

INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURAL

INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURAL HISTORY

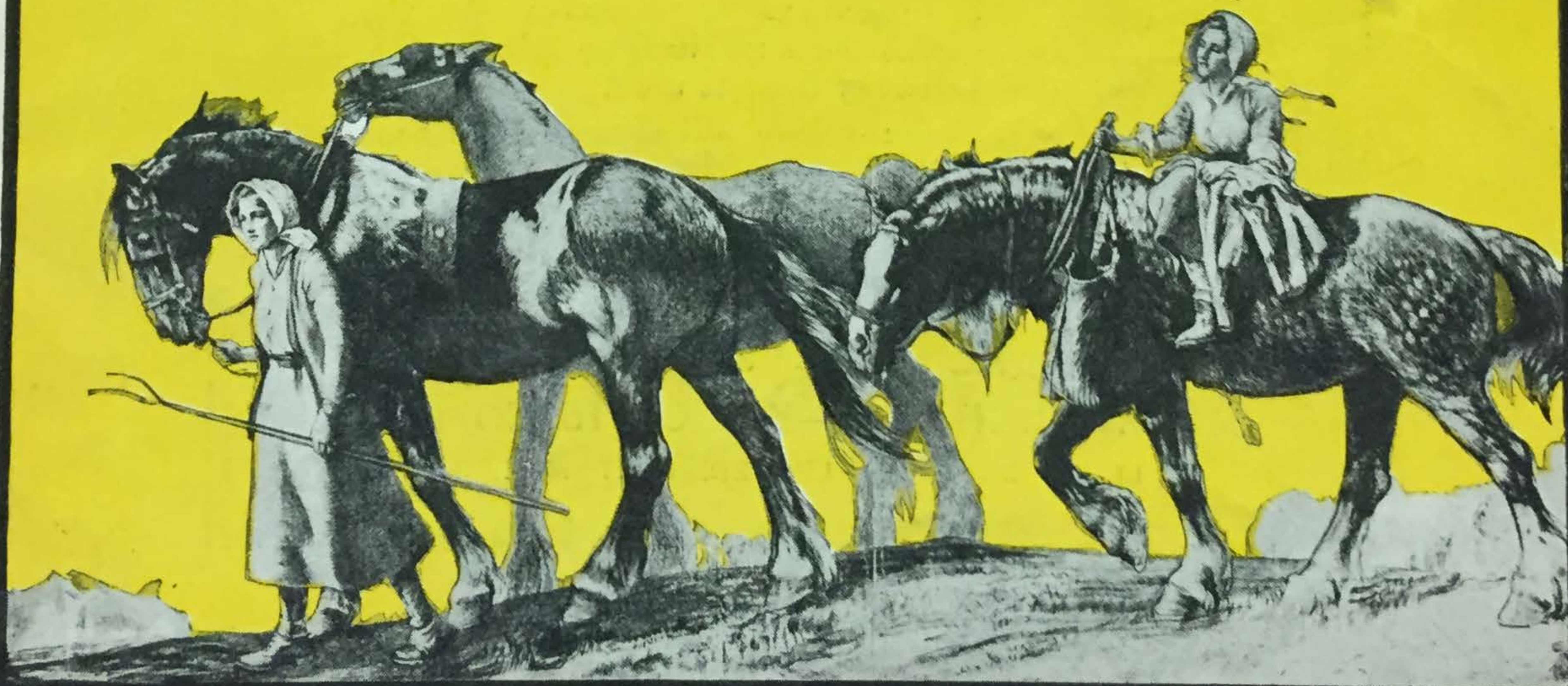
ECONOMICS

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

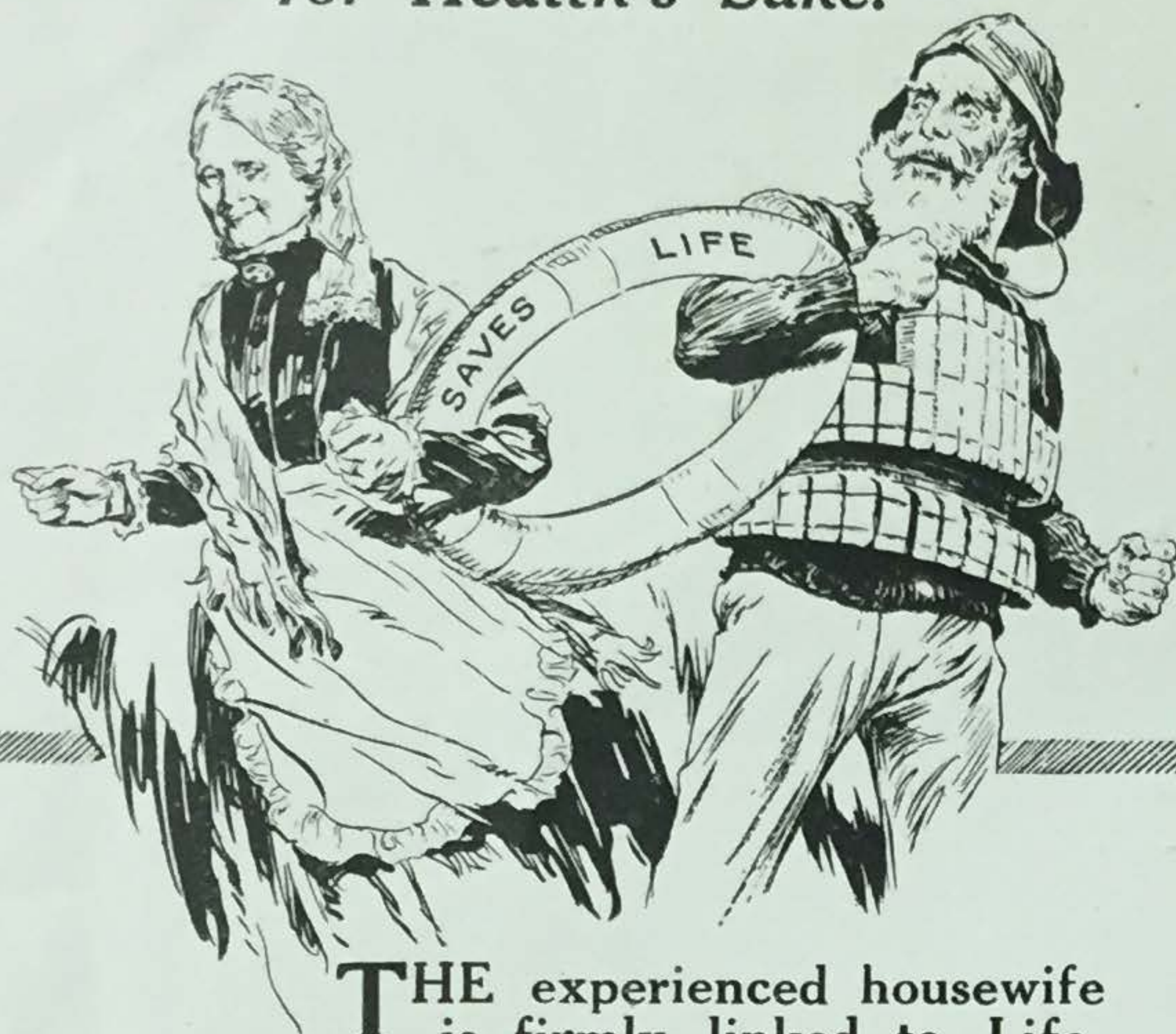
The LANDSWOMAN

JULY 1919
No. 19 ❖ Vol. II

Price
3d



duplicate *Not a library Periodical open doors* *LAN/W*
**Link up with LIFEBUOY
for Health's Sake.**



Remember
LIFEBUOY
SOAP is more
than soap, it
is a reputable
germicide and
a sure disin-
fectant.

THE experienced housewife is firmly linked to Lifebuoy Soap. She uses it herself, insists upon all the family using it, and advises all others to do so, because it is the finest antiseptic cleanser known and is yet so economical in use. Lifebuoy Soap has a twofold use—it disinfects as it cleanses. Disease germs find no lurking place where Lifebuoy Soap is used.

Lifebuoy Soap will safeguard the health of the whole family. It promotes health as well as cleanliness—protects from contagious diseases.

LIFEBUOY SOAP

MORE THAN SOAP—YET COSTS NO MORE.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT

L 171c-23a

Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.

THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Army and Every Country Woman

Editorial Office: Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E. Advertising Offices: W. H. Smith & Son, Stamford Street, S.E.1

What's in a Name?



Rouen.

[Richard Parkes Bonnington.]

I WONDER how often we take the trouble to find out the meaning of the names of the towns and villages in which we live—or which we visit from time to time. If we did, it would be well worth while, for, apart altogether from the immediate interest of the investigation, these names would probably teach us more history and geography than we should learn from a great many text books.

Local names, whether they belong to provinces, cities or villages, or even rivers and mountains, are never mere arbitrary sounds devoid of meaning; they may generally be regarded as records of the past, and very interesting records too. It has been said that "mountains and rivers still murmur the voices of nations long denationalised or extirpated,"

and it is true, for names of places generally survive the catastrophes which overthrow empires; and though wars may trample down whatever grows up on a soil, they cannot altogether extinguish its wild flowers, or the names of those sites on which man has found a home.

The study of local names would enable us to reconstruct in great part the history of a country, and we have only to take sufficient interest in the names of places in our own country of England and Wales, to realise how the different races which have inhabited this island from time to time, have left their permanent mark on the names of our towns and villages.

The Romans, who were a conquering rather than

a civilising race, have left few names behind them except in connection with their wonderful roads and various other great constructive enterprises; but of the Saxons, whose civilisation was essentially domestic, traces may be found all over the island. The word "street" and its variations, which was the Saxon version of the Roman *strata*, and which occurs so frequently in English place names, enables us to recognise the lines of the famous Roman roads which formed a network intersecting the country from north, south, east and west. One of the most interesting of these is Akeman Street, which was the Roman road by which sick men journeyed from London to bathe in the hot springs at Bath.

Even where the Roman roads have become obliterated by the plough, we can still trace their direction by means of the names of towns; such names as Ardwick-le-Street, in Yorks; Chester-le-Street, in Durham; Stretton, Stratton, Streatley, Stratford, and hosts of others, all indicate that they were situated on some line of Roman road.

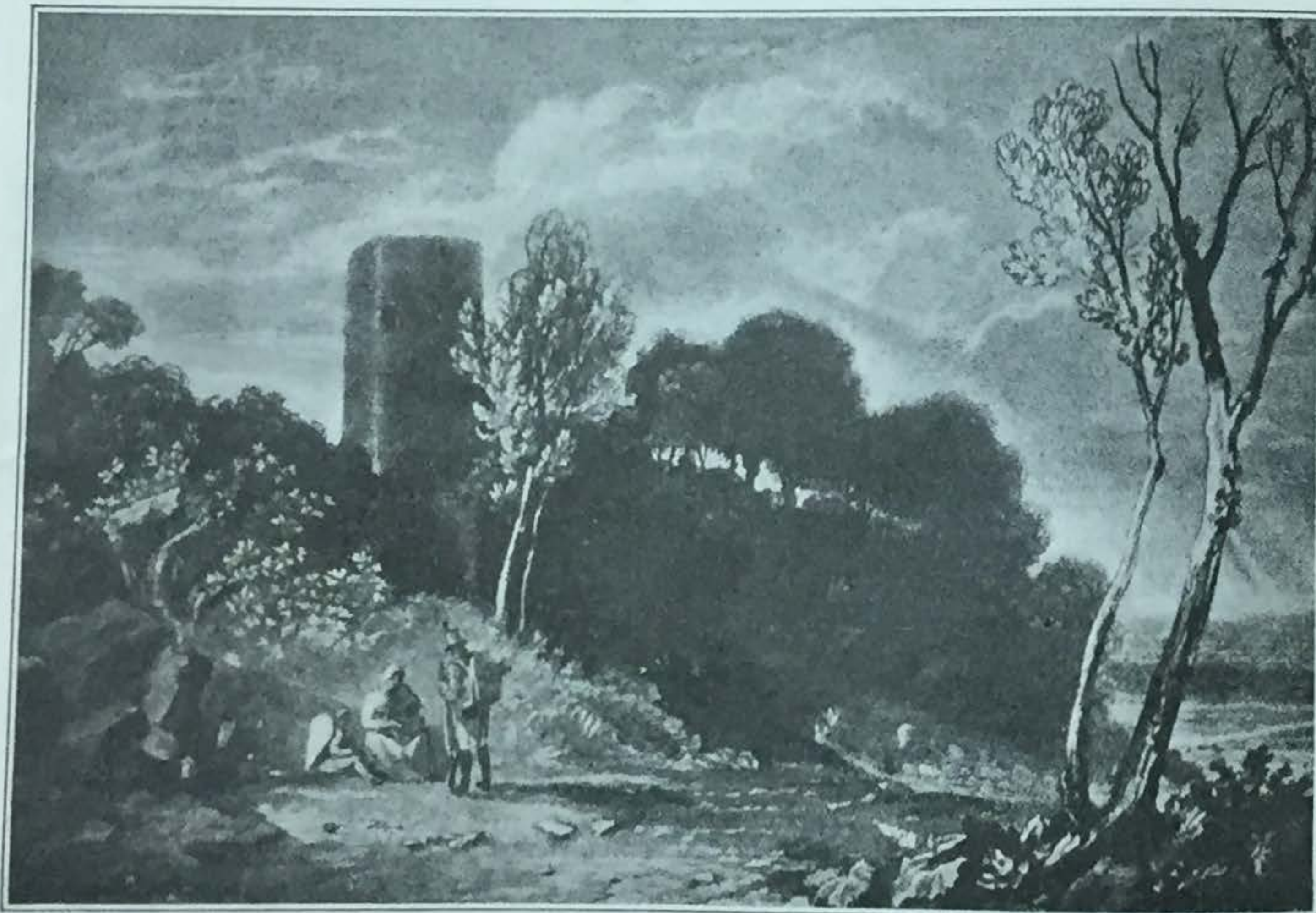
The difficulties of travelling must, in early days, have been greatly added to by the scarcity of bridges over the rivers. The Anglo-Saxons did not retain the Roman art of bridge building, and the rivers had to be forded at many places where they could not be crossed in any other way. This accounts for many names ending in *-ford*, Oxford, Hereford—the ford of the army—so called because it was one of the few places where an Anglo-Saxon

army could cross the Severn to harry the Welsh borders; Guildford, Chelmsford, Stafford, Bedford, etc. While we have so many names ending in *ford*, there are comparatively few ending in *bridge*—Tonbridge, Weybridge, Uxbridge, Cambridge and a few more, nearly all stand on small and easily-bridged streams.

Another great difficulty incidental to travelling was the scarcity of houses of entertainment or inns. Where no religious house existed to receive the wayfarer, he would usually be compelled to content himself with bare walls, carrying along with him his own bedding and provisions. Such places seem commonly to have borne the very appropriate name of Cold Harbour, and in the neighbourhood of ancient lines of road we find no less than 70 places of this name.

History and geography go hand in hand and all the great explorers of history have written their names on the maps of the world. What exciting moments in history are recalled by the reading on our maps of such names as Hudson Bay, Wolfe Island, Davis Strait, Columbia, Cape Horn.

Frobisher Bay, too, will ever remind us of the adventurous spirit of the man who deemed the discovery of the North West Passage "the only thing of the world that was yet left undone, by which a notable minde might be made famous and fortunate." And in these days of excitement over flying the Atlantic, I often think of the brave words of old Sir Humphrey Gylberte, who set out in a



Winchelsea.

[J. M. W. Turner.]

little vessel of ten tons to sail across it; and who, in the midst of a storm, himself nearly dying, kept calling out to his men whenever they came within hearing, "We are as neere to heaven by sea as by land."

In most countries, and notably in England, personal names are the most usual source of local names. Thus Bolton Percy and Wharran Percy help to remind us that the Percys were at one time a powerful Yorkshire house, before they became famous in the more northern counties, and a curious instance of this personal touch is found in Essex, where in 1213 Stanford passed by marriage to Richard de Rivers and was henceforth known as Stanford Rivers.

But in many cases it was not only the names of early inhabitants which are recorded in our village names, but their occupation also. If your occupation happens to be that of a king it is indicated by a distinctive prefix—King's Lynn, King's Langley, Kingsgate, etc.—while Princes Risborough in Bucks was a residence of the Black Prince.

Several village names suggest a settlement of vikings in the old Danish days. A viking who in spring started forth on an annual plundering expedition was called a *summer lida* or summer sailor, and one of them must have settled at Somerby in Leicestershire and another at Somerleyton in Suffolk.

Interesting relics of old land customs are revived in such names as Sixpenny Handley in Wilts, and Farthingland and Farthinghoe in Northants, which remind us of the days when land was measured by the quit rent paid, often an ounce of silver or a pennyweight or a farthing. But the most amusing of all is Unthank, which is the name of three places in Cumberland and two in Northumberland, and which denotes a piece of ground on which some squatter had settled "without leave from his lord."

Trees are always a fruitful source of name origin and almost every variety of tree is represented in such names as Plumstead, Appleby, Purfleet, Haselmere, Nutford, Ashford, Oakley, Elmley, Maplestead, etc., while trees of peculiar shape would account for names like Tiptree in Essex, Heavitree in Devon, Harptree in Somerset, and Wavertree in Lancs.

Animals, too, find their place in many well-known names. Wolvesley, near Winchester, is the island where the Welsh in the reign of Edgar had to deposit their annual tribute of wolves' heads, and the custom of erecting on a post the head of some animal as a boundary mark or a tribal emblem is indicated in Hartshead, Sheephead and Swineshead.

Physical changes such as the reclaiming of marsh land from the sea are recorded in numerous names in the East Anglian counties. Holbeach, once a seaside village, is now six miles from the sea, Wisbech, seven miles; the tide does not come within two miles of Tydd, and the Isle of Axholme in Lincolnshire is now joined to the mainland by a wide tract of rich corn land.

Old Romney, New Romney and Scotney were low islands which afforded sites for the earliest fisher-villages. The name of Winchelsea, or *Gwentchesel-cy* enlightens us as to the process by

which these islands were formed—namely, by the heaping up of shingle banks at the seaward edge of the muddy flats. Selsey (seal's island) of course recalls the remote period when seals lay basking on the Sussex coast.

There is still another way of playing this fascinating game, and that is by tracing back names of things which are derived from names of places. Do you realise that the peach is so called because it was originally a Persian fruit, that the cherry comes from Cerasus, a town in the Black Sea, the damson from Damascus and currants from Corinth?

Animals take their names in most cases from their place of origin and we are familiar with Jersey cows, and South Down sheep, and Orpington chickens; but we may not know so well that roans were originally Normandy horses and came from Rouen, spaniels from Spain, and that puss is an endearing corruption of Pers, the Persian cat.

You can go on playing this game for ever and never get tired of it, but it is not always so easy as it looks, for the turkey is an American fowl, and not, as you have guessed, a citizen of the Ottoman Empire.

Signs of Rain—1664

DUCKS and drakes shaking and fluttering their wings when they rise.

Young horses rubbing their backs against the ground.

Sheep bleating, playing or skipping wantonly.

Swine being seen to carry bottles of hay or straw to any place and hide them.

Oxen licking themselves against the hair.

The sparking of a lamp or candle.

The falling of soot down a chimney more than ordinary.

Frogs croaking.

Swallows flying low.

When the down flieth off dandelions and thistles in the absence of wind.

When beasts eat greedily, if they lycke their hooves.

The appering and coming out of wormes.

The ant busied with her egges.

The bees in fayre weather not farre wandrying.

These declare rayne.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Did anyone notice what happened with all these things during May and early June?

Holiness

BY JOHN DRINKWATER.

IF all the carts were painted gay
And all the streets swept clean,
And all the children came to play
By hollyhocks, with green
Grasses to grow between.

If all the houses looked as though
Some heart were in their stones,
If all the people that we know
Were dressed in scarlet gowns,
With feathers in their crowns.

I think this gaiety would make
A spiritual land;
I think that holiness would take
This laughter by the hand
Till both should understand.

Olton Pools (Sidgwick & Jackson).



The Prince of Wales and the Cornwall L.A.A.S.

Daily Sketch. Central News Photograph

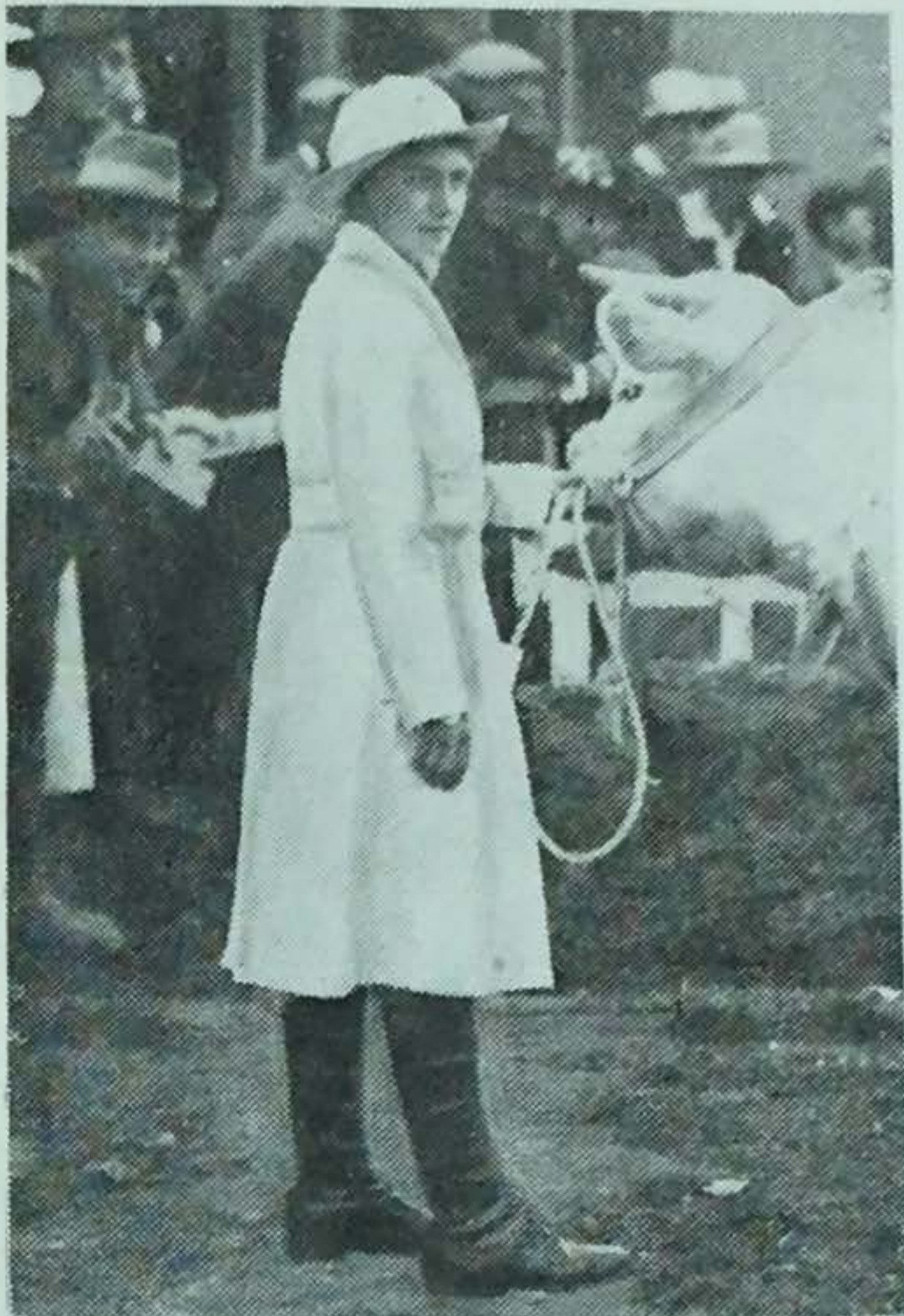
The Farmer and the Funeral Hat

"FARMERS is all alike, but this one ain't a bad man to work for." This is the verdict of my fellow-labourers on the boss, who is a thick-set man giving an impression of great physical strength. Any "job" on the farm he can do as well and more quickly than his men, and he knows what a day's work is from personal experience. When any particular work is not going as expeditiously as he thinks it might, his method of expressing disapproval is to ask, "What 've you been doing?" and on the principle of *qui s'excuse s'accuse* the man in charge is usually condemned out of his own mouth. His politics may be summed up in "protection for the farmer," and he has a healthy contempt for the newspaper writers with their (to him) absurd suggestions to agriculturists, but his threats to write to the editor are never fulfilled. He lives in a square house with a square garden, eats square meals, and believes in a square deal; he is keen, progressive, and possessed of tremendous energy, and if he is representative of his type the British farmer, accused so often of conservatism and slackness, is sadly traduced. His mood finds expression in the tilt of his hat. If anything goes radically wrong or bad weather delays important work the men say, "'E'll 'ave his funeral hat (pronounced foonerrle 'at) on to-day." The funeral hat is a decided forward tilt over the eyes, and as worn in that way is as expressive of disappointment, death and

general damnation as an undertaker, four black horses and a hearse with plumes.

Once I saw the "foonerrle 'at." The boss had been away all day and had left orders that a large field of grass was to be carried. We worked hour after hour in sweltering heat, thunder-clouds looming in the horizon towards evening. Five, six, seven o'clock, and still many loads on the side of the field farthest from the rick. Thunder growling nearer and a heavy storm brewing. If those of us who were sweating on the rick had told the truth, we rather longed for the storm to burst and put an end to our labours for the day. The first heavy drops and the farmer with his funeral hat on put in an appearance at the same time. After the inevitable query, "What 've you been doing?" he was silent and, in spite of the now heavy rain, took off coat, waistcoat, collar and tie, and himself began to unload a wagon. The pace of work on a rick is governed by the speed of the man who unloads the wagon, and the farmer worked like a Hercules. It was about dark and we were wet through, literally to the skin, but which of us could complain? "The boss" was in it with us, and when the last load of all was on the rick and we came down to earth again we found that he was all smiles and that the funeral hat had vanished. After this and similar incidents I endorse the view that "farmers is all alike, but this one ain't a bad man to work for."

Suffolk Women Landworkers at the County Agricultural Show



An L.A.A.S. leads a prize beast round the ring at the Suffolk Agricultural Show.

THE Landworkers in Suffolk don't often take a whole day's holiday, so when that rare occasion comes along we make a real job of it—and I think all those who took part in the Suffolk Agricultural Show on June 5th, at Ipswich, will bear me out when I say that day was no exception.

Much business had been done by Registrars in distributing stripes and diamonds before this great day. Rounding up her workers a week or two before the Show, one Registrar discovered an old lady who had completed her two years' service. "You shall have a diamond, Mrs. Jones," said she, "instead of your three stripes. I will send it to you and you must wear it at the Show." Mrs. Jones's eyes glistened and she thanked her Registrar with profound emotion. Late that night the Registrar woke up a weary husband with an agonized appeal: "George, do you think Mrs. Jones could have possibly imagined that I meant a real diamond?" Brief explanation followed and "Of course she did," pronounced the weary husband; "I should have thought so myself." Next day the Registrar made another journey to the end of the village and with diffidence confessed to Mrs. Jones that it was only a red and green cloth star that was to ornament her armlet. "Well, Ma'am, I did wonder, and I asked my son, who've just come home. He couldn't tell, 'but,' says he, 'they don't have 'em at the Front.'"

Some members of the Land Army and many of the local workers had arrived on the Show Ground at an early hour and all had been visiting the many attractive side shows as well

as the wonderful Red Polls and Suffolk Punches. This being the first County Show to be held since the war there were many soldiers present, including 300 "Overseas" men, who had it pointed out to them in the luncheon speeches that the three best Suffolk specialities commended to their notice were the Suffolk Punch Horses, the Suffolk Sheep and the Suffolk Land Army!!!

A little after 3 p.m. a small detachment of the Land Army was formed up outside one of the main entrances to the Show Ground, to await the arrival of the Milking Competitors and to learn the results.

At 4 o'clock some 90 members of the East and West Suffolk Land Army collected for a cheery tea, at the invitation of the Chairmen of the two Committees—thereby upsetting Rudyard Kipling's theory, that the West can never come to the East!

Our Director, Miss Talbot, O.B.E., came down for the day and spoke some very encouraging words, including some special pats on the back to us; that and a hearty tea (and I think we were the only people amongst the 21,000 on the ground that got any in comfort), fortified us for the Grand Parade at 5.30. The most impressive procession in the annals of the Land Army's history entered the Grand Ring, headed by the "Comrades of the Great War" Band. Following close on that came ten large farm wagons drawn by splendid teams of Suffolk horses (some of them driven by Land Army girls), and carrying village Landworkers, who could hardly be seen for the artistic floral decorations. Each wagon had a banner with the name of its village, and the one from Nacton bringing Foresters as well as Landworkers was specially attractive with its red banner, little Christmas trees and great bunches of white heather. Two from the Hollesley Fruit Farm brought girls dressed in the specially picturesque uniform provided there.

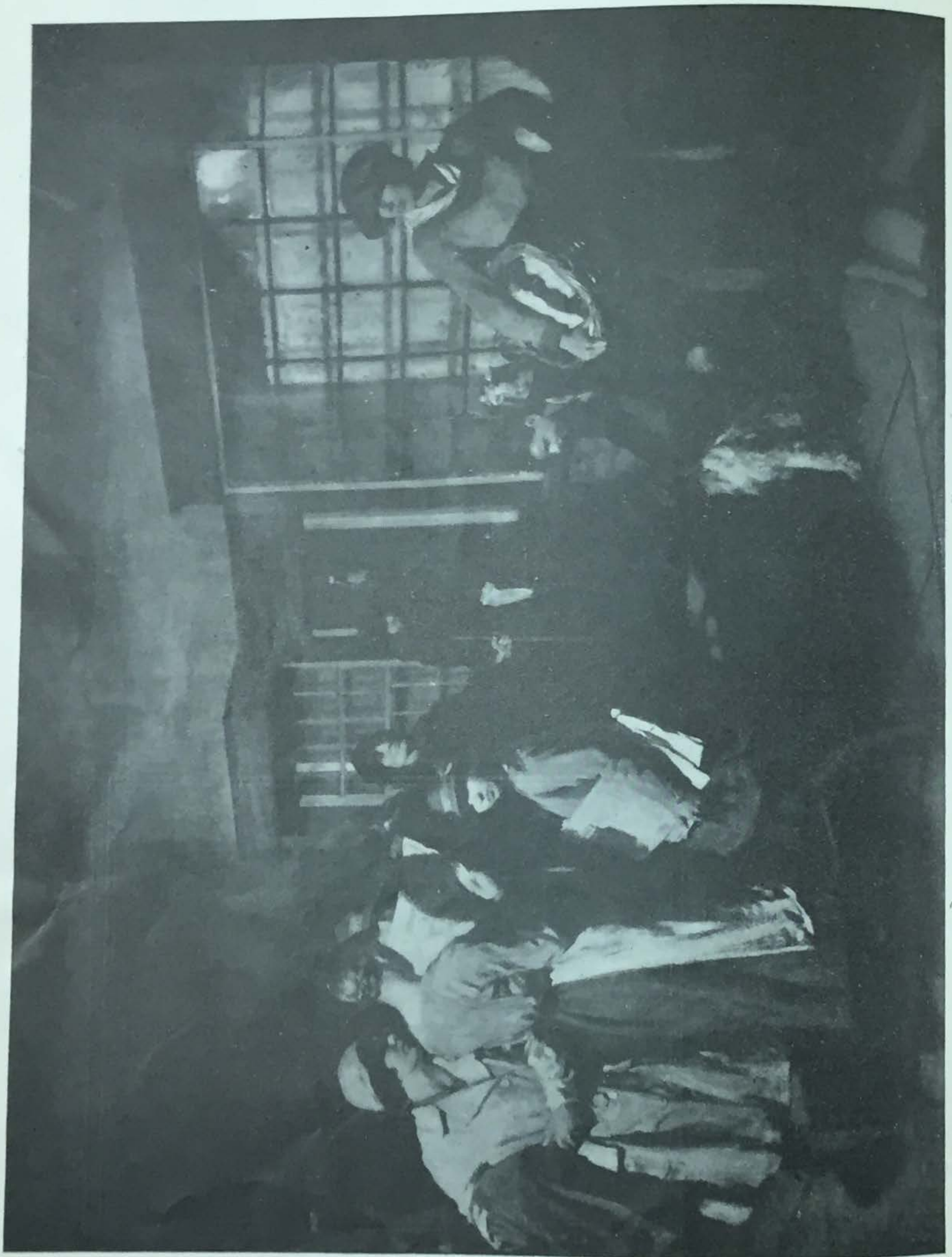
Directly after the wagons followed the Land Army, marching in fine military style headed by the banner and acclaiming to all that "We all feel fit in the Land Army."

Bringing up the rear were the 100 local women who had the best and longest records of landwork since August 1914. This impressive procession, having gone twice round the ring to the cheers and acclamations of the crowd, formed a half-circle in front of the Grand Stand. The President of the Show, the Right Hon. E. G. Pretymann, told them how glad he was of the opportunity to thank them for all they had done and how, in his opinion, each woman there had done as much for her country as the soldier fighting. Lady Beatrice Pretymann then presented the prizes won in the Milking, Thatching and Horsework Competitions which had been arranged in connection with the Show; and to all who had secured the Long Service Award a green enamel and silver wheatsheaf medal was given. It was a most attractive and delightful pageant, and I think there was a choke of pride in most peoples' throats. Lots of cheers and clapping brought to an end a very splendidly organised day, which reflected great glory and honour on the Suffolk Land Army, the Local Workers and our County Organising Secretary, Miss Vidal.

VERA CRANWORTH.



The Land Army Procession at Ipswich.



Late News. GEORGE HARCOURT.
The copyright of this picture is strictly reserved for the artist by Walter Judd, Ltd., publishers of the "Royal Academy Illustrated."
[Lady's Pictorial.

British Friesians



Pedigree British Friesian Bull, "Crawley Premier," and Margaret Starkey, L.A.A.S.

DUTCH cattle go back in history about 2,000 years. The modern British Friesian is descended from the heavy milking animals imported from Holland in large quantities, until the passing of the Diseases of Animals Acts prevented further landings of such animals for breeding purposes. For some twenty years the breed was kept together by an increasing number of admirers, who in 1909 formed themselves into a society to develop the breeding of Dutch cattle in this country. They have become exceedingly popular, and rightly so, as they are undoubtedly our heaviest milking breed. They also make most excellent beef. A number of people I have come in contact with seem to have the impression that these cattle, by giving great quantities of milk, produce beef of poorer quality than other breeds. But this has been proved beyond doubt not to be the case. A herd of cows and heifers this winter that have been kept strictly on war rations of concentrated food, and turned out in the field from milking time to milking time in all weathers, have reached 4 per cent. for mornings and 4 to 5 per cent. for evenings of butter fat respectively. This goes to prove they are very hardy and thrive in almost any climate. The milk is very valuable for invalids and infants, being so easily digested owing to the smallness of the fat globules it contains. For cheese and butter making most excellent results have been obtained. A great effort was made by the British Friesian Society to improve the milking capacity and butter fat percentage in the breed by importing in 1914 a number of bulls and heifers from Holland, most carefully selected to attain this end. And that this has been achieved is amply proved by the great improvement in the stock shown at recent shows and sales; higher average prices have been the order. The dairy

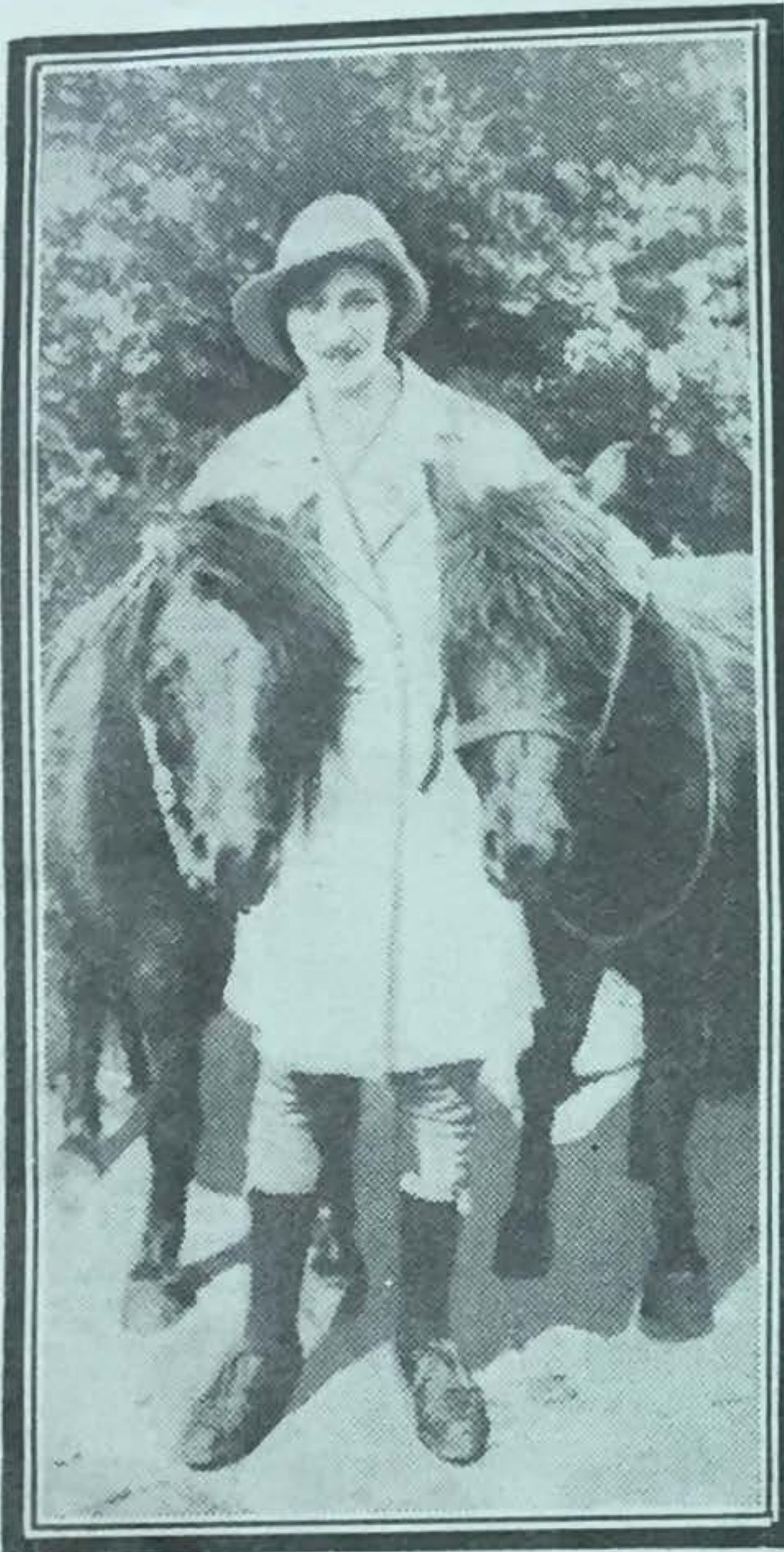
farmer, whose position I regret to say is not at all favourable, owing to cost of labour and high prices for feeding stuffs compared with the low price obtainable for the most nutritious food, milk, must, however, produce the greatest quantity of milk from the least number of cows. This is where the Friesian steps in, to make the difference between profit and loss on milk production. It is no uncommon sight now at Friesian shows and sales to see bulls, cows, or heifers paraded by Land girls, who in most cases have sole charge of them.



An Hour's Recreation.

Diary of a War Garden

Wednesday. Last week D. P. and I, the Grown-Up Child, resolved to run a War Garden, and this week we have discovered that a diary is a necessity as a natural consequence. Have you ever noticed that if you are keen on gardening and want to discuss your garden with a friend, why, you simply



A Hampshire Lass and her Pets [Daily Sketch.

can't get a word in edgeways, so keen is he to thrust his beastly garden down your throat?

Now you can gas all you want to a diary and it can't answer back or interrupt. There's glory for you! as Humpty Dumpty would say.

Thursday. We reclaimed a piece of waste ground on which to grow cabbages.

The sun was hot and the ground was stony. One might almost have called it a gravel path!

Net result:

One backache for the Grown-Up Child.

One nasty cross temper for D. P.

Must do better tomorrow.

Friday. Bought twenty cabbage plants for 2d. Planted them with rosy visions of money transactions in the future.

Resolve to reclaim the Rubbish Heap. Can't afford land for R.H. in war time. Must burn it and grow marrow on the ruins.

Saturday. Set to work on R.H. and disposed of it. Dug up the foundations and then took a walk to buy some marrow plants at 2d. each. (Must keep account of what we spend or else shan't know if we are making a profit!)

Just going to plant marrows when the G.U.C. has misgivings. Ought not marrows to have their toes cosily tucked in with a bed of manure?

No manure, so what to do?

Must wait till Monday.

Monday. Brilliant inspiration. Sally forth into the lane at the back and see what can be gleaned with a basket and trowel!

Beastly fag that most of the tradesmen seem to have given up horses and carts and send instead a little girl on a bicycle. However, gleaned enough for our purpose and planted marrows, which seemed duly grateful.

Tuesday.—Rain simply shouting down. Hope the cabbages won't be washed off the slope.

Turned out toy-cupboard and swept up several handfuls of peas from D.P.'s peashooter. Were going to throw them away, but had another brilliant inspiration; why not soak them and sow them? So said, so done. Will have to find another patch to reclaim.

Wednesday. Another day indoors. Our thoughts naturally in the garden. D.P. dwelt lovingly on the robin who came to eat worms when the marrow patch was dug up. Tell him that robins are rather greedy, but he won't be convinced.

N.B.—We put on our bathing dresses and ran out to sow the peas in the lovely rain.

Friday. Sun at last! We felt like shipwrecked mariners sighting land!

Out in the garden before breakfast to see what was doing.

Saturday. Still fine.

Monday. Still fine! Did not let D.P. see, as a matter of principle, but dug up one of the peas to see if it had sprouted.

It had actually started, so gently replanted it and pretended to be killing a slug. (Hope this garden won't lead to one's morals being corrupted.) Etc., etc.



The Long and the Short of it in Herts.

Empire Day with the Oxfordshire Land Army



THE Welfare Officer thought of it. She was eating lamb and mint sauce at the time, and had lapsed into dreams of young spring suitable to the occasion when she suddenly exclaimed, "I have an idea!"

The long-suffering Organising Secretary jumped, and hastily spilt the rest of the mint sauce over her plate and the table-cloth indiscriminately.

"Let's celebrate Empire Day by selling daisies in the streets for the Radcliffe Infirmary," went on the W.O.

"Let's!" replied the O.S.

And they did. On the morning of May 24th, stacks of daisies and other flowers, and a small band of devoted flower-sellers (mostly L.A.), pervaded the streets of Oxford, and by half-past four supplies and sellers were exhausted, while just on £35 stood to the credit of the fund the Oxfordshire L.A.A.S. is raising for their big local hospital.

During the evening the Land Army Pierrot Troupe gave a first-rate and most enjoyable concert at Sandford-on-Thames, for the same laudable object, and realised something like £14.

That night the W.O. slept the sweet sleep of ambition-beginning-to-be-realised, and the O.S. laid in a supply of tonics to fortify her against the next sudden inspiration!

O Dreamy, Gloomy, Friendly Trees

O DREAMY, gloomy, friendly trees,
I came along your narrow track
To bring my gifts unto your knees,
And gifts did you give back:
For when I brought this heart that burns—
These thoughts that bitterly repine—
And laid them here among the ferns
And the hum of boughs divine,
Ye vastest breathers of the air
Shook down with slow and mighty poise
Your coolness on the human care,
Your wonder on its toys,
Your greenness on the heart's despair,
Your darkness on its noise. HERBERT TRENCH.
Poems of To-day (Sidgwick & Jackson).



A Bucks L.A.A.S. wins the third prize in the "Daily Telegraph" Beauty Competition.



DEAR GIRLS.—Before I forget, I want to ask those of you who have any old magazines or periodicals, or paper-covered books for which you have no further use, to send them to the Welfare Officer, at the Peacock Hotel, Boston, Lines. Over a hundred L.A.A.S. are camped there for three or four months, and they would be very grateful for any contributions of this description to their Club Room.

Land Army Clubs are springing up all over the country, and in spite of the fact that the long winter evenings are gone and summer is here, so that nobody wants to stay indoors, our clubs are just as popular as ever where arrangements are made for out-of-door amusements.

Cumberland is a great county for clubs. I think they have five altogether, and two of them joined forces on June 14th—"Term Saturday," as they call it—and went for a picnic together.

St. Helen's Club in Lancs had a party at Miss Pilkington's house the other day and had such a good time that nobody wanted to go home!

I am so delighted, too, to hear that in many counties the Welfare Officers have started swimming clubs for those of you who are near enough to the towns. Nothing is more delightful after a hot summer day's work than to plunge about in the water, and as we cannot all be lucky enough to work by the sea, I am sure we shall enjoy the fun of a swimming bath. Apart from its refreshing qualities, swimming is the most splendid exercise, and every girl should learn to swim if she has the opportunity.

June is the fashionable month for weddings, and I suppose it is because the boys have come home that we have had so many Land Army weddings during this last month. I have been invited to two of them, and though I was unfortunately not able to go to the ceremony, the bride did not forget to send me a piece of her cake. One of the weddings was particularly interesting because the young couple are going to become possessors of a small holding, and the bride will still continue to be a member of the Land Army.

The farmers are really beginning to appreciate the work of the Land Army; but it was not always so, and that is why we set such store by their appreciation, however tardy it may be. Here is an example. Two girls in West Sussex were being trained as thatchers, and had spent the morning doing some work entirely by themselves. While they were at luncheon two farmers came along, mounted the rick, and began to pull out the straw to see how the work was done. And then a man who was straw-tying close by heard one farmer say to the other, "It's a long while since I've seen a man do better than that." And the surprising thing was that they had only been learning for a week!

The Land girl's pluck is well known to all of us, but I heard a story the other day which I should like to share with you, because I am sure you will be interested. An L.A.A.S. in Essex heard a small pig squealing one morning and, running to see what was the matter, found that it was caught in a wire hurdle. She promptly tried to help it out, but she had forgotten the mother instinct of the old sow, who, misunderstanding her intentions, came flying at her, jumped over the hurdle, knocked her down, and flew at her neck. She was bitten in two places on the arm before she could kick the sow off, but after the wounds were dressed she calmly went on with her milking as usual.

THE SEWING CLUB.—The Sewing Club has been doing great things this month, and I want to tell you all about it. I have always thought it should be possible for some of you who are clever with your fingers to add to your scanty pocket money by making saleable articles during your spare time, for which we might get orders at some of the big London shops. My dream has at last materialised, and this month we have taken our first orders for some fancy decorated workbaskets. The actual baskets are made by L.A.A.S. at a hostel in Oxfordshire, the decorations, which consist of chiffon and silk fruits, etc., by clever needlewomen in the Land Army, and all the various parts are assembled and the baskets finished off in this office. The buyer at a noted London house is very pleased with them and has given us an order for a dozen in various designs, and hopes he will want a lot more of them when these are delivered—and so do we! If only we have a supply of fresh ideas, there is no reason why there should not be a constant demand for this

work, and the members of the Sewing Club, by doing an hour's needlework every evening, should then be able to add six or seven shillings a week to their pocket money. Only don't forget that the work must be really first class if it is to be worthy of THE LANDSWOMAN, and to command a ready sale. If those of you who are expert needlewomen, more particularly in millinery or fancy work, will write to me, sending me a sample of what you can do, I will then send you the materials—ready cut out—and a finished fruit as a pattern, and if you are successful with these we shall be able to pay you well for your work. Of course the results of the needlework competition let me into the secret of the ability of the Land Army in this direction, and I have thought very hard to find out some way of turning this ability to account. After I had worked out the idea and got an order, I sent the first batch of materials to the prize winner, and she carried out my instructions so well that I feel sure many others of you can do the same. We must, of course, always remember that we want to make a business success of this undertaking, and we must not forget that we are dealing with London shops who have the pick of all the best that the market can offer, so that those of us who are not expert at this sort of work must not be disappointed if ours is not considered sufficiently perfect. I should be glad also



The Lake at the bottom of the Hostel Garden, Wilt.

to know of any of you who can make the fine soft Norfolk rush baskets. The offer of this work is for L.A.A.S. only, as it is being undertaken with the desire to add to our Land Army pay.

SHOPPING CLUB.—I felt very honoured last month when one of you entrusted your editor with the important job of buying mother's birthday present. It was to be a grey suede handbag, and to cost quite a lot of money. We had a good hunt for it, but I do hope that in the end D. V. W. was pleased with the result—and mother too!

Shopping commissions this month have been very various and interesting. They included washing hats—which are in great demand this hot weather—more books than ever, a snapshot album, a tie in Land Army colours, Tekko paste and pheninol, lemon-coloured satin with tassels to match—a bathing dress and sand shoes, and many other things.

I am sure you will be interested in Messrs. Clarke Nicholls' advertisement which appears in this number when I tell you that a Land Army girl is working at their factory—not as a factory hand, but as a farm hand. There in the very heart of London, she looks after hundreds of hens and ducks, and lots of little pigs, who are all fed on the waste products of the factory. When you are eating Clarrieo caramels, I hope you will think of this "Farm in a Factory."

Those of you who have been longing for a camera, so that you might take snapshots of yourselves and your pets, will, I know, welcome Kodak's advertisement, which appears for the first time in this issue of THE LANDSWOMAN. Everyone knows how indispensable to the amateur photographer are Brownie 1 and 2—but they cannot be bought at the village general shop, and that is why we are glad to have them advertised in our Magazine.

COMPETITIONS.—The winner of the Long Service Prize of one guinea, offered by a farmer to the girl who has worked for the longest period at one farm, has been won by Mrs. Bee, Lindsey, Lincs, who has served the same farmer for 23 years. This is a wonderful record, and I am very proud to announce it in the pages of THE LANDSWOMAN. The consolation prize—a delightful book entitled *Odd Hours with Nature*—also given by the same farmer, goes to Ethel Russell, Isle of Wight, with 7 years and 4 months' service. Seven of the girls who entered for this competition have been working on the same farm for 4 years; ten for 3 years; nine for 2 years.

Our Competitions this month are two. First of all a prize of £1 will be given for the best drawing illustrating any one of the "Signs of Rain," which will be found in the article on page 151. The second competition is rather more difficult to explain clearly. I want you to go all through the alphabet and for every letter write a sentence of three words, which must each begin with that letter. The idea must be connected in some way with land work, and must be funny. For example, take a serious one, in F.—Fortune forsakes fools; or a simple one in C.—Cows chew cud; or D.—Dairies detest dirt. Go all through the alphabet in this way, making a similar sort of sentence for every letter, and the cleverest complete alphabet will win the prize. All entries for both competitions to reach this office before August 14th.

Your sincere friend,
THE EDITOR.

The War Gardens of America.

A DELIGHTFUL book has reached me which tells the story of the doings of the War Garden Commission in America during the war, and the title of the book, *The War Garden Victorious*, proclaims the success of these undertakings.

Long before America entered the war she realised the stern necessity of increasing the food production of the Allied nations, and increasing it in such a way as to make the least demand on labour required for war purposes, or on the ordinary means of transportation and distribution.

So the author of this book, Mr. Charles Lathrop Pack, after consultation with other men who were eager to do their duty in this direction, conceived and organised the Commission.

They undertook to encourage the cultivation of all "slack" land, as it is called in America, which meant not only to inspire city dwellers and others to produce their own vegetables, but to teach them how to do it, to provide them with the seeds and tools, and last, but not least, to educate them to can their surplus for winter use.

The inspiring was done by means of an active Press propaganda and with the help of exceedingly attractive posters, which bore such catchy phrases as "War Gardens over the Top," "The Seeds of Victory Ensure the Fruits of Peace," "Every War Garden a Munition Plant," "Can the Kaiser," "Keep the Home Soil Turning," "Food Must Follow the Flag," etc. Daily gardening lessons, short and simple, were prepared for the Press and published in all the daily papers, together with articles on canning and drying vegetables and fruit. The idea caught on, and just as in England every able-bodied person became an allotment holder so thousands of Americans became "soldiers of the soil."

The first season saw the planting of 2,500,000 home food producing lots, and in 1918 this number had grown to 5,285,000. As Mr. Pack says in this interesting record of his great achievement, "assuredly tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Harrods FARM OUTFITS

SPECIALLY PRICED!

Smart, yet business-like in appearance, these garments are highly practical, being designed intelligently and made soundly to withstand hard wear and the vagaries of our climate. There are no finer values in London

Combination Outfit

(F.O. 338). Jacket, Skirt and Breeches. In Showerproof Twill. Medium or Full Size. Usually 49/6.

Special Price **39/6**



KHAKI JEAN SMOCK

above (F.O. 427). Excellent cloth. In three sizes—small, medium, and large; three-quarter length, 36 ins. to 38 ins.

Usual Price 9/11
Special Price **7/11**

HAT in Showerproof Drill, Drab shade.

Usual Price 4/11
Special Price **3/11**

COAT AND BREECHES

on left (F.O. 382). In Khaki Drill. Summer-weight. The well cut Breeches are made in three sizes. Coats, 38 ins., 40 ins., and 42 ins.

Usual Price 21/-
Special Price **15/9**

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

Brompton Road (Book to Knightsbridge Tube Station)

The Plough

ABOVE yon sombre swell of land
 Thou see'st the dawn's grave
 orange hue,
 With one pale streak like yellow sand,
 And over that a vein of blue.

The air is cold above the woods,
 All silent is the earth and sky,
 Except with his own lonely moods
 The blackbird holds a colloquy.

Over the broad hill creeps a beam,
 Like hope that gilds a good man's
 brow,
 And now ascends the nostril steam
 Of stalwart horses come to plough.

Ye rigid ploughmen, bear in mind
 Your labour is for future hours,
 Advance—spare not—nor look behind—
 Plough deep and straight with all
 your powers!

RICHARD HENRY HORNE.
 1803—1884.



The Breadwinners. ROWLAND WHEELWRIGHT.

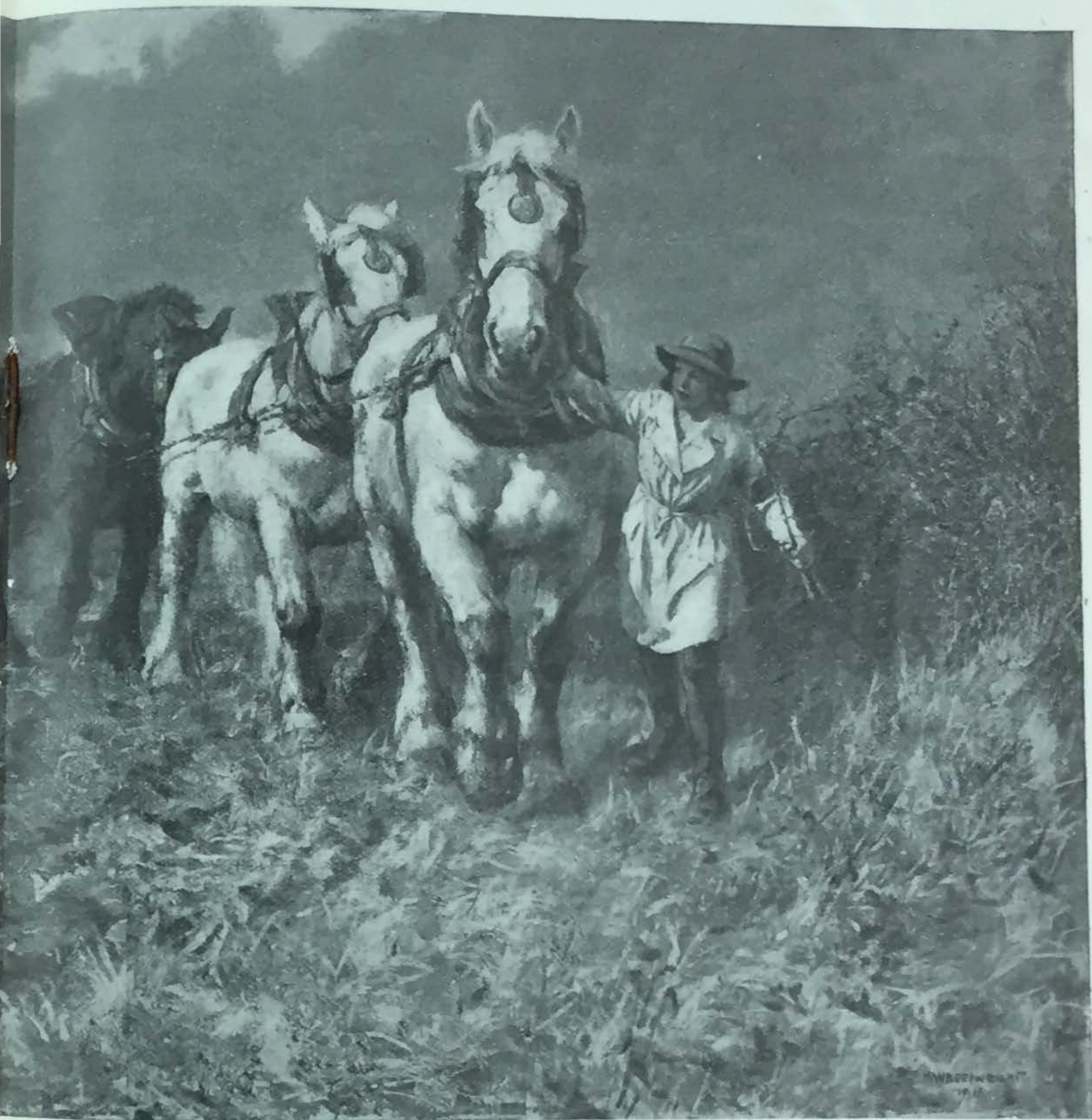
The copyright of this picture is str

The first appe

July, 1919

THE LANDSWOMAN

Bread Winners



[The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

strictly reserved for the artist by Walter Judd, Ltd., publishers of the "Royal Academy Illustrated."

pearance of the Land Army at the Royal Academy

The Council's Piggery, Baldock



THE piggery was commenced, at the request of the Government to increase the home food production and to utilise waste foods, in May, 1918. A start was made with 50 pigs, but, owing to being unable to obtain a suitable trustworthy attendant, the scheme was not the initial success that was hoped for. However, in October it was decided to try a Land Girl, since when things have changed, and the scheme is now on the right road, and new extensions are contemplated.

There are now about 80 pigs there of various grades. Refuse is collected by contract from hotels, canteens, and private houses at Letchworth, which is supplemented by various staple pig foods, such as maize meal, molassin meal, bran and dan, etc.

The L.A.A.S. in charge (Miss M. Todd) is a splendid worker and particularly interested in her work, and the turning of the scheme from a failure is largely due to her efforts.

Durham

ATTRACTIVELY garbed in their white smocks, knickerbockers, and leggings, members of the Women's Land Army from all parts of the county assembled in Durham Town Hall on Saturday recently, when 55 of their number were presented with Good Service badges. During the proceedings glowing tributes to the services of these female workers were paid by the various speakers.

The Mayor tendered a hearty welcome to the Landworkers, who had performed such valuable service to the nation, and remarked that the presentation of badges, which were for six months' or more satisfactory work, was the first of its kind in the county. He hoped many more would become eligible for badges. (Applause.)

Mr. W. P. F. Bell bore testimony, as a member of the County War Agricultural Executive Committee, to the excellent work done by the Women's Land Army in the interests of agriculture. When it was first proposed to employ women in considerable numbers on the land a great many people held up their hands against the project as being practically impossible, the most chary being those in the counties south of Durham, where women had not been previously employed on the land. If he had to choose between women and men for the feeding of cattle and sheep, he would infinitely prefer the former.

Lady Boyne, in rising to present the badges, declared that they had good reason to be proud of the Durham members of the Women's Land Army. They were second to none in farm work.

The Dean of Durham, in a happy speech, proposed a

vote of thanks to Viscountess Boyne, whom he humorously "accused" of making a mistake in that she had not handed him a badge. "Nobody ever gives me a prize now," went on the Dean in the same happy vein. "I do not grudge you yours, but when you admire them think of the poor Dean who has been left out." (Laughter.) Having expressed his gratitude to the Landworkers for the services rendered, Bishop Welldon proceeded to chaff the white-smocked damsels upon their milking abilities. "How many of you can milk a cow?" he enquired, amid the growing titter. "I should like to see you milk. Hands up to the cow!" Up shot the hand of every Landworker present, and the Dean thereupon exclaimed "I hope you get a full supply." The Dean next related an amusing incident which occurred while he was travelling through Switzerland with Sir Henry Stanley, the great explorer. "It was a very hot day," he said, "and I wanted something to drink. Observing cows in the vicinity I asked my companion to milk some. He admitted his inability to perform the task, so I turned and said, 'What is the good of you going through the heart of Africa if you come out and cannot milk a cow?'"

"Bob's" Week-end Off

OUR "Bob's" had a week-end off. What an opportunity for Kitty; for long had she looked with envious eyes on the milk float starting from the farm to town. Oh! how she would like to go on that errand. Nothing venture nothing gain; so she plucked up and asked the farmer if she might have the job during "Bob's" absence.

Now Tom, the horse, was an old steeplechaser; and the hero of many adventures. He once had a desire to visit the pictures, so went up the steps to the Herts cinema, leaving the milk, the contents of two churns, to find its way to the dairy via the gutter while he and the float had to be backed out of the box office. So the question was, could she manage it? Oh, yes, certainly! "Very well, lassie; y'can have a try." The eventful Saturday afternoon arrived; market day and plenty of bustle; everything went well, Kitty returned triumphant and rejoicing. Sunday morning also quiet and peaceful. But alas, and alas, Sunday afternoon, a different tale. The weather changed and also Tom's behaviour. It was the Sunday of the blizzard. Tom evidently had the idea it was sent to torment him, and he forthwith resented it. On the homeward journey, back went his ears, up went his heels, out went the churns into the ditch. Kitty was bounced in the air, and away went the seat. Kitty by this time was sitting in the bottom of the cart, hanging on to the reins, and Tom was away helter-skelter for home. On reaching the farm, he gave one wild leap through the gate, landing the cart on its side in the yard, sending Kitty sprawling on the ground. Then he stood quietly watching Kitty picking herself up; his expression said, "Did I do this? I'm very sorry." Being Sunday afternoon, the yard was deserted, so Kitty made her way to the house, and was greeted with exclamations of horror, her face being liberally studded with thorns. During her tussle with her fiery steed she had not noticed she had been scrapped along the hedge. One of the lads was dispatched at once to collect the various fragments, including Kitty's hat. Fortunately there was no damage done; after a cup of tea and a wash Kitty felt herself again, and being a young woman of spirit is looking forward to the time for "Bob's" next week-end off.



Tom (the grey horse) looks penitent.

Good Service Day



[Stafford Advertiser.

THE LANDSWOMAN

Cambridge

AN enjoyable time was spent by members of the Women's Land Army at Cambridge on a recent Saturday when, at the invitation of the Cambs. Women's War Agricultural General and Executive Committees, between 60 and 70 were entertained at an "At Home" at the Lion Hotel. During the afternoon's programme an interesting ceremony was performed by Mrs. Adeane (President of the Cambs. Women's War Agricultural Committee), when she presented some sixty Good Service Ribbons and eight special medals for work of outstanding merit.

After tea had been partaken of, Mr. J. Gambling, with his usual skill and astonishing capacity for mystifying, gave a conjuring and ventriloquial entertainment, which was greatly appreciated by his audience.

At the conclusion, Mrs. Adeane proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Pittock-Smith, the organising secretary, for the excellent work she had rendered since she came to Cambridge, and also said how much they owed to the Chairman (Miss Briscoe), to the hon. secretaries, and to each member of the Committee for all they had done in many and different ways. She felt that a very special vote of thanks was due to Mrs. Bagnall, who from the very commencement had devoted herself to the work and shown such individual sympathy with each member of the Land Army.

Presentation of Good Service Ribbons at Wilton, June 6th, 1919

BY kind permission of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, a presentation of Good Service Ribbons took place on the lawn at the east side of Wilton House. The girls, after partaking of refreshments, marched from the courtyard to the lawn, where they sat down in a half circle.

Miss Olivier, C.O.S., in presenting the girls to Lady Pembroke, described the work that the girls had been doing. Most of them were milkers, and had it not been for this work of the Land Army many of the cows in the country would have had to be destroyed.

But not only were there milkers present, but also two gangs, one of whom had been replanting trees on the Earl of Pembroke's own estate, the other in clearing the forests in another district where the trees had been felled. There were also present a shepherdess who had done excellent work, alone, with 1,500 sheep on an aerodrome, and girls of the tractor section, who had done wonderful work in ploughing and harvesting. The Milk Recording Society had, she was proud to say, chosen one of the Land Army girls present as recorder for the whole of Wiltshire, and she felt it was up to every girl in the Land Army to feel that she belonged to a corps, and a very honourable corps.

Lady Pembroke, in presenting the ribbons, told the girls that they had won a very high honour. She said that the Good Service Ribbon is awarded to members of the Land Army who have done good work for a period of six months, and that in the decision for awarding it the report of the employers is asked.

She hoped that those who had worked so splendidly would not be willing to leave the Land Army while it remained a corps, but would carry on so long as they were wanted. Lady Pembroke in presenting each ribbon also spoke a few words of personal congratulation to each girl on her special work.

The ceremony closed with cheers for Lady Pembroke and Miss Olivier, and Lady Pembroke then invited the girls to wander wherever they liked in the beautiful and historic grounds of Wilton House.

A Wiltshire Timber Gang

UP on the hillside, a mile or so from the little town of Tisbury, in South Wiltshire, are some brown wooden huts which were built by a party of Canadian foresters who, during the war, were felling trees in the neighbouring woods. These huts are now occupied by a gang of L.A.A.S. girls who are at work clearing up.

The girls are working under a forewoman who is a member of the forestry corps and an assistant forewoman who during the last two years was a tractor driver in a very lonely part.

"GET up, Mums; you got to go to Stafford!" was the first thing I heard on the morning we went to receive our Good Service Ribbons. My friend and I started on our journey at 9 a.m., and arrived at Wolverhampton at 11, where we were met by a few more Land Army Girls; we then proceeded to Stafford. Then the fun began, and I do not think we had straight faces until we arrived at the end of our journey to Stafford, where we saw a host of Land Lasses, all looking strong and well and so happy, lots of them already wearing the Good Service Ribbon. My friend and I went to her sister's to dinner; back again to find 2, The Green, where we met the rest of the Lasses, and, I am pleased to say, where we met for the first time our organising secretary, Miss Nightingale, which was a great pleasure to me and all those who have had that pleasure before. We then had a Land Army badge, and lined up in order and marched in rows of four to the County Buildings, where we were presented with our Good Service Ribbons by Lady Gaunt. Lord Dartmouth, Sir Guy Gaunt, and our ladies, gave us very nice speeches which made every L.A.A.S. feel proud of herself; afterwards we marched round to the front of the building, where we had our photos taken, watched by crowds of people. Sir Guy then proposed three cheers for Miss Nightingale (I am sure she deserved more), in which every girl joined; then to the Y.W.C.A., to the most plentiful tea one ever saw, and which everyone enjoyed.

Afterwards we had a little meeting of our own, which was very interesting, Miss Nightingale taking the chair by standing on it, as we had no platform. Then Miss Morrison played the piano for dancing. Lots of us did not know how to dance one step, but we joined in, and had the same fun as those who did. We went upstairs to see the Rest Room of the Y.W.C.A., which was very nice indeed, and I am sure those Lasses whose homes are not near are pleased to go there to spend their evenings.

We said good-bye to our officers, who loaded us up with heaps of cakes to take away with us; had a look round Stafford, which is a nice little town; back to the station; presented our passes, which had been so kindly given to us by Dorothy, under Miss Nightingale's orders; then back to Wolverhampton, where we knew lots of people, and where we received lots of congratulations on our G.S.R., of which we were very proud. Then, jumping on our cycles, we had a nice ride of six miles back home, where there was a nice fire, the kettle boiling, and the same little voice saying: "Mums, can I come downstairs to see your ribbon, 'cause I want to kiss you good-night?" So—with her dear little arms, around her mum's neck—ended my perfect day.

(MRS.) M. E. MORRIS, L.A.A.S.

Presentation of G.S.R. in Chester

ON June 12th 165 members of the Women's Land Army received their Good Service Ribbon at the Town Hall.

We met at the W.W.A.C. offices, and after being inspected by the staff to see that uniform was quite correct we marched through the ancient streets of Chester to the Town Hall, where the Marchioness of Cholmondeley was waiting to present us with the ribbons.

The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton arrived from London just in time to give us a very delightful address, for which we all thanked her in the approved Land Army style—vigorous clapping and stamping of nailed boots. The latter, unfortunately, on the polished floor of the Assembly Room!

As each girl went up to receive her ribbon from the Marchioness her name was read out, together with the recommendation given her by her employer. Some of these recommendations were very interesting and instructive. One farmer spoke of his L.A.A.S. as being the best milker he had found in over fifty years' experience. Another wrote of how he left all his cattle

in charge of his L.A. girl when he had to be absent from home. These are only two of many very excellent reports of the work done by the W.L.A. in Cheshire.

Some of us felt rather nervous before the critical moment arrived for us to step on to the platform, but the kind words Lady Cholmondeley said to each girl as she gave her the ribbon and the applause from the fellow-workers in the hall put the lucky one at her ease and filled her with pride to see she had been considered worthy of the award.

After the presentation there was tea, and then the inevitable photograph was taken on the steps of the Town Hall. When that was over many of us had to rush off to catch trains, but some were able to remain behind to consider the proposals for starting a Cheshire Land Girls' Association and to elect the first committee, and last but not least to be rooked of all our spare cash to put into the Savings Bank, which is one of the features of the Association.

So ended a memorable day in the history of the W.L.A. in Cheshire—a day those of us who were present are not likely to forget.

4 ESSENTIALS for LADIES WORKING ON THE LAND.



"BETULA ALBA JELLY"

For PREVENTING Mosquito, Midge and Insect Bites. 6d. per tube. Postage and packing 2d. extra.

"PUMICE STONE SOAP"

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

"SAMBULINE"

or Elder Flower Jelly. For allaying irritation caused by Heat, Chafing through Exertion or Exposure to the Sun. Tube, post free, 1/6.

"GLYMIEL JELLY"

Makes Rough Hands, Face and Skin as soft as Velvet. Tubes, 6d., 1/- or 1/6 Postage and packing 2d. extra.

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

OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN

19, Golden Square, Regent Street, London, W.



"Exhausting" isn't the word for it!

I QUITE agree and you're lucky to have had that good bicycle of yours just refitted with a pair of Dunlop Roadster tyres.

Always the same good material in them and the same good workmanship to give that good material its fullest opportunity.

Dunlop

DUNLOP RUBBER Co., Ltd.,

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

Are you playing a DUNLOP GOLF BALL?

Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS*

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

CHAPTER XIX.—continued.

SO this is where Signor Trelatti lives?" she challenged him. The door flew open and Scarlotti stood there. "She caught you, did she? Well, come in." They stepped inside, and she closed the door. "Now, Cecilia, what do you want?" she asked. "I want to talk to this man." "What about?" "Private business, Scarlotti." "His business is mine. Isn't it?" she challenged him. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Do you wish me to speak before her?" "As you like." "Are you in love with him?" Scarlotti demanded. "No, thank God!" "Keep out, that's all I have to say. Now go on with your story." Giron lit a cigarette, offering the box to the others ceremoniously. "What did you have to do with the killing of Parker?" Cecilia asked directly. "It depend on ze paper you read. Ze *American* say I am ze innocent but necessary scapegoat; ze *Tribune* say—" "I did not come to joke about it. I want to know what part you played in it. I'll pay you to tell me the truth." "You mean Judge Carteret will pay me?" "Judge Carteret knows nothing of my being here. I shall not see him until the trial is over and done with." "What proof have I of zat? How do I know you are not getting evidence against me now? How do I know you will not give me away?" "You'll have to take my word for it." He laughed. "How much money have you?" "I have a cheque for a thousand dollars." She opened her bag and took it out. "*Mon amie*, why do you interes' yourself so much in me, all of a sudden?" "Don't flatter yourself. I'm not interested in you. If you are responsible for that murder I'll give you up as sure as I stand here. But if you can convince me that it just happened, that you made that speech at Crossroads the night before the killing without any idea of prompting Conrad to the crime, then I want you to take this money and go away. Did the Union hire you to do it?" "I was not hired to do it." "Will you promise me one thing?" "What?" "If Conrad and Gridley are convicted that you will not attack Judge Carteret?" "Conrad weell not be convicted, nor Gridley either, *mon amie*, so why should I remove *Monsieur le Juge*?" "How do you know they won't be convicted?" "Maybe you have heard zat your immaculate friend ees spoken of for Governor at ze nex' election?" "Well?" "A mere suspicion, a hint of bribe-taking by heem, it would be fatal." "It couldn't be proved." "It does not need proving to be effective. Thanks to ze rottenness of municipal politics, an accusation ees as good as a charge." "Did you start the story about the Steel Trust offering Judge Carteret a bribe?" "You get me queeckly. Yesterday eet was whisper at ze clubs, in ze cars, on ze street, to-day eet ees discuss openly: to-morrow eet will be a fact. The majority of peoples want to believe eet. To zees people ze conviction of Conrad and Gridley weell be proof positief, as you say. Ze big meeddle class are for ze accused men. Cartaret ees but human. Ze men get off wiz a light sentence, he please ze people, and denies all possibeelity of ze bribe story." "The only ilaw is that you reason that Judge Carteret is as base as you are. If Conrad and Gridley are found guilty, they will get the extreme sentence." "Zat means political ruin for your friend."

"So much the more reason for his acting according to his own conscience. Will you make a compact with me?" "What compact?" "That you will stay here until the trial is over and then go away without seeing Judge Carteret?" "Are you in love wiz zees man?" "That is none of your affair. He is the only true friend I have ever had. I'd kill you rather than have any harm come to him through me, or anyone connected with me." "What makes you teenk I want to do him harm?" "You've had a grudge since the De Marcy case." His face went white. "You needn't be afraid I'll tell, unless you fail me now." "What is this De Marcy Case?" Scarlotti asked. "Ask Cecilia, I do not know. Run back to ze country, and grow ze potato, *mon enfant*; detective work ees not your forte." "Do you mean to appear in this trial at all?" "I haf take some pains not to," he laughed. "Here is my offer. Scarlotti, can you let me have a bed in the kitchenette or the closet?" "Why?" "I will stay here until after the trial is over, if you will stay too. The day it is finished I give you this cheque, and you will get away from Chicago. I'll put the money here in this bowl, as token of good faith." "Angel Scarlotti, you permeet zees invasion?" "If you won't sit around and growl at one another all day." "Then eet ees agreed. I look forward to two, maybe, three days in such company wiz delight. An' now, *mes amis*, we say *bonne nuit* for a little, eh? We will make a night of zees day, since we made day of ze night. *Bon nuit!*" He disappeared into the tiny adjoining room and Cecilia and Scarlotti stretched out on couches in the studio. In a moment Scarlotti was heavily asleep, but Cecilia turned restlessly, her thoughts back at Hillcrest. "Oh, little cabin, little cabin, how far away you seem! The Judge is opening his paper at the breakfast table, now, and Anne is kissing Bobby for me!"

CHAPTER XX.

AT THE STUDIO.

IN the days that followed Cecilia had ample opportunity to measure the long way she had travelled since the old days in the Quarter. She found it impossible to drop back into the life, to take up the wonted relationships. Scarlotti's studio had always been the lounging place of the neighbourhood, and they came and went in their old erratic ways, while Cecilia considered them from afar, and wondered at herself and them.

The time had been when she thrilled at Gaines's oratory, gave passionate belief to Allwyn's social theories, and upheld Scarlotti and Hilda in their "advanced idea"; but now they all seemed to her like ants, trying to build the same house, but running about in distracted indirection.

"You are not one of us any longer," Arnold Gaines challenged her.

"I can scarcely say. I see you all from a new angle. I think your plans are too radical, Arnold. You want to tear down the whole structure, and sweep away the remains. I think you must make it over bit by bit, building up as you tear down." She smiled to find herself using the Judge's very words.

"That would take centuries," he protested.

"Well, it has taken centuries to build what we have. Surely some of it must be of value."

They came and went, argued and philosophised, and through it all Giron sat and listened and smiled. Cecilia found herself fascinated by his curious personality, which she appraised and judged for the first time.

His was a strange, distorted nature, conceived of hate and born of unrighteousness. His deity seemed to be the god of malevolence. He needed no grudge against a man to wish him harm; it was a passion with him to plot destruction. And for this purpose he had been given a mind brilliant, resourceful, malicious. His philosophy, clearly worked out and often wittily expressed, was one of pessimism and hopelessness. All men and women were endowed with a preponderance of base instincts which they spent their lives in cultivating. Love, loyalty, purity,

and honour he distorted into passion, self-interest, baseness and hypocrisy. He defended his point of view and this monstrous code with brilliant sophistry.

Cecilia understood him at last. She saw the motive and the incentive in much of the evil that she knew of him. She measured him with the Judge and Richard, and feared that her very ability to understand him was a slight upon herself.

He, on his part, treated her with an amused tolerance. They talked of books, of music, of painting, never of personal things. He got some painting things together for her and watched her work, with obvious satisfaction. He came and stood behind her one evening as she worked.

"What masterpiece now, at the expense of eyes?"

"It may interest you—it is a study of you."

"Of me? I am flattered." He bowed.

"You need not be. This is your soul as you have shaped it and set its mark on your face."

He took the sketch to the light and studied it closely for a long time, grunting in his throat over it.

"Good, very good. You could go far, you two, and instead you make fools of yourselves over worthless men."

"Somebody has to work," said Scarlotti; you won't."

"I've got to go and get some food if we eat to-night. Do you two want to come along?"

"I await your pleasure, *mon enfant!*" Giron taunted Cecilia.

"We may as well go," she said.

It was Saturday night, and the dingy street in which they lived had taken on a rakish air. The housewives of the district were all out for their Sunday marketing, and as they turned into Halsted Street, Giron exclaimed, "How long will eet take zees America to melt down an' assimilate zees mass? Not an American—such a *pot-pourri* of races."

Scarlotti appeared with her arms full of bundles.

"It's a mob to-night, isn't it? Let's get rid of this stuff and go over to Hull House for awhile, and get something to eat at the coffee house."

They watched the people about them in silence for a little, and all at once Cecilia exclaimed and half rose from her chair. The other two followed her glance toward the door, where a man had just entered. At the same instant he saw them and plunged through the crowd toward them.

"Cecilia Carné—" he cried, his hands out.

"Mr. Graves," she faltered.

"So I've found you at last. Why did you run away? Where on earth have you been?"

"Do you remember Mr. Graves, Scarlotti? Mr. Giron, Mr. Graves," she said calmly.

He bowed to the others and turned to her again.

"They are so upset about you at Hillcrest. The Judge wanted to come in with me to-night and hunt for you. Why didn't you send us some address?"

"Since when have I been accountable to Hillcrest for my actions? I came in to spend some time with my friends."

"We also have some interest in her actions, monsieur," said Giron suavely, and the younger man flushed angrily.

"You might have sent word. Anne thinks some dreadful thing has happened to you."

"I will send it now, by you. Will you tell them that I am well, and that I shall stay a few days longer with my friends?"

"You are coming back?"

"Yes, maybe—I—"

He studied her face, puzzled at her manner, so composed and yet so perturbed.

"Cecilia, is there anything I can do for you?" he added boldly.

She looked directly at him.

"Take good care of all of them for me, the Barretts and dear Judge Carteret, until I get back."

To be continued

Cows

I SAW you gleaming thro' the morning mist,
You placid cows. You, Snowball, pearly white,
And your white patches, Darby, were so bright;
I saw you first, for these the light first kissed.
The fragrance of your breath was borne to me
Across the soaking meadows ere I came
To where you each lay couched. I called each name,
And each dim ghost arose with dignity.

Are you, indeed, the same mad fractious things
I milk each broiling August afternoon,
Longing that six o'clock may send you soon
Trailing back to your pastures green and cool?
I bid me home to sleep, and lo, sleep brings
Dreams where again you are most beautiful.

E. A. MADGE.

Sheep

MOST land girls by this time will have discovered that sheep are very interesting and affectionate animals, so perhaps they may like to hear a little about those I have been in charge of for the last 18 months.

Mr. G., with whom I work, is a very successful breeder of Ryeland sheep, so I felt very important and responsible when he put into my charge some of his best animals, which were to be shown at the animal show and sale of Ryeland sheep held in Hereford in August.

One of my first duties each morning was to feed the sheep with cut mangels and clover, a task I loved, as they knew my voice and answered to the pet names I had given them, one especially, which had lost its mother very early in life and was in consequence a miserable little creature. I took great interest in feeding it constantly with the bottle, and it came to be called the "poor little thing." It later rewarded all my care by growing into a fine sheep and making a good price at the sale.

Of course, the show and sale was the excitement of the year, and on the eventful morning I rose betimes, before 5 a.m. in fact, to give my pets their last meal before they were loaded up on the dray on which I had to take them to the show yard. Arrived at the place, the first business was to put the 11 sheep in their respective pens; then followed an anxious time of suspense, when my feelings may be better imagined than described, until the signal was given that the judging was about to begin.

Mr. G. gave me the choice of the sheep which I was to lead into the judging ring. I naturally chose my favourite. He realised all my expectations and made me indeed a proud shepherdess by taking First Prize, also Reserve Champion; another gained Second, and a third a H.C. Card.

The next proceeding was to have the prize winners photographed, which proved less simple than one might suppose, the photographer having very decided opinions as to the exact position of each limb of the animals and being very determined that each limb should be in that position. This necessitated a good deal of arranging and rearranging, which caused considerable merriment amongst the inevitable crowd which had gathered round us, particularly as the photographer kept shouting excited directions to the "dear lass."

HARVEY NICHOLS

of KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Annual Summer SALE

Commences June 30th and continues throughout the whole of the month of July.

Surplus Stock of Farm and Garden Outfits are reduced to half present marked prices, which represent more than 50% off to-day's prices.

K. 3 Sou-Wester Cap
in Drab Denim, Navy Dun-
garee, Drab Drill at 1/3 each
in Black Mackintosh 2/6 ..

Outfit as sketch, made in
Light Drab Drill of strong
weight consisting of Coat,
Breeches and Leggings,
Usually ... 27/6 the
To day half-price 13/9 suit

Breeches (Full Cut)—
Drab Bedford Cord
usually 19/9 to-day 9/11
Drab Bedford Cord
usually 21/9 to-day 10/9
Drab Whipcord
usually 19/9 to-day 9/11
Drab Moleskin
usually 17/6 to-day 8/9
Drab Drill 28 inch
usually 15/6 to-day 7/9
Drab Drill 30 inch
usually 16/9 to-day 8/4½

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, S.W.1





Taken with a Kodak.

Tell your story with a Kodak.

What delightful opportunities you Landswomen have for making pictures! You are surrounded by pictures—you live among pictures!

Your happy companions in the harvest field, the farmyard, the cattle, the horses, the fowls, and the peaceful rural scenery—what more could an artist desire?

Many of you can sketch, no doubt; but you haven't the time to make pictures with brush or pencil.

The only way to keep a record of those happy scenes is to make pleasing little Kodak snapshots. Think what it will mean to you in years to come, to have an album of Kodak pictures, showing where you worked, and what you did; pictures showing your cheerful companions both at work and at play, and showing your pets among the horses, cattle and dogs—you wouldn't like to forget old Dobbin the cart-horse, Dinnie the cow, and Bob the collie, would you?

And the best of it is you can start Kodak picture-making right away—you can learn to use a Kodak in half-an-hour. Your nearest Kodak dealer will be glad to give you full particulars.



Taken with a Kodak.

Kodak Limited, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.

FOR the benefit of our readers we are accepting Small Advertisements on this page at very reduced rates, and we trust that they will make full use of this opportunity, which we believe will prove advantageous to them. Almost anything may be advertised, and the minimum price will be 5/- for 5 lines (single column; about 40 words) and 1/6 per line additional. All advertisements are subject to the approval of the Editor, and are subject to refusal without assigning any reason. Advertisements should be sent to the Advertising Office, "The Landswoman," Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Stamford Street, S.E., accompanied by Postal Order, before the 15th of the month for insertion in the next month's issue.

WANTED to purchase, or lease, genuine Elizabethan or Tudor residence, with 5 to 10 acres of garden and orchard, and containing 5 reception rooms and 12 bedrooms. The house must stand on high ground with good views and be not more than 1½ miles from station, and within 1 hour's journey of London.—The Editor, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E.

LANDWORKERS, Gardeners, V.A.D.'s and other ex-War Workers quickly suited.—Write for list, Miss Dymphna Smith's office, 231 Ebury Street, S.W.1. Special Country Department.

WORKING HOUSEKEEPER (25-45) wanted for small poultry farm. All household duties. Fond children and animals. Good plain cooking essential. Quiet country place, near station. Very good outings. Wages £30.—Mrs. Smedley, Avonside, Limpley Stoke, near Bath.

"THE LAND" (2/-) & "THE LAND AFTER THE WAR" (1/-), by a well-known Land Surveyor. These extremely useful books show how to improve the land and pay good profits. No farmer should be without them. (By post together 6d.)—St. Catherine Press, Stamford Street, London.

Monmouth Land Army Social.

A SUCCESSFUL social was organised by the members of the Land Girls' Club at Rumney. The gathering was a fancy dress one, and among the many pretty dresses we noted "Fashion" (1st prize), a Spanish Lady in brilliant orange; Clown (2nd prize), Dutchman (3rd prize), Pierrot and Pierrette, Gentleman Charles the First period (special prize), Red Cross Nurse, Eastern Lady, Cherry Ripe, and a small fairy, whose prize was presented to her by another tiny girl. A musical programme was provided, and an Australian soldier kindly assisted. A feature was an impromptu performance by some of the soldier visitors present of the always popular "Grady's Drill." Refreshments were served by the committee of the Club and a bevy of Land Girls. Over 100 people were present, showing that the work of the Land Army is greatly appreciated in the neighbourhood.

Keswick Land Army Club.

THE Keswick Land Army Girls met at their club-room on Friday, May 23rd, to receive their Good Service Ribbons. The County Organising Secretary (Miss Andrews) and Welfare Officer (Miss Painter) had kindly asked Miss Murray, the Girl Guide Commissioner for North Cumberland, to come and present them, and also to give us a lecture on Guide Work.

The 1st Company Keswick Girl Guides with their officer (Miss Carrick) were also present. In presenting the ribbons much praise was given to the girls who had won them, and especially Sopha Cunningham, who had been ill in hospital, and came out to receive it.

Miss Murray gave a very interesting lecture, and said what pleasure it gave her to meet some of the Land Army, and also how nice it would be for the Land Girls to join a Lone Guide Company, and so learn Guide Work, and be able to join in with her girls.

Miss Carrick invited the girls to join in her Club, and go in whenever they liked.

The evening passed away very pleasantly, and finished up with a vote of thanks to Miss Murray for her kindness in coming to present the ribbons, also a vote of thanks to our officers.

H. L.

LIVESTOCK-KEEPERS.—Books for Landswomen, by W. Powell-Owen F.B.S.A. (on Council and Executive of National Utility Poultry Society): Poultry-keeping on Money-making Lines, 3/11 (the book that has made history; 4th ed. since 1916); Duck-keeping ditto, 5/5; Pig-keeping, 3/11; Goat-keeping, 3/11; Rabbit-keeping, 5/6; Dog-keeping, 3/11; Poultry-keeping on Small Lines, 2/3; Poultry-farming as Career for Women, 10½d. Detailed express postal advice on anything and everything appertaining to poultry, ducks, pigs, goats, rabbits, or dogs, 2/6 per letter; postal advice (and tuition) as often as desired for 12 months, 2 guineas. Why not put your case in Powell-Owen's hands to-day?—Books, post free, from Powell-Owen Bureau, 47a, High Street, Hampstead, London.

THE REGINA BUREAU, 55 & 56 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, has opened a department for getting Landswomen and Munition Workers suitable situations. If they will apply, if possible personally, or write, and address letters to Department 5, they will get careful attention.

TYPEWRITING. Carefully and correctly carried out. Very moderate charges. Confidential work a speciality. Highest recommendations.—"General Utility" Typewriting Office, 12, Vereker Road, Kensington, London, W.

Middlesex Party.

ON Queen Mary's birthday, Monday, May 26th, Lady Margaret Boscawen gave a party for the Landworkers of Middlesex, at the Blue Triangle Club, 12, Grosvenor Place. About 110 Landworkers out of 140 working in Middlesex were able to be present. We all had a most enjoyable time.

The chief event of the evening was the presentation of Good Service Ribbons, and the girls were fortunate enough to have the ribbons presented to them by General Sir Julian Byng, G.C.B. Twenty-four members received this decoration, and eight who were also recommended were unfortunately unable to come.

It being the anniversary of the Queen's birthday, a telegram was sent to Her Majesty, which ran as follows:—

"To Her Majesty Queen Mary,
"Buckingham Palace.

"The members of the London and Middlesex Land Army, who are celebrating your Majesty's birthday at the Blue Triangle Club, beg humbly to offer your Majesty their loyal and affectionate good wishes for this year and many years to come."

To which Her Majesty graciously replied:—

"To Lady Margaret Boscawen.

"I am commanded by the Queen to ask you to express to the members of the London and Middlesex Land Army, at the Blue Triangle Club, Her Majesty's sincere thanks for their telegram of congratulation and expressions of loyalty.

"PRIVATE SECRETARY."

We had dancing and games, and about 8.30 p.m. went down to supper. The caterer at the Blue Triangle Club must have known how hungry we all were, for there seemed an unlimited supply of ham, sausage rolls, fruit salads, etc. On our return to the ballroom we found a lovely birthday cake had arrived in honour of Queen Mary. It was cut by Lady Margaret, and every one present had a piece. There was still time for a little more dancing, and finally, Peggy Simmons, who is working at Finchley, sang two songs, which were much appreciated. The evening closed with the singing of the National Anthem and three cheers for the Queen, Lady Margaret, and General Byng.

The Care and Management of Six Cows for One Day during the Winter

Bedfordshire Prize Essay by
Dorothea Leechman

THE most important points in the care of cows are: absolute cleanliness, plenty of good food, light and airy sheds, and regularity in their daily care.

The number of hours between milking times should be as equal as possible, so as to avoid strain and discomfort to the cows, caused by milking too late in the morning or too early in the afternoon. The most convenient and satisfactory hours, for all concerned, are 6 a.m. and 4 p.m.

Feeding.—In the morning give each cow one bushel of hay-chaff, mixed with ground mangolds or swedes, a handful of oats, and a sprinkling of malt-dust, as an appetiser.

In the evening give each cow a good armful of hay with three or four handfuls of cotton cake.

If the cows do not finish all their food, reduce the quantity until they clear it all up. They should have a good drink of water at least twice a day, but it is best to have water always available so that they may drink as often as they wish, as this is one of the most valuable means of producing a plentiful supply of milk.

Turn the cows out to grass, during the day, if it is fine, but not if there is frost on the ground, as the cows trample on the grass and make it black, so that it is not fit to eat after the frost has thawed. It is best to turn them into the yard and give them some hay under a shelter, when the weather is very bad.

Housing.—The cow-houses should be light and airy, with plenty of room for the animals to lie down at will. See that the litter is thick and dry, otherwise cramp and rheumatism will set in. The cows must be kept in at night, and care taken that the sheds are warm and free from draughts. The warmer the cows are, the greater will be the milk yield; but keep the sheds well ventilated at the top, as stuffiness is unhealthy.

Clean out the sheds twice a day, after milking, and put down fresh litter where necessary.

Also clean out the mangers every day, so that they do not smell sour.

Milking.—Tie the cows up short at milking times so that they cannot reach each other's food, but lengthen the chains at night, so as to allow freedom of movement.

When fastening them up be careful not to tie in any pieces of hay, as this will irritate the animals and make them restless.

If the udders and teats have any dry dirt on them, rub it off with a piece of dry sacking; but if it is moist dirt, wash it off with a piece of soft cloth and warm water. Always milk the cows in the same order, and measure the yield of each cow at each milking, and keep a record of it. By this means a strict watch can be kept on the health of the cows.

Method of Milking.—Hold the stool at the top of one leg, in the left hand, and the pail in the right hand. Always speak to the cows as you approach them, so as not to startle them.

Milk the two hind quarters first, but do not milk them more than half dry before you start the front quarters, because, if you do, the cow will probably become restless as the pressure of the front quarters increases.

Do not put the pail on the floor, but hold it with your legs, above the knees. Curve your right leg round the pail to support it, and place the left foot behind, so that your left knee protrudes and makes a pad between the pail and the cow's hind leg.

Put your head against the cow's flank, so that you can feel the slightest movement she makes, and thus be prepared for her to kick or move away.

Always milk absolutely dry, otherwise you will gradually dry the cow off. Speak to the cow again when you get up. Strain the milk as you pour it into the measuring pail, so that the pieces of soft dirt do not dissolve in the milk.

General Well-being.—Keep the teats and udders free from cracks and sores by applying equal proportions of vaseline and zinc ointment (or rather more vaseline) melted and well mixed together.

Keep the hoofs pared. If they grow too long or misshapen they will cause bad feet. Have the horn tips cut before they actually grow into the head.

The tails should be at least four inches off the ground, so that they do not trail in the dirt and get matted.

If you have time, groom the cows once a day. They like this, and it is a good way of taming timid cows, besides making them accustomed to being handled at any time.

Give each cow a name so as to avoid confusion in the records.

Do be patient with your animals. A little kindness is worth a deal of blows and shouting, and soon endears you to your cows.

Draper's Ladies' FIELD BOOT For Land Workers 25/- Carriage Paid.

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

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

SEND NO MONEY until you have seen the boot for yourself, then, and only then, if you are satisfied, remit the 25s. and the fellow boot will be sent at once. On the other hand, return the boot to us carefully packed and be free from obligation.

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



Single Sample
Boot sent on
Free Approval
for Four days.

Carriage
Paid to
your door
25/-

SPECIFICATION.

Stock No. 1236.

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

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

Illustrated Catalogue Free on receipt of a postcard.

ERNEST DRAPER & CO., LTD.

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

Good Service Ribbons**Cumberland**

Clotilde Taintain, May Roberts, Winnie and Daisy Hutchings, Hilda Forsyth, Cissie Kew, Elizabeth Gawne, Ethel Foster, Janet Jones, Emily Holland, Margaret Leighton, Eva Hewitt.

West Riding, Yorkshire

A. Boylan, W. Boylan, D. Taylor, D. Drury, F. Stoker.

Northumberland

J. Anderson, A. Bohills, A. Boyd, J. Telford, K. Nolan. Tractor Drivers: L. Beeson, Y. Cavendish, A. Coughlan, C. Serff, A. Fairweather, M. Farmer, M. McKeon.

Essex

D. M. Hall, E. Gamble, B. Sharp, F. Quin, E. P. Phillips, M. V. Phillips, N. Coxwell, J. Loveridge, G. Searle, M. Saunders, L. Knowles, E. Bearman, I. Cheshire, A. Durrant, K. Bailey, A. Cranwell, B. Murray, F. Harris, K. Phipps, Mrs. Irons, E. A. Jackson, D. Garratt, V. Renton, H. Crowe, M. Presslie, E. Savory, C. Figg, A. Jukes, M. Ireland, C. Youngman, O. Redman, E. Cole, E. Webb, W. Beamish, D. Stanlick, N. Box, K. Furze, Mrs. Hill, B. Hastie, I. Jones, E. Humphreys, M. Swann, F. Feeke, S. Wright.

Wilts

V. Saunders, M. Chalke, G. White, G. Morris, N. Tuffs, E. Broadley, D. Buss, F. Davies, E. Timms, E. Read, E. Martin, J. Bucknell, J. Brown, M. Wood, E. Lloyd, G. Suche, K. Ware, M. Norton, N. Hicks, L. Rance, M. Merrit, B. Powerland, H. Sell, A. Major, F. Norris, A. Dudley-Scott, E. Batts, E. Downes, E. Fitzgibbons, L. Gingell, E. Harford, F. Hickson, E. Holoway, F. Jenner, B. Lake, C. Moccock, H. Newman, G. Rogers, M. Rood, W. Wall, — Perkins, D. Beauchamp, C. Calvert, E. Clifford, E. Hayward, H. Hollister, K. Pitman, S. Richards, A. Sheaham, L. Troke, B. Wheeler, H. Woodbridge, M. Wrence.

Leicestershire

F. Neal, W. Harlow, L. Robinson, C. Bradshaw, C. Brooks, E. Cheshire, R. Cain, I. Dawkins, A. Hepstonstall, D. Kempson, A. McKibbin, P. Stokes, D. Sykes, E. Whitechurch, H. Williams, L. Avey, G. Alcock, D. Bland, E. Bland, E. Collett, E. Collins, M. Cooke, G. Dawson, Q. Frankham, E. Fitches, J. Forster, A. Hassall, E. Heath, M. Hodges, F. Jeffries, O. Maddows, A. North, J. Road, D. Sharpe, N. Sharpe, B. Trenchard, E. Townsend, E. Watson, J. Wiggington, D. Wiggington, H. Wilson, E. Wilmot, S. Knight, A. Richards, S. A. Roper, M. Bowley, M. Burns Taylor, M. Davidson, M. Cowdell.

Northants

M. Beanes, N. Harris, M. Gates, J. Hockett, C. Hole, D. Hutt, L. K. Goodridge, W. Hammond, J. Kimmond.

Lancs

M. Whitehead, B. Towers, I. Turner, E. Norton, L. Coates, M. Jones, A. Snape, M. Upton, R. Potter, A. Swales, B. Evans.

Norfolk

The following members of the Land Army were presented with Good Service Badges at the Town Hall, King's Kynn, on Tuesday, May 13th, by Mrs. Holcombe Ingleby, Lady Suffield having previously addressed the girls. They were entertained to tea.

D. Daw, L. Daw, G. Smith, O. Fromant, V. Youngman, M. Peritt, G. Kingsley, M. Gathercole, L. Kirk, S. Groom, M. Bowen, L. Spauls, E. Palmer, Z. Coote, M. Mullarkey, R. Tanner, M. Trundle, M. Howes, A. Clements, M. Hallam, H. Wright, E. List, J. Webster.

Cheshire

M. Atherton, M. Ashcroft, K. Axworthy, E. Ashcroft, D. Allen, C. Bruce, L. M. Bridgewater, Margt. Berry, S. Beggins, G. Bradley, B. Bradley, M. Bowman, W. L. Boyle, E. Bourne, N. Bulpitt, A. Brown, A. Barlow, I. Brownridge, M. Cocker, A. B. Cattannach, N. Cattannach, M. Colley, A. Crewe, M. H. Carrington, O. Chown, M. Coffey, H. Cross, C. Capstick, F. Calvert, E. V. Cox, M. Courtney, B. Crompton, K. Doyle, R. Dawson, M. Dennett, A. Dent, M. Dunn, M. Davies, F. Darlington, E. Dutton, R. Evans, H. Ellis, J. Foster, C. Felton, M. F. Gregg, E. Graham, B. Gunter, E. Galley, E. Godfrey, D. Greenwood, P. Guy, E. Gane, K. Hughes, D. Howard, W. E. Hollinshead, E. M. James, E. Jaundrill, R. Jones, F. E. Jones, N. Johnson, M. Johnson, M. Halton, M. Kirkham, B. Locke, G. Lea, M. Lightfoot, J. Lawton, A. Lawson, G. Lawty, H. Lund, M. La Brooy, H. Lewis, E. Littler, E. G. Lloyd-Jones, M. McParland, J. Milner, M. Moore, A. M. Mansell, M. Mondell, I. Mondell, Josie Murphy, Jane Murphy, O. Moverley, K. Nichol, S. O'Neil, G. O'Hanlon, E. Ormisher, E. Powell, E. Porter, L. Patten, A. Palmer, E. M. Robinson, N. Rogers, P. Renshaw, M. T. Reddin, E. Rogers, G. Roberts, C. Ritson, K. Sargent, M. Skillin, E. Scaiff, E. M. Short, D. Studholme, L. Shaw, M. Swarbrick, J. Salisbury, — Stansfield, E. Tristram, E. Tapp, E. Turner, L. Tomkinson, A. Wilkinson, F. Wakeham, A. F. Wilcox, H. Williams, A. Wallen, D. Whitehead, M. Ward, — Wainright, M. Hughes, S. Whalley, E. Mellor, M. Jones, M. Currie, A. Findlow.

E. Fanshawe, L. Cantwell, S. L. Williams, E. Hampson, S. Hampson, B. Blease, M. Hugill, A. Andrews, C. N. Walker, E. O'Neill, M. Rowbotham, A. Maccabe, L. Inwood, G. Burgess, A. Wathy, E. Bramhall, F. Quigley, A. Jephson, J. Peacock.

Already received Good Service Ribbon but has not name in LANDSWOMAN:

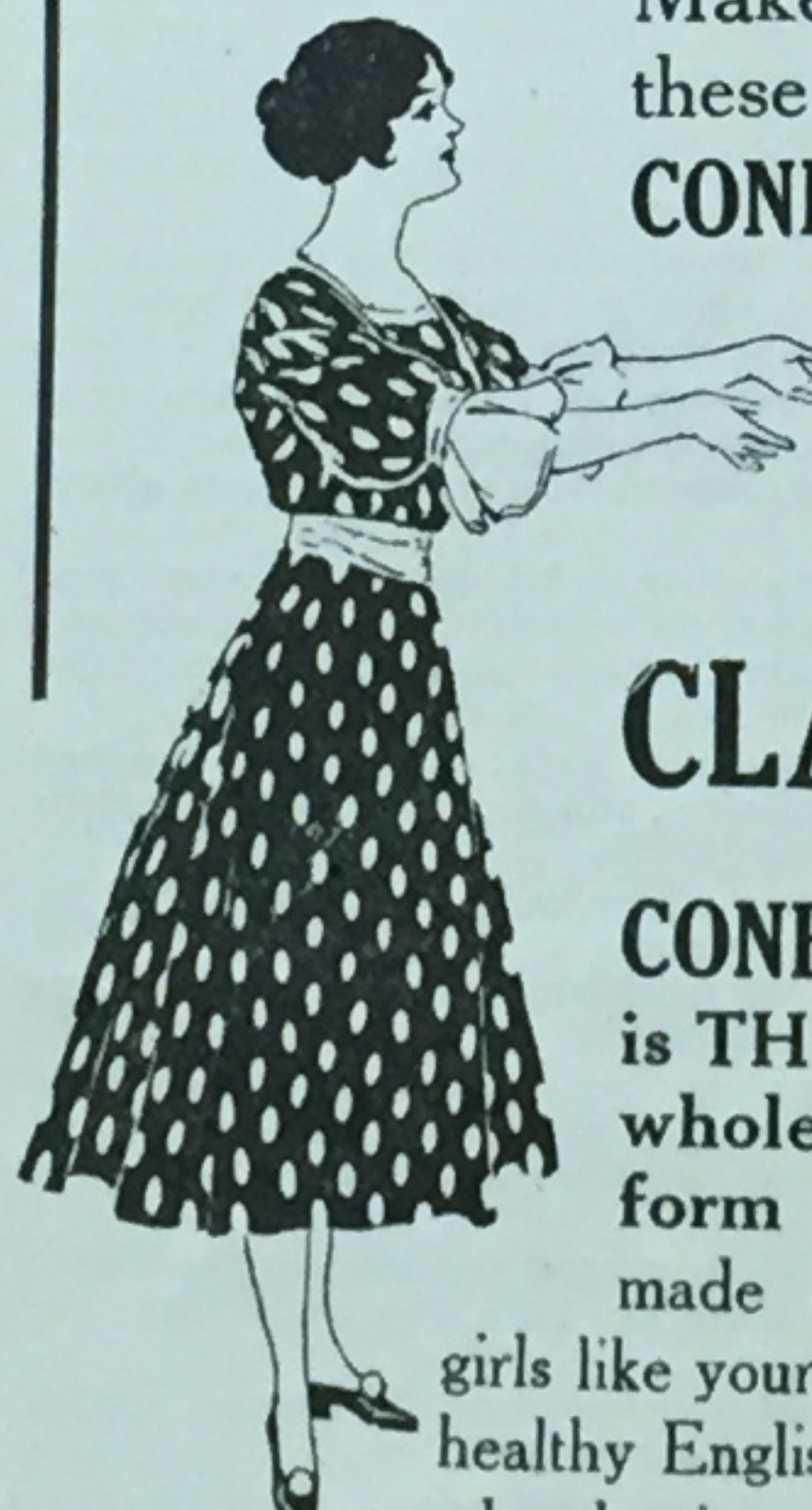
E. Whalley.

Girls who have already received the Good Service Ribbon and are having them re-presented publicly on June 12th:

C. Ammonson, C. Butler, A. Bird, L. M. Bridgewater, E. Bond, M. Blackburn, H. Ellis, A. Gwilliam, M. Halliwell, I. Ireland, E. Prior, F. Rushton, E. Bourne, E. Lawton, O. Robinson.

I SAY, GIRLS!

Make a note of these two facts—
CONFECTIONERY
is only the
nicest form
of **FOOD**:
and

**CLARNICO**
PURE**CONFECTIONERY**

is THE nicest, most
wholesome and best
form of that food,
made by jolly English

girls like yourselves, in a clean,
healthy English Factory. So,
when buying sweets, always say

"CLARNICO, PLEASE!"

To get the best results in cooking use

Marmite

The pure Vegetable Food Extract.

MARMITE imparts both strength and flavour when mixed with other foods. It makes a success of any soup or stew. Order Marmite from your grocer to-day.

The MARMITE FOOD EXTRACT Co., Ltd.
59, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

Oxfordshire

April, 1919: K. Darley Bentley, Kathleen Warrior, Annie Johnston, Helen Storrs Fox, Edith Perrin, Gladys King, Winnie Painter, Winifred Cook, Edith Bowler, Violet Sawyer, Isabel Anderson, Gladys Mayer, Sarah Morris, Leah Cornelius, Gertrude Groves, Louie Harcourt, Elsie Heredge, Violet Cox, Winnie Dewar, Kathleen Simmonds, Ellen Scott, Elizabeth Cholmeley, Florence Kimmner, Winnie Harding, Priscilla Holloway, Louise Saill, Elsie Dilloway, Dorothy Kieser Parker, Marjorie Miller, Lucy Fancourt, Dorothy Turner, Gladys Thorne, Amelia Nixey, Daisy Taylor, Margaret Pettit, Nellie Barson.

May 20th, 1919: Dora Pryor, Gertrude Lester, Margaret George, Winifred Trotman, Mabel Cardy, Amy Mercer, Violet Morrell, Betty Bennett, Alice Foster, Mary Colwell, May McDougall, Elsie Westall, Mrs. Dee, Ada Rixon, Lizzie French, Olive Frost, Sarah Pollard, Jessie Rutter, Terry Twynham.

Berkshire

P. Absolom, D. Bennett, M. Bennett, R. Brown, E. Bushell, D. Cave, F. Cleeton, Z. Costar, H. Day, F. Etwell, K. Etwell, W. Fisher, Mrs. George, C. Grant, T. Higgins, F. Hookham, D. Hughes, E. Hughes, I. Hutt, M. Hutt, E. Johnson, O. Joy, B. Kelly, M. Kendall, V. Mather, M. Matthews, L. Maudlin, S. Morgan, F. Procter, F. Sharp, R. Simmonds, N. Tapping, E. Thirtle, L. Vollard, D. Watmore, M. Wernham, W. Wilson, G. Wisher.

Merionethshire

M. Sharples, P. Hughes, M. Jones, A. Roberts, M. Evans, J. Williams Jones, F. Davies, J. Davies, J. Ashton Jones, M. Newell, K. Lodge, J. Rowlands, A. Hughes, K. Williams, M. Hinchcliffe, D. Edwards, B. Evans, N. Kirton, J. Campbell, E. Upton, E. Brown, E. Loxton, M. Parkinson.

Land Army Display at the War Exhibition

THERE was held in Norwich during the four weeks May 17th to June 21st a War Exhibition. It comprised personal relics, photographs, German helmets, German bread, Swiss bread (as supplied to our prisoners of war), medals of all kinds (English, French, Serbian, Russian, Belgian, and German), as well as many other things. It was felt that this was a very fitting opportunity, and one which should be used to the utmost advantage, for showing what the women of Norfolk as well as others had done, and could do, for agriculture, so the Norfolk Agriculture Committee (Women's Branch) and the little band of workers of 33, Prince of Wales Road, put their heads together, and decided that there should be a Land Army display.

The idea was taken up with enthusiasm. We all did our best to coax and persuade people into lending us all that we wanted in the way of lay figures, implements, such as a chaff-cutter, spade, hoe and rake, milking-pail and stool, sheep-hurdles, hay and straw. The space allotted to us was 16 ft. by 12 ft. We formed a suitable background with banners, "England must be fed," "We all feel fit in the Land Army," etc. It struck me as rather funny that next door to us was a hospital display. We, in the Land Army, didn't need any hospital treatment. For about 4 ft. in height we ran a piece of crimson baize round the walls, and covered the floor with green matting, thus keeping to our red and green colour scheme. With a truss or two of hay, some boughs and greenery, and the lay figures dressed in the summer and winter uniform of both land workers and tractor drivers, we were able to make quite an attractive little show. We had a little trouble to make tailors' dummies look like girls. The cheeks were a wee bit too pink—not quite enough of the "nut-brown maid" look about them for healthy Land Army girls. Through the kindness of the committee, we were able to show some really excellent photographs, which were nicely mounted on stout brown paper by our chief clerk, and we also showed the badges, and stripes and distinguishing armlets, mounted in a similar way. We had THE LANDSWOMAN prominently in view on sale. The official opening by the Lord Mayor took place on Saturday, May 17th. There were many prominent citizens and agriculturists present, who inspected the exhibits in turn. Our little show proved quite a source of attraction, and was visited by some hundreds during the time the exhibition was open.

H. M. C., Welfare Officer.

Bedford



THE above photograph is a group of girls taken at the hostel at Bourne End in Bedfordshire.

This hostel was opened six weeks ago. The house is an old-fashioned farm house situated in the middle of fields.

There are twelve girls, seven of whom are permanent and five are trainees. The permanent girls work in gangs in the fields for the surrounding farmers, and the five trainees are trained by Miss Robertson in field work on a neighbouring farm.

The work of the girls is much appreciated by the farmers and in the hostel they are so well looked after by Miss Robertson, and so happy, that the hostel resounds with laughter all the evening.

Hants

MANY girls who received their training at Hill House, Sherborne St. John, Basingstoke, will hear with regret of the resignation from the Land Army of Miss Churcher, supervisor, who, owing to her most kind and friendly disposition, was liked by all, and whilst engaged at work in the fields was a splendid example to the girls under her, giving encouragement and advice to those about to leave the institute for their various farms. I think we can best show our appreciation and gratefulness by following up such a good example.

FROM ONE OF HER GIRLS.

With apologies to L. S. and The Saturday Journal.

SHE is far from the land where she once did her bit,
In her slouch hat and smock and her breeches;
And now back in town she must darn socks and knit,
And I'll bet she is dropping the stitches.

For she thinks of the days when without her the war
Couldn't ever have lasted a minute;
When life was worth living, and roughing it for
The delight and the sport there was in it.

Ah! them was the days—when the Hun wasn't whacked,
When we scanned ev'ry pessimist head-line,
To see how the lads kept the front line intact
While the Land Girl at home kept the Bread line.

She's a civvy once more—and we've all but forgot
How the Call found her waiting and willing;
So let's have a toast—"To the Best of the Lot,
Who have honoured His Majesty's shilling."

E. BAIGENT.

84, Telephone Road,
Southsea.

Herefordshire

NAMES OF GIRLS AWARDED GOOD SERVICE BADGES.

Annie Andrews, Winifred Barrow, Minnie Clark, Elizabeth Crook, Cissie Darroll, Fanny Foreman, Mary Freer, Norah Furnell, Emily Hatton, Martha Haven, Violet Hicks, Louisa Howells, Hilda Jameson, Mrs. Johns, Kate Martin, Ellen McCormick, Mabel Miles, Dorothy Naftel, Emily Nash, Nelly Owen, Gertrude Simpson, Margaret Smith, Florence Thomas, Mary Turner, Ethel Tyler, Jessica Ward, Lily Wilkes, Mabel Kay.

"The Landswoman" Portrait Gallery



Miss Capper, Essex. Announced in June

Prayer for a Little Home.

*God send us a little home,
To come back to, when we roam.
Low walls, and fluted tiles,
Wide windows, a view for miles.
Red firelight and deep chairs,
Small white beds up-stairs—*



Miss E. Lewis.
Announced in March

*Great talk in little nooks,
Dim colours, rows of books.
One picture on each wall,
Not many things at all.
God send us a little ground,
Tall trees standing round.
Homely flowers in brown sod,
Overhead, Thy stars, O God.
God bless, when winds blow,
Our home, and all we know.*

—FLORENCE BONE,
in the *Spectator*.

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

Lipton's

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

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

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

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

Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

LIPTON, LTD.

Bournville Cocoa AND Chocolate

"THE VERY FINEST PRODUCTS."
—The Medical Magazine.

MADE BY CADBURY.

CADBURY, BOURNVILLE.

NOTICE The subscription to "The Landswoman" for six months is 2/- post free. Orders may be sent to the Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath; or to the publishers, The St. Catherine Press, Stamford Street, S.E., or they may be handed to any bookseller.

An Opportunity for the Outdoor Girl

A few pairs of Land Workers'
Boots at Bargain Prices

MAYFLOWA LAND WORKERS' BOOTS

Nothing better or more comfortable
for Country and Sports Wear.
Very smart in appearance. No
damp or wet can penetrate them.



Made in Tan, and
also in Black, Waterproof.
11½ inches high.
Reduced from
49/11 to
39/11

Made in Tan, and
also in Black, Waterproof.
13 inches high, reduced
from 55/- to **45/-**

11 inches high, reduced from 49/11 to **39/-**

Puttee Top Boot made
in Tan Willow - **63/-**



Ladies engaged in work on the Land should write for a copy of our **LAND WORK & SPORTS BROCHURE**

W. ABBOTT & SONS, Ltd.
98 KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, W.8

(Opposite Derry & Toms)

131a Queen's Rd., Bayswater, W.
239 Brompton Road, W.

121 High Holborn, W.C.
65 George Street, Richmond

LONDON

Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers



Give Her **BOVRIL**