

THE LANDSWOMAN

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

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"Save the Harvest!"

An Urgent Call to Brave Women.

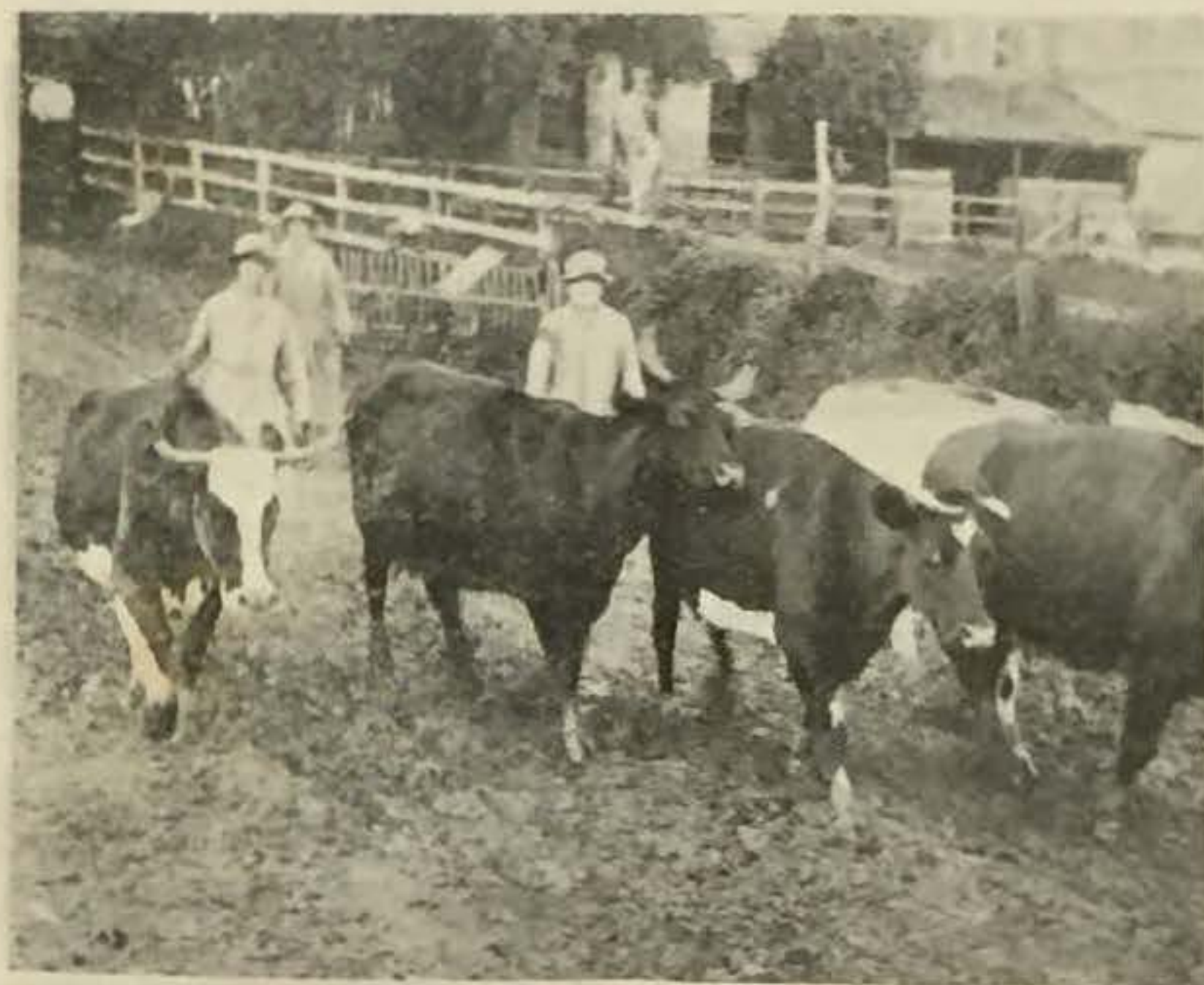
NO soldier can now be spared from France. The harvest, which alone can save us from defeat, is in the hands of our women.

To every able-bodied woman in the land who is idle, or who is doing merely decorative work, or who thinks she is serving her country by doing half a day's polite toil in a comfortable hospital, or who is satisfied with two hours of swab-making in the afternoon at her own house, the call comes for sacrifice, for a resurrection from pretence and selfishness, for an effort real, genuine and essential.

The fields are sown. The blade is showing.

There is a promise of life from one end of England to the other. But the precious grain will wither on the stalk, and the straw will rot in the ground, unless there are 30,000 women in England, ready to leave their homes, and give themselves with an utter devotion to the service of their country.

It is up to the women of England to show the Germans that there is such stuff in this nation that not all the guile and cunning of their statesmen, not all the atrocities of their soldiers, and not all the ruthlessness of their Gothas and U-boats can hope to bring us to our knees. Thirty thousand women can save us.



The Land Army at Work.

The Best Woman in the World.

An Interview with Lord Leverhulme.

AN American said to me the other day that Lord Leverhulme was one of the most remarkable men in the world. "But surely," I objected, "there are several Leverhulmes in America!"

"No, sir," he made answer. "In my country all the big concerns are run by groups of men. Now, Lord Leverhulme is a one-man proposition. He has created a mighty big thing, no one pushing him along. There's nothing like him in America."

The pleasant fact about this matter is that Lord Leverhulme has an excellent supply of the oil of human gladness in his heart. He is one of the most cheerful men you could meet, and thoroughly detached from the cares of business. He is something of a dreamer, and certainly lives in the idea of what is to come and what is to do, rather than in the satisfaction of his accomplishment. He is of the order of creative minds. To make money has never been one of his ends. He has never sought the love or gratitude of men, never laid himself out to be taken for a philanthropist. Hard as nails, and strung like wire, with absolute common-sense, this rather solitary man has pursued creation like a goddess, toiling for her, toiling after her, his satisfaction in the pursuit, and what men may think of him a matter of indifference. He is a most companionable man, and in his best moments I know of no more suggestive talker.

What does this creative mind think of women, and what, in particular, of the Land Lasses?

I asked him the other day if he thought we should get the extra 30,000 women so urgently needed to save the harvest.

"Get them!" he exclaimed; "of course you'll get them. Why, what do you mean, that the Englishwomen are not such good patriots as the Germans? On the contrary, the Englishwoman is a far better patriot than the Englishman! I don't think you often come across Little Englanders among women, or of Pacifists who would bow the knee to the Baal of Berlin: women have too much imagination for that kind of thing. Then, you must remember, that in every woman there is the maternal instinct—the instinct to guard, to protect, to save. This instinct in times of great national crises is turned to their country. Their country becomes, as it were, a babe at their breast. The whole mother in them cries out to save their country from danger. This Divine instinct makes them more fiery in their patriotism than men. They have the stuff of martyrs in them. They'd die for their country. They'd fling themselves on Prussian bayonets to protect their island from invasion. Think of what our women have done in this war! And they are not the dull household chattels you find in Germany. They are emancipated women, inured to discipline, conscious of their rights, inclined to regard life as a great adventure, full of good spirits and lightheartedness. But these women have blazed up. They've done perfectly magnificent things. They've undertaken work few people imagined that women could do, and they've done it successfully. Get these

30,000 women for the land? Of course you'll get them. Your only problem will be organising this supply of women, using it to the best advantage. That's your problem."

I told him something of the work already accomplished in this direction by Miss Meriel Talbot, and he was delighted to know that women are so brilliantly handling the difficult work of organisation.

"The Germans," he said, "can't beat us while we've got such women as these. I've often told you how I see this matter. It's a tug o' war between two characters. At one end of the rope is the disciplined and docile German, representing slavery in its most perfect mechanical form: at the other is the free Anglo-Saxon character, which loves liberty and believes in good faith. Which ever side wins pulls the whole world over with him. If the Germans win, we shall all be slaves—the whole lot of us: we shall be as completely under the Prussian tyranny as the working men of Germany are. But if we win, then we give liberty to all—including the Germans. Isn't it worth a pull, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether? Our women have seen this. They're pulling their weight on the rope. They'll have the Germans over, you see if they don't."

"You have no doubt of the end?"

"Have you?"

"Sometimes I have been tempted to wonder whether we couldn't negotiate a peace which would leave us with the economic welfare so surely in our hand that we could bring the German nation to reason."

"Ask the Land Lasses what they think of the idea! You'll find that they will tell you there's only one possible end to this fight—we've got to lick the German. Don't let us be afraid of words. We've got to lick him. We've got to make him cry out that he's hurt. We've got to make him sorry he ever started this business. We've got to hold him down till he asks us for peace. We've got to give him mercy, we've got to give him leave to live. He has challenged the honour of men and the decencies of civilised life: it's our right to dictate to him what shall be his place in the world. I'm quite certain of this, you'll find precious few women in England who don't realise that we have got to beat the German. It's the mother in them—the mother roused to tremendous realisation of danger because her babe is threatened. The women of England who are driving motor tractors in all winds and weathers have this thought in their hearts, consciously or unconsciously, the thought that England needs them, the thought that they can protect England, the thought that life wouldn't be worth living if England died. I've always been a believer in the character of the Englishwoman, and now this war has proved that she's the best woman in the world. When our soldiers come home there'll be wives worthy of them, and the future race will be ten thousand times stronger for this ordeal by battle."

"What's the Matter with Pigs?"

YOU other girls in this Army all seem to love your cows and horses, but isn't there anyone of you that has an affection for pigs? I notice that no one ever says anything about pigs, and it almost grieves me, because I "adore" pigs—I think they are such intelligent creatures. For seven months, amongst other things, I had to feed and "muck out" nearly eighty pigs. They ranged from the smallest to the largest, and all pure-bred. Of course, the tiny ones—just about a week old, were the dearest—they were absolutely priceless—and as I watched them grow up I loved them more and more. There was one family in a sty to itself that was really worthy of note. I think there were only seven of them, but they were "some" pigs. They got to know me as well as

could be, and were so clean, it was a pleasure to clean their sty, because they seemed to take such care of it. They would stand upon their hind legs and poke their heads over the side of the sty, and I would stay and talk to them, and they understood all I said, and talked to me with their bright beady eyes. I would rub their funny wee noses, that

feel like indiarubber, and even risk a finger being chewed—but their teeth are sharp!

Sad to relate, the largest of the family one day thought he would like to see what the end of his brothers' and sisters' tails tasted like, and he chased them round and round the sty, biting them, until he had them all with bleeding tails—very pathetic, wee animals—he even bit two tails half off—so there were two tails that will never curl! Sad, but true.

A neighbouring farmer told me to get a piece of lard in my hand and catch each pig by the tail, so that their tails were smeared with lard, and that by doing so I should stop the cannibal desires of the largest member of this family. So I did that, and, funnily enough, no more tails were meddled with.

I had a lame one who would practically tell me whereabouts she wanted her trough put, and would also intimate that she required me to stay

whilst she fed, to tip the trough up when she got near the bottom, as she couldn't stand to "clean up."

The whole lot of them used to ask to be let out into the yard each morning, and quite got to know when it was their turn, and they always came back to their own sty.

However, I left all my pigs, and I'm now with the motor plough. But the other day I went into the pig-sty at the farmstead I was at, and I saw the most lovely family of pure-bred Berkshires. They were just a week old, and so lovely and fat and silky. As I read in this month's magazine so much about cows and horses, I thought it was time something was said about the old "Jacky pigs"; and I feel sure that somewhere else in the country there's another L.A.A.S. who has, like

me, a really and truly violent affection for a dear old pig.



Pig-Keeping in War Time

TONNAGE for the importation of concentrated feeding-stuffs is short cereals are badly wanted for human food; and the home supply of milling offals has been reduced. First call on such feeding-stuffs as are avail-

able must be reserved for working horses, and cows producing milk for human consumption. The supplies then remaining make it quite impossible for pig-keeping to be conducted on the lines and in the manner followed in the past. For the present, pigs must rely chiefly on small and damaged potatoes, green forage, and waste materials.

The Ministry of Food have now announced (March 21st, 1918) that they have extended the Cattle Feeding Stuffs (Priority Supply) Order, 1918, to include pigs, and that certificates will be granted enabling owners of the following classes of pig stock to order concentrated feeding stuffs up to the maxima stated below:—

	Per day.
Breeding sows	4 lb.
Store pigs	1½ lb.

In granting certificates the amount of feeding stuffs in the possession of the applicant will be considered, and in the case of sows and pigs no

guarantee can be given that certificates can be granted for the continuance of supplies at this rate during the summer months. Applications for these certificates should be made in all cases to the Live Stock Commissioner for the area of the applicant, from whom the necessary form of application can be obtained.

In its natural state the pig finds the whole of its living out of doors, feeding on all that it can get in the woods and fields. Domestic breeds have been developed for indoor feeding, but many successful pig-keepers maintain herds mainly in the open, and there can be no doubt that this system of management should be widely adopted at the present time. For a while at least the nation must forego fat pork and fat bacon and be content with the leaner and more slowly matured meat produced under natural conditions.

It is urgently necessary that no effort should be spared to secure the greatest amount of pork possible under existing conditions, and it is, therefore, the patriotic duty of everybody, so far as circumstances permit, townsman as well as countryman, to contribute his share to this object.

For the guidance of the allotment holder or the owner of a fair-sized garden who wishes, either alone or together with others, to keep a pig, in order to make the very most of surplus produce of the garden and of household waste, a few introductory paragraphs on the selection of the pig, on housing, &c., are here included.

The small pig-keeper will do well to pay special attention to the following conditions, which will largely affect the success of his operations:—

The essential conditions are:—

- (1) Selection of suitable type of pig.
- (2) Cheap but weather-proof sty with adequate ventilation.
- (3) Regular and sufficient feeding.
- (4) Systematic collection of house refuse to cheapen cost of upkeep.
- (5) Plentiful supply of vegetable matter.

Type of Pig.—The small pig-keeper should select a pig of an early maturing breed, such as the Middle White or its crosses. *This is important.* Pork, rather than bacon, should be the aim.

For making into pork, other breeds, such as the Berkshire, Large White, Large Black, Lincolnshire Curly Coated and Gloucestershire Old Spots, are preferred by many pig-keepers, but the offspring of any good quality sow of local breed crossed with one or other of the breeds referred to will generally answer the purpose.

A start should be made with a pig of about eight to twelve weeks old. An extra shilling or two spent in a good pig will be amply repaid. It must be an animal with a vigorous constitution—a greedy, lusty fellow, active on his legs, lengthy and round in shape.

Housing.—No elaborate structure is necessary. The main essentials are comfortable and clean conditions, with a dry bed, suitable ventilation, and the absence of draughts. The foundation must be dry, and the sty should, if possible, face the south. In the higher parts of the walls openings should be provided through which the passage of

air may be easily regulated. A cheap wooden erection would serve, or the walls may be built of brick or concrete, or wood on a brick foundation, and the building may often take the form of a lean-to. It should be high enough to obviate all difficulty in cleaning out. A roof of wood covered with thick tarred felt will suffice to keep out cold and wet. The floor is the most important part of the sty. Concrete is the most suitable material from a sanitary point of view. This should be left rough, to afford a foothold. Part of the floor, sufficient to provide bed accommodation for the pig, should be covered with a movable wooden platform, as direct contact with concrete in the sleeping quarters is apt to induce "rickets." Hard bricks set on edge also make a good floor. To ensure drainage the floor should slope gently to the front of the sty. The drainage should not be wasted, but should pass into some convenient receptacle, or into a sunk dung-pit for use in the garden with the pig's manure.

Bedding.—Where straw is not available, sawdust, dried bracken, grass and leaves make thoroughly efficient bedding. Every effort should be made to provide an abundant supply, especially in cold weather.

Collection of House Refuse.—Householders who are unable to keep pigs may assist by putting aside edible waste material for the feeding of pigs belonging to other people. Where a number of people, either individually or in combination—e.g., a group of allotment holders, erect a piggery, a trolley would be the best means for collection. The garden and kitchen will supply a considerable proportion of the animal's food. Refuse from butchers, poulterers, fishmongers,* fruiterers, greengrocers, dairies, hotels, boarding-houses and other dwelling-houses, can similarly be turned into valuable meat. The necessary organisation and collection of waste material might well be undertaken by public bodies or by local corps of women or boys as voluntary war work.

The refuse should be collected and used while fresh and sweet, and if it can be boiled or steamed first, all the better. Excess fat should be skimmed off.

Dish-water or other refuse should not be used if it contains washing soda or salt, either of which, if given in excess, is injurious to the animal's health.

Feeding.—For several weeks after weaning the pig should receive its food in a moderately sloppy condition, slightly warm if the weather is cold. The food may consist of kitchen waste boiled into soup, if practicable. A little coconut cake (soaked overnight), or sharps, or dried blood may be added, if available. Palm kernel cake meal may also be introduced when the pig is about twelve weeks old.

The young pig should be fed regularly three times a day, the food being gradually increased, as much being given at each meal as the pig will readily clear up.

It is necessary that vegetable food should form the chief part of the diet at all seasons. Young grass from the wayside, weeds from the garden, and similar material will all be picked over by a young growing pig.

*Care should be taken that fishmongers' refuse is free from bones.

Our Recruiting Rally at Hyde Park.

ANYONE in London on Saturday needing a lesson in the art of smiling should have come along with us Land Army girls all the way from Victoria Street to Hyde Park. You know that—

"If you smile
Another smiles,
And soon there's miles
And miles of smiles
Because you smile."

Well, it was just like that—"Miles and miles of smiles!"

They began when we were all massing for the

Thereabouts began those "miles of smiles" from little, quiet, friendly ones to great shouts—that go with wavings of hats and handkerchiefs and umbrellas—and they never ceased till we said good-bye to them at the end of the day.

We met with them everywhere—on the very tip-top roofs of London shops, when smiling shop-girls gathered, at every window, doorway and street refuge, even on the faces of our friends the police.

And our chums brought up that morning from the country seemed to increase this general sunniness



1. The Choir sing: "The Farmer's Boy."

3. The Lamb has its bottle.

2. The Procession in Oxford Street.

4. Feeding the Ducks off the Tottenham Court Road.

march in Palace Street; the high-souled white duck of Mrs. Hughes started them off, when it was discovered that, at great personal inconvenience, she had still contrived to lay her *daily* egg that morning—in the train!

So many smiles flickered up and down the ranks while banners were given out, primroses distributed, cockades and literature handed round, that the weather caught the infection and threw us a smile or two on its own account. Then the band struck up and away we went, 200 strong, headed by our splendid standard-bearer, carrying the Union Jack.

—two long-legged, serious-minded lambs, two dignified matrons of the henroost, the famous and indomitable white duck and her spouse, a sad-eyed rabbit, and everybody's friend—Mr. Dog.

The same cheerful greeting was given to our two great straw-wagons, veiled with blossoming boughs and starred with daffodils, and their big, gentle horses. The Recruiting Car that brought up the rear carrying those precious people from Olympus—the Staff—and decorated with enormous rosettes of red and green, was a splendid finish, we felt, to a procession of which we were very proud.

THE LANDSWOMAN

Up grey old Victoria Street we went, by Whitehall with its tragic memories, along the Haymarket, then through the shopping centres of Regent Street and Oxford Street, we—in our smocks and breeches, boots and leggings—feeling indeed an army in a strange land. But the London girls, by their friendly smiles and merry greetings, whisked away that sensation in a moment and made us welcome there.

We halted for lunch at the big building in Tottenham Court Road, the Headquarters of the Y.M.C.A., where more smiles awaited us, willing waitresses who raced to and fro to get us all fed, and very well fed too, in the time allowed.

Lunch over, we reassembled and marched straight up Oxford Street, band and banners, wagons and all, to Hyde Park, which we entered by the Marble Arch corner, escorted by a huge crowd.

Here the procession dispersed and the position of the wagons was settled. One became a platform for the speakers; the other, filled with singers in L.A. smocks, who, in the intervals between the speeches, sang to the listening crowds land songs old and new.

But we Land Army girls might not stand and listen, tempting though the sweet sounds were. We were out for recruits, thousands of them, and we knew it.

Laden with our literature we went to and fro in the crowd, explaining, exhorting, entreating, and every now and again leading off a recruit in triumph to the Church Army Hut at the corner.

Meanwhile the Hon. Mrs. Lyttleton had been speaking to a deeply interested audience, addressing the women among them, urging and inspiring them to answer the call—"30,000 girls wanted, meant 10,000 a month for our three months' recruiting," she reminded them. Next came a farmer man from the North, much in earnest and very eloquent, and then one of us, very proud of being L.A.A.S., and anxious to get others to join.

After the little ceremony of presenting the duck's egg laid in the train that morning to a representative from the munition girls at Woolwich Arsenal the meeting was finally dispersed by all present joining in "God save the King." As we all went homeward, tired but happy, we felt that our London sisters could no longer say to us—"Why didn't you tell me I was needed?" I never knew."

M. B. P.

Our Club Page

DEAR GIRLS,—I want, first of all, to explain to you why it is that we have been obliged to ask you to pay a penny more for your LANDSWOMAN. I have always tried very hard to keep the price at 2d., because I know that the Land Army pay does not leave many pennies to spare, but the cost of paper and printing have increased so enormously that we have been absolutely compelled to put up the price to 3d. If you really love the LANDSWOMAN as you all say you do, I don't think you will protest at having to pay an extra farthing per week for it.

I am sure you will be interested to hear that 40,000 copies of the April number have been sold. It seems to be popular with lots of folk who are not Landswomen, and there has been such a demand for it that at the time of writing there are no copies to be had, and none will be obtainable until the May number is ready. The May number is late, as we had great difficulty in getting the necessary paper for it, but all those difficulties are now settled, and I hope, in the future, that you will get your copies the first week in the month.

Recruiting.

My heart is so full of this urgent and immediate need for at least 50,000 new members of our Land Army that my first and last word to you this month is—**RECRUIT**.

At the Recruiting Headquarters we are working for all we are worth on this gigantic job, and I want to urge you girls to take your share of the responsibility. Do you realise that as there are 7,000 members of the Land Army now at work on the land, if each of these old members found six new ones, the job would practically be done. If each of you will come along with your six, I will guarantee the remaining 8,000 and the harvest of England will be saved. Do let us pull together in this, as we have in other things, and we shall make a success of it. A success it *must* be. We are not going to let our line be broken for lack of reinforcements. You others, who are holding this thin line of the Home Front, hold it fast, until we can bring up those reinforcements. They are coming all right, they cannot hold back when they know how badly they are wanted, when they know that the places are waiting for them to fill; but just until they are ready, and equipped, to fill those places, hold fast the line!

And when these new ones come your way, open wide the arms of the Land Army to receive them, and give them a welcome. Let them know at once that they have become members of a big, happy family, so that they may settle down and be contented, and use every ounce of their happy strength to gather in the harvest that England may be saved.

I want you to know that F. Glover—one of our L.A.A.S. members, who won an Essay prize of 4s.—sent me a very well-written recruiting appeal; she even offered me her 4s. towards the cost of printing it! Tens of thousands of that little appeal have been distributed all over England in the form of handbills, and have brought in lots and lots of recruits.

When we were holding a meeting on Saturday in Hyde Park a fine-looking girl came up to me. She was one of our LANDSWOMAN readers, and was waiting impatiently for Monday, when she would be eighteen and old enough to join the Land Army. Three times she had tried to get in, and three times she had been turned down because she was only seventeen. Never has any birthday been so eagerly looked forward to as this eighteenth birthday, when she will be old enough to become a member of this Land Army, about which she has heard such a lot, in letters from L. Cawley and other members of the L.A.A.S. So you see what letters can do! An invitation from one of you girls who knows all the joys, as well as all the troubles of land work, is often more effective than any rally or big recruiting meeting. Send that invitation! Send it at once to every girl you know, and see that you make it so pressing that it cannot be refused.

All our Clubs are flourishing; you still send me delightful letters which I love to have; send me more of them, there can never be too many. I want to know all about your work and what you are doing, so that I can tell others how much you enjoy it, and persuade them to come and join you. I love the letters I get from girls who are writing to other girls on my recommendation and who tell me how happy they are in these new friendships. I love the letters all about your animals. One girl names all her cows after the members of the Headquarters' Staff. I was sold the other day, so I understand, and fetched a very poor price! And I love the letters asking for help that I know I can give; so do not forget to write.

Shopping Club.

The Shopping Club has been doing brisk business. The demands have ranged from a handbook on a special tractor to patent boot polish. From books on rabbits and bees, to hats and coats; from watches to patterns of all kinds of underclothes, smocks, and coat frocks.

Competitions.

You all seem pleased that you are to have longer for your competitions. I expect that there will be so many entries that I shall never be able to deal with them! This month we are going to have a rather more serious subject. I want you to remember that we are not to be content with just doing our farm work, in any place to which we may be sent, but that it is our duty to become a part of the life of that place, and a very joyous part. To help to fill that place with all the music and laughter of youth that is overflowing from our own happy, healthy beings, so that the inhabitants may be glad with a great gladness that the Land Army has come into their place. Now, I would suggest that we shall write essays next month on: "What could be done to wake up our village"; and I hope that we shall get lots and lots of new ideas that will help us all. Verses on "Why I joined the Land Army" will also be offered three prizes.

Recruiting cockades have been won by about twelve girls up to the time of writing. Hurry up, all you others!

EDITOR.

The Climacks

JESSICA BATEMAN 'ARRIET H'ASH (I give it as pronounced by those near and dear to her) was one of those sorrowful products of poverty, a child of a North London slum. Lethargic and timid, by reason of chronically low vitality, she had nothing in her life to animate mind and spirits. She was the ninth child of the family, her father being a hawker of scrap iron, and a man of uncertain nerves and income. Her view of life, from the dimmed window of the eighth story of a Peabody "Rabbit Warren," consisted of a wholly unintelligent whirligig of omnibuses, trams, and the hats of human beings and was not conducive to an enlightened outlook on things in general. The said J. B. 'Arriet H'Ash was not what might be described as a Personality, being pale-faced and lanky, but Nature had endowed her with one physical characteristic, which, since it added to her plainness, saved her from being a Nonentity, and that was the startlingly skyward tilt of an absurd little nose. For the rest, she was as good a little girl as need be, and worked an underfed body to rags in the Great Star Biscuit Factory, Goswell Road, E.C., for the reward of 12s. per week and her tea. And when one comes to look at it, this state of affairs was all that it should be. It was really no concern of the world at large that 'Arriet H'Ash was a very nodd little member of the community, since she asked nothing of anybody and earned the means wherewith to continue her own humble existence.

It remains a fact, however, that as regards her own family life and surroundings (and even the humblest creature has its surroundings) it was openly said of our 'Arriet that she was one of Life's Failures; not because the shadow of her puny Being fell across the path of any great Personality, not because she was aggressive or "bad to do with" in any way, but, on the contrary, because, poor child, she was not.

For there is a certain characteristic boasted of by any self-respecting child of the slums, a never-failing refuge when crossed or cuffed or worse, by irate parent, or discourteously addressed by a tyrannical foreman. It is a quality known as "sorce" or "lip," and the boy, girl, or, for that matter, man or woman who is so poor-spirited as to be without it, is hardly considered by those near and dear to them as having been adequately endowed by Nature. It was no question, of course, of unkindness, or of wishing anybody ill, it was merely a standard which you either had to live up to in a hard world, or go to the wall, and this did not prevent its being the bounden duty of the person addressed to respond in suitable terms, such as, "None o' yer lip," "Shet up, Sorcebox," which expressions, it may be clearly understood, betrayed no real vindictiveness whatever. The whole situation was summed up by 'Arriet's elderly maiden aunt (herself no exception to the general rule, although a model of kindness and propriety) who gave it as her candid opinion, at the weekly winkle tea, "that Jessica 'Arriet Bateman 'avin' the 'eart of a chicken, could not say 'Bo' to a goose, which, to her mind, was a great pity since there was no lack of geese to say 'Bo' to"—which last statement was certainly true.

But however these things may be, Fate so willed it, that 'Arriet H'Ash made her unobtrusive entrance into the world exactly eighteen years before the greatest event which has ever befallen the civilised world, and this story finds her at a period when it has been demanded of old men and children (who may become baby scouts), young men (who really count) and maidens—these last of all ages, that they exhibit to an expectant country the utmost power that is in them. And what was a Jessica 'Arriet that she should resist the strong tendency of her age? It was, indeed, at no time a habit of hers to resist anything. For, all the other fragile human machines that have hitherto turned out biscuits at the Great Star Factory have awakened to life, from the narrow-shouldered males who have eschewed the educational advantages of debates and Public Libraries, and have developed muscles and manhood, to the drab slips of women who, for the first time in their generation, have forgotten winkle teas, picture palaces (and, incidentally, the common fate of marriage and motherhood), and are exhibiting wills, chests and uniforms of their own. They are no longer the dumb machines of factory life or the free-spoken denizens of the lamp-lit streets, where the stalls make ceaseless demands on their slender purses, but are disciplined, orderly, and, as has been said, uniformed members of the W.A.A.C., W.R.E.N.S., W.P., L.A.A.S., and all the other living institutions of this age of war and wonders.

Upon our poor little heroine, meanwhile, pressure was brought to bear by her companions, which well-nigh tore her poor little spirit to rags.

When Dora Randalls said "that such a mouse as wot 'Arriet was had better stay in 'er 'ole"—'Arriet decided to come out, and when Lily Kemp, whose father was a street orator, remarked, loftily, "that the blackleg wot shirked the cannon's mouth wasn't worthy of the mother wot bore her," she was frightened,

and settled to stay in. But when 'Ada' Gate said she was to join up with the rest, and that was all there was about it, out she came. And if it is said that she cut a very weary and weedy figure in the breeches and jersey of a woman of the Land Army, Agricultural Section, it must also be explained in what manner her calling and election were made, and what the circumstances were that finally dressed her in garments so eminently unsuitable to her.

It is so arranged that even the "'Arriets" of this world shall possess the great consolation, the sure pilot who guides them through the uncertain tides of this life. By a strange freak of failure 'Arriet H'Ash owns, as her Great Consolation, a round-faced strapping hoyden of a lass, who has done farm work in the little village of Thrilspot, Cumb., and who, of the shiftings of fate and the invitation of an aunt, has drifted on to the seventh floor of the Peabody Tenement, No. 4A, Goswell Road, E.C.

Then to the gaping denizens of the mean streets, came the call of the war, and to her the call of the land, and back to the land she went and became the girl in the right place, the ideal land-lass, the pride of Selection Committees and of farmers—save for one totally unlooked for and unwelcome circumstance.

She dragged out of her hole and took with her that meek little mouse of the slums, Jessica Bateman 'Arriet H'Ash.

She furthermore, had the temerity to declare (so full this world is of good faith and beauty, after all) that she, the experienced, the strong, the much-sought-after, would accept no post without the colourless companionship of the said 'Arriet.

Now, it so happened that the Committee were distractingly short of girls, and if nothing could be said for 'Arriet, at any rate, nothing was urged against her. Her one adverse reference, indeed, which came from her maiden aunt, and ran as follows: "That 'Arriet 'as no sorce," entirely failed to produce the intended effect on the Committee. So the girl was permitted to stick to Ada like a limpet to a rock, and a kindly, prosperous farmer undertook to give her a trial for the sake of the girl desired. So you may picture our 'Arriet in smalls in breeches, that still bag at the seat, in smalls in overalls that yet hang in folds over the place that Nature and her employer would have wished to have called her chest, in a hat that comes a long way down to meet the tilt of her nose, and with a general appearance of weedy incompetence that astonishes even the stolid mind of the farmer. He and his wife are kindly folk, however, and the pitiful unsuitability of the white cockney face under the sporting hat makes a constant appeal to a half-humorous tenderness. But they are always conscious of a feeling of irritation at her lack of "proper sperrit." The girl is so very silent, so unutterably meek. She does not give the farmer the cheery word, the homely retort so dearly loved of his slow North-country temperament. When he bestows upon her attentions of a wholly simple and hearty kind that yet savours of a rather warmer fatherliness than the actual parent is usually disposed to give, she does not shove an elbow at him and reply: "Git oot wid tha' th' ald thickead," as any spirited North-country woman would have done. She only gazes at him in pale astonishment that aggravates him. It aggravates him far more, indeed, than the mere fact that she can only with great difficulty milk one cow, that she takes half-an-hour (standing on a wooden stool the while) to pull the collar off his horse, and that, save for the vigilant Ada she would have been caught in watery-eyed bewilderment, bestowing pigwash on the calves. It would have been a very different matter if Ada had thus failed in her duties, but Farmer Josh has never looked upon our 'Arriet as a farm-hand and is, therefore, the less disillusioned. Nevertheless, even as a weakly thing to be fed and bedded and nourished up, he would fain have derived some human satisfaction other than a continual appeal to his pity.

So things go from bad to worse, and he takes, half unconsciously, to scolding the girl until she is on the verge of hysterics, and Ada wonders to herself where these things will end. "'S'climacks wot's wanted," she sagely surmises, "but oo's goin' ter bring that climacks? 'Arriet? I 'ardly think it. Pore che-ild." And then, one day, the "climacks" comes which alters the whole kind of existence for 'Arriet B. H'Ash, and if you tell me that it savours of anti-climax I would remind you that this does not signify, even a Bateman H'Ash is only capable of rising to her own level.

Our 'Arriet has done the wrong thing for three days in succession, and is about to do it for the fourth time. The farmer has caught her at it (ploshin' t' mook i' dollops i'stead of givin' it a roonin' spread) and less weary of her mistakes than of her apathy and meekness, he drones out a long pompous lecture in the privacy of the cow-byre. The lecture, delivered with an accent which she only half understands, irritates 'Arriet's cockney soul to desperation. She has held her irritation in check for some time, and now there stirs in her a something

which amounts almost to defiance. She glances wistfully at the great Ada, but for once no solace or refuge is offered her by that motherly presence. Ada feels indeed that the hour of "Climacks" has come and that her weakling must find her own level and fight for her own existence. ("Pore che-ild," she thinks.) The farmer looks as if he might possibly be about to shake the said 'Arriet.

Then it is that the spirit of "sorce" that has animated the persecuted family of H'Ash ever since it first inhabited Heaven knows what unspeakable mediæval slum, rises in the puny being of 'Arriet, the last of the sorrowful race. It is the fine spirit of self-defence, as understood in the world of the slum, the spirit that has been developed to wholesome proportions in the Cockney man and has made him into a soldier. It is, indeed, to sum the matter up in plain language, the spirit of saying "Bo" to one's goose. She lays her fork down very carefully, shakes out her skirts and preens herself (looking, as Ada says afterwards, "like nothin' ser much as her H'Airntee at the wash-tub") and to the best of her capacity represents the tradition of the slum in a strange land.

"H'o," she says archly and in a tremulous squeak, "yer norty o' puddin' fice! H'o! yer norty o' puddin' fice!"—then she fairly let herself go in the flood of her eloquence—"whenever in orl my life, I should like to know, 'ave I comed across sech an o' puddin' fice as w'ot you are," and sits down gasping in an empty milk-can. Yet, even as she sits there, she knows it is her hour, her triumph. She has said "Bo" to her goose.

There is a moment of appalling silence, broken only by the sudden clattering of Ada's pails. She looks at her protégée for a moment and shrugs her shoulders; her weakling lamb is standing on its legs at last—(metaphorically speaking, that is, since she is actually still sitting in the milk-can)—and needs no help of hers. The farmer is gazing in stupefaction at the watery little figure before him. "Pore che-ild," thinks Ada, "either she's done for 'erself, or else she 'asn't," and falls to clattering her cans again.

Then the end comes.

The farmer's mouth twitches and begins to widen, his eyes narrow and grow misty, then he turns away with body doubled up and bursts into a guffaw that shakes the byre from cemented floor to wooden roof. The astonished Ada lets her pails fall, the hens fly for their lives, the very cows turn their heads in stolid surprise.

And 'Arriet puts her fingers in her ears, rolls out of her can, and flees. This last mortification is more than she can bear.

Farmer Josh leaves the gaping Ada to pick up her pails and totters across the yard to the house. There he meets his buxom wife, whom he seizes round the waist and fairly rocks in his glee.

"Eh! what's to do, Gudeman?" cries she.

"It's t'aal lass," he explained, in a voice like a March wind, "oor l'aal lass."

"What's cam till 'er?" asks his wife, gasping.

"She called ma—called ma an auld—auld Poo-den feäce."

"Called tha w'aat?" shrieks his wife.

"Pooden-feäce" (in a great gust of mirth) "she seäd. She seäd 'at ma feäce was like a pooden!"

He has dragged her over to the cracked mirror above the mantelshelf. His wife is giggling convulsively; it seems to these homely folk that a very pinnacle of wit has been reached by this pale-faced stranger, and it is certainly a fact that no one before has thought of likening the face of the master of the house to a pudding! She gazes at his florid countenance in the glass.

"Coom ta think of it 'tis a l'aal bit like a pooden," yells the farmer, suddenly.

"W'aat sort of a pooden?" shrieks his wife.

"A—a soet pooden," he sobs, and so they stand with their arms round each other and their respectable old heads close together, and rock and rock in their unspeakable joy—and all because, forsooth, a Bateman H'Ash has risen to her own level of self-defence.

"Auld pooden feäce 'tis," says Mrs. Josh at last, and gives him a resounding kiss. "Auld pooden feäce 'tis."

And so in joy and harmony they part and go their ways, the wife to console the sobbing, bewildered child in the attic, and the farmer to the byre to slap Ada on the back and vow that her

weakling shall never want for bed, board and parental pride and affection.

So from that hour Jessica 'Arriet Bateman H'Ash, the pale-faced, the weary, finds in their kindly hearts the rest she has missed all her factory-worn life.

"And yet," soliloquises the obtuse Ada, who never lets well alone, "yer wouldn't 'ardly say it was a clever thing she said, nor even a nobil, but it was a climacks! And, anyway," she adds, "it's the Spirit that counts."

Which is the moral of this story, but if any member of the Land Army, from dignified instructor to the latest thing in new recruits, seeks to ingratiate herself with her employer by likening his or her face to a pudding of any kind whatsoever, the author will be sorry she ever told her this tale at all.

M. F. H.

Isaiah

THROUGH the scented summer day,
Cutting clover, cutting hay,
Old Isaiah works with us,
Saying, "Do it thus and thus."
Very grey his ancient hairs
And the corduroys he wears,
By their withered russet—red,
Have seen twenty summers sped.
And the weather-beaten blue
Of his shirt is faded, too—
Faded by the sun and showers
To the blue of endive flowers.
Old Isaiah's very wise,

You can see it by his eyes—
Blue and full of ancient mirth
And the kindness of earth.
He has learnt a thing or two,
From the furrow and the dew;
Learnt the ways of every weed
And the secrets of the seed.
Things that townsfolk never know,
Taught by summer suns and snow.
So he likes to work with us,
Saying, "Do it thus and thus."



Our Youngest Recruit.

Goats

ABOUT a year ago, the time when people began to be ashamed of having lawns, and were beginning to say what a really pretty flower the potato had, a girl paid three shillings for a bundle of long straight legs and two great flopping ears strung together by an apology for a body. She called it Meadowsweet because it wasn't a pedigree garden kid, but merely a common weed, however melting its eyes and affectionate its ways. This plebeian lady has just been sold, together with her first kid, a few days old, for fifty shillings. Who says goats don't pay?

In her anxiety to make a success of her little efforts in the direction of food production, the girl bought a goat book, which filled her with dismay. The goat seemed to be the most delicate, particular, and vicious of creatures. But since a year in charge of six of them, the girl has decided that the goat will eat anything, sleep in anything, and survive all kinds of fights and tumbles even at the most inappropriate times. She only met one bad goat, and, of course, that must have been from former ill-treatment. It was dreadfully nervous work leading her out to be staked every morning though, and the girl was glad she was sold before she was milked.

They live in a rough field, partly put down for hay, and partly devoted to fowls. In the worst weather they stay in, eating dried brambles and gardening clippings, home-grown roots and hay, and rock salt to while away the time, much as we sew or smoke. The milkers have a little bran and an occasional oat. Even in the worst weather it is the girl's keenest morning pleasure to go squelching down the fields to the shed, to hear the chorus of welcoming voices.

As for the kids, who frisk upon the top of fowl houses, leap into buckets, and nibble your cheek as you milk their generous mothers, they are the most delicious creatures in the world.

The milk has no taste, and is more creamy than the cow's that used to come to that now independent household in a dirty can. As there is a baby in the house, and the goats come in milk in turn, butter has not yet been made, but I know of a village woman, who keeps one nanny, supplies her

family of four with milk, and contrives to make half a pound of butter with an egg whisk!

There has been no difficulty even with kidding. The nanny is kept reasonably quiet, and usually left in a loose box on the day that the little stranger is expected, with plenty to drink. When the new addition to the herd is discovered, a drink of oatmeal water is given, and later on a warm bran mash. In a day or two the baby—usually the babies—are skipping beside their dams with the rest, butting thistles, and smelling at bees and dogs and hedgehogs, with a beautiful trust in the goodness of the green and blue world into which they have wandered with quite angel eyes.

If the girl might offer advice to beginners she would say:

"One of the most important duties of the goat keeper is the manicuring of her charges. Unless the

hoof is kept pared the horn curls over and produces a very nasty disease. Once a month is not too often to enlist the aid of a sharp penknife and a solid friend for the operation. The rest of the goats stand round, and one could swear they were laughing under their beards at the vic-



A Land Army Girl and Her Goats.

tim's struggles: it is like the ceremony of crossing the line on board ship. The kids, who always want all the attention of everyone about, fidget round the surgeon till their turn comes, when they set the dowagers a good example. They are as serious and important as a child in a dentist's chair.

"There was a goat in our village who had a sad end. Her master turned her out to eat frosty grass on an empty stomach. Never again shall we see her, with fine swinging bag, drawing the policeman's baby to school in a soap-box on perambulator wheels. The girl who is more wary, and keeps her goats in during the worst weather, takes them out for exercise. Unless you have driven a four-in-hand she does not recommend you to economise time by taking out more than two together. Ditches are thorny beds and frozen roads make hard sofas.

"It is well to use the kids' performing instinct by teaching them to jump on to a milking bench before they reach the obstinate age. Milking such a little creature is an awkward business unless she chews her cud at a convenient attitude—bless her!"

Little Hector

WHEN I was appointed as a group leader, and was told that I could no longer go to plough, or drive the farm-carts, or be with the cows, I felt very desolate. But somebody suggested that a motor-cycle might add interest to the work, and give me occupation in the long summer evenings. So I went straight away to the garage in the nearest town and asked for the motor-cycle with the least machinery, as I was profoundly ignorant of anything to do with engines or motors. The owner produced a small $2\frac{1}{4}$ horse power 2-stroke machine which certainly looked very simple, and was not very heavy to push. I had to decide to buy it, and to fill up countless forms as to the nature of my work and my reasons for needing the cycle, before I was allowed to mount. Then the tank was filled with petrol, I was instructed in the use of the levers and brakes, and the mechanic pushed me off on the London road. I had never experienced any movement quite like it, the utter responsibility of whizzing along the road entirely by myself, on a machine whose interior was as a sealed book to me, fascinated me beyond measure. I rode four miles, and then turned back, thoroughly happy to think I had chosen such a delightful means of locomotion. That was nearly a year ago; since then I have travelled over four thousand miles on Little Hector (as he was promptly christened), and have never regretted the day when I decided to use a motor-cycle, though I have on occasions wished for a bigger and more powerful machine for the very hilly county where I work.

Little Hector has many vices, and occasionally he has led me into awkward predicaments. I can now do the majority of running repairs for myself—anyway, I can always discover what is wrong, even though I have to apply for help to set it right; but I blush with shame to think how I gaily ran my fifty or sixty miles a day last summer without knowing a carburettor from a magneto; without ever having removed the jet to clean it; with never a puncture outfit in my bag, and always without lamps. Still, "beginners' luck" dogged my footsteps. When I broke down, kindly dispatch riders or motor-transport men appeared from somewhere and set me going once again; when I punctured, some neighbouring farmer would be sure to repair my tyre, and give me food and drink as well, and when I rode lampless through the night I would be sure to meet with some friendly policeman who would let me off with a few words of advice and caution.

One day in the autumn I had a burst in my back tyre. By then I had learnt the wisdom of carrying a puncture outfit, and so I attempted to repair it myself—it was a lonely, garageless part of the county, and during the day I took that tyre off eight times, with the help of various soldiers and farm boys, and each time it went as flat as ever after a few miles. Eventually, about 7.30, I set off for my billet, 12 miles away, thinking I had at last made a permanent repair. It was a misty night, and I soon lost my way. I saw two W.D. wagons by the side of the road, and sang out to them to know where I was. The corporal in

charge dismounted and brought me a map. He told me my tyre was flat, and offered to mend it if I had any material. But I had used it all. So he lifted my machine into one of the lorries, told me to mount in front, and drove me four miles to the nearest station. There we learnt there was no train for two hours, and that would have landed me at my billet well after midnight. So we left Little Hector, and the corporal offered to take me to London, 25 miles away, and deposit me at a tube station. First, they had to leave some anti-aircraft shells at a camp near by, and during that process I had to be hidden away in a village, as joy-riding is not looked on with favour by the military authorities. Soon after I had remounted we took the wrong turning and arrived in a farm-yard, where we manœuvred in a frisky fashion among the ricks and the pigs before we could back out. Then we lost ourselves in Epping Forest, as the mist had rapidly developed into a fog. At a quarter to twelve we met an omnibus—the first sign of civilisation we had seen for some hours—and much relieved to find a vehicle which had some connection with a part of London I knew, I left the lorries, and rode in it to London Bridge. After a sharp sprint up the Borough High Street (still in my motor-cycling overalls, with my hob-nailed boots raising an unholy din on the pavement) I just caught the last train, and arrived home at 1.30 a.m. very tired and cold and hungry.

Such thrilling adventures do not often occur; but many times I have had lifts in lorries or cars when Little Hector has sat wearily down and refused to move. He usually shows a great reluctance to start, and I provide a good deal of amusement in towns as I paddle him along the main streets, muttering hymns of hate to his machinery under my breath. Often, too, we have run short of petrol, and I have had to resort to all manner of wily subterfuges to procure a fresh supply. The best way, of course, is to sit and look pathetic outside an aviation camp—and on those occasions it is usually pure petrol that is poured into my tank, and not the paraffin-cum-water concoction that is technically known as war spirit. Only twice so far has Little Hector thrown me, and it is a kindly dispensation of Providence that, when the roads are skiddest, they are always soft. His greatest vice is his dislike of hills. When I am pushing him up a 1 in 6 incline I long pathetically for a machine with a two-speed gear and a releasable engine.

Life is a joyous affair for Little Hector and me, every day brings forth new adventures and fresh friends. We are on the road and of the road, and all the romance of the road is ours. By the side of the road I eat my meals, I smoke, I rest, I write my reports, and I clean Little Hector's muddy frame. When I am sick to weariness of hunting for billets in villages where nobody wants me, it is on the road that I long to sleep. So far I have never dared—visions of shocked inspectors and grieved welfare workers have deterred me—but I feel that, with Little Hector by my side to guard me, I should be as happy and safe there as in the best billet in the county.

HELEN BENTWICH.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS*

By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE

CHAPTER V.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS.

"SILLY, conceited idiot! 'Homo' indeed! They're all alike and equally tiresome," muttered The Girl Who Lived in the Woods, whose real name, by the way, was Cecilia Carné. She made her way along the path worn by her feet through the wood, and her quick eyes took in every twig and tree. Her glance swept the sky, reddening toward sunset with the crude strong colours that come in early spring. She marvelled at the blue-grey of the water, resigning itself, as it were, to the softening influence of spring winds. She delighted in the first faint green of the trees against the background of spruce and pine. When she came to the clearing in the wood, just this side of her cabin, she gave a rapturous "Oh!" at the glory of colour that was splashed across the sky.

"I could get that if I worked fast," she said, and flew into her cabin, where she was vociferously greeted by a superb setter dog.

"Not now, Omar; I'm busy," she said, and rushed out and squatted on the moist ground, painting away for dear life, unconscious of the damp wind that was coming off the lake, or of her cramped position. Omar sat sedately beside her. It was a race between her rapid brush and the setting sun. All at once the dark fell on the woods, like a lid shutting down, and with a sigh she picked up her things, stood up, and stretched herself.

"My-o, but I'm stiff and damp! I never noticed how wet the earth was. Smell it, though, coming off the woods, Omar; the earth is fairly oozing spring!"

Omar barked appreciatively and circled her in mighty leaps.

"Come on, let's go in and see what we've got on this paper."

She led the way to the door, and he followed.

"Did you have plenty of time for repentance and castigation while I was gone? Are you truly remorseful? Do you understand that I went for a walk alone? I met a queer creature in the neighbourhood, too. You might have enjoyed him, Omar, you're so democratic in your tastes; I didn't."

On the doorstep she faced about.

"Did I hear you say that you were sorry that you killed the chickens of our estimable neighbour, Mrs. Grantley?"

He hung his head, tail between his legs. The mere mention of chickens was a humiliation.

"I should hope so. Every young dog must have his fling, but really, Omar, from all I gathered from Mrs. Grantley's irate coachman, you acted like a common yellow marauder!"

He whined pitifully.

"'Nuff said, old fellow. We must keep our sporting blood down. We must remember our position in this neighbourhood, and be discreet."

She patted him, pushed the door open and went in. The cabin itself was rudely built of logs, and unplastered. Almost one whole side of it was fireplace, built of cobble stones held together with rough plaster, crude in construction, but very effective. In front of the fireplace there was a big settle sort of thing, very deep seated. It was cushioned with tan burlap, and with the addition of a couple of pillows and an Indian blanket it served Miladi as a bed. There were a few chairs, all strange in design, and a craftsman's table of Cecilia's own make. A big box, stained brown, served as a china closet, and above it were a home-made shelf and some books. Everywhere there were candlesticks, tin and copper and wooden, attached to the walls and set about the room. There was even a tiny candle-shelf at the back of the settle, so that a light might fall across a book.

The most striking thing about the room was a strip of coarse canvas, some two feet wide, that stretched all around the walls, like a frieze, and there were trees painted on it, running through the four seasons. One wall had a row of white poplar saplings, tipped with the faintest pale green against an azure sky; the next wall showed a clump of willows in rustling midsummer luxuriance; next came a burst of red and yellow maples, with a brown oak here and there; and then, outlined against a cold white winter sky, were some bare black trunks, their crooked fingers pointing towards the spring promise on the adjacent wall. The whole thing was done brilliantly, boldly, dramatically. It made the room a part of all outdoors.

Cecilia lit the fire already laid on the hearth, and knelt beside it to look at her sketch, the dog beside her.

"Not so bad, eh, Omar? It'll work up, don't you think? It has the thing suggested—the crashing colour, the eternal crimson warfare between Night and Day. I love the way Night takes possession of the earth."

Omar put his head on her shoulder and yawned. It was time to eat, and here she was rhapsodising. She dragged him into her arms.

"We have a pretty good time of it, don't we, Omar? Goodness knows, we're poor enough, but it's a primitive sort of poverty, that makes you think of Pilgrim Fathers; it isn't the grimy sordid squalor of the city. They thought in the village that we'd starve or freeze to death, didn't they? Or some tramp would murder us for our money."

She took him by the ears, and he whimpered with delight.

"Just behold our luxuries! We cut our own firewood with an axe; we gather twigs for our

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kindlings; we live on peanuts and bananas, and now and then we cook coffee and potatoes on our open fire. Also we paint all night and all day, when we please and where we please. We have the boon of quiet and solitude, no stupid bores to put up with, no degenerate geniuses, no posing ninnies—just you, Omar Khayyám, poet, philosopher, and dreamer, and me, Cecilia Carné, possessed with a zest for a life of my own making."

Omar licked his chops noisily to indicate his own line of thought.

"There is one thing sure though, my friend, and that is that unless that penurious old dealer buys our latest masterpiece, we shall have to cut down on rations. However, as you remarked in your immortal book, my dear Omar,

"Drink, for ye know not whence ye came,
nor why."

"To-night I have a surprise for you—a bone, a perfectly good bone, with meat on it."

Now she was getting his idea, and he cheered her to the echo, leaping about her, as she went to extract the treasure from its hiding-hole.

"You're materialistic creatures, you men."

She was off the track again; he sat up and begged.

"I will admit to you," she laughed, as she tossed it to him, "that the Grantley dog was enjoying it as I came along. I sent him after a stick and snatched his food, which was not honourable in the strictest sense of the word; but he is really getting too fat for health or beauty, so my intention was altruistic."

Omar was too engrossed for any qualms, so Cecilia went to the cupboard and inspected its contents.

"The poor dog in this case is like to have the only bone there is. Omar, I've been saving the makings of one cup of coffee for a celebration, but I'm so beastly hungry to-night I think I'll have it. We'll celebrate our extreme poverty. There is something superb about drinking your last cup of coffee when you've no idea where you'll ever get another."

Omar growled agreement, not to lose any time, and Cecilia brewed the coffee and hung the pot on the hook over the fire, placed her cup and saucer and banana beside her on the settle, and sat down to watch the coffee boil. Suddenly she picked up the banana and smilingly addressed it.

"Oh, thou faithful banana, why hast no poet sung thy frugal charms? So cheap and so nutritious and so nasty! It's no use going back on an old friend, but when I look forward to one banana day for all the years to come I shudder!"

A loud knock at the door brought Cecilia to her feet. Omar growled furiously, for visitors were unknown.

"A guest, Omar, a guest," Cecilia protested, and opened the door.

A middle-aged woman stood on the step, a servant behind her with a huge bundle in her arms. Cecilia stared at the apparition and recognised the woman as their affluent neighbour, Mrs. Grantley,

even before that lady swept by her into the house. Omar, with Grantley chickens on his soul, made no protest, but crawled under the settle.

"You are Miss Carné," her guest began. "I am Mrs. Hugh Grantley, your neighbour. I had no idea you were living out here, Miss Carné, until I heard about you to-day, from my friend Mrs. Presby, who has a house in the village and stays out here all winter. I go to California or Florida in the winter, of course; but, as I started to say, Mrs. Presby said you did some dinner cards for her once that were so clever, and she said she heard you were out here, and that she suspected you were in real want——"

"That is a mistake, Mrs. Grantley," Cecilia interrupted haughtily; but Mrs. Grantley was not to be halted.

"I came right over the minute I came home from the village. To think of anyone so near me being in want—it makes me creepy. I brought you some good warm clothes, and I want you to come right back with me to dinner. Mr. Grantley is not coming out, so there will be just ourselves, and you won't be uncomfortable."

Cecilia flushed to the roots of her hair.

"I am not a pauper, Mrs. Grantley, in need of alms. I have no use for the clothes, and I have accepted another invitation to dinner."

"Oh, come now, that is false pride, my dear. I admire pride, in its place; but when it becomes arrogance, then it's a sin. Now, I've handled plenty of cases, just like yours, nice hard-working girls, who needed the help of some tactful woman. It is, I grant, courageous of you to be living out here by yourself, but it isn't decent and it isn't safe. No young girl can afford to do anything that is liable to be misunderstood. It looks as if there were something you wanted to hide, away off here in the woods by yourself."

"There is something I want to hide," Cecilia remarked.

For a minute Mrs. Grantley looked anxious. She was willing to help out under certain conditions. There were limits, however; one couldn't be expected to help escaped criminals and such people.

"What do you want to hide?" she asked sharply.

"Myself."

"You aren't wanted for anything? You aren't a—a—fugitive from justice?"

Cecilia's eyes laughed although she answered seriously.

"Oh, no, I'm not a criminal, Mrs. Grantley. I have come out here away from people because they irritate me, and I prefer my own society."

"You aren't poor at all, then? It's just a fad, this cottage business?"

"Certainly I'm poor, but I'm not asking help from the parish yet."

"The idea!" spluttered Mrs. Grantley. "I rushed myself to get these clothes together and get over here. Some of the clothes are nearly new, and two pairs of brand-new silk stockings."

"I am sure you meant well, but I cannot accept charity."

(To be continued)

Rally News

Princess Mary at Cambridge

To the delight of the farmers and Land Army of Cambs. and the Isle of Ely, H.R.H. Princess Mary graciously consented to present badges and stripes on Saturday, March 23rd.

H.R.H. Princess Mary arrived at 1.19 p.m. at Cambridge Station, where she was met by the Lord Lieutenant of the County, Mrs. Charles Adeane, The Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Shipley, and the Mayor of Cambridge, who escorted her to Christ's College Lodge, where she was the guest of the Vice-Chancellor at lunch. Among the guests were Miss Talbot and Mr. Prothero.

In the meantime the Land Army had assembled at the School of Agriculture, Downing Street, from whence they marched, headed by the band of the 2nd Cadets (Pembroke), conducted by Drum-Major Gee, to the Senate House. The procession of over 1,000 strong was greeted by hearty demonstrations of admiration as it marched down the King's Parade and wheeled into the Senate House Yard, where they were drawn up to await the arrival of H.R.H. Princess Mary. Punctually at the appointed time cheers from the assembled crowd told us the Princess had arrived. Immediately Drum-Major Gee gave the sign to the band to play the National Anthem, after which Ethel Dreavy, a little girl of thirteen, who milks seven cows morning and evening as well as attending school, presented Her Royal Highness with a bouquet.



Mr. Charles Adeane, the Lord Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire, welcomed the Princess in the name of Cambs. and the Isle of Ely, and before asking her to present the badges Miss Talbot and Mr. Prothero addressed the girls and appealed to them to hold the line at home as their men folk were doing at the front.

The Land Army then filed past the Princess, who presented the badges and stripes.

The Land Army marched back to the Lion Hotel, where a delightful tea had been provided for the girls.

Miss Talbot, having left Trinity at an early hour, proceeded to the Red Lion Hotel, where she gave a most inspiring address to the Land Army.

Bishop's Stortford

Twenty-five women Land Workers at Bishop's Stortford have been presented with long-service chevrons granted by the Board of Agriculture for 156 days' service in agricultural work. Miss Margaret Woods, employed by a Bishop's Stortford dairy farmer, Mr. Harry Cox, received four.

Woolwich

At Woolwich, on April 6th, a very fine rally was held, in spite of the rain. Friendly crowds of town folk lined the streets, looking dingy in their civilian garb beside the white smocks of the Land Girls, the green caps of the Forestry, the pictorial banners, and the very beautiful wagon, which was almost a bower of daffodils, leafage, and japonica. A meeting was held at the

Links Hall. Amongst others, Lord Goschen, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, and Miss Barker spoke. Miss Barker emphasised the prior claim of food production, and thoroughly carried her audience with her. The procession re-assembled and marched to the Y.M.C.A. Hut, for an excellent lunch, where the ladies who came to sing and play to the girls were very much appreciated. Woolwich has proved a happy recruiting ground ever since.

Bournemouth

The women residents and visitors of Bournemouth were appealed to by ear and eye on March 25th, when a Recruiting Parade and meeting were held. The procession was led by a lady on horseback, followed by the bands of the Wessex Regiment and the Hamps. Volunteer Regiment, banners bearing a badge of the L.A.A.S., and Recruiting appeals for the Land Army and the W.A.A.C., a milk float and wagon. Some stirring addresses were made by Land Workers and the ladies who are organising the work for Hants, Dorset, and the Isle of Wight.

Lynn

Under the auspices of the Norfolk War Agricultural Committee, Lynn held a meeting at the C.E.Y.M.S. Rooms, where badges were presented and Miss Burgess, C.O.S., and Mrs. A. H. Hayes, Miss C. E. S. Thomas, and Miss E. Cross, Registrars for the Borough, spoke, explaining the conditions of service and the urgency of England's need for women workers in the fields.

Guildford

A persuasive meeting was held at Guildford on March 23rd, under the presidency of the Mayor. Mr. W. Edgar Horne, M.P., spoke of his recent visit to the front. The question often put to him by the soldiers was 'Who is at war—is it the Army or is it England?' He had said that the women of England were at war, and he wanted to give that message to the Land Lasses.

Mr. Hutchinson Driver, Chairman of the Surrey W.W.A.C., demonstrated the pressing urgency of the food problem, and Miss Baker explained the conditions of service, and stated that the Board of Agriculture was prepared to give women engaged in farm work special emigration facilities after the war.

Leicester

On Wednesday, April 17th, a Rally and Procession were held at Leicester. Many different branches of Women's War Work were represented, notably the L.A.A.S., with four hay wagons. At the Town Hall Square the Duke and Duchess of Rutland inspected the girls, who were afterwards entertained to lunch by the Mayor. Land Army songs were sung and addresses given by Mrs.

Lyttelton and others. After the meeting recruiting was brisk. A second successful recruiting meeting was held next day, when Countess Ferrers, who had come specially from town, Mrs. Murray Smith, Miss Stack, and officers of the Navy and Army spoke.

Wrexham

A Rally of the W.A.A.C. and Land Army was organised in Wrexham, which reflected great credit on all concerned. The R.W.G. Brass Band led the march to the local park, where there was a Review by the Mayor, Representatives of the Army, Food Production Department, and the Ministry of Labour. The Land Army made a very attractive part of the show. A public meeting was held, with good recruiting results. Tea was provided for the girls by Lady Palmer.

Basingstoke

Basingstoke was thoroughly stirred by the Rally held on April 13th. The procession was quite a striking one. The Tadley Boy Scouts provided the music, and after Miss Marshall, Representative of the Kingsclere district, and Miss Woolmer White, Supervisor of the Hill House Training Institute, came a Land Army girl riding a cart horse, a Land Army banner, a wagon and the contingents from the various parishes, wearing their armlets proudly, some in uniform carrying their very attractive banners, and pitchforks and rakes. The Mayor and Mayoress brought up the rear.

At the Town Hall there was a distinguished platform and some



Hull Recruiting Rally.

good speeches. Lady Northbrook presented badges and stripes, amid demonstrations of the heartiest enthusiasm. Generous applause was accorded some of the older village women with long years of service to their credit, as well as the girls who have come forward so splendidly to meet the needs of the war.

Hull Recruiting Week

Hull began its great Recruiting Week on April 5th, in fine, friendly weather. First a procession was formed at the Guild-hall, led by the boys' band. Next came a group of the city dignitaries and ladies well known for their work in the county, including Lady Mabel Smith. Then a detachment of V.A.D.'s, then another of W.A.A.C.'s, then four detachments of Land Lasses. The excitement all along the route was intense. At Paragon Square the girls were inspected by Major-General Von Donop, and afterwards everyone went to the Exhibition held at Messrs. Hammond's Stores, opened by the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme. The exhibits were very interesting, and a dummy cow half filled with water caused intense amusement.

The Exhibition continued for a week, and the crowd of visitors did not abate. Many excellent speakers made addresses each day. On the 10th it was specially a Land Army day, and Lieut.-Col. Moody, the northern area administrator of the Forage Committee, Leeds, paid a fine tribute to the Women's Work.

Meetings were also held at St. Luke's Girls' Club and in Paragon Square.

The week's effort brought in the splendid recruiting result of 465.

Devon Efficiency Tests

A series of three interesting efficiency tests were held at Great Bidlake Women's Farm, Bridestowe, at Bury Farm, Lapford, and at Woodwater Farm, Heavitree, Exeter. The tasks set were very various, ranging from horse work, field work, and milking to hoeing and hedge trimming. There was also an exhibition with the new Syracuse plough. The judges were Miss Calmady Hamlyn, Miss Howard, Board of Agriculture representative, Mr. Densham, of Lapford, and Miss Dawson. Miss Dawson is forewoman of Great Bidlake Farm, an interesting example of a difficult piece of land reclaimed by women.

Ashford

Ashford held a most successful rally in March, and the local Press was full of enthusiasm for the health and smartness

of the girls. The Canadian Ordnance Corps played the Lasses through the streets, and after the Parade a meeting was held at the Palace Theatre. There were some very popular speeches from Miss Biddle, the C.O.S., and others, and then badges and medals were presented.

Spring

Oh! there's the stable floor to clean,
And someone's got the broom.
The farmyard pump is frozen hard,
And all the cows to groom!
But there are primroses in bloom,
Pale primroses in bloom.

The granary, which twice we've swept,
Now must be swept again.
The hens come in and scatter chaff,
And make our labour vain.
But there are violets in the lane,
White violets in the lane.

The cows won't come when they are called,
But loitering, chew the cud.
Or amble vaguely round the pond,
Up to the hocks in mud.
But there are hawthorn trees in bud,
Pink hawthorn trees in bud.

Oh! there's an azure sky above,
And an emerald world below;
And there are golden buttercups,
And blackthorn, white as snow.
And there are scented winds that blow,
Sweet scented winds that blow.

ENID COGGIN.



Rally at Ashford.



Beauty on Duty has a Duty to Beauty.

AFTER a hard day's work on the land, the woman worker experiences with delight the soothing and cleansing properties of Premier Vinolia Soap.

It is particularly comforting to the tender skin which has become rough and sore by exposure. The regular use of Premier Vinolia Soap keeps the complexion soft and clear. It is very economical in use.

6d. PER TABLET.

For preserving the softness of the skin, and for keeping the hands smooth and white, Royal Vinolia Cream is excellent. Boxes, 1/1½ & 2/-

PREMIER VINOLIA SOAP

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON-PARIS.



RV 312-132a

Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.

Nottingham

The Land Army played an important part in the Women's War Services Exhibition at Nottingham. There was an effective Parade of the W.L.A. and W.A.A.C. on April 10th, and a public meeting addresses by Miss Talbot, the Duchess of Newcastle, and the Duke and Duchess of Portland. Here is an account of the Rally written by a little girl who was present:—

Have you heard about the Nottinghamshire Land Army Rally?

It was awful fun. About 100 girls marched. First we all assembled near the cattle market in Nottingham, and then had coffee and buns in a big warm room. Then we pottered about the yard, and at last started. There were three wagons and some huge cart horses drawing them, and in the wagons were ten old ladies in sun-bonnets, called the "Old Brigade." There were several banners, with "God Bless the Hand that Speeds the Plough," "A Day on the Land is Worth Two in the House," "Join the Land Army for Health and Happiness," etc.

We had also in the procession W.A.A.C. and W.R.N.S. and some soldiers played a band. When we got to the Market Place Miss Stack, of the W.A.A.C., and a Mr. Parke made speeches.

Then the Mayor gave us a delicious dinner. All this time there was a tent in the Market Place where girls could go and join the Land Army. They got lots of recruits. I wish I was old enough to join.

Shrewsbury

To make the national need for recruiting known to the women of Shrewsbury an open-air meeting was held in the Square on Saturday, the 13th, in the afternoon. It was the day of Mr. Prothero's visit to the town to address the Shropshire Chamber of Agriculture, and the streets were unusually crowded. Group Leaders of the Women's Land Army were stationed at four of the busiest centres in the town, with two or three Land Army members to help them, distributing recruiting leaflets and selling THE LANDSWOMAN. They also answered inquiries as to the conditions of service, and gave from their own experience much interesting information as to the kind of life enjoyed by women on the land. They gained some amusing sidelights on human nature. More than one man came up to ask whether married women were admitted into the Land Army, as they wished their wives to join—one being "fair sick of his old woman," and another feeling he would be the better for a rest from his. Nearly a thousand copies of THE LANDSWOMAN were sold, and the interest and goodwill shown were very general. The meeting itself was held in the Square in the afternoon, while inside the Shire Hall Mr. Prothero was addressing the farmers of Shropshire. Mrs. Kellett, Travelling Inspector, explained to a large gathering the reason of this urgent appeal for more women, and outlined the steps to be taken by those wishing to join the Land Army. Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the famous novelist, then made a moving and dramatic appeal to the women of Shropshire to come to the help of their brave comrades in France.

At the close of Mrs. Steel's address, Miss Leach, County Organiser of the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture for Shropshire, stepped on to the platform, and announced that she had determined to become a member of the Women's Land Army, as she felt that all who had health and strength should do so in this hour of crisis, and she appealed to the women in the audience to follow her to the recruiting table. The speakers then all crossed the Square to the table in the centre, and a good number of names were enrolled there and then. At a few minutes past four, Mr. Prothero came out of the Shire Hall meeting and concluded the recruiting meeting with a powerful and earnest appeal to the women of Shropshire.

Alnwick

Members of the Northumberland Guild of War Agricultural Helpers were presented with badges, in the Castle Square, Alnwick, on March 16th. The Duke of Northumberland, President of the Guild, presided and made the 275 presentations. On the platform, amongst others, were Miss Talbot and Mrs. Hugh Middleton.

The Duke spoke of the neglect of agriculture in the past, the great difficulties it has led us into now, and the fine part the women had played in saving us from them. He pointed out that when the war had come to a victorious conclusion no part of the population would be able to say that the result was due to their endeavours more justly than the women of England.

Miss Talbot spoke and was received with great enthusiasm.

NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to pay 3d. for clean copies of the January issue.

The Ladies' FIELD BOOT

Still with High Uppers!

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

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

Single Sample Boot sent on Free Approval for Four days.

CARRIAGE
PAID TO
YOUR DOOR.

20/-



SPECIFICATION.

Stock No. 1236.

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

Stocked in all usual Ladies' sizes, full fitting only.
20/- Carriage Paid.

Illustrated Catalogue Free on receipt of a post card.

ERNEST DRAPER & CO., LTD.

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

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FARMERS AND LIVE-STOCK BREEDERS AND OWNERS need a complete Safeguard against the many risks to which they are liable. The most attractive form of Insurance is the LIVE-STOCK POLICIES issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Company, Limited, which provide THE GREATEST BENEFITS FOR A MINIMUM OUTLAY, together with absolute security.

Among the Risks insured by the Live-Stock Policies are:—

Accident and Disease, including Farcy, Glanders, Pinkeye and Anthrax, Tuberculosis, Transit by Rail and Show Risks, Barren Mares, Premature Second Foaling, Abortion, Death of Pregnant Mares, Castration Risks, Disablement, Calving, &c.

The FARMERS' "COMPLEAT" FIRE POLICY

Covers loss from damage by Fire, Thunderbolt, Lightning, Earthquake and Subterranean Fire, and provides various New Features and Advantages necessary to modern conditions at most favourable rates.

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This Policy provides at lowest possible rates complete protection in respect of Legal Liability under the Employers' Liability and Workmen's Compensation Acts, and also in respect to the liability of the Farmer for damage caused by acts of his employees.

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Life Assurance, Endowment Assurance, and Annuities at specially attractive rates.

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WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

The Working of a Women's Institute in Devon

FOOD SAVING IN A MARKET TOWN.

THE further you get from London the more difficult it becomes to introduce anything new into the daily life of the rural population. The average village woman, the average woman in the small country town, is particularly inaccessible when it comes to ideas. She is conservative to the backbone, and she will actively resent any attempt to improve or develop her. Unless she is approached with considerable tact and diplomacy she still sees behind every effort to convert her to some new way of cooking, of saving money, or of utilising waste material, some subtle and sinister attempt either to get her to go to church or to influence her in the matter of her husband's vote.

The President of the Devonshire Women's Institute is the doctor's and not the parson's wife, which is in itself an asset in canvassing among all classes for members; but her first appeal for women to help in the establishment of a communal kitchen was not encouraging. The village women thought she meant a soup kitchen, and suspected charity. This idea was rapidly dispelled when the bank manager's wife had her midday dinner from the kitchen, and the wives of leading local tradesmen, too.

Gradually the children were sent round for soup between school hours, and finally some of the mothers came to sample the food for themselves.—a cut from the joint and two vegetables for sixpence. The customers average at present about 160 per meal. There should, of course, be many more, and by the end of the month there will be, when rationing—so far only a vague term in the South—comes into operation all over England.

The kitchen was started with a present of a lamb, which was cooked, and sold in portions, for £2 6s. 5d. With this sum the food for the next dinners were bought, since when the kitchen has paid its way regularly, with no advertising and no outside help of any kind.

Voluntary cooks, members of the Women's Institute, take it in turns to cook the dinners. Benches are provided by the local school authorities, crockery has been lent by members of the Institute. A village boy receives sixpence for taking round the dinners to invalids and such people as are unable to fetch the food themselves.

The kitchen is established in an old Elizabethan manorhouse, now uninhabited, and lent to the Institute rent free. It is situated in the main street, an important consideration to busy helpers and customers. The food can either be taken away or eaten on the premises, in a wonderful dining-room, where, long ago, a former generation must have dined and discussed the Armada and speculated on the results of other wars.

A few doors down the High Street is the library of the Women's Institute, and the Parish Room, where the meetings of the Institute are held. Near here, too, is a centre for distributing, on a regular

day each week, poultry food for the people who keep poultry, and they can here obtain it without difficulty and at a price as near cost price as possible. At the same centre it is now proposed to collect all the local food for pigs, so that the waste from one person's house may be used up for the benefit of another. Pigs can largely be fed upon the waste product from gardens, with odds and ends from the house, and, as the keeping of pigs is being strongly urged upon the rural population by the Food Controller, an enormous economy can be effected in securing a village central distributing centre for their food.

Communal jam-making and fruit-bottling is, again, one of the activities of the Women's Institute, by which much can be saved in fuel, sugar and labour.

The small town in the agricultural district is not easily aroused to enthusiasm, nor indeed to strong emotions of any kind. But they will tell you here, with a good deal of feeling, how many of the Devons were killed in action last October, and they have no intention either of losing the war on the home front.

MRS. SCOTT JAMES.

A Message to the North Wales Institutes from Mrs. Ceridwen Peris, the well-known Welsh Writer and Bard.

Sefydliadan Marched Gogledd Cymru

NORTH WALES WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.

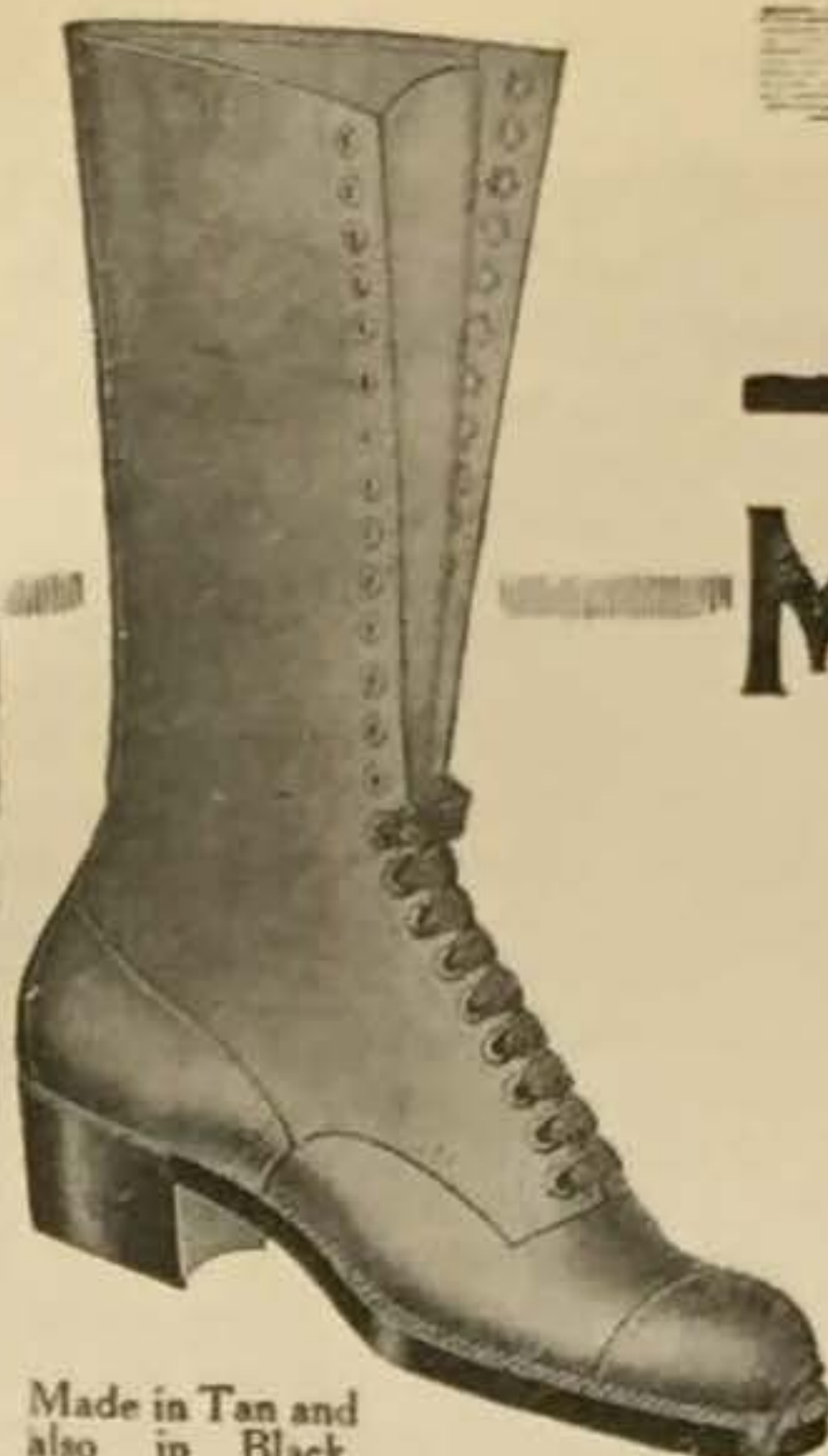
Y MAE Sefydliadam y Merched yu Ngogledd Cymru yu hynod lwyddiams. Gyda thypyn o arafwch a gwyliadwriaeth yr ymunai y Merched a hwynt ar y dechren, ond ar al deall enhamcan, a gweled y gwaith da wneith drwydyunt, maent yu Chwyddo o ran en rhif yu brysur.

Gellir dwend am y Canghenau gwleding fod yr aelodan yn cynrychiloll pob dosbarth, ond fod y mwyafrif yn wragedd a merched ffermydd, bychain, yn wragedd a Merched ffermydd a gwragedd i weision ffermydd, a gwraged yu byw yn y pentrefi. Bydd nifer fawr o'r rhai hyn yu Cynorthuryo y ffermwyr ar adeganprysur—Y mae hefyd bob guraig a merch ffarm mewn llawm waith oherioydd prinder meibion. Bydd dyd gwaith y wraig ar ferch yn hwy na neb arall—maent yu Codi yu gznt, tua 5 y boreu, ac yn olaf yu myned i orphurys. Gwyddom am un Gangen mewn rhan maelhyddol—pan sefydlwyd hi gan Mrs. Drage a Mrs. George (eychwynwyr y meediad yu y Gogledd), tua dan Swdin ymunodd, ond erbyn heddyw, sef zu mhen tua blwydyn rhifa 98. Y mae nifer dda or sefydliadan wedi paroloi Trefulen, ar Cyfarfodydd yn cael en Cynal yu rheolaidd. Maent wedi profi o werih yu yr ystyr adysgawl, aē yu arbenig wedi dwyn merched o bob gradd yu agos at eu glyd, ac i helpu eu gilydd.

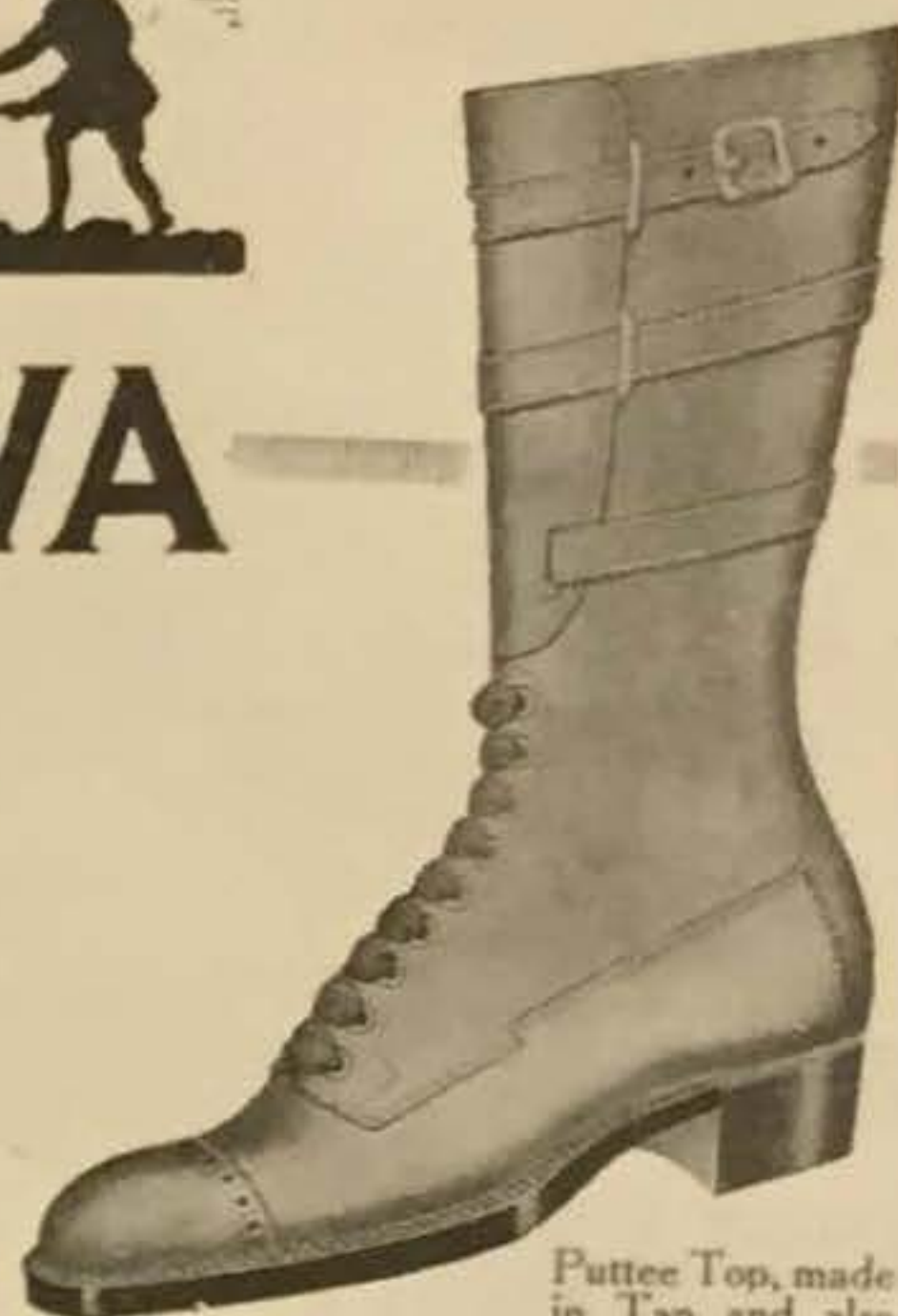
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Made in Tan and also in Black. (waterproof) 49/11 11½ inches.



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

For Ladies engaged in WORK on the LAND
Write for Special War Workers' Brochure and also General Catalogue



Back'd Top, made in Tan and also in Black (waterproof) 55/-



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

The material and workmanship is the same as that employed in our Field Service Boots for Officers.



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



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



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

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Notes from Women's Institutes

UPTON-ON-SEVERN W.I. rents a small house for headquarters. The results of last year's canning, jam making and pickling are stored for winter use. There is a club room for Land Army women which is much appreciated.

CHILKOLTON W.I. had a "Sing-Song" for soldiers, land workers and Institute members, which was a brilliant success. The village women are now anxious to invite the land workers to their homes. This special entertainment has been so successful that the W.I. Committee is making a special feature of similar functions and believes recruits for the Land Army will result.

BOLDRE W.I. had a jumble sale which realised over £27, which sum was divided between the local nursing association and Prisoners of War Fund.

CHILTON W.I. buys Grimsby fish, which is sold at 1ld. a pound, which means 1d. a pound profit to the shopkeeper, 1d. a pound to the W.I., and then leaves the fish cheaper than any that can be bought locally. Mixed fresh fish is sold without profit to invalids.

LLANDEGFAN W.I. finds that old motor bicycle tyres make excellent soles for men's boots, but the material is too heavy for women's boots, except for standing about. Ordinary bicycle tyres are recommended for soleing women's and children's boots and shoes.

A new Institute in a small village reports: "A splendid meeting; 66 women present. We knitted, cut hair, bandaged, sang and recited, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. We are having cooking and dressmaking classes."

HENFIELD W.I. was honoured by a visit from Mrs. Pember Reeves, Ministry of Food, who gave an excellent address, and there was an exhibition arranged by the Institute members of models which showed the exact size of voluntary rations. These models were exhibited afterwards in the Coffee Tavern window and excited much interest.

On Thursday evening, March 21st, the **CAISTOR INSTITUTE** held a public meeting at which Mr. Stainsby, of Brocklesby, gave a very instructive and interesting paper on "Vegetable Growing, Rotation and Successive Cropping," after which all present desiring to ask questions were invited to do so.

BASKETS FOR FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

As the above are now in great request, *when made up to standard*, the Hon. Sec. of the National Federation will be glad to hear from Women's Institutes as soon as possible answering the following questions:

1. Would your members like to start basket-making?
2. Have you any osiers or willows in your neighbourhood?
3. Are there any local leaders available?

How Basket-making was Started by the Women's Institute at Castle Hedingham.

At the meeting called to form an Institute a lady volunteered to give lessons in basket-making. This offer was gladly accepted, and the following week at the first meeting (January 24th) of the Institute about 20 members were started on bases. Cane and small osier baskets were taught at first, being easier to manage than the large osier. Having once learnt the method, the workers were soon able to handle the heavy osier, which must always be well soaked.

Six lessons (one a week) were given by "Parsonson, basket-maker, Halstead," for which he charged 3s. a lesson (lasting over two hours) and travelling expenses: the women practising at home during the week. These lessons were arranged by the President, as the lady who started to teach was obliged to be away for several weeks. Peck baskets made by the members were first sold at the beginning of March, at Chelmsford Market, and also privately, realising about 1s. 6d., leaving a clear profit of 1s.

The Institute is lucky in having a most efficient and energetic treasurer for the industry.

Osier should be bought about Christmas from the growers, when it should cost not more than 1s. 6d. a "bolt," to prevent the necessity for buying from a middleman at a much greater cost.

Besides working at home the women meet about once a fortnight at the Institute for basket-weaving, in order to learn new designs, if desired, and to teach new members.

THE FLY DANGER.

Members are advised to make a serious campaign against flies. Leaflets on the subject may be had from The National Health Society, 53, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W.; also from The British Museum (National History), South Kensington, London, S.W. Posters, ½d. each.

NATIONAL WOOL COLLECTION.

Notice to Children.

Wool is much needed for warm blankets and clothing for our soldiers and sailors.

You are asked to help by collecting the bits of sheep's wool from the hedges and thorns in your neighbourhood that it may be spun into yarn and woven into blankets and clothing for the Army and Navy.

If you will do this you will be helping our men at the Front and setting free ships to carry our food.

Inquiries to be addressed to Lady Amherst of Hackney, Room 8, 35, Park Street, London, W.1.

HOW TO MAKE BUTTER, No. 1.

Quarter lb. margarine, ¼ pint custard, made with Bird's Custard Powder. Warm and beat margarine, mix with custard, beat together, and leave to get cold. (This tastes like fresh Devonshire butter.)

HOW TO MAKE BUTTER, No. 2.

Two oz. butter or margarine, ½ pint milk, 1 oz. cornflour. Mix cornflour and boil milk as for a mould; beat the butter to a cream. When cool, mix butter and cornflour together; beat well, and, if liked, add a little salt. This is also good for making cakes.

A Valuable Food

Chocolate is a valuable food.

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

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

Bournville Chocolate

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

CADBURY BROS., Ltd
Bournville,



SAVING THE NATION!

The production of food is a vital matter at the present moment, and to those women who are engaged upon the land in assisting their country the International Correspondence Schools offer a training that is simple, quick, and certain. At little cost it comes to you wherever you are, and follows you wherever you go.

Post the Coupon NOW!

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Please send me your free book containing full particulars of the Course of Correspondence Training before which I have marked X.

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NOTE.—If the Subject desired is not in the above List write it here —

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Gardening Hints for May.

SUGAR BEET must be grown in every garden this year for the sake of its sweetening properties. Some people also prefer the leaves to spinach as it is sweeter. One sugar beet will make enough syrup to sweeten three pounds of fresh fruit. Sow the seed in drills on well-dug and rich ground, thin to nine inches apart, fifteen inches between the rows, and sow at once.

Onions.—Be very careful when thinning out not to loosen the soil around those left. It encourages the onion fly. The rows ought to be hoed up and the earth pressed against the roots, or, better still, a thorough watering given to settle the earth about the bulb. The very best way to grow onions is to transplant them; either sow the seed in the autumn and transplant in March, or sow the seeds in boxes under glass in January and transplant in April. When so treated they rarely get the disease, but the ground must be very hard; run the garden roller over the patch before planting. **Broad beans** may still be planted, but top them before the black fly attacks them. **French and kidney beans** to be sown in quantity, not forgetting the *haricot beans* for winter use. The main crop of **beetroot** to be sown at once. Three seeds sown nine inches apart, thinning to one in each patch. **Broccoli** to be sown for succession; plant out from seed bed at every opportunity. About the middle of the month sow again for cutting in May next year. **Cabbage** should be planted out from seed beds in showery weather. Thin **carrots**. Water **cauliflower** in dry weather; they want more moisture than any other sort of green stuff, and plant out as fast as possible. **Celery** trenches should be taken out, using plenty of manure—you cannot use too much, and it comes in for the next crop. **Lettuce** should still be sown, and **tomatoes** planted out of doors at the end of the month. A southern aspect against a wall is best for them. Leave the main stem only, pinching out all side shoots, and shorten the main stem when four feet high. Three feet between the rows and two feet between the plants will be enough room. Sow the small white early **turnip** for succession. **Vegetable marrows** must not be planted out of doors too early, in case of frost, unless protected. It will well repay you to sow a patch of *asparagus kale*, it is a most delicious vegetable, and comes in for use when most of the other green stuff is over. It never fails, and stands all weathers. It wants plenty of room because it branches and it is the young shoots that you eat. It is worthy of its name. Sow now in drills, and plant out the most vigorous seedlings when big enough two to two and a half feet either way. Sow thinly an inch deep, a foot apart in the rows, using soot for the final raking, and keep covered from birds.

NOTICE.

The Name of the Winner of the Long Service Prize will be announced in the June Number.

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