, and indeed did not taste bad, but, somehow, it was very familiar—Surely it was not calf meal?

"Well, what an idea!" she thought. Nevertheless, had it

not been for the living emetic beside her she would have enjoyed both the joke and the food.

The "soup" being dispensed with, the fish was served. Mary turned away in disgust from the helping of fish meal which Smith dumped in front of her, in spite of her "No, thanks!"

She felt she must talk, if she didn't eat, so she inquired in a tremulous voice if the worm had travelled much?

He writhed, but did not reply, and there was silence till the turkey was brought in. This, at least, was genuine, but, being a trifle underdone, was still alive.

As soon as the worms saw it they became panic-stricken and slithered suddenly beneath the table.

"Do not be alarmed!" said their host. "This bird is not at all early and will never find you! Smith, remove it, and bring the pudding."

The lights were extinguished, and the pudding carried in in flames. Mary was almost past feeling surprise by this time, but she was very angry when the Christmas pudding proved to be merely a cotton cake, round which some hay was flung, while a sloppy bran mash acted as sauce. She indignantly refused to have any and sat in sulky silence till dessert was put on the table. Suddenly Mr. Slippery Slime began to talk. Every time he spoke he twisted his head down and peered into her face. He was evidently "attracted." Doubtless he would have given her the glad eye if only he had had an eye to do it with, but he had not.

"I can never forget you," he said softly. "Will you forget all about me, do you think, little girl?"

"No, never!" said Mary, with a shiver.

"That is too good to be true," said Mr. Slippery Slime, misunderstanding her meaning, of course. "It is more than I dared hoped for."

He wriggled a little nearer.

Mary instantly moved away from him on the pretence of passing Mr. Johnson the turnips (which, if you please, were styled "fruit").

"If only I might be closer to you!" he murmured. "Closer, closer, closer!"

And he squirmed nearer, nearer, and nearer!

Mary felt a cold dew break out on her forehead. She must scream!

Happily, just as things were getting unbearable, her mother proposed a move, and then the ladies left the room. As soon as they reached the drawing-room Mrs. Johnson turned to Mary and said:

"Oh! Mary! How could you? I am not angry, only very grieved, to think you could carry on so with Mr. Slippery Slime, fascinating though I admit him to be."

"How dare you say so?" cried Mary. "I allow no one but my mother to speak to me like this!"

"You're a beastly little flirt!" shouted Hilda.

And poor Mary fled from the room.

Under the mistletoe

she paused, and happy memories of—well, never mind what!—chased each other through her mind.

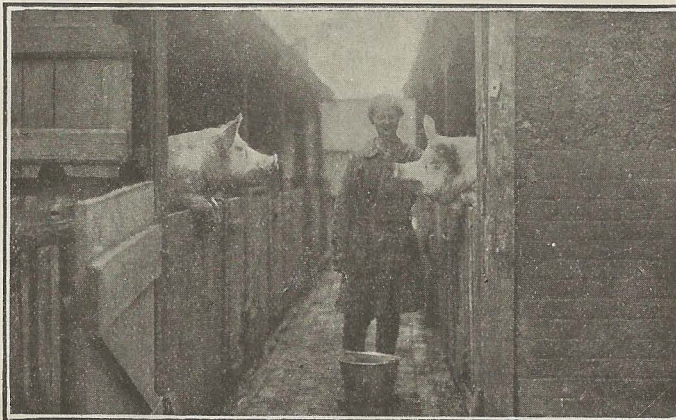
Suddenly something touched her, and, turning quickly, she saw Mr. Slippery Slime wriggling his head down to steal a kiss. Madly, she tried to push him away. His loathsome face, or rather the end where his face should have been, drew nearer, nearer, and nearer, until—it touched!

With one wild scream, she—sat up, and there, sure enough, were Mr. Johnson and Hilda, but Mr. Slippery Slime and Mr. Wiggley Squirm had vanished!

"My Flag."

THE Red of sun at morn and evening glow,
The White of hoar-frost, autumn mist and snow,
The Blue of sky, the perfect Blue of sea—

This is my country's Red, White, Blue to me.—W. O.



Land Girls and their Pets Competition.

First Prize.—M.F.

The Plough *

THE early Egyptian plough had a share, or, strictly speaking, an iron point, but no coulter or wheels; the early Greek plough had wheels as well as a share. The Bayeux Tapestry illustrates the Saxon ploughs of the eleventh century as having coulters, shares and wheels. But none of these old ploughs turned a furrow; and it was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that the rude plough of antiquity was improved in any important particular. Even then the progress was slow, and such improvements as were effected were usually confined to limited districts.

The mould-boards continued to be made of wood, and it was not until 1760 that Small introduced the Scotch swing ploughs of which the beam and handles were made of wrought iron and the mould-board of cast iron. Wooden mould-boards were still commonly used until about 1830. Nevertheless, at the beginning of the last century the self-sharpening chilled cast-iron plough-shares, the same as those now universally used, were invented and plough bodies were made which could be taken to pieces and the parts replaced by the ploughman in the field.

Since that time there have been no radical changes in the principles governing the construction of ploughs, although great advance has been made in perfecting the different parts.

The parts of the common plough—many or all of which are present in other ploughs—taken in the order in which it is convenient to fix them when putting the plough together, include the *beam*, to which are fitted the *handles* or *stills* at the back end, and the *hake* and *chain* (sometimes called the *bridle*) at the front end. The beam carries all the parts. The handles are for steering and balancing the plough, whilst the hake and chain provide the means for attaching the plough to the *whippletrees*. The hake has notches by means of which the chain may be adjusted as required; if the plough will not draw into the ground readily, the chain is lodged in one of the upper notches, thus causing the plough to run without undue or unnecessary strain. The hake can be moved sideways along the *quadrant head*, which is provided with holes and a pin in order to fix the hake in any required position. If the plough runs away from the unploughed land, the hake must be set to the right; and if it runs too much to the land, the hake must be set to the left. In many ploughs the hake head is replaced by a *draught chain* attached to the beam in front of the body and the vertical and lateral adjustment is obtained by means of the *sliding head*. Both systems have their advantages and advocates.

In working the plough the following instructions should be observed:—

Ploughs with two

* Fream's *Elements of Agriculture* (John Murray).

wheels should, in turning the land's end, be balanced on the furrow wheel.

In ploughing the last furrow, the land wheel is turned inwards or drawn up out of the way.

On wet, sticky soil, where the land wheel clogs, a slide foot may be used instead of the wheel, and a short breast, which turns the furrow more quickly, will be found preferable to a long breast.

In very hard land ploughs go more easily if the draught chain is lengthened three or four feet.

When the ground is hard or stony, a share with a long point should be used, and, as the point wears off, the lever-neck—if present—must be raised higher.

On clay or soft land, or when ploughing without wheels, a share with a short point should be used, and a lever-neck fixed lower. The head or draught chain should also be lowered, so as to prevent the wheels cutting into the ground.

The skim-coulter should be set so as only just to clear the herbage on the surface—the shallower the better; the hinder part should not be too high from the ground, but set as level as possible. In ploughing the coming-back furrow, after drawing the first on the ridge, the skim-coulter should be set moderately deep, so as to effectually bury the grass.

A drag chain should be used on ley ground, as also when ploughing in green crops, stubbles, and long dung.

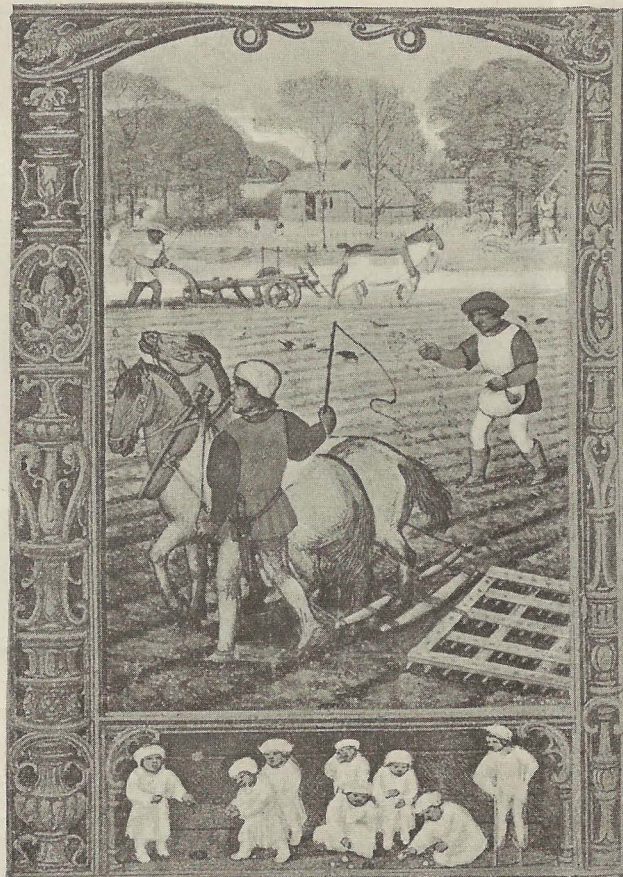
On reaching the end of a furrow the plough should not be lifted by the ploughmen to the next piece, but should be brought out by simply pressing on the handles, thereby using them as a lever. The plough is thus turned over on the right-hand side, balanced on the large or furrow wheel, not on the small or land wheel, and so drawn towards the next piece. The turning can be done by a boy, being a matter of skill rather than of strength.

The breasts of ordinary ploughs are fixed on the right-hand side, so that they turn the furrow slice on the right-hand side only. It is therefore necessary to work in ridges or lands, the width of which may be varied from 8 feet to 66 feet, according to the climate and nature of the soil.

Where the fields are large, set out all the ridges first, so that several ploughs can work together in the same field.

Change the position of the ridges at every fresh ploughing, beginning the new ridges in the old furrows.

On heavy soils, as it is often impossible to get the surface water away quickly enough, unless the land is laid up in ridge and furrow, the mode of setting out the land differs. The distance from the crown of one ridge to the crown of the next varies according to the nature of the land. Where a strong loam



September—The original from a Flemish Horae ADD. MS. 24098 (Early XVI. Century) in the British Museum.

rests on a rather stiff subsoil, 10-yard lands may be sufficient; the same soil with a very retentive subsoil would not be safe in more than 7-yard lands; whilst a clay soil resting on clay should not be laid up in more than 6-yard lands, and even 5-yard or 4-yard lands are practised. The smallest lands are laid up for wheat, when, to avoid treading on the seed-bed, they are ploughed so as to be just as wide as the corn-drill; the horses then walk up the open furrows, so that all treading, and consequently puddling, are avoided. Of course, these are flat, so that the drills run evenly over them.

There are three forms of furrows most commonly employed. The rectangular furrow is obtained by a flat-cutting share and an upright coulter. In the latter furrow a larger surface is exposed to the influence of the weather, and it is therefore frequently adopted in winter ploughing or where broadcast sowing is practised. The wide broken furrow is the work of the digging breast plough, which is specially suitable for the purpose of producing tilths.

Land turned up with the digging plough is reduced to a light condition, which makes it practically ready for planting, though if left exposed to the weather any heavy rain is likely to beat it down to a "sad" condition, requiring the work of a cultivator or other implement to open it up. If the ploughed land has to lie for a time, angular furrows are preferable, as they withstand the beating down effects of heavy rain.

The following are the *points of good ploughing* :—

1. The furrows must be straight.
2. The ridges must be well set.

3. The lands should be of equal size and the number of the furrows in each should be the same.

4. The furrows should be neatly packed, and all surface rubbish well covered.

5. The work must be well finished.

The *types of plough* in use in this country and in various parts of the world are exceedingly numerous, and differ in their most essential features, such as the shapes of the cutting and turning parts, wheel fastenings, beam, handles, etc., and no universal plough has yet been found which will suit all the varying conditions of soil and climate. For our purpose here ploughs may be divided into our classes, viz. :—

1. Single-furrow ploughs, one of which has just been described in detail.

2. One-way ploughs including turn-wrest, balance, and turn-over ploughs.

3. Double-furrow and multiple ploughs.

4. Special purpose ploughs.

Of these, Class 1 may be subdivided into ploughs for narrow, unbroken work, and ploughs with short breasts for wide, broken work, commonly known as *digging ploughs*. In the case of the latter, the coulter, rest-iron, breast-stay, and side-cap are often found not to be necessary. The shin of the breast and the skim-coulter make the vertical cut, which,

however, not being exactly perpendicular, does away with the necessity of the side-cap. The digging plough inverts the land, and, as it has a short, concave breast, it throws the soil loosely over and pulverises it, thus effecting very similar work to that of the spade. The share is usually fitted with a chisel point, though this is not invariably the case.

Single or double or multiple ploughs are used in the breaking up of land as well as in the subsequent operations.

Under *special purpose ploughs* are classed the double-breasted ridging or bouting ploughs, the subsoil, potato raising, trenching, and other special ploughs, and their purpose is denoted in their name.

A somewhat recent development is the *disc plough*. The share and breast of the ordinary plough is replaced by a large steel concave cutting disc. In some parts of the world this implement is reported to suit the conditions of soil and climate.

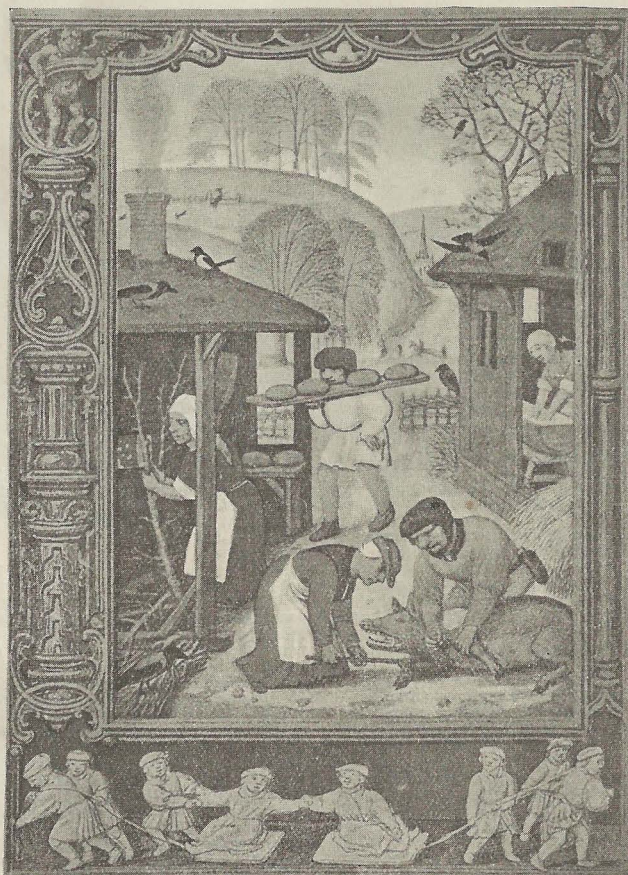
Single furrow ploughs are again subdivided into swing ploughs, one-wheel ploughs, and two-wheel ploughs, and ploughs with a gallows or loose fore-carriage.

The one-wheel implement is used on sticky land, where it assists the holder to keep the plough steady without greatly interfering with the nature of the work done. The two-wheel plough is much more commonly used, and, when properly set, leaves comparatively little for the holder to do. The furrow-slice with this class of ploughs is turned over by a cast-iron or steel mould-board, which is made on the lines of a twisted strap, or somewhat like the screw of a steamer. This mould-board, drawn through the land, causes the cut slice to turn over, and at the same time con-

solidates it more or less by pressing it against the preceding one. Two wheels are usually attached to digging ploughs, turn-wrest ploughs, and most of the special purpose ploughs. Ploughs with a gallows fore-carriage facilitate the turning at the headlands, but lack the simplicity of the fixed wheels.

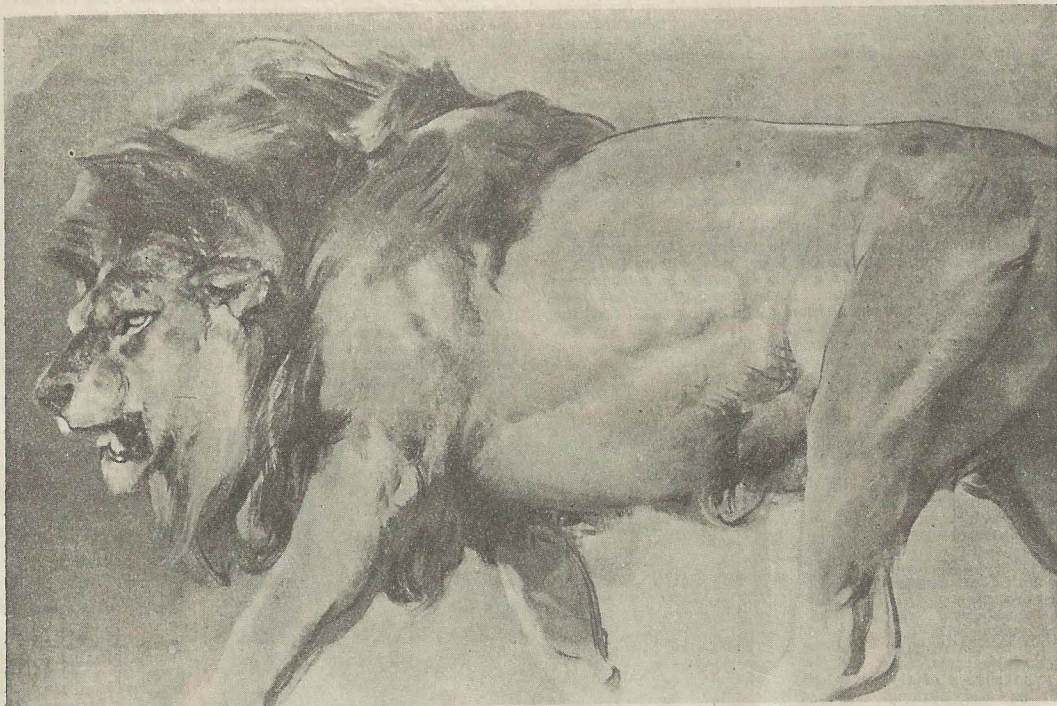
One-Way Ploughs.—Where ploughs of this type are used, one setting is sufficient, as all the furrows are turned in one direction, thus avoiding the loss of time and extra treading caused by finishes. The *turn-wrest plough* is used on hilly ground, being worked horizontally along hillsides and turning the furrows all in one direction, thus obviating the necessity of turning any of the furrows uphill. The great extension of market-gardening and fruit farms has led to the extended use of the horse balance plough, as the land between the rows can be easily ploughed, as well as small pieces of land between the crops not yet harvested.

Double and multiple ploughs are used to economise both horse and manual labour. *Double-furrow ploughs* are frequently employed to break whole land, and now that they are made lighter, and with special arrangements for turning at the headlands, they might be used more frequently than is at present the case.



December—The original from a Flemish Horae ADD. MS. 24098 (Early XVI. Century) in the British Museum.

Painters of Wild Animals



Study of a Lion—By SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

National Gallery.

ANIMAL painting does not seem to have attracted artists until comparatively modern times. Formerly people were not interested in animals for their own sakes, and there was no demand for pictures of them. It is true that the Old Masters sometimes introduced animals into their historical pictures, but these were merely accessories, and no care was taken to make them lifelike. They were either copied from older pictures or evolved out of the artist's imagination. In "St. Jerome in the Desert" there was always a lion, but a very comic lion it sometimes was, the artist having neither the inclination nor perhaps the opportunity to paint it direct from Nature.

Rembrandt made his first studies of lions from Nature when a travelling menagerie passed through Amsterdam about the middle of the seventeenth century, and at this time several Dutch artists were already painting animals. Cuypp, Paul Potter and Karel du Jardin were among the number, but they confined their art to sheep, cattle, and the other domestic animals.

In England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the majority of artists were "face painters," or "portrait painters," as we should call them now. Few of them attempted landscape, except as a background to their pictures, and a horse or a dog, introduced into a portrait, was the only animal they ever thought of painting. Yet opportunities for painting wild animals had not been lacking since quite an early date. The first menagerie that we hear of belonged to Henry I., who had some lions and leopards at Woodstock. These were afterwards removed to the Tower of London, where they were accessible to the public. The Tower Menagerie remained in existence until 1828, the year when the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park were opened.

George Stubbs, our first great animal painter, of whom we gave some account in the September number of THE LANDSWOMAN, was also the first artist, so far as we know, to take advantage of the presence of lions in the Tower. He went there frequently, and made numerous studies of them in different attitudes. He was fortunate also in having another model, a

lion which was kept in a cage in a corner of Lord Shelbourne's garden at Hounslow Heath. This animal's temper was continually roused at the sight of people passing along the gravel path in front of its cage, and this gave Stubbs his chance. "A Horse Frightened by a Lion" was a favourite subject, which he repeated several times. He is said, moreover, to have seen, when on a visit to Ceuta, in Morocco, an attack by a lion on a horse. He also painted "Lion and Dead Tiger" and "Horse and Lioness," which are both in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool; "Lion Devouring a Stag," "Lion Devouring a Horse," "Tigers at Play," and many others.

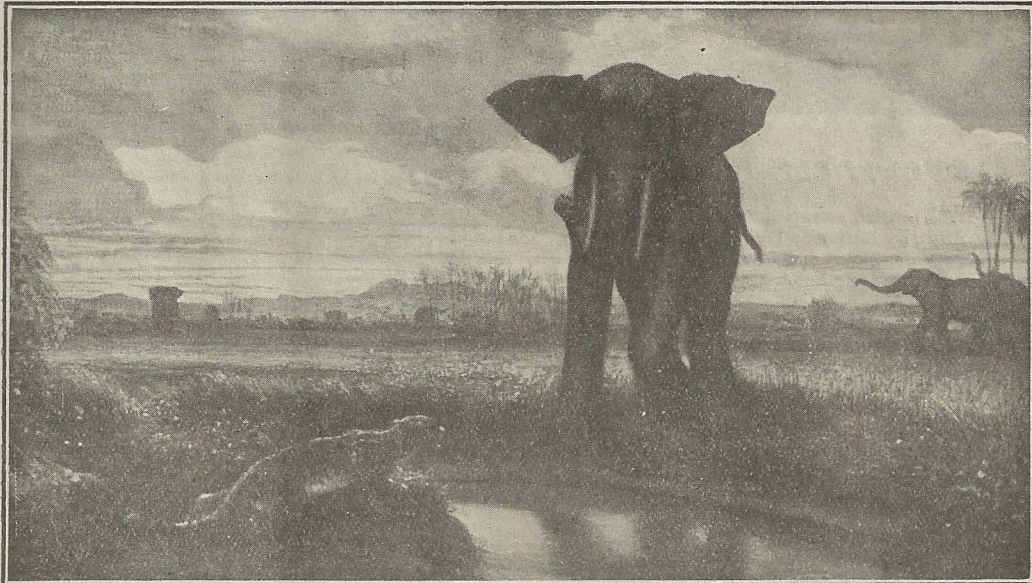
Besides the Tower, the only other place where wild animals could be seen alive in London was the menagerie at Exeter 'Change, in the Strand, where Exeter Hall recently stood. It is not known when this was started, but it was probably after 1773, as it is not mentioned in a *History of London* published in that year. The Exeter 'Change Menagerie was run successively by Pidcock, Polito, and Edward Cross, and in 1828 the animals were transferred from the Strand to the King's Mews in Trafalgar Square, on the site now occupied by the National Gallery. It is to the presence of Cross's Menagerie in London that we owe the beautiful picture, "Two Leopards," by Jacques Laurent Agasse, which was reproduced in *The Connoisseur* for August, 1916.

Although a Swiss by birth, Agasse may almost be counted among the English artists, for most of his work was done here. He was born in Geneva, and as a child amused himself by cutting out silhouettes of animals, and copying the coloured plates in Buffon's *Natural History*. He came to London at the age of thirty-three, and spent the rest of his life, nearly fifty years, in this country. He lived for a time at Paddington Green, where he was near the open fields and the cattle market, and later moved to Newman Street, where two other animal painters—James Ward, a brother-in-law of Morland, and Robert Hills—were living.

As well as the life-size "Two Leopards," Agasse painted at Exeter 'Change "Two Lions" and "Two Tigers," a "Jaguar," a "Wolf," "Joko" (an orang-outang), and many other pictures

of animals. He was commissioned by the King (George IV.) to paint portraits of the giraffe and three gnus which were in the Royal Menagerie, under Cross's management, in Windsor Park. This giraffe was the first to be seen alive in England, and had been sent as a present to the King from the Pasha of Egypt. But Agasse did not paint only wild animals. He excelled in the painting of horses, dogs, and sporting subjects, and has left besides many charming portraits and scenes of child-life. He showed the same sympathy in painting children as in painting animals, and this sympathy has enabled him to present his models in perfectly natural attitudes. As an animal painter he was unsurpassed, and Landseer himself said of him, "He paints animals as none of us can."

Landseer was a competent judge. As a boy of seven he had himself made studies at Exeter 'Change of the same lions and leopards that served Agasse as models, and he subsequently became the most popular painter of animals that we have had in England. There must be few people who do not know his "Dignity and Impudence" in the National Gallery, the huge bloodhound and the little Scotch terrier side by side in the kennel, or his noble stag, "The Monarch of the Glen," so frequently reproduced. Queen Victoria was always a great admirer of Edwin Landseer's work, and he was knighted by her in 1850.



"Elephant and Tiger."

By ALEXANDRE DECAMPS (in the Louvre)

The "Lion" which we reproduce is one of two studies which he made at the Zoological Gardens to help him in modelling the four great lions for the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square. These lions were finished and placed in position at the base of the Column at the beginning of 1867. Landseer had taken eight years over them, but he did every bit of the modelling without assistance, in spite of the fact that he was a painter and not a sculptor. They were then cast in metal by Baron Marochetti. Each lion is twenty feet long and eleven feet high, and weighs seven tons. In the National Portrait Gallery is a picture by John Ballantyne of Landseer in Baron Marochetti's studio, working at one of these great lions. The two studies, now in the National Gallery, are introduced into this picture, the one reproduced in THE LANDSWOMAN being in the foreground, at the right-hand corner of the picture. Little more than a year before the unveiling of the lions in Trafalgar Square Landseer had been elected President of the Royal Academy, an honour which he refused. He died eight years later.

France had also her famous painters of animals in the nineteenth century. The example of Stubbs who had led the way in England in the painting of wild animals, was followed by French artists. Delacroix, celebrated for his historical pictures, also painted such subjects as "Lion Devouring a Wild Boar,"

"Lion Attacking a Crocodile," "Young Tiger Playing with its Mother," and many others. He travelled in Morocco, and painted what he saw there, but in Paris there were also facilities for the study of wild animals at this time. The Royal menagerie, which had been kept at Versailles in the time of the Kings, was moved to the Jardin des Plantes, or Botanical Gardens, at Paris, after the outbreak of the Revolution. Bernardin de Saint Pierre, then superintendent of the Jardin des Plantes, had strongly advocated the change, pointing out that artists came every day to the Gardens to draw tropical plants, and that it was just as necessary for them to have tropical animals as models for their pictures.

Alexandre-Gabriel Decamps was not exclusively a painter of animals, but he often showed more interest in them than he did in men, and gave them a prominent place in his pictures. In his early days he drew some amusing caricatures and comic pictures of monkeys and dogs. One of the best of these is called "The Experts," and represents a group of monkeys, dressed like men, criticising a large landscape on an easel. One of them is sitting in front of the easel, examining the picture closely through an eyeglass. This was, no doubt, intended by Decamps as a satire on some of the critics who had found fault with his work.

In the East, where he travelled for some time, Decamps found

subjects more worthy of his brush. Our illustration, "Elephant and Tiger," is a good example. It is evening in the Indian desert, and the animals have come down to the pool to drink. It is like a scene out of *The Jungle Book*, with Shere Khan, the wicked tiger, crouching on one side of the pool, snarling, and ready to spring at Hathi, the Wild Elephant. The original picture is in Paris at the Louvre. H. F. F.

I GOT up the mountain edge, and from the top saw the world stretcht out—corn lands and forest, the river winding among meadow-flats, and right off, like a hem of the sky, the moving sea, with snatches of foam, and large ships reaching forward, outbound. And then I thought no more, but my heart leapt to meet the wind, and I ran, and I ran. I felt my legs under me, I felt the wind buffet me, hit me on the cheek; the sun shone, the bees swept past me singing; and I too sang, shouted, "World, world, I am coming!"—MAURICE HEWLETT (*Pan and the Young Shepherd*).



Land Girls' Christmas Carol

LAND Girl, sweep the stable clean
By thy lantern's feeble gleam!
In a stable, mean and low,
Lay a Baby long ago.

Make it pure and clean and sweet,
For a King and Saviour meet.
Land Girl, e'er thou close the door,
Turn, and look within once more.

Maybe, by thy lantern's light
Thou shalt see a Holy sight!
Ass and oxen, gentle, mild,
Mary Mother, Holy Child.

Star directed, joyously,
From the East the Wise Men Three,
Bringing gifts of cost and worth
From the farthest bounds of earth.

Artless Shepherds from the field,
Praising, simple treasures yield;
Land Girl, tal' upon the knee,
Say, what off'ring comes from thee?

"Gold, nor frankincense nor myrrh,
Can I offer, Babe, most dear;
Lord, Thou knowest I am poor,
Yet a gift I bring this hour:

"Work in field, and fold, and stall,
To Thee, dear Babe, I bring them all.
Healthier body, free from stain,
Sharper wit, more active brain.

"Brain and body, mind and will,
With Thy Holy Spirit fill.
Humble, selfless, may I be
That Thyself may'st work through me."

Fruits of Solitude:

A Message to our Land Girls

NOW that summer has left us, with its sunshine and flowers, and autumn creeps on with grey skies and moaning winds, it may well be that some of our Land Girls are not exactly looking forward to solitary work in lonely fields. Perhaps the experience of one who has passed long years in quiet places may be of help to those who, in spite of brave effort, are sometimes overtaken by the feeling of exile and isolation.

Now, loneliness is a very real malady, but it is much more general than it need be, considering that we live in a world the oneness and solidarity of which should conduce to harmony and friendship amongst all its denizens.

There are several remedies, the chief of which is, I think, "a mind at leisure from itself," free from petty anxieties, low rivalries, and such-like, and ready to observe the marvels with which we are surrounded. If any of you wish to add to your knowledge of this wonderful world, let me recommend to your notice a delightful book called *The Origin of the World*, by R. MacMillan, published by Watts & Co., Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, and to be had at a remarkably low price—viz., cloth, 2s. net, by post 2s. 3d.; paper cover 1s. 3d., by post 1s. 5d. Bishop W. Montgomery Brown, D.D., of Gallion, Ohio, U.S.A., writing to a young friend to whom he was presenting a copy, says: "... I have read it five times, and am expecting to re-read it often—a chapter almost every week during the rest of my life. ... I regard it as being one of the most interesting and illuminating books that I have ever read." This praise is none too high, for certainly there is not a dull page in it, and it is free from technical terms.

Another book which stimulates observation and the love of one's surroundings, those two great antidotes to loneliness, is a much older one, *The Life of the Fields*, by Richard Jefferies, which can be bought at any stationer's, in the St. Martin's Library Edition for 2s. 6d. It contains the priceless "Pageant of Summer," the finest of all the papers written by Jefferies, and of which Walter Besant said: "I know nothing in the English language finer, whether for the sustained style or for the elevation of the thought which fills it."

When alone out-of-doors doing mechanical work, or simply taking a walk, a pleasant pastime is to apply to the familiar sights and sounds around us some of the lovely descriptions we find in the poets, and which, once committed to memory, can be recalled at will. Thus we have: "Dewdrops, caught from the early sobbings of the morn"; "buttercups, the little children's dower—far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower"; "the rosy plumelets of the larch"; "the gadding tendrils of the vine"; the haunting "threading it with colour, like yew-berries the yew"; "the hum of insects, like tiniest bells on the garment of silence"; "the wind a sightless labourer," who "whistles at his work"; and so on *ad infinitum*.

But perhaps the most fascinating of all is to people our surroundings with our favourite authors or their characters. I have done this with such vividness that in very truth it seemed I walked the moors with Charlotte Brontë and the lanes with Richard Jefferies; enjoyed sumptuous meals at the village inn in the merry company of Pickwick and his party; took tea with Lavengro and Isopel Berners in the dingle, and listened to the lessons in the Armenian language; entered enchanted woods with Meredith, and sailed the seas with Conrad; followed the fortunes of the immortal Jane and the escapades of the exquisite Diana; climbed the loft with "Tamsin" to fetch apples for Clym and milked the cows with Tess; peeped through the double-blossom wild cherry tree, just as Clara looked down and Vernon looked "dreamily" up; heard Dorothea's heart-felt cry: "What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other?" and, finally, tumbled into bed thinking of Christian: "The name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang."

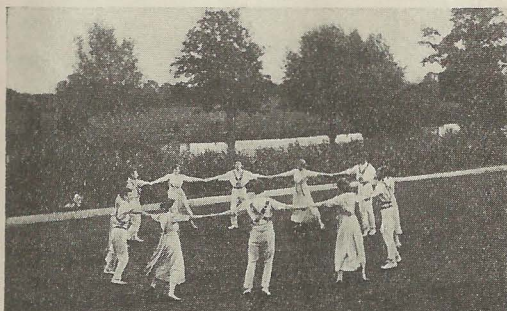
Enough has been said to prove that we can people our world at will, and the result of being thus mentally equipped is Whitman's

"The imperturbate, standing at ease in Nature."

GERTRUDE WILD.

The "Dancing English"

At one time that was our reputation both at home and abroad. Then we were musically almost the most important nation in Europe. "A nation where the country people doe practice musicke and dancing in good variety and doe send their masters abroad to many courts of Europe." Surely this seems very hard to believe for most of us, who were perhaps brought up to think that to be worth anything music must be Italian or German, and that those practising it must bear foreign names.



Gathering Peascods.

And yet we are still undoubtedly a musical nation, and if we can give back to our people those folk songs and dances which in every country are the foundation of a truly national art, we may again see springing from the heart of the people a blossoming time of English music. This has been made possible for us by the untiring devotion of some men and women who have collected and rescued from oblivion a folk song exceeding in richness and variety almost any in Europe—and folk dances characterised to me by a great Russian dancer as representing both in technique and expression the very highest development of the pure art of dancing.

The songs have been found, surviving through many generations as a living art, in the remote districts of the Southern Appalachians of Pennsylvania, amongst the descendants of the early English settlers.

In this country we have the Morris dance and Sword dance, with its mumming play, both the survivals of ancient religious ceremonial.

These dances—especially the Morris—are, from the physical point of view, very important. Anyone who has mastered the most intricate Morris with its co-ordinated movements of arms and body, has acquired that complete control over every muscle which is the foundation of a perfect dancing technique. It is a man's dance *par excellence*, and is only seen in its complete beauty when done by men. The Sword dance exercises the whole body in a less exacting way than the Morris, but demands neatness of action and rapid thought to execute well.

But it is to the country dance that we must turn for the universal favourite. All that is, or is ever likely to be, known of the country dance

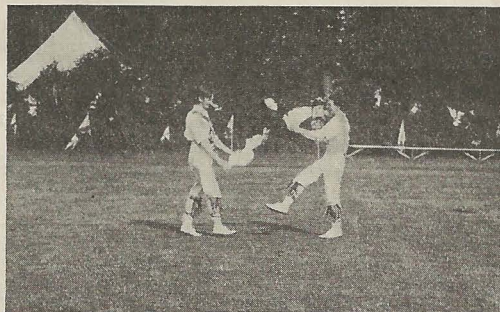
of the period is contained in Playford's *English Dancing Master* (eighteen editions, 1650-1728), and we know from contemporary literature that this dance, undoubtedly evolved as a social dance from the Morris and Sword dances, was practised not only in the country and at court, as late as the Restoration, and even after, but also in almost every court in Europe. Mr. Pepys in his *Diary* tells us how on one of his visits to the Court at Whitehall he saw King Charles II. and James, Duke of York, dance the country dance, "Hey, Boys, up go we," and shortly after he remarks that he went over to Mr. John Playford's Dancing Academy, at the Sign of the Inner Temple, to buy a copy of his *Dancing Master*.

Some of these very dances have come back to us from France as lancers and quadrilles, and we, with our usual modesty, have accepted them as French dances.

There are all kinds of dances—for four, for six, for eight, for as many as will—rounds, squares, in one line, in two lines; an infinite variety of forms, but very few steps, only skipping and running. Yet these dances, as well as the Morris, demand for their graceful execution perfect a balance and control, in the same way that to play the simplest piece of music often demands the very greatest technical skill.

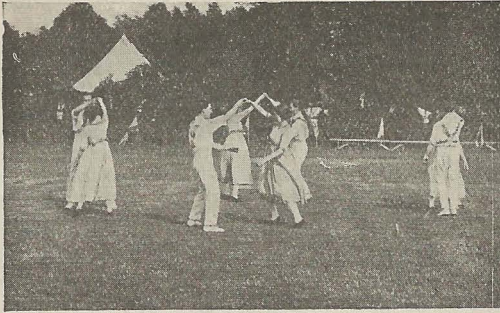
The English Folk Dance Society was founded to disseminate a knowledge of English folk dances, singing games, and folk songs, and to encourage the practice of them in their traditional forms. It has a staff of qualified teachers, and, in addition to these, until the second year of the war, a school of E.F.D.S. was held twice a year at Stratford-on-Avon, at which on an average about 100 school teachers, as well as others, attended.

It is most essential that, if we are to give back



Ladies' Pleasure.

to the people in their finest form those arts which they have lost, this should be done by those who have been thoroughly trained and who are also imbued with the spirit of their art. It is not a question of merely physical culture. These dances and songs are a means of self-expression, and to teach people how to express their emotions is surely as essential as to teach them in plain language how to express their thoughts.



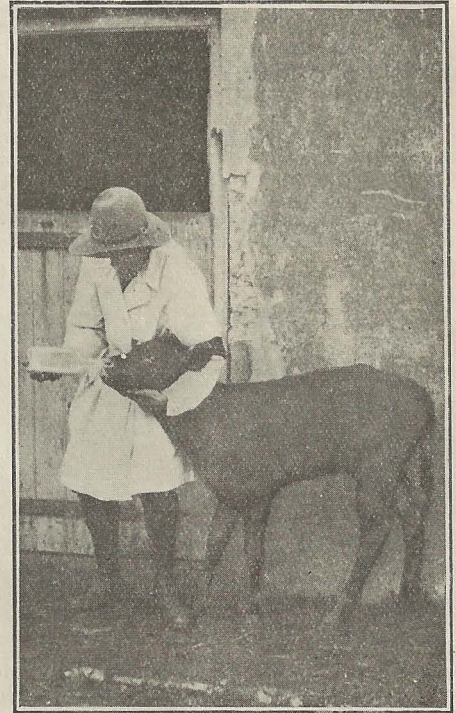
Oranges and Lemons.

If we desire to develop a more vital social order and more corporate life in our villages, we have here one of the best means. The true democracy of art breaks down barriers of class and position. No amount of social prestige or wealth can make a bad dancer or singer into a good one; only practice can do that, and sometimes not even then.

To pass outside the limits of the village, we feel that we have in these simple arts something more precious for our national life than gold, and that we are giving to the people in the villages and the people in the towns a common national language. We may help them to hasten the day of the poet's vision of "a happy and a lovely folk who had cast away riches and attained to wealth."

MAY ELLIOT HOBBS.

The Christmas Session of the Stratford-upon-Avon School of Folk-Song and Dance will be held this year from Saturday, December 28th, to January 8th. All information from the Secretary, Box Office, Stratford-upon-Avon (tel.: 45, Stratford-upon-Avon), or the Secretary, E.F.D.S., 73, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, London, W.C.1.



Land Girls and their Pets. Second Prize—Holmes.

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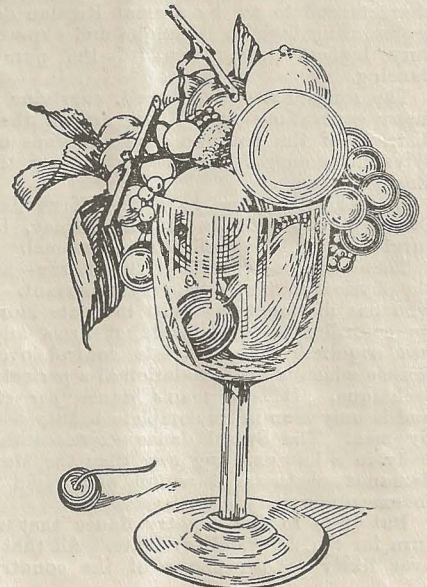
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Story Competition—Anne in the Moonlight.

Second Prize

ANNE felt decidedly cross. It was pouring with rain, and she had been ordered to mend sacks in the barn, in company with the red-headed farm boy. And Anne hated mending sacks and all farm boys, but particularly red-haired ones. This special boy, too, seemed to be an unusually obnoxious specimen. He sat on a barrel and whistled "Annie Laurie," out of tune, and kicked his heels, and, in fact, did everything possible—except mend sacks.

"Annie Laurie," having begun to pall, he addressed himself to Anne, in a needlessly loud tone:

"Say! you ever mended sacks afore? 'Cos I tell you, y' ain't doin' that one right!"

Anne maintained a stolid silence.

"Y'aint, you know! That 'ere 'ole—— Hi! There goes a rat!"

Anne flew off her perch on the sack of potatoes, and made for the door.

"Where? Where?" she gasped.

"There ain't no rat," returned the red-headed one. "You're easy frightened, ain't yer?"

Anne returned to her seat with all the dignity she could muster. "I think you're very silly," she remarked, frigidly. "Why don't you do some work?"

Anne had left the City only eight short weeks previously, and though she had overcome her one-time horror of mice, worms, grubs, and other creepy things, rats were still a source of terror—rats, and one other thing, which she never mentioned to anyone—the darkness. It seemed to her an appalling thing to have to go out of doors after dark, and on the few occasions on which she had accompanied the farmer on his last rounds she had been thankful for the friendly light of the lantern he carried.

He of the red hair was chewing an apple, but suddenly gulping down a lump, he looked across at Anne.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "Who's a-goin' to see after the sheep to-night, I'd like to know? Guv'nor always does it, but he's a-bed to-day, ain't he? That leaves me—and you! I expect it'll have to be you, for I ain't a-goin' to turn out once I get inside the door to-night. You've only got to go up to see they haven't broken through to the next field."

Anne made no reply.

Red-head regarded her speculatively.

"Hope you ain't afraid of the dark, 'cos it *is* dark all up the road." A pause. Then, peering across, "Yah! You *are* afraid. 'Fraid of the dark! Oh, my!"

"Don't talk nonsense!" said Anne, in what were meant to be severe tones, but which collapsed in a quaver half-way through. Would she really have to go—and alone? It seemed likely. The farmer was in bed with an attack of "flu," and his wife much too busy. There remained herself—and the boy. And to ask for his company would be impossible—a confession of panic.

"Yes, you are 'fraid! Oh, what a baby!" sang red-head.

"I'm *not* afraid!" cried Anne indignantly, and, sweeping aside the sacks, she marched out of the barn.

It was after tea, when the lamps were lighted, the curtains drawn, and everywhere warm and cosy, that the bolt fell.

Someone must go to the sheep. Would Anne go? Anne put on a bold front and acquiesced. But her star was not in ascendant that evening, for the farmer's wife was sorry, but the lantern was out of order.

"It'll be a bit dark up the road, but you'll see all right when you get to the field," she cheerfully remarked. "Perhaps the moon 'll come out. You can go across and get the boy if you like," she added.

"Oh! no, thank you," said Anne airily. But when she had stepped out and closed the door behind her, and stood alone in the blank darkness of the farmyard, she knew she was not so brave as she sounded, but only afraid of being thought afraid.

However, there she was, and as she could not, for obvious reasons, go back she began to stumble forward to the gate leading to the road. The rain had stopped, but how dark it was! The darkness wrapped you all about and seemed to be something solid, against which you had to push to make headway. Ah! here was the gate. Anne opened it, and felt the hard road under her feet.

The faintest possible shade of lightness showed the tops of the hedges and the trees, and Anne made her way along by feeling the edge of the grass by the roadside. Queer noises, such as she had never heard before, came to her through the blackness—the movement of tiny creatures in the grass, mysterious rustlings in the trees, and the squeak of a field-mouse as he scuttled home. Somewhere, far off, an owl hooted, and, from nearer, came the sleepy quack-quack of some restless duck.

Anne felt as if she had been walking for centuries. She had

no means of telling how far she was up the hill, for the more she strained her eyes the less she seemed to see.

A light breeze sprang up and blew a long branch from the hedge against her face. Anne sprang back nervously, and realised she was at the top of the hill by the sheep field. With a creeping sensation all up her spine, and her breath coming quickly, she struggled in the darkness with the gate. Once through it she would be away from the hedges and able to see better.

Suddenly a faint silvery light began to quiver up behind the trees, and grew stronger and stronger till at last Anne noticed it, and turned. Up over the brow of a hill rose the moon, slowly, slowly, mounting higher and higher—a great beaming, friendly moon, not like the remote yellow blob that had hung over the streets of Anne's native town. This was something different. The whole countryside was transformed, too. And the stars! Never had Anne seen so many. They were sprinkled over the wide sky in clusters and bunches, and they twinkled and shone down cheerfully on her. The river winding past the foot of the hill was a shimmering blue and silver pathway, stretching away and away. Gone were all her fears of the night as she stood staring with wide eyes at this wonderful new world she had suddenly tumbled into—this world which was not frightening in the least, but comfortable, restful, and somehow strangely familiar. The moon was well up in the sky now, and every blade of grass seemed to stand out separately. Away over at the other side of the field the sheep clustered in a silvery-white group. Slowly Anne walked across to them. Having made sure they were safe, she leant on the gate, and stood gazing over the moon-bathed country. Then she unfastened the gate, and made her way down the lane, between the high hedges, to the farm-house in its sheltered corner.

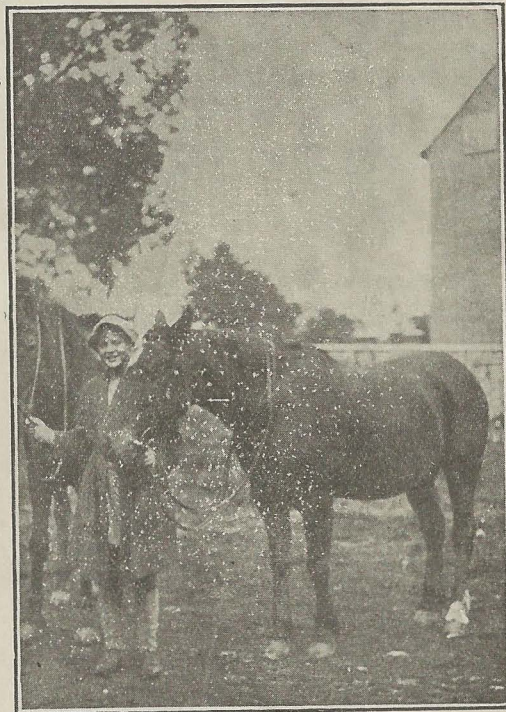
Red-head came whistling across the yard next morning and, catching sight of Anne, who was coming through the orchard under the twisted trees, he paused, shading his eyes from the sun with his hand.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Who went to the sheep last night?"

"Jid," replied Anne.

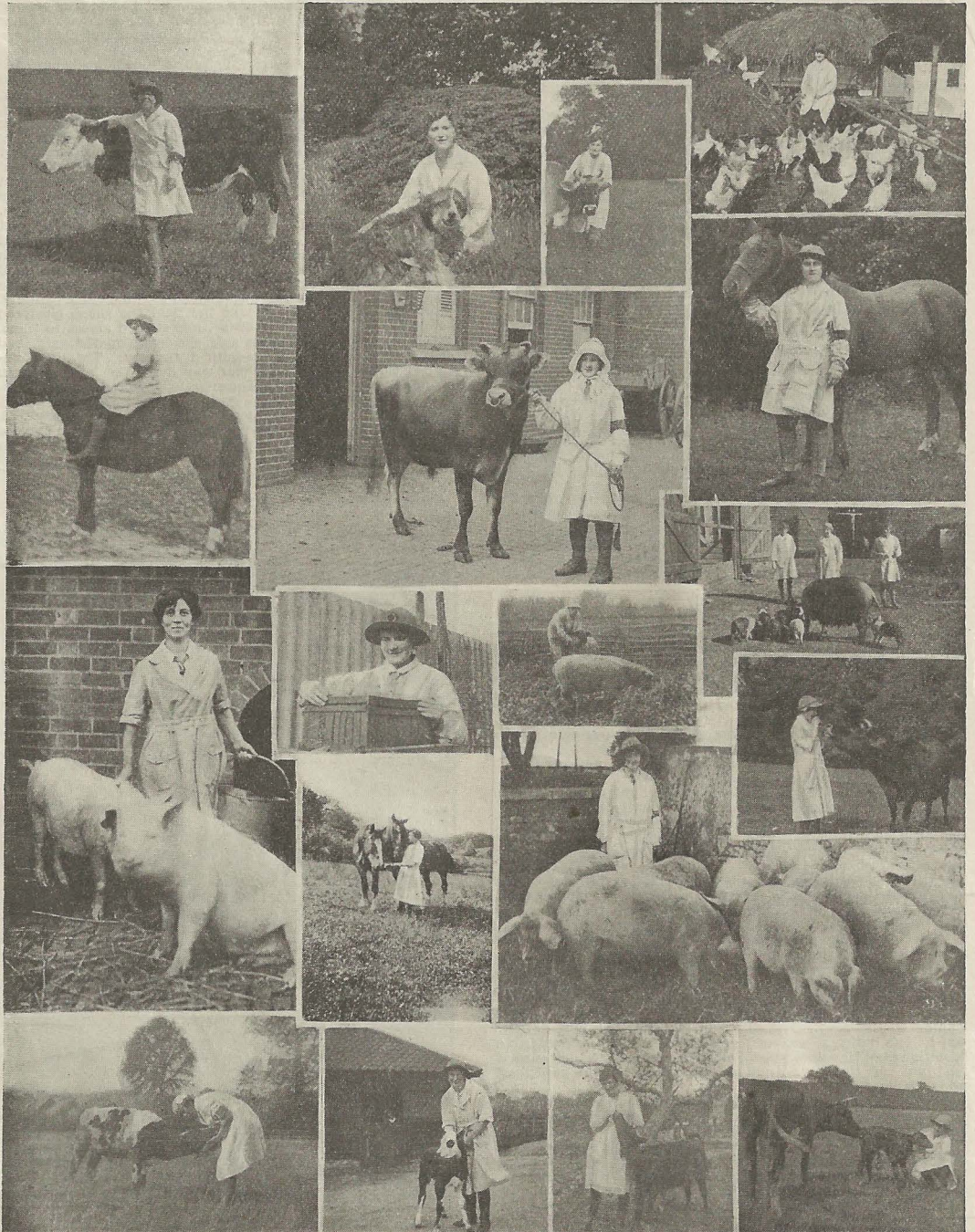
"What? Alone? Wasn't you frightened? Well, I take care I don't turn out once I get inside of a night."

"Ah," said Anne, wisely, as she paused to pat a cheeky young calf. "Well, you don't know what you miss!" D. A. H.



Lana Girls and their Pets Competition. Third Prize.—A.S.

Our Friends in



the Land Army



The Land Army Fairisee

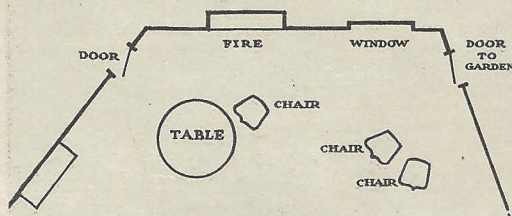
A Play in One Act

By EDITH LYTTTELTON

SCENE.—A cottage room in Sussex on Christmas Eve; very poorly furnished. There are only three chairs, one table, and a dresser or cupboard against the wall on the left. The fireplace is in the centre, and a door leading to the back part of the house on the left of the fireplace. One door on the right leads to the garden.

The dialect is Sussex, and all the "r's" should be sounded. It would, however, be quite easy for any players to substitute their own local words.

SCENE PLOT.



CHARACTERS.

WILL BRAKEFIELD A Farm Labourer, very muddy.
MRS. BRAKEFIELD His Wife; poorly dressed, but clean.
JENNY BRAKEFIELD Their Child; aged about nine.
MISS NANCY POYNTER A L.A.A.S. L.A. uniform with armet badge and G.S. ribbon.
MRS. CROCKER The Village Registrar; ordinary country clothes.

THE LAND ARMY FAIRISEE Very small and light. She wears a L.A.A.S. smock, bare legs and list slippers, no hat, but a wreath of green leaves and red berries in her hair. Her belt and armet and badge are also made of green leaves. She carries a shepherd's crook, decorated with leaves, and has a little horn whistle or pipe slung round her.

It is six o'clock at night and very cold and wet.

When the curtain goes up MRS. BRAKEFIELD enters from the back door, carrying a tray, which she dumps down on to the table with a sort of groan. Then she goes to the door into the garden, opens it, and calls.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Now then, Jenny; don't you soss² about no longer; come in to supper. There's no more than a drib³ for any of us, spite of it being Christmas Eve and all; but no cheer comes to poor people like us. And old sow's terrible bad!

[Enter JENNY. Her clothes are wet, and she seems very much excited.]

Fegs! How slabby⁴ ye are. Come here now, your coat's all bumblesome.

[MRS. BRAKEFIELD helps the child out of her clothes.]

JENNY pays no attention; she is eager to tell something.

JENNY. Mother, mother, it's Christmas Eve, you know; the singers 'ull be here to-night. I heard them practisin'—they was down by Mars Pankhurst's shop. [She comes closer and speaks in a low voice.] Mother, as I come down by the cuckoo gate across the Dik,⁵ there I sees a lady comin' along, and behind her [her voice grows mysterious], just close to her I sees a fairisee.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Oh! you're ardle-headed, you are! Fairisees don't trapes about the roads these days.

JENNY. The lady was tall, and she hadn't no frock: she was all in white, with them spattle-dashes⁶ round her legs... and the fairisee she was so high... a liddle thing that grig⁷ and purty. She had green leaves in her hair. She was dancin' along gansing gay—singin' she was.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Now then! I'll give you a middlin' bout⁸ I will, if you doant stop. You be to goo dreckly⁹ minute, and fetch me the kettle full. Feyther'll be here dreckly minute

wantin' his supper. [JENNY goes out slowly: she seems a little dazed.] Always wantin' somethin' he is. [As she talks she pulls out the table and puts some old cracked cups on it, without any tablecloth.] What's the use o' me scratchin' along somehow? We doant have no meat, we doant have no butter, nor no jam nor no milk. What do we have? Scraps and bits o' muck and not enough of them; and it's Christmas Eve, too, and there's my boy Bill sittin' in them trenches at Christmas time.

[Enter JENNY, bringing a saucepan.] Jenny, Jenny, here's a pretty commence. I said the kettle. You're that chuckle-headed [She gives the child a push.]; your just as contrary as ever was a hog! Go back now and bring the gurt kettle.

JENNY. Mother, where could the Fairisee be a-going? MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Oh! 'a done do, you impersome child, or I'll tarrify you!

[At this moment the door opens and WILL BRAKEFIELD come in. He is always imperturbable, which irritates his wife beyond endurance.]

WILL BRAKEFIELD. Hullo, mistus, what's up now; what's the liddle gal been doin'?

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Never you mind what the liddle gal's been doin'. [Her voice changes to one of great anxiety.] How's old gurt sow, Will? I'm frouden¹⁰ about her?

WILL BRAKEFIELD. Old sow's mortacious bad surelye.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD [after a pause]. Dannel it, Will. If old sow's put under what's goin' to happen to us? No meat, no jam, no butter, no milk, and what'll Bill feel out there; he was daft about the old sow. [She turns on her husband.] But there ain't no call for you to come spanelling about my clean kitchen, any more for that! Making a sossel you are.

[WILL pays no attention, but sits down with a smile.] WILL BRAKEFIELD. We shant have any gurt frostes yet awhile for all it's Christmas Eve, and I 'low I'd do stubble¹¹ the floor a bit. But, there, mistus; what's for supper?

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Nothin'. A pinch o' tea to wet, and a liddle Sussex pudden. Down by the shop there ain't nothin' left! "I want half a pound o' butter," I says. 'An' you may want, 'ooman,' says Mars Pankhurst. "I ain't a-going to be called out of my name by such a fellow as him, war or no war, I can promise him. No butter, no jam, no sugar, no milk. The world's all mucked up."

WILL BRAKEFIELD. Well, well, mistus, don't let's have a hurly bulloo. Let's eat what we've got.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD [gathering wrath]. There ye are, Will. Ye just give a bronk¹² with your head; you're as bruff as a old dog—just the same you was when I met Mars Pankhurst a-comin' out of the Red Lion—and just becus I'd got a bit o' sugar from t'other shop he treated me most abusefully he did, and threw abroad all my shop goods. He's a man as ain't no account at all, ain't Mars Pankhurst; he's a brabageous creature. I lay he has plenty of jam and sugar and butter in his grand liddle room out at the back. He ought to have the Pleeceman after him, tho' if you do send our old Bozzler¹³ he's purty sure to make a boffle¹⁴ of it. But you!—there you sit—you've never given me a misword all the years we've been married—nor no one else neither. I doant see how anyone can be off from misagreeing with Mars Pankhurst, he's that miserable, he won't lend nothing to nobody. Why don't you fly up in your airs sometimes? You ain't a man at all, you aint! You be naun but a poor tempory creetur, run up by contrac, that's what you be. You sits there smilin' and smilin', and I stand here and arg and arg—and it's enough to break a woman heart that it is—you're so inward. Now if young Bill was at home, he'd up and give Mars Pankhurst a good sock—but you!

WILL [still smiling]. I likes a good long sarmint I does, so as when you wakes up it ain't all over.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD [still more angry]. Blame ye! Ye be always at somethin'. Be blamed if I don't give you a sock on side of your head!

[She comes up as if she were going to strike him, and then suddenly bursts into tears and buries her head in her arms on the table. WILL scratches his head, and gets up and pats MRS. BRAKEFIELD on the shoulder.]

¹ Sussex for fairy.

² Mess.

³ A very small quantity.

⁴ Untidy.

⁵ The Dyke.

⁶ Gaiters.

⁷ Gay.

⁸ A good clout.

⁹ Directly.

¹⁰ Frightened.

¹¹ Make the floor dirty.

¹² A toss of the head.

¹³ Constable.

¹⁴ Muddle.

WILL. Come, come, mistus, doänt cry now. I will try and lash out middlin' I will. But you do beat the devil round the gooseberry bush so.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. I'm that done over with all the worry I doänt know how to bear myself. What's the matter with the land, Will? We useter have enough butter and milk from old Farmer Akworth, or if so be we didn't, there was allus the shop. What's wrong? The land's there all right.

WILL. It's the labour and sweat that's gone to the war, mistus—yes, that's what 'tis—the young blood and sweat dripping on the battlefields 'stead of on the fields here—that's what 'tis, surelye.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Oh, my poor liddle Billy! My poor liddle boy! We haven't had no word of him for three weeks.

WILL. He never was no good at booklarning he warn't, not like our liddle Jenny.

[Jenny rushes into the room, carrying the kettle.

JENNY. Feyther, feyther! The gurt sow! she's took bad. I went to look at her, and she's turuin' roun' and roun'.

[She puts the kettle on the fire and comes up to her father. Mrs. Brakefield abandons herself to despair again.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Turnin' roun' and roun'; old sow'll die now! Whatever shall we do? [She cries again.]

WILL [suddenly energetic]. Where's the bottle of stuff I had from doctor, tim's my leg was so bad? 'Tis the only drink we've got. Where is it?

[Jenny runs to the dresser and pulls down a forbidding looking black bottle.

JENNY. Here 'tis, Feyther.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. You can't give old sow that, Will; it 'ud burn her up. Why it scarified my fingers. . . .

WILL. Powerful strong it is surelye. [He sniffs the bottle.] But we've got nothin' else. Here, mistus, just a drop o' hot water and a drop of milk.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. You can't have milk, that's certain sure.

[She goes to the kettle and pours some hot water into a cup. Will fills up from the medicine-bottle and stirs the mixture with a knife.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. There ye are. Why doänt ye take a stick. Ye're that slommaky.¹⁵

[Will pays no attention, but goes out carrying the medicine by the door to the back. Jenny stays behind.

JENNY. I'm going to look for that fairisee. They do say them peart liddle things can make a medicine that'll . . .

MRS. BRAKEFIELD [in a voice of thunder]. 'A done, do! No more talk about fairisees. Here's your tea, here's your duff pudding. [She makes Jenny sit down]; and doänt you grizzle about it.

[She takes the kettle and pours water into the tea-pot. There is a knock on the door. She pauses, kettle in hand. The knock comes again.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Whoever can that be snudging along here? Some old snuffy, I suppose. I didn't hear no one coming up my bricks. Go and open the door, Jenny.

JENNY obeys and Mrs. Brakefield puts down the kettle and wipes her hands on her apron. Jenny opens the door.

JENNY. It's Murs Crocker, Mother.

[Mrs. Crocker enters and Jenny slips out, leaving the door open.

MRS. CROCKER. May I come in, Mrs. Brakefield? I hope I'm not interrupting your supper, but I want to ask you something?

[Mrs. Brakefield pushes forward a chair, but says nothing.

[Sitting.] That front roon of yours where my maid used to sleep, that's empty now, isn't it?

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Well, and what if it is?

MRS. CROCKER. I only wanted to know if you would let it again.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. I can't have no lodgers in my house, marm. Your maid had no vittals with me. I can't get long as 'tis with no butter, and no milk and no jam and no—

MRS. CROCKER. I wish you would let me explain. Mr. Akhurst, the farmer, has engaged one of these Land Army girls and I've got to find her a lodging. You keep your rooms beautifully clean, and you're the only house near by, so I've come to ask you.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. No, thank you, marm! None of them stomachy, stocky, impersome young women for me, with their spittle-dashes round their shamesless legs, and their great boots spannelling about in my house; slabby, slommaky young woman, I calls them. Comes from the Sheeres, I suppose?

MRS. CROCKER. She's from London this one, and as nice a girl as I've ever seen.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. London! London! No, thank you, marm.

MRS. CROCKER. Now look here, Mrs. Brakefield; we're in the middle of the war; your brave boy is doing his best—so's your husband. You're lucky not to have him fighting, and to have Jenny at home. Here's a little thing you can do to help. The food's got to be grown, and the people to grow it have got to be lodged. Mr. Akhurst must have someone to look after his cows, and he's engaged Miss Poynter. If you're to have milk, someone must milk the cows.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. There's a good chastisement, marm, when I haven't had so much as a drib o' milk for two days!

MRS. CROCKER. Well, Mrs. Brakefield, I expect Farmer Akhurst would let you have some straight if you took in his girl. You won't lose by it . . . she can pay.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD [visibly moved]. How much?

MRS. CROCKER. The same as everyone else. Fifteen shillings a week; you to cook for her.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Can't do it, marm.

[Jenny rushes in with flushed cheeks.

JENNY. Mother! The fairisee's outside. She's a-comin' up the bricks now!

MRS. CROCKER [laughing]. Jenny's seen Nancy Poynter. She's one of the L.A.A.S.'s, as we call them; but she isn't very like a fairy, I must admit. Come, Mrs. Brakefield, you've got to say yes, you know.

[The door opens wide and Nancy Poynter puts her head round. She is young and pretty and looks very happy. Without waiting for an answer she steps inside. Immediately behind her comes the FAIRISEE, who stands close to her and waves her fairy crook over the room. No one in the room sees the FAIRISEE except Jenny, though all feel her influence. Mrs. Brakefield seems a little dazed.

NANCY. What a dear little cottage . . . and such a nice bit of garden, too.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD [mollified]. I like a bit o' gay ground before a house.

NANCY. And where's my room, please?

[Mrs. Brakefield is about to protest again, but the FAIRISEE tickles her lightly on the face with her crook. Mrs. Brakefield brushes off what she thinks is a fly impatiently.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Wait a bit, missy. [Going to back door.] Will, Will, come in! Here's Murs Crocker wants us to let our front room to one of them newfangled farm gals for Murs Akhurst. We can't let our liddle room now can we? Will! Will!

WILL [calls out from the back]. Comin', comin'; must finish th' old sow, mistus.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. My master's that perniketty, mum, and tempersome, and grizzling there's no holding him, and the gurt sow's ill an all. But he must come. Will! Will!

[Enter WILL, looking very grave.

WILL. Th' old sow's took stuff all right, but I'm frit¹⁶ about her. . . . 'Ulo, Marm. [He takes his hat off. To NANCY.] A fine, peart girl you be surelye! . . . Dear, dear, and so you be one of these new farmers—eh, eh! [He chuckles.] You look bravely.

[NANCY comes forward and shakes his hand.

NANCY. Good evening, Mr. Brakefield. Will you and Mrs. Brakefield let me come and lodge here?

WILL. Surelye, surelye. Come, mistus, you show the young lady our liddle room. I must go back to th' old sow. [Exit.

MRS. CROCKER. Well, that's all right. I must go now. I know the room well, and everything's as clean and nice as it can be. Good night, Nancy; good night, Mrs. Brakefield.

JENNY runs to the door, and Mrs. Crocker goes out. All this time the FAIRISEE has been sitting about, conveying by dumb show that she is going to put everything right. She cannot resist playing a trick or two on Mrs. BRAKEFIELD, catching her dress as if it were on a nail, flicking her face, and so on. Each time one of these tricks is played the FAIRISEE puts her hands on her knees and bursts into silent laughter. JENNY follows her round with wonder and delight. When WILL goes out to the back the FAIRISEE follows him to the doorway, and waves her crook after him. She is still there when Mrs. BRAKEFIELD speaks.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. I doänt know what's come over me, Miss, I'm all of a mizmaze. Come this way and I'll show you.

[As they pass the FAIRISEE Mrs. BRAKEFIELD is made to stumble over the crook. When the room is empty the FAIRISEE runs to JENNY

¹⁵ Slovenly.

¹⁶ Frightened.

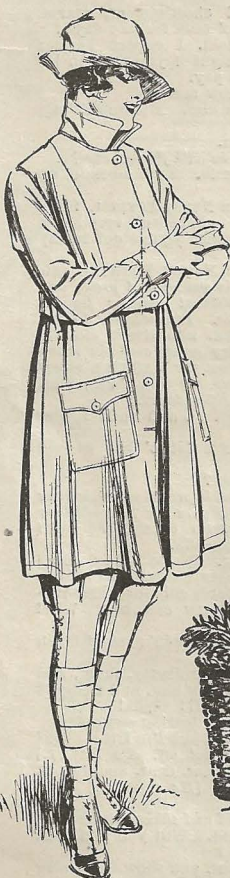
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and gives her a good hug, laughing and dancing round her. She makes JENNY help her, and together they pull the table into the middle of the room. She opens the garden door and waves her crook, then goes out for a second and returns carrying a cake. JENNY claps her hands for joy. This operation is repeated once or twice, and each time the FAIRISEE brings milk, butter, apples, sweets, and so on, and piles them on the table. Then she drags JENNY behind the door and waits with a roguish expression.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD and NANCY come back.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD staggers with astonishment.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Why! Pegs! What's a doing? Soor! Did ye ever see such a set out? Jenny, where are ye?

[She sees JENNY behind the door and drags her out.

Now, then, who put all these lovely shop things on the table?

JENNY [dancing for joy]. It was the fairisee, Mother! The fairisee!

MRS. BRAKEFIELD [turning on Nancy]. The Lass! Why . . . You?

NANCY [laughing]. I'm not a fairy. I didn't bring the things.

JENNY. The other one it was.

NANCY. She must mean Mrs. Crocker.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Muss Crocker! Well; I'm quite swimy.¹⁷ It's like a school festival. Muss Crocker! Well! [She pats all the things.] Butter, jam, and here's a picksome cake. Why! I didn't use to think too much of Muss Crocker—she and I doant call cousins at all; but there! She's a regular brebcheese¹⁸ friend she is, as I always shall say after this; not like a good many, always after what they can get.

NANCY. Let's lay the table properly now, Mrs. Brakefield. Have you got a tablecloth?

MRS. BRAKEFIELD [with scorn]. Have I got a clean cloth? [She goes to the dresser.] Look here, miss.

NANCY. What a nice lot of linen

MRS. BRAKEFIELD [mollified]. The war's done a lot of harm it has. No one can wash their linen without soap, can they now? But Christmas Eve, and all those goods. Well!

[She pulls out a cloth and NANCY and she lay the table. But all the time the FAIRISEE is up to her tricks and teases MRS. BRAKEFIELD so that at last she stops.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. I'm adone, I am . . . I'm all of a sweet . . .

NANCY [goes on deftly laying out the supper and talking]. It's nice of Mrs. Crocker. You see I expect being Christmas Eve she thought we should want a bit of jollity.

[She stands still for a moment, looking straight out across the table and speaks very slow.

Perhaps she wanted to show you—in a picture like—what we Land Army lasses are trying to do [Laughing shyly.]—grow more food for you, and the boys, and . . . dear old England.

[She goes on arranging the table.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. But you didn't make this cake, did you, for all you're so smart and sprackish?

NANCY. No, I didn't, Mrs. Brakefield, but I helped to plough and seed the land which grew the flour.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. I never should have beleft bettermost sort of folk like you would go to plough. Why, my master he come tired of an evening, but not beazled like boys who go to plough.

NANCY. It's hard . . . but, oh! it's lovely work out in the free air . . . with the horses and the birds following you—and the earth turning up its brown to you asking for seed all the time. . . .

[By this time the table is laid, and the FAIRISEE is dancing about making passes with her crook.

NANCY. It does look pretty; it only wants some flowers in the middle.

[The FAIRISEE sounds her horn.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD [startled]. Why, that's sing'lar, that is!

NANCY [going to the door]. Sounds like the carrier. [She opens the door, and steps out.] Goodness me, here's a big parcel. Who's it for?

[She brings in a big paper bag labelled "Miss Poynter."

NANCY. Miss Poynter! Well, this is a surprise.

[She unwraps the paper and discloses a small Christmas tree, hung with crackers and little fruits. She puts it in the middle of the table laughing with delight.

NANCY. Why, how on earth did this get here? Oh! there's a card. [She reads it.] "From one fairy to another fairy in the Land Army." [Then she bursts out laughing.] That's my

boy; of course it is. He is a one—his name's Fairey, and he's always making jokes about it. I tell him he's more like an elephant than a fairy, but . . . [She is lost in admiration of the little tree, and her voice softens.] . . . but, I must say, he is rather a fairy to have got the little tree here just in time for my first evening. . . . Oh! isn't it fun, Mrs. Brakefield? . . . We must begin! Where's Mr. Brakefield?

[WILL comes in from the back, smiling broadly.

WILL. Well, mistus, I bleev old gurt sow's going to pull through after all. She's ever so much better since I guv' her that drink. [Then he sees the table and involuntary takes off his hat.] I doant know as ever I see anything so purty in all my life.

NANCY. Come on, Mr. Brakefield. You'll soon say you never ate anything so purty in all your life either.

[She ushers them into their chairs, but the FAIRISEE cannot resist one more trick, and pulls MRS. BRAKEFIELD'S chair from under her. They all laugh and help to pick her up.

NANCY. All join hands! Let's dance.

[They get once round the table when there is a real knock at the door. JENNY runs and opens it.

JENNY. The postman! [She comes in with a letter.] For you, Mother.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD [looks at it suspiciously, then smiles happily]. It's a card from our Bill!

JENNY. There's the singers!

[The carol singers are heard outside. All stand silent, but only for a moment. MRS. BRAKEFIELD opens her letter and pulls out a Christmas card. She hands it to WILL.

MRS. BRAKEFIELD. Read the writing under the Angel. Will.

WILL. "Peace on Earth—Good will towards men," it says. The FAIRISEE comes down to the front and makes a gesture of good-bye. She kisses her hands to the party and is going out by the door as the Curtain falls.

[NOTE.—If it is not possible to have the carol, leave out JENNY'S remark, but if it can be arranged, the carol should be heard through the words right to the end. Care must be taken that the singing is not too loud. It should sound as if it came from some distance.

Bournville Cocoa

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

The Lancet.

MADE BY CADBURY.

¹⁷ Giddy.

¹⁸ Bread and cheese friend.

¹⁹ Active.

Christmas Eve

A GIRL who was so ugly as to be almost wholly unpleasing sat on the topmost step of a building of entrancing beauty. The child herself (for in years she was little more) was dirty and unkempt and her face was pinched and wan with discontent and a restlessness which was not good to see. The steps on which she sat were cool and smooth and were made of finest marble. They led up to the wrought stone entrance, which was guarded by slender pillars of marble, many hued, exquisite. She was gazing intently through the half-open door, through which there came a shaft of light and the sound of chanting in monotone, so low as to be almost like a single note that was whispered. The atmosphere was charged with a mystery and a beauty which she did not understand, for she was a very ordinary girl and did not trouble about such things.

The cathedral (for such the building was) was long and full of great shadows. At the end of the shadows burned a cluster of lights so brilliant that they well-nigh blinded her. By their light she could see a floor of red and blue; she saw also pillars of marvellous beauty that stretched up towards the vaulted roof as if they yearned over something that was up there, and were lost in dim space. They were all of marble and in colouring were like grey-blue pebbles in a mossy stream. Great white arches glistened and called aloud to her in their spotless purity, and before them, flanked by a crimson curtain, was a great throne of gold set upon the mosaic floor.

Before the throne stood the solitary figure of a man. He was clothed in gorgeous robes, for he was the servant of the Most High. He was chanting in low and reverent tones, and it seemed to the girl that all his being yearned like the slender pillars towards something that was suspended up there where the shadows of the roof came down to meet the lights from the golden throne. The priest was wise and great and had many friends amongst those who were rich and powerful in the world; moreover, he was much beloved and admired. Great gifts had been given him for his church, and so it came to pass that he stood in beauty to worship Him Who was greater and humbler than himself.

The child looked up from her huddled and undignified position by the pillar and from her dirt and her rags that she might see what it was that hung there so still and so entrancingly white. And she saw that it was also the figure of a Man. So silent, so solitary was the Figure upon the cross on the golden disc, and His arms were stretched out as if He called and His eyes were half closed as if He were in pain.

Around Him and above Him and below Him were the things of beauty that were made for Him by the men for whom He suffered—the floor of mosaic and the marble pillars that were like to pebbles in a mossy stream; the great golden throne and the man who stood with eyes of adoration and yearned that he might reach Him by the work of men's hands and men's brains.

Now it has been said that the little girl by the slender pillar was very ugly and unclean, and it must also be told that she was unclean within as well as without, for she was not a good little girl. Out there, in the rough and tumble of the streets, she had known many things that it were better for her not to have known and had done many things that were ugly. She had stolen that she might not starve, had lied that she might live, and had done even sadder things than these that her heart might not break, for she was not greatly loved nor admired.

But the night was the night of Christmas Eve, and perhaps it was the sight of the happy faces (whose owners she watched as they went into the big shops and came out laden with the good things that money can buy so that they might take them to enjoy in their quiet homes) that had awakened in her the spark of an ideal of happiness and quietness for herself. She had had notions of the kind before, of course, such as the purloining of an apple when her employer the fruiterer's back was turned or the scrap of fried fish when he had been generous in the matter of an extra twopenny, which things alone can make life worth the living; but to-night her hope touched something that was greater than these. It was partly a matter of a room of her own, with bits of furniture and crockery, and joys of the kind that would make her happy and proud, but it was also a greater love, for there pulled at her tired heart the thought of little children's hands.

And there had been born to her suddenly the desire to be faithful (as she conceived of the word) to the drab slip of a man who four months ago left his coster's barrow and his mouldy stock of oranges and had gone to risk his life with his fellows. He had asked her something that she knew to be wholly good and simple, and the desire for this faithfulness and for this simplicity had grown upon her. So wonderful a thing it seemed that she had grown absent-minded and had gone so far as to forget the precious scrap of bread and fish which she had kept tied up in her unspeakable handkerchief and which she was keeping until the pangs of hunger drove her to make the last meal she had in prospect for the day.

The thought had come to her as she lay in her attic bed that morning, that perhaps if she could see a glimpse of the little Baby Christ (for it was Christmas Eve, and all the folk were talking of Him), it might help her to her purpose, and this thought and the knowledge that danger awaited her at every turn had driven the hunted child of the streets to the great building with its dim lights and shadows and its all incomprehensible beauty.

So she sat by the half-open door on the topmost marble step that led from the ugliness of the streets and of her old life into a world that was new; but she did not enter, for her heart yearned over the Child, and He was not there.

Stone still, she watched and waited. She really must have been quite blinded by her own poverty and the pitiful simplicity of her purpose, for all that reached her of that entrancing beauty was the meagre thought that the robes of the priest must have cost more money than she had ever known in her life, that the mosaic floor must have been made by a chap who knew his job and no mistake, and that the slender pillars that yearned up to the shadows were very cold and would not be a homely thing for a room where a child was.

And then she followed the gaze of the priest to the great white Figure that hung so silently upon the golden disc. She had looked at Him a long time, with patient, apprehensive eyes of hope, and then quite suddenly she had laid her tired matted head upon her dirty sleeve and had cried bitterly, for it seemed to her that if this were the Christ Baby He was altogether too grown up and too full of pain even to touch the garment of such as she was. So she had wiped her eyes with the handkerchief that held her bread and fish and had gone silently out into the streets to her old life.

The priest turned and looked at her as she went out and thought that in all his life he had never seen anything that was so unpleasing to the eyes, but being a good man he felt sorry that she was not very happy or well clothed.

The red glare of the setting sun had brightened for a brief moment the spires and towers of the vast city and had gone, leaving it but a subdued blur of colour and sound. Along the restless streets roared the ceaseless traffic which bore tired men and women to unknown destinations. The lights shone coldly out over the black river, and the girl shivered as she thought of the coming of the night, for the nights brought her many terrors. The great clock in the tower boomed out its message of Christmas Eve, and she slunk away. For here was such a little trouble in a big, big world.

She turned into the foul alley that led to nowhere, for the time had come at last when she might devour her bread and fish, and for the moment all sorrows were forgotten in her eager hunger for it. It was then and there that she came across that which she had sought, the thing that set her tired heart bounding with love, and with joy for the ecstasy of pity, and she forgot the marble stairs and the white Figure on the golden disc that had been too great for her to bear. All that was kind and simple and womanlike went out to the thing she found that was sadder and smaller and more desperately in need even than herself.

What she found there on the dark doorstep was a wholly foul and exceedingly ugly little black cat.

Really no self-respecting girl or one who cared for her frock and her hands would have touched the thing, for he was verminous and bled from a wound in the head. It had also lost one eye, and this gave him a leer which was not a nice thing to see. His body was a mere matter of skin and bones. The thing sat on the step very still, entirely hopeless and perfectly meek, and knew that the end might come at any moment.

It came across her to think that not even the priest in all his wisdom and power and his love of beauty nor yet the man who had known his job so well that he made the red and blue mosaic floor could have made a thing so wonderful as that creature who lived and looked at her and had been so cruelly marred of men.

Down on her knees she sank with a cry of pity. She was sick with the pain of hunger, but she opened the filthy handkerchief and took out the bread and fish that was now little more than pulp. She coaxed the creature with little foolish words of comfort, and he devoured every morsel. And she only loved him the more for it and cried to think how starved he was. Then she wrapped him up in the unspeakable handkerchief and carried him to her attic.

The lights were still cold upon the river as she sped and the dangers awaited her in the lighted streets, but they called to her no more.

That night the wise priest stood by the golden throne and called passionately to the Great White Christ on the golden disc, for he loved very dearly and his soul was not satisfied. And he thought, on this Christmas Eve, that the noble pillars were but the gifts of rich men and the mosaic floor the work of a man who knew his job and that the Figure on the cross in the golden disc was but a man of stone. Perhaps his heart would have

broken but that he remembered the little pinched human face he had seen in the doorway, and which he had thought too ugly really to be borne. And he began to wonder where she might have gone, for in her the face, in its pitiful hunger and ignorance of beauty, seemed to him now as the face of a little child.

So the priest put out the lights one by one very silently and knew for the first time that he was growing old and grey and that all the years of his life he had had no love for little children, and the bells were ringing for Christmas Eve.

In the attic the girl's lean body lay stretched out on her truckle bed. She saw the great moon rise over the lonely city and come into her window. She must have been thinking of the good and simple and happy things that were to come, for it seemed to her that the Great White Christ Who was too grown up and too full of pain for her to bear, had left His cross and had come to her as a little happy child. Thereupon she started life anew.

And upon her breast, with full, contented body, there lay in infinite comfort, verminous and leering, the exceedingly ugly little black cat, for whom she had sacrificed all that she had.

For the whole world is set and bound in love, and there is no difference between the great and the very small. You may seek for the Christ in beauty, and you may find Him in ugliness; you may call for Him from the skies, and you may come across Him at the street corner, for men and beasts are bound in His brotherhood. From end to end of the great earth, wherever men and animals walk in the snows of Christmastide, they may see before them the footsteps of a Little Child.

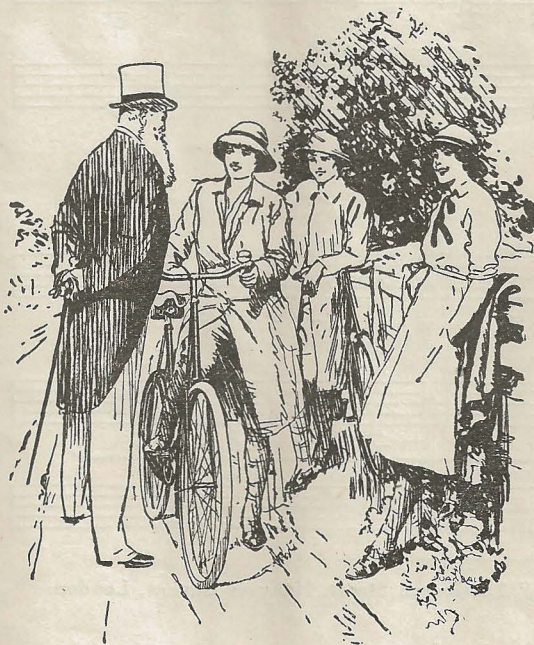
And that is why we do such foolish, happy things on Christmas Day, and that is why we say to one another, "A Happy Christmas to you."

M. F. H.

The Celestial Surgeon

IF I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain—
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose Thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



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A Country Carol

FOR ALL SEASONS.

Words Anon.

Music by M. E. HICK.

1. Where the patient ox-en were,

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G2, a half note B2, a half note D3, and a half note F3, followed by a series of chords and single notes.

by the ass-es' stall Near my dear Lord's manger knelt the cat-tle all,

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G2, a half note B2, a half note D3, and a half note F3, followed by a series of chords and single notes.

'Twas a lit-tle coun-try maid vi-gil by him kept,

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G2, a half note B2, a half note D3, and a half note F3, followed by a series of chords and single notes.

Obtainable at the "Music Department," 22 George Street, Hanover Square, London.

All a-mong the country things my good Lord slept, Fair was Rome, the ci-ty, on that
 ear-ly Christmas morn, Yet a-mong the country folk was my Lord born.

2 Country lads that followed Him, blithe were they and kind,
 It was only city folk were hard and blind.
 Aye, He told of lilies, and of grain and grass that grew,
 Fair things of the summer fields my good Lord knew;
 By the hedgerows flowering, there He laid His Head,
 It was in the country that my Lord was bred.

3 When the cross weighed down on Him, on the grievous road,
 'Twas a kindly country man that raised His load,
 Peasant girls of Galilee, folk of Nazareth,
 These were fain to follow down the way of death.
 Yea, beyond the city wall, underneath the sky,
 It was in the country did my good Lord die.

4 When He rose to heaven on that white ascension day,
 Last from open country did He pass away.
 Rows of golden seraphim watched where He should dwell,
 Yet it was the country folk had His farewell;
 //:Out above the flowered hill from the mossy grass,
 Up from open country did my good Lord pass. ://

Games for Winter Evenings

THERE is nothing that Land Girls enjoy so much as a good game. I realised that when we all played the penny game together one evening back in the summer. In spite of the fact that we were all tired out with a day's potato picking, our spirits rose to the occasion and we laughed and shouted, just as though we were fresh as the morning. So a few suggestions and reminders about games, new and old, may be welcomed by some of us who wonder how we are going to keep cheerful through the long evenings in store for us this winter.

Musical Bumps

Where a piano and a sufficient number of people are available, I suppose the ever popular old game of musical chairs is always a favourite. But even more of a favourite among really cheerful spirits is that more riotous form of the game which is known as "musical bumps." Chairs in this game are unnecessary. When the music stops you simply sit on the floor, and the more suddenly you have to sit down, the more exciting, and some may say the more painful, the game. I have known middle-aged aunts and even grandmothers to enjoy this variety of musical chairs, but I am bound to confess that they generally provided themselves with a cushion on which to settle when the moment for sitting down came! Of course, the last one to sit down is voted out of the game, and so it goes on till only one is left, sore but triumphant!

A Good Fat Hen

A nonsensical game which has a farmyard flavour which should make us feel at home is called "A Good Fat Hen." We all sit in a row, and the first one says "A good fat hen." This is repeated by everyone all down the row. The first player then says, "Two ducks and a good fat hen," and that passes down the line: next "Three squawking wild geese, two ducks and a good fat hen," and so on, with additions as follows:—

Fourth round	..	Prefix: Four plump partridges
Fifth round Five pouting pigeons
Sixth round Six long-legged cranes
Seventh round Seven green parrots
Eighth round Eight screeching owls
Ninth round Nine ugly turkey-buzzards
Tenth round Ten bald eagles.

So that at the tenth round each one along this line should be repeating glibly this complicated sentence:—"Ten bald eagles, nine ugly turkey buzzards, eight screeching owls, seven green parrots, six long-legged cranes, five pouting pigeons, four plump partridges, three squawking wild geese, two ducks, and a good fat hen"! Anyone who makes a mistake falls out, and is put in the dunce's corner, or may be made to pay a forfeit.

Blind Man's Buff

Of course, everyone has played blind man's buff, but do you know the silent variety of that game? As soon as the man is blindfolded the players, without making any noise, take up their places in corners, or chairs, or wherever they like, and there they stay without making a sound. The blind man's job is not to catch the others, but on finding them to decide who they are. Of course, you mustn't chuckle or giggle, and when, as it is sometimes played, the blind man is armed with two spoons, with which he taps your cheeks, it gives you the queerest sensations, and it is almost impossible to keep still and silent.

The Blind Feeding the B'ind

Another game with spoons and blindfolding is rather messy, but noisy enough to please most Land Girls! Two players are blindfolded and seated on the floor opposite one another. Each is given a dessertspoonful of flour and is told to feed the other. You can imagine how amusing it is to watch their efforts, but it is advisable to spread a sheet on the floor and tie a towel round the necks of the players!

Snap Apple

You know, of course, the game of apple snapping, when the player is blindfolded and with his hands tied behind him is told to bite an apple which is hung from a string in the middle of the room about the height of the blind man's head. But have you ever tried it with two people, with their hands tied behind them, not blindfolded, both biting at the same apple? That is really exciting!

Donkey's Tail

Untold amusement may be caused by the donkey's tail. A donkey without a tail is cut out of brown paper and fastened on the wall or on a screen. The tail is cut out separately and handed to each player in turn, who, advancing blindfolded, endeavours to pin it on the donkey in its natural position. This is more fun, I think, when the animal is an elephant, and the feature to be pinned on is an ogling eye!

The Cushion Game

However old we are we never get tired of the good old cushion game. A cushion is placed perched up in the middle of the room. The players join hands round it, and you do your best to make your neighbour knock the cushion over without knocking it over yourself.

Neighbours

An extension of the old hissing and clapping game, which causes a great deal of amusement is called neighbours. Half the company are blindfolded and are seated with an empty chair on the right side of each. At a given moment all the other players go and sit on these empty chairs as quietly and mysteriously as they can, and immediately begin to sing, either all the same tune or just anything that comes into their head, in a voice as unlike their own as possible. The blind players have to find out, entirely by listening, who is sitting next to them on the right!

Laughter

Another noisy game, which causes a good deal of fun if played with enough spirit, is "Laughter." The company sit in a circle and someone throws a handkerchief into the air. At once everyone starts to laugh and keeps on laughing till the handkerchief touches the ground, when they must immediately stop or leave the circle. The last player must be persuaded, if possible, to perform by himself, which is quite amusing for the spectators.

Parlour Football

Goals are set up at each end of the room. Two chairs will do. The players are provided with paper fans. The football is a blown hen's egg, which is wafted backwards and forwards until a goal is scored. If the floor is clean it is more amusing to go down on your knees and "blow" the ball along.

Dumb Crambo

Dumb Crambo and charades are always great fun and afford endless opportunities for clever players. We played a new form of Dumb Crambo at a dinner party the other night, and it is a long time since I have laughed so much. Two of the guests remained seated in their chairs with their fingers in their ears, while the rest of us chose the word to rhyme with the word we gave them, which they were to act. Without rising from their chairs, these two accomplished actresses indicated with the least possible movement ever so many words. It was very cleverly done, and thirty sedate, grown-up people collapsed in wet, helpless laughter, in less than five minutes.

Topsy Turvy Concert

A very good "turn" for a concert party is arranged thus. The performers take their places behind a sheet which is stretched across the room at the height of their chins. Silently and without letting the audience see what they are doing, they then put stockings on their arms and boots on their hands, and stand looking at the audience with only their heads showing. Thus placed, they sing the first verse of their song, when they duck their heads down behind the sheet, and sing the chorus with their booted hands waving about where their heads had been before. The effect to the audience is, of course, that they are standing on their heads and waving their legs in the air, and the applause should be "loud and prolonged."

Acrobatic Impossibilities

By the way, do you know if you hold your hands across your chest in a straight line, with the tips of the forefingers pressed together, it will be impossible for anyone else, however strong, to hold by your arms and pull those finger tips apart? And, again, you will be quite safe, if you stand a girl against the wall, with her heels touching it, and laying a shilling on the floor a foot or so in front of her, say it will be hers if she can pick it up without moving her heels from the wall. Also you cannot stand sideways against the wall with your left cheek, left heel, and left leg touching it, and then raise the right leg.

The Adjective Letter

At the end of the evening, when everyone is hot and tired, and perhaps a little untidy, you will be quite popular if you suggest the adjective letter, as an entertaining but restful game.

The scribe of the party has previously prepared a long letter, preferably describing the events of the evening, and mentioning as many names as possible of those who are present. But she leaves out all the adjectives, and it is the task of the rest to supply those adjectives without knowing to whom or to what they are to apply. It is done in this way. Here is a rough sample letter:—

"The ——— Land Army Club at ——— Chelmsford met as usual on a ——— Wednesday evening. After a ——— day's work

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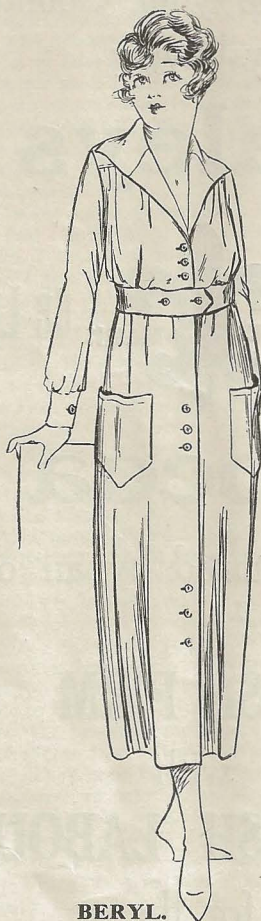
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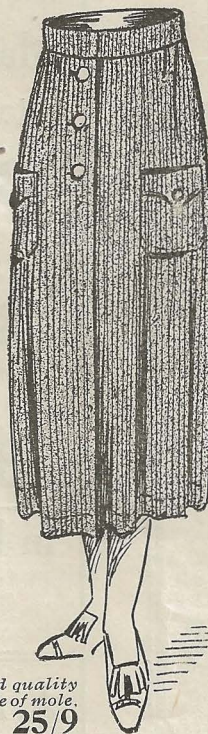
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25/9

at that — pastime, potato lifting, every — girl was only too keen to forget all about her — job and enjoy herself. As usual, — old Miss Z. turned up at the last moment and suggested an — evening, but luckily — Miss X. was present and promptly put her — foot on any such — proposal. Everyone was keen to practise the — glees for our — village concert, but during the — week the — rain had come through the — roof and had a — effect on our already somewhat — piano. Miss T., however, not to be daunted, produced from her — breeches pocket her — tuning fork and the fun began."

The letter writer now asks the rest of the company, each in turn, to give her an adjective, any one they can think of at the moment, and without telling them where or how they fit in, she quietly writes them, in their order, in the spaces left in the letter. This goes on until the letter is completed and all the spaces filled. The adjectives given, for example, might be as follows:— Splendid, rotten, blazing, delightful, soothing, boss-eyed, enchanting, antediluvian, uplifting, boisterous, elephantine, crushing, bewitching, squawky, curious, balmy, hot, silken, noisy, jumpy, dilapidated, screaming, etc., etc., which would be written in, and the letter will then be read aloud to the Company:—

"The splendid Land Army Club at rotten Chelmsford met as usual on a blazing Wednesday evening. After a delightful day's work at that soothing pastime, potato lifting, every boss-eyed girl was only too keen to forget all about her enchanting job and enjoy herself. As usual, antediluvian Miss Z. turned up at the last moment and suggested an uplifting boisterous evening, but luckily elephantine Miss X. was present and promptly put her crushing foot on any such bewitching proposal. Everyone was keen to practise the squawky glees for our curious village concert, but during the balmy week the hot rain had come through the silken roof and had a noisy effect on our already somewhat jumpy piano. Miss T., however, not to be daunted, produced from her dilapidated breeches pocket her screaming tuning fork, and the fun began!"

And so it will, for you cannot imagine, until you have tried it, what deliciously funny results can be got out of this apparently educational pastime!

THE EDITOR.

Rain

It ain't no use to grumble and complain
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS*

By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE, Author of "Bambi," etc.

CHAPTER XII.—*continued.*

"IT'S the truth. I've fallen in love with the truest woman on this green earth, and the best part of it is she is my wife."

He put his arms about her.

"I give thanks every day, Nan, for the shock that threw me out of my gilt cage into the world of work, where manhood is the only asset that counts, and success for the one woman is the only goal worth reaching."

"Richard, I've been so proud of you, dear!" she whispered.

"I want more than that, Anne; I want your love, and I'll work for it, and wait for it——"

"Do I have to tell you? Don't you know? Haven't you guessed, Richard, my husband?"

Her arms were about his neck, and he felt her trembling.

"Shall we go over and see the Judge for a minute? He's worried over this case of his, and tired to death. I'd like to lend a hand to every fellow that needs it to-night," Richard said.

"That is the mission of happiness, dearest," Anne answered as they went toward the big house.

Meanwhile Cecilia found Bobby restless and wakeful. She told story after story, and each time when she thought he was safely off, he opened his eyes and said, "Tan't do sleep."

"What do you suppose is the matter with the Sleep Fairy? Maybe she's been caught by the wicked ogre Lie-awake."

"Tell me 'bout wicked ogie."

"Well, of course, you know that the Sleep Fairy rules over the Land of Slumber. It is a very beautiful country, with the highest mountains for people to fall off, the widest rivers for people to swim across, the broadest prairies for people to fly over; for of course that is the way people do in Slumberland. They keep falling off mountains and picking themselves up and doing it all over again, and swimming rivers with elastic banks, and skimming over plains, so their feet don't touch, yet they can't stop doing it." Now there is a way to get the Sleep Fairy to give you a good dream. You lie on your back and fold your hands, so, and shut your eyes, and say over and over—

"Sleep Fairy, riding on a moonbeam,
Come and bring Bobby a beautiful dream."

Bobby composed himself according to directions, and repeated the jingle over and over. Then he popped his eyes open.

"She won't come."

"You have to keep saying it a long, long time, because she is so far away."

Again and again they repeated the lines together,

until Bobby's breath came evenly, and Cecilia knew that the Sleep Fairy had heard and answered.

Presently she felt, rather than saw, a presence, and turned to the Judge in the doorway.

"Asleep?" he whispered.

"No, but you should be," she answered, tiptoeing to him.

"I came to get you. Are you ready to go, now?"

"Yes, he's sleeping quietly."

She went to lean over Bobby, covered him gently, and felt his head and hands. The Judge watched her wonderingly. She seemed so sweet, so womanly, like the white-browed saint whose name she bore, this new Cecilia. She turned to him and followed downstairs and out into the garden, where Richard and Anne were sitting waiting for them.

"The Judge would go for you himself," Anne smiled. "How is our boy?"

"You can go to bed to-night, he will not need you."

"You're a dear," Anne said. "I'm sorry you have missed this wonderful night."

"I have not missed it," smiled Cecilia gently. "Good night."

"Good night, good Samaritan," Richard said to her; and she and the Judge took their departure.

"It is a wonderful night," the Judge said as they entered the wood, silvered with beams of moonlight.

"Even this bit of wood looks strange, unreal."

"It is full of ghostly visitants!" breathed Cecilia.

"Where are they? Point them out, and ask them to speak with us, to explain the eternal mysteries!"

"I speak with them?"

"Yes, you seem to me two-thirds wayward spirit and only one-third woman."

Cecilia smiled enigmatically and pointed straight ahead of them.

"There, in the midst of the enchanted forest, is the Spirit of Man, the Seeker. See the two shadowy hosts to right and left of him. They are the armies of the Senses and the Soul. They drag him hither and thither in search of fulfilment."

The Judge nodded, in silence, watching her.

"See over there, those skulking shades, Hate, Lust, and all the ruthless demons of unrest! The call of the Senses is eternal."

Of a truth the Judge saw them where she pointed.

"Over there, see, by the birch-tree, Purity, Truth, and Charity, with all their hosts. Hear them sing to the Soul. There you have the whole picture, with Life as the forest."

"You have forgotten the great white central figure," prompted the Judge, in his turn pointing.

"I do not see it."

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"It is there, above your Spirit of Man. Can't you see it? One hand out to the host of the Senses, and one to the hosts of the Soul; and see how they grope toward one another, as if they would clasp hands."

"What is the name of your figure?"

"Love. Love, the lover; Love, the father; Love, the healer, the wife, the mother. Can't you see him, standing there in all his majesty?"

"I only just begin to see him dimly," Cecilia answered him, and they went on in silence to her door.

"I had something to say to you to-night, but our thoughts have wandered a long way from the course I had charted for them."

"Sit down a moment and we'll call them back."

They sat on the doorstep in the moonlight, and the Judge spoke.

"I had this idea in my mind before Bobby was hurt, but we have all been so busy with the boy that I have had no chance to talk it over with you. Now that he is on the way to health, God bless him, I want to ask this thing of you."

"You could ask nothing of me that I would not give you, Judge Carteret."

"My dear friend, what a generous soul you are! You said once that you loved that big room of mine, the library. I want you to make it perfect, as you have made this room of yours. Will you do my walls for me, in some such fashion?"

Cecilia faced him, her eyes shining

"You want me to do that room? You'll let me? Oh, Judge Carteret!" she exclaimed.

"One moment. You do this thing for me, little friend, and all the paltry return I can make you will be to deposit a certain number of round gold dollars to your account in the bank. But some day they may be the means of getting something, some pleasure that would not have come to you otherwise, and then perhaps you'll say, 'This is the frieze the Judge has made for me.'"

Cecilia listened, but when he finished she shook her head.

"I couldn't take any money for it. It will be the greatest joy of my life; but never speak again of paying me, please."

"I did not speak of paying you. That would be impossible. You cannot 'pay' for such things with money, any more than you can pay for love with gratitude: they are different coin."

Cecilia was not listening.

"I shall be distracted until I find my theme. What do you want there, for ever on your walls? What shall I put there, to mean you, and me, for all time? We must make no mistakes."

"I leave it to you. There will be no mistakes."

He watched her curiously. Was this flushed, shining-eyed creature, tossing her fretted head, like a two-year-old waiting to lean into the race-course—was this the Saint Cecilia of Bobby's bedside? All at once she startled him.

"I know—I have it! It shall be the enchanted forest as we saw it to-night, with its groping shades and your Love-figure as the centre. I do not see him clearly yet, but as the thing grows in me, as I grow, it will come. What does he look like to you, Judge?"

"He looks like the Christ, I think, child."

"That's it! Love, with all the elements, human and divine. I'll begin now; I'll get my things and begin to block it out."

She jumped up, but he caught her hand.

"No, no! It's nearly midnight. You must go to bed now. To-morrow is time enough. Why, you have all the rest of your life to finish it in."

(To be continued)

Peace

EARTH, slow-healing, covers up her wound

(Death's long harvest shall not come again),

Peace, slow-stealing, comes without a sound:

She treads the ancient furrows, flinging wide her grain,
And new creation bursts exulting from the ground.

VIVIEN GRIBBLE.

November 11th, 1918.

Village Fete in Dorset

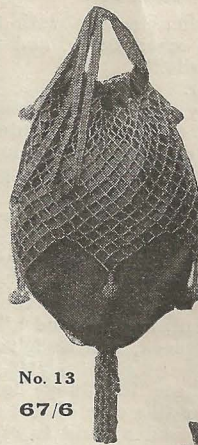
OUR village had had no "great day" for about 15 years, so we thought the Land Army might raise a few pounds for the Prisoners of War, and incidentally amuse the villagers. Sports and a concert was our first idea, but *everybody* helped, and the programme grew and grew, till it eventually resolved itself into three entertainments, several side-shows, sports of all kinds, a tea-stall, competitions, and a greasy pig! What a day it was, and how tired we were when we dragged ourselves back across the fields in the early hours of the morning! But it was well worth it, for we had £40 12s. 7d. to send to the Prisoners' Funds, and besides we now know how generously our village friends will help when once a start is made. Cakes and donations rolled in, and everybody helped so kindly that the fete was a huge success, and the neighbourhood agreed that the Land Girls could do something as well as work!

V. S. F. C.

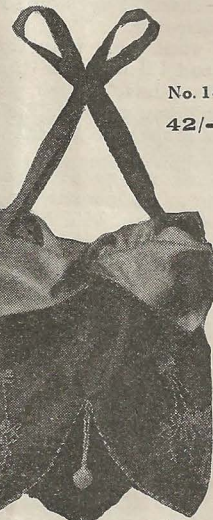
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Peter Robinson's for Dainty Xmas Gifts



No. 13
67/6



No. 14
42/-

No. 13. Rich Silk Bag — covered beaded mesh. In black, navy, sage, or purple 67/6



No. 6
63/-

No. 14. Rich Silk Bag — fine steel beaded-lined dainty colours. In black, navy, or n gger 42/-

No. 6. (At left) Fine Beaded "Dorothy" Bag— in good colours 63/-

Peter Robinson Ltd.
Oxford Street, W.1



BARKERS UNRIVALLED VALUES



SPECIAL SERVICE SECTION

Every garment is thoroughly guaranteed. Money will be refunded if purchase is not in every way satisfactory.

SALE OF STOCK OF FARM SUITS

Latest design. Made from superior quality Fawn Drill, proofed, tailor-made. Breeches with laced knees and buttons at sides. Coat-shape smock with pockets and belt, double shoulders.

200 To be Cleared **30/-**

Actual Value To-Day 49/6

300 self and fawn-coloured cotton drill, reliable quality **20/-**

TO-DAY'S VALUE, 32/6

The above stocked in small women's and out-sizes.

SENT CARRIAGE PAID.

ORDERS

BY POST SHOULD BE SENT
AT ONCE TO AVOID
DISAPPOINTMENT & DELAY

BEST VALUE IN LONDON AT BARKERS

**JOHN BARKER AND COMPY., LTD.
KENSINGTON, W.8**

The Good Service Ribbon



THIS is the new Good Service Ribbon which will be presented to any of you who have been six months in the Land Army, and who have kept up a high standard of work and conduct.

It is very handsome—the background is a bright grass-green, and the crown and letters are in yellow and red. Two safety pins are given with it, and it is to be worn on the left arm, well above the armlet. We hope and expect that many thousands of you will deserve it.

Mackintoshes and Jerseys

Every member of the Land Army whose mackintosh lets in water is entitled to return it to her County Secretary and ask for one of the new oilskin coats.

Permission has now been given for every girl who has enrolled for one year to have two jerseys instead of one. Applications should be made to the County Secretary.

PROUT'S DUBBIN.
DIPLOMA AWARDED
FISHERIES EXHIBITION,
1883.

FOR
SOFTENING,
WATERPROOFING
& PRESERVING

**BOOTS
& HARNESS.**

AS SUPPLIED TO H.M. ARMY IN SOUTH AFRICA & HOME &
COLONIAL GOVERNMENTS. OF STORES, BOOTMAKERS &c

3^d TO 1/6 PER BOX SEND FOR SAMPLE

Regent Works, Graham Road, Acton Lane, W.

Hints for Landworkers

ETIQUETTE TO BE OBSERVED WHEN OUT TO TEA.

[If you're staying for awhile in this distinguished habitation, And you happen to receive an unexpected invitation, Then remember that the manners, which of late you have acquired, In respectable society leave much to be desired.

If to make a good impression on your hostess you aspire, You must not appear at table in inadequate attire, And the feelings of the family will certainly be hurt If you don't remove beforehand just a layer or two of dirt.

Don't stand and shout for "sticky," or for jam or tea or bread, Nor throw the food in question at someone else's head; Don't cram into your eager mouth a sandwich far too large, And you'll never be forgiven if you call the butter "marg."

Don't smell the milk or ploater paste, however bad you think it, And although your tea is horrid, unprotesting you must drink it; Don't stretch across the table for a thing beyond your reach, And don't make frantic gestures when your mouth's too full for speech.

You must never put your elbows on the table, don't you know? And to read a story while you eat is hardly *comme il faut*, And you mustn't, when you're finished, lick your fingers one by one, For in the better circles it really isn't done.

The head of the establishment may wax exceeding wroth If you place your bread and butter on her spotless tablecloth. And although a common saucer is an unfamiliar sight, Bear in mind that drinking out of one would hardly be polite.

To eat up all the cakecrumbs you must not express a wish, Nor even ask to be allowed to scrape an empty dish; And if to get your wants supplied you seem to be unable, Don't grasp the handle of your knife and hammer on the table.

Don't dig your knife into the jam, the butter or the paste, And cleaning up your plate with bread displays a lack of taste Don't stir your tea with anything except the proper spoon, And don't in parting say you've spent a boring afternoon.

If you can recollect these hints in all you do and say, You may escape the pitfalls that lie thick about your way; So do your very level best, however great the cost, And our glorious reputation shall not be lightly lost. BODGE.

LIPTONS take a personal pride in the excellence of everything they supply for the table. **QUALITY FIRST** is the principle on which Lipton's business is conducted. Judge for yourself how well that ideal is maintained in all you buy from Lipton's.

Lipton's

The largest Tea Distributors, Manufacturers and Retailers of Food Products in the World.

Many thousand employees are engaged on Lipton's Tea and Cocoa Estates, Ceylon.

Tea Merchants by Special Appointment to H.M. King George V.

Head Office: CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1.

Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom. LIPTON, LTD.



It's all Nourishment

The children must have nourishing food.

FREEMANS DEVONSHIRE CUSTARD is ALL nourishment. You will get the best out of a pint of milk by using it to make the children a dish of this "oh-so-delicious" Food Delicacy. Try it served cold with stewed or bottled fruits and try it served hot for supper on cold evenings.

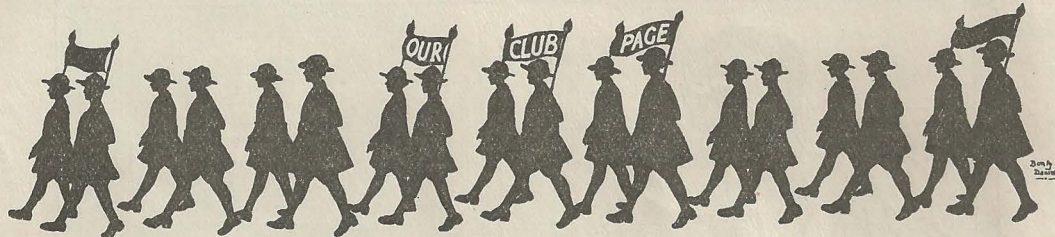
Insist on Freemans, because it's ALL nourishment.

Made in
DELECTALAND

Freemans
FOOD PRODUCTS
DEVONSHIRE CUSTARD

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD. (Managing Director—G. HAVINDEN),
Boisseliers (Boy-sel-e-a) Chocolates, Vi-Cocoa & Freemans Food Products,
DELECTALAND, WATFORD, Eng.





DEAR GIRLS.—Of course the first thing this month is to wish you all A Merry Christmas—just as happy and jolly as it can possibly be—and we all of us feel much more cheerful this Christmas than we did last year. Lots of you will be spending Christmas away from home, and all the fun which home means, and I do want you to try to have a jolly time in spite of it all. Remember the greatest happiness at Christmas depends—quite honestly—more on what we do for others than on what we get ourselves. W. P. Salter, in her suggestions for the Christmas Number, says: "Eagerly to open our presents brings a delightful anticipatory pleasure, but it is nothing compared to our happiness when we prepare presents for others." Exactly. That is not goody-goody talk, it is actual fact. So let those of us who cannot go home for Christmas, see to it that the people we are billeted with, the village in which we are living—in fact, everyone all round about us, has the jolliest Christmas that ever was, and all because of the Land Army girls. Enter into the life of the village this Christmas, even if you never have before; insist on getting up a concert or entertainment, make it a howling success—bustle up everyone till they realise that it is Christmas time, and a time for great rejoicing; sweep away the difficulties with a real Land Army breeze, and if you will do this you will not only give others a happy time, but I *know* you will enjoy it so much, that you will wonder why you never found out before what real enjoyment means.

Mrs. Lyttelton has written a charming little play for you which you will find quite easy, if you set about it in the right way, and which will, if well acted, delight any audience. I am well supplied now with folk songs and recitations, and a stock of those delightful little plays, published by Wells Gardner, Darton & Co., Ltd.; so let me know your ideas and what you want to carry them out, and I will help you for all I am worth.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.—I hope you are pleased with your Christmas Double Number. As Editor I am rather proud of it. Everyone has been so very kind to us, and all sorts of really distinguished people have gone out of their way to help us to make it a success. It seems incredible that it is a year ago since we started our LANDSWOMAN, and that this is our twelfth issue. The time has gone so quickly and so happily, and I for one cannot imagine any job more delightful or more brimful of enjoyment than my job as Editor. The wonderful way in which you girls responded to the spirit of the idea, ensured the success of the Magazine right from the beginning; and without that response and co-operation and help, without the stimulating effect of all your charming letters, and last, but not by any means least, without your delightful contributions to its pages, THE LANDSWOMAN could not have been the joyous little paper that it certainly is. I can never thank you enough for all the pleasure which the editing of your LANDSWOMAN has given me during this last twelve months.

I sincerely hope that a copy of the Christmas Number will reach every Land girl, and if you think it is a good thing to have month by month—as I am sure you will—will you, before the end of the year, every one of you, send along your 1s. 6d. to your Magazine Secretary or your Welfare Officer, for your next half year's subscription? This will ensure the paper being sent to you regularly every month, and will save you and the office endless trouble and confusion. I would also like to remind would-be regular readers of THE LANDSWOMAN who do not belong to the Land Army, that the Magazine can always be obtained on order from Messrs. W. H. Smith's bookstalls, or direct from the Editorial office, the address of which is to be found on the front page of every issue. The subscription is 4s. per annum, post free.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.—I had a letter the other day from Warwickshire, and I must tell you what is being done there to keep the girls happy and busy this winter. I think the very excellent scheme in which Lady Ilkstone is so very interested may be useful to other counties.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee of the W.W.A.C. at Warwick on Wednesday, October 30th, which the Registrars of the Warwick District attended, the following resolution was taken with regard to the starting of Handicrafts among L. A. girls in connection with the Welfare Scheme:—

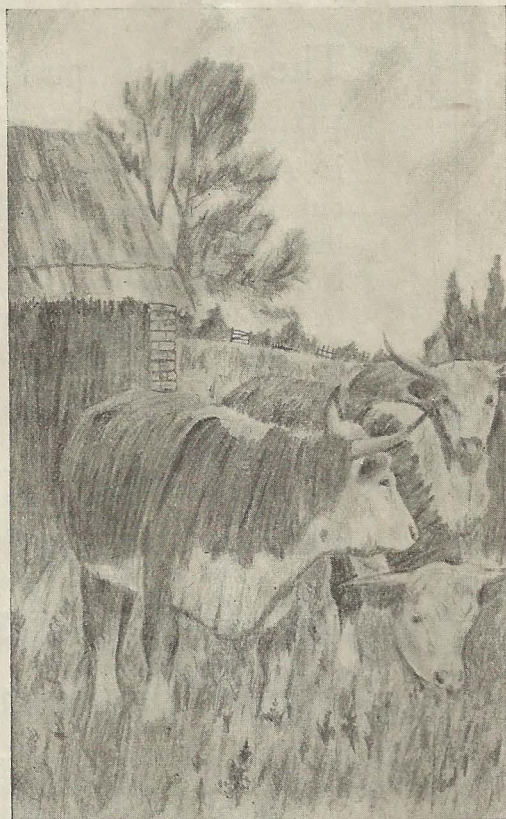
1. That each District Committee should be responsible for the development of handicrafts in its own district on any lines considered most suitable in view of local conditions, but that each L.A. girl in the district must be given the opportunity of participating in any scheme drawn up for making saleable articles.

The procedure to be followed in the Warwick District is outlined below, as it is felt that the suggestions contained in it might be helpful in other districts:—

1. Each Registrar is to arrange to meet the girls in her area and discuss with them what work they would care to do, if any, each girl being encouraged to follow her own bent—i.e., some girls may care for, and excel in, crochet work, some embroidery, some plain needlework, etc., etc.

2. Once the particular form of their work is decided upon by the girls themselves, the Registrar will guide them in the choice of designs, etc., so that all work done may be saleable.

3. To help in the carrying out of this plan Miss Jameson has very kindly consented to do the needful purchasing of material, and to suggest and help in the choosing of designs, etc., in cases



May Mansell, L.A.A.S.

Swan & Edgar's

are
CONCENTRATING ON MODES
for
PEACE CELEBRATIONS

Our DAY and EVENING GOWN DEPARTMENT is now under the new management of a lady who has a real genius for clothes, and who has under her control a staff of new and really clever fitters and workers, ready to copy to perfection, and at a very reasonable charge, any one of an array of lovely Paris models which are already the talk of London. Patrons requiring Evening and Restaurant Gowns and Theatre and Restaurant Coats are respectfully invited to pay us a visit.

We also have a wonderful selection of Evening Shoes, Silk Hose and Head Dresses to be worn with the Gowns.



"Jenny."

This chic creation in Georgette is designed for Afternoon or Evening wear. Bodice handsomely embroidered in wonderfully contrasting colours. New tight Skirt with accordion-pleated Tunic, embroidered at bottom with the same contrasting colour. Stockings in all the latest shades. 8½ Gns.

"Madge."

Another charming Evening GOWN in Silk Net over Satin. Bodice has square Neck, long Sleeves, and beaded trimming on front. Skirt has tight foundation of Satin with Net over, and side Panels of Net with beaded trimmings at bottom. Stocked in a large variety of colours. 8½ Gns.



"Anne"

Crepe-de-Chine GOWN, suitable for all figures, with new Apron Tunic front, neck embroidered contrasting shades of Floss Silk. Variety of the latest colours. S.W., W., O.S. 6½ Gns.

"Rosalie"

Georgette GOWN for Afternoon or Dinner wear, in charming shades, long revers and collar to bodice, finished at waist with coloured corded ribbon. All the latest colours. W., O.S. 6½ Gns.

Swan & Edgar, Ltd.

The Old-established and Increasingly Popular
West End House.

REGENT STREET and PICCADILLY, W.1

Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.

of difficulty. She will make the purchases of materials and send them to the Registrars, together with the account, and the Registrars will make their own arrangements with the girls about paying for them. In most cases the cost will be small, and the girls will probably buy the material outright, and in others they may pay by instalments; and again, in some cases, the Registrars have most kindly undertaken to advance the cost of the materials and deduct it when the article is sold.

Anyone in the county may apply to Miss Jameson for help.

4. In certain districts where the girls are not so scattered, the Registrars have most kindly suggested that the girls should meet and work at their houses at stated intervals, but in many cases this will be impracticable, as many of the girls are very far from the Registrars' homes. In these cases the girls should, at any rate, be communicated with about the scheme in detail, and if possible be given a chance of talking over the scheme with the Registrars.

5. After a sufficient interval has elapsed, a sale of work is to be held in Warwick, the profits of this sale (over and above the cost of the materials, if paid by the Registrars) to go to the girls who have made the articles. This will encourage competition among the girls and make them keen on the scheme, and all districts will be invited to send in the work their girls have been able to do.

This idea seems to me to solve very largely our great difficulty of bringing into any scheme for recreation the isolated girls on lonely farms, who are too far away to come into towns or villages for club meetings and entertainments. If they are able to work away at their own particular pet needlework or hobby, and then, when the article is finished, to send it into the sale of work, where every Land Army girl in the county will be represented, it will help them to feel that they really are live members of our big family and not solitary individuals working entirely on their own. So I hope that many counties will take up this scheme, or devise others equally useful and comprehensive.

One or two letters must be quoted, because I think you will find them interesting.

The National Home Reading Union is anxious that some of you girls should enjoy the advantages of becoming members of the Union and follow the instructive courses of reading suggested by them. The Courses this year include "Life in Palestine in Ancient and Modern Times"; "English Agriculture and Rural Life"; two Courses upon American subjects; Courses upon Art and Architecture; a continuation of last year's Course upon the "Home Life of our Allies," etc., all of which should be of considerable interest. The Secretary, 12 York Buildings, London, W.C.2, will gladly supply further information as to the work and methods to any one who is interested in reading.

The Secretary of the Scripture Gift Mission writes:—

"In your last issue you very kindly drew attention to the fact that the Scripture Gift Mission was willing to send a copy of a special edition of the New Testament, which has been prepared for the women of the Land Army.

"I have had a good many applications for the Testaments and have sent them, but I would like to, if possible, make the gift more widely known, and would be grateful if you would kindly insert this in your next issue.

"There is no charge for the Testament at all, but if any of the girls would like to pay the postage (one penny), we would be glad, but we do not make it a condition. The New Testament contains a letter from the King on Bible reading."

Honor Collins suggests that we might invite in our Correspondence Club discussions on various subjects of general interest to us all. She gives as an example: "Does an intimate knowledge of Nature tend to make her more attractive or otherwise?" I think this is a very excellent suggestion, and I shall be delighted if you will write letters to me on this subject. It can be attacked from many points of view, and it will be interesting to find out what the majority of you feel about it. We will publish extracts from your letters and then sum up the results of your various opinions.

THE SHOPPING CLUB.—I have made a great effort to persuade some of the excellent firms, whose advertisements appear in THE LANDSWOMAN, to advertise in this number small articles which shall be useful to those of you who wish to buy Christmas presents for your boys and your friends. I know what a trouble it is to some of you when you are far away from all shops, to know what to get and where to get it. I sincerely hope that these advertisements may help you and that you will take advantage of them. So many of you write to ask me to buy fountain pens for you that I am sure you will be pleased to see that Messrs. W. H. Smith can supply you with one for 5s. 6d. The Cleveland Manufacturing Company, whose announcements have been a regular feature in our advertising columns practically from the very first, and who are so pleased with the results that they have taken two pages in this issue, have carefully studied the needs of women landworkers and make a speciality of garments of utility, paying special attention to the parts which are subject to extra wear and tear, strengthening the pockets, seams, button-holes, etc. For instance, their farm smocks have double thicknesses of material on the shoulders, and in all cases minor refinements have been introduced which will be appreciated by the wearers.

A hot drink at night, after the round of the yards is finished, is indispensable to the landworker, and Caley's cocoa takes a lot of beating in that direction. One might write pages about



A special Xmas Gift Offering for "Him"

IN your Xmas parcel send "him" that useful and compact little gift, the service-giving W.H.S. Self-filling Fountain Pen.



For more than six years it has grown in public favour. Over a million in use to-day—each one proving its ability to go 100 per cent. better than its guarantee of two years' delightful pen-service.

To render the W.H.S. Self-filling Pen more useful, W. H. Smith & Son have introduced a new ink pellet which instantly dissolves in water. This means a ready supply of ink wherever he is.

The W.H.S. Ink Pellets, per tube, 6d.

Of your Stationer

If any difficulty, write direct to W. H. Smith & Son, Manufacturing Stationers, Kean St., Kingsway, W.C.2, London.

THE W.H.S. PEN
Model N°2

the many and various things advertised in this Christmas number, but I am sure it is unnecessary to draw your attention to them, for someone told me the other day that the wisely chosen advertisements in *THE LANDSWOMAN* were more useful to the girls than the Editorial part of the Magazine! That may be rather an exaggerated point of view. But I must say that we do our very best to get in those advertisements which will be of most use to you, and I am glad to know from several of our advertisers that you really do appreciate our efforts in that direction by making frequent applications for the goods which they advertise.

THE SEWING CLUB.—I am sure you will all be pleased to hear that the *Daily Sketch* has been kind enough to have a Land Army shirt specially drawn for us by their artist, paper patterns of which they will supply to any one writing to them at The Pattern Dept., The *Daily Sketch* Office, Shoe Lane, London, E.C., and enclosing 10d. Applicants should state whether 22, 24, or 28 inch waist size is required and ask for Pattern No. 1,1162.

The shirt was designed according to my instructions, so that it should be neat and warm round the neck, flat and not bungly under the overall, and long enough to tuck well into the breeches, keeping us warm and giving us a tidy waist line. I hope that



you will be pleased with it and set to work to make it. Anyone who does not understand paper patterns can send me their pattern and material, and I will willingly cut it out and explain how it goes together.

Landswoman Exchange Column

Wanted.—Someone to do some fine embroidery with filo floss on Japanese silk, at once.—Write, stating charge, to Box A, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath.

H. D. Collins, The Better 'Ole, Burnet, near Bristol, wants a pair of trench boots, size 6; must reach to knee and be water-right. If in good condition she will pay 30s. to 40s., but she wants to inspect them first.

M. Rowlands, Ivy Manor Farm, Capel Coch, Llangwyilog, Anglesey, N. Wales, wants a secondhand pair of high brown boots similar to those advertised in *THE LANDSWOMAN* by Messrs. Abbot & Sons, Ltd., size 5.

Mabel Collis, Malt House Farm, Cheriton, Alresford, Hants, wants a game of "Pit," which is unobtainable in the London shops.

The Editor will give 6d. each for clean copies of the January issue of *THE LANDSWOMAN*. Don't forget to send your name and address.

For sale, well-bred nanny goat. Full particulars on application to Selma Lutwidge, Holmrook Hall, Cumberland.

For sale, St. John's Ambulance cloak, nearly new, 25s., full size. Apply, Selma Lutwidge.

COMPETITIONS.—Never has any competition been so popular as the "Pets" one, the results of which appear in this issue. The photographs were all so charming that it was exceedingly difficult to pick out prizewinners. And as you will see, I could not resist printing lots of them which did not win prizes at all, but which were so fascinating that I thought you all would like to see them. I have sent five extra prizes of 1s. each, because a Land Army girl who is a great friend of mine gave me five shillings of her harvest money towards our prizes fund.

We are going to give our artists another chance this month, when I hope they will have more time than they had in the summer, and ask them to illustrate our prize stories published in this issue. This will give opportunities to all sorts of artistic talent—"Mr. Slippery Slime" for the humorists and "Anne in the Moonlight" for the landscape artist. Three prizes will also be given for the best and most entertaining programme for a village concert or entertainment, giving hints on how to get it up, and

TEST for yourself the charm and comfort of

"Viyella"

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A washing material that retains to the end its first good appearance is a boon to every woman, especially when that appearance is one as refined as that of "Viyella," the material that is at once healthy, comfortable and extremely durable, and which will not "felt up," shrink, or spoil in any way in the wash. Moreover, "Viyella" offers a wide range of artistic stripe patterns and plain colours to choose from, besides the ever popular plain cream, and, what is an equal advantage, it can be obtained in various weights suitable for all Seasons.

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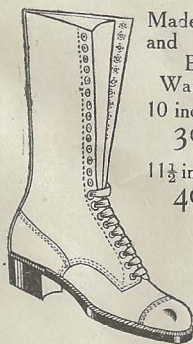
The grass hanging with wet, hedges dripping, and the ground cold and sodden with rain, all tell of the need of a strong waterproof boot. If wet penetrates the boot, cold feet will be the result, but keep the feet dry, and a comfortable glow will infuse the whole system.

The "MAYFLOWA" WARWORK BOOT is made on the same principle as the Officers' Field Service Boot, and is waterproof, comfortable, and serviceable.

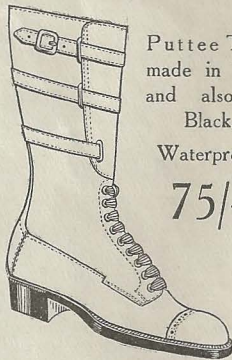
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Made in Tan, also in Black
(Waterproof) 13 inches high 55/-
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LADIES ENGAGED IN
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SHOULD WRITE FOR
A COPY OF OUR WAR
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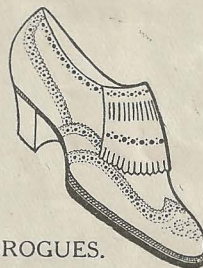


Made in Tan
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Black.
Waterproof.
10 inches high.
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Puttee Top,
made in Tan,
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Waterproof.

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Federation of Women's Institutes

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

The Women's Institutes Exhibition

THE Women's Institutes Exhibition which has just been held at Caxton Hall, from October 25th to 29th, has been a very striking proof of the success of the movement.

The Queen and Princess Mary visited the Exhibition on Saturday the 26th and purchased many articles from different stalls. Her Majesty's kindly sympathy made a deep impression on Institute members. Her gracious words of interest in the movement, representative of so many country people, will be repeated at Institute meetings in hundreds of villages.

Miss Alice Williams, the Honorary Secretary of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, organised the Exhibition with the idea that it would afford a meeting place for Institute members and give the country women an opportunity of showing the work they could do in food production and handicrafts. The Exhibition did all this and much more besides. There was a delightful gathering of country women ready to enjoy and profit by every item of interest on the programme.

Prizes were offered for different classes of cheese, butter, eggs, fresh vegetables and fruits, bread, cakes, jam, honey, pickles, bottled and dried fruits and vegetables, dried herbs, starch made from diseased potatoes, baskets, toys, labour-saving devices, articles made from waste, home-dyed garments, home-cured rabbit or mole skins, lace, needlework, knitted goods, essays on "Our Institute," "How to Plan the Work of a Six-Roomed Cottage for a Week," designs for original toys, stencil work, plan of a six-roomed cottage, best way of laying out a garden, etc. There was keen competition in the different classes. The quality of the cheese was excellent, and, according to the judge, showed that as a result of the establishment of Institutes cheese had been produced in districts which hitherto had not made this valuable food.

There were special exhibits and demonstrations from the Food Production Department of canned, bottled, and dried fruit and vegetables, which were in charge of the Department's Chief Instructor, Mrs. R. Candy, and were much appreciated.

The Royal Horticultural Society's Food Production Exhibit was of a very comprehensive and instructive nature. It was in charge of the Society's Special Representative, Mr. W. Stewart, N.D.Hort., who was in attendance daily to answer all inquiries on subjects of Food Production in the Garden.

The stalls represented 36 different counties, and a varied assortment of articles was to be found on each. Prizes were taken in the different classes by Institutes from Bedfordshire, Brecon, Berkshire, Bucks, Cambridgeshire, Cornwall, Derbyshire, Dorsetshire, Co. Durham, Essex, Gloucestershire, Hampshire, Hertfordshire, Kent, Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Northumberland, Northamptonshire, Nottinghamshire, counties represented by the North Wales Union, Oxfordshire, Shropshire, Somerset, Suffolk, Surrey, Sussex, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Wiltshire, Worcestershire. The prizes were presented by the Lady Denman, whose work for the movement during the past year has been rewarded by the increase in the number of the Institutes and by the increased activity of the older Institutes.

Banners were presented to the counties receiving the largest number of awards under selected classes.

When the Queen visited the Exhibition she was attended on her tour of inspection by representatives of the winning counties with their banners. The banners were made of red silk inscribed in gold, and added an attractive colour scheme to the procession.

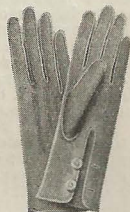
A brisk sale of goods was reported by those in charge of the stalls, and no doubt the money resulting will be received with gratitude by the makers of the goods. The educational benefits, direct and indirect, are of far greater importance.

On the opening day of the Exhibition the Rt. Hon. Rowland



Value & Quality in GLOVES

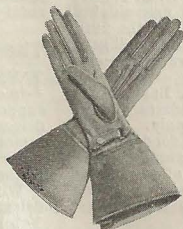
The leather used in the manufacture of these gloves is taken from the best parts of the skin thus insuring the highest perfection possible



2B. Real Gazelle, extra stout skins, in slate and brown, 11/6 and 14/6 per pair.



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Special Choice Tan Cape Leather Gauntlets. 24/6 per pair.



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Strong heavy Chamois Garden or House Gloves, in yellow, 3/11 per pair, as sketch. Another make, 2/11 per pair.



Lambskin Gauntlets, Cape palms, lined wool. 17/6 per pair.



2-dome fastener, best English Tan Cape. 7/11 per pair.

Value & Quality in STOCKINGS

These stockings are of the best possible manufacture and are of our usual high standard of quality



Special offer in all-wool Black Cashmere, 4/6 per pair; 6 pairs, 26/-.



Heavy Wool Sports Hose, in Heathers and assorted colours. 10/9 per pair.



Heavy Alloa Yarn Garden or Land Stockings, in Grey and Brown Mixture, specially made for Land wear. 10/6 per pair.



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All-wool Black and Colour Cashmere, best make for hard wear. 6/11 per pair.

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E. Prothero, M.V.O., M.P., President of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, gave an inspiring address on the "Possibilities of the Future of Women's Institutes," which gave the key-note to the proceedings and will prove a stimulus to the movement.

Miss Meriel Talbot, C.B.E., Director of the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, in a few happy words expressed her pleasure at the gathering and congratulated the members on the success of their work.

On Saturday, October 26th, the Rt. Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, D.B.E., Deputy Director of the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, gave a delightful address, in which she spoke of the wonderful success of the Exhibition, which she said was undoubtedly due to Miss Alice Williams.

Mrs. Lloyd George visited the Exhibition on Monday the 28th—Welsh Day—and in a few kindly words expressed her sympathy in the movement, which has taken deep root in her own mountain land. Deep regret was felt that the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P., President of the Board of Education, was unavoidably prevented from attending the Exhibition on Tuesday the 29th to speak on the Education Bill. This Bill has excited intelligent interest among Institute members, and there is a growing demand for speakers on the subject.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Laming Worthington Evans, Bart., M.P., Minister of Blockade, gave a most excellent address on the necessity of producing a big home-grown food supply. As the Institutes have hitherto concentrated on increased food production, his words fell on willing ears, and repeated assurances were given that Institute members would increase their efforts in this direction. Lady Baden-Powell got an enthusiastic reception when she came to explain the organisation of the Girl Guides' Association.

Miss Alice Williams's play, "Life's a Game of See-Saw," was performed each day to most appreciative audiences. This play has been written to explain what a Women's Institute is, and will be found most useful in propaganda work. A performance in every market town would create interest in the Institutes and stir up the desire for them.

"The Baby in the Ring," a pixie play by Miss Margaret MacNamara, of the Henfield Women's Institute, is a delightful little play, in which children take quite a prominent part. It is suitable for production at Institute gatherings, and will no doubt be acted in many villages.

Miss May Morris, who has been an active Institute worker since the introduction of the movement, gave one of her instructive addresses on "Village Arts and Crafts."

The English Folk Dance Society gave most charming illustrations of folk dancing. Mrs. Kennedy, the Hon. Sec. of the Society, took much trouble to make these demonstrations a success, and it is hoped a demand from Institutes for teachers of Morris and country dances will be the result.

Among other associations and people who contributed to the success of the Exhibition by demonstrations were:—

The Girl Guides' Associations.

Kent Land Army Girls.

Miss Crooke, Principal of the School of Basketry.

Mrs. Rolleston, "Decorative Stitchery."

Mrs. Malcolm, "Use of Carrageen Moss."

Miss Mildred Buck, "Needlework."

Mrs. Barrow, "Toy Making."

Mrs. MacKensie, "Use of Waste Material."

Mrs. Hawkey, "Standard Dress."

Miss Hickson, "Basket Making."

Mrs. Oake, "Boot Mending."

Mrs. Somers, "Soft Toy Making."

Mr. Padyham, "Tin and Wood Repairs."

Addresses on educational subjects were given by Mrs. Alfred Watt, Mrs. Gladstone Solomon, Mrs. Mark Kerr, Mr. Nugent Harris, Sir Edward Vincent Evans, Dr. Leonard Williams, Mrs. Arthur Phillip, Mr. Francis Hooper, Miss Katherine R. Gordon, and others.

Series of lectures arranged by Mrs. Alfred Watt were attended by crowded and most attentive audiences.

There is no doubt that Women's Institutes are significant of the part that organised women will take in the reconstruction of national life. The power of co-operative effort, when exercised by women of all classes joined together for no selfish aims, cannot be measured. The crowd of Londoners that thronged the Caxton Hall must have been struck by the friendliness that permeated the gathering. The natural bond between country and town was happily emphasised when at more than one stall the buyer remarked that she had come originally from the county represented, and a friendly chat ensued about a particular village known to both buyer and seller. Messages were given for old friends in the country and inquiries made about people who had sometimes long left the village named.

The Institute members were delighted with the Exhibition. They realised their connection with a big movement, and very often a bystander would hear the remark, "I wish all the members of the Institute could be here."

From the beginning to the end of the undertaking the utmost good humour prevailed: not a sign of bad temper was shown, a remarkable statement when we remember the hundred and one petty annoyances incidental to such an effort.

The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries may well be congratulated on its sagacity in promoting such humanising associations. We doubt if a Government Department has ever displayed such imagination and courage. The imagination to realise new ideas and courage to put them into action.

The apparent benefits of Women's Institutes are great and promote the material welfare of villages, but the unseen benefits that accrue from a contented, busy, rural population cannot be overestimated.

The country owes much to its womanhood for services rendered during the war. For a share in building up a newer, better country after the war the women must be responsible, and the very foundation of the rebuilding relies on the help of the women in rural England.

The Annual General Meeting, Oct. 24th, 1918

EVEN those who by watching the daily progress of the Institute movement know the loyal enthusiasm which it arouses in its supporters were pleasantly surprised at the readiness with which delegates elected to represent Institutes situated in the most remote parts of England and Wales, undertook long and (in these days) tiresome journeys to London in order to be present at the Annual General Meeting.

With the exception of the Executive Committee, none but delegates and visitors elected by Institutes were invited to attend. Yet by 10 a.m. some 500 people had assembled in the large Cathedral Hall, which was hired when it was found that the meeting had far outgrown the Caxton Hall.

The opening speeches of Miss Talbot, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, the Lady Denman, and Mrs. Alfred Watt were listened to with the greatest interest.

Miss Alice Williams, the popular organiser of the Great Exhibition, was received with great applause when she rose to read the year's financial statement.

The two chief items on the agenda were the consideration of the constitution and the election by ballot of the Executive Committee for the current year.

Mrs. H. G. Stobart moved the former, which was adopted—after a few amendments had been made—by a very large majority.

Thirty-three candidates had been nominated for election to the Executive Committee to fill fifteen vacancies.

The following were elected, the names being given in alphabetical order:—

Mrs. Lynn Allen.

The Lady Denman.

Mrs. Godfrey Drage.

The Hon. Mrs. Grant.

Miss Grace Hadow.

J. Nugent Harris, Esq.

Mrs. Huddart.

Miss Kingsmill.

Benita Lady Lees.

The Lady Isobel Margesson.

Mrs. P. Heron-Maxwell.

The Lady Petre.

Mrs. H. G. Stobart.

Mrs. Alfred Watt.

Miss Alice Williams.

The charge of the ballot-room and the counting of the votes was in professional hands, and it is a good augury of the care which woman will exercise at the polls that of the hundreds of ballot papers which were used only one was spoilt!

The following resolution on "Village Societies and Women's Institutes" was proposed by the Lady Petre, Thorndon W.I., seconded by Miss Gildea, Bradford Abbas W.I., and carried by a large majority:—

"That, in view of the recommendations by the Agricultural Policy Sub-Committee of the Cabinet Reconstruction Committee and of the accumulating evidence that efforts will be made to organise Village Clubs and Institutes consisting of men and women, the National Federation of Women's Institutes deprecates any action to alter the constitution of Women's Institutes, but would warmly advocate the furtherance of Men's Institutes, with powers to take joint action in all matters of public interest."

Mrs. Trenow, of Epping W.I., moved:—

"That the provision of a sufficient supply of convenient and sanitary houses being of vital importance to women in the country, County Federations and Women's Institutes are urged to bring pressure to bear upon their local councils to ensure that full advantage is taken in their districts of the Government scheme for State-aided Housing."

This strong resolution received practically unanimous support and was productive of some excellent speeches, noticeably that of Miss Kemble, Hammingfield W.I., who seconded.

The resolution "That the Federation of Women's Institutes shall give every assistance to the Women's Institute Toy Society," proposed by Mrs. Miller, was passed unanimously.

Mrs. Heron-Maxwell's business-like speech in moving the resolution "That Women's Institutes be urged to form co-



Two famous All Weather Coats for LANDSWOMEN

The "All British" Sportsman's Coat

FOR years this splendid model has been known to Farmers and Farmers' Wives as the most reliable and PRACTICAL garment obtainable for land wear. Tailored from a heavy double stout twill, it wears "like iron," and will defy even torrential downpours, and keep you dry and snug under all conditions. It is waterproofed by a secret process which we do not divulge. Such a coat is an absolute investment for every Landswoman, especially as we offer it at rock-bottom Factory price. This Coat really represents PRE-WAR VALUE at PRE-WAR PRICE. Here are full details of its style, quality and price.

READ THIS SPECIFICATION.

The texture of the "All British" Sportsman's Coat is a heavy double stout twill, precisely as that used, after the keenest tests by His Majesty's Government, in trench warfare.

PRICE

40/-

SIZES—

		LADIES:			
Sizes	...	1	2	3	4
Bust	...	34	36	38	40
Length	...	46	48	50	52

SEND FOR ONE
ON FOUR DAYS'
APPROVAL

Either of these Coats will be sent Carriage Paid to your door on the following terms: Remit the price of Coat with your application, and, if the Coat fails to completely satisfy you, return it within four days in the same condition as received and we will return your money in full. YOU risk nothing. We GUARANTEE to satisfy you.

If you prefer a lighter weight Coat

there is our special Landswoman's Lightweight Model of the "All British" Sportsman's Coat designed by us to meet the express needs of Landworkers who desire a fashionable coat which is thoroughly useful and dependable. This model retains many of the qualities of the original Sportsman's Coat in a lighter weight twill with several very practical features designed to give absolute freedom of movement under all conditions. For protection from torrential downpours, the heavier weight coat as above should be worn.

READ THE SPECIFICATION.

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. See illustration.

PRICE

37/6

STOCK SIZES—

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

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED LEAFLET POST FREE UPON APPLICATION

ERNEST DRAPER & CO. Ltd. (Dept. L.W.) "All British" Works
NORTHAMPTON

operative jam factories next year" was much appreciated, and the resolution was carried unanimously.

A further resolution of particular interest to Institutes and one also passed without a dissentient was that moved by Miss Elizabeth Robins, Henfield W.I., to the effect that the words "non-political" should be replaced by "non-party" on all official literature.

Lady Denman won the whole-hearted admiration of all those present by her capable chairmanship, exhibited both by the despatch with which she disposed of the items on a very full agenda and by her absolutely impartial ruling.

The announcement (made without their consent) that Lady Denman and Miss Williams had been re-elected to the Executive Committee at the head of the poll was received with a burst of spontaneous applause, and the vote of thanks to Lady Denman for her services as chairman was given standing.

The excitements of the General Meeting are now well over and those at Headquarters are settling once more into their workaday stride, heartened by the knowledge that they enjoy the full confidence of the Institutes which have again entrusted them with executive powers.

It is hoped to give extracts in the next issue of THE LANDSWOMAN from some of the speeches made at the General Meeting.

DEAR MEMBERS,—May I, through the medium of THE LANDSWOMAN, send you a few words of sincere and affectionate thanks for your valuable and delightful co-operation during the Exhibition week? It is impossible to send a full account in this month's issue, but I must just tell you how very much I have appreciated your interest and help. My love and best wishes to you all for Christmas.

A. W.

The Women's Institute play, "Life's a Game o' See-Saw," price 6d., also the W. I. song, "Daughters of Britain, Work with a Will," price 6d., may be obtained from Miss Alice Williams, 78, St. Mary's Mansions, London, W.

"The Baby in the Ring," a paxy play in one scene, for four women and ten children, may be obtained for 1s. from the author, Miss Macnamara Quin, Henfield, Sussex; postage extra.

The Problem of the Xmas Dinner— Xmas, 1918

CHRISTMAS is coming round once again after four years of war. Soldier sons or other members of the family who are hard at work all the year round may have been fortunate enough to secure a Christmas leave. They will like things to be as much like old times as possible.

The mother of the household, anxious to do her best for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne," will be faced with the problem of the Christmas dinner. Here are some suggestions to help her.

First comes soup. That is not a difficulty because, in spite of the shortage of meat, excellent stock can be made from the plentiful supplies of bacon available. The most economical way of treating bacon is to boil it in the piece, leave it in the water till cold, then skim off the fat, and use the liquor as stock. This, with the addition of vegetables—abundant in the country—and perhaps a few peas, beans or lentils, to make it more nutritious, will give an excellent soup.

PEA, BEAN OR LENTIL SOUP	
4 ozs. lentils, peas or beans.	1 small turnip.
3 pints stock or water.	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. fat.
2 ozs. onions.	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz. salt.
2 carrots.	Bayleaf and a bunch of herbs.

Soak the lentils, peas or beans in 1 pint of cold water for 24 hours. Peel the onion and chop it finely. Wash and scrape the carrots and peel the turnip and cut them into small pieces. Melt the fat, and when quite hot fry the onion a golden brown. Add the lentils, turnip and carrot, and stir until the fat is absorbed, then add the remaining quart of stock or water, salt and pepper, a bayleaf and a bunch of mixed herbs tied in a muslin so as to be removed easily before serving. Bring to the boil and simmer gently for about 2 hours. Pass through a wire sieve, add a little more salt and pepper if necessary, reheat and serve.

Note.—2 ozs. of fat bacon cut into cubes, instead of the $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of fat, would be an improvement.

In order to economise in firing, peafour may be used instead of peas, beans or lentils in the same proportions. In this case a little finely chopped mint is an improvement to the flavour.

Instead of the above soup a barley broth might be served.

If a turkey is not desired and cannot be procured, there is the fowl, an excellent substitute. One of the nicest ways of preparing a fowl is to stuff it and braise it. This is a most economical method because the cooking can be done on the top of the stove or gas-fire and the oven need not be specially heated.

Prepare a stuffing similar to that used with turkey. Cooked rice may be substituted for breadcrumbs, and a little chopped, cooked bacon is an excellent addition. Stuff the chicken and tie it into shape. Fry a few vegetables in a stewpan or casserole, and when they are a golden brown lay the chicken breast downwards on them. Add about 1 pint of stock. Cover the chicken with a sheet of greased paper, put the lid on the pan, cook for about an hour, shaking the pan occasionally. Remove the skewers and string. Place the chicken on a hot dish. Season the gravy and serve.

For those who cannot obtain a chicken a piece of beefsteak, well beaten, stuffed with turkey stuffing, tied up and cooked in the same way as the chicken, will be a delicious alternative.

Potatoes baked in their jackets in the ashes under the fire are delicious with either the chicken or the turkey.

Here is an excellent Christmas pudding made from ingredients easily procurable. One word of warning—it will not keep as long as the pre-war pudding, and it is better not to make it earlier than one week before Christmas.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

3 ozs. breadcrumbs.
3 ozs. flour.
2 ozs. suet.
2 ozs. grated raw carrot.
2 ozs. grated raw potato.
3 ozs. <i>glace</i> carrot (chopped).
3 ozs. <i>glace</i> beetroot (chopped).
3 ozs. chopped, dried apple.
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. mixed peel (chopped).
4 ozs. sugar.
2 dried eggs (soaked).
2 tablespoonfuls milk.
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful mixed spice.
Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon.
1 teaspoonful caramel or browning.

Method.

Mix all the dry ingredients together. Beat the soaked egg and milk together and add it to the dry ingredients, beating thoroughly. Lastly add the lemon juice and rind and caramel. Mix well. Put the mixture into a greased basin and cover with greased paper.

Steam for 4 hours.

There may even be mince pies to end this dinner, and here is an excellent mincemeat which can be used for filling a simple short crust pastry.

MINCEMEAT.

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. grated raw carrot.	4 ozs. suet (chopped).
4 ozs. dried apples.	4 ozs. any dark coloured jam.
12 ozs. fresh apples.	2 lemons (rind and juice).
4 ozs. <i>glace</i> carrot.	2 teaspoonfuls mixed spice.
4 ozs. <i>glace</i> beetroot.	2 ozs. sugar.
2 ozs. mixed peel.	

Method.

Peel and chop the apples. Cut up the dried apple, carrot, beetroot and mixed peel finely.

Mix all ingredients well together, press the mixture into clean, dry jars and tie down tightly.

The Christmas pudding need not be abandoned because of the lack of dried fruit, although a little is shortly to be released which should help towards it. So long as there are carrots and beetroots that difficulty can be overcome. Save 1 lb. from your sugar ration before Christmas and make your own dried fruit in this way:—

GLACE CARROT AND BEETROOT.
(To use in Cakes and Puddings instead of Fruit.)
1 lb. cooked carrots or beetroot
(with peel removed).

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar.
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. corn syrup.
$\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water.
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful citric acid.

Method.

First Day.—Bring the water, acid, sugar and syrup to the boil. Add the carrots, cut into slices about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in thickness. Boil gently for about 15 minutes. Leave in the syrup for 24 hours.

Second Day.—Bring all to the boil again to cook gently for another 15 minutes and leave for 24 hours.

Third Day.—Repeat the boiling for 15 minutes. The syrup should then be as thick as golden syrup. If necessary boil for a few minutes longer. Remove the pieces of carrot from the syrup by means of a fork, then place them on a cake wire or a wire sieve to drain in a warm place for a few hours. Pack away in a tin.

Note.—The syrup which drains from the fruit recrystallises and can be used in cooking. The sieve or tray must be placed over a clean plate to catch the syrup.

Yorks, N. Riding

WE regret to announce the death of Miss Emily Cowman, the instructress at Burmeston Training Centre, Bedale, and formerly of "The Coaches," Northallerton. Pneumonia set in after a sharp attack of influenza, and before we realised it Miss Cowman had passed away.

Never before had the tiny village of Burmeston witnessed such an impressive scene when the interment took place. A small procession slowly wended its way along a country lane to the pretty little church; twelve Landworkers, bearing beautiful wreaths, paid their last tribute to their loved instructress. Eight acted as bearers and laid her in her last resting-place.

It is difficult to realise that her bright, cheery smile will greet us no more. We shall ever remember her as one of the pioneers amongst women farm workers. In the early days of the war Miss Cowman offered herself for training on the land. She took up work in Cornwall and Hampshire and threw herself zealously into the strenuous life, and showed always unflagging energy and zeal in her work.

Her parents and friends are asked to accept the sympathy of the Women's Branch and of the North Riding Women's War Agricultural Committee, who greatly appreciate all that Miss Cowman did for her country.

M. DAVIES, County Organiser.

GAMAGES XMAS PRESENTS FOR THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

Men's Pure Wool Knitted Cardigans

in Khaki, Brown. Scotch make of soft warm yarns. The finest woollen jacket made. Suitable for either officers or men.

Price **17/6**
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Ribbed Wool Cardigans

Scotch make, medium weight in Camel Hair and Lovat Mixtures. Soft, light, and warm.

Price **21/-**
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Heavy Ribbed Knitted Jackets

in Dark Navy Blue. An ideal service coat. Of soft yarn.

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Pure Wool Cardigan Coats

in good shade of dark Heather Mixtures, with pockets. An ideal coat for motoring, golf or allotment wear. Super Scotch make.

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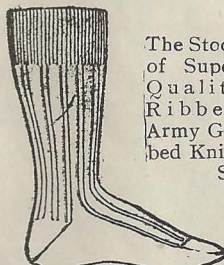
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180 dozen Men's Super Quality Real Scotch Knit Khaki Service Gloves. Seamless and long wrists.

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Quantity of Men's Knitted Gloves in Dark Navy Blue. Super quality. Most suitable for our Sea Services

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The Stock of Super Quality Ribbed Army Grey and Dark Slate Ribbed Knit Fingering **Half Hose.** Seamless, full size.

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3 ESSENTIALS for LADIES WORKING ON THE LAND.



"CHILLILINE"

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

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ROUGHNESS OF SKIN, ETC.

It softens and improves the Hands, Face and Skin. Free from stickiness or grease.

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Tubes 6d., 1/- or 1/6
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The above are sold by leading Chemists and Stores, or sent direct on receipt of stamps by

OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN
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Competitions

When I First put this Uniform on First Prize

WHEN I first put this uniform on,
I said, as I looked in the glass,
That I was ridiculous,
Much too conspicuous,
My figure's not made for a Lass.
Now my legs feel so easy and free,
I'm as happy as happy can be,
For the breeches and smocks,
More than gayest silk frocks,
Are pleasant for all eyes to see.
This should be insisted upon
When recruits put the uniform on.

They said when they got us to join :
" It is time that each girl did her bit,
By combining duty
Together with beauty
And putting on Land Army kit."
All can see that to work in a skirt
Is to gather up masses of dirt,
But the leggings and breeches
And smock that just reaches
To knee, why no weather can hurt.
And all figures this uniform suits—
A fact they should tell their recruits.
W. O.



Potato Gang at Puttingham. In less than 6 weeks picked
100 Acres of Potatoes

Second Prize

LIST to the voice of the Land Girl
Telling of what she has done,
When she put on her new boots and leggings
And found it was not all such fun.

Of course, there were other things with them,
An overall, snowy and trim,
To say nothing of corduroy breeches,
And a hat with a bendable brim.



Ringmer Dépôt, E. Sussex

Upstairs in the gloom of her chamber
She dons them, those wonderful things,
And as she reflects in the mirror
Her heart with glad joyousness sings.
She is sure she will never be sorry
For wearing such garments as these ;
But, alas, for her pride in appearance,
She has yet to be brought to her knees.

Next day at the long dining table
There were visitors, two of them, there :
One was the farmer's fine brother,
The other, a young minister fair.

I must tell you some more of the family,
There were Herbert, and Willie, aged
five,
Two very enjoyable brothers,
Both as sharp as a well-polished scythe.

The dinner was nicely progressing,
The talk flowing easy and free,
When, " Miss Walker's a man ! " shouted
Willie.

" I'm off under the table to see."

Imagine the poor blushing Land Girl,
Her heart is quite robbed of its joy.
How she *hates* the old breeches and
leggings,
All because of that mischievous boy.

Could you have looked happy, I ask you,
With a boy who was " going to see " ?
And what made it a thousand times harder,
That poor blushing Land Girl was ME.

PHILLIPA WALKER.

NOTICE

SOME members of the Land Army have travelled by railway without a voucher and without the permission of the County Secretary, or anyone in authority.

The attention of members of the Land Army is called to the fact that the Department will not pay these fares, and that the railway companies are authorised to take the usual proceedings against any L.A.A.G. who travels without a voucher or without paying her own fare.



**NO, MADAM, THEY WON'T SHRINK,
IF YOU USE LUX**

STOCKINGS are too expensive nowadays for any risk to be taken of their being spoiled in the wash. There is no risk if Lux is used, as hosiery washed with Lux will not shrink, will last longer, and is always comfortable to wear.

Silk or mercerised stockings retain their soft shapeliness and sheen, cashmere and woollen hose do not become harsh and shrunken when washed in the creamy Lux lather, for Lux dispels dirt without rubbing. Use Lux for washing laces or linens, blouses or blankets. They will look better and last longer.



WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS.

**Packets (two sizes) may be
obtained everywhere.**

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

Lx 153-26

The W.L.A.

THERE'S a new-fashioned Miss,
In a new-fashioned dress,
Who is doing man's old-fashioned work;
Amongst rakes, hoes and ploughs,
Pigs, chickens and cows,
Her duty she'll rarely shirk.

She made or sold gowns,
Last year in the towns,
Or worked at the laundry or mill.
From the fact'ry she's come,
From the bright, happy home,
From office and cash desk or till.

Now she's chopping down trees,
Planting wheat, beans or peas,
To set a man free for the fight:
Though her limbs often ache,
She has made no mistake,
She is doing the thing that is right.

Her face once so white,
Is now merry and bright,
And she looks so decidedly fit,
That I love every curl
Of the new-fashioned girl
Who is faithfully doing her bit.

K. H.

The Nursery Girls

I AM sure all Land Girls can imagine how forlorn and desolate we felt when we heard we were leaving the green fields and beautiful open country behind, and entering the nasty hot green-houses; but on being told that the fruit crops had failed, and tomatoes and cucumbers were in great demand, not only by ourselves but by the Tommies, we stuck to the good old Land Army motto, "Stick it if it kills!"

There is a good number of us, and the cucumber season having terminated we are at present engaged in clearing out the houses, and becoming well acquainted with frogs, spiders, worms, etc.—all very exciting.

I might say that on the whole we have a very jolly time. We have a large club room, where there is everything we can wish for in the way of amusement.

One evening per week a dancing class is being held, and I am sure by the time we have finished we shall be well able to compete with Pavlova.

Another evening is being set aside for gymnastics, just to keep our muscles in good form, so that we shall be able to cope with any difficulties that may arise on returning to a farm; this life being very inactive.

Girls can also come to read, or write letters, or amuse themselves in a quieter way, as all kinds of table games are provided.

We have a Committee, consisting of about 12 girls, who meet one evening during the week to discuss anything that might possibly crop up during the week.

Occasionally we have a concert for Land Girls' friends, and it is surprising to see what a great number of talented artists we possess.

We have now started a club fund. Every member will contribute a small sum each week, so that any member having trouble at home, and not the means to get there, will receive help from the fund.

All the girls at the club are very happy and jolly: girls who continually say they are "fed up" we have no time for, but I do not think that we now have any of these girls to contend with.

I had almost forgotten our football team. We have a gorgeous ball and a real live man to coach us.

In concluding, might I mention our Welfare officers. No one could have done more or worked harder for us. After their work ours seemed simple enough, but we are all doing our utmost to repay them for their many kindnesses and thoughtfulness, and to uphold the dignity and honour of the Women's Land Army.

77, Mandeville Road,
Enfield Wash, Middlesex.

J. M. CLARK.



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DIPLOMA
FISHERIES
EXHIBITION,
1883.

Will WATERPROOF, SOFTEN, and PRESERVE
WALKING, FISHING, SHOOTING, and GOLFING BOOTS,
rendering them impervious to the wet, preventing cold and
damp feet; also HARNESS HOSE, etc.

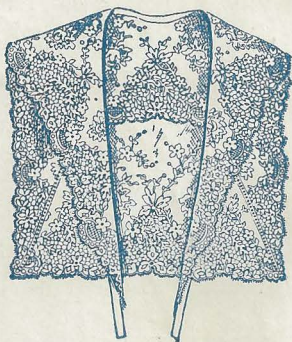
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Effective large Sailor Collar and knot tie, hemstitched. Trimmed contrast colours.



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Smartly-cut Frock in Genuine Tricoline, hemstitched lapels and cuffs, suitable for morning and afternoon wear.



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Handsome and effective Gown in Genuine Tricoline, new cut sleeve, hand embroidered and smocked.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

All readers of the "Landswoman" will find this page helpful in the selection of really useful and inexpensive Xmas Gifts.

The Blouse, Frock and Gown here illustrated are all well made in **Genuine** Tricoline, excellently finished and of exclusive designs. Made in Saxe, Mole, Brown, Bottle, Black and other colours. When ordering please send full particulars of size and shade required.

The lace collars shown above are made from Genuine French Lace, and are unique for their daintiness and beauty of designs.

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