

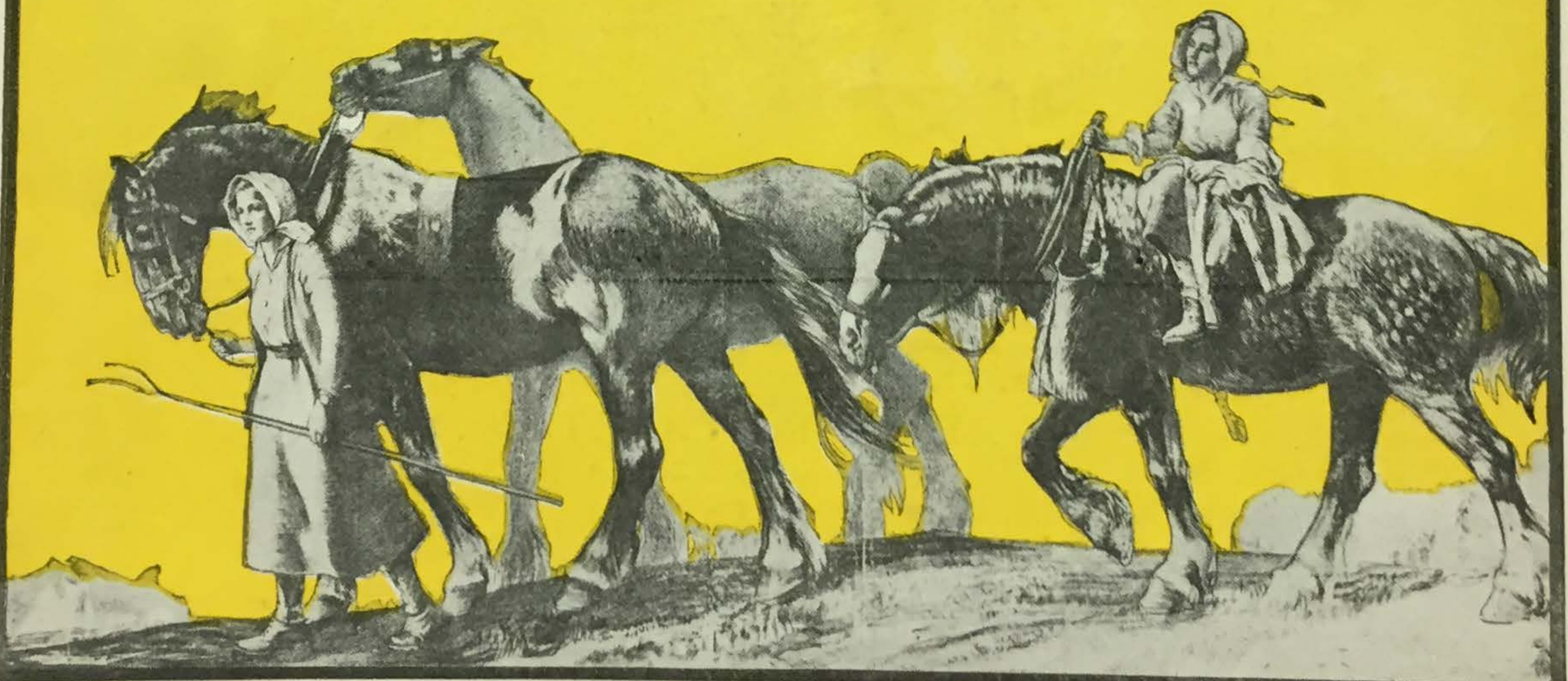
INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURAL  
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UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD



# The LANDSWOMAN

NOVEMBER 1919  
No. 23 ❖ Vol. II

Price  
3d





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## WINTER ON THE LAND

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

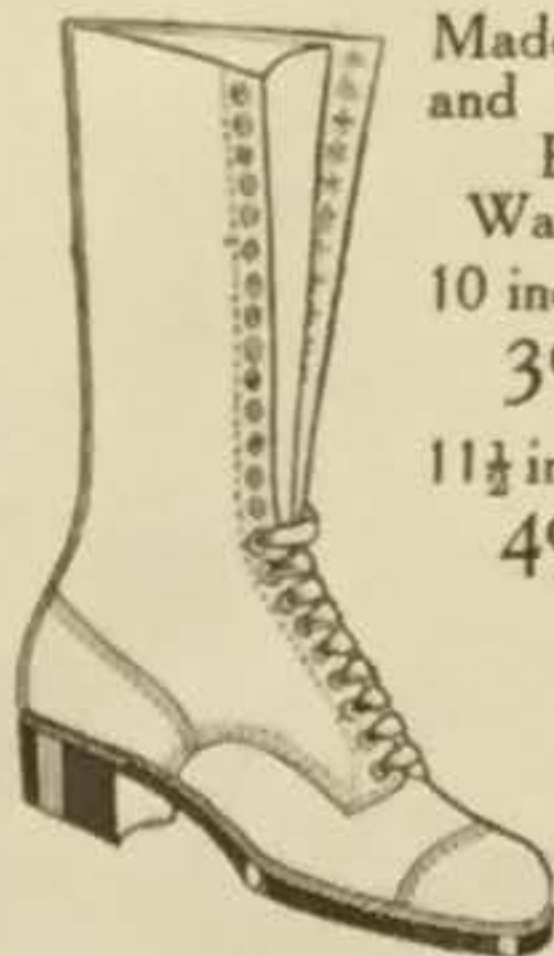
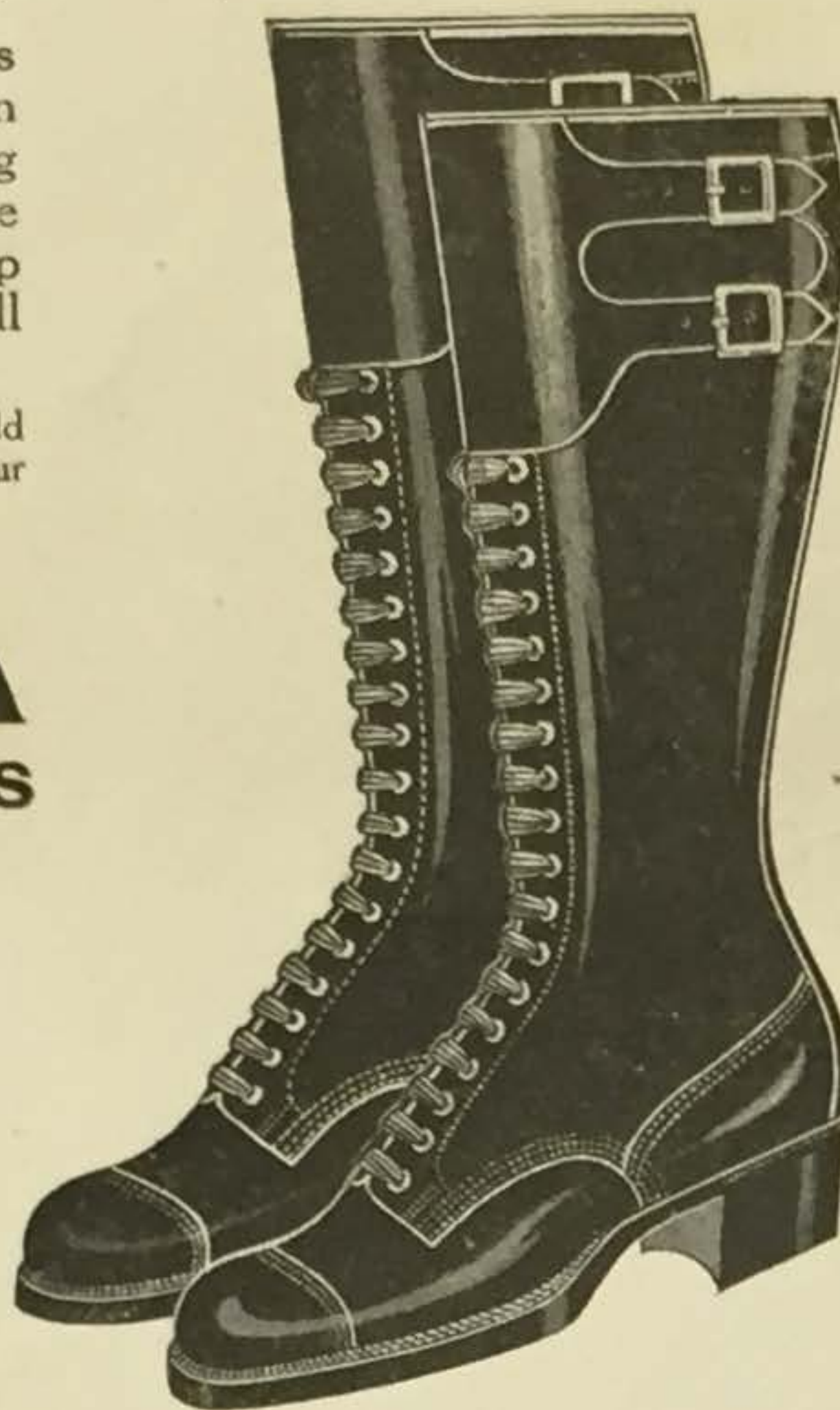
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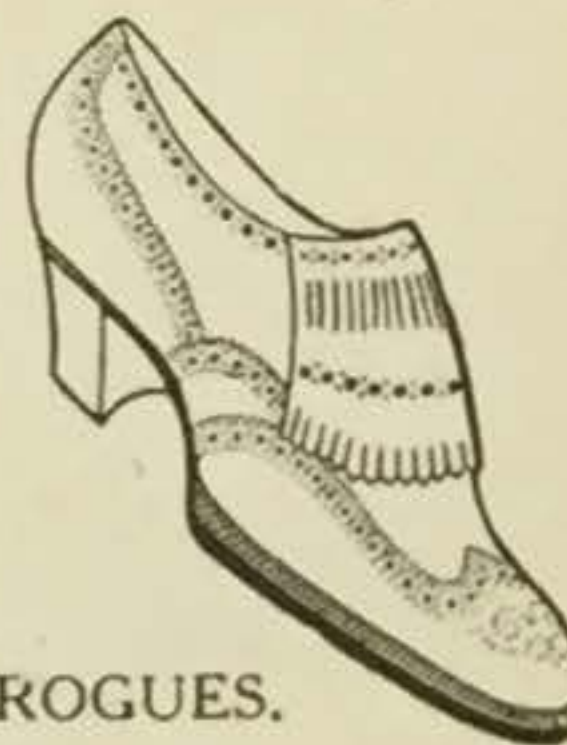


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Vol. II., No. 11

NOVEMBER, 1919

# THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Army and Every Country Woman

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



Are we Downhearted?

[Photo: H. W. Nicholls.]



## Apples

FROM the time of Eve, which is going a good long way back, apples have played a part in history which only true humility could have supported. For apples are certainly humble fruit. They are not grown in hothouses like grapes or peaches, and the boy in the street can munch them without attracting the attention which might be drawn to him if he went about consuming melons or pineapples (pineapples, by the way, seem to have been named all wrong). John Burroughs says of this same boy: "The boy is indeed the true apple-eater, and is not to be questioned how he came by the fruit with which his pockets are filled. It belongs to him, and he may steal it if it cannot be had in any other way. His fruit eating has little reference to the state of his appetite. Whether he be full of meat or empty of meat, he wants the apple just the same. Before meal or after meal, it never comes amiss. The farm-boy (or farm-girl) munches apples all day long. He has nests of them in the haymow, mellowing, to which he makes frequent visits. The apple is indeed the fruit of youth. As we grow old we crave apples less. It is an ominous sign. When you are ashamed to be seen eating them on the street; when you can carry them in your pocket and your hand not constantly find its way to them; when your neighbour has apples and you have none, and you make no nocturnal visits to his orchard; when your lunch basket is without them and you can pass a winter's night by the fireside with no thought of the fruit at your elbow, then be assured you are no longer a boy, either in heart or years."

It was an apple, a golden one though, which defeated fleet-footed Atalanta, for Hippomenes, in the race which she insisted on running with her suitors, dropped golden apples, given him by Aphrodite, and the lady stopped to pick them up. And one of the labours of Hercules was to fetch from the garden of the Hesperides the golden apples which the Earth had caused to grow as a marriage gift for Hera, the Queen of Heaven.

Coming to rather later times, we find Sir Isaac Newton discovering the existence of the laws of gravitation through seeing an apple fall. I was down in Sussex the other day, visiting an old house where generations of Newtons have lived. On going out into the garden my first request was to be shown the tree from which Sir Isaac had seen the apple fall. My disappointment was great when it could not be identified! And talking of Sussex reminds me again of apples—the ones that grow at Miss Moore's school for gardeners at Glynde. For last year, when apples were cheap at a shilling each, and the very sight of one made your mouth water, I chanced to go one afternoon in late October to one of the Horticultural Society's Exhibitions at Westminster. And there I saw, displayed in the space allotted to Miss Moore and her garden students, the most glorious pyramid of beautifully polished apples it has ever been my luck to set eyes on. Later on, when I had a chance to chat with Miss Moore, I complimented her on the beautiful polish of her apples, and asked her which of her girls had rubbed them up so well, and had evidently put so much elbow grease on the job. Her indignation was supreme. Her apples

polished! The sun shining over the sea, helped perhaps by the kiss of the wind blowing across the downs, was responsible for all the polish they had ever received. Frankly, I couldn't believe it. Why you could almost see your face in the big reddy yellow rosy things, and nothing would please her but I must promise to go down to Glynde this autumn to see with my own eyes these iridescent spherical mirrors, not burnished by any hands, suspended from the trees in the glorious orchards at Ragged Lands.

L.A.A.S. have been very busy this season picking apples in the Wisbech area, and it is easy to tell from the happy faces on another page, how greatly they have enjoyed their job. If you don't believe me, read this letter—which I received only this morning from one of them:—

"Apples, apples everywhere!

"Trees covered with rosy 'Bramblers,' and breaking under 'Newtons,' 'Lord Nelsons,' and scores of others. Some small, some round, and some five-pounders!

"Onward rolled our train, conveying us to the great orchard country of England, which was to be our destination from the golden month of August till the snows will cap the earth.

"Weren't we a merry, joyous, healthy little crowd that warm, bright day, as we were carried faster, faster, past orchard after orchard, till the train should stop with a bump, and all our heads try to squeeze out of one window to find our Welfare Officer, who would be awaiting us? Out of the train and off to billets was the next move, with any amount of instructions to be ready in time for the 'lorries' which were to convey us to work on the morrow.

"On to the bridge 'buzzed' the old lorry, and we tumbled helter skelter over each other in our eagerness to get front places. Surely we could manage without ladders, or would the farmers insist on these being mounted? we wondered.

"Now to work. Ten to pick, six to pack, six to sort, and five to grade.

"Down the field, or rather 'lines,' we went, as we were now between two huge Army huts, packed high with baskets, trays and empties of all sorts. What an orchard! How we ten worked; basket after basket was taken up to the busy packers and graders, who never stopped a moment, as all knew so much must be ready by 3 o'clock to go to the station.

"As the day wore on, baskets were piled high with every detail of packing complete. Green covers finished off first grade; blue, seconds, and so on.

"Big five-pounders in barrel: all placed like a jig-saw puzzle, so that they fitted in like a complete round or square.

"'Tubs this way; hampers that!' shouts the foreman, and we know the lorries are waiting to take the fruits of our day's toil to the station.

"Now for more baskets to start away at the 'fallings,' and one more hour's work until the gong on the packing sheds announces 'work over' for the day.

"Then way home to billets we go, piled high on every corner and crank of the lorries, and down into the village along with crowds of carts and conveyances, all crammed with other happy





[Photo: A. H. Nicholls.





pickers, as rosy as the 'brambles' they have been pulling.

"A long wash, clean smocks, and then tea till 6 o'clock strikes, and all hop out once more to the club to dance, and read, and play games with all the others stationed in the village.

"Who would not like to go 'applling'?"

Apples are responsible, too, for very many of our most familiar quotations:

"Keep me as the apple of the eye;"

"Stolen apples are sweet;"

"A goodly apple rotten at the heart,  
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath,"

etc., etc.

Even the prophets begged to be "comforted with apples." But I think the best of the lot—and the truest—is the old saying: "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

### After Apple-picking

**M**Y long two-pointed ladder's sticking through  
a tree,

Toward heaven still.

And there's a barrel that I didn't fill

Beside it, and there may be two or three

Apples I didn't pick upon some bough.

But I am done with apple-picking now.

Essence of winter sleep is on the night,

The scent of apples: I am drowsing off.

I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight

I got through looking from a pane of glass

I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough

And held against the world of hoary grass.

It melted, and I let it fall and break,

But I was well

Upon my way to sleep before it fell,

And I could tell

What form of dreaming was about to take,

Magnified apples appear and disappear,

Stem end and blossom end,

And every fleck of russet showing clear,

My instep arch not only keeps the ache,

It keeps the pressure of a ladder-round.

I feel the ladder sway as the boughs bend,

And I keep hearing from the cellar bin

The rumbling sound

Of load on load of apples coming in.

For I have had too much

Of apple-picking: I am overtired

Of the great harvest I myself desired.

ROBERT FROST.

### Late News

#### The Dairy Show

**J**UST as we are going to press comes the news that 9 out of the 17 L.A.A.S. who entered for the Milking Competition at the Dairy Show have won prizes:—

*First Prize*—Mrs. Dora Russell, Bedford (trained in Surrey).

*Second Prize*—Miss F. Matthews, Surrey.

*3 Third Prizes*—Miss E. Stevens, Surrey; Miss D. Tapsfield, Berks; Miss O. Allsworth, Middlesex.

*3 Fourth Prizes*—Mrs. Jones, Bucks; Miss Lily Smith, Hants; Miss W. Bush, Essex.

*Fifth Prize*—Miss C. Norton, Herts.

A detailed article on the Dairy Show, with photographs, will appear in the Christmas Number.



# IMPORTANT

## TO ALL WOMEN LANDWORKERS

Now that Demobilisation is imminent, we feel it a fitting tribute to your splendid work to safeguard your interests in every possible way. Our aim, therefore, is to form a National Association of Landswomen—an efficient and conscientious body of workers. “Unity is strength,” and we want a membership of at least 8,000.

Membership Subscription, 1d. per week, payable quarterly in advance.

Our aims and objects are :

- A. Advancement of agricultural efficiency among women.
- S. Social and recreative benefits.
- S. Settlement on the land at Home.
- O. Or Overseas.
- C. Clothing, uniform, and boots, purchased in bulk, and sold at rates within the reach of all.
- I. Individual and collective effort to uphold goodwill between employer and employee, and the prevention of hardship and unfair treatment.
- A. Advice as to conditions and possibilities of employment in agriculture and horticulture.
- T. Training facilities in all branches of agriculture and horticulture.
- I. Institutions or hostels for those who have no homes to go to in times of sickness, temporary disablement, or unemployment, for which purpose special subscriptions will be raised.
- O. Opportunity for raising the status of the worker.
- N. National comradeship of women landworkers both at Home and Overseas.

This is *your* concern.

Every member has a voice in her own interests.

The Association is self-governing and self-supporting.

We are out to do our best in your interests. Join for your own benefit and that of your fellow-workers. You will have the County Branch to assist you locally, and the Central Council at Headquarters backing you all the time.

Give in your name without delay to your County Secretary.



## The Restfulness of London

By Locksley Hall

MY niece Gladys confided to me, when I ran down to my brother's farm for the week-end, that she was "bored stiff" with the monotony of country life.

To me, the routine of work on the land appeared sheer hustle. There was always some important detail that had almost been overlooked, some beast needing special care, some fresh crisis rising like a wave behind the crisis safely passed.

But all this and more was commonplace to Gladys, and failed to satisfy her craving for Life with the big "L." It may have been her parents' fault for giving her that name. How could anybody called Gladys rest content with pig-feeding and butter making all her days?

### PUTTING IT TO THE TEST.

"I wish," sighed the bored maiden, "some fairy would whisk me off to London for a day or two, just to see something moving."

"London," I replied, "is by no means the merry-go-round of your imagination; it bores me exceedingly every day."

"O, uncle, what rot!" (some town friends had enriched her vocabulary as well as excited her wonder). "Why, nobody could possibly get bored in London."

"Everybody is not bored, I admit; many Londoners are too lazy to get bored, and they set the pace. But I am quite willing to put our views to the test. Will you come back with me and see what the great City is really like?"

Gladys behaved like an exuberant dog released from its chain, and the bargain was struck.

I timed the journey so that we arrived at London Bridge Station about midday, when all respectable railways are asleep. As we walked over the bridge my companion stared in amazement at the moored barges, the lazy ships, and especially at the fringe of tireless watchers leaning on the parapet.

"What are all these people staring at?" she asked. "Are they all country cousins, or has somebody dropped a pearl necklace over the edge?"

"These people," I explained, "are among the toilers of London; they are watching the ships below in the forlorn hope that a rash docker will stick his hook in another man's leg, or that a rusty chain may break and drop a box of eggs. The only hustlers about the neighbourhood are the gulls, and they are not Londoners."

"The gulls seem to be scolding the people, and telling them to get a move on," commented Gladys. "I never dreamt London could be so sleepy. It wants dad round, with his whip."

"That is why London is constantly importing Scotch, Welsh, and West Country men. All our hustlers come from the back o' beyond."

"O, come along, uncle; show me something alive. These buzzers move, anyhow."

We mounted a buzzer, waited half an hour for the "block to clear," then jumped out and walked briskly westward. But with the lunch hour came a slow stream of people.

"This is better," said Gladys, and really thought so until she found our pace limited to one mile an hour. With luck we found a bus on the move, and

eventually reached Whitehall, where Gladys admired the big buildings. For some time we stood or strolled about near the great offices where the work of the Empire is done. For all the life and movement we could discover they might have been huge haystacks. Leisurely folk passed them by, but none dared or cared to enter their sacred portals. That is, none but Gladys, who dragged me into one of the vast halls.

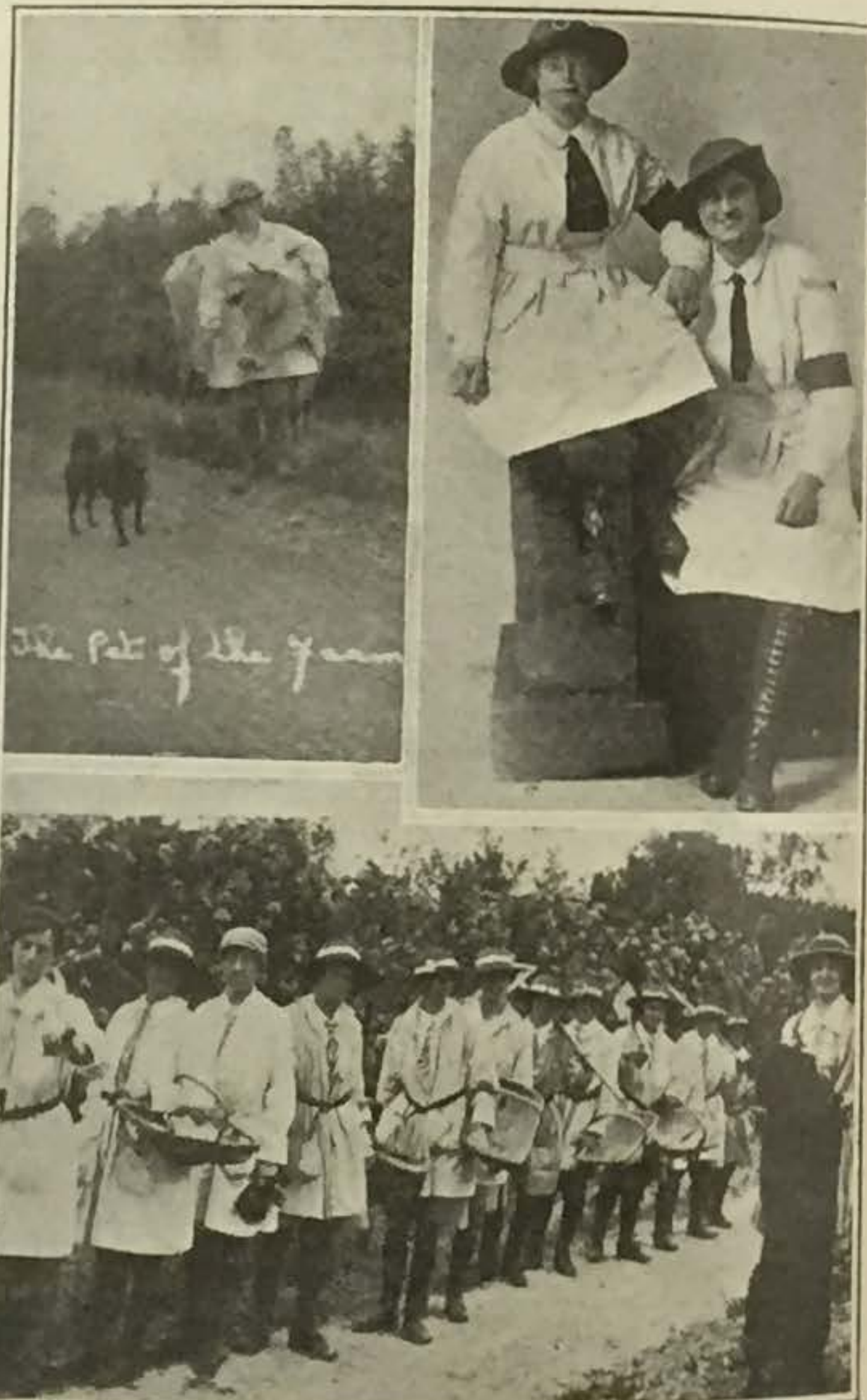
### THE THEATRE YAWN.

There we were confronted by a solemn, tortoise-like official, who roused himself sufficiently to ask our business. Emboldened by my niece's presence, I asked to see a dignitary slightly known to me.

"Sir ——— never comes to town on Mondays, sir."

This to my ineffable relief, as we turned away; my niece full of amazement at the restfulness of London.

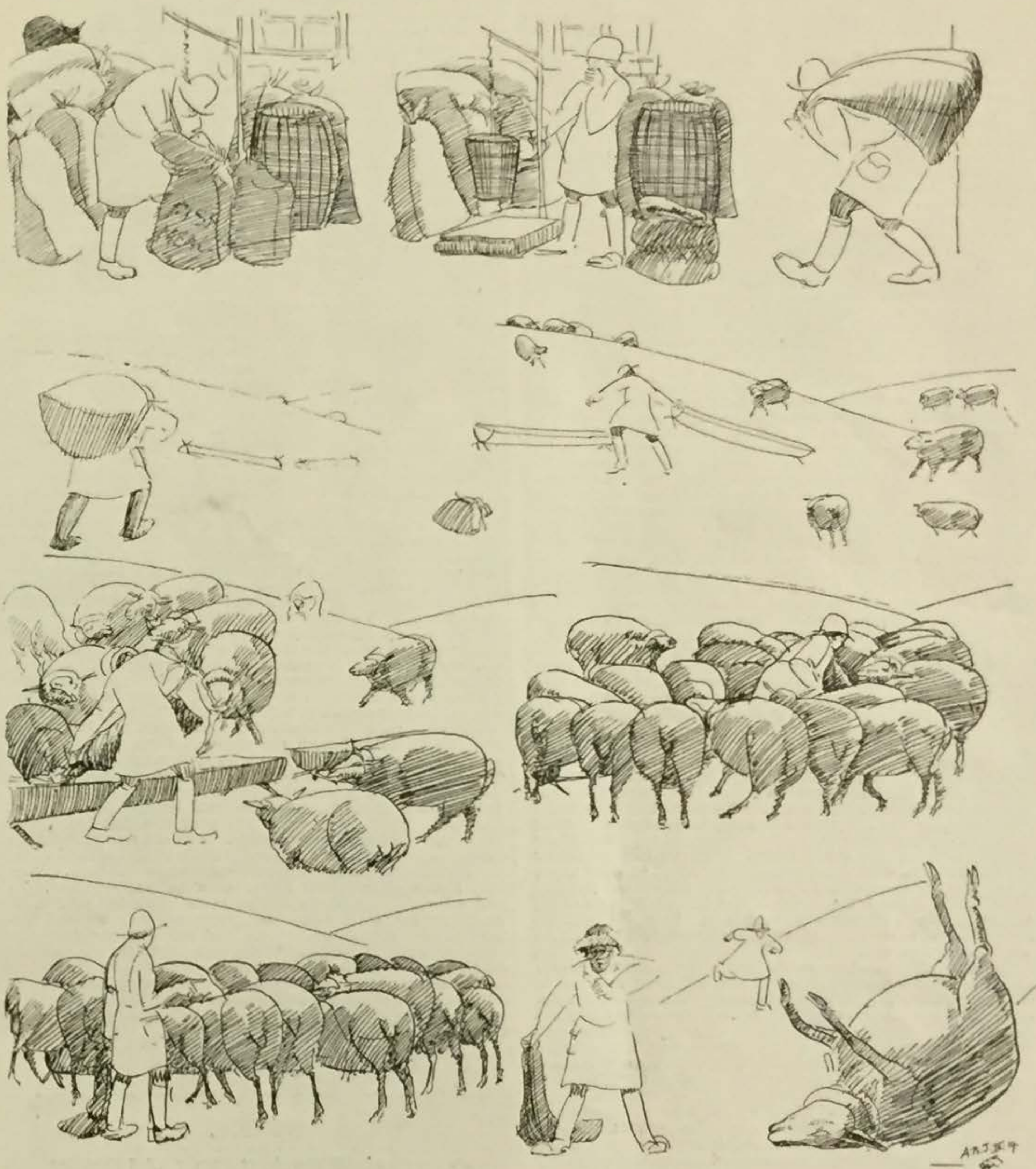
But it was the theatre which finally disabused her mind of its "bustling London" nonsense. True, the American play was lively enough, but the stalls were one great yawn. Halfway through Gladys whispered, "Let's cut, uncle; I must get home to-morrow and see life."—*Daily Chronicle*.



The Pet of the Farm. A. Bohills and M. Harrison, D.S.B.  
Miss Moore and Her Gardeners.



## The Joys of the Land Army



No. VI.—Shepherding



## My Ideal Small Farm. III.

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

A MODEST start is usually made where one engages in small farming, but the drawback to working on small lines is the difficulty of getting sufficient return for the first season or so. On my plan of working up the poultry section a good return is given for a reasonable capital, and that is why I am always so strong on this branch. In short, poultry give the greatest return per acre of stock or crops. It is a bold statement to make, but it is nevertheless true. The risk, too, is much smaller than in any other section. Where one, for instance, spends most of his capital on cows, not only are the returns limited, but they are not easy to manage until one is fully experienced. If, too, one loses a valuable cow the loss is decidedly heavy, and one would, on present prices, have to lose thirty or more of the hundred pullets to equal the loss of one of the larger animals. It is upon the smaller stock, which carry with them the best of all qualifications for the small farmer—viz., rapid production and intensive handling—that one should rely in becoming established. Thus I would develop the poultry and pig side of the holding, and let the cows come last. Rapid production means quick profits, which in turn allow one to build up a farm from the surplus fund. The crops would be developed to meet in time, as far as possible, the demand made upon them by the stock kept.

There is this to be said of poultry, that the life of the hen as a layer is limited to two years; hence, purchasers must be continually needing fresh stock. In like manner hens are kept largely in backyards—in fact, I might truly say that the backyarder is the backbone of the industry as regards demand. The general farmer ignores the claims of the hens on his farm, and therefore it is for such small farmers to whom I address these notes to supply that huge army of backyard poultry-keepers with the stock they require season after season. From 1914 to 1918 that army has been increased fourfold, and all have been educated to the value of the pedigree bred-to-lay pullet. But, owing to their confined quarters, they do not breed, thus leaving an open field to those who will become stock-breeders. The cult of the hen has so spread since 1914 that it is quite common to-day to hear the cackle of the layer on many city roof-tops.

There will be a great tendency for small farmers to engage in market-gardening as the special branch. Upon first thoughts that might appear a splendid line. I would remind my readers, however, that the allotment craze has spread rapidly since 1914, and may do more so in the future. Now, it is not reasonable to expect Mr. Jones, who has an allotment, to buy produce from you, so that one must watch the markets closely ere taking a leading step in this direction. For produce out of season and such-like there is always a good market, and one would naturally be wise to cater for same. But such crops need a first-class husbandman to make the most out of them, and, unless one is fully experienced in such work, they are best treated as side-lines until one is sure of success in hitting them home as a speciality. The question of markets is always vitally important with these lines, and when one has settled down and got to know his bearings in this direction then is the time to take them up.

Time and labour are important factors, calling for careful attention. In all cases should the farm be planned on time- and labour-saving lines as it gradually gets into shape. In some instances the small farmer will have the help of his wife or his children or both, or two persons may be joining hands as working partners. In all that one does the question of time and labour should be taken into consideration. With poultry the labour is not excessive, and with ducks it is less so. What is more, both branches are suitable to hand over in time to the farmer's wife. My post-bag tells me plainly that the wife is just as keen on the husband's farming scheme as he is. That arranged, the farmer can set to work on other branches, merely supervising his wife's poultry routine.

Pounds, shillings and pence will have a say in many schemes, and of course the amount of capital available must be given its full due. Some will have but £50 to start with, others £100, £200, £250, £300, and many over £500. In each and every case must the individual go into all the pros and cons. It is strange, yet true, that I have great difficulty in ascertaining from some of my students what capital they have. Upon pressure I often get a reply couched in such words as the following: "You need not worry about capital; that is ample"; or, "Capital is no consideration; it is *ad lib.*" It is wrong to work out schemes without taking into full account the amount of capital; it makes all the difference between success and failure. Sovereigns are to one man what farthings are to another! Even with unlimited capital, it is well to start in a reasonably small way, and get to walk firmly ere trying to run.

My sixteen to twenty acre farm has been planned to meet the circumstances of all with a reasonable amount of money. The meadow and pasture land can be wiped out, together with the cows, and the two acres of land for crops can go. Most of the specialist poultry-farms are in the neighbourhood of six to eight acres, and it is surprising what can be done on a small farm. Before the war one of my students had an eight-acre farm devoted

chiefly to poultry with pigs, and utility goats as the side-line. To-day she has 100 select pedigree breeding hens, 6 cows, 8 breeding sows, 4 stores, and 1 pure pedigree boar (pigs on open-air system), and grows food for the stock—all on the eight acres. Pigs and cows have been returning excellent profits and she has accommodated herself to the times, which is, of course, the right thing to do when you become established. You will naturally watch your accounts for each branch, to see where to invest the profits as you go along.

The person with the small amount of capital, say £100, can still take up poultry on a small scale. The day-old chick and duckling trade represents an open field for those who invest in a few incubators and foster-mothers, later on increasing their incubator capacity. The eggs would have to be purchased from reliable local breeders possessing good strains and contracts for supply at agreed prices entered into. The hatcher would have to make the channels of sale by local advertising, and so forth. He might arrange, sooner or later, for corn-chandlers to have a display of his chicks in their windows, and to take orders on commission. Here is where the business element will score. Out of the profits more incubators would be purchased, and each season trade would increase until with the capital available he could keep his own breeding stock to supply eggs for the machines. The sale of day-old chicks and ducklings would be a seasonable trade, but when fully established there is sufficient profit made in six months to satisfy one for a full year. And with breeding stock kept these would in out of seasons be giving new-lays for sale. Take a discharged soldier with a pension and £100 to invest. With a kitchen garden, a sow, some rabbits, and the day-old chick investment he could help to make himself and family self-supporting, and also work up a profitable business.

When a person is seized with fever that bids him go on to the land he forgets all else except Arcadia. This is rather an unwise policy. The discharged man should certainly answer carefully my question, "What were you before the war?" Having replied he must weigh things up and see how far his back-to-the-land idea and his pre-war occupation will go hand in hand. This will not apply, perhaps, to the person with sufficient capital for his farm undertaking, but it will appeal forcibly to the man with short savings. In securing a living from the land the vital period is at the start, and, where one man who hurries matters will fail, another man, who is bent on a sound but slow beginning, with a post at the back of him, will pull through.

It is unwise to play for too big stakes right away, although by all means let the objective be a good one. Time must, however, be allowed for such development to be made. As I have said, make full use of the outbuildings and existing plant, and remember that there is no ideal ready-made farm. If you insist on having so many bedrooms and so forth to the house, then your capital will have to be unlimited. If you cannot afford a horse, then try a donkey, and, if "Neddie" is ruled out for the same reason, do not be ashamed of a hand-cart to take produce and empties to and from the station. Work up the ladder gradually, placing the foot firmly on each rung to prevent any slipping back. Make the farm, too, support the household as far as possible. If you cannot afford a cow, keep a goat (or two); you can then have your home-produced butter, cream, cheese, and meat. Your pig will give you your breakfast-bacon, and the poultry eggs and table chickens. You can rear your turkey for Christmas, and have occasionally treats of goslings and ducklings, not to forget a fat tame table-rabbit now and then. Your fruit and vegetables will follow as a natural sequence. As soon as possible master the feeding of the stock and produce as much food for them as possible. There will be roots, and perhaps cereals, hay, clover, lucerne, and such-like, and then you must pass along the waste. In the latter direction the pigs will get all the small potatoes and waste green-stuff; also the buttermilk, whey, etc. The rabbits will also claim their share of green-stuff, and the poultry will need some of the potatoes, particularly chickens being fattened. Hand everything down, and avoid waste.

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

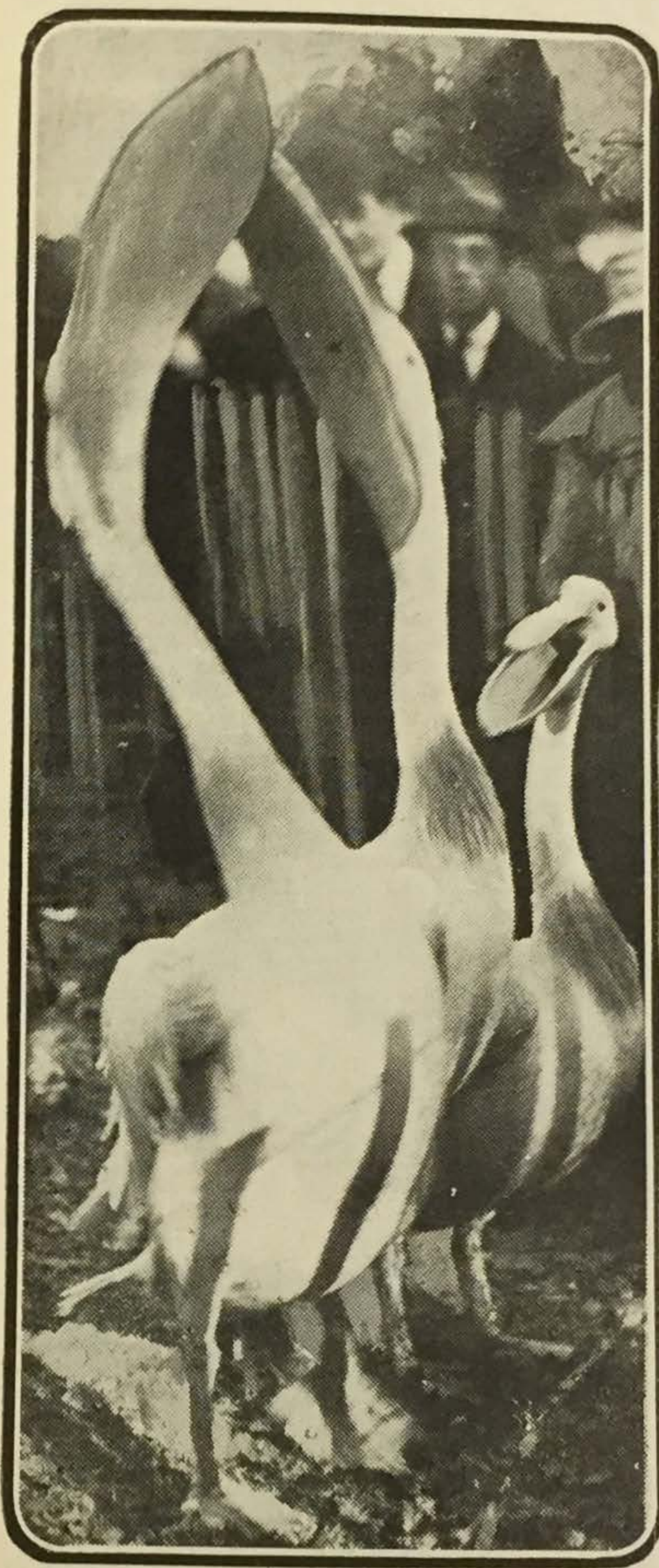
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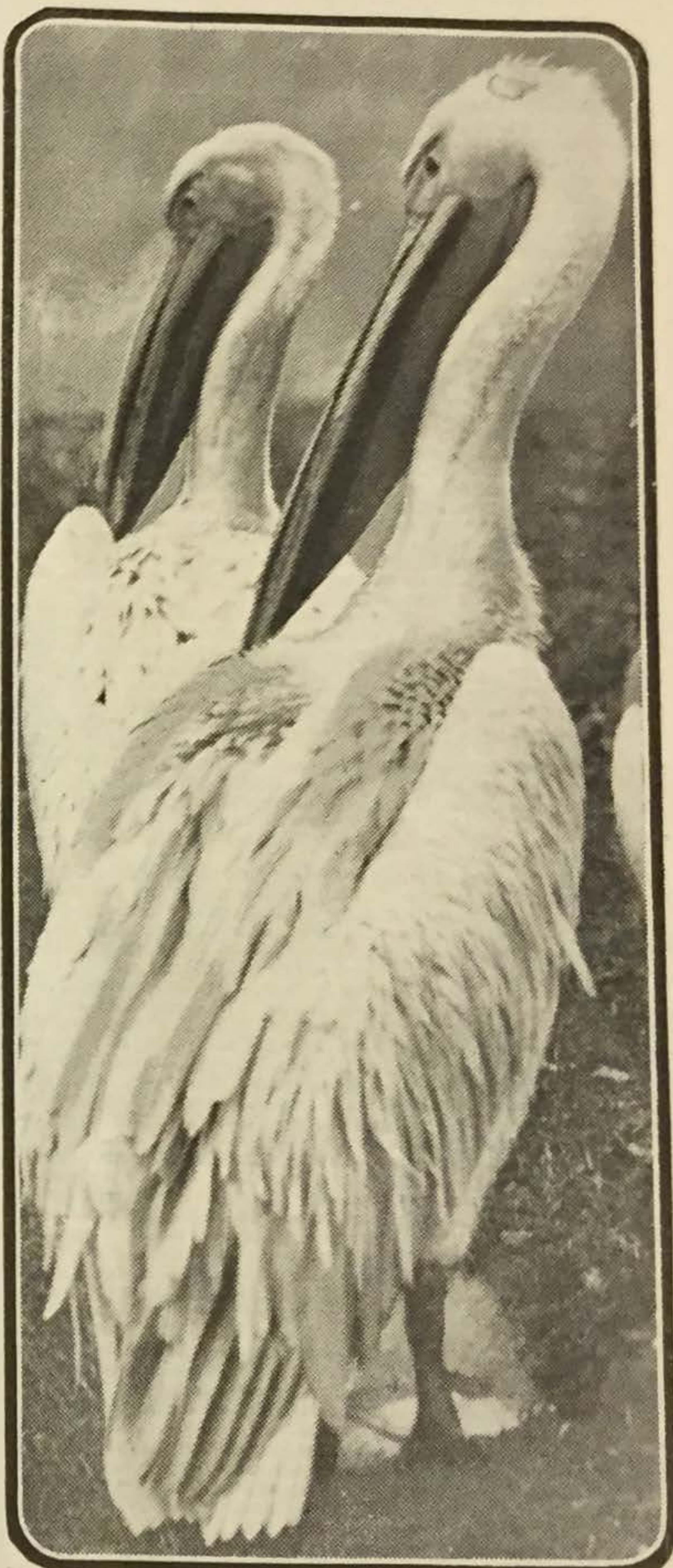
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## Pelicans in London



1. The Disdainful Sneer.



[Photo, Reginald Silk, Daily Sketch]  
2. The Glad Eye.

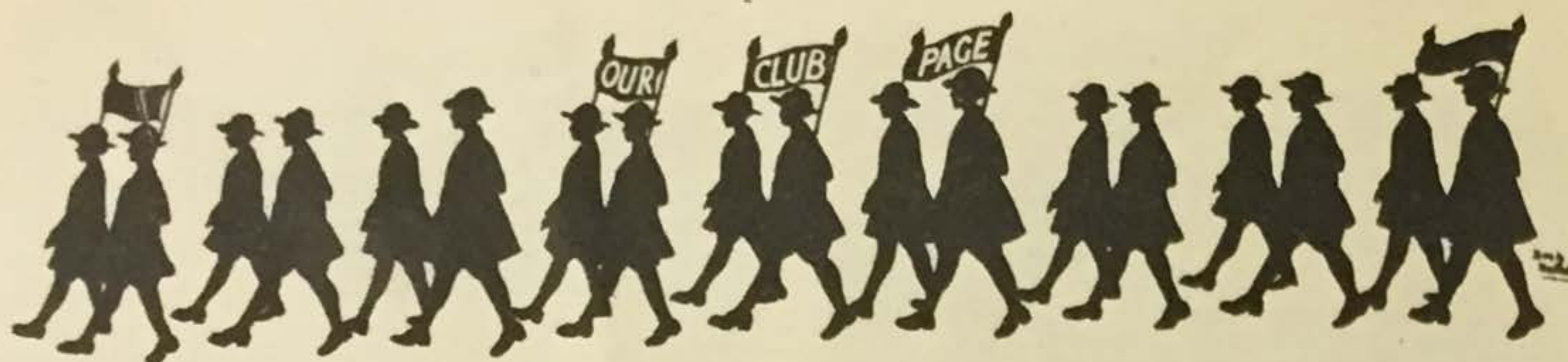




THE DECK CHAIR.

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DEAR GIRLS.—Of course, we are all thinking this month of what is to happen at the end of it, and it makes us seem a little sad. But if we think about it a little bit, I am sure we shall feel so proud of the fact that the Land Army has succeeded in making a permanent place for women in agriculture, that we shall forget all about our sadness, and make ourselves ready to fill that place just as splendidly as we can. Women have, of course, worked on the land from time immemorial, especially those wonderful village women who from the age of 14 to 84 have always supplied the farmer with all the seasonable help he required. But the war brought along thousands of inexperienced women to take up this work, and they have done it so well that they have overcome the prejudice against which they had to fight in the beginning, so that on all sides we have the farmers saying—as one in Yorkshire told a pressman the other day—"I should be as sorry to part with my girls as they would be to go." Thanks to the grit and fine courage of these Land Army pioneers, whole time work on the land has become a possible and dignified career for a woman, and those who in future years take up this work and find their path an easy one, will have to thank the Land Army girls, who have smoothed away all the difficulties, and raised agricultural work for women to the high position which it now holds.

But to most of you who are in permanent work demobilisation will simply mean the loss of your very good friends at the County office, and it will also mean, of course, that you will now have to buy your own uniform. Some of you will be feeling very lonely and helpless about it all, because you will miss that comfortable sense of support which the Land Army organisation has given you. Now I want you to understand that you are not to worry. We don't intend you to feel all alone, and that is why we are forming our big Association of Landswomen, which shall still continue to bind us all together and give us that happy family feeling which we have had as members of the Land Army. And I think we shall have that delightful sense of belonging to something even more in the future than in the past, because now, instead of having all the organisation provided for us, we have got to provide it for ourselves, and, what is more, pay for it out of our own pockets. I think most of us will be proud to do that: certainly all the Land girls I know will be. Our very own Association and governed by ourselves—ourselves banded together for our mutual benefit. And not only our Land Army selves. Every woman interested in agriculture will be invited to join. I believe it is going to be one of the biggest things that has ever been attempted in connection with the land, and will help to do more for rural reconstruction than a great deal of loitering legislation. We have prided ourselves, haven't we, on upholding the honour of the Land Army? How

much prouder we shall be that in our individual hands will rest the honour of this great Association of Landswomen—an Association which will comprise every sort of woman landworker, the wage earners, the smallholders, the women farmers, the farmers' wives, and every woman in the country who takes an interest in work on the land. An Association of women who may yet bring to the villages that spirit of joyful youth which would seem to have deserted them. What if we can make our scheme such a success that we shall, as A. E. says in his book *The National Being*, "Lead humanity back to Nature, to sunlight, starlight, earth-breath, sweet air, beauty, gaiety, and health?"

"Is it impossible now to move humanity by great ideas, as Mahomet fired his dark hosts to forgetfulness of life, as Peter the Hermit awakened Europe to a frenzy, so that it hurried its hot chivalry across a continent to the Holy Land?"

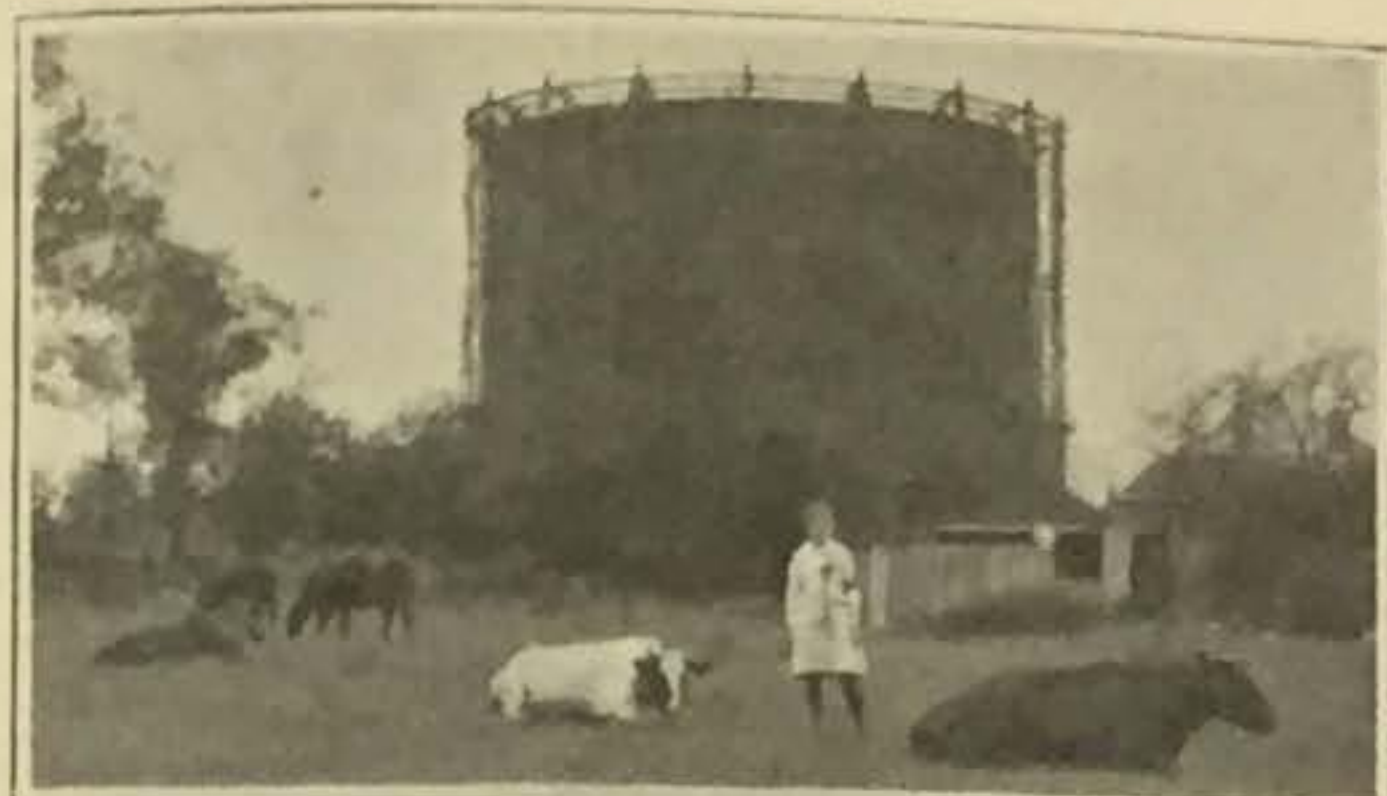
"Is not the earth mother of us all? Are not our spirits clothed round with the substance of earth? Is it not from Nature we draw life? Do we not perish without sunlight and fresh air?"

"Yes, but men say there is no intellectual life working on the land. No intellectual life when man is surrounded by mystery and miracle! When the mysterious forces which bring to birth and life are yet undiscovered; when the earth is teeming with life, and the dumb brown lips of the ridges are breathing mystery! Is not the growth of a tree from a tiny cell hidden in the earth as provocative of thought as the things men learn at the schools? Is not thought on these things more interesting than the sophistries of the newspapers? It is only in Nature, and by thought on the problems of Nature, that our intellect grows to any real truth and draws near to the Mighty Mind which laid the foundations of the world."

Remember too, the words of the Prime Minister in his speech to the farmers on October 21st: "Get the people back to the land—to the resurrection of that life. You will find the country not a place of picturesque desolation; but England will be really a garden ringing with cheerful and contented life."

This is a great task which we are setting ourselves, and we must bring to it all our fighting powers and all our loving powers too, for we shall need not only enthusiasm which shall set all the countryside ablaze, but that endurance and perseverance which only great love of our work and our idea can give. We can do it if we like. Look at the things we have done in the Land Army. Look at our D.S.B.'s. We must put all our D.S.B. capabilities, which we all possess only we haven't had a chance to show them off, into forming this Association. There is no time to lose, it must be done at once. Now the first thing to be done is to get everyone to join. Of course, every Land Army girl who is staying on the land will become a member—let there be no mistake





My Three Friends.

Billy the L.A. Mascot at  
Wisbech  
Her Favourite Cow,  
E. Sussex.

A Pet Pony.

Flax Pullers, Dorset.  
Potato Picking, Bedford.

A Friendly Greeting, Dorset.

about that—and if each of you will get ten more members we shall be able to make a splendid start. You haven't got to find another Land Army girl, you have just got to persuade all the women working on the land in your village to join—and at once. We want ten thousand members, at least, before Christmas. And don't think that is impossible, because it's quite worth joining; you will see why if you read all the benefits set out on another page. Remember, the more members we get, the more benefits will be available. So it is up to you to put your backs into it, and if you don't it will be your fault if it fails. Start to-day and write and tell me at the end of a week how many you have got, so that I may be able to announce in the Christmas Number that the readers of *THE LANDSWOMAN* have been just as splendid as they always are, and have added thousands to our list of members. As members of the Land Army we have had all these things done for us; now we have to do them for ourselves. That is why I feel that our new Association will be a more live thing than even the Land Army has ever been. It will thrill with that high spirit of endeavour which each one of us, inspired by the vision of a greater and happier life, will put into it.

One question I know you will all want to ask, and that is, "Is *THE LANDSWOMAN* going on?" The answer is, "Yes, if you want it to." And by that I don't just mean want to read it each month. I mean want it so much that you are prepared to do something to get it. As soon as the Land Army is demobilised you will have to pay your own postage, so that the magazine will cost you four shillings a year instead of three shillings. Also we shall want a great many more subscribers, and those of you who *really* want it will set to work at once and send me the names and addresses and subscriptions of thousands of new readers who wish to take *THE LANDSWOMAN* after next December. So you see, once again, the whole future of *THE LANDSWOMAN* depends on you, and you must be prepared to make a very great personal effort if you want the postman to bring along that little yellow cover regularly every month next year.

**SEWING CLUB.**—The wonderful success of our Landswoman baskets almost takes my breath away. The shops are absolutely hungry for them, and their appetite is so alarming that we have only dared to show them to four big firms, lest we should be unable to satisfy it. At present we are managing to turn out forty finished baskets per week. That may not seem a large number, but remember it is all spare time work and each basket represents at least ten hours' labour before it is complete. We are doing so well that we have been able to raise the price for the fruit making from 4d. and 6d. to 6d. and 9d. per dozen, and also to pay a higher price for the baskets themselves.

It involves a tremendous amount of work for the Editor, but that matters not at all, when I hear, as I did the other day, that girls in Oxfordshire are adding 14s. a week to their ordinary wages by weaving a basket every evening; that a little ex-L.A.A.S., medically unfit for land work, is getting nearly 30s. a week basket making; and that girls clever with their fingers, and needing only a needle and cotton, are producing two dozen fruits a night and earning 9s. a week in pocket money. I want more fruit makers, but they must be good workers. Six dozen plums which came in last week were so badly done that they all had to be unpicked



and remade. I think they were more like bad shaped tomatoes than plums! But there must be many girls who are clever enough for this work, who are perhaps a little nervous about offering to undertake it. Just let me tell you how it is done. You receive a number of circles of silk and a bundle of wadding. You run a runner thread round the outside edge of the circle, you roll a piece of your wadding into a firm egg-shaped ball, you place it in the centre of the circle, draw up your thread, knead it into shape a little, finish it off neatly, and your plum is made. Could anything be easier to a needlewoman?

**SHOPPING CLUB.**—The Shopping Club has been as busy as ever, and a list of things too long to enumerate has been sent off to our readers far away in country villages, where there is no possibility whatever of shopping in the ordinary way. A particularly nice pair of "Mayflowa" high brown boots went down to Bedfordshire last week, and I quite envied the Land girl who was going to wear them.

**COMPETITIONS.**—As our minds and our hearts are full of the aims and objects of the Association, we will offer three prizes this month for essays entitled "Why we need an Association of Landswomen." Essays must not exceed 750 words in length, and must reach the Editor, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, before December 1st.

I cannot finish my letter to you without making some mention of the really wonderful devotion to your work shown by you girls during the recent railway strike. I mean, of course, more particularly in connection with the milk supply. We heard a great deal in the Press about the marvellous system of transport by motor lorries, and it certainly was remarkable, but no one thought of mentioning that, in order to get that milk to London by motor lorry instead of by train, the cows had to be milked at 2 a.m. instead of 5 a.m., and while everyone praised the transport volunteers, no one thought of making honourable mention of thousands of L.A.A.S. who turned out of bed at an hour when most of the rest of the world had only just got into it, and made their way to the milking sheds. And talking of transport volunteers reminds me of Maureen Shaw, working at Twyford in Berks, who during the strike did the necessary work on her farm, and every night drove a motor lorry from Newbury to London and back, 57 miles each way. And there was also that little matter of 24 miles, between Twyford and

Newbury, which distance had to be covered twice a day on her bicycle. I think that record is second to none, even in the splendid annals of work done by volunteers during that national crisis.

Miss Talbot has asked me to thank you for the letters which are coming in by every post in reply to the one which she wrote to each one of you announcing the demobilisation of the Land Army. She cannot possibly answer them all, but she wants you to know how very much she has enjoyed having them.—Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

## Pixie Painters

NO scaffold poles the pixies bring; their plank is but a gauzy wing; listen and you may hear its beat about the walls of Arbor Street.

You wonder why they spend their skill in overlaying chlorophyll with amber, russet, orange, gold, purples and umbers manifold?

No mean, misguided toil pursue these myriad artists of the blue; no elfish prank they slyly play to make an autumn holiday.

'Tis theirs to pave the path of Time and strew the stage of autumn's mime with jasper, ruby, amber, jade, in gold and bronze and silver laid.

Pity for Time's awearied feet has taught them artifice discreet; their quarry is the leafy copse, their stone the elm and chestnut tops.

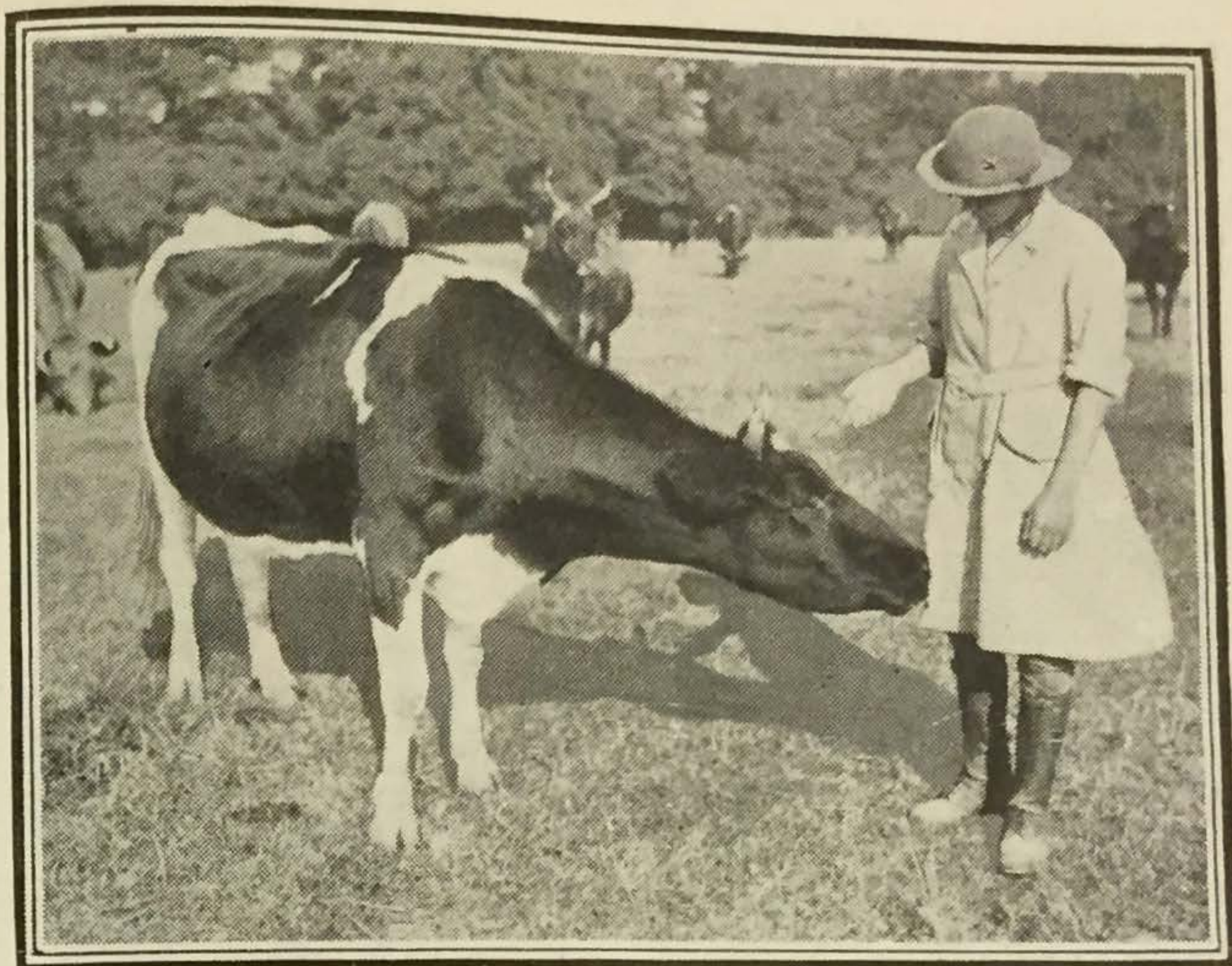
Deem it not waste, nor dub them thieves who slay a million million leaves to please their gods and show us why for glory it is good to die.

*From the "Daily Chronicle."*



Boston. Photos at the Peacock.





Saying Good-bye.

Photo, Alfieri, Daily Sketch.

## The Stall-Feeding of Cattle\*

IN the stall-feeding of cattle, cleanliness, warmth and quietude are conducive towards laying on flesh, though I have known cattle-feeders keep their beasts in dark hovels, with the atmosphere inside of the worst possible description, whilst the heat within has been excessive. One feeder, in particular, always kept his Christmas feeding stock under these conditions, and the beasts certainly were remarkable for early maturity.

About October it is customary to commence stall-feeding, as the grass has not a great deal of value as food at that time of the year. As soon as the stock has been housed, begin by feeding on turnips and bran, with hay or straw, both of which are excellent for fattening cattle. Yearlings and store stock require nothing beyond roots, straw, and a little bran, three times daily. For feeding beasts eighty-four pounds of turnips or swedes along with some chaff or twelve pounds of hay should be given as the early morning feed, along with three pounds of linseed cake.

At mid-day feed again with the same rations, but substituting bran meal for the cake. In the evening, a bushel of swedes and a couple of pounds of pollard, along with a little chaff, will be all that is requisite to complete the day's rations. In two, three, or four weeks' time the cake may be judiciously increased by one pound.

Allow plenty of straw for bedding; clip the hair down the sides of the backbone and rub with linseed oil two or three times a week. Use the curry comb and dandy brush to the body. Attention to these details will be found to repay the extra labour. I like to see feeding stock as well kept as a horse ought to be—well-fed, well-groomed, and such animals become a source of pleasure and profit to the proprietor. When cattle get lice, etc., upon their skins, they never thrive as they ought to do.

Many feeders claim that their cattle average from birth to eighteen months a weekly gain of eight pounds, but Herefords have been, in exceptional instances, recorded as increasing daily in weight to the extent of 2.09 pounds. Twelve pounds of hay; eighty-four pounds of swedes, and five pounds of linseed cake is commonly given to feeding cattle as a daily ration, as previously stated. If silage is used, ten pounds each of clover silage, straw,

and meadow hay, together with three pounds of linseed cake and three pounds of bean meal, will be found a satisfactory daily feed. In every case pulped roots are more economical than whole ones.

Some feeders have their beasts ready for the butcher at two years, others not until three or three and a half years. Linseed cake, rape cake, decorticated cotton cake, and undecorticated cotton cake are the cakes mostly in use for feeding cattle. Neither of the cotton cakes are suitable for calves under one year. Decorticated cake makes the most valuable manure, and it is a capital feed when combined with linseed cake. The value of the whole of the cake foods is enhanced when judiciously employed in combination with roots and hay. Undecorticated cake has usually an astringent action, so that a little of this may be allowed beasts grazing on pasturage that are inclined to scour.

The addition of a gill of linseed oil with a little bran will materially hasten the feeding of a beast. This quantity may be given daily, but if it is too laxative, give half this amount or more dry bran. Cod liver oil is a good deal used by stock-owners; half a tumblerful, night and morning, is quite sufficient for an ordinary sized bullock. In the preparation of cattle for show, they should be fed four times a day—viz., at 5 a.m., 11 a.m., 4 p.m., and 8 p.m.—and water four times a day. A pound of bran, two pounds of linseed cake, one pound of bean meal, and four pounds of prepared roots combined with a pound of chaff, mixed together, will make a good feed, this quantity being given four times daily as recommended above. When mangels are used, they ought to be kept several weeks before they are fit for food. In Scotland, turnips and swedes are mostly employed.

## NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to hear from ladies willing to take demobilised Land Army women, in uniform, as farm servants, at a minimum wage of £26 per annum.

\* *Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs.* By F. BARTON, M.R.C.V.S. Jarrold & Sons. By special permission.



## Boys and the Rat War

By John Bond

IT is a bad look-out for the rats.

Our boys have had their imaginations fired by the prospect of the national rat-hunt which begins next week, and they are feverishly preparing to rid the country of these pests in one short, sharp bout.

Archie, for instance, is convinced that the method of the Pied Piper of Hamelin is the only effective one, and he pictures himself striding across England with the country black and brown for miles with rats following him to the sea, where he will take a boat and pipe till all be drowned.

His only trouble is that he has not yet discovered the right pipe or the right tune. From the attic come diabolical noises. It is Archie practising on toy bagpipes, a tin whistle, a comb, a Jew's harp, and various squeakers. Two tame white rats keep him company, and when they start jazzing he will know that he has triumphed. They are more likely to commit suicide.

Rennie is more original. Once when he was fishing he left his rod on the bank and a chicken seized the bait and swallowed it, hook and all. He is now buying jack hooks mounted on gimps, and ugly eel hooks, to which he ties wire.

These, he says, are to be baited, regardless of cost, with choice bits of meat and cheese, then pegged down to the ground near the rats' holes. There is a hook now in the garden, with putrid carrion on it, cunningly contrived near a hole which Rennie says is the home of a hundred rats. It happens to be the place where a fern was dug out, but our fingers are on our lips.

Steve is coquetting with danger. Having hoarded up some powder from a firework that would not go off on Peace Night, he naturally turns to firearms. One tremendous shot fired into a rat hole will "spifficate" the enemy, and the vermin not struck by bullets will die of shock or from the fumes. In pursuit of his idea he has rammed the powder into an old flintlock pistol and filled up the barrel with tacks, screws, and tinfoil from chocolates. Secretly we water the powder as regularly as the potted plants.

Pepper, too, is to be blown into the holes, to make the rats sneeze and betray their presence.

Lanterns and masks are part of the boys' outfit, the latter in case the rats should "fly" at them; also indiarubber shoes, knobby sticks, eucalyptus to disguise the human odour, hedge-clippers to cut off the rats' tails, and a show-case for the largest specimens.

The life of the rat is being "read up" by the boys, but what has struck them most forcibly is an account of a baby having been attacked by rats. Naturally it follows that a baby must be first-class bait. So they have tried to cajole the charwoman into lending them her baby for one night only, and they solemnly guarantee to post themselves at all strategical points in the garden and slay every animal that shows itself, long before it can bite the baby. So far, they have found the charwoman lacking in enterprise.

The worst of it is—or perhaps the best—that there are no rats in our neighbourhood.

—Daily Mail.

## The Country Faith

HERE in the country's heart

Where the grass is green  
Life is the same sweet life  
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives  
And the bell at morn  
Floats with a thought of  
God  
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the  
rain,  
And the crop grows  
tall—  
This is the country faith,  
And the best of all

NORMAN GALE.  
*A Book of English Poetry*  
(T. C. & E. C. Jack).

## New Zealand

I HAVE been rather surprised, when talking to some of our L.A.A.S. girls about emigrating, how few have thought about New Zealand. Perhaps you have heard very little of that Colony. I know a little myself, having spent five years there, so I will try to tell you something to interest you.

The climate of New Zealand is said to be one of the best; the heat of the summer is rather trying to newcomers; however, one soon becomes acclimatised. To give you some idea of the climate, the arum lilies that only grow in hot-houses here are growing wild in many places there—some people call them a noxious weed—and tomatoes, grapes, peaches and all the delicate fruits we need to take such care of grow to perfection in the open.

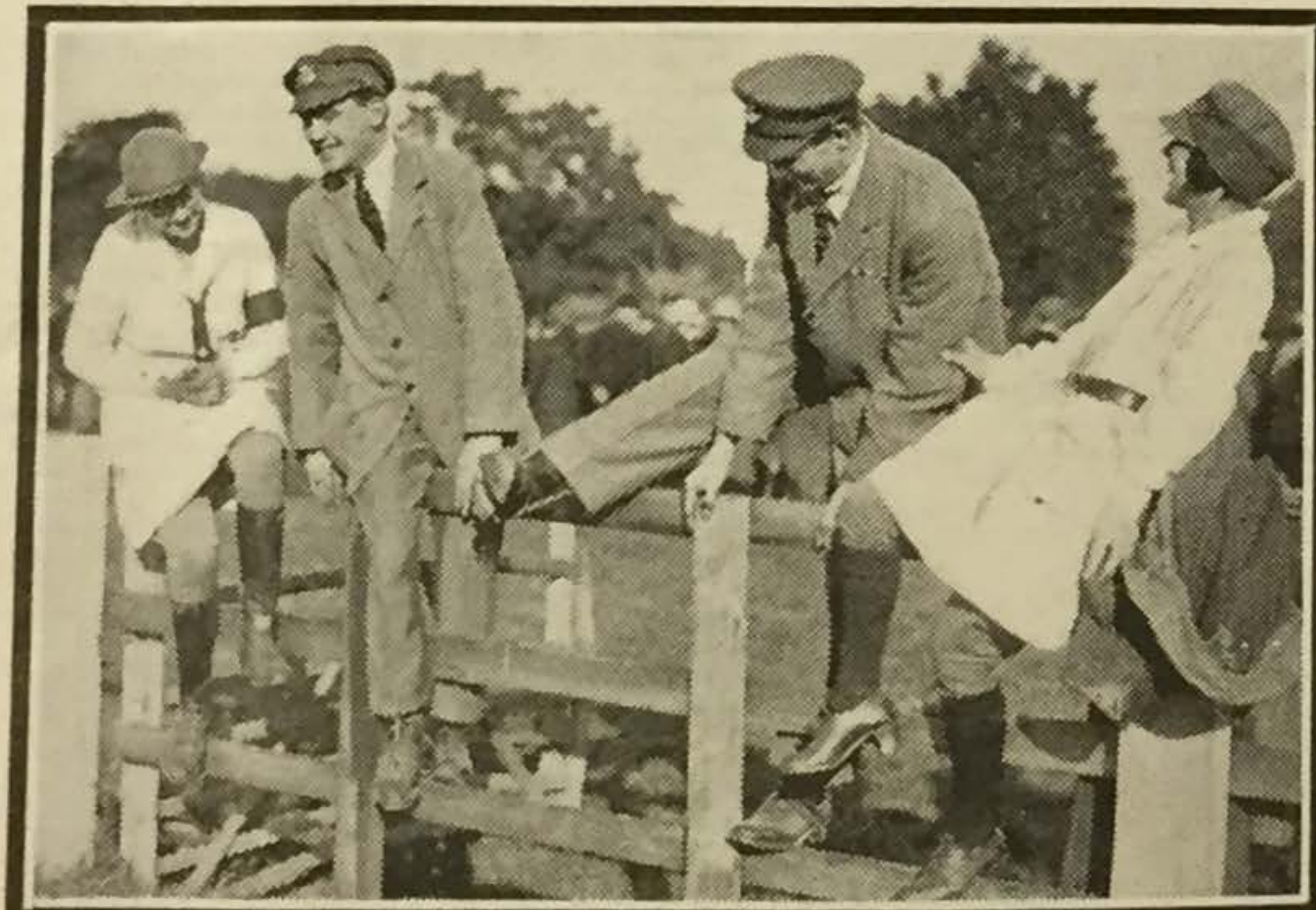
To those who intend taking up dairy work it will be a comfort, I am sure, to know that the cattle stay out all winter. Think of the saving of labour that means; of course, I am speaking now of the North Island, the South is much colder.

The people of New Zealand are very hospitable and very willing to help and make room for a newcomer. They are a pleasure-loving people, though they do not abuse it, and are fond of and excel in all out-door games. New Zealand is a beautiful country and very well watered; the coast line is dotted with delightful little islands, some quite uninhabited. Auckland, where I spent most of my time, has a very fine harbour, with numerous bays and islands, where one can have delightful "water holidays." In the summer it looks gay with houseboats, motor launches and smaller craft. The bush, or woods, which are all about the country places, are just grand; they are so thickly wooded that at times one loses the sky completely. On the hottest day in summer one can always find a cool, shady spot in the bush if one is fortunate enough to be near it. The customs there are just like our own. If it were not for the absence of our friends and relatives it would be hard sometimes to realise so many miles divide us from the homeland, and I think that fact helps us to settle there more quickly. I don't know very much about farm life there, but I am sure there will be a big difference. The soil there is very volcanic, and in the hot weather very little can be grown. The farming there is mostly sheep and fruit. I don't think anyone need be afraid to venture to emigrate; there is plenty of work to be had, and well paid, and as a rule very considerate people to work for. I sometimes have felt sorry I came home, but I have gained a lot by coming. I wanted to do war work, though I never dreamt of farm work till I landed here; indeed, I did not think it could be nearly so interesting as I have found it, and hope to continue it in New Zealand.

ADA WRIGHT, L.A.A.S. (Lancs).

## The Joys of the Land Army

The original drawings are for sale—April, 15s.; January, February, May, September, October, November, £2 2s. each.—Apply A. B. Johnston, 12, Blessington Road, S.E.13.



A Helping Hand. Jolly Land Girls helping wounded soldiers over the railings at the Chertsey Show.

Photo, Topical Press. Daily Sketch.



## Some Practical Recipes

### OATMEAL SCONES.

**Ingredients.**—8 oz. oatmeal, 8 oz. whole meal, 1 teaspoonful salt, 4 oz. lard and margarine, 2 teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, 1 teaspoonful carbonate of soda; or  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. oatmeal, 2 lb. mixed flour, 2 oz. rice flour, 2 oz. barley flour, 2 oz. wheatmeal, 2 oz. standard flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. fat, 1 teaspoonful sugar.

**Method.**—Mix dry ingredients together, rub in fat with tips of fingers, make well in centre, pour in a little milk, and mix to stiff dough with knife and then with one hand. Roll out on flour-board to  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thickness, cut into shapes, bake in oven or on girdle.

### NUT ROAST.

**Ingredients.**— $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. peeled or chopped nuts,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cooked rice or breadcrumbs, 1 egg, small peeled chopped and fried onion, dessertspoonful chopped parsley or  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful herbs, 1 oz. dripping, seasoning and good gravy.

**Method.**—Put all ingredients except dripping into basin and mix well, bind up with egg and if too dry add a little milk, shape into a roll and put on a greased baking-tin dredged with flour, put dripping on top, bake for about half hour in fairly hot oven, baste occasionally. Dish up neatly and serve with a good gravy.

### GINGERBREAD.

**Ingredients.**—2 tablespoonfuls syrup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. rye flour, 1 teaspoonful spice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful baking soda, 2 tablespoonfuls margarine or dripping, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar (brown preferable), a little milk.

**Method.**—Mix dry ingredients, rub in margarine, mix milk and syrup, then add to dry ingredients; make into stiff dropping consistency. Steam for about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Turn out into a towel and keep rolled up till next day. Water must boil all the time of steaming.

### RYE LOAF.

**Ingredients.**— $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. rye flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful baking soda.

**Method.**—Mix ingredients, make into soft dough with either milk or water, form into a loaf or scone, and bake for 20 or 30 seconds in hot oven.

### ISLE OF WIGHT CREAM.

**Ingredients.**—4 large tablespoonfuls fine sago or tapioca,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints of water, 3 tablespoonfuls treacle, piece of small lemon.

**Method.**—Boil and stir till thick, pour into wet shape. When cold, turn out and serve with custard or cream.

## More Vegetable Entrées

### TOMATOES ON TOAST.

Cut 6 ripe tomatoes into thick slices, put these in a single layer in a buttered sauté-pan, or baking-tin, season with pepper and a little lemon juice; sprinkle with white breadcrumbs, put a small piece of butter on each of the slices, and bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes. Prepare some neatly-shaped pieces of buttered toast, place the baked tomatoes upon these, dish up and sauce over with the gravy left in the pan.

### BEETROOT CASSOLETTES.

Take 3 medium-sized cooked beetroots and divide each in half. Trim each half so that they are nicely shaped and as near as possible the same size. Scoop out most of the inside so as to make a cup-like cavity, and place to steep in seasoned vinegar. In the meantime, cook in stock 3 oz. of rice, drain and when cold mix with sufficient olive oil, vinegar, salt and pepper to season; add also a tablespoonful of chopped beetroot, a chopped hard-boiled yolk of egg, 2 minced gherkins, a dessertspoonful of capers, and a little chopped parsley. Fill the beetroot cassolettes with the mixture, decorate the top of each with hard-boiled white of egg, a neatly-cut slice of gherkin, and a sprig of parsley. Dish up and serve.

**NOTE.**—If liked, cucumbers may be used in place of beetroot; they lend themselves rather better for making into cups or cassolettes than beetroot.

### ONIONS AND TOMATOES AU GRATIN.

Peel 6 onions and boil them in slightly salted water till nearly tender. Peel and cut into slices 2 or 3 not over-ripe tomatoes. Grate about 2 oz. of cheese (Gruyère or Cheddar) and have ready about  $\frac{1}{2}$  a pint of Béchamel or other good white sauce. Butter a casserole dish and put in layers of onion and tomato, grated cheese and sauce, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper; continue thus until the casserole is nearly full; the last layer should consist of sauce. Sprinkle over some brown breadcrumbs and put a few tiny bits of butter over the top, then place in a hot oven until the surface is nicely browned. Serve in the same dish.

### VEGETABLE CROUSTADES.

Grease the inside of about 10 small fluted patty or tartlet pans and line each with thinly-rolled-out short crust or rough puff paste; prick the bottom of the paste with the prongs of a fork and fill each pan with dried peas or lentils. Bake them to a



Chuma.

nice golden colour in a fairly hot oven; then remove the peas or lentils from the paste crusts and place the latter on a sieve to cool. Prepare a mixture of cooked green peas, cooked young carrots and turnips; cut into dice or small cubes (equal quantities of each); cut also 2 or 3 gherkins into small dice. Then put the vegetables in a stew-pan with a little butter and toss over the fire for a few minutes. Season to taste with very little salt, pepper and a grate of nutmeg, and a good pinch of castor sugar; next add enough previously heated white cream sauce to bind the vegetables. Heat up and keep hot till required. About 10 minutes before serving place the pastry croustades on a baking-sheet, and let them get thoroughly hot in the oven; then fill them with the prepared vegetable mixture, sprinkle over a little chopped parsley, dish up neatly, and serve hot.

### STUFFED EGGS WITH SPINACH.

Boil 6 eggs for ten minutes, peel them, cut them in halves crossways, stamp out the centre with a half-inch cutter. Cut out some croûtons about the size of the base of an egg and fry them in clarified butter; have ready some cooked and seasoned spinach purée and enriched with cream. Cook for a few minutes whilst stirring, fill the egg-halves with spinach, close the top with the pieces cut out, and place each, cut side down, on the croûton. Dish up, garnish with the yolk, minced coarsely, and thin slices of tongue. Serve with a little brown sauce.—*Meals Without Meat, or Meatless Fare Cookery.* C. HERMAN SENN.

## The New Moon

BEYOND the crooked apple-bough  
The sickle moon shines clear and thin,  
And who but robin sets him now  
To sing the new moon in?

The old moon knew the nightingale,  
She saw the cowslips come and go,  
She heard the cuckoo's oft-told tale,  
The thrush sing high and low.

Now thrush and nightingale are mute,  
For oversea the cuckoo flies,  
No blackbird tunes his amber lute  
To see this new moon rise.

The leaves hang heavy on the bough,  
The gold is gone from broom and whin,  
And there is none but robin now  
To sing the new moon in.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.  
*A Book of English Poetry*  
(T. C. & E. C. Jack).



# THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS

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

## CHAPTER XXIV.—continued.

WHEN she saw Anne's face as she came toward her down the hall, when she felt Anne's arm about her, it was too much, the relief was too intense, and she sobbed her happy heart out on the other woman's breast.

"Cecilia, you dear wicked Cecilia!" Anne half laughed, half cried.

"Anne, Anne!" sobbed Cecilia.

"Bless me! I have so many messages that I can't begin to deliver them. Bobby and Richard and Omar clamoured to come; but Saxton was firm, he said we were enough."

"Where is he?" Cecilia asked.

"Down in the motor-car. I made him let me come up alone. My dear, my dear, we shall be so glad to get you back home again."

"It seems like heaven to go back—to have you want me."

"Bobby has spent every minute since Saxton telephoned us yesterday decorating your room; and I told him before I left that I was sure there would not be space left for you unless he stopped."

Cecilia's face quivered and she clung to Anne's hand, fighting back her tears. Scarlotti came in at this minute with a large bunch of flowers.

"Thought I'd see you safely off," she said, presenting the mammoth bouquet.

"Scarlotti, how lovely!" cried Cecilia. "What have I done that everybody should be so good to me? No one will ever know, Anne, what Scarlotti has been to me, what she has done for me, the days I have been shut up in this place."

"Nonsense! Just dropped in every day to say 'Hello!' to an old pal. I don't call that much, do you, Mrs. Barrett?"

"Yes, I call that a good deal."

The nurses came in to say good-bye, and as Cecilia thanked them she gave each of them one of Scarlotti's flowers. They finally got her downstairs and into the motor-car, where Saxton waited impatiently. Good-byes were said to Scarlotti, farewells waved to the old coloured woman and Johnny, and then they were off toward the country.

Cecilia lay back on the cushions and watched things speed by her.

"Is it really me?" she asked once.

"It is just enough of you to begin work on," laughed Saxton. "When you have had a few of Bridget O'Brien's good meals there will be more of you."

"I don't need meals. Just being back and seeing the trees and the water and the sky and you all—that is all I need."

"The Judge said to-day before he left—"

"Before he left?" Cecilia echoed him.

"Didn't you tell her, Anne? The doctor ordered him to French Lick instant for a rest and the baths. He went down to-day."

"Oh."

"He wanted Saxton to go with him, but the selfish brute refused. He says he has to keep guard over you at the Lodge."

"I won't run away again."

Cecilia tried to smile at their banter, but her face was stiff. It had made a difference, then, with the Judge. He never would have left the very day of her return unless he wanted to put off their meeting. Well, she had known all these last hours that her happiness was too complete to last. There had to be some blow to mar the perfectness.

"How tired you look all at once, dear," Anne said. "I shall put you to bed the minute you get home."

"Not before I've seen Bobby?" pleadingly.

"My dear, I could no more keep Bobby from you than I could keep the moon from the sky. I think you had better not talk now until we get there."

Cecilia was only too glad of the quiet. She watched the country run by and tried to calm her disturbed thoughts. Why should she suppose he would wait to welcome her? What right had she to hope that she would make any difference in his life? She would say nothing to anyone about her plans, but she would get away from Hillcrest before he came back. She could never stay on under any conditions save the old ones of friendly, natural intercourse. They turned into the village, whizzed through it, and on to the road that led to Hillcrest. Anne turned to Cecilia with a smile.

"Almost there," she said.

"My heart is beating so, I think it will burst my body," Cecilia answered.

The top of the Lodge appeared above the trees, and beside the road, out in front, sat a boy and a dog on watch. As the car

came in sight they rushed towards it, shouting and barking. Saxton pulled up at the stepping block, and before he or Anne could offer to help Cecilia she was out and down on the sidewalk in a heap, her arms about both boy and dog, and she kissed and hugged them both indiscriminately, weeping as if her heart would break.

"I'm crying because I am so glad!" she explained.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE JUDGE COMES HOME.

THE days of Cecilia's convalescence at the Lodge were golden ones for the girl, who had never been "looked after" in all her vagabond life. The whole household turned on her wish as a pivot, and each member of the household vied with the others in originating things that might add to her comfort or pleasure.

When she was well enough to go down into the hammock on the verandah, Anne would take her sewing and sit with her, and sometimes Bobby would offer to tell them stories. They always accepted joyfully, and he poured out his boyish fancies, his innermost little self, for their fond inspection. One day after some such recital, Bobby rushed off to meet the Judge's man with the mail.

"A mind like Bobby's is just as interesting as a grown-up mind; more so, because what Bobby expresses is so true to himself, so unaffected by training and public opinion and experience," Cecilia commented.

"I suppose we grown-ups scarcely know what is truth with us, we are so unconsciously influenced by those very things."

Bobby ran back to them. "Letter for you, mudder," he cried.

"Oh, from the Judge," Anne said.

Cecilia looked away pensively while Anne read it.

"Splendid! he's coming home."

"Hurrah, Omar, de Judge is coming!" shouted Bobby.

"When is he—when?"

"To-day; he will be out to dinner to-night."

"To-night?" said Cecilia, half rising.

"Yes. Isn't that jolly? We must do something to celebrate his coming. How nice it will be to have our whole family home again and together!"

Cecilia made no reply and Anne glanced at her in surprise.

"Aren't you glad, dear?"

"Yes—oh, yes."

"Cecilia, you are not offended because the Judge has only written you once?"

"Of course not. Why should he write to me?"

Saxton came in sight from the big house, waving a letter.

"Have you heard the good news?" he cried.

"Yes, we got a letter too. What shall we do to celebrate?"

"How are you, lady fair?" he asked, dropping a rose in Cecilia's lap.

"I'm fine," she answered.

"Strong enough to come to our house for dinner? I think it would be fine to have a feast there."

"Oh, no, please," Cecilia said impulsively.

"You do not want to go?" Anne asked.

"If you'll excuse me—you all go and let me stay here. I'm not quite strong enough yet."

"A celebration without you? Well, I guess not. Not if we have to hold it at your bedside," rejoined Saxton.

"I wish you would leave me out," she sighed.

Anne looked at her anxiously and hastened to say, "We'll do just as you like, dear, only it would be a disappointment to the Judge not to see you for a minute at least. Suppose we have the party here, Saxton, and then she can slip away when she is tired."

"In de darden, mudder?" inquired Bobby.

"No, sir; it is too cold for our invalid to dine out of doors now."

"You see, I'm spoiling it all. Do have it without me."

"Nonsense, you goose! I'll go and confer with Bridget; Saxton, you call up Richard and tell him to meet the Judge at the train; Bobby, you begin on a colour scheme for floral decorations."

She took Bobby in with her.

"Don't you feel so well to-day, dearest?" Saxton asked.

"Yes, I am all right."

"Won't it be great to have the Judge home again? He's a prince. You have no idea how he came to the rescue when we were looking for you. He never spared himself night or day, he left no stone unturned just to help me find you."



Cecilia's chin quivered, but she made no answer.  
 "He wrote me a note, Saxton. I've meant to show it to you, but—" She took the envelope out of her dress and handed it to him.

"Am I to read it?"

"Please."

"MY DEAR CECILIA,—Letters from home tell me that you are established in royal state at the Lodge and that you are better. You gave us all many heartaches while you were away.

"I shall look forward to seeing you when I come back to Hillcrest, and I only want to send you a line, wishing you all happiness and good fortune. Saxton is a fine fellow, my dear, and he loves you with all his manly heart.

"Get well soon, my dear Cecilia.

"Your devoted friend,

"PETER CARTERET."

"That is a bully letter, isn't it?" Saxton exclaimed, when he had finished it.

"What did you write to him about—us?"

"I don't know. I said a lot about you, so I suppose he took it for granted that we'd fixed it up."

"Anne and Richard are taking it for granted, too, Saxton. Are you?"

"I suppose in a way I am, dear. I haven't said anything more to you about it because you didn't want me to, and I realise that you are not very strong yet, so I've let it rest. You know how it is with me, Cecilia, and has been ever since the first moment I met you. You have been so gentle and sweet to me since you came back that I've been hoping that you care—a little."

"I see. I've been so glad just to drift since I came back. I haven't looked life in the face yet at all. I haven't wanted to decide anything, and I see that I have not been fair to you, Saxton."

"Never mind about that."

"But I do mind. I have grown to be so fond of you, to rely so upon your friendship, that I cannot think of myself robbed of it. And yet I know perfectly well that I do not love you as I must love the man I marry."

"How can you know how you'll love him? How can you be sure that this isn't the real thing that you feel for me?"

"I know, but I can't tell you how."

"Don't decide now, Cecilia. Let it wait until you are stronger."

"I can't let you think that it is settled; it can never be settled that way, dear."

"I should ask so little, Cecilia, just the affection that you have for me now."

"I could not endure that. It must be all or nothing with me; and there is another man in my thoughts—"

He rose and stood beside her, tall and fine, his face flushed.

"Cecilia, you mean that you love another man?"

(To be continued.)

### After Darkness, Light

THE night was long and sleep impossible; would morning never come?

The sky was drab and low, as though during the night the cords sustaining it had slackened.

In the East there was a mysterious movement. Night lifted a heavy lid and Dawn peeped. The silence quickened to a vital hush. Nature held her breath and waited. A sigh fluttered from the East, and died away in the West, rousing a faint rustle. A little colour flowed, the dew sparkled, hanging like tears from the flower petals. Suddenly the cords of heaven tightened and strained, and straining tore a soft rent through which light floated, hazy, rosy and fresh. Was morning at last in sight? More light and still more flowed through the rift, touching all with a rosy finger till the land was flooded with glory. The night was over and the King of Day rose, triumphant, grand, and all Nature warbled its morning hymn of praise.

L. WORSWICK, L.A.A.S.

### Halt, you Huntsman

HALT, you huntsmen, and who goes there?

The Wind's Royal Trooper hunting Care.

We shut him up in a dismal book,

But Care has escaped by hook or crook.

Lord, what treasonous pranks he'll play

On this wide, blue, windy, laughing day

We have blown the docks and the flags about,

We have turned the branches inside out,

We have parted the wheat, tossed tails and manes,

But we can't find the Duke for all our pains.

Tell us, ma'am, have you seen him here?

If you hide the fugitive have no fear;

Give him up, and we'll set you free.

Foolish soldiers to question me—

Look at the famous smock I wear!

The way to London lies over there.

J. B.

# Harrods Farm Outfits

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

## WELL CUT BREECHES

(F.O. 383). In strong  
whipcord. Drab shade.  
Sizes 26,  
29-inches.

12/9

## KHAKI JEAN SMOCK

(F.O. 427). Excellent  
Cloth, in three sizes,  
small, medium, large.

ALL ONE 7/11  
PRICE



## COAT AND BREECHES

(F.O. 416). In strong Bedford  
Cord. Drab shade. Complete  
suit. In two sizes,  
medium and large.

49/6

In Mole Corduroy.

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## LAND OUTFIT (F.O. 382).

Summer weight. In strong  
Showerproof Drill. Drab  
shade. Well-cut breeches in  
three sizes. Coats 3, 40 and  
42 inches.

18/9

Special Price  
In Showerproof "Canton."

29/6

Special Price

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1



## Group Leader Days

"COULD you direct me to Sleathan Farm, please?" I said meekly to the stalwart son of the soil who seemed to have nothing to do but lean on the gate and smoke his pipe and gaze into space.

"Straight on and keep to the right," he said with such an air of finality that I dared not ask for more explicit instructions.

So I thanked him and went forward pondering on his "keep to the right." Was he merely pointing out the rule of the road for pedestrians or did the road fork and I had to take the right-hand branch, or were there cross-roads and I had to turn to the right, or what? On and on I went. The road, bless it, "kept" now to the right, now to the left. I clung closely to the right-hand side, fearful of what might befall if I crossed the road, though I was sure it would be shorter round some of the bends if I went to the left-hand side. Another three-quarters of an hour and (what luck!) I met a man driving a trap. I asked him if I were going right for Sleathan, and he said I was but it was a "longish way." This seemed beside the point, though distinctly discouraging. However, he agreed with the earlier guide that I went straight on and kept to the right, but added the enlightening information "You can't miss it. You turn down just beside the mansion."

I cheered up. A mansion I certainly could not miss. All I had to do was to trundle ahead till I saw Buckingham Palace, or its sister, and then take the next turning. This was lucid. So on I went. On and on. On and on. Trees and fields, hedges and ditches, but never a mansion did I see. At length I sighted a farm, set well back from the road, across three muddy fields and a swollen beck, and I determined to seek guidance there. My weary query now brought the information that I had passed the turning! "Down by the mansion," said the farmer's wife. "But I had passed no mansion." "I must have done. Had I not seen a white gate and a house back among the trees?" "Yes, I had." And my visions of Buckingham Palace fell to the ground. So that was a mansion in these parts! A little ordinary country villa!

So I retraced my steps and "turned down by the mansion" and found my farm and—all except a little maid and a couple of men in the fields "gone to market," and I must needs come again!

## Flag Day at Ledbury in Aid of L.A. Comforts Fund

BY kind permission of J. W. Tilley, Esq., Chairman of the Ledbury Town Council, a Flag Day was held in Ledbury on September 16th in aid of the Land Army Comforts Fund. Mr. Tilley lent a room to use as an office and helped considerably in making the day a great success.

A sum of £14 1s. was realised, much to the delight of all concerned. The following is a list of the collectors: Miss J. Tilley, Miss Hobro, Miss Watkins, Miss Taylor, Miss Isaacs, Miss M. Smith, Miss Bealey, and the Misses Howard-Smith. Land Army: Mrs. Morrison, Miss Wargent, Miss Lunt and Miss Simpson.

Miss Taylor rode a pretty pony kindly lent by Mr. Molesworth, decorated with red, white and blue ribbons, and carried a collecting box either side of the saddle. Miss Howard-Smith, walking by her side, carried the basketful of button-holes, made of corn, tied with a dash of Land Army colours, so adding interest and charm to a bright and happy day.

## Land Army Concert at Swanley Y.W.C.A.

A VERY successful concert was held at Swanley on October 1st to obtain funds to place the club, which was originally started for the benefit of the Land Army girls working in and around Swanley, on a permanent basis.

The strike threatened catastrophe, but nearly everyone who had promised to help turned up, including two ladies from London, who had contrived to get down on a motor lorry from Covent Garden!

The chief features were drum solos by Lady Emily Dyke, a sketch by two L.A.'s, violin solos by Miss Cobbold the Group Leader, three very excellent dances by members of the Land Army, E. Quail, F. Gardiner and V. Johnstone, recitations and songs by the Misses Thomas, and songs by L. Pinfield.

The old debt on the club was cleared off and it starts with a clean sheet.

Dr. Crawford very kindly took the chair.

Swanley is quite a Land Army stronghold, as we have between fifty and sixty girls working in that neighbourhood, and all these are able to make use of the club.

## Good Service Ribbons

### Cornwall

D. Ball, F. Balcock, A. M. Davies, D. Fanchman, G. A. Harris, L. Jachett, L. Knight, A. Lammin, R. L. Nicholas, E. Northcote, B. Owen, P. Owen, A. Oates, A. Pearce, C. Richard, M. Spurin, O. Stenson, Mary Sharp, E. Sharp, M. Smith Teague, M. Wilson, Eddy M. Woods, V. R. Wilton, M. Wills.

## Pembroke

F. J. Peardon, Blodwin Davies, Katie Jones, Elizabeth Robb, Ida James, Lizzie Bash, Elsie Mortimer, Ellen King, Jane Evans, Mary Parr, Margaret Wittle, Vera Chapman, Floria Weatherall, Elsie Payton, Helen Roes, Agnes Treharner, Cissie Slee, Mary Wilkins, Ina Crombe, Naomi Hughes, Violet Betts, Edith Kenealy, Clara Baxton, Florence Rich, Adeline Morgans, Carrie Morris, Margaret Morris, Mavis Hill, Clara Kennedy, May Croft, Elizabeth Williams, Edith Watkins, Letty Allingham.

## Northants

S. Smith, M. Foster, D. Tyrrell, Louie Baskott, Lily Baskott, Mary Garrett, Norah Whitlock, E. Rawlins.

## Yorkshire (North Riding)

K. Peverley, Mrs. M. Ridley, M. Barry, A. Cooper, H. Griffin, A. Marr, A. Martin, E. Simpson, M. Stephenson, A. Smith, E. Waller.

## Cheshire

J. Murphy, B. Henry, V. Bessant.

## Hereford

Daisy Board, Hilda Biggs, Miss Childe, Evelyn Davies, Nellie Edwards, Annie Heywood, Nellie Harding, Stella King, Violet Lindsell, Christina Patchell, Martina Roberts, Ada Robinson, Nellie Weldon, Emma Shannon, Dulcie Wargent, Patricia Wargent, Annie McLeay, Lily Jones, Nellie Sheldon, Emily Bishop, Jane Davies, Beatrice M. Goode.

## Cardiganshire

List of girls who joined up in the year 1917:—

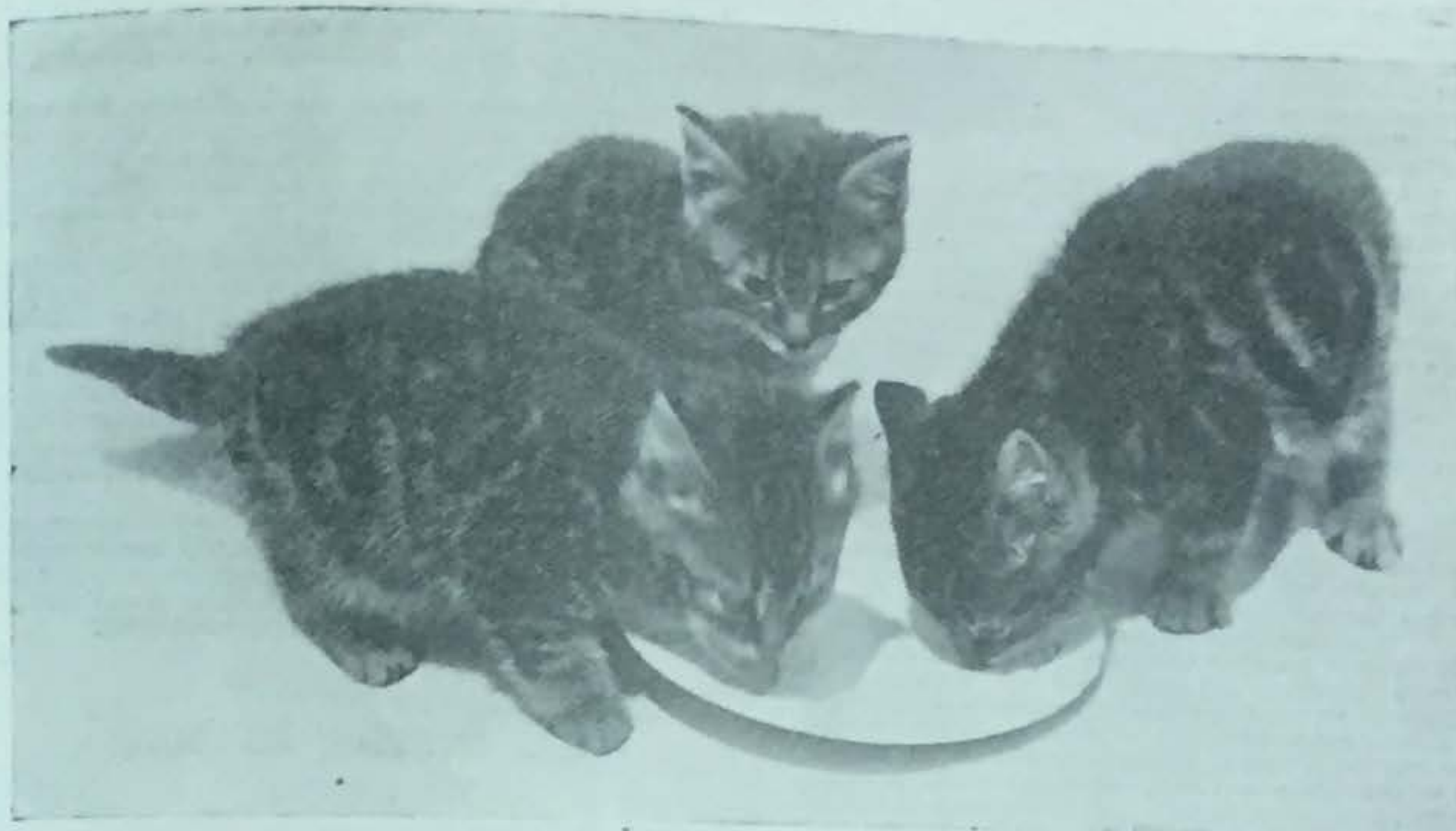
Brandon, Catherine W., Cwmmeudwr, Llandyssul.  
Baynon, Maggie, Ffoshelig, Llandyssul.  
Carey, Frances, Trecefnisaf, Pen Park, Cardigan.  
Edwards, Mary, Tynycae, Rhydlewis, Henllan.  
Evans, Gwendoline M., Talgarth, Rhydlewis, Henllan.  
Hay, Dorothy, Pontgarreg, Newcastle Emlyn.  
Hazeldine, Annie, The Gardens, Crosswood.  
Jenkins, Agnes, Maud, Castell Pridd, Tanygroes, Newcastle Emlyn.  
Jones, Elizabeth, The Garth, Llanio Road.  
Jones, L. May, Hafod Hotel, Devil's Bridge.  
Jones, Mary, Bronwion, Newcastle Emlyn.  
Jones, Mary K., Llwynedfor, Henllan.  
Lewis, Gwendoline, Ddol, Plump, Rhydlewis, Henllan.  
Meredith, Mary C., Llysfaen, Uchaf, Llanwnen.  
Mullins, Grace, Pantgwyn, Llechryd.  
Morris, Cissie, Parkypratt, Cardigan.  
Neck, Agnes, Trwynallt, Cardigan.  
Parnell, Miriam E., Troedrhaw, Newcastle Emlyn.  
Roderick, H. B., Gwarcoduchaf, Llanybyther.  
Watts, Vera, Treferre Bella, Tremain, Cardigan.  
Webb, Annie, Felin Gwrws, Henllan, Cardigan.



[Photo, Alfieri, Daily Sketch]  
An old-style ploughman competitor  
69 years old



## Our Reduced Milk Ration.



(Photo, Mrs. Lynz (Mahoney & Co.)

### Comments on the Rise of Milk.

THOUGH milk is raised  
A cent or two,  
The cow unfrazed  
Just muttered "Moo!"

The baby hears  
They've raised his brew,  
But nothing queers  
His placid "Goo!"

The dealer told  
It will not do,  
By scorn made bold  
Announces "Pooh!"

But I who pay  
Can only hint  
The word I say  
Is barred from print.

A. E. SCARLETT, L.A.A.S.

"Lodge Farm," Kirton.

**General Management of Sheep.**—Continued from page 254  
any symptoms of being troubled with these pests, they must be treated medicinally and immediately the symptoms are discovered.

As a rule flock-masters want to get their lambs fat by the time that they are one year old. Frequent changing of food is good for lambs, which if properly done, a lamb should increase in weight at least half a pound daily. Lambs that are dropped early and have to be fed up by Easter require corn, and the ewes also about one pound of corn daily. If there is plenty of grass for the lambs so much the better. Cabbage and turnip, along with half a pound each of corn and bean meal, is a very good daily ration for lambs in October, November and December. From Christmas, or thereabout, right on to the spring, the fat lambs and other stock that have been fed up for the butcher will be disposed of.

Sheep-farmers have such diverse ways of feeding their stock, that it is almost impossible to lay down any fixed plan. Moreover, so much will depend upon circumstances that conditions must be made according to such. Long-woolled sheep are dealt with rather differently from the short-woolled varieties. Many of the lambs run on grass for the first year, with perhaps a few swedes or mangels. A common practice amongst sheep-farmers is that of turning their flock amongst turnips. In a crop of thirty tons of turnips to the acre it is usual to allow half a score of black-faced sheep; or double this quantity of young sheep. Eight-year-old Leicesters are allowed the same amount, or double this number of young Leicester sheep, in the winter half-year. Cabbage, cole-seed, or thousand-headed kale are good foods for sheep during the winter. When sheep are turned amongst roots—the object of which is to manure the ground and consolidate it for a succeeding crop of cereals—it is advisable to net off tracts of roots—say sufficient for a week or so—until the whole crop has been eaten up. The netting should run lengthways or take the direction of the plough, so that the manure will be turned well into the soil when the plough gets to work. The sheep make and distribute the manure, and many people sell their roots conditionally that they shall be eaten off by sheep, without pulling them. If turnips are drawn and carted, the cart may have a slicer attached, so that the cut roots can be scattered over a strip

of ground, changing the area every day in order to allow distribution of manure. This is the most economical plan. Rock salt should always be allowed to sheep, as they thrive very much better with its use. Turnips, hay, and cake are the usual foods in Scotland for hogs during the winter. In England, tares, sainfoin, etc., are sown in the autumn as sheep food for the spring and summer.

### Middlesex

At the end of July the Countess of Strafford entertained the members of the Land Army in Middlesex at her house in St. James's Square. During the evening Miss MacQueen gave a most interesting account of her visit to Denmark, which was much appreciated by all present; after which there were presentations of Good Service Ribbons by Mr. Perkin, eleven members having won this distinction.

Dancing to a most inspiring band was another great enjoyment, which was followed by supper, and the thanks of all members are due to Lady Strafford for a most delightful evening.

### Leominster

The last of a series of Flag Days in aid of the Land Army Comforts Fund was held in Leominster on Friday, September 26th, by kind permission of the Mayor, Mr. J. B. Dowding.

A sum of £14 18s. was realised. Thanks are due to Miss Saunders for her valuable assistance in securing local ladies to help in collecting. The following is a list of the collectors:—

Miss Bach, Miss Scarlet, Miss Robinson, Miss Trewin, Miss Reynolds, Miss Thompson, and The Misses Hudson.

Land Army.—Mrs. Morrison, Miss Wargent, Mrs. Naftel, Miss Weldon, Miss D. E. Ecton, Miss Hodgkiss, Miss Griggs, Miss Page and The Misses Williams.

### Christmas Presents

Miss S. J. Jones, Brynffryd, Bethesda, N.W., receives orders in art needlework and embroidery. Ladies' own work finished, etc.

Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.



## The Carrier's Cart

"UNLESS you wish to pay a guinea for a taxi," said my hostess at breakfast, "you cannot possibly leave here till Saturday. The only way of getting to the station is by the carrier and he left half-an-hour ago, and does not go again till Saturday."

This seemed final, and I was compelled, not unwillingly, to spend two extra days of holiday in this Elizabethan Manor on the top of the Chilterns.

It was with some spirit of adventure that, armed with lavender and jasmine tied in a silk handkerchief, I climbed into Mr. Tubbs's friendly caravan at 9 on that peerless Saturday morning. The first glance was discouraging: six passengers and a variety of parcels, the only vacant place being at the innermost corner. With a little persuasion friend Tubbs was induced to raise his Wilsden canvas flap, and soon we were jogging along the high road with a pleasant through draught to ease our journey.

My opposite companion mopped her forehead and gasped loudly, "Well, it is a job and all," she sighed; "I have to get up at 4 these marketty mornings and I'm not so young as I used to be."

"Go on, Mrs. Brown!" said a neat black-robed lady. "You can't be fifty, and look at me, turned 67, with a two-mile walk at the other end."

But Mrs. Brown would not be appeased and continued to bewail her age, her busyness and the price of food till we reached Reading.

Another traveller was more philosophical and described with a twinkle how her mother had brought up a family of ten on 9s. a week. "I remember when mother sent me to the shop with 6d. for an ounce of tea they never gave me no change, and I cried before I got home. But mother said there wouldn't be no change. Sixpence for one ounce of tea! Well, we never saw meat but once a week, and we had plenty of potatoes and carrots, and butter was only 10d. a pound. It was boots that was the trouble, but then we put into a boot club, and once a month it would come our turn for a pair of boots." I did not manage to fathom the financial mysteries of this boot club, but Mrs. Longley had many another tit-bit of domestic economy to impart. She didn't care for bakers' strikes, not she. Never a bit of boughten bread had there been in her home, nor ever would be while she had two hands. "Yeast! I don't need it. Just the self-raising flour, and lovely cakes I makes of it too. Folks did use to grumble at the war ingredients, but my cakes was always light and lovely. And we don't bother about coal, neither. Plenty of wood, for the gathering of it."

"Don't you find clothing very dear?" I asked timidly, but

this brought a storm of contempt on my head. "Bless you, no, miss—I laid in a fair stock of clothes before the war. I haven't bought a stocking since 1913. And I makes every garment I put on."

"Do you have much liveliness in the village in the winter time?" was my next question. "Well, we've gotten a women's institute now; that do make a difference. Always something to look forward to."

Mrs. Brown brightened up at this and forgot her woes in describing the last meeting they'd had, up to Mrs. Coomber's with raspberries a treat for tea, and a lady who told them all about fruit bottling and a fair old country dance to wind up.

"My husband, he says he's all for these here institutes, and wishes the men had got something like it."

"They do talk up Cheesecombe way of starting something for themselves. But we want a room to meet in. The school is too small and the desks get in the way. We feel so stiff-like all settin' on them forms."

Here we climbed down from the cart and walked up a steep hill. Beech groves on either side shaded the wide harvest fields from us, and the air was pure and sweet. Good travelling this, before the sun had reached its pitiless point in the heavens, and I was quite sorry when the well-trimmed gardens of outer Reading took the place of oats, and beans, and barley.

We parted at the station and as the express swung me to London I looked at the sunburnt Land Army lass opposite me who was changing counties to join a flax-pulling gang in Suffolk, and said: "Blessed is the man that putteth his trust in the Lord, for he shall inherit the earth and the fullness thereof."

L.V.

## Good Service Ribbons West Riding

E. Berry, L. Downes.

### Bucks

Emma Thompson, May Thomas.

## The Milk-Maid o' the Farm By William Barnes

O POLL'S the milk-maid o' the farm  
An' Poll's so happy out in groun'  
Wi' her white pail below her earm  
[As if she wore a goolden crown.

An' Poll don't zit up half the night,  
Nor lie vor half the day a-bed:  
An' zoo her eyes be sparklen bright,  
[An' zoo her cheeks be bloomèn red.

In zummer mornens, when the lark  
Do rouse the litty lad an' lass  
To work, then she's the vu'st to mark  
[Her steps upon the dewy grass.

An' in the evenen, when the zun  
Do sheen upon the western brows  
O' hills, where bubbèn brooks do run,  
[There she do zing bezide her cows.

En' ev'ry cow of hers do stand,  
An' never overzet her pail,  
Nor try to kick her nimble hand,  
Nor switch her wi' her heavy tail.

Noo leädy w' her muff an' vail,  
[Do walk wi' sich a steätely tread,  
As she do, wi' her milkèn pail  
[A-balanced on her comely head.

An' she at mornèn an' at night  
[Do skim the yollow cream an' mwold  
An' wring her cheeses red an' white,  
[An' zee the butter vetch'd an' roll'd.

An' in the barken or the ground,  
The chaps do always do their best  
To milk the vu'st their own cows round,  
[An' then help her to milk the rest.

Zoo Poll's the milk-maid o' the farm!  
An' Poll's so happy out in groun'  
Wi' her white pail below her earm  
[As if she wore a goolden crown.

A Book of English Poetry  
(T. C. & E. C. Jack).



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## Diana

**D**IANA is the name of the cow that I have the pleasure to milk. She is as black as a coal mine and has white points. Diana looks upon all human beings as necessary evils and all other animals as stupid or mentally deficient.

She never stands still if she thinks she would like to move on, even during milking, but at the same time in all her history she has never kicked the bucket over or smacked me more than 200 times at a go with her tail. If I take too long over milking she says so, and if the hay doesn't please her she spits it out. Diana has two companions, but she is not very emotional, so you would never know she actually loved them; they are goats and absolutely wild. They occasionally indulge in a butting match with her ladyship, but it is very rare. Diana, above all things, maintains a silent dignity, except when the flies are troublesome. She never lowers herself to go for anything in breeches, but screaming females in skirts irritate her to the backbone, and she finds it difficult to stand still when they shove inquisitive and timid noses over the gate.

Sometimes Diana makes expeditions into neighbouring fields (via the hedge) and discusses milk prices with the Squire's cattle. Every now and again we get presented with a calf—a great event and one to discuss minutely. When her offspring is eventually sold for the largest sum we can extract from some kind-hearted farmer, who promises never to kill it, Diana becomes heartbroken for a brief space, but her troubles are soon forgotten in the joys of the young grass and she settles down to her silent dignity again.

## A Landswoman on a Holiday

**L** EFT 1.5 p.m. Arrived Liverpool Street 3.38 p.m. Uneventful journey in company with dear old lady aged about umpteen hundred, who chewed pears all the way, but did not offer any; also in the carriage little girl, coming to London to start school, very excited, and inquired if each station was Liverpool Street.

My sister met me at Liverpool Street—then

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continued the journey standing inside a bus, rather a hair-raising experience after my usual method of travelling behind Farmer Foster's dear old Dobbin.

Arrived at . . . 4.55 p.m. There saw my brother-in-law busily engaged keeping the home fires burning—he was just gaining the mastery over his old enemy, malaria. Had tea almost directly, and afterwards felt much refreshed. Spent the first evening over the fire talking, after first going to the post alone with a P.C. to let them know at Beccles that I had arrived safely in the "Little Village." Land girls are evidently a rarity in this part of the country, as I was the victim of many stares and mild remarks from young and old.

My holiday in London is drawing to an end now, and really I don't think I am terribly sorry. It is nice for a few days, but I am beginning to long for the country and open air, with its noise of lowing cows and running milk instead of the continual roar of traffic. Am wondering if my Daisy, Molly, Bluebell, Spitfire, and all the others have been missing me. I should leave for Norwich on Tuesday, but H— informs me at noon that he has been to Liverpool Street and found that the only train for Norwich left at 9.55 a.m. Hang those strikes! Perhaps I shall be more fortunate to-morrow—can only hope so. And so my delightful little holiday in London finishes, and really I have had a good time. I have now actually seen that which I have seen in imagination many times. And now back to the farm to tell them all my tales.



## Landswoman Portrait Gallery

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

**BOHILLS, Miss A., and HARRISON, Miss M. (Northumberland).**—In recognition of great courage shown in helping to release cows from a dangerous situation. Following a heavy fall of snow the roof of the byre fell in, burying 16 head of cattle. Miss Bohills and Miss Harrison rendered prompt help in extricating the animals and afterwards went under the debris to milk the heifers.

**CHAPMAN, Miss (Essex).**—In recognition of exceptional courage shown on two occasions in the course of her employment. When in charge of a hay wagon the horse took fright, reared and bolted. Miss Chapman held on to his head throughout and finally brought him to a standstill. On another occasion she had a broken foot bone and injured rib as the result of an accident. In spite of this she insisted upon doing her milk round as usual, as no other worker was available.

**HENLEY, Miss F. E.**—A frightened cow was stranded on a small piece of dry land in the middle of a swift and wide river, unable to reach either bank on account of the soft mud which surrounded her. Henley swam across the river, roped the cow in mid stream and drove her to the bank.

**LE MAR, Miss E. M.**—In recognition of great courage and presence of mind at the time of a serious accident, thereby saving the life of a boy. A small boy was sitting on a stile in charge of a gun, which slipped and practically blew his arm off. Miss Le Mar rushed to the child and carried him into the house. She then bound his arm tightly with towels and attended to him until

help arrived. The doctor asserts that but for Miss Le Mar's prompt action the child would have lost his life.

**SPURRIN, Mrs.**—In recognition of exceptional skill and devotion in the care of horses, sheep and stock during 3½ years.

*Note.*—The photographs of Miss Bohills and Miss M. Harrison appear on page 250. The details respecting the Misses Fisher, Leonard, L. Harrison and Mrs. Hockin appeared in the October issue.



[Daily Mirror]  
L. M. Fisher



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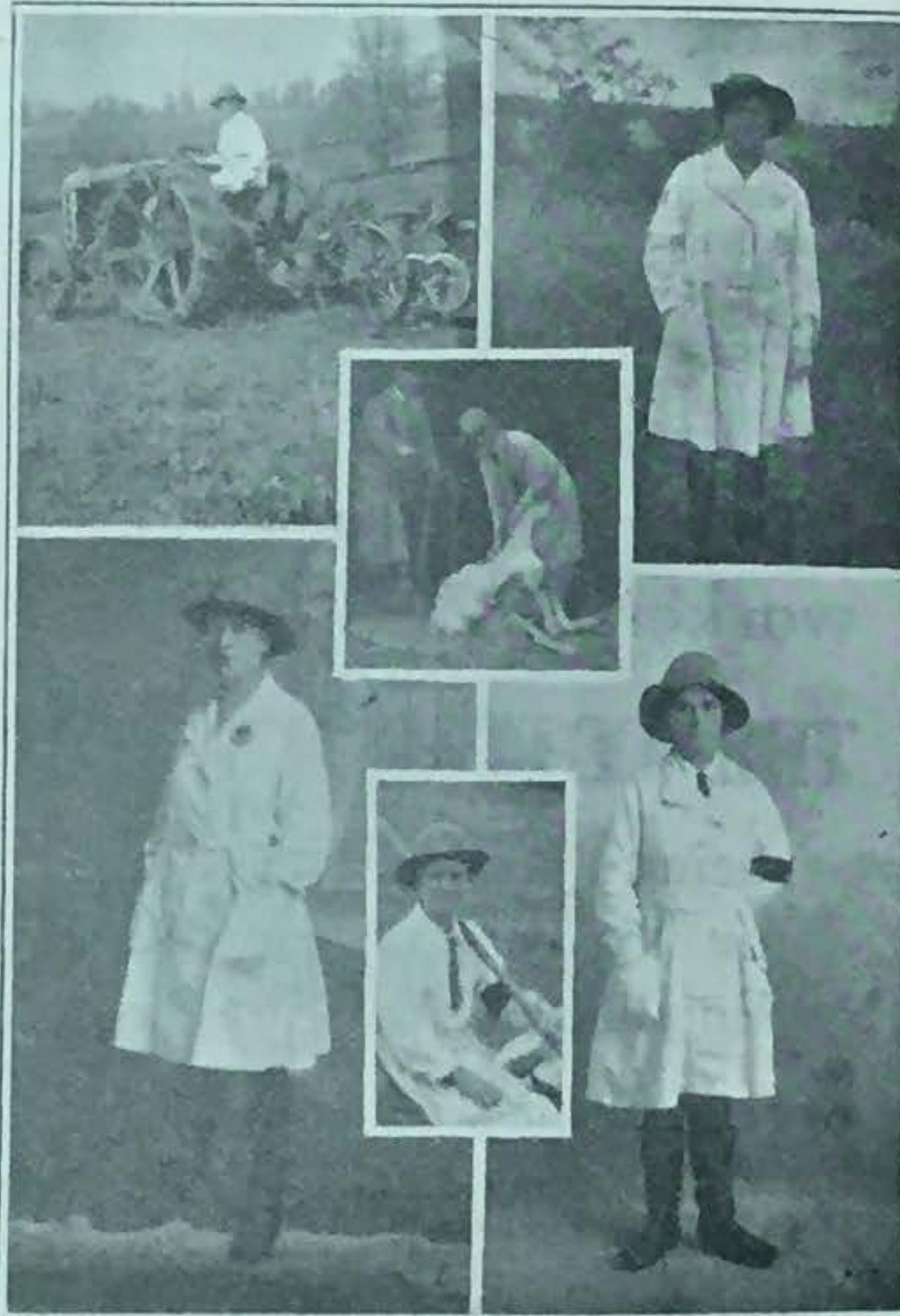
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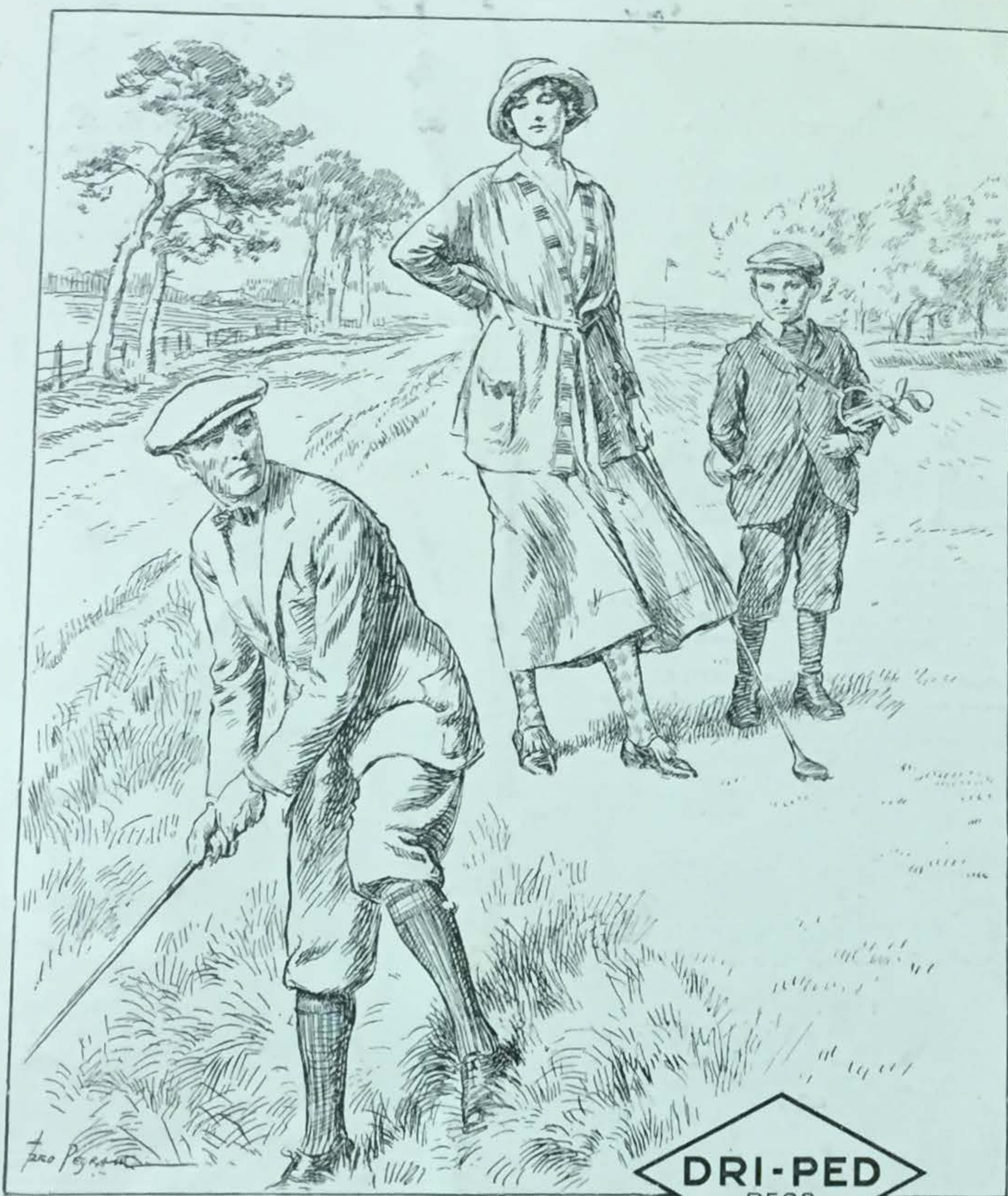
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*Drawing by Fred Pegram*

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