

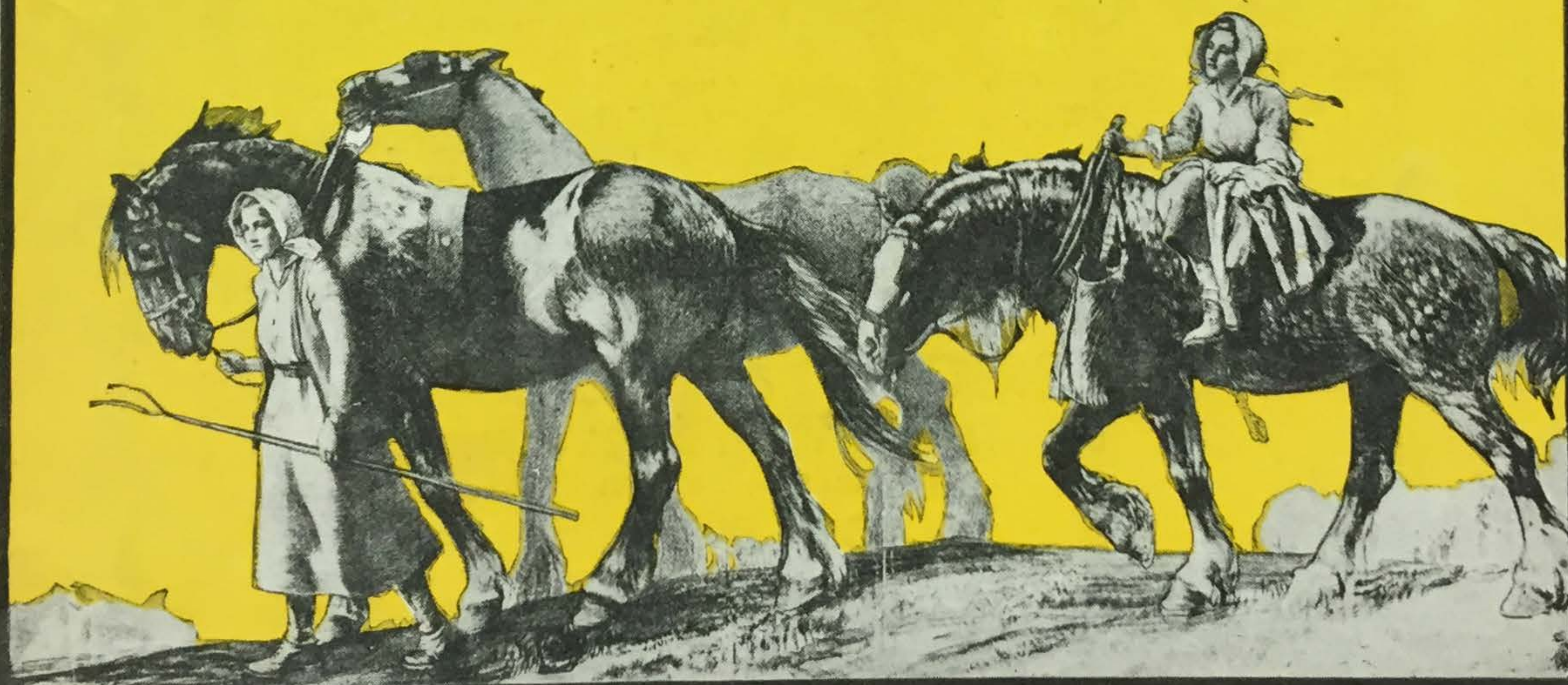
The
LANDSWOMAN

INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURAL HISTORY
INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

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duplicate men's version, possibly open access LAN/W

WINTER ON THE LAND

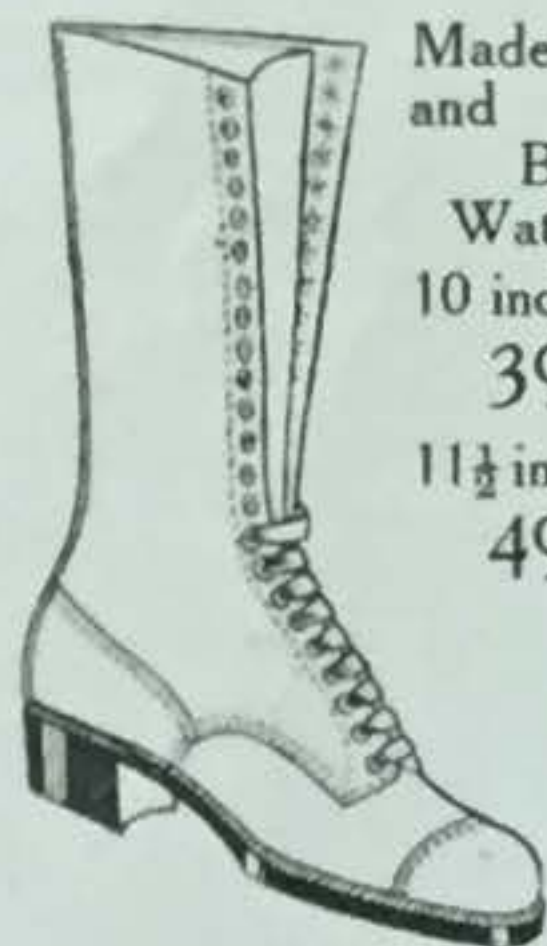
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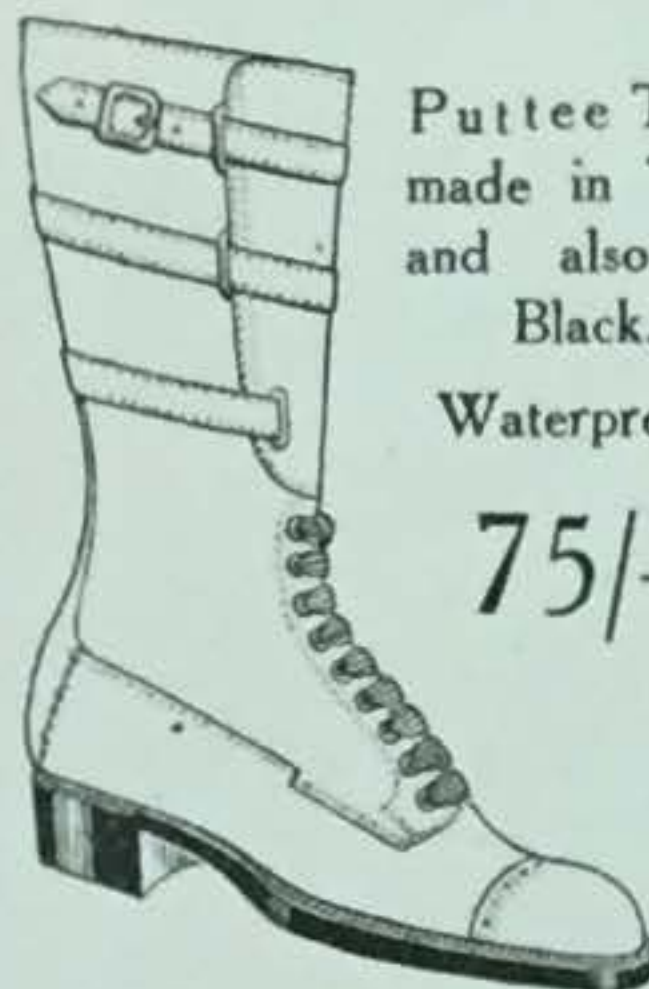
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THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Army and Every Country Woman

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October



A Kent By-way

THE loaded sheaves are harvested,
The sheep are in the stubbled fold,
The tale of labour crowned is told.

The wizard of the year has spread
A glory over wood and wold ;

The loaded sheaves are harvested,
The sheep are in the stubbled fold.

The yellow apples and the red
Bear down the boughs, the hazels hold
No more their fruit in cups of gold.

The loaded sheaves are harvested,
The sheep are in the stubbled fold,
The tale of labour crowned is told.

JOHN DRINKWATER. ROUNDELS OF THE YEAR.—III.
Poems, 1908-1914.
(Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Farm Work in the Middle Ages

I HAVE been reading lately an interesting old document dated 1647, which sets forth very clearly and in careful detail the duties of farm hands of that period. The work of a farm seems to have been divided in much the same way in those days as now, and this old book, which shows how a model manor should be run, has explicit instructions for every farm labourer, from the bailiff to the dairymaid.

We do not boast nowadays such a glorified official as the old Seneschal. He came before the bailiff, and those of us who remember Shakespeare's portrait of this important personage, Olivia's seneschal, the conceited Malvolio, will not forget that he was very often a pompous and bombastic little lord on his own account. This man seems to have had control of all his master's farms, and was responsible not only for the outside management but also for the keeping of his lord's household and personal accounts. His work would probably nowadays be divided between a land agent and a private secretary.

Next in rank came the bailiff, whose duties seem to have been so obvious that very little space is devoted to setting them out. He is, however, particularly reminded to "arise betimes in the morning, lest he seem but lukewarm and remiss."

Another farm hand of which we have no present day parallel was the *Reeve*, who was, as a matter of fact, elected by the township as the best "manager and tiller." He was then presented to his lord, whose Seneschal forthwith invested him with his office. Apparently robbery and pillage were the order of the day on all farms at that period, for the Reeve was to spend most of his time keeping an eye on his master's goods and seeing that nothing was stolen. His instructions are so amusing and explicit that I quote them in full.

"Let him therefore not be slothful or sleepy, but let him effectually and unceasingly strive for his lord's profit. When the dung is to be carried to the fields, let the Reeve abide all day with the carters, that they may labour and finish their day's work without subterfuge. Let the Reeve cause the beasts and horses to be daily fed by daylight in his own or the Hayward's presence, by daylight, I say, lest under cover of night their keepers steal their provender. Moreover it profiteth at times to wash the beasts and comb them when they are dry; it is good also to rub down the oxen twice daily with a wisp of straw, that they may more lovingly lick themselves."

Even Landswomen must have been a bad lot in those days, for the old manuscript goes on to say: "Let the threshers and winnowing women be closely spied upon, lest they steal corn in their shoes, gloves, wallets, scrips, bags or satchels hidden near the barn."

I have often thought how delightful it would be on a hot August day if the hedges along the dry, dusty roads were made of cherry trees; the same idea seems to have struck this old writer, for he

says emphatically, "Let no hedges be made of apples, pears, cherries or plums, but of willow or whitethorn." The Reeve's instructions include the precautions to be taken against fire. "Let him permit no fire to be brought to the stable or cowshed, nor any lighted candle, except in case of necessity, when it shall be borne by two men at least."

Musical talent was evidently one of the necessary qualifications of a mediæval ploughman, for after being informed that he must "drive the yoked oxen evenly, neither smiting nor pricking nor grieving them," we read, "Such should not be melancholy or wrathful, but cheerful, jocund and full of song, that by their melody and song the oxen may in a manner rejoice in their labour. Such a ploughman should love his oxen and sleep with them by night, tickling and combing and rubbing them with straw."

The Shepherd is the next person of importance, and the writer takes the trouble to point out to the lord himself how it "profiteth him to have discreet Shepherds, watchful and kindly, so that the sheep be not tormented by their wrath, but crop their pasture in peace and joyfulness; for it is a token of the shepherd's kindness if the sheep be not scattered abroad, but browse around him 'in a company.' Let him provide himself with a good barkable dog, and lie nightly with his flock. Let him not suffer them to feed in miry places or marshes or sloughs or bogs, nor to browse unwholesome herbs, lest by such neglect they rot and perish, for which he will be held to account and penalty."

When one remembers some of the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition and other cruelties of the Middle Ages, it is interesting to notice how repeatedly the farm hands are urged to be kind and loving to the animals in their care.

We have seen how the ploughman is even to spend his nights, as well as his days, in the service of his beasts—the shepherd, also, is "not to be wrathful," and now the Carter is entreated to "love his horses, not overburdening them."

The last farm hand to receive instructions is the dairymaid, and they are brief and to the point, and might serve just as well for the L.A.A.S. of to-day: "The Dairymaid should be chaste and honest, faithful and laborious in her dairy work, wise and neat-handed, not lavish, but of a saving temper; for she shall suffer neither man nor woman to come to her dairy and bear aught away which might disparage that for which she must make account. Her office is to take the milk by tally, to make cheese and butter according to the tale of the gallons, and to care for the poultry yard. Moreover, it is her duty to winnow and to make packages, to cover over the fire, and to do such like small works whereunto her leisure may extend."

Queen Elizabeth herself, the most famous woman of the Middle Ages, is said to have often wished herself a dairymaid all the month of May, because "they are not troubled with fears and cares, but sing sweetly all day, and sleep securely all the night."

THE LURE OF THE LAND.



ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A
MAN WHO BOUGHT A FARM—



—BECAUSE AN OPEN-AIR LIP
APPEALED TO HIM—



—AND BECAUSE IT MADE ONE
ONE'S OWN MASTER—



—BECAUSE, MOREOVER, HE WAS
FOND OF ANIMALS—



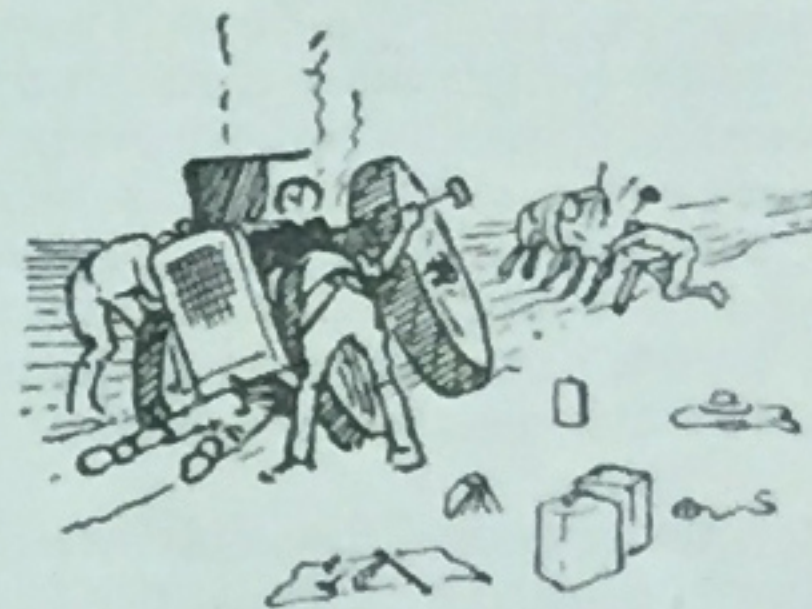
—AND ALSO BECAUSE ANY AMOUNT OF EXPERT OPINION WAS
ALWAYS AVAILABLE IN CASES OF DOUBT—



—BECAUSE, AGAIN, THE ELEMENT OF
UNCERTAINTY GAVE SUCH A CHARM
TO IT—



—AND, FURTHER, BECAUSE CERTAIN
SECTIONS WERE BOUND TO BE PRO-
FITABLE—



—IN ADDITION BECAUSE UP-TO-
DATE APPLIANCES MADE EVERY-
THING SO EASY—



Fougasse

—BECAUSE, IN PARTICULAR, IT TOOK ONE BACK TO NATURE,
AND HELPED ONE TO AN UNDERSTANDING OF
NATURAL LAWS—



—AND, LASTLY, BECAUSE, AFTER ALL, ONE
COULD ALWAYS GET RID OF THE BEASTLY
THING.

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Part of the Story of English Land

WHEN the Land Girl is out in the fields alone, perhaps hoeing a never-ending row of mangolds, she has plenty of time to think. Some of you, as you were thus scratching away at the surface of the earth, may have occasionally wondered to whom all the land around you belonged and how it came to be held as it is. If you are looking forward to land work as a permanent career, as was outlined in the August LANDSWOMAN, you will have to start thinking about the different ways of holding land even if you have not done so before, for you will be preparing to work upon land which will be your own, either to make or to mar. It is a wonderful idea to have a bit of land all your own even if it be no more than half a rood which you rent as an allotment from year to year.

Mankind from the most remote ages has depended upon food and drink produced from the earth, and so we naturally speak of earth as the mother of us all, and the possession of pieces of land is a subject that takes us far away back into distant time.

The rules people have had to make about land are the land laws, and you will find they have grown differently in different countries. Even in our own Empire the land laws and customs differ very much in different parts and climates.

Very long ago the only law was that of the strongest:

“... the simple plan,

That they should take who have the power,

And they should keep who can.”

Each man, or each tribe, took what he conquered and hunted there for game to eat or pastured upon it his flocks, until gradually parts of the lands began to be cultivated in a rude way.

A group of families would perhaps move on to a fresh tract of land, where each would build its homestead, its cattle sheds and stackyard: the rest of the land they would share together. Each family harvested its own hay, then the fences were thrown down, and the meadow was shared as pasture until the next spring.

But arrangements like this gradually gave way to private property in land, for if one family had improved their part of the ground, naturally the members wanted to keep it for themselves, and go on with their work, which was better than their neighbours’.

Some people nowadays wish to see land ownership swept away, and think that it would be best for the land to belong to no individual persons, but for Government to decide how it should be held and managed and shared. They say this because they have heard of some injustice with regard to land, which they think would never have happened if there had been no landlords. But until everyone is perfect there is sure to be injustice sometimes, and no Government, even if it took all the land away from the present holders, could prevent it. But every Government should try to make the best laws and rules it can for the land so that the best can be made of each piece of it.

English land laws are very difficult for ordinary people to follow; there is no doubt that they might

be a great deal simpler and clearer, only to make them so would be a very difficult task, for they have beginnings in very old English history and are full of old complications.

Some of you may have had to herd cows upon a village common, and you know that a common is an open space which belongs to a village, and certain people living there have the right to feed animals upon it. Probably these village commons have come down like this from Saxon times, and it is a great pity that many have been lost; but in the nineteenth century a good deal has been done towards preserving many open spaces, commons and public footpaths which were in danger of being enclosed. In the eleventh century, when the Normans conquered England, what is called feudalism was brought to this country. This was the system in which land was held by the nobles, in return for which they had to supply the King with a certain number of armed men from among the people living on their land. This system lasted more or less for four hundred years, but as the country advanced in arts and commerce different kinds of land laws gradually superseded the feudal ones. It would not be possible for us here to go into all the different laws for English land that have been made since the feudal system; of late years especially, a good many different Acts have been passed in Parliament which deal with the holding of land in one way or another, such as the Local Government Act of 1894, which put the management of allotments into the hands of the Parish Councils.

But perhaps enough has been said to point out to you how old and complicated the question of holding land is. An Act of Parliament has to be passed into law before the new settlement on the land of ex-Land Army Girls can take shape, but probably the future will see a considerable increase in the number of small landholders in England, people who wish to try their skill as individual landowners.

Impending Combats

[It is suggested that poison gas should be used to destroy wasps and rats.]

GERTRUDE, get the gelignite; Freddy, fetch the fuse
Hurry! There's plenty to be done;

Bertha, see the bayonets are sharp enough to use;

Charlie, go and clean the Lewis gun.

Wire for the artillery, mobilise the Waacs,

Cavalry? We'd better have a troop.

Shame upon the craven soul who hesitates or slacks—

Father's found an earwig in the soup.

Tommy, put your toys away, there's work for you to do:

Fetch the tank that decks the village green;

Right upon the rockery we'll mount a four-point two,

Using ragged Robin as a screen.

Monty, mount your motor-bike and off to Plymouth Sound,

Beg for the assistance of the Fleet;

Tell them it is urgent—for the gardener has found

Caterpillar's tooth marks on the beet.

Bridget, bid the butler bring a bucket full of bombs,

Give the tweeny-maid a Véry light.

I will be the captain, Gus and Gwendolin non-coms;

There will be some dirty work to-night.

See your respirators are slung at the alert,

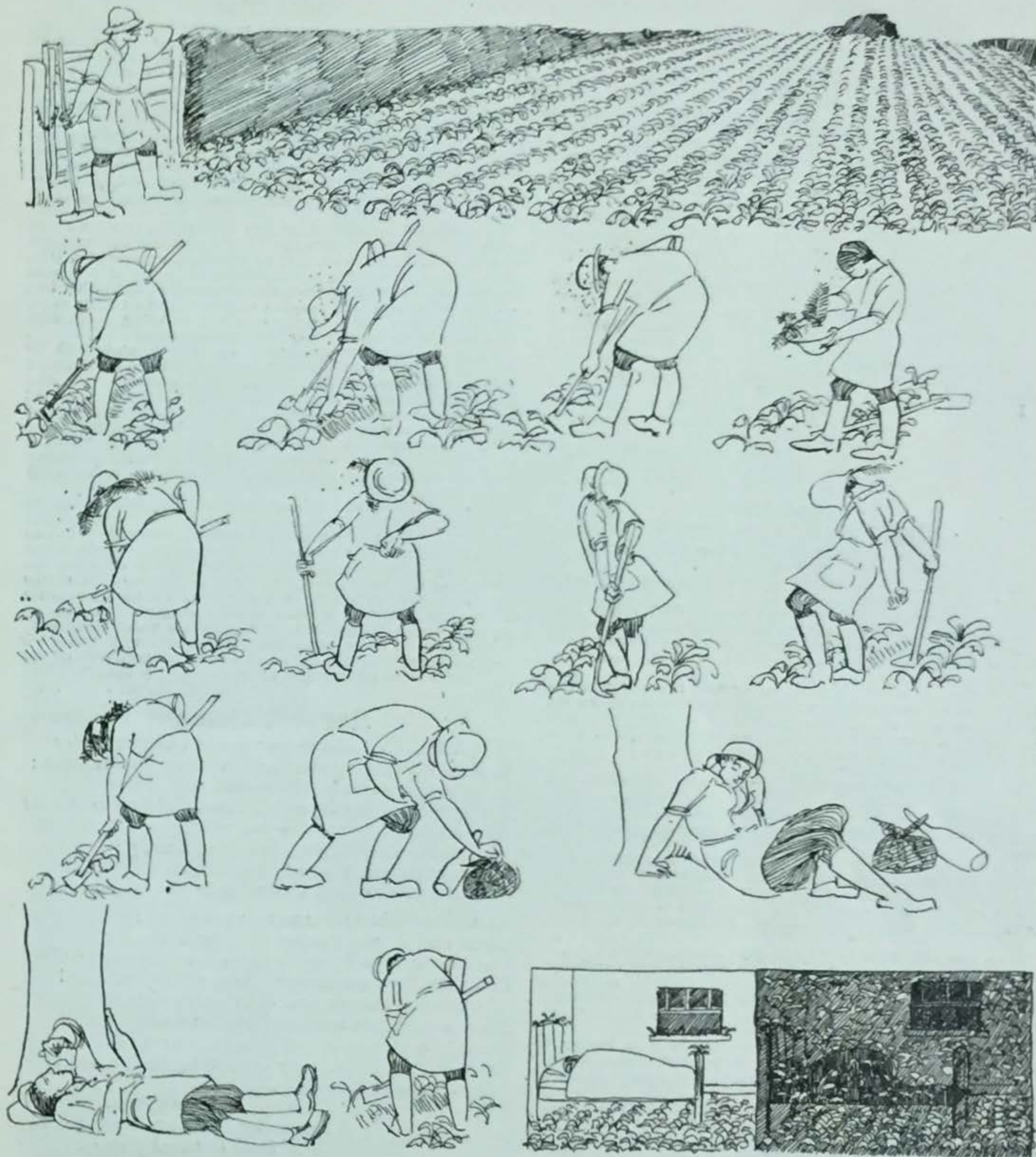
See the baby's wearing his tin hat,

And on to take a vengeance nothing can avert—

Mother's been assaulted by a gnat.

T. H. in the *Daily Chronicle*.

The Joys of the Land Army



No. V.—Hoeing.

Harvest Competitions

First Prize

The Story of a Cornfield in Time of Harvest

EVERYTHING seemed very gay and happy as I was walking out one evening in August, the trees and hedges seemed to be filled with happiness, with the constant twitter of the birds, and the air scented with the little wild flowers which grow on the banks and elsewhere. As I walked along I came to a small hill and I stopped on the top of it and looked around me to see more of this little country place in which I am staying.

The sun was giving her golden light over everything, which made it more beautiful than ever; but there was one certain spot which I could not take my eyes off—it looked like a field of shining gold—so I thought I would go to that field and see what it really was. Coming down the side of the hill I found I was close upon it. I then entered the field and to my great surprise found it a beautiful field of corn. Evidently the reapers had been busy working in it on that day, for there were neat little bundles of the corn lying upon the ground, and some of the bundles were standing up against one another, and formed what are called shocks. There was some of the corn also not cut, which I expect the reapers were unable to manage in one or two days, but left to be cut on the following day.

The sun had now almost gone down, and the evening clouds were moving quickly over the sky, but I still continued walking round this beautiful cornfield, which I thought was the prettiest picture I had ever seen. I also noticed there was not only corn in this field, but all colours of pretty wild flowers, some of which I picked, to remind me of this most beautiful field which I saw at the top of the little hill in this little country place in England.

I wished I could have taken a photograph of this pretty harvest field so that I could have shown it to friends and to anyone else who had never had a chance to come to the country to go for a walk in the evening to see everything looking gay and happy; also the little wild flowers growing on the banks and fields, like I did one evening in August.

E. HEREDGE, Oxon.

Second Prize

Three Pictures of Harvest

A GOLDEN sea, stretching in undulating waves to where it melts into the mist of early morning sky.

It is Sunday. The tinkling bell of the little church is calling sleepy folk to come and worship.

There is a sermon lying here at my feet. Each golden stem a separate life, each life part of one great whole. A sermon telling of love, patience, toil, and of something, too deep and mystic to be understood, only to be dimly felt. Motionless, I stand lost in wonder.

Now there is a stir, as of a congregation rising to a hymn. A little breeze has floated over the hill top, and the golden sea is thrilling with whispered music. Over the feathery waves the breeze is playing, casting light and shade of sound, while the golden heads bend and sway to the rhythm. . .

The field is shorn of its glory. It has given of its best, full measure, without stint.

Here and there the women and children are still gleaning; and the last high load, topped by a roystering crew of harvesters, has just passed through the gate.

The farmer walks across the stubble with a satisfied heart. It is a good crop, exceptionally good, and, well, there will be a good supper presently for all who have helped to bring it safely in, and lusty voices will do their best to raise the roof of the old farm kitchen in the singing of "Harvest Home."

Once again the little bell is calling to prayer, though it is not Sunday. It has a special sound this evening, quite different to its solemn, measured, Sunday tone. There is a cheery, holiday ring about it, in keeping with the bedecked chattering little crowd which is streaming across the green and through the old lych gate.

Even inside the church there is a stir. It is as though a Spirit were present, the Spirit of Hope and Thankfulness, passing with soft-beating wings between the stone arches of the old building.

On entering, the gloom is at first so great that you can scarcely distinguish anything. Then, as the lamps spring up, you become aware of rows of shining rosy-cheeked apples lining the aisles, of windows wreathed in the spoils of the earth, of tall white lilies on the altar, breathing out incense of purity and sweetness, of dusky grapes, and velvet peaches, and there, at the chancel steps, the greatest gift of all, sheaves of the golden wheat that not so many Sundays since was blowing in the breeze. This is the last scene of the pageant of Harvest, the last and greatest. And the Spirit, which all through the service has been hovering

round, soars right away, carrying our hearts with it, as together we sing—

"All good gifts around us are sent from Heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, for all His love."
M. H. WOOLNOTH, Bucks.

Third Prize

IN the cool of an August evening, when the sun, which all day had been blazing down remorselessly on workers and idlers alike, had, apparently with a sense of duty well done, at last seen fit to bury his face in a billowy cloud, and thence to retire behind the mystic curtain of the horizon, the Land Girl started off with her bicycle for a refreshing spin along the country lanes after the heat and toil of the day.

For some distance she rode steadily and thoughtfully, the intricacies of the path demanding all her attention; then, coming at length upon the open road, she took off her hat, and swung it by the chin-strap to her handle-bar, permitting the fresh breezes to fan her glowing cheeks and ruffle the "bobbed" curls.

Her goal was a clump of trees on the summit of a hill about three miles from the farm, and having gained this vantage-ground, she alighted and, leaning her machine against a tree, gave herself up entirely to an enraptured survey of the scene around her. A living chess-board lay stretched out at her feet—a field of waving corn, another of clover, another shorn of its grain, and many whose shocks of wheat or barley proclaimed that the harvest was ripe and ready for gathering.

Fields of every size and shape and colour, each with its dividing hedge or wattle fence, formed, as it were, a patchwork quilt over the face of Mother Earth. Here and there the gaunt and weird outlines of a harvest machine might be discerned; but these were motionless now and bereft of hands to guide and horses to draw them, but not for long. When another night should have come and gone, and all life re-awaken with the dawn of to-morrow, then all would be bustle and whirl and steady laborious toil till the plentiful gifts of God should be safely stored away.

From the fullness of her heart the Land Girl gave thanks for her priceless gifts of a sound mind and a healthy body. She rejoiced that the power was hers to see and enjoy the gold and green and brown of the land, and the blue and purple and crimson of the sky—to listen to the sound of the wind in the trees, the rustling of the waving corn, and the last faint chirps of the birds as they went to rest. It was as if all the countless forms of life around her were offering up an evening prayer of thanksgiving to God for His great goodness, and the words of the well-known harvest hymn came back to the girl with redoubled force:—"We plough the fields and scatter the good seed on the land, but it is fed and watered by God's almighty hand."

L. M. BARRETT.

Harvest Home

DANGLING above our heads hung canopies
Of whispering elms and rustling poplar trees;
Near us the water of the sacred well
Dropped from the Nymph's cave, tinkling as it fell;
On every twig in shadow sat with glee
The sunburnt crickets, chattering busily;
And murmuring afar off in solitude,
Bowered in the deep thorn-brake the turtle cooed.

All rich delight and luxury were there;
Larks and bright finches singing in the air;
The brown bees flying round about the well;
The ring dove moaning; everywhere the smell
Of opulent summer and of ripening-tide:
Pears at our feet and apples at our side
Rolling in plenteousness; in piles around,
Branches, with damsons burdening the ground,
Strewn for our feast. . . .

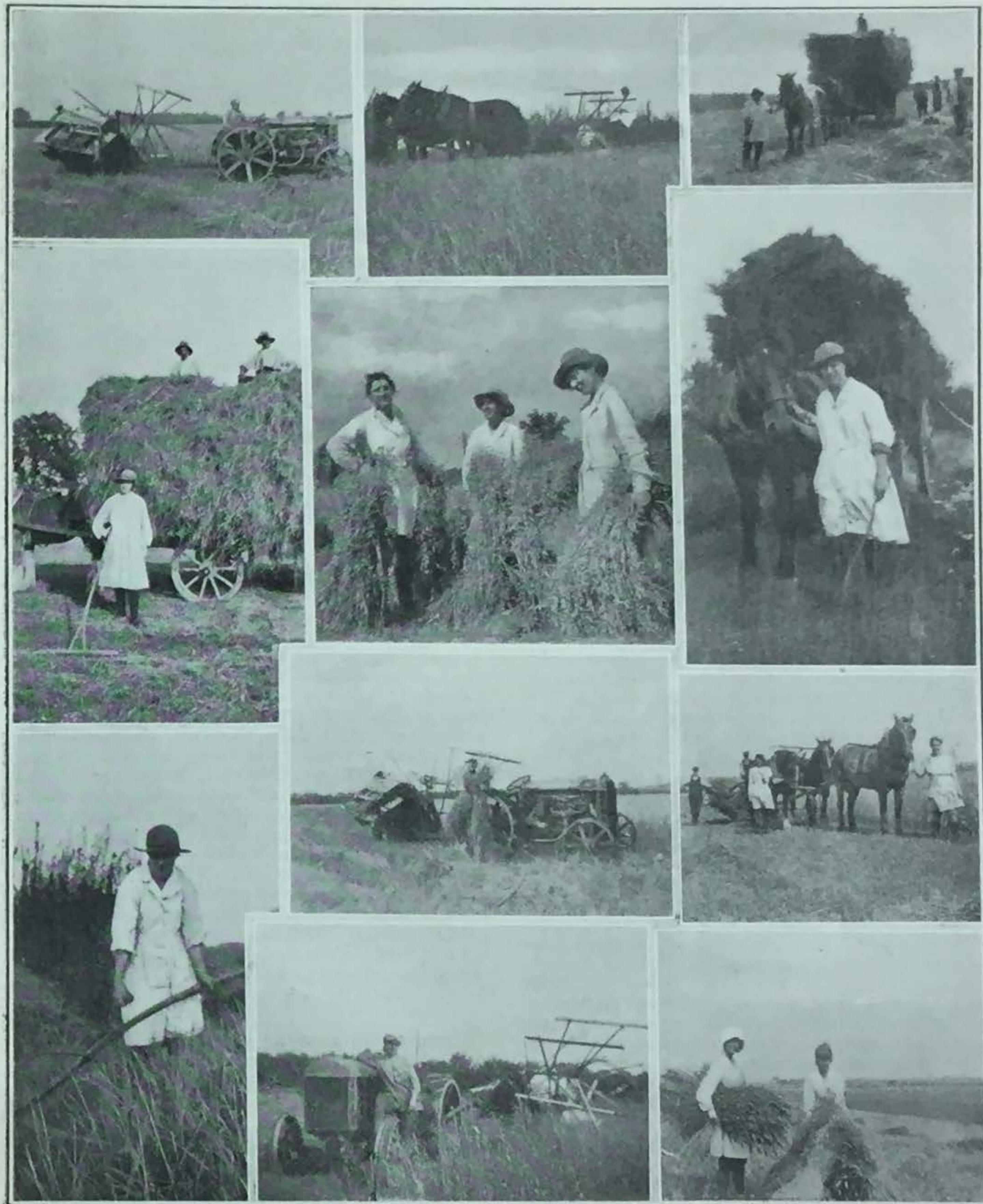
THEOCRITUS.

Trans. by WALTER HEADLAM.
(A Book of Greek Verse,
Cambridge University Press.)

Harvest Photographs

First Prize, M. Salter. Second Prize, E. L. Taylor. Third Prize, D. W. Allen.

Harvest



The Fens

HUNDREDS of L.A.A.S. have been working in the fen country this year at flax pulling and potato lifting, and I have been wondering how many of them realise that the whole of that very fertile country was at one time a vast swamp, with only here and there tracts of cultivated land. These were inhabited by different clans of settlers who had very little intercourse even with their near neighbours, because in the winter time, and when the land was all under water, each settlement was so completely isolated that it might almost have been an island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. This probably accounts for the great variety of folk who now live within easy distance of each other in the fen country. So distinct are these clans, that in some cases, even to-day, the villagers within ten or twenty miles of each other in this district might almost belong to different races.

When first it was suggested that the Eastern counties should be drained there was tremendous local opposition, and it was not till about 1600 that the matter attracted the attention of the Government of the day, and this great and difficult proposition was seriously taken in hand.

The Great Level of the Fens ran into six counties—Cambridge, Lincoln, Huntingdon, Northampton, Suffolk and Norfolk. It was about seventy miles in length and varied in breadth from twenty to forty miles, and altogether it comprised nearly seven hundred thousand acres.

The Land Army girls, who have been working there and know what a very richly-cultivated district it is, will find it difficult to realise that it was in the seventeenth century a wilderness of bogs, pools and reed-shoals, and, whenever it rained hard, and any or all of its six rivers overflowed, it was one great sea with only here and there a few solid islands. An old record says that it was "a vast and deep fen, affording little benefit to the realm, other than fish or fowl, with overmuch harbour to a rude and almost barborous sort of lazy and beggarly people."

"Nothing grew beneath the sky
But willows scarcely six feet high,
And osiers barely three feet dry."

A writer of that day, who urged that something should be done about it, describes rather grimly the inconvenience of drowning in such a spot: "The water putrid and muddy, yea full of loathsome vermine; the earth spuing, unfast, and boggie."

The chief reason for the very considerable opposition among the local people to any of these plans for reclaiming the fen country, was that the pioneers who undertook the work were allowed by the Government to take as recompense more than half of the land which they reclaimed, regardless of the rights of its original owners. So this "barborous sort of lazy and beggarly people" took up arms against their invaders and were led into battle.

Dugdale tells us of a local doggerel rhyme with which one of their leaders sought to inspire his followers:—

"Come, brethren of the water, and let us all
assemble,
To treat upon this matter which makes us fear and
tremble;

For we shall rue it if 't be true the fens are
undertaken,
And where we feed, in fen and reed, they'll feed both
beef and bacon.

"The feathered fowl have wings to fly to other
nations,
But we have no such things to help our transporta-
tions,
We must give place (oh! grievous case!) to horned
beasts and cattle,
Except that we can all agree to drive them out by
battle.

"Wherefore let us entreat our ancient water
nurses,
To show their power so great, as to help us drain
their purses;
And send us good old Captain Flood to lead us out
to battle,
Then Twopenny Jack, with scales on's back, will
drive out all their cattle."

And so determined were their efforts in this direction that they succeeded, helped by the excitement of the Civil War, in destroying mills, embankments and dams, burning the crops, and restoring to its old state of hopeless morass vast tracts of fertile land.

Get Up!

IN the morning when thou findest thyself unwilling to rise, consider with thyself presently, it is to go about a man's work that I am stirred up. Am I then unwilling to go about that, for which I myself was born and brought forth into this world? Or was I made for this, to lay me down, and make much of myself in a warm bed? "O, but this is pleasing!" and was it then for this that thou wert born, that thou mightest enjoy pleasure? Was it not in very truth for this, that thou mightest always be busy and in action? Hast thou not observed how all things in the world besides, how every tree and plant, how sparrows and ants, spiders and bees: how all in their kind are intent as it were orderly to perform whatsoever naturally doth become and belong unto them? and wilt thou not do that which belongs unto a man to do? Will not thou run to do that which thy nature doth require? "But thou must have some rest." Yes, thou must. Nature hath of that also, as well as of eating and drinking, allowed thee a certain stint. But thou goest beyond thy stint, and beyond that which would suffice.

MARCUS AURELIUS. (The Fifth Book.)

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving
for my friends, the old and the new.

—EMERSON.

O the gleesome saunter over fields and hill sides,
The leaves and flowers of the commonest weeds, the
moist fresh stillness of the woods,
The exquisite smell of the earth at day break, and
all through the forenoon.

WALT WHITMAN.



Leominster Carnival.
Surrey Celebrates Peace.
Lady Pembroke and the Land Army
at Swindon.
A Tug-of-War in Lincs.

The Welfare Officers'
Cottage in Wilts.

L.A.S. at Doncaster.
Wilts L.A.S.
A Cornwall Gang.
Mare and Foal, Wilts.
Dorset L.A.S.

My Ideal Small Farm. II.

"The greatest things are done by the help of small ones"

HAVING set aside £50 for ingoing, we next need to allow for one's living expenses over one full year as a minimum. On my plan of making the farm support the family as near as possible, living expenses should not be high, and, if we allow £100 for such an item, that will be ample. Then we come to the stock, and here I propose to start with about 100 laying pullets and 25 laying ducks. I should value these at about 20s. to 30s. each, making an outlay of £190, in all as the maximum. If we allow £60 to represent a reserve fund we shall still have £100 in hand ere the £500 capital is reached. On my stock of 100 pullets and 25 ducks I should expect a minimum profit for the first year of £50, which would amply satisfy me.

We now turn to the question of housing the stock, and my earlier notes will be borne in mind. As things stand at present in the appliance world, the selection of the farm will be even more important than the stocking of it. To-day, more than at any other time, a farm must be valued on its outbuildings. If these are ample they will help the small farmer immensely. Take the case of my 100 laying pullets delivered early in September. Allowing each bird, as a maximum, five square feet of ground-space, we shall need a building that has a total floor-space of 500 sq. ft. I should look among my outbuildings for a suitable building some 12 to 16 ft. deep. If I found one 16 ft. deep, its length would need to be about 30 ft. Some allow each bird 3 sq. ft., but I have taken the maximum, as it is preferable. The design of the building would not interest me so long as the structure was (1) light; (2) well-ventilated; (3) roomy; (4) dry underfoot; and (5) dry overhead. The interior would be fumigated—all apertures being closed up meanwhile—and then white-washed. The flooring would next be bedded down deep—six to nine inches—which material (if constantly raked over and hard pieces removed, also with a little fresh litter added now and then) would last about six months without replenishing. I should not necessarily invest in an expensive litter if my capital did not allow of same. Straw, dried leaves, and the like would be quite satisfactory. Perches would run along the back wall with a drop-board underneath to catch the droppings. The latter would of course, be gathered daily and stored for use on the holding. The perches would fit loosely into sockets, so that they could easily be removed for cleaning, and nest-boxes—at the rate of one nesting-section for each four birds—would be arranged in a dark corner of the house, as layers (particularly pullets) like secrecy.

I do not think any farmer will have trouble in finding an outbuilding to set apart for the fowls. It can be a disused stable or coach-house, or even hovel, so long as it answers the description given. And, if necessary, the hundred head of poultry can be divided into two flocks. Their management will be more or less on semi-intensive lines; that is to say, on wet days they will be confined to their roomy laying-house, and on fine days they will have their freedom. On cold days they will have short run-outs rather than their full liberty, as for the best winter egg-results hens need to be "kept up" in all unfavourable weather.

The 100 pullets would consist mainly of heavy birds, for the reason that novices do better with the sitting breeds than the non-sitters or light varieties. The former lay better than the latter in the winter on inferior management, and there is the "cockerel" question to be studied in the following spring. In the case of non-sitting light breeds like the Leghorn, the cockerels are small, and there comes a time when, if kept on, they prove a dead loss over cost of rearing for table. And if marketed they fetch so very little. On the other hand, breeds of the heavy or sitting kind throw large cockerels which are marketable at a profit to a good age, and even when taken from the run without any special fattening course. If the would-be farmer is experienced in the winter handling of the light breeds he will allow for same, as cleverly handled these respond wonderfully by way of eggs. But such a man will also be confronted with the cockerel question. Light-breed cockerels can be sold of course at "given-away" prices as soon almost as their sex can be told, but that is not a very profitable policy. Rather would I go slowly on the light breeds until I had made a name with my laying strains, where there would be a good demand for the cockerels for stock purposes at tip-top prices. It would then pay me to rear them to maturity and sell them for stock. The choice must rest with the individual owner, but apart from keeping the heavy breed pullets in the majority they should be kept apart from the light-breed pullets if both kinds are kept, as they need somewhat different handling.

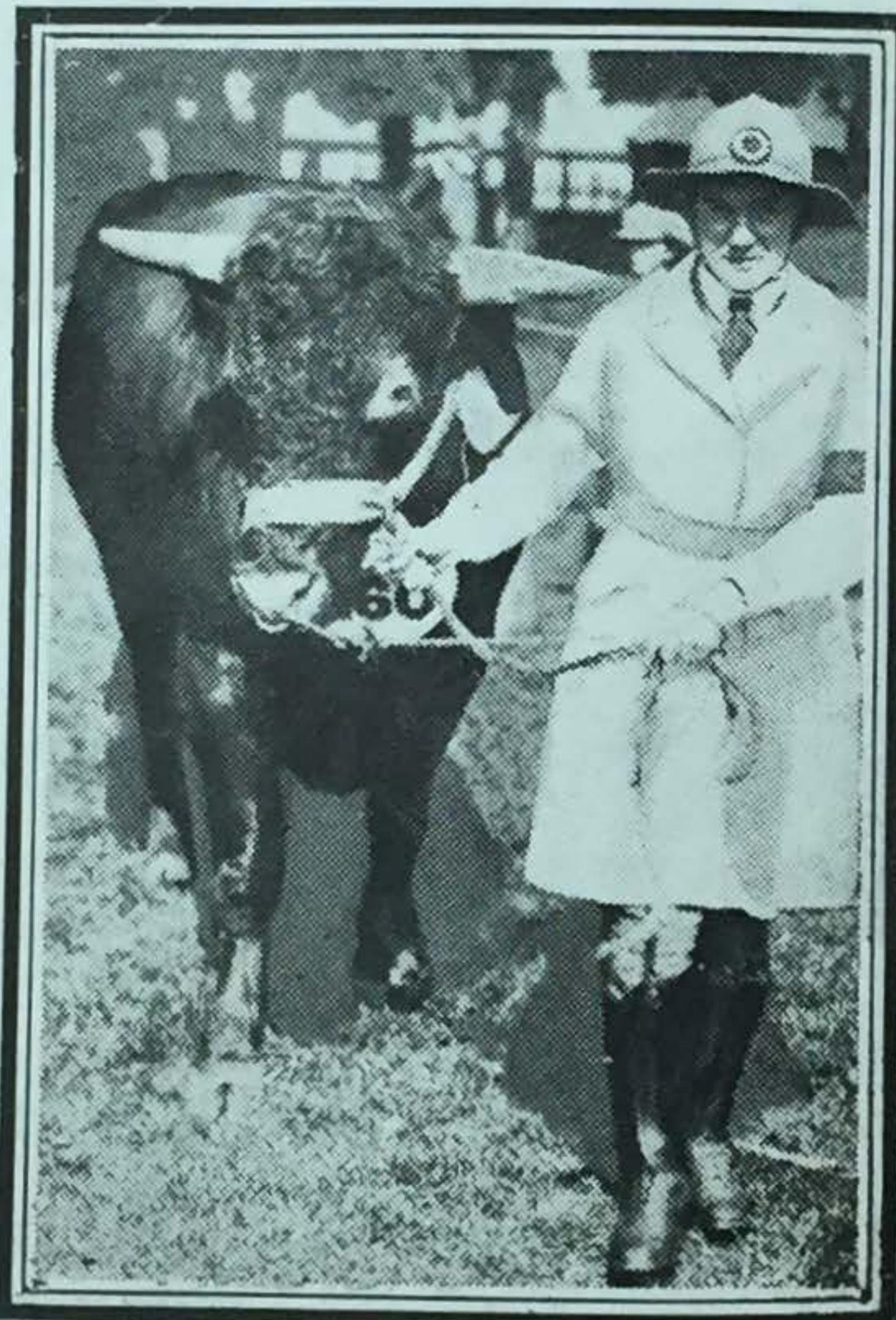
Again, one is tempted to take up too many breeds, which is another great failing at the start. Where but one breed (or two is kept, complications are avoided, and the novice has an opportunity of mastering that breed. The essence of success in poultry work depends upon knowing your birds and your breed. If eggs for sitting, and day-old chicks, are sold later one can add just a

breeding-pen of this, that, and the other breed, but for the sake of their produce only. There is no need to hatch out a lot of pullets from all breeds. Select a good all-round breed and stick to it, remembering that specialising is the thing of the day. Later you can hit home two breeds—one a heavy and the other a light—but it is well to make a name in some special variety as a business proposition. Your good name therein will bring custom for any other varieties you have listed. Your choice, too, must fall upon a breed that will *suit your soil*, and one that is *popular* if you intend to sell sittings and chicks; also one that combines *table* with egg merits. For the heavy breed my pen at once recommends the Light Sussex as the specialty breed. It is a splendid layer of brown eggs, a good sitter and mother, and, apart from being highly popular, is one of our best table breeds. Cockerels are ready for killing even from the run at an early age, and make extraordinary weights. What is more, it has a white leg and a white flesh which the British public admire in table poultry. As regards the light breed, choice might fall on the White or Black Leghorn. The Light Sussex is an all-British variety, and will do well on any soil, even clay heavy, so that I can recommend it generally.

Having, then, got the pullets installed, we shall run them from then onwards for winter egg-production.

Late in December, or early in January, I should think of mating up my birds with the purpose of providing eggs for sitting and day-old chicks for sale, and to provide sufficient chicks from which to rear the given number of pullets for laying the subsequent winter. It is usual to mate up the breeding birds a month before eggs are required for incubation. My plans for the new year would depend upon what appliances I had been able to secure second-hand and cheap from the September to the Christmas. During that period I should make it my special business to

(Continued on page 235.)



Photo, Tropical Press, Daily Sketch.

Leading a Bull into the Sale Ring at Aylesbury.

My Fairy

THERE'S a jolly little fairy who lives and works with me ;
She dresses like a Land Girl, because I'm one, you see.

The caterpillars make her smocks, they're used to weaving things,

Her breeches are of mole-skin, and her gaiters, beetles' wings.

She's always up at half-past five, and turns me out of bed,

And if I don't get up at once she calls me sleepy head.

There's no time like the morning for honest work, you know,

And so we're really glad to see our good old friend the hoe.

We three together set to work—the fairy, hoe, and I,

And when we move the man-gold leaves, the dew begins to fly.

The hoe will scatter all the drops around us in the air, And the fairy tries to catch them as she flutters here and there.

The sunbeams gliding through the trees delight to see her play,

And say they never saw a field where work can be so gay.

Perhaps we meet some spiders and pass the time of day,

But they're always in a hurry, and have no time to stay.

The ladybirds are pleasanter, and often stop to chat,

But we never speak to nasty grubs, who look so sleek and fat,

Because they bite our man-golds off just underneath the leaves

And eat great holes inside the roots, the horrid, naughty thieves !

Of course we know the beetles, they let us have their wings To make the fairy's gaiters, and several other things.

We always laugh when we're at work, and have such jolly fun,

That we find the day is over before it's well begun.

And when at six we hear the bell, we put away our hoe,

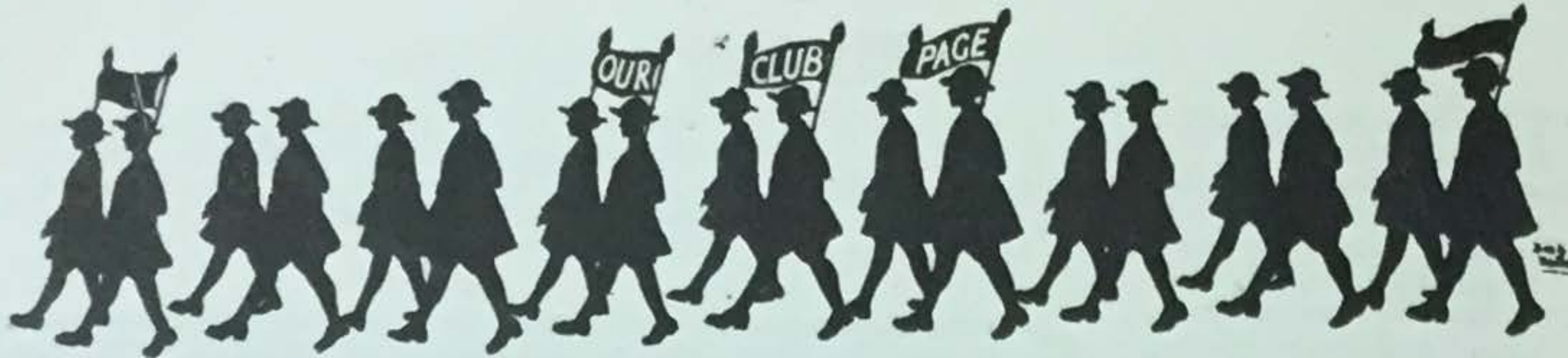
She flies up to my shoulder, and home again we go.
My fairy is the nicest friend, for she can understand
Just how I feel and what it's like to work upon the land.

M. H. L.



Prize Bull at Aylesbury.

Photo, Topical Press, Daily Sketch.



DEAR GIRLS,—First of all again this month must come some of your refreshing letters to me. At this season of the year, just as in the springtime, they are overflowing with your love of the glory of that particular bit of country in which you are working. Always the country is full of the beauty of the Lord, but more than ever, I think in the wonderful promise of spring, and in the bountiful fulfilment of autumn. Many times this month, in your essays, you quote that familiar harvest hymn—"All good gifts around us are sent from Heaven above"; but I like to think that instead of sending them God has come Himself and brought them. Surely, surely, He must be here when we see Him in all the glories of His beautiful world. I never can get on with those people who only have their God in the Bible, and are content to leave Him there!

"The week before the harvest, when first the young corn shows up so vividly green, even against the green of the grass, with the sun and shadow playing hide and seek across it; then later still when the ears have formed and the breeze plays strange tricks with it, now rippling this way, now that. Have you ever stood at the gate of a cornfield and watched the corn? How it bends and bows, curtsies and sways until you fancy you are watching an enormous crowd of dancers, and you almost find yourself swaying to the rhythm of it? Then when it is ripe to harvest. It is a wet, day and the corn looks dead like a stretch of wet sand on a dull day, and one begins to think that after the harvest comes the winter, with all its dull, dreary weather. The next day, lo! the sun is shining and the once dull field flashes with gold, and the hedges around it, with leaves still wet, shine and glitter like emeralds. Surely Dame Nature is the most richly apparelled of all ladies."

"The whir of the machine went steadily on, and by five o'clock the corn was all cut and 'stitched up.' A last look from my window that night showed me the moon shining down on the harvest field, where the sheaves leaned against each other, sleeping peacefully like tired children, and I thought that the dewdrops hanging on the wheat ears were like tears on the children's eyelashes. The day had been full of excitement and sorrow, but now sleep the comforter had come, for Mother Nature does not forget even her humblest children."

"The air was filled with the glory of the harvest. Among the gold there were blood red patches of poppies; to the north the sky was deep ultramarine; there was a black windmill with white sails, and beyond all was the sea. It made the heart beat quicker for here was 'the glory of the garden.'"

"I am a milker and just adore cows and calves, and every animal for that matter. I have the care of the little calves in my hands, and I am glad to say each lot we have turned out to grass have been splendid. My favourite is a young bull, now five months old. I had him before he was a fortnight old, so, of course, he knows me and is far more affectionate than any of the heifer calves I have known. Unfortunately, I am losing him, as he is to be sold; he is a pedigree from the well-known 'Barrington' family. I have taken his photo and will send it when I print, and if possible I should be so proud to see it inserted in THE LANDSWOMAN."

"I am an Australian member of the Land Army, and should be interested to know if there are many of my compatriots working on the land. My home is in Brisbane, but I have been away six years. I came over to school at the age of twelve, and hope to return home early next year. My people are all so interested in my work and I know that a great many girls out there envy me."

"You will be surprised to hear from me again. So many things have happened lately. I once informed you when you asked me if poultry paid by itself that it did not—I was then going

by our experience before the war. I have now started on my own in war time, just as any of the Land Girls might do, and had to work for everything, and I find that it is quite different. The price of foodstuffs have not gone up to correspond with the price of the produce, and I find that any girl could safely start with a little experience and do well. I started with very little indeed; I had to furnish the cottage, as I had very little of what I originally had left. I had to sell by degrees and now I am doing quite well, and another year I will be able to put away. This year it has been putting out all the time to bring in more. I have quite a large garden which I have dug up and planted; but vegetables do not pay like flowers—there is a much larger turnover with flowers—and, of course, the poultry is the main thing. Dorothy and I have worked this together, and I am so pleased at the result that I thought I would tell you. The farmer with whom I was said he was not in a position to pay me my money, so gave me an old hen and a wee chick—the wee chick turned out to be a pullet. She was so small I feared I would not rear her, taking her from her mother at so early an age; however, the old hen mothered her at night, and she has laid splendidly and is now a mother. The old hen is now sitting for the second time this year. I have sold the three cockerels from her first hatch, dressed for table, at 5s. 6d. each. They were only hatched a month after Easter and have put on flesh wonderfully. I only feed them once a day as they pick up sufficient during the day; of course in the winter they have more."

"I thought this might interest you."

"To day we have started black-currant picking. Don't you think I was good? I only had four berries to eat. I do like them, though, it is rather a back-aching job, but quite pleasant."

"Before I begin to worry you with jobs, I just want to say how terrifically much we all love THE LANDSWOMAN. Although we do not work whole time on a farm now, we all three (one brother, two sisters) love reading it. We are turning our home garden (about five acres I should think) into a kind of small holding."

"I have never been happier in my life than I have been since I came to work on this farm. Both Mr. and Mrs. ——— are very nice to me, and I love my work. I asked Mr. ——— if he still wanted me to stop as he has so many men now. He said yes; my work was very important, as I was so reliable, and although not a very fast milker, I was a sure one. I always milk all heifers for the first year to break them in. I have the care of all sick cattle and cows with sore udders, pigs and poultry, and cleaning dairy utensils. I found this month's Magazine very interesting, so many nice pieces in."

Talking of "The Breadwinners," which was so popular with all of you, E. P. writes:—

"It is so nice to know that someone so clever as the artist



A few of our Sewing Club Baskets

has thought about such a nice subject. I have been in the Land Army two years and three months, and, apart from the Board of Agriculture and so on, my chum and I had the first compliment paid to us a fortnight ago.

"It was by a demobbed or discharged soldier, who remarked: 'Well, you have helped.' Oh, the feeling that crept over me. It was so satisfactory to know that an outsider, a perfect stranger, really thought that we had helped. It bucked us up, I can tell you, and so did the Breadwinners Picture."

"I must thank you ever so for all the good things you put in THE LANDSWOMAN, we do enjoy it so. Every month, after the first week in the month, when we come in it's always 'Has THE LANDSWOMAN come?' if it hasn't there's a long face. When it has it's 'Oh, good' and it's almost fought for. I think it brings our army together, anyhow once in a month, and we are always looking to see if there are any girls we know in the photos."

B. Eddleston, c/o Mrs. Matthams, Land Wyck, Bengie, near Southminster, Essex, is feeling lonely and would like letters from some of you.

SEWING CLUB.—We have at last managed to get a photograph of a few of our baskets, but, of course, it does not give you any idea of the beautiful combination of colour, which is their chief charm.

In spite of the rush of harvest work there have been many fresh demands this month for materials for making the fruits, and some of you are making them so well that they really look like fruit. So much so, that I found a caterpillar wandering round a ripe peach last week, and when we took a batch of baskets to one of the shops the other day, a customer wanted to know if we would be prepared to make and sell the groups of fruit by themselves as she thought they were so charming. Orders have come in for hundreds of our baskets, and I want a lot more of you to make the fruits. Write and ask me for the materials at once. Now that the evenings are beginning to lengthen I expect a good many of you will be glad to earn a little extra pocket money in this easy way, and I expect, too, that your editor will grow a permanent bump on her middle finger with cutting out circles of silk. They are then blended with other shades of ninon, so that when you have finished your part of the work, they may come back in the form of plums and peaches, nectarines and grapes. Oxford L.A.A.S. are making the baskets excellently, nicely finished and a good shape, and I can tell you we are keeping them very busy indeed. I believe they are now trying to dry their own rushes, and doing it successfully, which will make a great difference to their profits.

I hope those of you who are thinking of taking up other work when the Land Army is demobilised are also thinking of saving up money for your civilian clothes. Lots of girls I know have been putting by two or even three shillings a week for some time now, and when they have to say good-bye to their uniform, they will have a nice little sum for their mufti. Just now is a good time to remember this little bit of advice, while so many of you are drawing overtime money for harvest work. Do be sensible and look ahead, and if I can help any of you to make your own civilian outfit, I shall be delighted. It isn't difficult, I assure you. I made a really smart pleated skirt the other day out of a perfectly straight piece of material—with only one seam.

By the way, I have found a shop where I can buy khaki material for Land Army shirts at 1s. 10d. per yard, 30 ins. wide.

SHOPPING CLUB.—Talking of outfits reminds me that now is the time to see that your boots are well mended before the wet weather comes along, and no matter if you are in Land Army uniform or civilian clothes, don't forget to have them soled with Dri-ped leather. We have all been tremendously busy during August and September trying to supply the shopping needs of our readers. It started with Kodaks! I happened to mention in my letter that if you could not get your cameras locally, I would get them for you, but I little knew when I gave that promise that so very many of you would want them. I think it must be because of that persuasive advertisement of Kodak's. I have been bothering them for some time to tell you girls about their cameras in the advertisement pages of THE LANDSWOMAN, because I know how keen you are to take snapshots of your animals; but they pleaded that they were so short of stock that they would not be able to supply an increased demand. And they weren't! We had to hunt all over London, and if it hadn't been that you are such dear trustful people, and always write to say "Dear Editor, here is the money; send whatever you think best," we should never have been able to fit you up with what you wanted. And all this in response to one advertisement in THE LANDSWOMAN—other advertisers, please note!

Our space in the Magazine is so limited and we have such a lot to say to each other every month, that first of all we have to use much smaller print than I like—it is so bad for your eyes, especially by lamp or candle light—and secondly, we have no room for endless advertisements. We only ask for those which

will really serve the needs of our readers, and to which we are sure, therefore, that there will be a ready response.

But Kodaks are not the only things which have been bought and sent off this month: brown suede shoes were wanted very badly, at a price at which it is impossible to buy a genuinely good pair in these expensive days. Fortunately, a practically new pair had been sent to us to dispose of through the Exchange Column. They happened to be the right size—we found a pair of silk stockings exactly to match—and D. S.—— is delighted with them.

Ties in Land Army colours are in almost daily demand, and in this connection I should like to draw your attention to a notice in our Exchange Column of the ties and hat bands which are being woven by some of the Cumberland girls. They are very attractive and very strong, so they wear well.

Someone else wanted a trunk, and another reader, whose wishes we were unable to fulfil, wanted a clockwork engine of a certain make and gauge. Although we tried every engine shop we knew, we couldn't get it. But we were more successful with a pair of gaiters, which M. R. describes as "a perfectly lovely pair." A complete outfit, breeches and smock, had to be fetched in a great hurry from Harrod's, and sent off to a girl who wanted to look particularly smart at a Land Girl's party on the following day. I hope they arrived in time.

I am always explaining to our advertisers that although advertisements may be a luxury to town folks, to Land Girls they are a necessity, for they are often the only means of "shopping" beyond the limited possibilities of the village general shop. So if any of you will let me know those things which you are unable to obtain locally and which you constantly need, I will tell our advertisers about it, and ask them to help you. I did suggest to one of them that linen or washing hats are indispensable in hot harvest weather, and I know that many of you have been very grateful for the opportunity thus given you to obtain them.

I have written rather a lot about our shopping this month, but I hope you won't think we are grumbling at all the work we have had to do; I assure you we are not. It is just delightful to know that we are really being of use to you, and I always realised that the difficulty of shopping is one of the great drawbacks of land work; though, of course, there may be times when it is an advantage!

COMPETITIONS.—I am not setting any new competitions this month, as I want you all to put your backs into those contributions for the Christmas Number. I am going to extend the date to November 1st instead of October 20th, as stated in the September number, and I shall expect hundreds of entries in each division.

Will those of you who wish to continue to take THE LANDSWOMAN after next December just send me a postcard to say so. We shall then know how many copies we shall need, and can make the necessary arrangements. I also want to know how many binding covers will be needed this year. Don't forget.

I am sure you will all be interested to hear that a Provisional Committee has been set up to arrange all the details of the new Association mentioned in Miss Talbot's letter which each one of you will receive. It is hoped that we shall be able to tell you all about it in the November issue of the LANDSWOMAN.

I literally boiled with indignation when I read an article in one of the evening papers the other day, in which the writer deprecated the fact that parents were willing to allow their girls to take up such inferior work as land work, "where they are nothing better than farm labourers." The impudence of it! But after my indignation had cooled I began to feel sorry for this poor creature who understands so little the joy of the great out-of-doors that she dares to call any of our work inferior. Perhaps she sits in a stuffy office all day, with the windows shut—certainly she misses much; and I felt inclined to write and remind her that, as Whitman says, "where the best men and women are, there the great city stands, though it is only a village."

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

Beauty in the Country

IT takes a hundred and fifty years to make a beauty—a hundred and fifty years out-of-doors. Open air, hard manual labour or continuous exercise, good food, good clothing, some degree of comfort, all of these, but most especially open air, must play their part for five generations before a beautiful woman can appear. These conditions can only be found in the country, and consequently all beautiful women come from the country. Though the accident of birth may cause their register to be signed in town, they are always of country extraction.—RICHARD JEFFERIES, *The Open Air* (Chatto & Windus.)

Country Dancing



West Kent L.A.A.S.

Sunday Express.

Country Dancing at Boyton, Essex

WE had a real "Come, lasses and lads," affair here this summer. The 1st Essex Cadets were in camp in the barns, and as most of them came from London and were, as we knew, experts at the modern dances, we girls thought it was up to us to show them what country dancing could be like. So one evening the Officers and Cadets gathered round the lawn in a hollow square and by the light of a huge full moon, which quite eclipsed the two guttering candles on the piano, "we danced and danced and danced till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of our boots," as the poet says. Gathering Peascods, Goddesses, Black Nag and Jenny Pluck Pears followed on each other with much energy and, it is only fair to add, much applause, for the white dresses of the dancers made each movement quite plain in the brilliant moonlight, and the audience soon wanted to join in. So each white-clad girl found a khaki-clad partner and, with a few explanations, made quite a good attempt at the Ribbon Dance, using red, white and blue ribbons. The favourite dance proved

to be "We won't go home till morning," but the N.C.O.'s saw to it that it was not taken literally, and the "Fall in" went all too soon. I think it was a thoroughly jolly evening for everyone, and certainly to us girls it seemed a reward for the dark and often wet winter nights when we had met to learn and practise the dances.

Hertford

"PEACE DAY" started betimes for some members of the Land Army. The milk had to be brought to town to catch an extra early train and the milkers were up at 3.15 to get through the work properly. At 10.50 a.m. all the members of the L.R.A.S. within reach of Hertford assembled in the Castle Grounds to take part in the local pageant. With them were Pompey, the Stapleford Hostel bulldog; Peter, the tame rabbit; Bobs, a silver-grey sheep dog, led by the tallest "Lass" in Herts; and Sele, Miss Beck's black retriever. The party was joined by five black hens, warranted quiet in traffic, all adorned with red and green ribbons.

My Ideal Small Farm.—Continued from page 230

advertise locally (using a box number and pseudonym) for poultry-houses, wood, zinc-sheets, incubators, foster-mothers, cold brooders, coops, and wire-netting. I should also make enquiries locally and attend any sales within reach, bent on procuring "bargains" by way of plant. I am mindful that new plant will be costly, and I am desirous of showing methods of economising in this direction. During the war part of 1918, with plant so difficult and wire-netting almost impossible to procure from manufacturing firms, substitutes have had to be the order for many of my students. My policy throughout has been to put these producers on to local "bargains," and I have been amazed at the cheap lines discovered in out-of-the-way places. Anything that is useful, either as it stands or when converted, should be snapped up if the price is right.

We will presume, then, that the farmer has secured several second-hand incubators, also foster-mothers, hen-coops, and poultry-houses, and, say, wire-netting. His next step will be to transfer the 100 pullets that have been run on so far as layers to the spot he reserves for them for breeding purposes. If capital were sufficient to get together the houses and netting, his best plan would, of course, be to place the 100 in the two acres of grass-land reserved for the breeding stock. He might, for instance, have ten wire-netting enclosures, each 20 yards by 20 yards, and with a house in each to take ten pullets and an early-hatched cockerel. The latter he would buy from a well-known breeder of pedigree laying stock, paying a nice price for same, and securing, if possible, a cockerel bred from a hen with a given egg-record. At least one or two such cockerels might be procured to mate with the owner's best pullets for his own use. The runs would be arranged according to a set plan of the field thought out carefully beforehand, so that space can be left for wide alleys to take a horse and cart. And all enclosures will be fitted up by way of gates, etc., to save time and labour. The first set of pens, would, of course, be placed near the rearing station.

By the time mating up is due the houses for the breeders will be ready, and the owner will have by him the records of every one of his pullets during October, November, and December. Those with the highest records will be mated up for his own use in particular, as the chicks from these he will reserve for future development of his strain. His spring plans will include the hatching out of about 100 pullets as layers the next winter when maturity is reached. His hatchings will be out mainly in March for his own use, although they may perhaps be spread over February, March, and April in part. The February cockerels will make the best breeders, and egg-production from the pullets of various hatchings will be in relays, the March birds starting to lay in October. I refer, of course, to a heavy breed like the Light Sussex. With incubators one might allow for 50 chicks hatching out of each 100 eggs, and of those chicks 50 per cent. may be regarded as cockerels. One might, therefore, say that it requires 100 eggs, if incubator-hatched, to yield 25 pullets, not allowing for deaths. On the other hand, as one becomes more experienced the percentage of hatches will be increased, and, as many broody hens will be set, this will help the average, as hatchings under hens are invariably high with home-produced eggs.

To secure our 100 pullets, we will need to incubate 400 eggs as the minimum, and with these ensured surplus eggs and chicks should be disposed of by means of advertising. I am keen on this business, as it increases the returns tremendously. What is more, it is the snowball system intensified where one satisfied customer recommends another, and these customers come again and again, season after season. The first season the sale of sittings and chicks should be engaged in, as no time should be lost in getting publicity. The "locals" must be attracted in every way, and their custom sought by local advertising. They represent a cheaper trade, of course, than what is secured by means of clever advertising in the specialist papers. The first season, however, prices will be reasonably low, and, apart from attractive stationery a neat little catalogue will be issued out setting the claims of the Light Sussex, and any other breeds that have been added, as mentioned, to secure custom. Each year, as the farm develops, so will the prices advance.

To be continued—"A Living from the Land," by Powell Owen [Newnes].

Exchange Column

Land Army hatband and ties supplied at 1s. 6d. by Jean Hewitt, 23, Main Street, Cockermouth.

Wanted, pair of second-hand brown field boots, size 6, height 15½ inches.—Write P. M. Elliott, Hammercliffe Farm, Markfield, Leicestershire.

Wanted, good second-hand dress trunk, black or green, not more than 40s. to 50s.—M. G. Lilley, Land Army Hut, Deeping St. Nicholas, Spalding, Lincs.

Pair high-legged brown boots, size 5, for sale, £1; new few months ago. Owner will send on approval for postage.—K. May, Haydon Farm, Kilmersdon, Radstock.

Hand-knitted jumpers, all colours, made to order, from two guineas. Also fancy topped stockings. Apply, M.R., Box Office, Stonefield, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath.

Harrods

FARM OUTFITS

AT SPECIAL PRICES

Trustworthy in every way, and stamped with that excellence of cut, make and material which hall-marks everything from Harrods, these Outfits are the final word in utility, durability, and all-round value.

Hard Wearing Breeches
(F.O. 380). Well-cut Breeches in strong whipcord. Drab shade. Size 26 and 29-in. waist.
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(F.O. 338). Tunic, Shirt and Breeches. In Showerproof T. ill. Medium or full size.
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Khaki Twill Coat and Breeches (F.O. 382). Strong and durable, approved pattern
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HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

Fruit Bottling for Smallholders*

As is well known, fruit which if left exposed to the air would go bad in the course of a few days may be preserved almost indefinitely if it is properly bottled. The reason why perishable fruits go bad so quickly is that under ordinary conditions the germs of decay present on their surfaces begin to grow, increase in numbers, and set up decomposition in the fruit. These germs may be already present on the fruit when it is put into the bottle, or, unless the bottle containing the preserved fruit is made air-tight, small quantities of air passing into the bottle may carry them in with it. Therefore it is necessary in order to preserve fruit, first to destroy or stop the growth of any germs already on the fruit, and second, to seal the jar containing the fruit so that any germs in the air are prevented from reaching it.

BOTTLING IN SPECIAL BOTTLES.—The most convenient vessels in which to preserve fruit are special screw-top glass jars made for the purpose.

The bottles must be air-tight when finally sealed. If any sign of spoiling appears in the bottle the contents should either be used at once or repasteurised.

The only additional apparatus required for fruit bottling is a convenient form of heater.

When small quantities of fruit are to be bottled, a large saucepan, boiling-pan, fish-kettle, or similar vessel for heating water will suffice. When, however, the grower finds that he can profitably dispose of a fairly large quantity of bottled fruit, a larger type of boiling-pan holding one or two dozen bottles, or a small sterilising outfit, may be usefully employed. A large galvanised washing bath may be used. A flat-bottomed iron pot may be purchased for a few shillings or a small steriliser holding six to eighteen bottles may be obtained from the vendors of sterilising outfits.

For heating purposes, the kitchen fire or a suitable oil or gas stove may be used.

SELECTING AND PREPARING THE FRUIT.—The degree of ripeness of the fruit has a considerable effect on its appearance after the bottling process is completed. Fruit should be slightly under-ripe for bottling, as the skin does not then break so readily during the process of preservation. With ripe fruit breaking of the skin can hardly fail to occur. For this reason under-ripe fruit will bear without injury a higher temperature than ripe fruit. All fruit should be fresh, clean, sound, and free from injury or sign of decay. It is best gathered dry.

Great care should be taken in placing the fruit in the bottles, for if the bottles are not properly filled, there is waste of space, and after sterilisation the fruit may rise, leaving nothing but water at the bottom of the bottle. A stout clean piece of wood, about twelve inches in length—blunt at one end and rather pointed at the other—is very useful for arranging and gently pressing fruit into position in regular layers. To secure this regularity the fruits in each bottle should be as nearly as possible of equal size. The bottles should be filled to the top of the neck, using a little force in packing if necessary. Soft fruits like gooseberries and currants require shaking together in order to ensure close packing; rhubarb should be placed, so far as possible,

in upright rows; plums should be arranged in rows, as by this means more fruit can be placed in the bottles.

As the bottles are filled with fruit, water or syrup is added to reach the top of the rim. The rubber rings and tops (either glass or metal) are then placed in position. When screw caps are used they should be screwed down very lightly so as to allow of the air being expelled during pasteurisation. In the case of bottles with caps secured by springs the springs should be placed in position; they will give sufficiently to allow the heated air to escape.

PASTEURISING.—As stated above, an ordinary saucepan, boiling-pan, or fish-kettle, may be employed to hold small lots of bottles. While the pan is being heated the bottles should be raised somewhat above the bottom by placing in the vessel a false bottom of any convenient form, such as a wire frame or a board $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick, and standing the bottles on it; otherwise they may crack. The bottles should be "shoulder-deep" in the water.

The temperature should be raised quite slowly, at the rate of about two degrees Fahrenheit per minute; if it were raised faster the bottles might crack, the skin of the fruit break, and the appearance of the preserved fruit would be spoiled. A thermometer should be used for indicating the temperature. An ordinary bath or dairy thermometer will serve the purpose. Different fruits require slightly different treatments, but for most fruits the following method will be found satisfactory. Raise the temperature to 150 degrees F. (Fahrenheit), taking about one hour and a quarter to reach that point; and keep at that temperature for ten minutes. The bottles should then be taken out, the covers at once securely fastened down, and the bottles allowed to cool slowly. Hot bottles must not be put on anything cold or they may crack.

In the case of screw-capped bottles the tops should be screwed down as far as possible at once and screwed again as the bottle cools. Bottles with spring-clipped covers need no attention.

No harm is done if the temperature rises above 150 degrees F. for a short time, but, except in special cases, no advantage is derived from the higher temperature.

Black currants and plums may be brought up to 160 degrees F., apples, pears and tomatoes to 180 degrees F.

Each lot of bottled fruit should be examined on the day following bottling; and, if any doubt is entertained as to the condition of the fruit, the doubtful bottles should be repasteurised at once. This may sometimes be necessary owing to faulty caps.

Where large numbers of bottles are being dealt with, a steam-heated steriliser is a most convenient form of heater to use if a supply of steam is available.

Peas, beans, and other vegetables cannot be preserved by heating to the above-mentioned temperatures. Owing to the large amount of nitrogenous matter and the small quantities of organic acids which they contain, complete sterilisation by boiling is necessary.

BOTTLING IN ORDINARY JARS AND BOTTLES.—Glass jars with a special device for sealing are to be preferred, and their



Taking His Photograph.

* Board of Agriculture Leaflet.

Topical Press.

use is strongly recommended; but, if they cannot be obtained, ordinary wide-necked bottles or jars may be used and sealed by one or other of the methods now to be described. The necks of the bottles should not be larger than is necessary for the insertion of the fruit, and should be so formed that, when sealed, air will be absolutely excluded.

The chief difficulty in using ordinary bottles or jars is that of securing a sufficiently germ-proof seal. Several forms can be made to serve, if carefully applied; but it is advisable to examine the bottles in store from time to time in case fermentation or mould-growth occurs in any of them. If this happens, the contents should be consumed without delay, or the affected fruit should be treated again and fresh covers affixed.

The old method of tying a piece of bladder over the mouth of the bottle is fairly satisfactory. Bullock bladders, obtainable from a butcher, should be washed and soaked in warm water to soften them before use. They should be tied on with string, having been previously cut into pieces of such size as will leave a fair-sized margin below the string after tying.

Better results are obtained by using parchment paper jam-covers pasted or gummed on, provided that the bottles are afterwards kept in a cool dry place.

Corks may be used instead of bladders, scalding them well first and then, after insertion, sealing the tops with sealing or bottle-wax.

Mutton fat is sometimes used. It is poured on to the surface of the water in the bottle so as to form, when cool, a solid block of fat in the mouth of the bottle. A soft wax, such for example as is obtained by melting together paraffin wax and vaseline in the proportion of 3 oz. of the former and 1 lb. of the latter, is preferable. When a seal of this kind is used, it will be found that it shrinks in the neck of the bottle as the contents cool. Therefore, when the bottle is cold, further melted wax should be added until it fills the mouth completely to the level of the rim. This should be wiped quite dry and the molten wax smeared well over it to make it adhere perfectly to the glass.

In all of these methods the bottles should be taken singly from the steriliser and the cover affixed without a moment of delay. The probability of the fruit keeping well depends on the rapidity and thoroughness with which the bottles are sealed after being taken out of the hot steriliser.

"DRY" METHOD OF BOTTLING.—This method, which is more particularly suited for plums and gooseberries, is very simple, and gives results somewhat superior as regards flavour to those obtained by the foregoing methods.

The fruit is packed in bottles and jars without any addition of water. It is then cooked in an oven until it begins to sink. The bottles are removed and filled up to the neck with boiling water and the cover, or seal, at once attached. Any of the forms of cover already mentioned will suffice.

Preparation before bottling varies somewhat according to the fruit concerned—for instance, gooseberries should be topped and tailed; currants lightly shredded from their stalks; rhubarb skinned and cut into pieces of a uniform size; cherries must be stalked, and, if possible, stoned; the hull should be removed from raspberries; plums, greengages, and damsons must have their stalks removed; large juicy plums may be cut into halves before being placed in the bottle; peaches and nectarines should be skinned, stoned, and halved; apples and pears must be peeled and "quartered."

Land Army Boots at Richmond Hill

(With apologies to all concerned if their name has been taken in vain.)

HALF-WAY up to heaven is the Outfit Room, called the Garden of Eden, as it clothes the L.A. daughters of Eve, though not exactly in the fashion prescribed by this economical ancestress (a matter of regret to the Government). The Garden of Eden is panelled by shelves on which are laid out rows of clothing, artistically labelled "medium," "large," "small," etc., the whole guarded by rows of sinister-looking L.A. boots and clogs. There are no Adams in this Eden, and no male foot has ever crossed the threshold. The serpent, however, lies always coiled up in the head clerk's desk, except when she tends him lovingly and efficiently every week. His real name is Weekly Outfit Return.

The other day she was busy ministering to his needs, while everyone else was perfectly happy doing everything they should downstairs, when suddenly this calm and efficient lady appeared in the Secretary's room, hot and dishevelled, waving a portion of the serpent in her hand like a banner. At first it was thought that the exhilarating perfume of the Outfit Room had proved too much for her, but she then answered in a husky and tremulous voice that 500 pairs of boots were missing, and that the serpent would not tally (irrelevant private speculations as to how serpents ever tallied, unless they swallowed their tails). This was thought and not spoken, instead—while speculations as to how 500 pairs of boots could have been removed from the office without a fleet of furniture vans—a new-comer, not knowing the estimable and lovable question of the office charwoman, suggested that perhaps she had removed them in the night in motor vans. A personal visit was suggested to examine the footgear of the charwoman, her children, all her neighbours—in fact half Chester—to see if they were all shod in L.A. boots. This was vetoed as utterly foolish, and departure of the newcomer discomfited.

Much heated converse all day, and evening came—no comfort anywhere, and all food tasted of boots. The Group Leader, thinking to relieve the strain, went to a picture show, which consisted of the interminable game of football.

The Secretary spent a night filled with grim forebodings, in which rows of inspectors crowded out the office—speculation as to their probable size, appearance and conversation.

The Head Clerk imagined that her guilt was woven with L.A. boots, that danced on her all night. She arrived in the office next morning pale, determined, and announcing in a frozen voice that the only word that rhymed with boot was root, and she proposed digging to the root of the matter at once.

She reappeared radiant, and announced that in March, or April or May, someone had put 500 pairs of boots in the serpent's inside, where they should have put down five. That someone was, fortunately for herself, away on leave.

A very formal reply was received from headquarters to the painful explanation. Did they smile?—I wonder!

The Chief Clerk proposes to spend her leave by the sea, bare-footed.

Cheshire County Sheet.

Hereford



Here you see some of the L.A.A.S. wearily waiting for the judge's decision.

LEOMINSTER Peace Pageant and Carnival, held on Thursday, August 7th, will live long in the memories of some 10,000 persons who were present to unite in rejoicing that the war had come to an end. In this vast gathering our girls in the district took part, and added greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene in their spotless white smocks, green ties and bright, smiling faces.

Cumberland

ST. BEES CONCERT.

A Land Army concert was held on August 13th in Hodgett's Club in aid of the Comforts Fund. Several local friends kindly gave their services, both in preparing the room and in contributing items to the programme. Edith Hetherington and Selina Marshall (L.A.) were deservedly popular in their various songs and worked hard to make the evening a success financially. Nellie Johnston and Lizzie Parkinson acted as doorkeepers, and Sophia Stephenson and Ellen Cotteral dealt with the stage curtain. The room was crowded and, thanks to the efforts of the St. Bees Land Army Club, the Comforts Fund is the richer for £15 9s. 6d.

SANTON BRIDGE LAND ARMY CLUB DANCE.

The Santon Bridge Land Army Club gave a well attended dance in Drigg Schoolroom on August 15th. The room was prettily decorated for the occasion and the Land Army girls looked exceedingly neat and smart in their uniforms. During the evening Good Service Ribbons were presented to Winnie Salmond, May Steele and Nellie Charlton by the Welfare Officer. A most attractive musical programme made everyone ready to dance, and as the evening advanced the room became very crowded.

On August 27th the Santon Bridge Club held a business meeting, when it was found that after paying expenses the Club had £11 in hand. This money the club propose to spend on a trip to Keswick in the *Lady Betty* during September. A hearty vote of thanks was offered to H. Sharpe, Secretary, for her enthusiasm and good management in arranging the dance, and to Mr. and Mrs. Cain, Alkbank, who provided the music and decorations.

Mrs. Wadham's Garden Fete.—August 28th. The rain which had been threatening all morning began to come down really heavily by 11.30, so it was decided that the fete should be held in All Saints' Church Room, Cockermouth. The Cockermouth Club had entire charge of the Land Army Stall, which was laden with articles and produce made or sent by Land Army members. We are very proud of being able to announce that a sum of over sixteen guineas was gained for the Comforts Fund as a result of our stall on that occasion, and we feel a vote of thanks is due to Mrs. Wadham for giving us the opportunity and assisting us as she did.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE Judge turned to the counsel for the defence.
"Do you wish to cross-examine?"

He did not.

"If the counsel for the defence has any other instructions which he wishes to be given, the Court will consider them now."

The counsel had none. The whole interlude had been to the disadvantage of his clients, and he was to blame for it; his cleverness had overreached itself.

"Mr. Sheriff, take Gaston Giron into custody," ordered Judge Carteret.

Giron stood in front of the Judge, the sheriff near him. As the officer stepped toward him he whipped out a revolver and shot twice—once at the Judge and then at himself. He choked and doubled up like a withered thing.

The audience was thrown into utter confusion. Women screamed and fainted, and men fought wildly to get out. Scarlotti with a cry threw herself upon Giron, but Cecilia ran to the Judge.

"Are you hurt?" she cried, taking hold of his arm.

"Nothing—a scratch," he answered, twisting his handkerchief about the wound on his wrist and putting Cecilia aside in his anxiety to prevent a panic.

"Never mind Giron. Block that door, sheriff, till the police get here."

Richard Barrett sat near the back of the room, and he began pushing people back and calling out that the danger was all over, if they would keep their seats. Fortunately the police came quickly in answer to the doorkeeper's call.

Cecilia stepped down beside Scarlotti, who held Giron in her arms, oblivious to the rest.

"Is he dead?"

"Yes, he's dead. He's dead."

"Come away quickly, dear! They will look after him."

"No. I shall stay here with him."

Cecilia looked up at the Judge towering above them all, demanding order. The trial was over as far as she was concerned, the chief witness dead, his ugly lies choked in his throat. She made her way unobserved to the door and went away.

Some fifteen minutes later order was restored, the body of Giron removed, the jurymen back in their places. Judge Carteret said a few words to them in regard to the events of the morning. He said that for his own satisfaction he desired the bribery charge investigated, and the business of that meeting at the Union Club, described by Giron, made public. The rest of the testimony offered by the witness was counteracted by his last mad act, and would go down to his grave with him.

"The bailiff will conduct the jurymen to consider their verdict," he concluded. "They will take with them the instructions given by the Court. I will remain within call to receive the verdict."

He retired into chambers with a firm step and no signs of the strain of the morning were visible. Richard followed him at once.

"I'll have a cab outside and we'll go at once to Dr. Strong and get that arm fixed up."

"It is nothing. Where is Cecilia?"

"Cecilia? Why, where did she go? I lost her in the excitement."

"I was so anxious to prevent a panic that I forgot about the poor child. What a terrible day for her! Go and find out about her, Richard, so we can take her with us."

Richard hurried out to the doorkeeper, but he found no trace of the missing girl.

When the Judge came back into the court room his expression was his usual one of calm dignity. The jurymen filed in and took their places. Those who had remained for the verdict sat on the edge of their chairs, necks craned forward, eyes glistening eagerly. The three men whose lives hung in the balance sat like images, save that Conrad constantly wet his dry lips with his tongue, and Martin clasped and unclasped his thumbs.

The foreman of the jury rose in answer to the Court's request for a verdict.

"We, the members of the jury, do find the prisoners guilty of murder in the second degree."

A sigh went round the room, a wave of exhaled breath, and Conrad tittered in his relief. The bailiff had to rap for quiet.

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to drown the babel that succeeded the quiet. The real interest for the spectators was over, and they barely listened to the closing formalities of the trial, save to comment on the sentence imposed by the Judge; fifteen years for Conrad and ten years for each of the others.

The first moment he could get the Judge away, Richard hurried him to the doctor's office, where to the surprise of everybody, he collapsed entirely.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HOSPITAL.

ONCE out of the court room Cecilia lost herself in the crowd without so much as a thought of her destination. The reaction after the terrible strain of the last few days left her weak and dizzy. She wanted to get away from the Judge and Richard and all of them and to think it out by herself. Giron was dead, so no harm could come to them through him, but she could not forget the surprised horror of the Judge's face when she acknowledged Giron as her father, nor the cold, stern way he had put her aside, in her passionate concern for his safety.

It was as she had foreseen it; the past claimed her again, and the little cabin in the country would never seem home to her, if she had to endure the efforts of all of them to make her feel that nothing was changed, while she knew in her heart of hearts that they were trying not to think of her as the child of Giron. She could never go back and feel that horror between herself and them. The Judge might forget, but she never could, that her own father had tried to take her friend's life.

The first time she noticed her surroundings she found that they were entirely strange to her. She asked a policeman where she was and how to get back to Scarlotti's, and then started mechanically in that direction. It really did not matter much what became of her, she thought, and regretted that Giron had not turned his revolver on her.

It was late night when she finally stumbled up the dark stairs to Scarlotti's, and there, in front of the door, dropped. At dawn Scarlotti, coming from the death watch over her dead lover, found poor Cecilia and took her in and put her to bed. She sat beside her for some hours, while the girl alternated between deep stupor and wild delirium. She begged to be taken away where Giron could not find her, and she said again and again, "He is my father."

Finally, in alarm, Scarlotti induced a neighbour to go for a doctor. He pronounced it a nervous collapse, and ordered a trained nurse. Scarlotti explained the situation, and suggested that the patient would be more comfortable and better taken care of if she went to a hospital. The doctor agreed, and as neither Scarlotti nor Cecilia had money enough to meet the expense of a private hospital, they took her to the County Hospital.

For a week or ten days the fever had Cecilia in its hot clasp, and she raved day and night about the experiences she had endured since the day of her picnic. Once or twice the doctor nearly despaired of her, but the out-of-doors life at Hillcrest stood her in good stead, and one day she opened her eyes on a new world.

A nurse was bending over her.

"Where am I?"

"Mustn't talk."

"Have I been sick?"

"Yes, but you're better now."

Cecilia looked about. She was in a long white-washed room, absolutely bare, save for ten beds ranged along the walls. The beds were all full, and some of the patients moaned. One woman raved wildly. White-capped nurses were everywhere.

It was a hospital, Cecilia realised; but how she came there, or where she had been, or what had happened to her she could not remember, hard as she tried. She attempted to ask a nurse near her for a drink, but her voice would not come, except in a weak whisper, nor could she lift her hand high enough to attract attention. The effort was too much for her, and she went to sleep before the nurse got to her. When she woke again there were voices beside her bed, and one of them vaguely familiar.

"Yes, she is much better, she has had a rational minute or two," said one.

"How much longer will she have to stay here?" asked the other.

"A week, perhaps. It depends on how fast she gets her

strength back. As a usual thing it comes slowly after brain fever."

Cecilia, after many efforts, got her head turned over and looked at them. The one with the familiar voice bent over her.

"Do you know me, Cecilia? It is Scarlotti."

Cecilia tried to nod and Scarlotti sat beside her.

"Can't you do anything to stop that maniac?" she asked the nurse, pointing to the raving woman. The nurse shrugged her shoulders.

"She's worse to-day," she said, passing on.

"Do you feel better?" Scarlotti asked.

"Yes. Have—I—been—sick?" weakly.

"Yes, don't you remember? I found you at the top of the stairs, all in a heap, the day Giron shot himself."

It all came back to her then; all the past flooded in on blinded eyes, and Cecilia groaned and turned away.

"Maybe I oughtn't to have told you," Scarlotti began, but one of the nurses came up just then and looked at her patient.

"That's enough for to-day; she is tired," she said, and led Scarlotti away without another word.

Cecilia wished with all her soul that her friend had never come, that she might have floated on indefinitely in the sort of grey haze of slow-returning consciousness. Now since Scarlotti had spoken, all the old thoughts and problems were loosed and tugging at her like furies. The scene in the court room stood out again, photographed on her brain.

"How long have I been here?" she asked a nurse.

"Be quiet; you are not to talk."

The uneventful days slipped away until the doctor prophesied her release at the week-end. She heard him listlessly, and heeded not at all. She had no plans, no desire to grasp life firmly again and make of it something to her taste. When Scarlotti came and heard the news, Cecilia marvelled at her pleasure and listened to her plans for the invalid with surprise. She and Sally Waters had it all arranged that Cecilia was to stop with them until she was strong again, unless she preferred to go back to her "aristocrats," as Scarlotti called her friends at Hillcrest.

"I shall not go back to them; they have forgotten me by this time, I hope."

It was her first mention of the past, and Scarlotti changed the subject rather abruptly.

"I don't know why you have been so good to me, Scarlotti," Cecilia began, but the other woman silenced her at once.

The day before Cecilia was to leave the hospital Scarlotti came in at the usual time, followed by a visitor. He would have gone on past the white ghost before him, had not Scarlotti stopped and spoken to it.

"Cecilia," he said, "my poor Cecilia!"

She coloured hotly and put out her hand.

"It's Gravey," she smiled. "Where did you find him, Scarlotti?"

"He's been worrying the life out of me for a week," she replied, and left them. Saxton looked about him in horror.

"Cecilia, to think of you here!"

"It isn't so bad; I've been almost happy here. It is so easy to lie here and let the days drift by me."

"How could you treat us all so? We have been nearly distracted about you. Richard and the Judge and I have spent every minute looking for you."

"The Judge?"

"Yes, he came to help me, I was so upset."

"Oh!"

"If it hadn't been for Miss Scarlotti we never would have found you."

"I did not know anything when they brought me here. Scarlotti gave them another name for me, and I have only been myself a little while."

"But you meant to send for us? Tell me that!"

"No, I meant to slip away. I still mean to."

"You can't do it. Now that I have found you, I shall take you back. Anne has a room all ready for you, and we all have orders that you are to be taken to her the minute you are found."

"To Anne and Bobby?" cried Cecilia, and then buried her face in her hands.

"Yes, back to the Lodge, where we can take care of you, my dearest dear."

"I can't go—it can never be the same now. Don't tempt me!" Cecilia answered him.

"Not the same? Why, what difference is there between now and the day you left us?"

"You all know who I am now."

"Yes, thanks be, we do. Only we've known all along what you were—the sweetest woman on this earth."

(To be continued.)

Hinchinbrooke Rally

WHEN Friday night came and it was still raining, there was nothing else to do but to see that our rainproofs were quite smart and tidy, ready for our Rally on Saturday, August 30th.

Fate deemed otherwise, the sun decided he had been sulky too long, and after playing peep-bo behind sundry clouds for some little while, shone in all its glory to cheer us on our way.

Where were we going? Why! fancy asking, when for a fortnight we had been so looking forward to going, as guests to Hinchinbrooke, the home of Lord and Lady Sandwich.

First we had our photographs taken, causing much laughter, as the iron rail many of our lassies sat on refused to bear the weight of the bonnie Hunts Land Girls.

Then we got ready to see our kind hostess.

The Land Girls marched first, followed by the Girl Guides, who gave the Girl Guides' salute to their chief, Lady Sandwich.

We then assembled to hear the address and to receive the Good Service Ribbon.

The address was most interesting, and it was very flattering, to hear the Girl Guides being told to take a pattern from the lassies who live on the land, and who hold their uniform as a uniform of pride and dignity.

The Girl Guides then gave a display, the older ones giving the Morse code, a drill, and a first-aid accident case.

Eight wee girls, known as the Brownies, gave a delightful dance, known as the Brownies' own dance, and this was done remarkably well for such tiny mites.

Another group then sang the Girl Guides' song, which was very pretty and also well done.

Some of the words still ring through my brain, as 'twould be a good thing if all took the verse to heart: "Keep the windows of your soul wide open, to let the sweet pure air in."

After this we had a very nice tea, not a war-time one by any means.

A bell was rung when it was time for the conjurer, and he really was most funny, little Lady Faith, Lady Sandwich's daughter, causing much laughter by wanting to see, first, to be sure he was not cheating us.

Needless to say, no defects were found, and we are still wondering how it was done.

Thomas, a doll, came next, but he was most rude, as he couldn't leave the Brownies alone, and was quite hurt because the Lassies had not brought any eggs with them.

When Thomas had been put to bed, and we could still our laughter, Miss Kimmond thanked Lady Sandwich most heartily on behalf of the Hunts girls for her kindness in giving us such a pleasant afternoon, and this was followed by loud cheers by both Land Girls and Guides.

As our train did not leave till 7.30, Lady Sandwich would not hear of us going before, so we were dancing on the lawn till we really had to hurry for fear of missing our train.

It really was a delightful day and one that is likely to be remembered by all the Huntingdonshire Land Girls, and the kindness of Lord and Lady Sandwich will long be appreciated.

E. E. CROYDON.



E. Suffolk Flax Gang.
Mending her boots. No! I don't want to be kissed

Herefordshire Flagsellers
for the L.A.A.S.
Comforts Fund.

Good Service Ribbons

Cheshire

A. Adams, M. Alcock, R. Ault, M. Blythe, Mrs. M. Barton, E. Burton, G. Bishop, P. J. Bishop, D. Gosling, G. Goldsmith, M. Massey, L. Lyatt, S. Neale, M. L. D. Proctor, M. Howard, Ada Holt, A. Cosgrove, J. Cooper, D. Craven, M. Connor, E. Barnes, Lucy White, Ivy Spencer, A. Chapman, M. Wainwright, F. Farrington, N. Walsh, H. Dodd, E. V. Waterfall, Rachel Oddie, Ruth Oddie, F. Tullett, B. Warburton, A. Hickson.

Herts

— Archer, — Stanhope Bell, — Blake, M. Collins, — Cobb, — Coxhead, — Davis, — Dearle, — Humphreys, M. Hindmarsh, — Honey, — Lowndes, — Moore, — Madeline, — Macdonald, — Seabrook, — Thomas.

Bedford

Edith Handicott, Kathleen O'Leary, Ethel Lane, Martha Turner, Mrs. Elizabeth Conway, Lilian Battlebury, Emily Clamp, Kate Watts, Edith Buckingham, Florence Higgs, Mrs. Pamphlett, Beatrice Gales.

West Riding

E. Thompson, E. Sylvester, M. Muirhead, M. Pearson, L. Rimmington, E. Ward, W. Stayte, A. Thompson.

Cardigan

Selina Quick, Catherine Hawkins.

Bucks

G. Godling, D. Mayne, L. Forrest, G. Grue, C. Keys, L. Allen.

Gloucestershire

Four small meetings were held in Gloucestershire, when Mrs. Bayne pinned on the awards and talked to the girls on "Land Settlement." Unfortunately the Bristol meeting was very short, owing to motor troubles, which caused Mrs. Bayne to be very late, and she was only able to speak to the girls for a short time. Mrs. Hiatt-Baker, President of the Land Workers' Club, gave away the ribbons after Mrs. Bayne had left.

P. Baker, M. A. Cooke, F. Cooke, E. Clark, D. Dayment, M. Filer, K. Fennelly, I. V. Frost, E. Gwynne, P. Hannis, C. Harris, E. Hodges, R. Keen, G. Laverton, L. Macklin, D. Merchant, A. Miles, A. Mitchell, L. Parker, C. Pitt, W. J. Sims, J. Stewart, F. Taylor, M. Trott, Mrs. E. Woolley, O. Rowe, E. Cook, M. Bomwick, M. Marsh, E. E. Spragg, G. Jordan, D. W. Edwards, E. Roberts, L. Jenkins.

Cirencester

E. M. Barratt, M. Bartlett, G. Berry, C. Dayment, V. B. Evans, Agnes Hicks, Doris Hope, E. Hunter, B. Casserley, W. Luce, Molly Perkins, E. Pittaway, E. M. Smith, L. R. Smith, L. Spragg, M. Thompson, E. Scurr.

Stroud

G. Brazenhall, S. Brunson, M. Davies, Edith Day, A. Essex, H. Ash, E. Papps, H. Robins, E. Finer, V. Fraser, E. Hicks, F. Hiscock, R. Jackson, M. Lloyd, I. Wiltshire, A. G. Joste.

Bristol

F. M. Boulton, A. Exell, F. Jones, M. Jones, E. Murray, M. Smith, Edith Boon, Elsie Boon, R. Brodie, D. Clarke, C. Shackleton.

Huntingdonshire

Fanny Mayle, Gertrude Mayle, Lily Dickens, Gladys Humbly, Florence Johnson, Carolina Clapp, Francis Wilker, Millie Heyl, Annie Mattinson, Louisa Hughes, Ellen Brown.

Northumberland

Dorothy Allison, Eliz. Armstrong, Annie Barkwill, Louisa Davidson, Jessie Davidson, Cammie Fortune, Ada Holding, Ellen McGhan, Jennie Patterson, Alice Stanley, Hannah Taylor, Ella Walker, Mary Watson, Amy Wood, Jennie Worsnop, Gladys Wilkinson, Dolly Wilkinson.

Somerset

E. Miles, A. Jones, M. V. Harrison, J. Hines, O. Male, E. Nuttycombe, C. Hares, K. Daniel, K. Stewart, K. Morris, A. Jewell, P. Hall, E. Thomas, A. Troake.

Hampshire

E. Bowhill, I. Clark, A. Carter, M. Clinch, I. Dick, V. Drewitt, D. E. Foord, F. F. Frant, J. E. Gray, F. Hall, G. Harding, L. Locke, E. H. Longman, M. Marsh, E. Masters, L. D. Miller, A. Neville, E. Nicholas, L. Paddick, A. Pattison, A. Pullom, I. Rook, L. Rook, I. Russell, A. Scarrott, E. Spiers, M. Selby, E. Trickett, E. Welsh, E. Wilkes.

Boston

— Phillips, — Lilley, M. Smith, M. A. Burke, E. Turner, C. Walker, I. W. Webb, E. Hawes, R. Hide, E. Terry, N. Greenwood, S. E. Bunton, E. M. Ruskin, S. Green, D. Rose, A. M. Jestic, M. Fry, D. Bishop, L. Osborn, J. Fraser, R. E. Wilby, M. Donaldson, D. A. Sabey, F. I. Lamb, E. Dagnall, G. Tonge, L. Reaney, A. Boyd, C. M. Kemble, E. D. Canning, O. Canning, Mrs. E. Taylor, E. E. Hawkes, M. E. Thomas, L. M. Marchant, G. K. Hill.

Leicestershire

J. James, J. Short, A. Morrison, R. Dixon, L. Hamison, H. Grewecock.

East Suffolk

D. Bond, Ethel Moore, Ruby Stokes, Emily Woods, Ethel Woolnough, R. Bond, A. Clary, E. Draper, D. Duck, D. Humphrey, Mrs. Irons, A. Nixey, E. Pipe, A. Scarrott, E. Stokes.

Cambridge

Lottie Corkill, Mrs. Lancashire, L. McNeill.

Wilts

ON Saturday, August 23rd, Lady Hobhouse invited a party of Land Girls to tea at her beautiful Manor House near Bradford-on-Avon. The welfare officer toiling uphill on her bicycle was passed by a jolly party from Haytesbury, whose employer had arranged to have them driven over in one of his cars. The Land Girls waved her a cheery greeting as they whizzed by.

A party of seventeen happy people sat round the tea table, with Lady Hobhouse at the head, and demolished a gorgeous tea. The huge cake, which was a centre of attraction, became pitifully reduced in a very short space of time.

From the window we gazed over a beautiful stretch of country. A long aisle of greensward, up which a herd of cows were grazing, stretched out towards the horizon and the blue distant hills.

After tea Lady Hobhouse presented Good Service Ribbons, and Miss Olivier, C.O.S., spoke a few words of congratulation and encouragement. There was hearty applause for Lady Hobhouse and for Miss Olivier.

After the presentation we all wandered out into the garden. The party broke up into little groups, and we had a chance of making friends with each other. Up and down the terrace we walked and talked until the darkness began to fall, and we had to make our different ways home, before lighting up time.

We all felt very grateful to Lady Hobhouse for her great kindness, and for the very jolly opportunity of getting to know each other.



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Nottingham

JUST picture for one moment a slightly chilly evening. Outside
the wind is commencing to rise and rain starts falling, that very
fine rain that wets one so very quickly.

Then for a short time let your thoughts wander to a "hostel"
set in the midst of trees, with a few fine fruit trees in front, but
not exactly an orchard. Then again, as it were, in the gloom
turn your eyes from the trees to the windows of the hostel.
Through them you see a bright light, and by the aid of it you
see a cosy kitchen, with a big fire glowing in the grate, and round
the fire are seated a dozen or more Land Girls with Miss Leach
in the midst of them. Having, in imagination, pictured this,
you have the whole scene.

Now for the Announcement.

We all seemed to be waiting for something to be said, but
what that "something" was, none could tell. Then Miss Leach
told us.

In a week's time, she said, there was going to be a Social held
in the Rest Room, and all girls who could possibly come would
be heartily welcomed by our good secretary, Miss Gordon. When
she had finished speaking, we were all as excited as school children
would be at a Sunday School Treat.

Then some of the girls said what they thought of doing, so
that when the good time came, they would be able to help to make
it one of the best Socials ever held. So through the following
week it was the same nearly every girl was practising her own
small part, some a little song, others a young poem.

Then that long-looked-for evening came. Girls flew breathless
here and there, so that none should be late. Then when all were
ready we took the car to the market, and made our way through
the crowd to the Rest Room, there to be cordially greeted by
Miss Gordon. But, alas, I was the wee-est little bit late for the
first exciting event, which was having photographs taken for
THE LANDSWOMAN.

After that there was an extraordinarily good game of chocolate
finding, and some girls had a nice little tempting heap of this
delicious food.

Then Miss Gordon told us of all the nice things that were going
to happen within the next two months, and when she had finished

speaking, every girl's face wore a look of that sweet happiness
which is very rarely seen on the faces of a whole congregation.
Each girl seems to know that when she goes to the Rest Room
there will always be something there to make her feel happy.

Worcester

I REALLY must tell you about the Peace Day celebrations in
Worcester on August 23rd. We all marched straight through
the city, by the Shire Hall, where the order "eyes left" was
given, and Earl Coventry took the salute from the base erected
for that day. On and on through the thronged street, and
almost deafening cheers, we passed until we neared the Cathedral.
Here alone was silence, for the cenotaph to the glorious dead is
erected in the Cathedral yard. Four V.C.'s with fixed bayonets
guarded the memorial, and in an enclosure near were a number
of the bereaved wives and mothers. At the cenotaph the order
"eyes right" was given, in order to salute.

Still on we went, but soon we parted from the rest of the
procession and made our way to Pitchcroft, where once again
everyone was gay, and where we were all to enjoy a hearty
dinner.

The expressions the people used to welcome the Land Army
were quaint. Here are two I heard from some boys: "Three
cheers for the women clodhoppers!" and "Hurrah! Here come
the cart wenches."

NOTICE.

CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER, 6d.

Don't forget to send the extra 3d. to your Magazine
Secretary.

Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.

Principles of Manuring

THE food of plants and the principles of manuring are subjects which must engage the attention of the cultivator. The following leaflets published by the Board of Agriculture should be studied:—Nos. 72, 93, 170, and 267, also F.P. leaflets 23, 27, 53 and 60. The amount of *lime* in the soil is a most important matter, for it influences (a) the mechanical condition of the soil (b) the health of the crops, (c) the action of various artificial manures.

The art of manuring is not restricted merely to supplying certain deficiencies in plant food. The cultivator must beware of getting his land into an intractable mechanical condition, and on some soils this will occur if certain artificial manures are persistently used. When substances like farmyard manure, leaves, plant and animal refuse of any kind are ploughed or dug under, the benefit derived from their decay is two-fold: (1) The soil is enriched by the addition of a certain amount of *all* the ingredients of plant food. (2) These organic materials gradually form humus or mould, the presence of which makes the soil workable and helps to absorb and retain water. Certain artificial manures are of the nature of chemical salts (*e.g.*, nitrate of soda, sulphate of ammonia, kainit and other potash salts), and the injudicious application of such substances has sometimes the effect of making the fine grains of soil cohere, with the result that the soil becomes sticky and a crust forms on the surface. Common salt may have the same effect. If the soil thus loses its mellow character and if no farmyard manure or kindred substances are available the cultivator should resort to "green manuring." This term means growing certain crops with a view to ploughing or digging them under, either when they are in a fresh state or when they have been cut down and partially withered. Now, leguminous crops possess special properties as restorative or enriching crops. Attached to the root fibres of these crops will be found numerous wart-like swellings called nodules; these are associated with certain living organisms which appear to utilise the nitrogen of the air which is in the soil and to elaborate this as food for the benefit of the plant itself. Thus this particular family of plants is enabled to make use of atmospheric nitrogen, and to be to some extent independent of the ordinary soil supplies of this ingredient of their food. Clearly, plants of this nature are especially valuable for green manuring, and vetches and trifolium (crimson clover) are commonly selected for the purpose. Mustard, rape and white turnips are quick growers and suitable for green manuring, though they may not enrich the soil to the same extent as the legumes do.

An Efficiency Test

A TEST was held at Mr. Rew's farm, Heavitree, just outside Exeter, on Thursday, September 11th.

I had to catch the 7.22 a.m. train to be in time, the test commenced just after 10. Arriving at Exeter at 8.30, I presented myself at the office. Outside, I met some girls on the same errand as myself, but who had gone through their milking test the day before and spent the night in the Y.W.C.A.

We girls boarded a tram which took us to Heavitree, and a walk of about 1½ miles brought us to the farm on which the test was to be held. First came horsework, which consisted of grooming and harnessing, putting the horse in the cart, taking it around through gateways and posts erected for the purpose, backing our carts into their places and letting out our horses taking them back to the stables and unharnessing them. Then came questions as to why were horses groomed, and the object of the various parts of the harness, etc.

Those who had done their horsework previously had been hoeing mangolds; we others arrived and took the hoes, while they went on hedge-paring. The field work finished, then came lunch, which was partaken of on the lawn. After lunch, those who had milked the day before were given buns and pastries and left for their particular stations. The milking test over and various questions asked about cows, we also were free to catch our trains, and now I am patiently waiting to hear the results and can only hope I am not an absolute failure.

Mr. Rew was one of the judges.

H. B.

East Kent

WE deeply regret to announce the death of Miss K. Bex, one of our tractor drivers. She passed away at her home at Hamsey Green, Surrey, September 3rd. She is now resting in the peaceful churchyard of Sanderstead. Those who knew her will always remember her courage and devotion to work. She was one of the most skilled and reliable workers in the county, and she was a well-known figure in the neighbourhood of Wye. She was one of those to whom we owe the splendid success of the Women's Land Army.

The beginners' prize for swimming has been awarded to Miss Apps. She has shown much perseverance.

The first L.A.A.S. to emigrate from East Kent is Miss Longman. She sailed September 17th for Canada, where she goes to farm with her family. We wish her the best of luck.

Miss O'Connell gained 97 per cent. and several others received high marks in the efficiency test for milkers. They were examined by Miss Howard, Technical Inspector. M. H. K., Welfare Officer.



Britain's Women Workers

need to protect the complexion, otherwise the skin becomes coarse, red, and rough, and the face unattractive.

The woman who uses Pomeroy Day Cream regularly need have no fears regarding her complexion. Just a dab of Pomeroy Day Cream once or twice a day will keep your complexion clear, your skin soft and supple, and prevent those blemishes which so often follow exposure to all kinds of weather.

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Flax Pulling in East Suffolk

FLAX is now being very largely grown in East Suffolk, the soil being particularly suited to this kind of crop, and this year the Land Army was asked to provide a small gang of workers for flax pulling in Little Blakenham.

It was a very hot Sunday evening, in August, that four L.A.A.S., complete with kitbags, etc., bundled out of the London train and made their way to the cottage which had been furnished specially for them. There they found the rest of the gang, including the forewoman, who had arrived the day before and had spent their time in getting everything shipshape. The first introductions over, everyone was quite at home, and the next few minutes saw us cheerfully carrying beds and bedding out into the garden. Great amusement was caused by one bedstead, which was so overcome by the prospect of being slept upon outside that it entirely collapsed and had to be supported with a log of firewood!

Most of us had never even seen flax grow, much less pulled it, so we were all anxious to get down to the field and start work next day. It was surprising to find how pretty the flax looks when growing. It has a blue flower and when fully grown stands about 1½ ft. high. The stalk is used in the manufacture of aeroplane wings and consequently every bit must be pulled up. We soon found that there is quite a knack of pulling, but, once this has been mastered, the work is quite simple, though very monotonous and back-aching.

The weather was all in our favour, and we were able to get a good start the first week. Sunday morning found us *en route* for Felixstowe, where we spent the day and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, picnicking on the beach in the approved Land Army fashion, and paddling, etc. But all good things come to an end, so at the close of a beautiful day we boarded the return boat and "so home to bed"—to quote Mr. Pepsy.

The next week flax pulling operations were hampered by rain, but we were glad to have an easy day or two at home, and managed to liven ourselves up with dancing in the limited space our cottage afforded, to the strains of an impromptu jazz band. (The washing-up bowl made an excellent drum!) The rest of the week the weather was fine, and we made up for our two days' dissipation by working until after sundown, arriving home at 10 p.m., dead tired and hungry. With the week broken into, however, it did not seem long before Saturday came round again, and we were off once more to the seaside, some of us spending the night, by kind invitation, at a farmhouse near, and the rest following by the first train on Sunday morning. This time not only our C.O.S., but several other L.A.A.S. from neighbouring farms, joined us, and we spent a most enjoyable day on the beach. Afterwards we were all entertained to tea by the Committee, and I think I may say that we did justice to the excellent cakes which had been provided for us!

The remainder of our month's stay was spent at Work, with a capital W, as the rain had by this time put us so far behind with the field that it was necessary to put in every available minute there, including Sundays. But it is a long lane that has no turning, and at last the day came when the last blade of flax was pulled and the last bundle tied, and we left the field for the last time. As we walked wearily homewards the general feeling was that we had had enough of flax to last a lifetime!

And yet, such is the call of the land, I sometimes wonder if those of the gang who are still in the Old Country—for some hope to emigrate—will not find themselves back in the flax fields next year.

Perhaps they will—who knows?

ARCHIBALD, EX-L.A.A.S.

Cheshire Land Army

A SUPPLEMENTARY distribution of Good Service Ribbons was held at Macclesfield on July 30th for the girls of the Western Area, and about 35 L.A. members were presented with the award by Lady Broadhurst.

They were met on arrival at the station, and escorted with much ceremony to the Town Hall, where they were received by the Mayor and Mayoress in their official capacity.

The girls were addressed by the Chairman of C.W.A. Executive Committee, by the Rev. E. Auden, hon. sec., and by Lady Broadhurst. They then came forward to receive their G.S.R. from Lady Broadhurst, who warmly congratulated each recipient, and their reports were read out by the Organising Secretary, showing how well they had all deserved this honour.

After being photographed, an excellent tea was provided by the Committee, followed by a short meeting, when the aims of the Cheshire Land Girls' Association was carefully explained to those present, and the whole matter freely discussed.



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LONDON.

In Camp with my Wife

"It was during my training for farm work that I first met my wife; one evening we were out learning to mow, and while she waited she made a wreath of flowers and put it on her head. I then escorted her home and announced my intention of getting married. Since then we've gone as hubby and wife. In due time a place was vacant; I was to go, taking another girl with me. Of course, as I had a wife, there was no question as to who should go.

"It was a great day of excitement travelling to our first place. A nice homely-looking farmer met us at the station, and by the time we reached our destination we were certain we should like him and all his farmyard possessions. After living in lodgings for a week, we were moved to a cricket pavilion in the park; there we determined to stay until our time was up to return.

"Everybody seemed to take up the fun with us and were willing to lend us the articles we required for housekeeping, and we soon got snug and cosy. The first night we found the boards dreadfully hard, but we contrived a bed of clothes for the next night, and then we had a bed of straw, finally we had the joy of a real mattress, sent to us by the lady of the village, together with two quilts, a bolster and a delicious basket of fruit.

"We got on very well together, 'my wife and I,' and when I come to think of it, there's not many hubbies that will cook the dinner and clean the floor. We used an oil stove for cooking the breakfast, and a bonfire for cooking our evening meal, and putting ready what could be done for the next day, such as making puddings and cakes, which proved great fun; nevertheless, they were jolly good and we enjoyed the life.

"Our nearest town was about five miles away, so on Saturday night we used to get in our provisions for the week. On one occasion we took our kit-bag to carry plenty; we put all sorts of goods in together and started homeward; we hadn't gone far when a kind farmer offered us a lift. Of course, we got up, only too grateful for a ride, and pushed the kit-bag into the bed of the cart. Eventually, we arrived home and unpacked our goods, but, oh! horrors! the whole lot was swimming in treacle; the lid had come off the tin and—the bird had flown; we gathered up the remains in a basin and let it stand over night. We were delighted next day to find all the bits had risen to the surface, leaving the syrup quite clear."

Landswoman Portrait Gallery

The Distinguished Service Bar has been awarded to the following L.A.A.S.

BRIDGEMAN, MISS FRANCES E. (Lancs.).—For exceptional courage and devotion to duty. Miss Bridgeman, at the risk of her own life, stuck to an "Overtime" tractor which had got completely out of control on Smithy Brow, and undoubtedly saved the tractor from utter destruction. Miss Bridgeman's photograph appeared in September.

BEVIS, MISS (Devonshire).—For exceptional courage and presence of mind when in charge of a cow which, after calving, had become savage and dangerous. She tried to gore all who went near her, but Miss Bevis with great courage approached the cow, who knew her and allowed her to pet and pick up the calf.

LEONARD, MISS (Wiltshire).—In recognition of exceptional skill and devotion to duty in the Tractor Service of the Board. She won the County Championship and has broken several records. During last harvest she cut over 120 acres of wheat in one week.

FISHER, MISS (Norfolk).—In recognition of exceptional devotion to duty during a fire at her employer's house. She worked indefatigably and showed great courage in attempting to extinguish the flames.

HOCKIN, MRS. (Devonshire).—In recognition of especially good work, and skill and devotion shown by her in the course of her employment. She has done much to arouse enthusiasm for the Land Army in Devon and got 100 recruits in that county.

FISHER, MISS L. M. (East Sussex).—For great courage and presence of mind shown in saving a fellow-worker when attacked by a bull. The animal was loose in the stall when the cowman entered. He was about to chain the animal up when it knocked him down and began to gore him. Hearing his cry, Miss Fisher



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A. Fisher.

—Walde (sitting)
R. Leversuch.
M. Bevis.

rushed in and, jumping the barrier, attacked the bull, kicking his nose. The bull backed from her kicks and the man was able to get up on the manger and attract the bull's attention whilst Miss Fisher made her escape.

MCCRAE, MISS D. S. (Cumberland).—In recognition of exceptional skill and devotion to duty when working as a tractor driver. The President of the Board of Agriculture, Lord Lee, has sent her a message of special appreciation from himself for the distinguished work she has done in the Tractor Service of the Board. Miss McCrae is at present in charge of the tractor department for a firm of contracting engineers.

HARRISON, MISS L. (Hampshire).—In recognition of great courage and devotion to duty when, at considerable personal risk to herself, she succeeded in rescuing a pony which was being attacked by a hunter. Hearing a horse crying pitifully she and a fellow-worker ran to the stables to find a hunter had broken loose and got into the next stall with a little pony and was kicking and biting her. The foreman was fetched, but he did not think it safe to go near them. Miss Harrison, however, managed to squeeze past and separate them and saved the pony from being badly bitten.

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.1, or they may be handed to any bookseller.

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Drawing by Fred Pegram

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