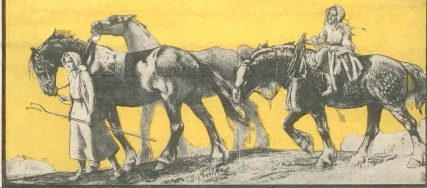


The LANDSWOMAN

JANUARY 1919 *Price*
No. 13 ❖ Vol. II **3d**





WINTER ON THE LAND.

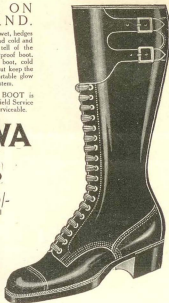
The grass hanging with wet, hedges dripping, and the ground cold and sodden with rain, all tell of the need of a strong waterproof boot. If wet penetrates the boot, cold feet will be the result, but keep the feet dry, and a comfortable glow will infuse the whole system.

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

MAYFLOWA WAR WORK BOOTS

Made in Tan, also in Black (Waterproof) 13 inches high 55/-
11 inches high 49/11

LADIES ENGAGED IN
WORK ON THE LAND
SHOULD WRITE FOR
A COPY OF OUR WORK
AND SPORTS BROCHURE



Made in Tan
and also in
Black.
Waterproof.
10 inches high.
39/11
11½ inches high
49/11



Puttee Top,
made in Tan,
and also in
Black.
Waterproof.
75/-



BROGUES.
Tan and Willow
Calf. Fringe
Tongues

39/11

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LAND OUTFITS, OVERALLS, BLOUSES, Etc.

HEALTH BELT.

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

THE "STANDARD" OUTFIT.

HAT.

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

SHIRT.

Well made and well cut. Buttons sewed. 6/11

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

PUTTEES.

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

Sizes: SMALL, MEDIUM, LARGE

COMPLETE OUTFIT
35/-



THE "COAT SMOCK" is a very smart Farm Overall with a tailor-made effect. It can be worn with the Standard Outfit. In Amazon 11/9, Mercers Casecoat 12/11, Plain Zipper 13/11, Khaki Jean 13/11, Maudlin Brown Jean 14/11.

THE "IDEAL" HAT.



All our Garments guaranteed well made and wearing parts specially strengthened

Agents:
MR. FREDERICK PLUCK,
Complete Outfitter.
BRAINTREE, ESSEX.
Messrs. S. & H. HANBURY,
HIGH ST., DOCKING.

For Landworkers and others. Very smart in appearance. Brim is made to turn down to form a Storm proof hat as shown. Close fitting, light, cloth appearance, neutral color, absolutely waterproof, and up leakage is possible. 4/11

With small Brim 3/11

Although War conditions will not permit us to send goods on approval, you obtain equal assurance of value by our guarantee of satisfaction or money returned in full.

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Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.



THE "YOKE SMOCK" is a well-designed Farm Overall, smart in appearance, and can be worn with the Standard Outfit. In Amazon 11/9, Mercers Casecoat 12/11, Plain Zipper 13/11, Khaki Jean 13/11, Maudlin Brown Jean 14/11.



THE "AGRICOLA" OUTFIT. As illustrated, is an ideal land worker's outfit, well and smartly made. All wearing parts are specially strengthened and always give satisfaction. Price, in Superior Quality Khaki Jean, Overall 60 in. long and Breeches (small, medium or large) 18/11. Puttees, per pair, 2/11. Hat (Khaki Jean or Waterproof), 3/11.

COMPLETE OUTFIT 35/-

THE LANDSWOMAN

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

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

Advertising Offices: W. H. Smith & Son, Stamford Street, S.E.

"Our Cows"



"Cows."—By ILLUSTR.

OUR cows are ladies of both high and low degree. Wayward, gentle, hot tempered, submissive, homely, and beautiful, they are like every other mixed community of females. Look at the pair chewing the cud in the farther corner of the mead; one big and fat, with great thick legs and short, heavy tail, the other small and dainty in every respect, from the upward curve of her pretty horns and the depths of her large blue eyes down to the last curl on her sweeping tail. Would you think that they were the greatest friends going? Well, they are. Polly is rude and rough and greedy; Pixie has the manners of a lady. Polly's education probably consisted of nothing but the three R's; she certainly didn't learn much more. Pixie was most carefully brought up, and her education finished and polished off in the most approved style. Polly's behaviour suggests that she is going to take all she can get and leave everybody else to look after themselves. Pixie's behaviour is most circumspect, and her attitude

towards things in general is usually one of bored indifference. Polly must have a finger in every pie; Pixie does not care—it is no concern of hers. Polly is big and strong; Pixie is little and weak—and so they are friends.

There is handsome Lady Betty—handsome, and she knows it. Her figure is perfect, and her manners are queenly. In all her dealings with her friends and companions there is a tinge of condescension. It is born and bred in her, and is as much a part of her nature as is her regal mien and her perfect manners. She is, of course, quite above the status of the ordinary cow, both as regards birth, education, intellect, and social standing, and she wishes you to understand as much. Certainly, her refinement and good breeding are beyond question. Like a true lady, she mixes with the lower classes, without losing any of her caste. She is intimate with no one, but on friendly terms (in a condescending way, let it be understood) with all.

Then there is Dolly, our late invalid, who is just passing from the convalescent to the healthy stage again. She lost her calf a short while back, and was very ill herself, but is almost well again now, so she has lost the interest that might otherwise have been centred round her—for she is a very ordinary individual. You can see Dolly in her thousands anywhere. There is nothing remarkable in her character to show you that she has any individuality. She is humdrum and commonplace, and yet, whilst, she has a very big streak of common sense in her nature.

We all have our wealthy friends, our intellectual friends, our friends of wit, beauty, and high spirits, but when we are in trouble or want any help, to whom do we go? Why, to plain little Mrs. Brown, who has nothing to commend her but her practical, every-day common sense, yet she is the one who helps and comforts us, and shows us a way out of our difficulties! So much for Dolly.

No description of our cows would be complete if we excluded Johnny. He is a true gentleman, but a bit of a flirt; but, then, he is young and handsome, so what else do you expect? His suave manner and, I almost said, his winning smile, would melt away any amount of maidenly reserve and bashfulness. His black coat is glossy and sleek, and I am sure he is the soul of honour and truthfulness. I cannot say he is brave, for I am afraid he is not. He makes a great show of it, anyway, as he stands there with his head held high blowing bubbles through his nose, but he is watching you all the time, and as soon as you approach, he will quietly sink away with humble mien, and from a safe corner, where he thinks he is not seen, among the cows, he will furtively watch you with distrust, until he is satisfied that your intentions are perfectly friendly, when he will issue forth and pass you by, ignoring you as is his lordly way.

Thus our cows.

F. B. HAMILTON, L.A.A.S.

Peace in a Kentish Village

BLOW, wind, across the marshes from the sea!
Soft shadows ease the rosy day discover
And steal their hush from every hedge and tree,
And whither all the golden stacks to brown.
Blow, wind, across the marshes from the sea.

Blow, wind, across the marshes, and set free
Our thoughts to take the liberty they earn,
To wander down your pathway to the sea
And picture there the happy ships return.
Blow, wind, across the marshes merrily!

Say, wind—do you have travelled far to sea—
Oh, say you there the payment of the ships,
All sailing homeward, crowned for victory,
To where the white coast on the Channel lips
And England greets her lovers, by the sea?

Blow, wind, across the marshes from the sea,
Make sweet our work among the gathered corn,
With haze of life magnificent and fine
For many in this mighty hour unborn.
Blow, wind! We turn our faces to the sea.

ANT KEY CLARKE.

A Prince of Japan and the Land Army

A MESSAGE to the Land Army from H.I.H. Prince Yorihito of Higashi Fushimi, who came to this country as the representative of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan to present the sword and badge of a Field-Marshal to His Majesty King George.

"It affords me great pleasure to express my admiration for the splendid work of the Women's Land Army during the war, which has signally conducted not only to the welfare of the British nation, but also to the victory of the Allied cause. It is my sincere wish that your untiring efforts may in the future be attended with an increasing measure of success."

Flaming June

POPPIES and anemone,
Paeonies, crimson hue,
Golden Calceolarias,
Lupins, sapphire blue,
Roses down the pathway
In a gay festoon—
That's my lady's garden,
Once, in flaming June!

Rows of neat potatoes,
Cabbages between,
Sombre leek and lettuce,
And the steely bean,
Onions, too, and carrots
Fit for eating soon—
That's my lady's garden,
Now in flaming June!

Impersonation among the Poultry

HAVE you ever blamed your fowls to human beings? I have, and you've no idea how easy it is, and very amusing, too. I am a great lover of Dickens's works, and as I watch my fowls sometimes (wade of the "hen's" time he said!) certain of his characters fit through my mind. What? A ridiculous fancy? No doubt, but nevertheless a favorite one of mine.

Among the cockerels I have several with a truly Pocksmiffian air, and one in particular. He struts and strides full of pompous dignity, as if it were a condescension on his part to mix with the rest. In fact, this most despotic of Pocksmiffian phrases comes to my mind:—"It is a duty I owe to society." It makes me smile as I watch him.

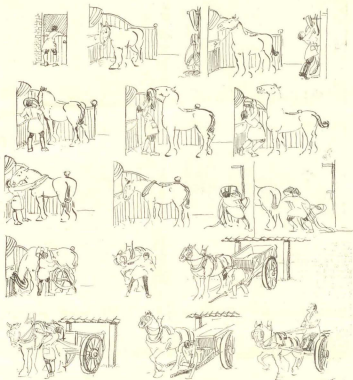
Several of my hens remind me of various other of Dickens's characters.

For instance, now, there's an old hen, whom I always mentally name Mrs. Gump. She is short and thick round a bit fussy, don't it fit, and looks pretty artful at everybody. I generally place an imaginary umbrella under her wing! Then there's another who is David Copperfield's aunt to a T. She's very sharp in all her movements, with a keen bright eye which escapes very little, I'm sure. There are several dear motherly-looking old things, too, which I call my Peggottys. To-day I noticed a rather small gentle little hen who made me think tenderly of Little Dorrit.

If I'm not strict with myself I know I shall get wasting too much time at this game, but I can notice these little things just walking across the farmyard, really. I assure you it's a pleasant way of observing the poultry, and incidentally it makes one notice any sick ones there may be which are easily passed unnoticed.

KITTY FOUNTAIN (L.A.A.S.).

The Joys of the Land Army



No. 1. Harnessing

"My Friend the Goat"



Lady Evelyn Cotterell and Garner's Lilac

THese days of scarcity of milk, I am glad to find that the usefulness of the goat as a milker is receiving due recognition. No domestic animal, if well cared for and intelligently fed, gives a better return for the trouble and time expended on it. The point of goat-milk may well be reckoned one of the easiest and pleasantest forms of women's work on the land. The milking qualities of the goat, if bred from carefully selected milking strains, are little short of surprising, the best amongst them giving a gallon of rich milk per day. Goats are most affectionate animals; they respond very readily to human kindness, and develop great affection for their attendants. They are easily fed. All sorts of garden weeds, outside leaves of all green vegetables, prunings of fruit trees, pea haulms, ivy, sun-dried nettles are eagerly consumed; a little hay at night, with the addition of roots in the winter, when greens are scarce. A lump of rock salt should always be provided for them to lick; this keeps them in good condition, and encourages them to drink, which helps to fill the milk pail. It is a good thing to give them in milk their water diluted. Those who wish to make goat keeping a success, must remember these essential points—viz., daily grooming, regularity and variety in feeding, fresh water to drink at each meal, comfortable housing and patience, and kindness at all times. In the summer months my goats are tethered out all day and housed at night, and stabled entirely in the winter, except on dry days when they are taken for a run to get exercise. Following are everywhere like dogs. When tethered out, I provide them with little movable shelters, as goats hate rain, and these also serve as protection from transference flies on hot days.

A great many people are under the false impression that a goat only gives milk for a very few months. I have an Anglo-Vogelburg strain, "Garner's Lilac," who kidded in April, 1917, and has been in continuous lactation (without kidding this year) ever since. I have only recently (and reluctantly on her part) succeeded in drying her off in order to give her a good rest before kidding in the spring.

An Anglo-Nubian-Swiss "Garner's Raglan" has given me 120 gallons in 8 months since her kids were weaned, and will give over 2 quarts a day. She is sired by the celebrated Charron's Leach, "Leona Llanora", a star milker, gives a gallon daily when in full profit.

I hope that perhaps these few remarks may encourage others to keep these useful and attractive animals.

EVELYN COTTERELL.

A Land Girl's Start with Rabbits

AT various stages of my outdoor career I had seriously considered whether I should start with rabbit keeping, and I think it was a natural distaste of keeping any animal or bird closely confined in a hutch or cage which always "put me off" in the end.

Then the war came, and then the great call to land workers and others to produce more food, and with plenty of space and green food available I felt I must make a start with rabbits. Thereupon I read books on the subject, consulted an expert, and in due season erected a small open-sided wooden shelter with a roof sloping to the front, and large enough to take six hutches along the back, stacked in three.

Each hutch is 6 feet long by 2 feet high and 2 feet deep; the sleeping compartment to each being 2 by 2 by 2, and only divided from the "run" by a low board. It is not necessary to have it partitioned right off, but for winter breeding a separate box from the nest can be provided, and this arrangement enables one to examine the young ones without unduly disturbing the nest. The sleeping compartment has a plain wooden door in front, with a small movable board across behind it, to prevent the youngsters falling out when the door is opened. The front of the run part consists of a 64-inch board to give protection from wind, with a wire-netting frame hinged on to it, and the whole front is simply infested in with litters. Making them on this plan greatly facilitates cleaning out the hutches. The outside end also the floor, and about 3 inches up the inside wall, I treated with creosote, and the rest of the inside is disinfected, which makes it look nice and "shows off" the bunnies well.

The walls of the floors of the hutches are thickened covered with sawdust, with a bed of hay or straw in the sleeping compartment, the solid part being removed daily and replaced by fresh. If this is attended to regularly, as it should be, and there is a thorough weekly clean out of all the hutches, everything about the animals is kept fresh and clean.

The front of the shelter is covered with wire netting, with a door in the centre and a board along the bottom. A movable weather-board to put up along the front in really bad weather would be another improvement.

There is a tarred garden frame cover with cyclot holes which fasten on to little brass hooks along the front of the shelter on rough or winter nights.

FEEDING.—The winter diet consists of:

Morning—Hay, and a piece of weeds to each rabbit.

Mid-day—Green food, preferably gathered over night, or, at any rate, not given wet at this time of the year.

Evening—Hay and whole oats.

The rabbits should always have clean water before them. If the rabbits have to be left untended between the morning and evening feeds the greenstuff can be put into the hutches in the morning after the rabbits have eaten some hay. Many people have through ignorance killed their rabbits by allowing them to have a large feed of fresh greenstuff on an empty stomach.

THE STOCK.—My stock to start with consisted of two good Belgian does, aged 7½ and 8½ months respectively, and a smart little silver-faced buck. This once I had an excellent one for table purposes; the young rabbits, with proper care, are fit to kill in twelve to fourteen weeks, when they make a nice plump, medium-sized carcass. They are taken from the does at six weeks old, removing the two strongest from the litter first, and then taking one away each day. I put mice at this stage into a chicken house, 7 feet long by 3 feet wide, with the floor raised up, and a box of hay in one corner for the little rabbits to sleep in; here they get plenty of exercise and do well. Greenstuff is greatly appreciated, and a little milk after they are first taken away from the doe gives them a start.

In a few weeks I separate the young does to be kept or sold for stock from those intended for fattening, and the latter are then given a daily dose of small potatoes boiled up and mashed up with ground oats.

The doe is kindly often begun to make her nest a week after mating, and once she has made it, it should not be touched or interfered with at all until three days after the litter is born. It should then be carefully examined while the doe is feeding, and any dead youngsters removed. None of my does reveal any leaning the nest and young ones, but I have always been to them myself, and they know me very well; otherwise I should always wait until the third day before examining the nest.

FORESTER.

"Away in a Manger"

TULL farmer was quite kind about it, but quite firm. He didn't hold with too much of the old, Christmas Eve or on Christmas Eve, the cow stalls had to be cleaned out as usual. It was not his fault if the old cowman had gone off to ring the church bells, and left her to do it all alone; she was having the whole day off to-morrow, and what more could she want? If she was a wise maid, she would hurry up and get finished, but he could not waste any more time, as he had two sick beasts to attend to. And with a friendly nod he went off. The maid picked up her pail with a sigh of disappointment; she had been looking forward to the Carol service so much, and the vicar's little son was going to be baptized, too. Still, if she couldn't go, she couldn't, and what was the use of wishing?

The milking over, she set about her other less pleasant task, and as she did so the first bells of Christmas pealed out. The thought flashed through her mind that if she snugged the work a little, she would be in time for the service after all; only Bill would know about it, and he was none too thorough himself if he was in a hurry to get home. She almost decided to do it, but then her sense of duty gained the upper hand, and with set lips she went to work again. Never, surely, had those stalls been cleaned so thoroughly before! She even swept down the cow-ways that had been tramped from the milkers ever since she had been there, and it was with a feeling of good work well done that she finally closed the door and went indoors.

She had been asleep for some hours, when she suddenly awoke. With a start she sat up, thinking she heard voices, then she clink of a latch brought her out of bed. From her window she could see nothing, so hastily slipping on her clothes, she ran downstairs and out into the yard. Through the cracks in the cow-house door a dim light was shining. She crept nearer, and softly opening the door an inch or two, looked in. What she saw made her push open the door and go in. The cows were no longer in their accustomed places, but grouped together at the further end of the stall; beside them the lay was lying a young woman in a long blue cloak, holding something tenderly in her arms. At her head knelt an old man in a rough brown tunic, with a lantern in his hand. The woman, hearing the door open, looked up. Seeing the little maid, she smiled, and beckoned her to come closer. Tremulously the girl drew near, till she too was kneeling in the light of the lantern, and could see the face in the woman's arms. Finally she stretched out her hand till it touched that of the Child. At the touch He opened His eyes and smiled at her; then clasping His tiny fingers round one of hers, He smiled down again and slept. How long she knelt there the maid never knew, but at last the baby fingers loosened their hold, and she bent and kissed them before she rose, and went quietly away. At the door she looked back. The cows were all kneeling now, their warm breath rising like incense about the Holy Family, and the maiden felt, though she could not see, angels adoring the Humility of Love. She went back to her room, her heart filled with a strange sweet happiness, and as she dropped off to sleep once more, she murmured, "I am glad I didn't leave the work undone to go to church." M. M. L.

Gardening Hints for January

MUCH may be done in the garden to make ready for spring planting. If all winter ground were trenched, as recommended last March, it will be ready for cropping early in March. Artichokes (Globe) sow the seed in shallow drills outdoors, and thin to twelve inches apart. Lift them in November and plant in a deep soil, four feet apart. The growth is very vigorous, and requires protection in the winter.

Preparations for asparagus, either for seed or roots. The ground for seed should be deeply dug and well manured in the winter. Sow the seed in April in drills fourteen inches apart and an inch deep. When the shoots are four inches high, thin to six inches apart, keep the soil well tilled and clean all the season, and the plants down in the autumn, and cover the bed with short straw. They are not fit to cut for table until the third year, but once made will last for thirty years. Broad beans, to be sown in rows, under glass, for planting out, or in the open ground at the end of the month. Cabbage plants can be planted out, and cauliflower seed may be sown in frames for planting out in March or early April. Lettuce seed planted in pans in a glass frame also cross and manured seed for salads. Vase to be sown on well-manured, well-sheltered ground; broccoli, celery, or late cauliflower can follow without more manure. Sow radish in frames, and charlotte carrots; an old cucumber frame is the best for four inches of fresh soil over the hatted that was made for the cucumbers, and let it settle, then plant the seed pretty thickly, so as to allow for insects that are sure to take toll. For the carrots to sow on they can be sown, so as to make room for the rest to develop, also the radishes. Asparagus may be covered with pots, and the pots covered with manure, leaves, or even litter to keep them alive; also rhubarb, spinach; sow just a pinch of seed this month; it may come along all right, if not sow again.

FRANCIS WALKLEY.

Norfolk

SCENE.—County Office, Norwich. Market day.

A twenty minutes' experience at the County Headquarters.

ENTER FARMER NO. 1.

FARMER. Good morning. Have you a man catcher?
MISS R. Very sorry, all are engaged. I will see if there is one to be found in London.

FARMER. I have 800 acres, and an overture with moles. I've got good money to a girl, and good billet, and keep her a month.
[Exit.]

ENTER FARMER NO. 2.

FARMER. Please Miss R., I don't know what to do about my wicket. She is a good girl she is. Just all rate, and I don't think her Milt is good enough. She has enough to eat, and is comfortable, and all that; but they don't seem to treat her friendly enough, and she is a good girl.

MISS R. You better go to the Registrar, Mrs. S., and see what she says. I know she takes a good interest.

FARMER. Yes, I will; she's a real straight lady. Good morning.
[Exit.]

ENTER FARMER NO. 3.

FARMER. Good morning. I have just called to see if you got my letter this morning. I do want a rather shocking bed, and I thought I'd make sure by coming early to get one. My last was such a good worker, and I want another just like her.

MISS R. We have got the very girl for you. She will be with you on Tuesday, and I'll give you the train to-morrow.
[Exit.]

ENTER FARMER NO. 4.

FARMER. Good morning. Please I want two girls to take the place of my first and second ten-men. I should like them to be educated girls, as my other are, and it is best to have them all the same. They must be good with cart horses, and not be thinking too much about handiwork, and that sort.

MISS R. Must they be good at ploughing? I've two girls, sisters, but they are not in the country. I'll warn. They are very good with horses, but not very skilled at ploughing.

FARMER. Never mind that. I'll take them. You always send me good girls. Good morning, etc., etc., etc.

The goes on in our headquarters every market day.



Efficiency Tests

WE held our second Efficiency Test for this year at the Hill House Training Centre, Hartbury, Gloucestershire, having had Army girls entering. Some of those were still in the training centre, others had passed out and been placed on farms. The highest number of marks to be obtained for each test was a hundred. Those gaining over seventy-five received a certificate in Class A, which entitled them to an extra two shillings a week in their wages. There were two tests—a horseman's and a cow-maid. The horseman's test took place in the morning. Each girl had to groom and harness a cart horse, put it into a cart, pitch in a load of manure, draw this through some gates across a field to a manure heap, then back her cart and tip the load of manure on to the heap. A few questions were then put to each girl from the judges as to the feeding of a horse, its simple ailments, and how to deal with them. All the girls passed in Class A, with the exception of one, who had only had four days' experience. After the horse work, when lunch was finished, the piano was seen giving forth the pleasant songs of the day, in which the girls joined very heartily. We then started the cowman's test. Clearing out sheds was the first thing to be gone through, the girls worked in pairs at this, each pair having to clean out two sheds. The cows were then driven in, every girl had to milk two cows, marks being given for style, general management, and clean stripping. A few questions were asked as to the signs of a cow in health? Why clean stripping is important? and so on. After this came tea, which was very welcome after the excitement of the day. Everyone went away feeling the girls had done well, and that the day had been a successful one.

O. M. TOWNLEY, Instructor.

INSTRUCTIONS ON EFFICIENCY TESTS.

NOW that the efficiency tests no longer affect the wage question, it is a good opportunity to reconstruct the whole question of the granting of certificates to successful candidates. From



Efficiency Test—Hartbury, Gloucestershire.

this date all the marks will be as follows: Class C, 75 per cent. to 80 per cent.; Class B, 85 per cent. to 90 per cent.; Class A, 95 per cent. to 100 per cent.—thus keeping the standard the same as original markings, only raising the standard of Class A and Class B. Class A certificates to be given only after six months' work on the land. This exceeds all previous rulings.

SUBJECTS.

ELEMENTARY.

Horsework (taking one horse and cart).
Milking (two cows essential).
Ploughing (simply ploughing round).

FIELD OPERATIONS.

At least three operations to be taken before a certificate is granted or issued.

Hoeing (by hand).
Reeing (three feet).
Harrowing.
Rolling.
Leading and spreading manure.
Felling, cleaning and filling roots.
Trussing.

Hedge brushing.
Scything or mowing.

ADVANCED AND SPECIAL.

Milking (two cows essential).
Milking (by machinery), six cows essential.
Ploughing (to include opening, finishing and ridging).
Horsework (two horses and a four-wheeled wagon).
Stockwork.
Motor tractor driving.
Lid up plough behind tractor.
Drilling.
Thatching.
Weed laying and laying.
Fagoting.

GARDEN OPERATIONS.

At least three operations to be taken before a certificate is granted or issued.

Digging.
Trenching.
Planting.
Hoing.
Seed bed preparation.
Cuttings.



Some of the Competitors.



Keasington-Ashford-Threshing Gang.

Letters from Threshing Girls

"YOU will be pleased to learn that we are all very happy. Newington is a tiny village about two miles from Folkestone and seven from Dover. Our billets are situated almost at the foot of the cliffs I like to call them, they remind us so much of home. We have been to six farms so far, and everyone connected with the work and also the general public have been exceedingly kind to us, and so we ride along the streets on the top of the threshing people wave to us and cheer. Last week one lady stood in her dining-room and waved a table napkin until we were out of sight."

"Please do not think us vain when I tell you that we have had our portraits taken at least three times since we came down. Our portrait was in to-day's Daily Sketch. The farmer for whom we worked during the early part of the week engaged the photographer, and the men on the machine were quite willing to be 'taken'."

"Last week we were at a little place called Seabrook, and some local people came and 'snapped' us while we were at work, but also, the mounted policeman came, too, and took the camera away, and so now they have got us all down at the police station."

"The engineer is very pleased with us, and we have been working very hard, and we all agree with each other, and I think we shall stick the threshing until the end, as we do not intend giving up till Peace is declared."

"I know the work is hard and dusty, but for all that it is very interesting, and I much prefer it to field work. We get a lot of change. We have been at three different farms already, and one is always meeting different characters."

"The old driver has been very different since you spoke to him, but to-day he has had one of his old fits again. I expect it is due to him drinking yesterday."

"We moved from Ekeles to Dalling yesterday. He stopped at each public house on the way, and when he arrived at Dalling it was nearly dinner time. He asked for the village 'pub,' and stayed there till after 2 o'clock, and was no good for any work, so we just had to walk back home again!"

Competition in Montgomeryshire

OPEN TO LAND ARMY WORKERS ONLY.

1. Crocheted mangle tops.
2. Knitted socks.

3. Essay on either: (a) My experiences since I joined the Land Army; (b) What I should like to do when the war is over.

OPEN TO L.A.A.'s AND FARMERS' WIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

4. (a) The best made Land Girls' hot-water, made from muslin or linen; (b) Fruit-picking apron in coarse linen.

5. Any article in drawn-thread work or crochet.

6. Rough baskets for farm use.

7. Penny baskets.

8. Home-made butter.

9. Home-made cheese.

10. The best waft-lins: (a) Cake or pudding; (b) bread;

(c) oatcakes, with recipes attached.

12. The best hand-made article to save money, time, and labour.

A special prize will be given for the best exhibition, to be voted for by the competitors themselves.

There will be a First Prize of 5s., and a Second Prize of 2s. 6d. for each Competition.



"A Threshing Gang."



Potato Gangs



Life in a Holland Potato Camp

THE potato harvest was ready to get up, and the farmer worriedly realised that he had about six local women to lift these fine crops. What could he do? Ah! Thank Heaven there was a Land Army!

Twenty hearty, happy girls were sent down to this little village in Lincolnshire, prepared to put up with anything to enable this farmer to get up his crops for their country before winter finally settled in.

Having no accommodation in the village, they were given the schoolroom. Army equipment of blankets, pots, pans, and hat, but not food, the Army baker, were hastily sent down, such to the general enjoyment of the village, and in two days the village school, once the quiet abode of erudition, now presented itself as a model camp of ten-loving yet hard-working girls.

Visitors in the village entering the schoolroom were greatly surprised, suddenly being confronted with rows of neatly made beds (consisting of four blankets and bag filled with chaff for each girl) on the floor; the other half of the schoolroom was used as a sitting-room, and it was here, when the land was too heavy for the girls to work, they enjoyed a perfect relaxation from potato picking.

The girls, totally unaccustomed to such a noisy happy throng, violently attempted to do its "little bit," and earned on with lively interest the various dances, Swedish drills, foot-steps, hops, etc., following each other in rapid succession.

The kindly interested farmer coming round casually to see how things in the camp were progressing generally, suddenly found himself besieged and carried off in spite of strong protestation) and whirled away, as it appeared to him, and the excitement of a dance, greatly resembling that of a war gathering of Red Indians.

Starting work at 8 a.m., the earth of the field is divided into allotted spaces, called "ridges," of which each girl is given one. The spade (machine) goes forward and throws out of the earth the potatoes, which the girls collect in baskets provided and when full leave at the side of their "ridge."

A cart passes

8

round the field, and the baskets are picked up, emptied, and thrown out again to the worker, who diligently picks up again the next row of potatoes which have been spun out, and so on until the field is completed, and all potatoes are safely stored away for the winter in a grove at the bottom of the field. The ground is then harrowed, and the girls form a line, keeping close together, picking up any potatoes that may have been left behind during the picking period; the man with the cart following, taking the baskets when full and emptying them.

All through these operations their hostess and friends fighting in France are never forgotten, and as one walks up and down the field strains of various war songs come floating down.

The first week of their work the farmer doubted of ever raising his crops satisfactorily, but the second and third week he realised, as they became accustomed to its back-aching ordeal, they were quite as efficient as the local workers, and the house-women found they were being constantly besieged from all the farmers around for the aid of these Land Army ladies.

K. M. T.

Leicestershire Women's Agricultural Council. Ashby-de-la-Zouch District Committee.

HEATHER.

A village in Leicestershire, with a population of 700. The following women are at work from, or in it, taking the place of men during the war:

- 1 trained Land Army girl.
- 1 employed at Searstone dairy factory.
- 6 on the Measham colliery bank.
- 3 working at Heather brickyard.
- 1 working at auctioneer.
- 1 post girl.
- 2 shop assistants.
- 2 partly employed at Heather post office.
- 1 petroler at Heather railway station. She is a grandmother and has done the work of a man since March, 1916.

Total, 18.

PART-TIME WORKERS.

- 29 women have been employed in potato lifting.
- 28 of them are now employed in cutting off turps.
- 2 are following the threshing machine.
- Others help on threshing days when required.
- Is this a record?

FRANCES CHAPMAN, Registrar, Heather.
ELEAN PRATT, Chairman, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.



Potato Gang, Lincolnshire



Intensive Leisure on the Land

Reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

Turning up the Collars of our Coats!

WE'RE the National Service girls who've taken Hodge's place,
 Signing on to work upon the land;
 With a milk pail on your arm, O the life is full of charm,
 And the country in the summer time is grand.
 But though it's very jolly when we're leading home the hay,
 Often it is dreary work, you know;
 But we do not run away when the skies are looking grey,
 And when the rain starts peltin' or the wind begins to blow—

We just
 Turn up the collars of our coats,
 And freeze Land's End away to John-o'-Groynes
 We are sticking to our guns like the boys who fight the Rans,
 And just turning up the collars of our coats, our coats,
 Just turning up the collars of our coats!

Once we used to fret and fume if things were not quite right,
 Making quite a shew in the house;
 "It's the limit," we would say if we couldn't get our way,
 And so thought it was our privilege to grouse.
 If the weather spoilt our looky match we thought it "rotten
 luck!"

Now we haven't leisure to complain.
 For the lads who die for us, well, they never make a fuss,
 So we just turn up our collars and we carry on again.

And by
 Turning up the collars of our coats
 They say we've earned the privilege of voice,
 For we've shown we do not shrink if we're needed for the work,
 But will turn up the collars of our coats, our coats,
 Just turn up the collars of our coats!

A GIRL who was driving a pough
 Said, "It's easy when once you know hough,
 And if you would laugh,
 Just try roaring a cough
 Or milking a silly odd cough!"

Farm Sketches

IV.—Piccadilly

PICCADILLY was the best and brightest of all the billy
 asses on the farm. You won't laugh at his name, because it
 was really awfully sensible. He was a unique bullock. Instead
 of both his horns curling upwards to Heaven on each side of his
 noble brow, one alone did; the other had been bent right over, so
 that it described a semicircle completely covering one eye and
 pointing down his nose, giving him the oddest and most rakish
 appearance conceivable. Add to this a most sprightly and
 wicked personality, and you'll agree, I think, that "Piccadilly"
 was the only name for him.

He was a dark brown shorthorn, and the curl on top of his
 forehead was just the handsomest one known in the bullock
 world. In a former existence he had been a dashing young
 Captain in the Guards—there was no doubt whatever about that.
 No one questioned his authority in our bullock yard. Should
 another bullock dare to come within even sniffing distance of
 the magnificent Piccadilly was asking, he was sorry afterwards—one
 wave of Picco's one horn and that bullock departed quicker
 than he came.

When first they came into the yard at the beginning of the
 winter, Piccadilly was much disconcerted at finding a girl giving
 him his straw, etc. He didn't think it was quite right somehow,
 but he comforted himself by reflecting that he might perhaps
 be able to do a little bullying.

The first afternoon the girl very feebly (so it seemed to him)
 got into his way, so he gave her a prod with his horn: to his
 surprise and disgust, she replied with a resounding whack upon
 his hind quarters from her pitch-fork. Picco sadly came to the
 conclusion that this strange apparition in smock and breeches
 must be treated with respect.

The end of Picco, you ask? I can hardly bear to tell you.
 There came an awful Hardest Day. Because of all the lovely
 sunflowers and straw and cabbages that had been so carefully given
 him, Picco was fat and beautiful to behold: the bullock came
 round, feeling the beasts in turn, and at last came to Picco:
 "That's a rare good 'un—he'll weigh like lead—let 'im go."

And so he went, sadly escorted by Jerry and Julia. Sure
 enough, he weighed more than any beast since last October. A
 fitting culmination to his career.

They said he went to London. Do you remember eating a
 delicious, tender, juicy bit of beef somewhere about last Tuesday?
 If so, it was my Picco.

JERRY, L.A.A.S.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS*

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

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

A NICE HARBOR, a lively and popular young Society woman. A while and very young is married to Richard Barrett; they have known each other all their lives; their parents have also been life-long friends, and have always wished their families to be united by the marriage of these two young people. They find, when they settle down after their honeymoon, that they are bored with each other, and there is very little love between them; they gradually drift apart. The second year of their marriage Anne has a son; she hands him over to her Irish servant, and gives herself up entirely to pleasure. She makes friends with a Judge Cartwright at a dinner party; he is an old friend of her mother's. Richard tells Anne they have lost nearly all their money; but she sticks to her husband through everything; they go to live in a small lodge at Hillcrest, and Anne is glad rather than otherwise; they both make up their minds to be happy. Richard begins to grow jealous of the Judge, and refuses to meet him; when they do meet Richard snubs him.

Cecilia Cartwright is the girl who lives in the woods, and has as a companion a man-of-the-world, who went to live the first night she was in the woods. She gives him a home, and calls him Oscar. Human companions irritate her, so she shuns them. Sexton Graves tries to be friendly with her, but she snubs him. Bobby Barnett, Richard and Anne's son, calls her the "jealous lady"; he is playing with Oscar one day and they both fall over the edge of a cliff; Bobby is hurt, Cecilia takes him home and does everything for him, as his mother is terribly upset. Cecilia is also upset, but she does not lose her self-control. She gets more sociable, and often visits the Barretts. A great change has also come to Richard; he tells his wife he has fallen in love for the first time in his life, and with her!

ERNA M. COOKE.

CHAPTER XIII.

CECILIA MAKES A SPECIAL PLEA.

ONE night some weeks after Bobby's accident the Barretts went over to the big house to sit with the Judge for a while, on his veranda. Since Bobby's convalescence the little colony had formed the habit of spending part of every evening together. The Judge was enjoying a cigar with a crowd of his, the Reverend Dr. Stoley, the Episcopal clergyman of the village, a pompous, little man, of great affability. He and the Judge often played golf together; and when some of his friends entered the Judge about his parties, he retorted that it was an interesting experiment to see just how long professional religion held out, and, he added, it went as far as the sixth hole, where he accused the Dominie of a course of "damn." The Dominie assured him that he had said "Damned," and referred to what he had done to the gods.

At any rate they seemed to find some mutual enjoyment in one another's society, and on this occasion the Dominie came in for the end of a discussion of High Church service.

"I begin to wonder about the emotional side of man, Judge; and I wonder that any man can keep up as a religious questioning as I find."

"You think religion cannot be brought to a basis of reason?"

"Certainly not. Reason kills feeling. You cannot analyze the instinct of worship, any more than you can a life's song."

"That is true," Anne said. "It always seems to me a beautiful thing that the instinct of worship is in us all, whether we believe it or give it room to grow."

"I suppose every day entails a new drama before you, Judge Cartwright."

"The strange part of it is, that year after year the thing repeats itself, like a cyclone. The good religious notes we take, and the bad ones, and the world to sin again; and greed, lust, and consciousness form the background for every tragedy."

"I should think you would go mad with the horror of it," Cecilia shuddered.

"I should get discouraged, I suppose, if I did not take a look now and then at the whole organism. I say to myself, 'The body rotlike as a worm, the soul is immortal; these are only the diseased parts that I am dealing with. In time we shall discover newer, better ways to heal and cure and make wholesome these sick parts.'"

"Along what lines, Judge?" the clergyman asked.

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The criminal is diseased, just as the hunchback is; and I believe we have no more right to punish him than we have to punish the hunchback. One is no more impossible than the other."

"But that spurs out entire penal code, doesn't it?" Richard said.

"Certainly. It should be upset. It is barbaric. Whole crime is regarded as disease of the same rank as consumption or cancer, or any other abnormality, then the brains of this country will work out some intelligent treatment of it."

"But what are we to do in the meantime? Let the criminals go free?"

"In the meantime we must try palliatives, like industrial education, revised penal laws, and possibly enlightened religion."

"And socialism," said Cecilia.

"You believe that to be a panacea? I steer clear of 'me' for my part."

"Until you restrict power and the wealth and get an equal chance for all, you never can have any lasting improvement," she answered warmly.

"And that time will never come, as long as men are born with unequal ability and brain power," retorted Richard.

The Dominie took up the cudgel.

"My dear young lady, it is surely the stupidity of people to get such idiotic impressions as that which holds the whole world back," she cried.

"Don't let me lead on him," the Judge protested, glancing at the Dominie, who looked as if he were about to fight.

"What right has a man to express an opinion on the subject who can't distinguish between socialism and anarchy, and who thinks Cartwright shot Parker because he wouldn't join a Union?"

"Am I misinformed in the matter?" demanded the Reverend Doctor anxiously.

"I disapprove so of the sensationalism of the daily press that I may not have noticed the story straight."

"You have no right to an opinion about it until you have gotten it straight," Cecilia burst at him. "It was Cecilia's fate to have to restore Parker, but he did it from the highest principles."

"But, Cecilia," said Anne, "it was murder."

"Murder? It is the motive that makes the taking of life murder, isn't it, Judge Cartwright? If the motive is a great one it is not murder."

"I'm afraid that is a specious but unsound argument, my young friend," smiled the Judge.

"If the working man seizes the right to get the fruits of his own labor, that is crime; but if the employer squeezes the very life-blood out of him, that is business."

"You let your own personal passion bias your judgment, Cecilia," Richard objected.

"You can't go on being unsympathetic if you live in it, if you see the other side, as I have done. The only way the laboring man can survive to-day is through the Union; that is his ditch to hold over the employer."

"As the employer's wealth is a ditch to hold over the employee."

"Exactly. Before the Union the poor man was a slave; now he is a head up his head and strike back."

"Until he has brains enough not to see the ditch for murder, he has no right to use it," said Richard hotly.

"How about the capitalist and his ditch? Isn't his method murder?"

"But Parker is dead. Miss Cartwright. Who is guilty of his murder?" the clergyman ventured.

"The Steel Trust is guilty of his death."

"How do you make that out? He was part of the trust; he represented them. How are they guilty?" Richard challenged.

"He was the instrument of their greed. Whatever Parker himself thought about the right or wrong of Open Shop principles, the trust itself decided on Open Shop because it gave them more money and more power. You don't suppose the trust cares anything about the principle of the thing, do you?"

"What does your Union care about the principle, if it comes to that? Cooperation gives the man more power and more money. It's six of one and half a dozen of the other. What

we all want is more of everything—more money, more power, more fun to do it; and we all fight the next man for what we think is our share," said Richard.

"That is all socialism wants for the working-man—his share. A chance to get that share by the sweat of his own body and the labor of his own hands."

"You think it must be war, then, Cecilia. Isn't there any way to arbitrate between them?"

"The capitalist practices arbitrage and harrow just as long as the working-man stands by and lets him run what should be their common business. But when the man who does the actual work interferes with Mr. Capitalist's plans, he has the militia called out, and the working-man gets his head broken for disturbing the peace!"

"I fear you are prejudiced, Miss Corné," Dr. Stokely remarked savagely.

"It isn't fair to talk of these things all the evening, when the poor Judge has it all day," Anne interrupted.

Cecilia glanced at the Judge and rose.

"Forgive me, I've been stupid."

He took her hand and smiled in his own way.

"There is nothing to forgive. Each of us is born into an environment that builds for us a structure called convictions, and every day of experience adds to or subtracts from, strengthens or weakens, our stronghold. I work at mine, the Dominie at his, Richard, and Anne, and you, we all work according to the light within and about us, and we must be patient with each other that our buildings are so diverse."

"Dr. Stokely, I apologize," said Cecilia quickly.

"My dear young lady, I accept your apology," he said graciously.

Cecilia frowned. "Now, you apologize to me," she remarked.

"I—but why?"

"You offended me just as much as I offended you."

"Dear me! Well, of course, then, I apologize if you feel that way; I do indeed."

"I accept your apology," she replied, and turned to the others apologetically. "I suppose I am too passionate about it all, but you don't know, any of you, what bridges and stairs have gone into my building. You build in orderly ways, according to some set style of architecture, but I am working on a structure like Krenala, patched with such myriad influences. I know many girls like the one in Judge Corné's court today; I know great ambitions that are being killed for lack of a chance; I know great lives that are cramped and hidden for lack of decrees that every human creature is entitled to; I know children born in want and doomed at birth to death and woe; I know men fighting like tigers for food and a roof for those they love; and I so want to help them all, to get them a chance. I want socialism, or anarchy, or anything that will help, because I care of them, the Poor, the great struggling, suffering, groaning, heaving multitudes, fighting for so little before they are crowded on into the cloth."

With a sob she turned and left them dumb and lashed with her words. She ran into the woods like a voice retreating into the wilderness. Anne spoke first.

"How terrible she was! Like an angel with a flaming sword."

"Yes is the stuff that makes a Christian martyr. Her frail shoulders are too slight to carry the burden that she bears to life. Her heart is too big for her girl's body; you feel as if it must break its covenant of flesh and fill the universe with its divine pity," the Judge said softly.

"H'm! She is a most upsetting young woman!" declared the Dominie, rising to take his departure.

(To be continued)

The Landswoman's Wonder-why.

I WONDER why in summer
You must suffer from the sun,
And in winter be an iced
Before your work's begun.

I wonder why the people
That you work with every day
Are cheerful when you're miserable,
And sober when you're gay.

I wonder why the cows are hard
To milk when you're in haste;
And why they give so little milk
When you have time to wait.

I wonder why the silly calves
Must always have a teat;
The morning that the milk is short,
And go and spill it all.

I wonder why at breakfast
It's hot—its porridge day;
And if it's cold and freezing hard
For outlets—"was we say."

I wonder why on many things
That come I can't recall;
I expect you wonder why I joined
The Land Army at all.

"Toss."

Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.

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HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

Woodson Building Managing Director

Federation of Women's Institutes

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

For Home and Country.

AFTER four years of war we stand at the threshold of a new year, with the anticipation that it might be the most wonderful year the world has ever seen. The intense relief from the weight of anxiety borne so quietly during the war, and the longing of many that the sacrifice of all that stood for the joy of life to them should mean the lasting good of the country, lead to the hope that the New Decade will appear miraculously. Let us take the old relations, dissonance and continued effort must go to the building of the country that has risen even at such a cost. The building of the New Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land is a task of the men and women who, weary of the horrors of war, must take up their task with patience and hope. The material for the rebuilding is stronger and finer than that of the past; it has proved again its worth of endurance. Honed, hard work, the realization of individual responsibility—every man and woman, boy and girl, must give his and her best endeavor to the work of making the country a better place to live in—the sinking of selfish interests, the understanding that the good of the whole demands the right use of the capacity of each builder, the determination to work loyally together, all these are necessary for the construction of a viable structure.

Institute members, who represent a great host of united women, have a distinctive part in the work. Immediate duties are theirs. Increased food production is a necessary, better farming is required, healthier children must be brought up, dense flocks, to live, not to die, for their country; educational facilities for all members of the community must be demanded, habits of thrift must be encouraged, not only for the excellence of the virtue, but from necessity, and the homes must be made fitting dwellings of a vigorous race.

The stability of the nation rests on a happy, contented people, and on the women the creation of happiness mostly depends. Four years of war have changed the women perhaps more than the men, and have made them realize the responsibility of service. They are more than four years older. Some of them will find their only solace in work for others. All have gained breadth of vision, the sense of achievement. They are kinder. They have learned to understand each other. They are eager to be of service. Where Women's Institutes have been established these new feelings have been translated into action. This New Year will see many groups of service in London or of villages joining in this great sisterhood of service, a service that in no way lessens dignity because it begins with the everyday duties of ordinary life. The awakened women of rural England are finding out that an intelligent interest in all matters that affect the life of the community is one of the duties of the men and women, who mean their homes and country to be worth all that has gone to their saving. The members of Women's Institutes are ready for the work that lies ahead.

The Annual Meeting of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, Held October 24th, 1918

NOTES FROM SPEECHES.

As furnished in the last issue of THE LANDSWOMAN, notes from speeches likely to be of interest to members are given below.

PROFESSOR.

Lady DENHAM, introducing the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttellon, reviewed the meeting that the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture was responsible for the propaganda side of the Women's Institute movement, while the National Federation was concerned with the "after care" of Institutes. They were going to hear the "Board side" first.

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttellon (Deputy Director Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture) commenting that it was now twelve months since the Board took over the propaganda work, said that it was an impossible task that during that first year the number of Institutes had increased from 127 to over 700. They, at the Board, regarded Mrs. Watt, the Agricultural Extension Society, and Lady Denham as "Mothers" of the Institute Movement. They have recognized that the Board had provided the patent food for their well-grown child.

The fear that the movement would be hampered by being recognized with a Government Department had been shown to be unfounded. The help given by Women's War Agricultural Committees and Propaganda Sub-Committees had been invaluable. Mrs. Watt and her band of organizers would have been utterly unable to cope with the demand for speakers without the magnificent help of the voluntary workers, many of whom had been trained at Mrs. Watt's valuable schools of instruction. Mrs. Lyttellon paid a warm tribute to Lady Denham's work

both as Chairman of the Federation and Assistant Director of the Board. In the former capacity Lady Denham had done her utmost to ensure that the Institutes should form a strong self-governing body in the future, while in the latter she had done devoted work in the office, where her judgment, impartiality, and essential idealism had been of immense value to the movement. The Institutes were now one of the greatest agencies for rural reconstruction, and they hoped that, guarded from party and sectarian feeling, and based upon the broadest democratic lines, Institutes would link up progress with all that had been best in village life in the past.

Mrs. Alfred Watt, Chief Organizer, expressed her great emotion at addressing such a vast assemblage of the best of the womenhood from rural England and Wales—trained for a common purpose—the betterment of the race. They had every right to be proud of the way in which country women had met the Government's demands upon them.

She wished to testify to the splendid work of the Board's organizers, who were responsible for the technical and expert side of the work. These devoted women had given themselves heart and soul to the movement.

Besides the regular organizers, there were some forty voluntary organizers helping to spread the ideals of the movement in the remotest parts of England and Wales.

Mrs. Watt declared that never had anyone a more loyal band of co-operators than she.

Miss Lyttellon, Director of the Women's Branch, said that she was not present to make a speech, but simply to say that she was heart and soul in the movement, and to wish them all success in the New Year of their work.

THE WORK OF THE FEDERATION.

The Lady Denham, Chairman of the Federation, rose to speak upon the work of the Federation during the past year. Remarking that although she was partly Board and partly Federation, she was for that day wholly Federation, Lady Denham expressed her pride in presiding at what was probably the largest meeting of purely country women ever held in London.

The Report, which had been sent to all Institutes, had given them details of the year's work in the Federation, but she would like to emphasize the fact that their Committees had kept the work of Institutes well before those Government Departments and private societies whose work in any way touched the work of Institutes, and had spent months in preparation of the Constitution, shortly to be presented to the meeting.

The Federation had been handicapped by being short-handed, because all the past year's work had been done voluntarily. These difficulties were new just, because as the result of representations to the Board by their committees, a grant had been obtained from the Treasury for the purpose of assisting the work of the Federation.

Lady Denham said that she regarded it as a great compliment to the self-governing capacity of the Institutes that their elected committee should be thought sufficiently trustworthy to be given a considerable sum of money to use for the benefit of the Institutes.

Now this grant was obtained, they had appointed a General Secretary, Mrs. Mowbray, an Industries Secretary, Miss Harrison; and a Lecturer, Miss Watkins. Miss Watkins would be available for Institutes and County Federations to speak on citizenship, education, and kindred subjects.

The object of their committee in obtaining this grant had been to form a strong central organization to help the individual Institutes and County Federations, in whose efficiency lay the strength of the movement.

Miss Alice Williams, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, announced that the Grange grant of £2,000 had just been added to their balances.

Mrs. M. Stobart, Chairwoman of the Durham County Federation, in thanking the selection of the Federation, on behalf of the executive, said she would like to make clear a point in connection with the role dealing with the election of the committee. In distilling that clause, their object had been to give every single Institute the chance of nominating someone for the Executive.

VILLAGE SOCIETIES AND WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.

Lady Peter, Chairwoman of the Essex County Federation, in proposing a resolution to the effect that there should be no alteration in the constitution of Women's Institutes to admit men, said that the Federation was not in a position to say that the main reason against the admission of men members was that there were many subjects of importance to women which the men could not discuss in a confidential manner.

Mr. Nugent Harris, recalling the fact that he had played a part in introducing the Institute movement into the country, thought that it would be a great mistake if men were admitted.

The principle that it was a movement for rural women had been a success. That was proved by the magnificent testimony of that splendid meeting. In the course of seventeen years' experience of the organisation of annual meetings of rural men, he had never been connected with an annual meeting so creditable as that. Women were evidently competent to run themselves. He believed that women should organise as a class, and men should organise as a class, joint collective action being taken by both classes when necessary.

Miss Moberly, Hon. Secretary of the Surrey County Federation, urged those present to guard against sex antagonism. It was her conviction that men and women stand just forward in their future work, and not to keep in years apart. They wanted to work for unity, not division, for co-operation, not competition.

Miss Gildea, delegate from Bradford Abbas, said she thought that women wanted a little more experience in committee procedure before they could take their place side by side with men.

Mrs. F. Horne Maxwell, Chairman West Kent County Federation, stated that she had been strongly in favour of village societies a year ago, and she would not be in the Institute movement now if she did not believe village societies were what they were ultimately going to have.

She had, however, been convinced that it was necessary to start with Institutes for Women only until the women were more trained in organisation. Mrs. Maxwell did not think that village women looked initiative more than village men, but she did think they lacked the spirit of co-operation. That must be fostered.

HOUSING.

In responding the Housing resolution proposed by Mrs. Treason, Miss May Kinsale, delegate from East Hamstead, explained the Government scheme for giving financial aid towards the building of houses after the war.

One of the difficulties in applying this scheme was that of finding a site for the new cottages which was available as well as suitable.

Those who had held discussions on the Housing Problem at these monthly meetings must have been struck by the keen desire for a good class cottage containing three bedrooms, parlour, kitchen, scullery with copper, and a food bath.

To some people these seemed preposterous demands in villages where there was no drainage system, but they must realise that they lived in changing times. Their fighting men would come back from winning a victorious peace, determined not to go back to the land old ways.

When they had their new cottages they must see that they were not occupied up by "weekenders" and retired tradesmen, but were occupied by those for whom they were intended.

Mrs. Bland pointed out the importance of a good water supply. Women should not be forced to walk a quarter of a mile to get water.

Mrs. Joyce declared that it was a disgrace to England that any child should be born in an insanitary dwelling. They could not build up an AI population in CI houses, and they must educate country women to realise their own needs.

A telegram of congratulation was despatched from the meeting to General Foch, Sir David Beatty, Sir Douglas Haig, and General Pershing. Replies were received from all, and are given below.

"*Cette touché de sentiment qui a inspiré votre télégramme. Je vous prie d'exprimer aux admirateurs de vos sociétés nos sincères remerciements au nom des armées alliées.*"

GENERAL FUCH.

"Please accept the thanks of myself and the officers and men under my command for your welcome message of congratulations, which we appreciate all the more since it is the expression of so many thousands of the women of England and Wales."

D. HAIG.

"Please convey to the delegates from Women's Institutes the sincere thanks of the Grand Fleet for their kind message, which they greatly value."

DAVID BEATTY.

"Many thanks for your cordial telegram. Deeply appreciated."

PERSHING.

A report of the business proceedings of the general meeting, including resolutions carried and lost, will be embodied in the second Annual Report.

WOMEN'S BRANCH.

December 28, 1918.

DEAR MISS WILLIAMS,—I should like to put on record my cordial appreciation of the Women's Institutes Exhibition recently organised under your direction, and held at the Caxton Hall.

The Exhibition aroused widespread interest; it revealed the strength of the Women's Institutes movement, and the method ability of its organisers, so great was the interest shown that

the only thing as I could see upon the arrangements made was that the hall was habitually overcrowded; but this was undoubtedly a pleasant way of learning how to arrange for greater space on another occasion.

I know how much the success of the whole Exhibition was due to your untiring efforts, and to your skill as an organiser. You were undoubtedly most loyally served by those working with you on the Exhibition Committee, and I would ask you to convey to all concerned my trust that the exhibition on the broad success which attended the efforts of yourself and those with you.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) HERBERT L. TALBOT.

Impressions of the Exhibition.

FROM A W.I. ORGANISER'S POINT OF VIEW.

THE EXHIBITION.

October 24th to 30th, 1918.

The Exhibition from an organiser's point of view was a great success:

1. Educationally.
2. As an stimulus to high standards of achievements in farm and village products.
3. As a wholesome and stimulating entertainment.
4. Socially, in bringing together on a common domestic basis of united action, country women of the best type.
5. In the development of country spirit *de corps*.
6. As an inspiration to all Women's Institute workers.
7. As a brilliantly successful demonstration of what can be achieved by the direct co-operation of housewives with their own Department of State.
8. As formally placing the most basic of national interests, home-making, in its proper and dignified position as a State Department.

British women have actually begun national reconstruction, while men are still merely talking about it.

E. GUEST.

FROM AN OUTSIDER'S POINT OF VIEW.

TEA IN THE GALLERY.

North burst into the room where I was finishing my leisurely Saturday lunch.

"Happy up," she said; "I want you to come and have tea at the Exhibition."

"Exhibitions do not interest me in the least," I declared, "they are usually glorified bazars, and bazars mean smothered plumbers added to my already overcrowded dressing table, cold tea and cake that really make one remember the war."

North pouted. "This isn't an ordinary exhibition. You must remember I told you all about it. It's in connection with Women's Institutes, Village Industries, toys and home, and all sorts, and there are plays as well," she explained importantly. "There is an institute in our village at home, and it has taken three prizes, and the Queen bought a basket."

I think I had better say here that North is a perfectly adorable cousin of mine who is doing war work in town, and whose people have played her in my change and given me strict injunctions to keep her in order! They little know who really does the keeping in order.

Well, we reached the Caxton Hall. "Now, before we go into the Exhibition Hall, you must come and see the plays," announced the usher. I assented readily; anything to postpone the purchase of that plumbeous! But I little knew what a pleasant surprise awaited me. A pretty fairy play quite charmed away my ill temper, and the delightfully funny comedy which followed made me laugh so heartily that at its conclusion I felt in high good humor with all the world.

North then led me into the Exhibition Hall. I stood amazed. Truly this was no bazaar! War, it was colonial! And what crowds were there! My astonishment was so great at the magnitude that I found myself apologising to North for my previous scornings.

My guide took me round to all the stalls in turn, and introduced me to many charming people, who did not try to make me buy anything. However, buy I did, most willingly, for I saw an unexcelled opportunity of getting Christmas presents. It was no wonder that the hall was packed with eager and interested purchasers.

"It's time for tea now," announced my escort, "and I've booked a table in the gallery, where we can see everybody and everything."

We sat down to a dainty tea table set with pretty green china, and a bouquet which promised to outlast the most delicate third.

Now the chairs upon which the waitresses are wearing too set for anything," exclaimed North. All the waitresses are voluntary, you know. Miss Mowbray-Lanning, Miss Boswell James, and Miss Wills are responsible for the arrangements.

GOOCH'S WINTER SALE

Begins Monday, January 6th

IT OFFERS you the latest ideas with reliable quality at bargain prices. If this advertisement does not show you what you seek make an early call.

Any order accompanied by remittance is dealt with by return.



SERVICE.

All wool cosy Spencer Coat in Camel shade only. Suitable for Uniform wear. Close knit, light and warm.

Sale price **15/-**

Useful Gardening Skirt of good quality Corduroy in a serviceable shade of Mole. In 3 sizes.

Sale price **23/9**
S.W., Medium and Women's.



The "BROMPTON."
Practical and well-made Land Suit of Mole coloured Corduroy.

Sale price **49/6**

Cap to match. Sale Price 5/11
Khaki Double Twill Leggings. Sale Price 5/9

Leathered Leggings. Sale Price 10/6

Twill Gaiters. Sale Price 9/-

GOOCH'S

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

CLASS D.

First Prize (Mrs. Pearson).—For a nice evenly textured cake, made with great care, baked splendidly.

Second Prize (Mrs. Taylor).—Had this cake been baked in a cooler oven, it would have stood first.

Third Prize (Mrs. Wingfield).—A nice Madeira cake.

Highly Commended (Mrs. Blackshaw).—A really nice 'ginger cake.

(Signed) F. W. HUNTER.
Ministry of Food.

CHEESE.

Speaking of the exhibit as a whole, the quality of the cheese was far in excess of what I expected. Quite a number were excellent, and very few were inferior.

I was pleased to notice that many of the exhibits came from non-cheese-making areas, and served to demonstrate that your Institutes are assisting to speed information in respect of cheese-making, and in securing the conversion of surplus milk into cheese, which is so important at the present time.

I look forward with considerable expectation to even more assistance being given by your Institutes in the direction of organising instruction in practical subjects, all of which will have the influence of helping to win the war.

(Signed) J. F. BLACKSHAW.
Superintending Inspector, Board of Agriculture.

EGGS.

Considering the time of year, the eggs made a really grand display at the W.I. Exhibition, Caxton Hall, and reflected great credit on all concerned, both in the collection and arrangement of the exhibits. The feature of the classes was that devoted to brown or tinted shell eggs. Both for size and quality these left nothing to be desired. The best egg in both sections came from Lincolnshire and Dorsetshire.

What struck me as an old judge was that nearly all the eggs on the first day retained the "bloom" of freshness. At many shows we find size and colour; but the main consideration, freshness and youth, is frequently lacking.

(Signed) T. R. ROBINSON.
National Utility Poultry Society.

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITIONS.

Home-made Washable Gloves.—A very large number entered for this competition. Some really excellent gloves were submitted, they were well shaped and of excellent workmanship. There were, however, a considerable number that were of low grade, the knitting was too slack, and the division between each needle was visible, the fingers were clumsy and too large, and in some cases no increasings had been made to provide for the lower part of the thumb. The wash leather gloves were excellent.

Refuted Stocking.—Only a few good samples were sent in, the remainder were extremely poor, owing to inaccurate shaping of the foot. Apparently no provision had been made for turnings.

Samples of Decorative Stitching.—A good deal of work sent in did not conform to the requirements. A few excellent samples were received, but, on the whole, the work was disappointing; it was frequently much too elaborate, and all kinds of articles such as might be sent to a bazaar were submitted. What was wanted was a sample of decorative stitching which could be applied later.

Smocking.—A very large number of entries were received; some of the work was excellent. Most of the work was done on garments, and in some cases these were not well shaped nor well made; in other cases unsuitable material had been selected.

Thrifty Garments.—A very large number of entries were received, but a very large proportion of the garments showed very low-grade work. More care should be shown in selecting patterns, and a higher standard of practical work aimed at. There is no reason why reconstructed garments should so loudly proclaim the fact. There were some good garments, and a few really excellent.

Blouse.—Some of these were extremely good, and showed most careful work and handling, but in a large number of cases a much higher standard of work should be aimed at, and also better combination of colours.

Knitted Sock and Stockings.—A very great deal of good work was sent in, but the most common faults were either that the two were not really a pair—that is, that either one leg or one foot was longer than the other, or that the feet were out of proportion length to width.

Knitted Sports Coats.—Some excellent examples were sent in.
Soft Slippers.—Some very good and really ingenious slippers were sent in.

JACK FROST.

Old Jack Frost is a pal of mine,
And a real good time we spend
When I cycle out for an hour or two
And the road's frost hard and the bike runs
true
From start to journey's end.

Along the track of the frost-gripped road,
Where the keen air thrills like wine,
My muscles and lungs have fullest play
And I laugh at pedestrians plodding away,
Comparing their lot with mine!

Dunlop tyres are just as satisfactory for winter use as for summer touring. They're all-the-year-round tyres in every way because they're constructed to face every sort of road condition.



DUNLOP RUBBER Co., Ltd.,

Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry. London: 146, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.
Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham. Telephone - 5375 & 5376 Holborn.

Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.

JUNIOR GROUP.

Casualty.—Some really well-made garments were sent in. The left-hand side were very weak in a large number of cases. The plain part of the work should reach a higher standard in order to enhance the value of the garments.

Baby's Foot.—Some quite good work was sent in, but the size varied enormously, and in some cases the boots were too large for any baby.

Something from Nothing.—Very few entered for this competition, but the work sent in showed considerable ingenuity, patience, and finger skill.

Brief Skirtware.—A very large amount of work was sent in. A small portion was excellent, a fair portion good in almost every class, and the remainder very good.

Speaking generally, a higher standard of work must be attained if the garments are to be saleable. It is evident that cutting is still a strong point in many of the institutes. For a first attempt the work was certainly creditable.

K. HILBERT HOOK, A.T.D.S.

RURAL DESIGN.

Note.—These designs are neither simple enough on the one hand nor original enough on the other. The designers should study the flowers in their gardens.

CLASS B. BORDER FOR CASEMENT CLOVE.

The border selected for second prize would look better in lighter, fresher colours. The stencil plate, as shown, gives a charming colour arrangement.

Floralist Border (third prize). This design will look better worked out than on paper, but I am glad to see the sample attached; the lines of the letters are a great help.

CLASS D. FANIER.

The design sent in are mostly not bold enough for the purpose, with the exception of the first prize exhibit, where the designer has been in mind that a banner is part of set-of-door pages.

The maple and rose design would look merely grey if carried out as drawn, but it is drawn with a pretty feeling for the flowers and a sense of line.

No third prize.

(Signed) MAY MORRIS,
Art and Crafts Exhibition.

WASTE.

It is difficult for me to criticise the exhibits which I had the pleasure of judging at the Exhibition at Caxton Hall. There were so many most interesting and beautifully made things that the selection of six for special notice was most difficult.

When judging, I took into consideration:

1. Ingenuity of ideas brought out by the shortage of the real articles, owing to the war;

(2) The choice and application made of materials which originally were used for totally different objects;

(3) Neatness and finish of work.

So many of the exhibits came under 1 and 2 of these headings, and a great many also under all three. Those I selected specially certainly were excellent specimens of what can be done with unobtainable materials. The child's armchair made out of a cooking material was beautifully finished, useful, ornamental, and was just as suitable for its purpose as a real chair.

The haking oven also was quite as suitable for its purpose as any bought at an ironmonger's. There were three or four similar "ovens," but the particular one I chose was better finished with tray and handles, and more neatly put together than any of the others.

The book also was well sewn, and pressed, and covered, the end papers properly put in, and though the material used was by nature cheap, the difficulties were well overcome, and the result entirely satisfactory. The frock made out of old stockings was also one of many, all were good, and all wearable, but the particular one selected was pretty as well as useful. It was beautifully made, and would look well on any small child. The gloves also, though one pair out of many were chosen because they were better made, better finished, and the lining of the far being certainly superior to any other pair, and practically as perfect as any manufactured gloves stocked in a shop. The rug I specially mentioned was made of the same materials as many others, and probably hundreds of such rugs are made in the country, but the sewing was quite excellent, and the colours so arranged that the effect was really artistic, and the rug would look well anywhere, even in a "Turkey" rug. I could have found many other things which came up, or nearly up, to the standard. There were many most ingenious and also ornamental. A few were very ambitious, but, though good, fell short of being really artistic through want of knowledge of design; and the candlesticks, boxes, etc., were all very good and quite serviceable, and with just a little more "dash" would have broken the backing in.

Altogether the exhibits were quite of a high order, and the judging of them, and the selection of a few that were decidedly better than the rest, was a very hard task.

(Signed) ARTHUR DE HACKETT.

We had hoped to include a list of prize winners in this issue of THE LANDSWOMAN, but have used up all our allotted space. A list of prize winners will be sent to W. L. Secretaries at an early date.

For Prize Essays see page 22

Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.

Peter Robinson's Winter Sale

Jan. 6 — to — Jan. 25

One of the most noteworthy features of this great yearly event will be the

Clearance
of
1,000
Land Suits
& Overalls

originally priced
from 12/11 to 59/6

To be cleared at
from
8/11
to **39/6**

The Overall illustrated is a representative example of these exceptional bargains.



No. Y.249. Well-cut Overall in hard-wearing "Admiralty" Casement Cloth. In navy, brown, mauve and buff.

Sale Price **8/11**

Peter Robinson L^d
OXFORD STREET

LONDON, W.1



Two Famous All Weather Coats for LANDS- WOMEN

The "All British" Sportsman's Coat.

FOR years this splendid model has been known to Farmers and Farmers' Wives as the most reliable and PRACTICAL garment obtainable for land wear. Tailored from a heavy double stout twill, it wears "like iron," and will defy even torrential downpours, and keep you dry and snug under all conditions. It is waterproofed by a secret process which we do not divulge. This Coat really represents PRE-WAR VALUE at PRE-WAR PRICE.

READ THIS SPECIFICATION.

The texture of the "All British" Sportsman's Coat is a heavy double stout twill. The stitching is thorough throughout and of super-quality, and we warrant it not only to resist rainproof, but capable of withstanding all climatic effects. It is full cut, skirt and cuffs are lined with insulated lamb'swool, and all seams are sewn and taped throughout. We guarantee its wearing qualities and durability under the severest conditions.

PR. E

40/-

LADIES:

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

If you prefer a lighter weight Coat there is our special Landswoman's Lightweight Model of the "All British" Sportsman's Coat. Designed by us to meet the exact needs of Land workers who desire a fashionable coat which is thoroughly useful and dependable.

READ THE SPECIFICATION.

Made from specially selected strong cut-in Khaki shade and efficiently proofed. Cut by expert craftsmen. Fitted with synthetic lined fronts, a self belt, strapped cuffs, and lined throughout with wool lining. Equal in value to the original heavier Sportsman's Coat, which was designed for winter wear. For style, wear, protection and convenience these Lightweight models are ideal.

PRICE

37/6

STOCK SIZES—

LADIES:

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

SEND FOR ONE ON FOUR DAYS' APPROVAL. Either of these Coats sent Carriage Paid to your door on the following terms: Return the price of Coat with your application, and, if the Coat fails to completely satisfy you, return it within four days in the same condition as received, and we will re-earn your money in full. You risk nothing, and we GUARANTEE to satisfy you.

Special Illustrated Leaflet Post Free when application.

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



For Lady Land Workers High Uppers still obtainable!

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

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

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

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

Single Sample
Boot sent on
Free Approval
for Four days.

Carriage
Paid to
your door
22/6



SPECIFICATION.

Stock No. 1216.

The uppers are of a magnificent quality of leather, 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, here is a watertight bellows tongue reaching above lace holes, leather lined quarter, carefully machine-stitched anti-wind water-proof stitching is to resist heavy strains. "Field" pattern, with adjustable straps as illustrated. The soles and heels are of extra stout solid leather of the very best quality, milled finish with steel strips, which enormously increases the "life" of the sole.

Stocked in all rural Ladies' sizes, full fitting only.

22/6 Carriage Paid.

Illustrated Catalogue Free on receipt of a post card.

ERNEST DRAPER & CO., LTD.

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

Competitions

"Tips for Lassies"

First Prize

1. To dry wet boots—stuff newspaper well into them, and turn them on their sides, leaving them, if possible, on a warm hearth during the night.
2. When leaving your seat on the field side, always fold it so that the inside is covered; you will then have a dry lining in case of a shower.
3. To save hours of stocking darning—make heel protectors to slip over your stockings before putting on your boots—such leather or parts of old gloves do very well, with elastic to go round ankle and over the instep.
4. A cotton collar placed at the neck of the L.A.S. sweater gives a nice clean appearance (for special occasions).
5. Don't be afraid of being taught by "an ancient farm hand." They generally know the right way to do things, and if they don't, it's best to let them think they do.
6. Never say die, Never mind the weather, And always milk dry.

Second Prize

BESSIE JEN.

1. A heifer, whose first rough in to be milked, should not be chained up, but tied with a rope, because she may get frightened and twist her head so that you cannot undo the chain. If she is tied with a rope it can be quickly cut if necessary.
2. When shaving up cows, do not leave away their heads, as they often lose them about, and may hit you with their horns.
3. When a cow has a cold in one of the quarters of its udder, do not bottle it with warm water, but cold spring water; then rub gently with yellow soap.
4. If you strap a cow late when milking, do not push the end of the strap right through the loop after latching, because you will find it very difficult to undo if the cow gets twisted in any way.
5. If you are passing straw from an elevator to one who is making the straw stack, it will be found easier if you make a solid heap of straw to stand on, so that you are higher than the stack.
6. When loading a cart with Lucerne clover, etc., always get the corners well placed before you fill up the middle, especially the two back corners.

KATHERINE M. PHIPPS, L.A.S.

Third Prize

1. Wear leather heel protectors between your stockings and your boots, and you will not rub any more holes in the heels of your stockings. The guards may also be obtained. Price 1s. per pair, in black and brown, from any boot shop or haberdashery.
2. Cut the bottoms of your socks, and replace them by double-bottoms, which fit with a ring at the back, and save having bottoms broken in the wash. Price from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per dozen, in white hose.
3. For any kind of pain, take one or two antiseptic tablets. They are especially wonderful for periodical pains. Price 1s. 3d. per box of twelve.
4. For cows' sore udders and teats take 1 teaspoonful of zinc ointment and 1 teaspoonful of yellow vaseline; melt slowly before the fire, stirring all the time. Rub well into the skin. Prevents the sores from spreading.
5. If your cow's feet hurt you behind at the top, unsaddle the little roll of leather, which is in place of a top, and cut it off. This will do away with that uncomfortable pressure.
6. If you get a piece of cloth stuck to the hind of your cow, try the following: Take a deep basin and half fill it with cold water. If there is no pattern on the bottom of the basin, drop a dark button in, then put your foot right in the water, open your eyes, and look at the button as long as possible. Repeat three or four times. This sounds difficult, but you will soon do it, and it is a sure cure.

DEROTHEA LEEDHART.

Hertford Land Girls' Concert

THE Land Girls, under the direction of Mr. Pryor, proved themselves excellent entertainers at two concerts given at the Miskoe Room on October 23rd and 24th. There was a large and representative audience present, who thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed the concerts. The program, which depicted an official farm scene, was well executed by Mr. Pryor. The soloists in the concerts were: Hazel, thanks to the excellent programme, Songs were rendered by Miss W. Masters, Miss May Myle, Miss Joan Dandop, Miss W. Turner, Miss B. Brown, Miss V. Russell, Miss M. Martin, Miss B. Lloyd; recitations were given by Miss Brown, Miss M. Lloyd, and Miss Williams, and caused much fun. There was a very amusing sketch, "A Bit of Our Land," which was well rendered. Another capital sketch was given, "The Vegetable." The concerts reflected great credit on all concerned.

TEST for yourself the charm and comfort of

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark.)

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

OF HIGH-CLASS DRAPERS.

Standard weight, 31 inches wide, 3/11 per yd.				
Medium	31	"	"	4/3
Heavy	31	"	"	5/3

If you are unable to obtain, write to the Manufacturer for name of suitable dealer—



Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd.
Trade only, Viyella House,
Newgate St., London, E.C.1.

(Registered Trade Mark.)

Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.

NOTICE.

A list of all L.A.A.S. to whom the Good Service Ribbon has already been awarded will appear in the February number.

A photograph of every recipient of the Distinguished Service Bar will be published in "The Landswoman" Portrait Gallery—together with a full account of the deed for which the D.S.B. has been awarded.

Bournville Cocoa

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

The Lancet.

MADE BY CADBURY

Banish
Baby's
night time
fears
by using

: PRICE'S :
NIGHT LIGHTS

3 ESSENTIALS for LADIES WORKING ON THE LAND.



"CHILLILINE"
will cure your
CHILBAINS

1/3 per tube. Postage and packing 5d. extra.

"PUMICE STONE SOAP"

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

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

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

"GLYMIEL JELLY"

FOR CHAPS
ROUGHNESS OF SKIN, ETC.

It softens and improves the Hands, Face
and Skin. Free from stickiness or greasiness.
FIFTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE USE

Tubes 6d., 1/- or 1/6

Postage and packing 5d. extra.



DEAR GIRLS,—Delighted letters of appreciation of the Christmas number and of the Christmas card, including one with a message from Her Majesty the Queen—poor is by every post. Everybody seems to be pleased with it, and all sorts of people—even those not connected with the Land Army at all—are writing to say so. I must confess that when I saw the completed copy—rich and full, full of beautiful illustrations, and bound in its very "Land Army" cover—I felt rather proud of it myself, and wished that we might produce Christmas numbers every month. It is rather dull to go back to twenty-four pages after filling forty-eight so easily; but it was a very expensive effort, and it's no use for an editor to beg for double numbers for every issue unless readers are millionaire. So we must settle down to our usual size again, just as we have to settle down to our work after all the excitement of Christmas and festivities, and see to it that we make a good job of it.

We were very anxious to take advantage of the excellent drawing of a Land Army girl on our cover—which, by the way, was drawn by a L.A.A.S., Miss Kathleen Hale, working in Middlesex—to show the London public what we really look like. So we got permission from nearly all the big London stores and restaurants, to allow us to sell copies of the Christmas number on their premises during the week before Christmas. Permission was very readily given, and thousands of copies were sold to the Christmas shopping crowd in London by Land Army girls in uniform. It is only right that the British public should realize that they owe a debt of gratitude to the Land Army women, who have helped so largely to make possible the delightful festive spirit of this wonderful Peace Christmas.

LANDWORKERS' HELP.—I am sure you will all be pleased to hear that we raised over £200 at the Land Army and Women's Institute stall at the Tribune Sale in aid of a Landworkers' bed in the new hospital for women. Our stall was very much admired, and the soft toys, which were so kindly sent to us by Women's Institutes from all over England, were in great demand. We also sold vegetables, game, shoes, and butter! As soon as it became known that we had this precious food for sale, the Land Army stall was besieged, and we soon sold out. I kept a pound, however, for sale at the auction, which was to take place on the last evening, and Lady Tree sold that pound of butter for five!

Many of you sent me small contributions to the stall, and I should like to make special mention of the girl who gave a silk handkerchief which her boy had sent to her from Massachusetts.

OUR LAND ARMY MASCOOT.—I told you in the Christmas number that a stuffed lamb figured in our exhibit at the White-chapel Art Gallery. This lamb was very kindly lent to us for that occasion by Messrs. Jagger & Co., the well-known wooden manufacturers, who have now, much to our delight, presented it to the Editor for a Land Army mascot. It lives on my office table, with beautiful Land Army green and red ribbons tied round its middle, and is allowed to lean-a-very-special visitor. A tiny girl, dressed in our uniform, carried it round the hall at the Tribune Sale, charging her customers 3d. if they wished to hear the lamb hiss, and in this way she collected 18s. towards the bed.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.—This is our birthday number, and I have been reading through some of those first letters which you sent, in reply to my first letter to you—letters of surprise and rejoicing that you were to have a magazine, all your own, letters asking for better friends, and for help and advice of every description. Many, many, kind words of letters have come in since then—always friendly, always happy, always full of joy. Not more than twice since THE LANDSWOMAN was started have I received an unfriendly or grumbling letter from any of its readers, and when you consider that they write to me on an average twenty letters a day, I think that is a wonderful record.

Some of your letters this month are so delightful that I cannot resist quoting them.

"I endorse the 1s. for this strap, and also I must thank you for the kind letter I received with Gena. The straps are just what I wanted, and if you could have been in Essex on Saturday you would have seen all they looked like. My friend and I had been asked to take part in the Thanksgiving Service they held at two o'clock. Two more Land Oils turned up—we only

passed four around here—so we paraded behind the postmen, railwaymen, soldiers, straws, and the police in front; we were last and least, but we kept smiling as we marched through the streets, headed by the brass band—some new, but there, they did the best they could, I suppose. Then in we went to the Dorn Exchange to hold the meeting. Two reverend gentlemen spoke to us, we had some jolly good hymns—I have singing: the best of it was, they asked us to go on the platform to represent the L.A.A.S.; I felt very nervous, but soon got over that, and joined in with the rest with 'Thanksgiving'."

"I love my work in spite of the various ups and downs. I think its glorious freedom of space that I appreciate and enjoy so much, and the smell of everything is so delicious too; no matter what season of year or what weather it may be, I love it all; from the rustling of a twig to the great sun above."

"I wonder if you could put some note in the Magazine about two girls, North Cuck and Hilbert, who have done particularly well in slatching in this county. After quite a short training they went on to a farm near Ripley, and slatched so well that their employer entered them for a competition of the Bank House Agricultural Society. They were both so good, and the Committee were so pleased with their work, that they decided to divide the prize between them. Afterwards it was decided that on their work had been so exceptional, the Committee would make up the prize so that they received it each."

A most enjoyable party was given by Lady Claremont at her home near Watford to twenty-seven farm workers and eight organists and voluntary workers. Some of the girls walked six miles. We played games and danced and sang, and had a huge tea. The girls were told about the Good Service ribbons, and impressed with the necessity of 'carrying on' for the present, just as before. We are hoping to have a Peace celebration very soon."

"I should like to mention a case of splendid bravery in a Land-girl. In a farmhouse in the Bosley Union the little farm servant died suddenly from 'flu' before she had been there a week. So great was the fear of infection that not a woman would come near her to perform the last duties of the dead. The poor little corpse lay alone and unattended for the whole of Sunday 24th. At last a Land Army girl (Miss Florrie Daisey) from the next farm heard of the case, and at once came and did that which the village women and the owners of the farm were too cowardly to do."

"One day, when bringing a stack of corn to the barn, I saw a hen chasing something across the yard, so I went to see what she had, and found it was a mouse. I then went back and watched her. She picked the mouse up in her beak and gave it a shaking; then she left it alone for a time, but when the mouse tried to run away she was after it, and gave it another shake, and in the end killed it."

"But I think the finest feeding sheep the best of all, for they

(Continued on Page 24).



Prize Essay.

Judge: Mrs. R. A. L. Fisher.
OUR INSTITUTE.

Idilberto nobody had visualized "Women in Collective Action" in quite the same way as Our Institute was going to do. Social, political, and religious organizations for women absorbed, but as an organization where the little things which make or mar our daily life could be discussed by women of all ranks and all shades of opinion, and discussed in relation to the larger life of society as a whole, had so far never become an accomplished fact—at least on this side of the Atlantic. Our President had drawn a mental picture of our possibilities. We were to teach, to help, to amuse ourselves and others; we were to be the centre where every vital activity in the district should find sympathy and help, and a magnet which should draw irresistibly all women who were striving to help their country in its distress. Responding to the most urgent of the calls upon us, we took up agriculture and, although handicapped by bleak and unpropitious conditions, ceased what we could from the soil, adding substantially to the district's output, and, joy of joys, carrying off four prizes at the Abbotston Amusement Show. We bought the fruits of more fortunate districts, and bottled and dried, pickled and "janned." From production to consumption in the inevitable step—we studied food values, pursued into culinary books, ancient and modern, searched out another's concoctions, picked the brains of the district generally, and knocked out sufficient matter to run what our speaker from the Food Ministry called "the best Food Economy Exhibition I have yet seen." Finding we had practical dressmakers amongst us, we pressed these into service, started a dressmaking class, and learned to make and mend, alter and renovate; from this, as a natural sequence, we went into the question of rational clothing, especially as affecting children, and called upon a county demonstrator, an authority, to give a lecture and display of rational garments. From the "centre of our being," we went to the head, learning all the intricacies of millinery, and from the head to the feet, a practical bootmaker showing us how to put new "heart" into the "soles" of our boots. Displays of members' work revealed much talent in the district, and led to reciprocal offers

of instruction in steaming, woodcarving, weaving, etc. With these activities we never forgot the health of our members, nor the necessity for careful shelling of young plants from the inclemencies of Leicestershire weather. Frequent talks on these matters are given by practical women farmers and gardeners.

We undoubtedly count as a living force in the district; our achievements speak for themselves. As to our aspirations, they include a reading library, compiled of gifts and loans of all kinds; the establishment of a Consumers' League for the protection of the housewife; and, more ambitious still, an institute programme for the local Council based on an enquiry into the requirements of women in the new housing scheme, and embodying their views on local affairs generally.

(Signed) A. HAKKEL,
Chilley and Bagworth W.I.

Judge: Miss Marsden, Battersea Polytechnic.

"HOW TO PLAN THE WORK OF A SIX-ROOMED COTTAGE."

In planning the work of a six-roomed cottage it must be understood that every day the necessary clearing up of hearths, dusting, washing beds, preparing meals, and washing up pots, takes place by routine.

The usual time for rising is 7 o'clock a.m., but on Monday (wash-day) and Saturday (the day for blacking and ironing range) the time for rising is 6 a.m. Thus the work for the week must run:

Monday.—Rise at 6 a.m. First fill the copper with water and light a fire under it; then put the clothes into soak. Next tidy up the kitchen and sitting-room hearths, and dust; then prepare breakfast for 3 a.m. Wash up the pots and make the beds. The water in the copper should now be ready, so commence washing. If the weather is fine, all the clothes should be hung out to dry by noon. Prepare dinner for 1 p.m. Wash up pots and tidy up kitchen. Sprinkle and fold the clean clothes, alter "wooden" at once. After the afternoon washing it would now be advisable to mend the "weekens" whilst ironing. Prepare tea, etc., after which finish the dusting, sapper and bed.

Tuesday.—Rise at 7 a.m. Clean up hearths in kitchen and sitting-room, and prepare breakfast. Wash up pots, make the beds, and dust, having put down the iron to heat in the scullery. Prepare vegetables, peeling, etc., for dinner, so that the cooking and ironing and airing may all be going on together, in order to economize coal. After dinner wash up pots and finish ironing. Prepare tea, etc., after which do any mending necessary to the clean clothes. Sapper and bed.

Wednesday.—Rise at 7 a.m. First put on a kettle full of water to get hot. Meanwhile, clean up hearths. When water is hot make bread ready, and mix it with flour to make dough for bread. Leave it to sponge, and prepare breakfast, after which wash up pots, make the beds, and dust, then scrub kitchen floor (which is usually just washed when kitchen is tidied up). The bread should now be baked and dinner prepared, after which (and washing up) the afternoon may be spent in sewing or knitting. Tea as usual. Sapper and bed.

Thursday.—Rise at 7 a.m. Usual routine till beds are made. Then turn out bedsteads. All but just dusting should be done before dinner, after which the dusting touches may be added.

Friday.—Rise at 7 a.m. Clean up kitchen hearth, also clean stairs down thoroughly, and lighten stairrods. Breakfast, wash up pots and make beds, after which the sitting-room and living-room should be turned out and gates blanketed. Prepare dinner, etc., and spend the afternoon in making a few cakes or sewing.

Saturday.—Rise at 6 a.m. Blacklead the kitchen grate and prepare breakfast. Turn out kitchen and pantry, and scrub doors and tubs. Also polish forks and spoons. (The knives should be cleaned every day, when they are washed.) When making the beds this morning, change the bed linen ready for washing on Monday.

Sunday.—The necessary tidying up of hearths, dusting, making beds, and preparing meals, must of course be done as usual; also whilst making a pie or pudding for dinner, it would be advisable to make an extra one ready for wash-day on Monday.

ALAN M. HARRINGTON,
Sheffield and District W.I.

Landswoman Exchange Column

Bargain.—50 pairs only Strong Leather Gloves for landworkers, 1s. per pair.—Box E, THE LANDSWOMAN, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, London, S.E.

Loose landworker would be glad to buy secondhand sixpenny or shilling tweed. Any articles in any position. State how many.—Box C, THE LANDSWOMAN, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, London, S.E.

Miss Doberty, Coon Cottage, Harrowdale, Kewick, Cumberland, is willing to make all woolly garments for ladies at a small charge.

OUTDOOR WORKERS

should always wear the "Liberty Bodice." It allows them perfect freedom of movement in their activities and yet supports the figure, keeping it from undue strain. The flexible strapping enables the weight of the under-clothing and pull of suspenders to be borne by the shoulders. The "Liberty Bodice" is classic, serious, and lovable.

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

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WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS.

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

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

La 181-28



(Continued from page 21.)
have such dear woolly heads, and when I am cutting up sweeds for them, they all come and stand round me waiting for their dinner. They look so sweet, I feel like hugging them all."

"I hope you will be kind enough to give a short account of Miss Levis in your next issue of THE LANDSWOMAN. She was one of our forewomen, and she died on active service in October last. She had been employed on a farm at Toddington, near Dunsdale, for many months up to last June, when we appointed her forewoman of a gang of field workers at Toddington. She turned out an excellent forewoman, being loved and respected by the girls. She was an indefatigable worker, and her whole heart was in the organizing of the labour and the welfare of the girls. Unfortunately, late in September, she fell a victim to influenza, which turned to pneumonia, and she died early in October."

THE SHOPPING CLUB.—Of course, being Christmas time, we have all been busy shopping, and many have been the requests which have come in during these last few weeks. Lots of hoods, including many copies of *Furrying Mode Easy*, *The Furrow Pad*, and some novelties for Christmas presents. A brown ribbon overall for special wear, chin straps, alarm clocks, ribbons "to match" (always a difficult job!), frogs and buttons for silk pyjamas, and a long list of small things too numerous to mention.

I hope all of you have made full use of the splendid lot of advertisements which appeared in the Christmas number. Don't forget, when you write for things, to mention that you are readers of THE LANDSWOMAN, and you will get very special attention. All our advertisers are so interested in the Land Army and its particular needs, that they will do their very best, I know, to send you what you want. I heard of someone who went to buy an article advertised in our pages, and the assistant assured her that it was not to be had at the price she mentioned. "But," she said, "I am certain it is, because I saw it in the Christmas number of THE LANDSWOMAN." Immediately the assistant was all smiles, and went to make enquiries. Of course, the article was produced, and that shopper, being a reader of THE LANDSWOMAN, was saved six shillings.

In these days of milk shortage, that perfect beverage, cocoa made with milk, is a forbidden luxury, but if any of you have tried Cadbury's Cocoa and Milk powder, you will know that it tastes just the same, even though it is only made with water.

THE SEWING CLUB.—The Committee has made us begin to think about peace clothes. We all have a sudden craving, after years of economy, for pretty things. Undoubtedly some firm, and one of you has an overwhelming desire to make something beautiful, and it has taken the form of unconsidered pyjamas.

So we have had a tremendous bust for transfer designs to suit the pocket and cuffs, and skirts for working these designs. Patterns for a fascinating nightdress also took some choosing, and I hope the one which was finally sent has turned out well. M. Maslin would like designs for knitting hats. I have sent her Wrecker's book, but if anyone has a particularly pretty design, I should be glad to hear about it.

CLOTH COVERS.—Orders for cloth covers are coming in very quickly now, but we have not quite reached our limit yet. Remember, it is now or never. We shall only order the number for which we have been asked, so if you want to have a 1s. 6d. cloth cover for binding your LANDSWOMAN, write and say so at once. Don't send the money, you can pay that when the cover is sent to you.

And now I must wish you all a very Happy New Year. 1919 should be such a joyous year, with all its promises of peace and reunion. I expect some of you have found it very difficult to keep hard at it lately. Now that the time is not so far away when we shall see our men again, everyone has a restless restlessness feeling. We are rather tired out from the strain of waiting, and we shall need all our patience and our endurance if we are to go on doing really splendid work this year. We see all sorts of war workers giving up their jobs, chiefly because they are no longer needed, and we wonder what is to become of us. But our best work is needed just as much now as ever it was, only remember it must be our best. THE LANDSWOMAN will go on as long as you girls want to read it, and I am inclined to think that it will be for a very long time, and that it is even more needed now than it was just a year ago, when it was born. The only really satisfying cure for this restless feeling is work in the open air. In spite of long hours and aching backs, I know of no other occupation so nothing, no other work which brings such supreme content, as tilling in this great garden of England, where, as Thomas Edward Brown tells us, God walks.

A garden is a loveable thing. God will.

Rose plot.

Fringed pond.

Burned green—

The veriest school

Of peace; and yet the feet

Contrasts that God is true—

Not God I in gardens! when the eye is cool?

Nay, but I have a sign;

'Tis very rare God walks in mine.

A joyful New Year to you all.

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

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Give Her **BOVRIL**