

THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Girl and Every Country Woman

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THE LAMBING SEASON



J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

The Farmer speaks :

"Cruel days are coming,
There's bad weather in the sky,
So get some straw and thatch the pens.
And make them warm and dry."

"Cruel days are coming
There are warnings in the sky,
Of raw days and bleak days
When little lambs die"

The Land Girl speaks :

"Set your mind at rest, Sir;
Lord love you, what care I
For raw days and bleak days,
And warnings in the sky?"

"The pens are thatched and bedded down,
All cosy, warm and dry,
And I'll swallow my boots,
And go and eat roots,
Ere ever a lamb shall die."

The Ewe speaks :

"Poor little slimy, sodden thing,
Don't cry so bitterly;
Just why you're here I cannot tell,
But you belong to me

"Lie close, lie close, my little lamb,
Your tiny body's numb;
Lie close, lie close, my little lamb,
And help will surely come."

The Land Girl speaks :

"Little fluffy, woolly thing,
Come underneath my arm,
And follow close, you brave old ewe,
I'll do your lamb no harm."

"I've got a pen fresh bedded down
All cosy, warm and dry,
So trust in me, you brave old ewe,
Your little lamb shan't die."

The Farmer speaks :

"Sunny days are coming,
There is promise in the sky;
The little lambs are fat and strong
And kick their heels high."

"Bravely done, you Land Girl,
And long with me abide;
And don't eat roots,
Or swallow your boots,
For never a lamb has died."

JEAN COLMER.

The Sunny South

THE Sunny South is not Brighton nor Bognor, as advertised by the L.B.S.C.R., but a row of pig-styes so built that they catch every possible ray of sun, and here it is that, every morning at nine or thereabouts, I am greeted with a show of heads and an almost deafening chorus of grunts and squeals, gradually subsiding as one pig after another is fed.

First and foremost there are Priscilla and Prudence calling for their breakfast—two perfectly enormous pigs which are being fattened for the house. Prue has a great desire to see the world which lies beyond her sty, and she seizes every opportunity to get past you as you open the door, not drawing the line at doing her best to knock you down, and when you are bringing her tempting pail that she shares with Priscilla for breakfast and tea she will even leave Priscy to eat her share as well as her own in her eagerness to try and slip out. Which shows that greed is not *always* a pig's primary instinct. Once out, woe betide you! If you *do* want to get done it's no use chasing her wildly round the yard. When she has fully inspected the muck heap, sniffed round the wheels of the wagonload of straw, and grunted at each of the other pigs' doors just to let them know she is out once again *in spite* of all your threats, then and then only she will waddle back with a self-complacent air and contented grunt to see how much breakfast Priscy has left her. Even if there were *none*, I am sure that the joy of exploring the yard and the delightful grovelling in the muck heap would fully compensate for half a pail of middlings. But generally Priscy has not managed it all!

Then there is Taty, and thereby hangs a tale.

There were two very small pigs in one litter, and when all the rest were sold these two were kept to see if special care and tit-bits could not add a little more flesh to their all too prominent bones. The farmer remarked that they were "hesitating pigs," wondering whether to live or die, rather in the frame of mind of Hamlet in his "To be or not to be, that is the question," so one was christened Hesy and the other Tating—Taty for short. Hesy finally decided to die, and is buried in the muck heap, and is occasionally washed up by a heavy storm of rain, much to my disgust, but Taty still lives. His ears are enormous. They grew while the rest of him stood still, but he is fattening up now, and his tail getting quite a saucy twist to it.

A litter of six white pigs and one black—christened the Canon, after a relative—were born last week, and two other families, Boney's "We are seven"—she had seven in the first place, but felt that the care of such a large family was too great a responsibility and so laid on two—and Lovey's six, the fattest, silkiest, most *adorable* family of piglets that ever basked in the sunny south, and the best of the six is Plum Duff.

Next door is "Our Nancy." So far she is entirely concerned in bringing up her family, and has no thoughts of representing the Sunny South in Parliament. She is a model mother, and covers up her family in the straw when she thinks there are any cold winds about or the Sunny South is not living up to its reputation.

Now, as I pick up the squealing Canon and stroke his hard little head till he stops his loud-voiced cries of protest, I think and *laugh* of the time when I was afraid even of pigs!

After milking at nights I generally go round to say good-night to them. Just a few sleepy grunts of sweet content, the moonlit South bathed in white light, the wind still in the skeleton branches of the trees, and every now and then the patter of a falling leaf—and I am off home to my tea.

P.S.—Priscilla is to die on Tuesday, and if I can get any of her sausages I will send you a sample of Sunny South pork!

M. R.



Unconcerned Martyrs.

Money can buy things, but it can't buy health, happiness, kindness, friends, or anything that is really worth having; and that is one reason why the rich are so miserable. They have found that out.

—PHILIP OYLER.

A Pine Forest

THERE was once a pine forest that lived far away in the country. It was so far away that no human being had ever visited the great family of trees; but they had for their friends the Sun, the Moon, and the Great Wind.

Every morning, as the sun crept slowly up in the east, the trees unfolded their arms and lifted their heads for the first kiss of the sunshine. There was no quarrelling about it. The smaller and weaker trees saw just as much of the sun as the others did, for the tall straight pines curved their branches so that he shone down on their little brothers and sisters.

The forest prided itself on the fact that the trees were all alike. All were straight and well-built, even among the smaller ones, so they chose to ignore the one exception.

The father and mother of the exception lived on the edge of the forest, with their faces turned from the crooked little tree who was their son. All day long they gazed straight out over the hills and tried to see only the wind playing with the clouds; but

The trees slowly drooped their heads and curled their branches, ready for the fast approaching night.

The moon shone brightly on the silent forest, turning their drooping heads to silver and penetrating to the great silent depths below where our crooked tree moved restlessly.

It was not the wind, for there was no wind; the moon knew that. So the moon left the silent paths of the forest, and forgot the owls and the night-birds, and drowned one small crooked tree in a silver mist.

The night-birds called to the moon, and the ferns shivered slightly, waiting for the hidden light. But one crooked tree drooped his head and slept.

M.Y.

Daffodil

WHO passes down the wintry street?

Hey, ho, daffodil,
A sudden flame of gold and sweet.

With sword of emerald girt so neat,
And golden gay from head to feet.



[*"Daily Mirror"* Photo. Fleet Agency.

PRIMITIVE PLOUGHING.—A peasant woman of Central Siberia guides the ox while her husband presses their home-made plough of wood into the soil.

above everything there always rose the picture of a crooked little tree, and their hearts burned with shame.

As the day wore on the sun became hotter and hotter, and the trees drooped their heads a little and looked down into the cool shade. This was when the crooked tree was happy; he seemed to have a real life of his own, and he forgot his crooked little body and lifted up his face to catch a few rays from the kindly sun, who had never been known to turn his face away.

But even the sun's time was not his own. He had to travel round to the west, and the trees raised their heads to watch him go. The evening came, and he gave them one last farewell before he sank behind the hills. The straight old pines took all his gracious kindness for themselves, but the crooked tree had felt the warmth of that farewell too.

How are you here this wintry day?

Hey, ho, daffodil,
Your radiant fellows yet delay.

No windflower dances scarlet gay,
Nor crocus-flame lights up the way.

What land of cloth o' gold and green,
Hey, ho, daffodil,
Cloth o' gold with the green between.

Was that you left but yester e'en
To light a gloomy world and mean?

King trumpeter to Flora queen,
Hey, ho, daffodil,
Blow, and the golden jousts begin.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

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

The Care of Horses on the Farm

THERE is no branch of farm work in which good work is more essential or more quickly repaid than in the care of the working farm horse. A good horsewoman is at once discovered by the well fed, well groomed cart horse and the clean harness that she is able to turn out.

It is not merely a question of appearance; it is simply that to do the heavy, constant work required of him means that the cart horse must be kept in the best possible condition. To be "in good condition"—that is, to be fit and ready for all the demands made upon him—depends upon good feeding, good grooming, and a constant care of all details of a horse's well-being. A beginner should know that no point of detail is too small, and should learn from the first to be always on the watch for the least sign of illness or lameness.

Grooming.—A farm horse is kept in stables during the winter months, and lies out at night during the warm summer months, and in either case he requires a thorough grooming before he goes out to work. Apart from the pleasant result of a glossy coat, no horse can remain in good health without grooming.

He should be brushed with the body and dandy brush, taking care to brush his coat as it lies naturally, and not against the grain of the hair. The head should be given special attention, and the mane and tail kept free from scurf and dirt. When this is not done, a horse begins to rub both mane and tail owing to the irritation of the scurf, and is quickly disfigured.

The hair on a cart horse's legs (feather) must be kept well brushed and clean. The hoofs should be looked at twice a day at least, to see that the shoes are not loose or that there is no injury of any sort. No long time is needed for the morning grooming, but complete attention to and interest in the work are essential.

Feeding.—The working horse should be fed not later than 6 a.m., so that he may have plenty of time to digest his breakfast before going out to work; and again at mid-day, either in stables, when the custom is to take dinner-time off, or in a nose-bag in the field when there is only one unhitching in the day. The third feed should be in the evening, when he returns from work.

While in stables his food should consist of oats, chaff and bran, mangolds, and long hay. Chaff, or "chop," is straw, either wheaten or oat, *never barley*, chaffed in a chaff cutter. This is fed with the oats to help digestion and to increase the bulk. The quantity of oats fed to each horse should vary with the amount and kind of day's work before him.

A horse doing light carting work in summer could do with two small feeds, about 6 lb. of oats. In winter, while ploughing every day on heavy land, it is difficult to give too much corn; as much as a horse will eat can safely be given.

A horse should always have as much water as he wants, and should not be kept long periods without drinking. He should always be watered *before* being fed.

The bedding should be kept as clean and dry as possible. All the wet and soiled pieces of straw must be taken away with a fork and put on the dunghill, and the clean straw forked up and made into a good bed for the horse to lie on.

Method of Treating Horses.—A horse should be handled and spoken to as quietly as possible, and never frightened. In the wild state he has great nervous powers of self-protection which make him able to know the presence of danger. In a domestic state he is still inclined to be shy of strangers, and quickly upset by noisy, shouted words or any rough and sudden handling.

Directly a horse's confidence is gained he is ready to put complete trust in his master, and it is worth any trouble to make the working horse a willing friend and not a cowed or rebellious slave. Horses are very partial to being handled by women, and will obey gentle handling more readily than brute force. In this way, women who have not the physical strength to handle powerful horses roughly can get equally good results by quietness and patience.

A horse should be accustomed to obeying certain words of command, such as "come over" when he is required to shift from one side of the box or stall to the other whilst being groomed or fed. Great care should be taken in leading a horse in or out of stable to see that he does not knock his head in a low doorway or hit himself anywhere, as he will easily become "stable shy" and difficult to get in or out. Ordinary care and common sense will prevent this, and indeed most other accidents which lead to trouble.

Care at Work.—A horse should be fully harnessed in his stall or box. First put on the collar and hames, then the breeching, and last the bridle and reins; do not let the reins drag on the ground, and be sure that the hames are fitting close to the collar and will not slip.

When a horse comes in from work, if he has been sweating, let him stand for a little time in his collar before it is taken off, as this will prevent sore shoulders.

Then take the collar off and thoroughly clean it and dry it ready for next time. Sore and wrung shoulders are very hard to cure and are a constant source of annoyance on a farm.

The horse should be put quietly into the cart or wagon, and harnessed up and taught to stand quietly until all is ready for the start. If he does all his work quietly and without rushing he will be all the more ready to try some new job that is expected of him, such as going in the mower or binder for the first time. Any symptom of lameness should be at once reported to the master, or anything unusual in the condition or appearance of the horse, either at work or in stables. A horse may become suddenly very lame indeed by picking up a stone in his hoof, and it is always well to look first and see if this has happened. The stone should be taken out at once, but sometimes, if tightly wedged, this is not an easy matter. Force can be used on the stone, but the sole of the hoof must not be bruised, or further trouble will result.

Leather should be kept well oiled and pliant, both so that it does not rub the horse by its hardness and to make it last longer, since dry leather rots and breaks. The brass work should reflect the pride the good horsewoman has in her work, and the hames should be kept clean. A little bath-brick and oil is a cheap and good way of keeping steel parts, such as the hames, clean. Harness cleaning should be done on wet days or some time that does not interfere with outdoor work.

SYLVIA CALMADY-HAMLYN.



[Reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."
Small Boy (fascinated by milking process): "NOW PUT IT ALL BACK AND DO IT AGAIN."

A Milking Song—Winter

I.
THE sky glows red,
 Twilit the land,
 While warm in the shed
 The good cows stand
 In great content,
 Over mangers bent,
 Busy each head.

II.
 And music ascends,
 A symphony, played
 By four pairs of hands
 (Three men and a maid),
 Rythmical, low,
 Now swift, now slow,
 The harmony blends.

III.
 Ping! pang!-ping!
 Hear it ring
 On the empty zinc!
 Warm to the brink
 The foam mounts soon,
 And a purring croon
 The strong strokes sing!

IV.
 While my fingers ply
 Does my fancy play;
 Musingly I
 Think over the day.
 For souls grow calm
 With the soothing charm,
 And small cares die.

V.
 Soon the lantern's light
 From the rafter-nail
 Mellows the white
 And glints on the pail;
 Touching all with gold,
 As perhaps of old
 Did a Babe one night!

VI.
 Soon to her hay,
 Fragrant, June-mown,
 We leave for the day
 "Good red and roan—
 Where firelight gleams,
 And in land of dreams,
 Endeth my lay!

R. A.



The Pelican Gets Ready

["Daily Sketch," Photo Reginald Silk.]

Rural Communities

Are there such things in England?

ONE of the most valuable books published for a long time is *The National Being*, by A. E. (Maunsel & Co.). It is a book which makes a special appeal to every member of the Association who uses her brain to think and reflect about the life in which she is taking a part—the life of the English village.

"We often hear," says A. E., "the expression 'the rural community,' but where do we find rural communities? There are rural populations, but that is altogether a different thing. The word 'community' implies an association of people having common interests and common possessions, bound together by laws and regulations which express these common interests and ideals. . . . Our rural populations are no more closely connected, for the most part, than the shifting sands on the seashore."

He goes on to say:—

"If a man emigrates it does not affect the occupation of those who farm the land all about him. They go on ploughing and digging, buying and selling, just as before. They suffer no perceptible economic loss by the departure of half-a-dozen men from the district. A true community would, of course, be affected by the loss of its members."

"A co-operative society, if it loses a dozen members, the milk of their cows, their orders for fertilisers, seeds and feeding-stuffs, receives serious injury to its prosperity. . . . That is the difference between a community and an unorganised population."

A. E. is the most gifted of Sir Horace Plunkett's apostles of co-operation, and he believes that only by applying the principle of co-operation to our unorganised rural populations can we hope to create rural communities.

He contrasts the city with a village:—

"If in a city people want an art gallery or public baths or recreation grounds, there is a machinery which can be set in motion; there are corporations and urban councils which can be approached. . . . Now let us go to a country district where there is no organisation. It may be obvious to one or two people that the place is perishing and the intelligence of its humanity is decaying, lacking some centre of life. They want a village hall, but how is it to be obtained. They begin talking about it to this person or that. They ask these people to talk to their friends, and the ripples go out widening and widening for months, perhaps for years. . . . There is no social organism with a central life to stir."

He suggests one remedy for this state of things, quoting a notable phrase of Walt Whitman's:—

"The final urgings of men and women are towards humanity. Their desires are for the perfecting of their own life, and, as Whitman says, where the best men and women are there the great city stands, though it is only a village. It is one of the illusions of modern materialistic thought to suppose that as high a quality of life is not possible in a village as in a great city, and it ought to be one of the aims of rural reformers to dissipate this fallacy and to show that it is possible . . . to bring comfort enough [to the villages] to satisfy any reasonable person, and to create a society where there will be intellectual life and human interests."

He sees that the excellent thing for humanity is that our civilisation should be based on rural industry mainly and not on urban industry.

A Gardener's Letter

DEAR SYLVIA,—We are ashamed of our little greenhouse this month, but most greenhouses are bare just now because of the general difficulty of obtaining coke for heating during the war. The result has been that all our pet plants have died and we have not had the heart up to the present to start all over again. In the old days we used to have such a mass of flowers of different sorts this month, and it was delightful on dull, wet days to spend a morning in the warmth and the scent of Dutch hyacinths, tulips, narcissi and freesias—with the glorious reds and mauves of the clyclamens and primulas to complete our riot of colour. We miss them all so much in this victory year, and we have jotted down in our diary as part of the autumn work the preparation for our February harvest of bloom.

We are sowing broad beans as early as possible this month—and don't forget, Sylvia, when you do yours that all peas, beans and cabbage seeds should be rolled in red lead, moistened with paraffin before you sow them. Paraffin is used instead of water because it does not, as water would, hasten the germination of the seeds and promote untimely growth. The lead will, of course, "put off" the attentions of field mice, sparrows and chaffinches. Mice were a great nuisance with us last year, and in spite of traps, as well as red lead, our peas had to be sown in some cases three times over.

The first of our peas will go in this month, and as we have only a small space for them we are confining ourselves to the dwarf varieties. Our hot bed is to be started next week and tomatoes sown. They cannot be started too early, as, unless the summer is a very sunny one, we have such a stock in October which refuse to ripen and have to be made into green tomato chutney! Leeks and a little lettuce seed will go into boxes, and on wet days we shall be spreading out our seed potatoes.

We are also going to try our hand at a little French gardening this year, and for this reason our hot bed is of greater importance than usual, so I will copy for your information the instructions given in my own pet text book on French gardening, by C. D. McKay:—

"Choose moderately fresh steamy stable manure, moist, full of heat—rejecting the very dry, long straw, and exhausted parts previously to forming it into a bed. If the manure is rank, it would be best to prepare it a little by forking the whole up into a heap—mixing well together—and let it thus remain eight, ten, or twelve days to ferment equally, and for the rank steam and fierce heat to evaporate. It will then be of a proper temperature to make into the hotbed.

Make the hotbed in a sheltered dry spot facing due south. Make it wholly on the surface of the ground, four or five feet wide, according to the frame. The sides of the bed can be lined with fresh, hot manure, reaching quite to the bottom when necessary, to augment the heat should it cool.

In making the bed, let it be two or three inches wider than the frame each way. Now begin to make the bed. Shake and mix the manure well when laying it on the bed, and beat it down with the back of the fork as you go on; but do not tread it, for a bed which is trodden hard will not work so kindly, and be more liable to burn than that

which is allowed to settle gradually of itself. Let the bed be about three feet high, making an allowance for its setting six or eight inches in a week or fortnight after making. As soon as finished, put on the frame and glass, keeping them close down till the heat comes up; then raise the glass behind, that the steam may pass away.

Three or four days after making the bed in which to sow the seed, earth it with rich, light, dry earth or compost, which has been made ready at this season under some dry shed, to a depth of three or four inches."

Cucumber and melon seeds will then be sown, in 60 pots, and we are hoping great things! And if you have forgotten to sow your sweet pea seeds in the autumn get them in at once in five-inch pots, and put them in a frame or on a shelf in the greenhouse.

This is a very scrappy letter, but I have kept my most important news till the end. Next month Miss Elsa More, F.R.H.S., will start her regular series of gardening articles on this page—and then you will really know what a gardener's letter should be like.—Yours ever,
PAMELA.

After the War

AFTER the war? Ah, well! After the war—but, listen! Somewhere in Old England there's a little country village—a little, old-world village that belongs to long ago; that has never caught up to present days and never will, and is irresistibly bewitching because of it—at least, I find it so.

Along the edge of the woods there winds a narrow white lane, whose hedges are smothered with wild roses and convolvulus, and which rises gently till the village is left lying in a misty blue hollow below. Atop the hill is a quaintly shaped cottage—a dream cottage—exactly the kind of cottage one would expect to see there. Crimson rambler, clematis and ivy run riot over its walls in artistic confusion, and the flagstones leading to the porch have become irregular and moss-grown with age; and the garden—ah! that's the most wonderful thing about it! It's a wonder-garden!—just a splash of vivid colour, with queer little twisted grey paths, and rose-covered arches, and great waving trees that whisper fairy stories to anyone who cares to listen.

Underneath one of the arches is a wicket-gate, leading to the less romantic part of the garden. There are blue-green cabbages there and crimson beetroots, plum and apple trees, and various other things that are part of the market-garden world.

You must come early in the morning to see the garden at its best. For then every leaf and blossom sparkles with dew, and the fairies have been at work in the night, jewelling the silken spiders' webs with glistening, shimmering diamonds. An opalescent mist deepens the blue shadows on the paths and softens every outline till the garden is transformed into a Land of Mystery. There's a wonderfully fresh smell of damp soil and dewy flowers that is curiously intoxicating. As the mist clears a lark soars up into the blue, singing joyously, giving expression to something one feels yet cannot define, and from somewhere among the trees comes the mellow call of the cuckoo—the bird that plays hide-and-seek with the world.
TONY.

Poultry Notes

NATURAL HATCHING.

Natural v. Artificial hatching—Broodies to select—Reason for failures—Hatching boxes—Preparing the nest—Setting the hen—Hatchable eggs—Management of broodies—Tethering broody hens—Value of egg-testing.

BEFORE dealing with natural hatching I must say a little about that old controversy that is always with us—viz., "Natural versus artificial incubation." Many there are who still swear by the hen and will have nothing to do with the incubator, maintaining that naturally-hatched are stronger and better than incubator-hatched chicks. It is time this argument was dropped, for we could not do without the incubator. How would the poultry-farmer who raises several thousand chicks a year get along if he had to rely solely on hens? On the other hand, for the small man the broody hen must naturally have the advantage over the incubator. The man who hatches artificially complains that he has a larger percentage of dead-in-shell than where hens are used, but this trouble is due, I am sure, largely to the parent stock and operator himself. Those who have still a warm spot in their hearts for the hen should combine natural with artificial incubation. The vital period of an egg undergoing incubation is undoubtedly from the third to the eighth or ninth day, and a plan that is worth attention is for the eggs to be set under hens for the first ten days and then transferred to the incubator to be finished off. Thus during the twenty-one days a hen can be entrusted with two lots of eggs and take a full batch of chickens, when hatched, direct from the incubator. If necessary three lots of eggs can be allowed each hen if she seems steady at the end of the twentieth day and looks fit enough to sit for another ten days. It would, of course, be necessary for a goodly number of broodies to be set up at the same time and for the unfertiles to be removed and replaced by fertiles to make sure of each hen having her full hatch of hatchable eggs.

Broodies to Select.—When a hen desires to sit a fever comes over her and her blood becomes heated. When the broodiness has got a hold—after a few days—the hen appears to be all of a tremble and plucks the feathers from her breast—Nature's way of providing greater warmth for the eggs, I suppose. Success will depend upon whether the hen is really broody at the time the eggs are given her. It is useless to hurry things and chance to luck; always make sure that the fever has got a firm grip before setting any hen. The best test of a hen's broodiness and reliability is to place one hand under her, opening out the fingers in doing so. If she shuffles her wings and endeavours to brood the tips of your fingers she is likely to be a good broody. A clumsy hen that has the tread of an elephant or one that is excitable and always on and off the nest is more than useless. Select hens that possess an abundance of fluff on thighs and under the tail, as their clothing will keep the eggs warm. Never set a hen that is in a thin or poor condition, for the chances are she will die on the nest.

Reasons for Failures.—There are many reasons to account for failures in natural hatching. The commonest is that the hen is given the eggs before she is properly broody. Allow the hen to sit on a few dummy eggs before giving her the sitting she is to be trusted with. A hen may forsake her nest owing to the attacks of insects; dust both hen and nest with insect powder before setting the hen. Other reasons are through the poultry-keeper setting the hen too near the other fowls, and she becomes anxious to get back to them, or through giving the broody too many eggs to cover, or allowing her too long off the eggs at feeding time. If too many eggs are placed under a hen a different egg finds itself out in the cold each day—owing to the broody shifting the eggs when following Nature by turning them—and the chick in each chilled egg perishes. By the end of the hatch every egg has been chilled and no chicks appear. A broody hen, believe me, is a gold-mine, and that is why every poultry-farmer should keep a stock of reliable broodies on the farm no matter what their ages may be. Mark every hen that turns out a good broody and mother, and keep a few of the selected ones in harness. They will repay in the number of chicks they hatch out and successfully rear.

Hatching Boxes.—Many poultry-keepers set their hens on the floor in out-houses, etc., but there are disadvantages here, for the hens are free agents and can either come off at leisure or sit tight—two extremes to be avoided. There is nothing like having the broodies under one's own control. Where a hen is allowed to come off at leisure she may have a fright at night and leave her nest, not being able to find her way back till morning. You might find her snugly set on the eggs in the morning, but the little incident that happened in the night has spoiled the eggs, as you find out when the hatching time is up and no chicks arrive. "Well," you say, "I cannot make it out, for I never saw such a sitter; every morning I peeped at her she was sitting so nicely. The eggs must have been rotten. I shall . . . etc." These nightly episodes would explain everything in the case of many bad hatches did they not go unnoticed.

For the above-mentioned reason I prefer to have my broodies under lock and key, as it were, taking them off to feed every morning and putting them back on the eggs when I and not

they think the time is up. An ordinary sugar-box eighteen inches square and eighteen inches (or more) high will make a serviceable sitting box. Turn the box on its side after removing the lid and use the latter for the front after making the necessary alterations. Fasten a strip of wood some four or five inches deep across the front of the box to keep the nesting material in and fit the door in hinges at the stop. Bore—using brace and bit or red-hot poker—a number of holes at the top of the door for ventilation purposes. A few similar holes may be bored in the back of the box at the top. The box is now ready for the nest, eggs, and broody. Many poultry-keepers use orange-boxes, and these will prove very useful sitting boxes where several hens are to be set. Keep the broodies under your control by placing a long, wide plank along the top of the orange-box and a few heavy bricks thereon to keep it in position.

Preparing the Nest.—Better results will accrue where the nest is made on *terra firma*, but this is not always possible. Some poultry-keepers use bottomless coops to obtain their object. To prevent rats or mice from working their way underneath the sitting-box a piece of perforated zinc can be nailed over the bottom. First obtain some nice soft soil and put it carefully through a sieve to remove any stones that might protrude and break the eggs. Put the sifted soil in the box, well beating it down with the flat hand. Pay careful attention to the corners, as these should be tightly packed. Next scoop out a little of the soil in the centre, but be careful not to make the hole too deep. The only natural pose for an egg is flat on its side or nearly so, and better results will be achieved where shallow nests are made than in deep ones. Having completed the hollow, pack plenty of hay into the corners of the box and round the sides and add a sprinkling—not too much—in the hollow. Where straw is used soften it by rubbing it in your hands. Hay should be used in preference to straw. Sprinkle a little insect powder on the nesting material and place the eggs in the nest ready for the broody.

Setting the Broody.—As I have previously stated, there are broodies and broodies, and the poultry-keeper must use his common sense in managing those he is dealing with. One hen will consent to be placed on eggs in a dog kennel, whereas another will not sit except in the old nest box she knows so well. The poultry-keeper must be patient and humour any broodies that give trouble. A person who has made pets of his birds will find them ideal broodies, but he may have to deal with a strange hen he has loaned or purchased and then it is a battle of *patience v. hen-awkwardness*. Broodies should be set at night by candle-light, as by night fowls appear stupid and will consent to be handled. Before seeing the eggs the broody should have a good feed of maize and be well dusted with insect powder—the latter operation taking place over a newspaper, so that the powder can be used again. When the hen is ready show her the nest of eggs and see if she will walk straight on. Do not move quickly to frighten her in any way, but humour her in every possible way; if you lose your temper the hen will never take to the eggs.

Hatchable Eggs.—In the first place an egg that does not possess a firm shell should be avoided. A soft-shelled egg is easily crushed when coming in contact with other eggs; again, a chicken must naturally find it very difficult to extricate itself from a shell that crumbles. Occasionally it happens that the broody will put her toe-nail through an egg, in which case a piece of stamp-paper will put things right if it is fastened over the aperture. Hatchable eggs are only possible from healthy, well-fed, and properly-mated parent stock. *All travelled eggs should be rested for twenty-four hours or so before being set, and all packages of eggs should be opened and examined before the railway delivery sheet is signed.* If four are broken sign for those unbroken (stating the number), and send in a claim for the value of those broken.

Where the eggs have been purchased on the understanding that unfertiles will be replaced take care not to break or destroy them. Take them out at the time of the first test and return them to the vendor. The latter is quite within his right to refuse to replace unfertiles if the eggs are not returned to him. Where scratching sheds or shelters are provided to each house or run fertility will be increased.

NOTICE

We have been fortunate in securing the help of Mr. Powell-Owen for our Poultry Page. Beginning with the March number, he will write for us every month a column of Poultry Notes, and in addition he has kindly consented to answer individual inquiries sent to THE LANDSWOMAN office. A stamped and addressed envelope must be enclosed. (See Club page.)

Mother Nature

The World's Greatest Poultry Farmer

By L. Godfrey-Turner

I.
EARLY one morning
In bounteous Maytime
The Sitter sat tighter,
Yet higher and wider.
And slightly more ruffled
Of feather and temper
Was Emma (the Sitter);
And also more thoughtful
Her circular optics
Of caroty amber,
As one to whom something
Of moment had happened,
With more yet to happen,
And yet more to follow.

II.
Beady-eyed puffballs,
Preposterously tiny.
Absurdly precocious
And frightfully artful
(Though scarcely much older
Than eight-five seconds),
Peeped from the feathery
Attics of Emma,
And popped in their heads
When they saw me draw closer,
And disappeared quickly
In quest of the sanctuary
Of Merrythought Mansions.

III.
Thus did I know
That the setting was fertile,
And Emma had not been
For weeks made a fool of.
And thus did I know
On that smiling May morning
That middle-November
Or early December
Would see me provided
With eggs in abundance,
For breakfast, for pud-
dings,
For one-eyed buck-rabbits
(Like portraits of Cyclops),
And also for pickling.

IV.
Much did I spend
'Tween that morning in
Maytime
And middle-November
In feeding the devils.
Grain by the sackful
At scandalous prices
bought them; and
maize,
Both the whole and the
powdered;
And bone-meal and meat-
meal
To mix with the middlings
For early-morn mashes;
And oats that were ground
for
A similar purpose;
And shell-grit and flint-grit

And pulverised pebbles
To help the digestion;
And spices and powders
Whose wrappers informed me
Would fill the nests daily
With eggs nicely tinted
And handsomely, goldenly
Yolked.

V.
When they were pale-eyed,
And blinked, and were humpy,
And stood in a row like
A queue of out-patients,
I gave them their camphor,
And also their charcoal.
And likewise their oil of
Castor I gave them
Despite protestations
With wings and with drumsticks,
Which vastly confused me
And led to the splashing
Of much of the medicine
On waistcoat and trousers
And hitherto spotless
Back-kitchen.

VI.
Never an egg
Have they laid me, however;
And yet do the fowls
Of my unconcerned neighbour,
The furrow-faced farmer,
Make copious response to
The coarsest of clover,
And chaff-dust and chickweed,
And tea-leaves and cinders,
And any old litter they
Happen to scratch in!

VII.
That is my story!

By permission of the Author and "The Daily Chronicle."



Some of the Landgirls are good shots.

("Daily Mirror," Photo R. Martin Rennison.)

Somewhere in Kent



I WRITE to you, Susan, of my cows, not because I know you will be interested, but rather because I don't believe you've ever really thought about such things except when you were foolishly frightened of them. "Like you used to be, too!" I can hear you say. So I was for ages.

Not even the donning of my smock and corduroys quite drove away my fears, but I drew my big slouch hat down to hide the frightened look in my eyes.

Oh! Susan, I always remember the first time I was told to groom one. I will begin, thought I, with his tail; no, it wasn't a bull, only somehow I always did think of cows as he, and I expect you still do. Ignorant one! I stood well out of the reach of the farthest kick of its hind legs and scraped and brushed. All was well till it had finished its food, and then, although I really spoke very sweetly to it, Sally had had enough. So I thought that for the first day I wouldn't venture any further, and hung up the curry-comb and went; but somehow Miss B. didn't think Sally had been very thoroughly groomed, though, of course, as I pointed out, she might quite possibly have got dirty afterwards.

And all this preamble, my dear, is to show you that I haven't forgotten the old days when I would feverishly search the field for possible cows before I ventured to cross it.

When I came here I found that all the cows were known either as Spots, or Snowballs, or Darkies. Gradually, however, I named them and re-introduced them to the puzzled cowman, my friend John, who didn't see what they wanted "with them long names."

I named them after all sorts of people and characters in books. Your namesake, Susan, is tall and long-legged—a gaunt, roan cow, but with a most beautiful tuft between her horns, just like a parrot's! As you have turned out rather a nasty kicker the cowman has taken you over, and I milk you no longer. Next to you stands the daintiest little black, satin-coated cow, by name of Wendy—timid and shy, with a startled look in her lovely eyes.

But the loveliest of them all is Patricia. I go to her for comfort when I am lonely, and she has never yet failed to understand or to give me her rough, loving lick, which makes me feel that at least I am loved by someone. She is very beautiful, with a rough, well-licked coat, roan and white, and a short, square head, with horns circling her eyes, so dark and tender. She knows how lovely she is, and walks with a slow, stately swing of her head and a whisk of her long curling tail, and often the cows stand to one side to let her pass, though she is far too well-mannered to push her way through, as the more greedy ones do.

There are two cows I must tell you about—Old and Young Spot. Old Spot is very timid, and keeps her wistful, loving eyes fixed on Young Spot, a coy, sprightly cow—rather a vain little person! If you touch Young Spot the old cow kicks out, and Young Spot in her turn is very devoted to her mother. One day they were put in different fields. Twice Young Spot got through the fence, but the third time, failing to do that, she stood all day at the rail, rubbing against Old Spot, who stood on the other side.

When you are tired, Susan, think of the deep content, the sameness of the days that follow each other without hurry or confusion down on this old farm, somewhere in Kent, and if you can for one short day be spared come down and see my cows.—
Yours,
MARJORIE.

The Teaching of War

WHEN the bugle of 1914
Sounded to all and each,
It called the men from their labour,
The women to fill the breach.

What tho' our strength was feeble,
Ourselves unskilled and raw,
Were we not all the pupils
Of that grim teacher War?

He taught us to stick discomforts,
He taught us to play the game
For the sake of our fellow-workers
As well as our own good name.

For the sake of our glorious Army,
For the sake of the badge we bore,
For the sake of our King and Country,
And all we were working for.

He hardened our puny muscles,
He gave us the needful skill,
In return for an ounce of courage,
An atom of British will.

He taught us to show the slackers
That we were of stouter stuff,
And the glory of serving England—
That was reward enough! P. P.

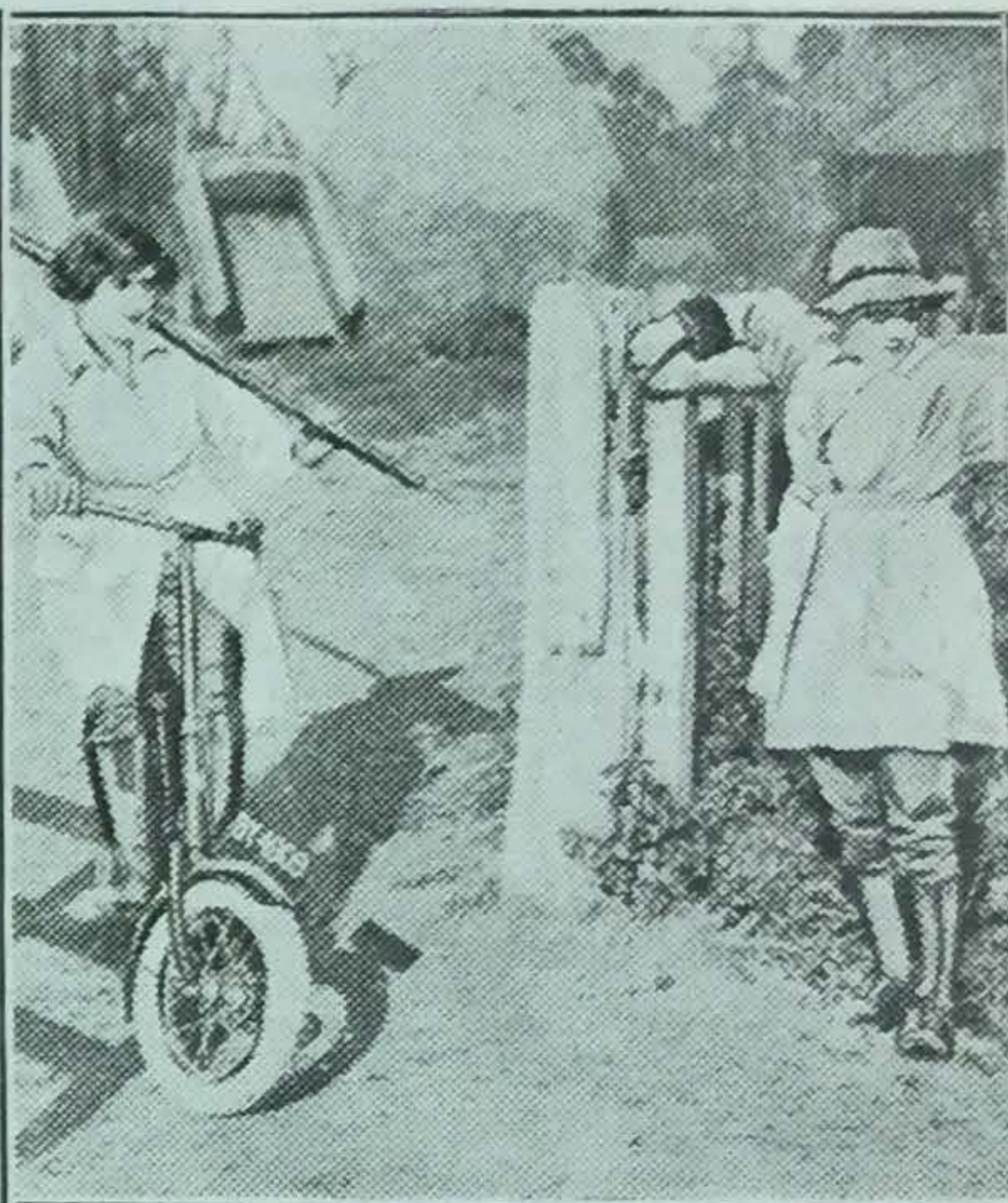
Time to Get Up

THE cock to the sun
His chant has begun,
The beasts in the pen
Are waking again,
The birds on the tree
Are calling to me!

So I must arise,
Shake sleep from my eyes,
And hasten to break
My fast with a cake,
And milk-porridge hot
In a porringer pot,
All shiny and clean,
And patterned in green,
With a Devonshire rhyme
On the value of time.

NARCISSI E. WOOD.

A Land Girl and her Motor Scooter



["Sunday Express."]

THE LANDSWOMAN

Harvesting Hay in the Midlands

Second Crop—Best Methods

By A. R. Horwood, F.L.S. (Leicester Museum)

Illustrated by E. Haines and G. B. Dixon

Contributor to leading gardening and farming journals, engaged on soil surveys of Leicester and Rutland, and contributor to *Sphere*, *Graphic*, *Queen*, *Field*, *Ladies' Field*, *Scottish Field*, *Scots Pictorial*, *Country Life*, *Land and Water*, *Sporting and Dramatic*, *Sporting Times*, *Sportsman*, etc.

AFTERMATH, A VALUABLE ASSET.

(Obtainable if first crop obtained at right time.)

THERE is no better illustration of farm economy and good management than seizing the opportunity, so often neglected, of making grass land yield up two crops of grass instead of one. And yet how often in practice, at least in many districts, is this done, even where it might be? Foggage or eddish is regularly got in districts where especially the land consists of water-meadows, chiefly in valley districts, or on less dry soils where natural conditions favour it. Sandy soils are less favourable, unless at low levels, than clay soils. The valleys of the Lea, Itchen, Medway, etc., in the South of England, and indeed all along the Thames valley and in some districts in the Severn valley, as also generally in parts of the Eastern Counties, Wash and Humber areas, on estuarine alluvial flats, and in the Fens, and some of the hilly districts in the north, lend themselves better to second cropping than higher lands or drier soils.

Much depends on how the first crop has been got, and when. It is essential for there to be a good aftermath that the first crop be cut before the grasses have gone to seed. All grasses do not ripen at the same time, hence in fields with mixed grasses it is not easy to seize the golden opportunity at the exact time. But it is better to cut too early than too late. Some grasses, again, lend themselves better to aftermathing than others, such as those—to borrow a term used for cereals—with a good tiller, such as cock's-foot grass, or again, the foxtails. Such a grass as Crested Dog's Tail, or the bent grasses, which form natural pasture on dry soils, or the Fescues do not afford the right conditions, save, perhaps, the giant Fescues.

LATENESS OF MIDLAND HAY HARVESTS.

One of the features of the Midlands, especially the North Midlands on heavy clay soils, given up almost entirely to permanent grassland or pasture, is the lateness of the haymaking season. In consequence the possibility of obtaining an aftermath is more or less reduced to nil. I have known hay to be still in cobs in October, and that not a second crop; but in such cases, it is true, after a bad drought. None the less, it is not at all uncommon to find hay being cut late in July and August, and even September. When it is cut as early as the end of June an aftermath may be realised in September or October, if the first crop has been judiciously timed.

PRINCIPLES OF HAYMAKING.

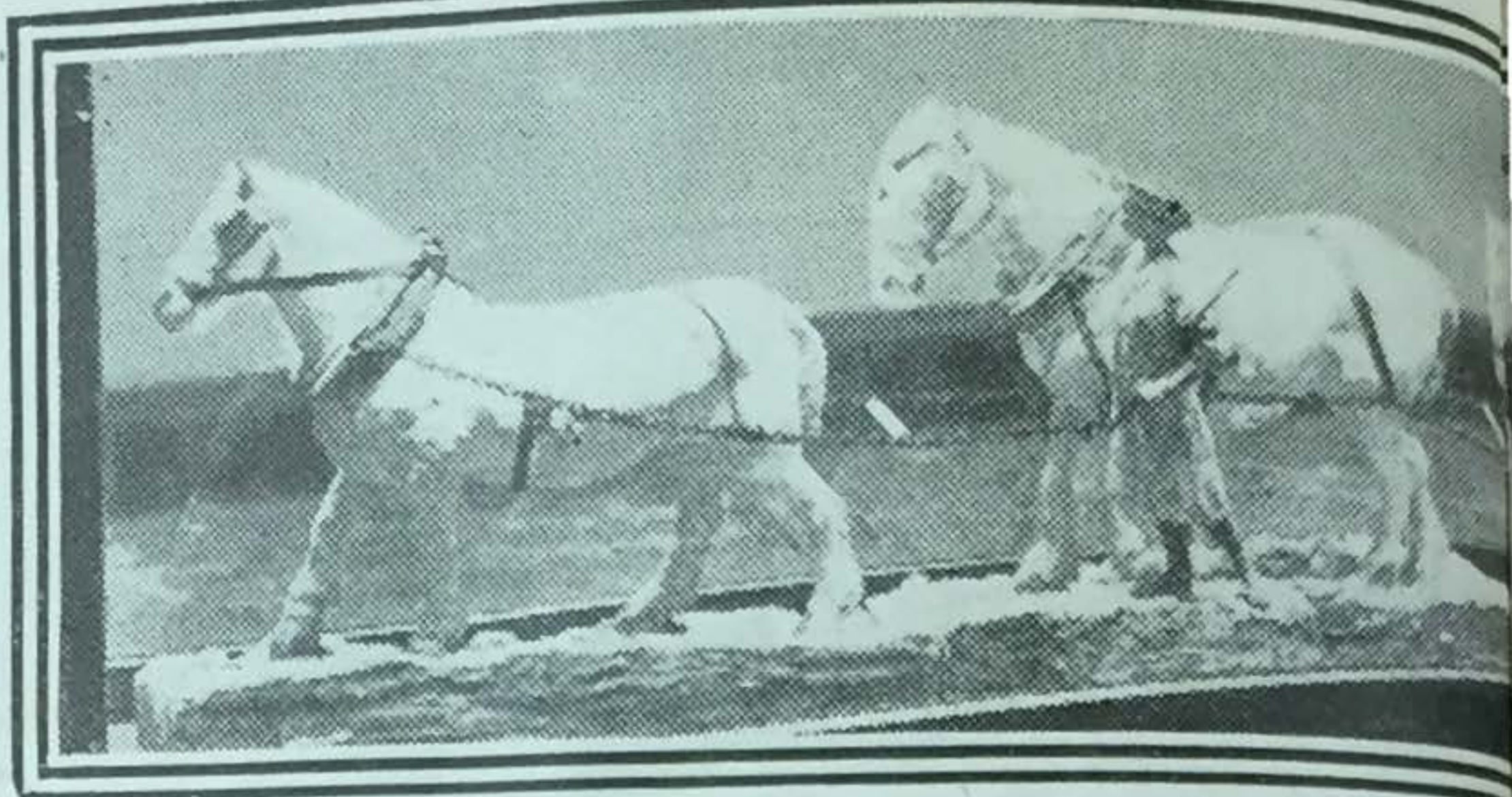
Some Neglected Facts.

In haymaking there are certain principles which are obvious enough, but they are liable to be overlooked. The first point is that hay is not, as often treated, just dried grass. To secure good hay it must be cut at the right time. This is before the seeds have ripened, for to produce seed the grass has to exhaust the nutriment in the rest of the plant—the roots and stem, and leaves. So grass should be mown when the anthers are ripe and are laden with pollen. For it must be remembered that it is not a grain crop, unless grown for seed, but a straw or fodder crop. If the grasses are seeding when cut, all the succulent nutritious matter in the stems has been withdrawn. So it is necessary to mow when there is the maximum nutritive material along with the greatest weight. If the grasses are left too long there is, besides, less chance of aftermath, which is a consideration. So green cut hay is better than hay in seed.

A prime object is to reduce the weight of water. Grasses contain 60–80 per cent. of water. Hay contains 14–16 per cent., hence proper methods must be employed to reduce this. And it is equally important to secure that the nutritive juices of the hay are not washed out once the hay is cut, and so lost, by being wetted too much before stacking.

The process of haymaking is carried out more perfectly in England than other parts of the British Isles, hence English hay is more valued than Scotch or Irish hay. Home-produced hay is better than what one can purchase as a rule, and is best consumed on the farm by the stock, which return a large proportion of it in manurial form to the soil in pastures.

Now that improved methods of haymaking are in vogue, and the scythe and sickle are generally superseded, haymaking may



Miss Wincer's "Ploughing," a masterly model at the War Museum, and a woman's

be reduced to a science. Still a few farmers prefer handwork to machines. Three operations are involved—cutting, making or curing, and stacking. A machine cannot, of course, be used everywhere; but usually, when it is used, it can cut 16 acres in a day. The first swathe at the border is cut by hand, for the machine and horse to commence operations. Usually a field is cut in half a day. As the swathes are cut they may be turned by hand with forks, or by a tedder or a kicker. If the weather is warm after tedding once early in the day the hay may be turned again in the afternoon and left in rows. On the second day it is necessary to get the hay ready to make into cocks or cobs before nightfall. A horse rake is used to rake it in rows, driven along the rows, tedding it into beds about 4 yards wide. This is done several times, and before dew falls it is drawn again into wind rows.

An effort should be made to get the hay into cocks, not only on account of possible showers, but to thoroughly dry it, and also to allow the spreading ground itself to be dried by exposure to sun and wind. After it is made into cocks, all the loose wisps should be gathered up by the horse-rake to avoid waste. On the third day, if the weather is propitious, the hay is not spread till the dew is off the grass. The cocks are pulled to pieces, and the ground on which they are made is exposed fully to air and sun to dry. Then the machine is set in action to turn it over in broad rows as before, though not too much should be spread out at a time in case of rain. It may be tedded up in the morning, and if it is warm it may be gathered into wind rows, preparatory to carting, and it is not necessary to put it into cocks again. If an elevator can be used to build up the stack or fill the carts all the better, as it saves labour. It is more easily gathered up from rows than spread out. Should the weather be wet or dull carting may be delayed, and it may be necessary to put the hay into cobs several days running, each day spreading it out to dry as before. In all cases it is wise to spread only a portion out at a time in case of a shower and the possible risk of wetting it. It is a mistake to suppose that hay is spoilt by machine getting or not so good as hand-made hay. The essential thing to remember is that the less handling, or damage to the stalks, the better. There is a protective covering on the stems, which keeps out moisture, and if this is damaged rain more easily penetrates and washes out nutriment. "Seeds" and clover also are much more brittle and liable to injury, and must be handled as little as possible.

HEATING AND OVERHEATING.

Conversion of Starch into Sugar.

Nothing spoils hay more than allowing it to become too dry before stacking. This is as bad as letting it get too wet, as in either case nutriment is sacrificed. If it is dried too much it becomes hard, brown, and wiry, and there is not enough moisture left in it to start the process of fermentation. If exposed to too much rain, the juices which contain starch, convertible into sugar, and soluble albumen, etc., get washed out, and more so if the crop has been damaged by too much tossing. Overheating has the same effect as weathering, and is detrimental to the preservation of the hay. When hay is cut the plant is not killed, as it were, but the cells still retain their vitality if the conditions regulating moisture and temperature are suitable. The process of fermentation is a sort of intercellular oxidation, which takes place when the plant's connection with the root has been severed. In the stack heating normally takes place, and causes this oxidation, which, so long as it does not go too far, is beneficial. By its action starch in the tissues is transformed by means of diastase into sugar. It is owing to this conversion of the carbon compounds from one form to another that hay obtains such a fragrant smell, and to some extent this exists

Our Cookery Column

Sauces

BECHAMEL SAUCE.

1½ pint milk, 1 small bouquet garni, ½ bay-leaf, 1 oz. flour, 1½ oz. butter, 1 small peeled onion or shallot, 10 peppercorns, 1 small blade of mace.

Boil the milk in a saucepan with the onion or shallot (peeled), the bouquet, peppercorns, mace and bay-leaf. Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour, and cook a little without browning. Add the milk, etc., and stir until it boils. Season with salt and pepper, and let simmer from 15 to 20 minutes. Take out the bouquet, strain the sauce, and use as required.

WHITE SAUCE.

¾ pint of milk, 1 gill of vegetable stock, 1 small onion, 1 clove, 1 oz. of butter, 1 oz. of flour, 6 peppercorns, 1 bay-leaf, a pinch of nutmeg and salt to taste.

Put the milk into a saucepan; peel the onion, insert the clove; add it to the milk with bay-leaf and peppercorns; boil and let simmer. Mix the flour with the butter, put it into a saucepan, stir with a wooden spoon; moisten with the stock and stir till it boils, then pour in the prepared milk. Boil for about 15 minutes. Add a grate of nutmeg and a pinch of salt, and strain the sauce. Should a richer sauce be desired, a small piece of butter or a little cream may be worked in after the sauce is strained, but it must not boil again.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE.

2 yolks of eggs, 1 gill Béchamel sauce, 1 oz. butter, 1 teaspoonful lemon juice, salt and pepper.

Heat up the sauce in a small saucepan, stir in the yolks of eggs, then stand the saucepan in a pan of boiling water over the fire and whisk until nearly boiling; add the butter in small quantities, also the lemon juice. Season to taste, and whisk until the sauce has the consistency of a light cream.

MELTED BUTTER SAUCE.

1½ oz. of butter, 1 oz. of flour, about ½ pint of cold water, a pinch of grated nutmeg, salt and pepper.

Put the butter in a saucepan, let it melt, stir in the flour, and add the water gradually (if it is to be served with fish, use fish stock in place of water); stir, and boil up gently for 10 minutes; add a pinch of salt and a grate of nutmeg. This sauce generally is served with all kinds of boiled, grilled, or fried fish.

MARMITE GRAVY.

Stir a tablespoonful of Marmite into a pint of boiling water; when dissolved, season to taste with salt and pepper; boil up, and use as required.

Thick gravy is made by first frying in a saucepan to a chestnut-brown colour a dessert-spoonful of flour with a similar quantity of butter. To this pour gradually a cupful of thin gravy made as above directed; boil up whilst stirring, and cook for about 10 minutes. If found too thick add a little hot water.

CAPER SAUCE.

1½ oz. of butter, 1 oz. of flour, ½ pint of water, 2 tablespoonfuls of capers, 1 tablespoonful of caper vinegar, and salt.

Make a melted butter sauce as directed; chop the capers coarsely, add them with a little vinegar; boil for 5 minutes, and use as required.

MAYONNAISE SAUCE.

2 yolks of eggs, 2 saltspoonfuls of salt, 1 pint of salad oil, ½ gill of vinegar, ½ a teaspoonful of castor sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls of cream.

Put the yolks and salt into a basin, stir with wooden spoon and add the oil drop by drop, allowing a teaspoonful of vinegar to be incorporated at intervals. Work up the mixture to a light cream; this must be done in a cool place, else it is apt to curdle. Add the cream and sugar at the last. A tablespoonful of hot water added at the last moment will be found useful if the sauce is to be kept for a long time. It will keep good for several weeks if kept in a corked bottle.

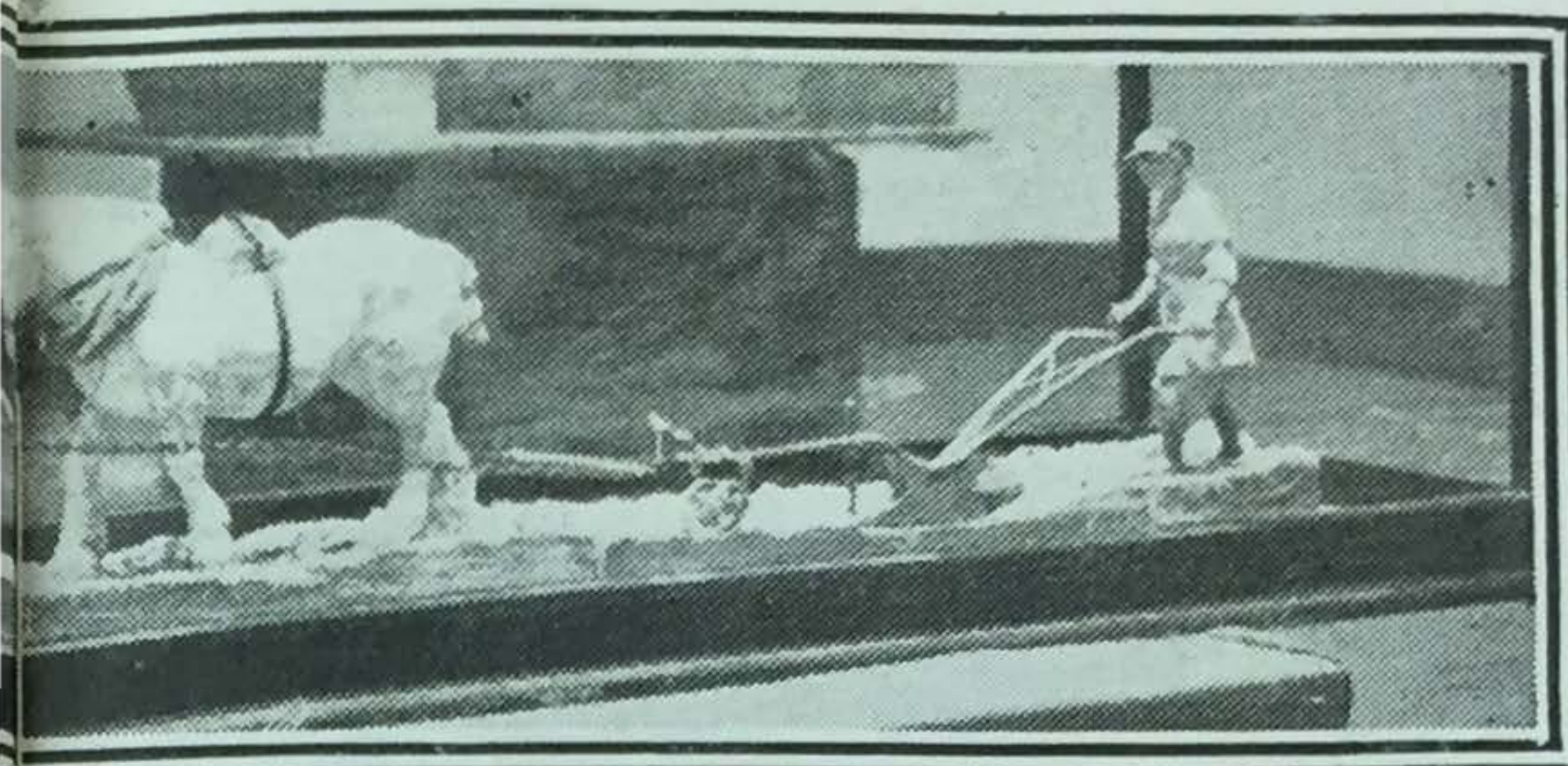
PARSLEY SAUCE.

Heat up ½ a pint of white sauce, stir in a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, and add a few drops of lemon juice if liked. Boil for a few minutes and serve.

NOTE.—The parsley, after being chopped, should be put in the corner of a cloth, washed under the water tap, and squeezed dry before it is put into the sauce.

EGG SAUCE.

Shell a hard-boiled egg, and chop it rather coarsely. Heat up ½ pint of melted butter sauce, and stir in the chopped egg. Season to taste and serve. A few drops of lemon juice or vinegar may be added if desired. C. H. SENN. *Meals without Meat.*



ute to the work of her patriotic sisters of the Land Army

[*Daily Sketch.*]

in the grasses in the field, especially when there is a good proportion of sweet vernal grass, which contains a volatile organic principle or coumarin. But in hay this substance only exists when it is half-dry, for if it is over-dried the cells are killed by desiccation, and no sugar formation takes place. Thus a gentle heat in a stack is a *sine qua non*, and over-drying before stacking deprives the hay of these valuable products of fermentation. It should be dry enough to prevent oxidation, or going beyond the sugar stage.

QUALITY OF HAY.

Hay is judged by its smell, colour, and general appearance. Good hay has the pleasing scent of coumarin, and is in colour pale green when fresh, and of a uniform colour, with no trace of mildew. When it has become overheated in the stack this causes it to become browner in the middle. The older hay is, the stronger the scent, and the colour gets more mellow or rich yellowish brown. It becomes also compact and easy to cut. When hay has been allowed to spoil in the rain it is dark or brown, and often mouldy, and smells unpleasant, being uneven in quality. There is a means of distinguishing even in the dry state between meadow hay, water-meadow hay, and seeds. It is new hay till Michaelmas Day (September 29th), or for a year in some parts. The fragrance may be dissolved out by alcoholic fermentation in warm rain water. And alcohol also removes the chlorophyll, and the hay becomes yellow through oxidation when the grass has lain about too long. London hay merchants like the hay to smell like tobacco.

NEW METHODS AND OLD.

There is a vast difference between the old method of hay-making or hay cutting and the new. Cut by the sickle or the scythe there was much more chance of spoiling unless there were plenty of men on the land. With a scythe a man may mow from 1 to 2 acres a day; a mowing machine will cut 16 acres. The scythe cuts with a sharp clean cut. The mowing machine with its teeth cuts like scissors and crushes and bruises. So the old method is better from that view. Perhaps the sole advantage of machines is that they are labour saving—they save time, and so may prevent crops from being spoilt by rain; and they cut evenly. But machines cannot everywhere be used, as in some water meadows, hill slopes, and embankments. It was not till after the Great Exhibition of 1851 that machines were introduced, and then not generally till very much later. Now there are many types, though largely based on the same broad principle, and the chief British maker, Ransom, is always bringing out new improvements. America used machines before we adopted them.

INFLUENCE OF NEW METHODS OF CUTTING HAY.

Under the old plan of cutting with the sickle, hay and also wheat and other corn crops were cut to leave quite a long straw, and no such stubbles as we have to-day, or closely shaven hay fields existed sixty years ago. No doubt we gain, having much more hay as a result from an acre in weight. And the quality of the grass is improved by closer cutting.

EFFECT ON BIRDS.

This effect is seen in the different plans adopted in shooting partridges. In the days when sickles were used they could be shot over dogs—they had to be. To-day dogs are useless, and driving or walking up is the rule.

RIDGED LAND AND MACHINES.

In the Midlands the land is everywhere ridged and furrowed, the old system of drainage and tillage. In using mowing machines the grass is left much closer on the dry ridges than in the furrows which are wet. And this causes an eddish to be formed in the latter more readily than on the former; and in many respects this causes the crop to be uneven, as the furrow grasses, etc., take longer to dry than the ridge grasses, etc.

Another Tractor Parody

TUNE—"Where the Black Eyed Susans Grow."

VERSE.

HER Daddy's just a plain old farmer,
But an enterprising farmer too,
'Cos he bought a Fordson Tractor
As a present for his daughter Sue.
When the poor girl went to start it,
Turned the cranking handle "some,"
There was one tremendous back-fire,
Knocked her to "Kingdom Come."



CHORUS.

I'm going back to the tractor to try and make her
go; I love her so,
As I plough up the ground, all around the fields I
know, so long ago,
All the people know I'm coming,
When they hear my tractor humming:
She's mis-firing; it's awfully tiring,
'Cos I've got to be getting busy,
Cleaning the plugs.
Then I crank, I crank, but still she *will* not start.
It breaks my heart.
Then the foreman says, "Young woman, is 'owt'
wrong? Shall you be long?"
Then you get a back-fire,
A shock from a wire,
The wheel comes off and you have to retire,
While you pray for the day when the "muck-"
chanics will come.

D. PAPWORTH.

Some Agricultural Terms of Lincolnshire

"Bab": A sort of dredge, with hooks below it, to clear out
fen drains.
"Bage": A paring of turf.
"Bat": A small bundle of straw or grass.
"Beck": A brook.
"Bevering-time": Luncheon time.
"Breer": The strip of grass between a ditch and a ditch and
the ploughed land of a field.
"Brock": Sheep dung dried to be used as fuel.
"Clatty": Dirty. Of roads after rain.
"Clegg": Matted wool on hedges, etc.
"Daking": A dyke or ditch.
"Dythe": Cow dung dried for fuel.
"Gabblick": A crowbar.

"Gout": A sluice by which water passes from one drain to
another.
"Harr": A fog.
"Heppen": Handy at work.
"Hing, to": To hang. "This gate hings well."
"Kid": A faggot.
"Leather": A ladder.
"Pig's-paut": A pig's foot.
"Pry": Name of a field.
"Shan, horses": Shy.
"Skelp, to": To empty a cart by tilting it.
"Skirth": A fen drain.
"Smower, to": To pour over. "Yon tree smowers over
wi' fruit."
"Splats": Leggings.

"Swads": Bean pods.
"Tray": A hurdle.
"Yow": Ewe.
"Yow-necked": Of a horse with
neck too thin.
"Yuck, to": To jerk. "Yuck
the reins to check the horse."

A Rule

"If thee true 'Gloucestershire'
would know,
I'll tell thee how us always zays un;
Put 'I' for 'me,' and 'a' for 'o'
On every possible occasion.

"When in doubt squeeze in a 'w'—
'Stwuns,' not 'stones.' And don't
forget, zur,
That 'thee' must stand for 'thou'
and 'you';
'Her' for 'she,' and vice versa.

"Put 'v' for 'f'; for 's' put 'z':
'Th' and 't' we change to 'd'—
So dry an' kip this in thine yead,
An' thou will'st talk as plain
as we."

"Quarr": Quarry.
"Yeal": Ale.

Some South Down Farming Terms

"Robbuts": Rabbits.
"Chows the quid": Chews the cud.
"Crummy": Fat.
"Robbut-fleck": Rabbit's wool.
"Yoe": Ewe.
A "wain'us": Cart-shed.
"Passon-rooks": Carrion crows.
"Wild-dog": A dog of the weald.
"Well jawled out": Tired out.
"Ship": Sheep.
"Hog-pound": Pigsty.

From the New Forest

A "not cow": A cow without horns.
A "bumble cow": A shorn cow.
A "thiller-horse": The shaft horse.
"Whittering": Of a young colt's neighing.
"Belloking": Of a cow's lowing.
To "heft": To lift.
"Rue": For a hedge.
"Vinney cheese": The mouldy cheese.
A "vinney heifer": A roan heifer.
The "lew sidtz": The sheltered side.
"Brize, to": To press.
An "elam": A handful of thatch.
"Herder": A sieve.
A "quar": The udder of a cow when it is hard after calving,
or a sheep when lambing.
A "spene": In its second sense, the rail of a gate or stile.
In its first, an udder of a cow.
A "tuffety": A mound of earth.
A "wosset": The smallest pig in the "trip"—litter.
To "yaw": To reap.
"Drudge corn": Mixed corn.
A "cass": A spar used in thatching.
"Harl, the": The hock of a sheep.
To "puck": To put up sheaves.
A "wase": A very small bundle of straw.

Association News

The Prize Association Limerick

SAID a Land Girl, "In all this creation
I've not got a friend or relation."
Then a donkey said, "Why,
Surely that is a lie—
You've forgotten the Association!"

B. E. BROOKER.

Staffordshire Branch of the National Association of Landswomen

A MEETING of members of the National Association of Landswomen was held in Stafford on December 6th, when an Executive Committee was formed. The elected members are as follows:—

Miss E. Somerfield, c/o Mr. Hunt, The Nurseries, Tixall.
Mrs. Mainwaring, Whitmore Rectory, Newcastle, Staffs.
Miss V. Alsop, Bednall Vicarage, near Stafford.
Miss Ingle, 11, Market Street, Stafford.
Mrs. Matthews, Cage Hill, Chartley, Staffs.
Mrs. Minshull, Wilbrioughton Hall, Newport, Salop.
Mrs. E. Hurst, Mill Lane, Wheaton Aston, near Stafford.

Three members of the Women's Agricultural Sub-Committee:—
Miss Parker Jervis, Meaford, Stone.
Mrs. B. H. Shaw, Coldeast, Corporation Street, Stafford.
Mrs. Harrison, Maer Hall, Newcastle, Staffs.

Two representatives of Women's Institutes:—
Mrs. Norris-Eyton, Wood Eaton Manor, Stafford.
Mrs. Hodgson, Smallwood Manor, Uttoxeter.

In addition to the 12 elected members, there are 5 co-opted members, representing the County Agricultural Executive Committee, the County Education Agricultural Sub-Committee, the Ministry of Labour, the Farmers' Union, and the County Federation of Women's Institutes.

Mr. P. H. Shaw kindly consented to act as hon. treasurer, Miss Nightingale was appointed hon. secretary (temporarily), and Mrs. Campbell assistant hon. secretary.

At an Executive Committee held on January 3rd Mrs. Harrison, O.B.E., was elected chairman.

On December 13th a meeting was held at which Miss Talbot made a most delightful and inspiring speech, explaining the aims of the Association and advantages of membership. In the course of the afternoon there were speeches from the Lord Lieutenant of the County, the Chairman of the County Agricultural Executive Committee, the Chairman of the Farmers' Union, a representative of Women's Institutes, several farmers, a woman farmer and a farm labourer, all of whom gave their hearty support to the movement, and from whom valuable suggestions were obtained.

Local hon. secretaries are acting in the following villages, in most of which very successful meetings have been held:—

Chartley—Mrs. Matthews, Cage Hill, Chartley, Stafford.
Bednall—Miss V. Alsop, The Vicarage, Bednall, Stafford.
Trysull—Miss Smythe, Trysull, Wolverhampton.
Uttoxeter—Mrs. Campbell, Woodseat, Rocester, Staffs.
Bradeley—Mrs. Burton, The Vicarage, Bradeley.
Alton—Mrs. Chamberlain, The Grove, Alton, Staffs.
Rocester—Mrs. Knight, Rocester, Staffs.
Kingstone—Mrs. Taylor, School House, Kingstone, Staffs.
Whitmore—Mrs. Mainwaring, The Rectory, Whitmore, Newcastle.

Maer, W.I.—Mrs. Harrison, Maer Hall, Newcastle, Staffs.
Penn—Miss Shaw-Hollier, Wombourne, Wodehouse, Wolverhampton.

Croxden—Miss Vickers, Croxden, Rocester, Staffs.
Lower Penn—Miss Macpherson, The Lloyd House, near Wolverhampton.

Fazeley, W.I.—Mrs. Lupane, Drayton Manor, Fazeley, Tamworth.

Gnosall, W.I.—Mrs. Minshull, Wilbrioughton Hall, Newport, Salop.

Leigh—Miss Earp, Leigh, Stoke-on-Trent.
Mayfield—Miss Wardle, Mayfield Hall, Ashbourne.
Milford—Mrs. Lovett, Milford Hall, Stafford.

Gratwich—Mrs. Palmer, The Rectory, Gratwich.
Thanks are specially due to the members of several Women's Institutes who have kindly invited speakers to explain the movement at their monthly meetings.

There are now 220 enrolled members in the county, including women landowners and farmers, and women workers in all branches of agriculture and horticulture. Donations and promises of support have been gratefully received.

Free copies of the January number of THE LANDSWOMAN have been sent to all local secretaries for circulation among members of the National Association of Landswomen in their districts.

At Alton a most successful "Landswomen's" dance was organised by the local hon. secretary, the proceeds of which are to be given to the general funds. Other secretaries are being urged to follow the example of this pioneer and to get up dances, sales, jumble sales, etc., for the double purpose of increasing the County funds and of advertising the Association.

It is hoped shortly to start a Register of Employers needing women workers on the land and indoor farm servants, and of women seeking employment. As employers will be charged a small fee, this department should pay for itself. Members will be placed free of charge.

Many enquiries with regard to the issue of outfits at reduced prices have come in. It is hoped to be able to circulate particulars as soon as possible after having received information from headquarters.

Members of the Staffs Branch owe a great deal to the Women's Agricultural Sub-Committee, whose sympathy and active support have been so generously given. It is hoped that they will continue to "mother" the Association until such time as it is in a position to support itself.

All enquiries with regard to Outfits, Employment, Wages, Compensation, Insurance, Small Holdings, Emigration, Agricultural Leaflets, Formation of Clubs, Billets, etc., should be made to Miss Nightingale, hon. secretary, 11, Market Street, Stafford, and free copies of Lord Lee's speech to agriculturalists at Gloucester may be had on receipt of 1d. stamp to cover postage.

It is earnestly requested that non-members enclose a stamped-addressed envelope when writing for information.

Cumberland Branch

The Inaugural Meeting was held at 14, Main Street, Cockermouth, on December 22nd, 1919.

Twenty-three members were present, and 46 others sent in their voting papers for the committee and officers.

A provisional constitution was outlined, to be handed to the first executive for detail.

Mrs. Wright-Brown was unanimously chosen president.

Miss H. Andrews was appointed Hon. Sec., and Mrs. Lancelot-Fletcher was appointed Hon. Treasurer. All three are willing to act for the ensuing six months, when it may be found necessary to replace them. Two representatives from each branch were elected on the executive.

Essex County Committee

President, Mrs. C. W. Parker; Secretary, Miss O. Tritton; Assistant Secretaries, Miss Grimston and Miss Côme, ex-L.A.A.S.; Treasurer, Miss Osborne; Assistant Treasurer, ———, ex-L.A.A.S.; Executive Committee: Miss Bowen-Colthurst, farmer; Mrs. Pegram, ex-L.A.A.S.; Miss Curd, ex-Instructress; Miss Potter, ex-L.A.A.S.; Miss Carr, ex-L.A.A.S.

Co-opted: a representative of Women's Institutes and Miss Jameson, representing the Horticultural Section of the Institute of Agriculture.

Miss Osborne was appointed delegate to the Council.

1. *County Subscription*.—The Committee of the Essex Branch of the N.A.L. have decided that an additional subscription of 2s. 6d. may be paid by members wishing to share in the two extra benefits of employment Bureau, and help towards accommodation during unemployment. This 2s. 6d. must be paid in January of each year. Those members in Essex who have already paid 4s. 4d. will have the 4d. credited to them, and if they pay the

extra 2s. 6d., need only send 2s. 2d. All subscriptions to be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Miss Osborne, Writtle, Chelmsford.

2. *Outfits.*—No information has yet been received from the Central Office in London concerning outfits. The matter is under discussion by the Head Committee, who are endeavouring to obtain them at a minimum rate. A notice relating to outfits will be found in THE LANDSWOMAN when the matter is decided.

3. *Extra Benefits.*—The Committee hope to arrange for accommodation during unemployment in different parts of Essex. If possible, they hope to combine this with temporary work. The accommodation can only be provided for short periods. This scheme will not be in working order for another month. Members requiring employment should send their names and qualifications to the Hon. Secretary, who will try and put them in touch with employers.

4. *THE LANDSWOMAN.*—As this magazine is the only means of obtaining Association news, all members are urged to subscribe. Subscriptions must be prepaid—2s., post free for six months; 4s., post free for a year. Subscriptions will not be acknowledged unless a stamped postcard is enclosed.

Devon

NINETY-SEVEN members have so far enrolled in Devon. Miss Calmady Hamlyn, of Bridestowe, has undertaken the duties of Chairman for the county; and Miss B. Smyth-Richards, of Filleigh, those of Secretary and Treasurer (Hon.). A small committee is being formed to carry on the work, and it is hoped that the first meeting will take place early in February. Miss Smyth-Richards will be glad to hear from anyone interested in women's work on the land who would like to join this Association. Devon is a large county, and the membership is at present comparatively low.

East Kent Branch N.A.L.

THE number of members in East Kent is 207. Our energies up to the present have been centred in recruiting. We have our committee formed with Mrs. Prescott Westcar as Chairman, and she employs three members of the N.A.L. We have been most fortunate in obtaining the valuable services of Mrs. Truscott, Westbere, Canterbury, as our Hon. Secretary, and she has shown by her tireless energies that she means the branch to be a real success. All East Kent members are asked to communicate with her upon any subject on which they need information.

We have eight area secretaries, four of whom are old Land Army members, one of whom holds the D.S.B.

Many small donations have been received, and three members of Parliament are among our supporters.

We have received applications from employers, and also from workers whom we have been able to place.

We deeply regret to announce the death of one of our members, Miss M. Phillips, who worked splendidly as a member of the Land Army in East Kent. She then worked for a time for the Express Dairy Co., London, and then returned to East Kent. She was as cheerful as ever on the day of our farewell party, and a fortnight later I heard she had died at her home in London.

M. H. K., N.A.L.

National Association of Landswomen.

Have you joined?

If not, DO IT NOW.

Cambridgeshire

On November 22nd there was held at the County Hall, Cambridge, a farewell tea to the Land Girls and an inaugural meeting of the National Association of Landswomen, which was attended by a very large number of the Land Girls from all over the county. Miss Talbot, Director of the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, addressed the meeting, and, after an informal discussion, high tributes to the work of the girls were paid by prominent farmers in the county. After the conference those present were entertained at tea, and an opportunity was given them of enrolling in the Cambs. Branch of the Association.

Miss Talbot, who gave a very interesting speech on the Association, was presented with a basket of apples from the Land Girls of the Cambs. area.

At the conclusion of the discussion, Mr. Webb, chairman of the A.E.C., proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Talbot. He said he did so with considerable pleasure, but also with regret, because he felt when he came into that room that perhaps they were going to lose their Land Army altogether. He was delighted to hear that an Association was being formed, so that they would have still with them those very valuable women who had assisted them in agriculture during the war. He felt that the work which Miss Talbot had undertaken was second to none, and it was really through her efforts that the Land Army had been raised and brought to such a state of efficiency. At the same time he would like to express, on behalf of the farmers of Cambs., their thanks to those women who had worked heart and soul in the interests of agriculture. He could only tell them the farmers were grateful, and more than grateful, for the work they had done, and it was up to the farmers in the future to try and assist them in every way possible. They would find that the Cambs. Farmers' Federation would be only too pleased to keep in touch with them and give them every possible assistance to make their movement a success. He had no doubt many of the girls had a more or less rough and trying time, but they had all had their hearts in the right place, or they would not have stuck to their work as they did. There was one way in which they could do a vast amount of good if they went back to town life, and that was to convey to the consumer the fact that working on the land was not all pleasure, and the growing of food for their consumption was not done in the simple way as was described in the good old hymn, "We plough the fields and scatter." He only hoped that the consumers of this country realised what the Women's Land Army had done.

Miss Briscoe, chairman of the Cambs. Women's Agricultural Committee, spoke a few words of appreciation of the members of the committee and the way in which they had all worked together.

In conclusion, Mr. C. W. Elliott, one of the earliest employers of members of the Land Army, said he could not adequately express his admiration for the Land Army girls. All the way through, from the time he employed them, he had the most exceptional work from them, and they were certainly out for the welfare of the country. If it had not been for them farming would have gone down a great deal more than it had, and he thanked them from the bottom of his heart for coming and helping the farmers through.

Wiltshire

The inaugural meeting of the Wilts Branch of the National Association of Landswomen was held at Trowbridge on Saturday, November 29th. Unfortunately, a very severe snowstorm interfered with the attendance, but in spite of this 18 L.A.A.S. came to the meeting, and the constitution, as drawn up by the Preliminary Committee a week previously, was passed with a few modifications. Subsequently, the girls adjourned for tea at a restaurant in the town.

On the next day, November 30th, a farewell tea was given at Devizes, when 25 girls from the neighbourhood came to the depot, Upward Lodge, for the occasion, afterwards attending a church parade at Southgrove Church.

On Monday, December 1st, another tea took place at Osmond's Restaurant, Salisbury, for the South Wilts girls, of whom 25 were present. On each of these occasions a very general regret at the passing of the Land Army was expressed, but all the girls seemed most determined to make the new Association a success in Wiltshire.

The members of the Land Army in the county gave Miss Olivier presents of a silver tea kettle and a set of glass in memory of their work together in the service. Miss Olivier was very much gratified and surprised by these presents and by the friendly feeling which they implied.

Leeds

The West Riding Land Girls had a splendid farewell party, given by the committee and friends, on Saturday, November 22nd. Soon after 1.30—before the scheduled time—many Land Girls were to be seen assembling in City Square, and by 2 p.m. the procession, headed by a Boy Scout band and a large Union Jack, started out for the Three R's Club, where the party was to be. Many admiring comments were to be heard about the work-

manlike appearance of the L.A.A.S. and their look of splendid health and energy. In the absence of the president, the Countess of Harewood, Miss Dent, chairman of the Executive Committee, shook hands as we took our places for a variety entertainment, which was the first part of the proceedings. There were songs and recitations and a wonderful conjurer who produced eggs from the bobbed hair of one of us, and then, when his magic cakes had been eaten, actually suggested that the egg was not fresh—and an L.A.A.S. one too!

After the entertainment Miss Dent spoke to us about the Association, and everyone was unanimous that an Association was needed and would be welcomed, and Miss More was appointed as the delegate to represent the West Riding members at the meeting to be held in London in December.

The next thing was tea, and we had a real good one, too—sandwiches, buns, cakes and fruit—and I think the caterers were not a little astonished at our country appetites. After tea the welcome announcement was made that the news had just come that Marjorie Spiking had been awarded the Distinguished Service Bar, and our cheers could then have been heard a mile away. Miss Dent expressed the committee's thanks on behalf of the country for the work of the girls during the war. A very hearty vote of thanks was given to the committee for the party, which will not easily be forgotten by those of us who were there, and big bouquets of red and white chrysanthemums, tied with ribbons in the Land Army colours, were presented to Miss Dent and our county organiser, Miss Williams. Dancing then took place until everyone had to catch their last train home, and much as everyone had enjoyed themselves we could not help feeling just a little sad that the days of the dear old Land Army were over.

Herefordshire

Although some of the girls of the Leominster District had already gone home and others were away on holiday, a very cheerful farewell dance was held at the Club for them and their friends on November 20th. Miss Edwards and Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Bright are to be congratulated on their efforts in making the evening such a success, and thanks are due to Miss Trewin for so ably assisting at the refreshment buffet.

On November 22nd a whist drive and dance was held at the Welfare Club, St. Owen Street, Hereford, on behalf of the girls. Fifteen tables were full for whist, the winners being:—

Ladies: 1st, Mrs. Brewer; 2nd, Miss E. R. Coldbeck; 3rd, Miss H. Surridge. Two special Land Girls' prizes, Miss Badham and Miss M. A. Lee.

Gentlemen: 1st, Mr. W. Ballinger; 2nd, Mrs. Morrison (playing for gentleman); 3rd, Mr. W. J. Hill. Hidden sport prizes, Mr. Jones and Miss Price. The prizes were given away by Mrs. Landon, who made an appropriate speech. Mrs. Morris announced during the evening that Miss H. Surridge (who was mainly responsible for getting up this social in conjunction with Mrs. Gough and Mrs. Morrison) had been awarded the D.S.B. Congratulations were numerous.

Miss Wootten very ably presided at the piano and after whist refreshments were served and dancing indulged in till 11 p.m. During the evening Mr. Davis gave an exhibition of step dancing and the girls did some country dances which were much appreciated. Mr. H. Balson conducted the whist drive and kindly acted as M.C. for the evening. Mr. A. Williams, Mr. Gough and several ladies rendered most acceptable service in the refreshment buffet, and thus contributed to a most successful evening.

Spring

SNOWDROPS piercing the earth's hard crust,

Primroses shyly glancing,
Crocuses laughing, pert and bright,
Daffodils gaily dancing;
And in and out and round about
The birds all singing, singing,
"Spring is come, is come, is come!
Hark to the bluebells ringing!"

Almonds blushing with roses pink,
Willows all silvery down,
Tenderest green leaves everywhere,
Thorn in bridal gown,
While up and down and all around
The birds go singing, singing,
"Spring is come, is come, is come!
See the 'lamb's-tails' swinging!"

Scillas blue as a sky in June,
Hyacinths waven and stately,
Violets scenting the sweet fresh air,
Tulips bowing sedately;
Birds as busy as busy can be,
Each finds time for singing,
"Lift your heart to-day with me,
Praise to the dear Lord bringing!"

LOUISE E. THOMPSON.

Ridgeacre, Hook Heath, Woking.

Notes About Pigs

YOUNG pigs which have been looked after properly while with the sow always fatten better than those which have been neglected and left to subsist on the sow's milk alone. It is a well-known fact that stock kept well and got along quickly answers the purpose better than that which is stinted and consequently on hand longer.

When the sow has pigged she should first be given a warm bran mash with a dose of castor oil in it. She should be kept on bran mashes for the first three days after pigging, when she may be given a little middlings mixed with the bran, which should be increased each day until she has all middlings mixed into a fairly thick slop with water. This is the most suitable food for a sow with pigs. If she is given hot meal it is apt to affect her milk. A few mangels now and then will also do her good.

When the sow has pigged she should be kept sparingly littered with straw until the pigs are old enough to keep out of her way when she lies down. If too much long straw is given when the pigs are small they are sure to get under it and then the sow is apt to lie on them. The best way is to chop wheat straw up and spread it about the bed. One way to lessen the danger of having pigs crushed between the sow and the side of the sty is to have a rail round the sty about a foot high and a foot away from the side, so that when she lies down she cannot get close to the wall.

When the pigs have become old enough to look after themselves they could have a good bed of wheat straw. This should be cleared away at least twice a week, and fresh supplied. If it is left, and fresh straw put on the top of the old week after week, it starts to get warm and clammy, and heating straw is the worst possible thing for pigs. At three weeks old they will start to take a little food at the trough with the sow. They should then be let to run into another place and feed by themselves.

Best middlings mixed with separated milk is the most suitable food. They will not eat much at first, but when they get a taste of the milk they will soon find it sweeter than the sow's food, and it will not be long before they eat ravenously. If possible, the pigs should be allowed to run out through a small trap-door or hole in the wall of the sty. A shady place should be chosen for the pigs to exercise. If they are too much in the hot sun it is apt to make their backs red and scabby. This is especially the case with white pigs.

At six weeks old they should be castrated, both sow pigs and boar pigs. If only the boars are cut one can always see the difference when they are fattened up, the sows being both smaller and thinner than the boars. No food should be given them the day on which they are to be operated on, and the following day they should have only about a quarter of their usual allowance, with a dose of castor oil mixed up in it. The quantity of food given them may be increased each succeeding day until they take as much as they will eat. The sow should be let out now and then to pick about and get some grass, which will keep her bowels right. The youngsters should be kept in this way until they are eight weeks old. The sow may then be taken away from them. It has been said that pigs do not grow at all for a fortnight after being weaned from the sow, but if they are kept as recommended they hardly miss their mother.—From *Farm & Home*.

Changes

GOOD-BYE to the little village, to England and to his playmates, Rose, Mary and Rosemary. Twelve-year-old Ian, waving from the train window, had hard work to keep down his tears.

Ian Campbell had lived all his life in the Yorkshire village with his delicate mother, whose constant illness had prevented him from going to school. He had grown up quiet and imaginative, shrinking from the rough companionship of the village lads, preferring as friends three little girls, Rose Murray, Mary Oldwith and Rosemary Glynn. Rose was tall and slender, with yellow hair and sunny blue eyes; Mary a pale reflection of Rose; but five-year-old Rosemary was his favourite. Dark-haired and grey-eyed, she spoke little, but followed him about wistfully, her deep eyes fixed on his face. In his heart of hearts she was his best beloved.

And now his mother was ordered to the south of France, and he was going with her. As the train left the station, he saw Rose and Mary clinging to each other, weeping, while little Rosemary, her face drawn and pale, stared after him with tearless eyes.

Ian lost sight of his playmates, but his mind constantly reverted to them, and his mother would make up stories about them as they sat together in the sunshine.

"Rose," she would say, "will grow up tall and fair and slender, like a princess. And one day when she is in her garden the Fairy Prince will come riding by and fall in love with her and marry her and take her to a beautiful white marble palace, where nothing ugly ever enters, and—"

"And they will live happily ever afterwards," Ian would finish. "Now Mary, mother."

"I don't think I know much about Mary, but she will be pretty, too, only not so pretty and fascinating as Rose. But Rosemary—Rosemary will be the most beautiful of all; strange, mysterious, with eyes deep and wistful, as though she were waiting, waiting for someone who never comes. I can see her standing, silent, her arms outstretched to the empty air—"

Ian, crimson-cheeked, would stop her. But he liked to hear of Rosemary, and he knew that some day he would go back and search for her; and then, perhaps they, too, would live happily ever afterwards.

Time passed, but Ian always kept his conception of womanhood with the face of Rosemary. He wondered if she ever thought of him, if she, too, made up romances of the future.

He had no friends, for his mother's failing health kept him chained to her side. When she died he realised how for twelve years she had been his sole companion. Now he found himself adrift. He recalled the times when he and his mother had sat in the sunshine talking of past times and his playmates. He remembered how she had spoken of Rosemary, and how he had interrupted her, crimson, half ashamed. Well, now he would find out what had become of his three companions—whether Rose was really married to the Fairy Prince, whether Mary was also being wooed, whether Rosemary—

So one sunny June day Ian went in search of his friends, Rose, Mary and Rosemary.

The village was unaltered; though the rest of the world had progressed, it remained unchanged, constant as the stars. Ian saw the cottage where he had once lived; it looked gloomy, as though the spirit of the place had gone. Somehow it foreboded change in his friends, too, and he turned away depressed.

After a little while he asked his landlady if she knew Rose Murray. She considered for a moment, then replied doubtfully:

"Well, there's Mrs. Rose Gilbert up at Grange Farm yonder," and she gave him at great length directions more calculated to confuse him than to help him to find his way thither.

Ian scarcely heard her. He was thinking: "So Rose has met her Fairy Prince after all. I can imagine her living like a story-book princess, doing nothing all day but 'sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, and feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream.' She will be tall and graceful, yellow-haired and blue-eyed, a true daughter of England—"

He set out in quest of his first playmate, the image of her, all white and golden, dancing before him.

Grange Farm, with its mullioned windows and thatched roof, was a fit setting for the Rose of his imagination. The garden was a blaze of colour, the red of the hollyhock, the white of the lilies, the blues and purples of the larkspur and lupin mingling in one flaunting riot.

With beating heart, Ian knocked on the oak door, which stood half ajar. A voice, loud, shrill, and with a broad Yorkshire accent, called, "Come in." Ian's heart sank. Could that be Rose's voice? He pushed the door open and entered. By the table stood a stout female, enveloped in a floury blue apron. She had a jovial, ruddy face, a plurality of chins, and dimple in both cheeks. A screw of yellow hair, tightly pulled back, was piled in a knob on the top of her head. She was making pork pies, and was smothered in flour from head to foot.

"You must wait till I have finished these pies," she said in her jovial voice; "if I stop, they will be heavy."

Ian gazed at her in comical dismay. "My first ideal is shattered," he thought. "This is the first Fairy Princess—who made pork pies and wore a floury apron. Well, I dare say she is much happier as she is. It would be distinctly monotonous to sit sewing seams and eating strawberries all day long."

Rose, having finished the pies and seen them safely in the oven, turned to her visitor. She gazed at him for a while in perplexity, then her face brightened.

"Oh," she said, "you're the young man to look after the sick cow, I suppose?"

Ian laughed outright. "Rose, Rose!" he gasped. "Don't you remember me? Ian Campbell?"

"Of course! of course!" responded Rose, vigorously pumping his arm up and down. "But it's ages since we saw each other. Have I changed much?"

"Well," said Ian, tactfully, "as you say, it's such ages ago—"

Rose plunged volubly into the details of her life during the past twelve years, never stopping except to take a fresh breath. Presently, checking herself in the absorbing topic of herself, she said: "And Mary is—" but Ian stopped her with a laugh.

"Don't tell me, there's a dear. I want to find out all by myself. I want to make up stories—"

At last, the conversation having come to a deadlock, Ian said good-bye.

"Come again soon," Rose insisted, "and taste one of my pork pies."

Ian went back ruefully. "Now for idyll the second," he thought. "Somehow, I don't seem to have really pictured Mary at all—"

The next day was so beautiful that Ian decided to go for a walk across the moors in the morning and look up Mary in the afternoon. There was a cool wind blowing, and he walked with keen enjoyment of the heather-covered, springy turf.

Presently coming towards him he discerned a small party, consisting of the vicar, his wife and their children. Two little boys clung to their mother's skirts, and the third, an infant, lay asleep in her arms. As they approached, Ian realised, as if by instinct, that this was Mary. She was an utter contrast to the portly, jovial Rose; her face was lined with care, she walked with a stoop. Her thick hair showed grey streaks, and her patient eyes were full of that wistfulness so often seen in the eyes of those whose life is a continual struggle to make both ends meet.

The little party met Ian, and Mary looked at him vaguely. A gleam of recognition flashed into her eyes, he thought, but in a minute it was gone, and she turned away to answer her little ones, who were clamouring in shrill, childish voices.

Ian could not bring himself to speak to them. They passed on, and he turned and looked back at the pathetic, stooping figure of his second playmate; and then walked slowly homeward over the moor.

"My second idyll has gone, too," he thought. "Yet the reality is infinitely more beautiful."

All night Ian lay sleepless, his mind full of thoughts changing like the patterns of a kaleidoscope. He tried desperately to imagine what Rosemary would be like. "Would she be married? Would she be beautiful? Would she be waiting for him, as his mother had pictured her?" They were questions he could not answer, and he spent the night in useless surmises.

The next day, full of nervous excitement, he set forth, taking the road to the bleak moorlands. The way led through the little churchyard, and thither Ian turned his steps. He stood there for a while, silent, bareheaded; beyond and all around him stretched the purple moorlands, merging in the distance into the quiet blue of the heavens. It was a veritable vale of rest, and Ian thought how pleasant it must be to lie there asleep under the blue sky.

A bright ray of sunlight glanced down and shone on a little grey stone at his feet. Instinctively he stooped and read in letters half washed out by winter rains—

ROSEMARY GLYNN

AGED FIVE

"He who loves goodness, harbours angels, reveres reverence, and lives with God."

Emerson.

"It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend."—Ruskin.

Gaunt's Wood Co-operative Farm



OUTSIDE the wind howls and the rain patters against the window-panes, inside the red room is a picture of happy comradeship.

The fire burns brightly in the old-fashioned grate, the red walls seem to catch and retain the fire's cheerfulness, the dull red rugs on the uneven stone floor give tone and harmony to the room. Books and magazines lie about in cheerful confusion. Two grey kittens occupy the most comfy chair, and on the hearthrug a sheepdog lies with her nose between her paws. Supper is laid for six people, five of whom at this precise moment stand about the room, some reading letters, others laughing and talking and, incidentally, toasting themselves by the inviting fire. Soon the sixth, who is our housekeeper, will emerge from the kitchen, and six happy, tired, hungry girls will sit down to eat and talk over the events of the day. A friendly argument or debate is almost sure to ensue which will be carried on round the fire after supper is over.

Ivy House is our headquarters at present, but very soon two of our number will leave us to go to Ecton Lee, for now three greenhouses, 50 ft. by 10 ft., and a forcing-frame, 50 ft. by 6 ft., are complete, and work has commenced in earnest, bulbs are being planted in one house and beans and salad stuffs in the others. Now that the winter frosts are here, it is essential that the gardeners should live near in order to attend to the fires.

The farm at present comprises some 200 acres, but we hope to take over the Dale Farm in March, which will give us another 100 acres. Our stock is composed of 33 head of cattle, 36 sheep—3 horses, 2 donkeys, 12 pigs, and poultry. Our days are full and also very happy; the country is both beautiful and interesting. The River Manifold affords splendid fishing for anyone who feels so disposed, and there is plenty of good shooting.

We have one month's holiday each year, a fortnight in the spring and a fortnight in the autumn.

There being very little social life in the village, Sir Guy and Lady Gaunt, who consider our happiness and are anxious to provide amusement for the villagers, propose giving cinematograph entertainments, followed by dancing in the racquet court at Gauntswood.

Winter is long and severe in this district, but we are all looking forward to the long evenings, when we hope to turn our attention to our neglected work-bags.

M. PARSONS, L.A.A.S.,
Staffs.

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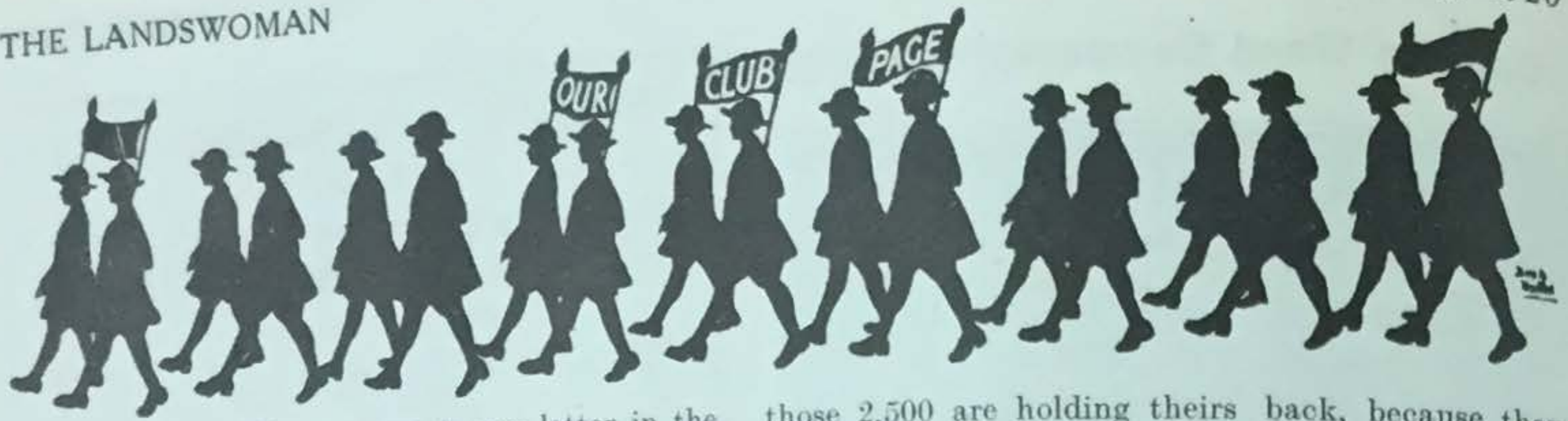


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DEAR GIRLS,—The response to my letter in the January number has been wonderful, and I wish I could print all the delightful and encouraging things which hundreds of you have written to me about the LANDSWOMAN. You really are the nicest readers that ever were. "I would willingly pay 2s. 6d. for it, no price would be too high. "I shall take the mag. till I die," "Long live the LANDSWOMAN," "Your appeal to continue taking the LANDSWOMAN is irresistible," and lots of others even more extravagantly nice than these. Letters have been arriving at the rate of 50 to 60 a day, so that if some of you have had to wait for answers, you will, I am sure, forgive, now that you know the reason.

I am so comforted too by your very evident intention to help to increase the circulation of the LANDSWOMAN. A great many of you have sent in several new names, and one girl has already got 10 new subscribers. If each one of you would do that our circulation would go up in leaps and bounds, and the success of the magazine be assured.

I wonder if you will be very surprised when I tell you that over 2,500 readers who, I know, want to take the magazine this year, have not yet sent in their subscription. I expect, as a matter of fact,

those 2,500 are holding theirs back, because they know that the Editor would be horribly overworked in January getting out the receipts to all those other thousands who had been so thoughtless as to obey her instructions and send theirs along by return! If that is so I should like you to know that our receipts are quite up to date, and that we can now spare a minute to send you yours as soon as you make it necessary!

THE NEW "LANDSWOMAN."—Two new regular features have been introduced into the pages of the LANDSWOMAN in this number, and next month they will each be in the hands of the best experts on these subjects. I refer, of course, to the pages for our Gardeners and Poultry lovers.

OUR GARDENING EXPERT.—An old reader of the LANDSWOMAN, and one of its greatest friends, Miss Elsa Moore, Principal of the College of Lady Gardeners at Glynde, in Sussex, is going to advise us month by month on all gardening subjects. Not only will she provide us with hints on the seasonal work which is due to be carried out in the garden, but she will also give us in each issue a short article telling the life history of some particular



flower, tree, or vegetable, as well as how to grow it. If, therefore, there is any particular plant about which you want all the information that is available let me know and I will talk to Miss Moore about it.

I have been anxious for some time to have a page in the magazine which should be *really* useful to gardeners, not just a few amateur hints, but Miss Moore is such a very busy person that I hesitated for a long time before I dared to ask her to share her wonderful supply of knowledge with the readers of the LANDSWOMAN. However, I need not have worried, for she wrote back to say she would be delighted to do anything to help the little yellow magazine. Such an extraordinary knack has the LANDSWOMAN of making true friends!

OUR POULTRY PAGE.—I am sure that all our readers who are interested in poultry will be pleased to hear that Mr. W. Powell-Owen has consented to conduct us safely through all the difficulties of keeping and rearing poultry. In addition to an article every month in THE LANDSWOMAN, he has kindly promised to answer any enquiries addressed to him at the Editorial Office, provided always that an address and stamped envelope is enclosed. This will, I know, be a tremendous help to a great many of us. Our own particular birds have their own particular troubles, and my experience is that the solution of them is seldom found in the ordinary text books on poultry-keeping.

Personally, I shall find it a great comfort to be able to write to such an expert as Mr. Powell-Owen, and ask his advice about my pet cockerel who is looking pale-eyed and blinking and humpy, and I feel sure there are many others of our readers to whom this concession will be a great boon.

We are keeping up our reputation for having the best of everything in THE LANDSWOMAN, for Mr. Powell-Owen is a Fellow of the British Society of Agriculture, a member of the Council of the National Utility Poultry Society, and his books have been so popular that they have run through more editions than most other poultry books. He has also the additional distinction of being the only poultry expert whose books on this subject have been printed in Braille for the use of the blind.

You see the Association has brought many new friends to THE LANDSWOMAN; friends whose interests are rather different from those of our dear old L.A.A.S., and we are very keen to cater for them efficiently. Gardening, poultry-keeping, and a cookery column of Mr. C. H. Senn's receipts will be regular features of the magazine, and I shall be very glad to receive suggestions for developing any other of the many different subjects of agricultural interest which our readers would like to see represented in the magazine. We hope to have occasional articles on bees, rabbits, goats, and several other side lines of farm work. I am particularly keen to make THE LANDSWOMAN acceptable to those part-time workers, as we used to call them, the village women, who have now become members of the Association, and I hope very much that some of them will write and tell me what is lacking in the paper which would interest them.

SHOPPING CLUB.—The sales have kept us very busy this month, but even sale prices are so high that we have not been able to fulfil some of your requests. Odd remnants of crêpe de chine

which were in demand for camisoles have been unobtainable, and the cheapest ribbon for shoulder-straps is rather prohibitive in price. We managed, however, to get a silk jumper which K.M. had seen advertised and wanted, but as post orders were not executed she was obliged to get us to help her. If *only* advertisers would realise that women in remote country villages know nothing of these delights unless they see them advertised, and further that in the pages of THE LANDSWOMAN they would be *certain* to see them. A cup and saucer, with the City of London coat of arms, which is to form part of a Gosse tea set has been sent to L. B., and a length of yellow silk to M. H. D. Other shopping commissions, too numerous to mention, have been faithfully carried out.

SEWING CLUB.—The baskets are still going well and are in great demand. In addition to the leading West-end drapers, you can now buy them in every one of Messrs. Lyons' big shops in London, and very pretty they look decorating their windows. Requests for supplies are coming in from the provinces, and we are sending off boxes of samples as fast as we can go.

I went down the other day to the hostel in Oxfordshire where all the baskets are made, and in spite of the fact that I lost my train down there (I had got up at 5.30 a.m. to catch it, but there was a block on the line) nearly lost my train home (it was the last one), and drove through a hail storm in an open trap, all of which things use up a lot of my good temper supply, I enjoyed my visit immensely.

The basket girls are living in a lovely old house (I rather want to live there myself) in a most picturesque little village, and they seem to have a very happy time of it. Anyway, they looked thoroughly cheerful and were all singing at their work like a little company of joyous birds. When I get tired and dumpy I am going down to that hostel for a whole week-end!

Now that the readers of THE LANDSWOMAN are not confined to our old Land Army friends I feel rather that I ought to begin my letter in a more formal—perhaps, more respectful—way. But I have hunted about for another way of addressing you and I have hunted in vain—for “dear readers” looks ridiculous, and “dear friends” sounds like an open air meeting. I might say “dear comrades,” but some of you would probably think I was presuming on a very short acquaintance. So I have left it at our old beginning—and I trust our new friends will forgive us. Perhaps, also, if we agree to be quite grown up and proper in all the other pages of THE LANDSWOMAN they will put up with our very familiar—just-between-ourselves—little talk on this page.

I would rather like to have addressed you as comrades, because it reminds me of those fine lines of Walt. Whitman's which describe so exactly what the Association, and, incidentally, THE LANDSWOMAN, are out to do—

“Come, I will make the continent indissoluble

I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon.

I will make divine magnetic lands
With the love of comrades.”

That may sound as though we have set ourselves an impossible task, but remember, no quest, no conquest, and who is it who says somewhere

THE LANDSWOMAN

"Whenever I begin, the strength comes and it increases"? You know, that is most extraordinarily true. Almost always, if only you have the strength to begin a job, and more particularly a difficult job, the very fact that you have made that first effort adds strength to your second effort, until in the end it is no effort at all, but quite easy. I often get laughed at because I believe, and believe firmly, that nothing is impossible, if you *intend* to do it. Try it; it's not a bad rule! And you need not think it requires an amount of self-confidence and cleverness which you don't possess. It is will power that is necessary, not ability. Of course, I don't mean I could fly over the moon or get ten thousand new readers for THE LANDSWOMAN in one day, but isn't it Herbert Spencer who says "How infinitely unimportant is anything I can do, and how infinitely important it is that I should do it"?

I am afraid that some of us now and again are inclined to rest on the laurels we won in the glorious old Land Army days, and forget that, although there is a great past behind us, there is also a great future in front, and that that future will be of our own making.

Don't forget our best is just as much needed now as it was in the old war days—perhaps it is more needed. Particularly that best spirit of ours which is only found at its very best in the open air worker, the sort of spirit contained in a letter which I received from one of you the other day: "Everything is beautiful, everything is joyful, everything sings; and, in spite of our heavy boots, we walk about on air bubbles that *never* burst."

You will say my letter this month is full of other people's thoughts and sayings, but even if you do, I am going to take the risk, and just quote three little everyday lines which I discovered this morning. Here they are:

"Don't falter or shrink,
Just think out your work,
And work out your think."

—Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

P.S.—A lonely girl would like letters. Her name is: E. McQuire, Turnpike Cottage, Tutnall, near Bromsgrove, Worcester. Miss Verrall, who used to be a Group Leader, and is now Principal Instructor at the Irish College of Gardening for Women in Dublin, would be glad to hear from any L.A.A.S. living near or passing through Dublin. It may be possible to form a little club, so that they may meet each other occasionally and talk over old times.

An interesting little booklet has been sent to me from Cornwall which tells quite charmingly the history of the Land Army in that county. L.A.A.S. who have worked in Cornwall may like to possess one, and they can be obtained from Miss Bennett, Stringers, St. Newlyn East, Cornwall.

All letters to the Editor requiring an answer must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

"The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man, insomuch that if it issue not towards men it will take unto other living creatures."
—BACON.

"It is a good thing to be rich and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends."

Posts—Vacant and Wanted

Lady Gardeners, Farm Workers, Poultry Keepers, Coachmen, Chauffeurs, etc., can be supplied. Special registry at Miss Dymphna Smith's office, 231, Ebury Street, S.W., for ex-war workers and others. (Ladies requiring posts should also apply.)

Mrs. Starke requires an ex-L.A.A.S. as domestic help. Plain cooking and house work. Charwoman for cleaning. Wages £30. Uniform by arrangement.—[A very comfortable job.—Ed.]

Two friends require post together. Gardens, poultry, or general farm work. East Coast preferred.—M. F., 6, Manor Parade, Church End, Finchley.

Land Girl wanted at once. Milking and general farm work.—Miles, Old Tree Farm, Hoath, near Canterbury.

Miss Channing Pearce, Montague House, Ramsgate, wants a strong Land Girl to work in the garden. Need not have much knowledge of gardening. Wages, 25s. per week.

Ex-L.A.A.S. wanted at once as advertisement canvasser for a women's paper. Some previous experience essential. Salary and commission.—Box B, Editorial Office.

Experienced woman, three years agricultural college, and practical knowledge, requires responsible post with cottage.—D. S. H., Rosetta Cottage, Westbury-on-Severn, Gloucester.

Ex-L.A.A.S. tractor driver, Fordson, requires post on farm, preferably Surrey or Sussex. Certificate, 100 per cent. marks, Board of Agriculture test. Running repairs. Can also drive Ford car. Willing to utilize all-round farm experience in spare time.—K. Locke, "Winterfold," Park Road, Woking.

Post wanted in the South of England by Land Girl with experience, since 1916, in milking, calving, calf-rearing, butter-making, ploughing, and general farm work; also good horse-woman.—K. M. T., Hutton Manor, Old Hutton, Kendal, Westmorland.

Post required by land worker thoroughly experienced in all branches of farm work.—A. N., 234, Cromwell Road, Peterborough.

Skilled Stockwoman with nearly nine years' experience seeks post; accustomed to take entire charge of pedigree cattle.—V. M., c/o Mrs. Maynard, Honey Hill, Wokingham, Berks.

Exchange Column

Binding covers, 1s. 6d. Christmas cards, 2d. each, and back numbers still available.—Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath.

For Sale

Dark Grey Meltonian cloth habit, good as new. Safety apron skirt, length 43 in. Skirt waist, 36 in. Bust coat, 38; waistcoat, 31: made Ross, Exeter. £8 8s. Brown home-spun costume, £2 2s. Sewing machine "Champion of England," £5 5s.—Box A, LANDSWOMAN Office.

Foster mother to take chicks from 60-egg incubator.—Brock, S. Cross, Harleston, Norfolk.

Hatbands, hairbands, neckbands, in black velvet decorated with pen painting; also table centres, cushion covers, etc.—M. G. J., N.A.L., Yew Tree Close Farm, Yeovil.

Complete land outfit—boots, breeches, leggings, smocks and mackintosh. What offers?—Ray, Craigiela, St. Faith's Road, Winchester, Hants.

Land Girl's boots for sale, fives, almost new, Manfield's make, 30s.—Miss Green, Miserden Rectory, Cirencester.

Two pairs L.A. velvet cord breeches for sale. Bought recently but never worn. Would sell two pairs for 12s.—Miss Williams, Cruxton Dairy, Maiden Newton.

Wanted

A red Irish setter dog puppy, for companion, not for sporting purposes. A really good home offered. Particulars to Miss N. Dodgson, Sunny Cliff, Morte Hoe, N. Devon.

There is much comfort in high hills
And a great easing of the heart.

G. WINTHROP YOUNG.

Don't whine, Jimmy; it's a great deal better to whistle.—ANON.

Selecting the Small Farm

"Where bad's the best, naught must be the choice."

IN selecting a farm it is well to remember that there is no ideal establishment for each and all. You may find in your travels a most charming farm, but it will not please you in one or other respect. That is always the case, and "buts" and "ifs" must not be allowed too much scope, or you may have the place taken by another person.

The first thing I should expect on my small farm would be plenty of outhouses. These can be put to a hundred different uses. One will do nicely for an office, or an incubator shed, or a workshop, or a store-place for small appliances. And the use can be continued *ad lib.*: goat house, cow-shed, laying-house for fowls, stable, tool-shed, food-store, hen hospital, rabbitry, brooder-house for early chickens, fattening shed to accommodate table chickens, and so on. When looking over the place, too, careful stock will be taken of existing buildings such as a piggery, poultry houses, cow-sheds, and so forth.

The second factor of importance will be the number, condition, and kind of fruit-trees on the place, and I should expect a few trees on any farm I chose. The fruit will help towards the first year's rent or expenses. Then the would-be farmer will weigh up his mind, remembering the text of this book, in what way the farm is adaptable to the various branches he will take up. A pond may suggest ducks, a wood pigs (on the open-air system), and so on. Note will be taken of the branches the outgoing tenant supported, and enquiries made to see what returns he was able to get from each.

It will always pay to make local enquiries, and more so if a ready-going concern is under consideration. The station-master may accidentally give a useful hint or two, also the local postman, and the proprietor of the "Cow and Lamb," not forgetting Mrs. Knowall, who serves teas and refreshments to tourists. The best time to visit an estate is in the winter, if one suspects water-logged or flooded ground; but local enquiries should be the means of ascertaining how the land lies. Examine the ditches carefully to see if they have been kept well cleaned out, and if you notice a small stream make sure that the farmers above you are in the habit of clearing away stoppages likely to flood the ground below.

Soil is an important matter, and here the beginner might well have an expert with him, introducing him as his uncle or brother-in-law to allay suspicion. Attached to each specialist paper there are experts whose services can be procured, and a personal note

to the editor will bring recommendations. Particularly should it be left to the expert where one branch is to be the dominating speciality. If along my lines poultry are to represent the latter, a gravel or chalk soil will be found best. Damp and exposed sites are undesirable, as is clay. A good drainage is needed, although where the intensive type of houses is to be supported the birds are kept in during the winter on inclement days, a point to be allowed for if the soil is merely on the heavy side but dry. One would need to correct any faults by special housing, choice of breeds and management of stock, on which matters the expert engaged would be consulted. With land that is at all damp early rearing cannot be managed, as it is late in the season ere the chickens can be placed on the grass. But the presence of plenty of good sheds would help to counteract this, for early chickens could be reared therein under cover until old enough to go out permanently.

A nice site should be looked for to represent the chicken-rearing grounds, and any belt of trees likely to act as a wind-screen should not escape the eye. If clover is plentiful the selected spot will be ideal for chicks and growing poultry. A position should be looked out for the breeders, which will also do well with a belt of trees or a hedge or wood as the wind-screen and protection from the bitter elements. In fact, the wire-runs could be extended into the wood a little for shade and protection. Sloping ground is an advantage, but one must avoid an extreme, remembering that the pushing of even a barrow of food time after time means extra labour. And too much of a slope does not help fertility, although one can erect the breeding enclosures across instead of with the slope. It is well to ascertain if poultry have been run on the farm before, if to excess, and for how many years. Presence of clovers will denote sweet ground, and one can apply my usual test. Take a sample of the soil and place a piece of blue litmus paper therein, leaving it for half an hour. If the soil is sour the paper will have turned red, the depth of colouring deciding the extent of the sourness. After you have taken your farm it is for you to study the question of liming and manuring the land, and tending it as it should be. That is a matter you will be careful to study, as so many overlook it.

The location of the farm must also be taken into account. Where it is proposed to foster a retail trade "at the door," so to speak, the ideal farm will be situated on the main road and have a prominent frontage. Such a site allows of full publicity and a large and attractive board—bearing the specialities of the farm—can be erected to catch the eye of passers-by and motorists. Nearness to the station and on a mainline will be aimed at as there will be packages and stock going to and fro. Good markets will be close at hand, so that a "home" trade can be fostered. If, too, there are large private residences near the owners will represent good customers for all manner of produce, and particularly out of season, when the highest prices will be paid. A personal call, or well-thought out letter to each resident (with attractive literature setting out the farm's specialities enclosed) will be the means of working up a clientèle.

As to whether the farm is purchased or rented this will depend upon capital available. It is preferable to buy an estate, as then the owner can erect whatever buildings he prefers. If one rents an estate it should be taken on a long lease—four to seven years or more—as it is well not to change quarters when one is establishing a name, and particularly if livestock represent a leading branch, and the farmer is finding custom by advertising and by recommendations. In the agreement there should be a covering clause that poultry-houses can be removed at the expiry of tenancy, and that reasonable compensation will be paid by the landlord for fruit plantations set up, and so forth. If there is an option of purchase so much the better. It usually happens that a man is attracted by the offer of a ready stocked farm. If this is decided upon, enquiries will be made to ascertain the reasons of sale, and a close study will be made of the account books, trading bills, and the performance of the stock. One might engage an expert to value the stock and plant separately. Another important item will be the ascertaining whether or not the previous tenant has by his unbusiness-like methods got a bad name for the farm. Sometimes a certain amount is asked for ingoing, although one will make sure that the amount asked for is reasonable.

Size of farm will depend upon the branches one desires to take up, and also on the amount of capital available. The man with little capital need not be at a disadvantage, as there are ways and means of working up a farm step by step. Shortage of capital may compel him to take a small acreage, but if he finds a nice little place where further land is available if he needs it when he extends his activities, that will be advisable. An expert gardener who is short of capital may decide to seek a post in the locality whilst he sets the ball rolling at home. An inexperienced Arcadian without sufficient capital may go for a year's training and then seek a post. Having obtained the latter, he would commence to build his "little nest" at home, his regular weekly salary maintaining him until the time that his extensions bring in a satisfactory return.

W. POWELL OWEN, "A Living from the Land."



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2/-; Tubes
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THE LANDSWOMAN

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"The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man, insomuch that if it issue not towards men it will take unto other living creatures."
—BACON.

"It is a good thing to be rich and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends."

Posts—Vacant and Wanted

Lady Gardeners, Farm Workers, Poultry Keepers, Coachmen, Chauffeurs, etc., can be supplied. Special registry at Miss Dymphna Smith's office, 231, Ebury Street, S.W., for ex-war workers and others. (Ladies requiring posts should also apply.) Mrs. Starke requires an ex-L.A.A.S. as domestic help. Plain cooking and house work. Charwoman for cleaning. Wages £30. Uniform by arrangement.—[A very comfortable job.—Ed.]

Two friends require post together. Gardens, poultry, or general farm work. East Coast preferred.—M. F., 6, Manor Parade, Church End, Finchley.

Land Girl wanted at once. Milking and general farm work.—Miles, Old Tree Farm, Hoath, near Canterbury.

Miss Channing Pearce, Montague House, Ramsgate, wants a strong Land Girl to work in the garden. Need not have much knowledge of gardening. Wages, 25s. per week.

Ex-L.A.A.S. wanted at once as advertisement canvasser for a women's paper. Some previous experience essential. Salary and commission.—Box B, Editorial Office.

Experienced woman, three years agricultural college, and practical knowledge, requires responsible post with cottage.—D. S. H., Rosetta Cottage, Westbury-on-Severn, Gloucester.

Ex-L.A.A.S. tractor driver, Fordson, requires post on farm, preferably Surrey or Sussex. Certificate, 100 per cent. marks, Board of Agriculture test. Running repairs. Can also drive Ford car. Willing to utilize all-round farm experience in spare time.—K. Locke, "Winterfold," Park Road, Woking.

Post wanted in the South of England by Land Girl with experience, since 1916, in milking, calving, calf-rearing, butter-making, ploughing, and general farm work; also good horse-woman.—K. M. T., Hutton Manor, Old Hutton, Kendal, Westmorland.

Post required by land worker thoroughly experienced in all branches of farm work.—A. N., 234, Cromwell Road, Peterborough.

Skilled Stockwoman with nearly nine years' experience seeks post; accustomed to take entire charge of pedigree cattle.—V. M., c/o Mrs. Maynard, Honey Hill, Wokingham, Berks.

Exchange Column

Binding covers, 1s. 6d. Christmas cards, 2d. each, and back numbers still available.—Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath.

For Sale

Dark Grey Meltonian cloth habit, good as new. Safety apron skirt, length 43 in. Skirt waist, 36 in. Bust coat, 38; waistcoat, 31: made Ross, Exeter. £8 8s. Brown home-spun costume, £2 2s. Sewing machine "Champion of England," £5 5s.—Box A, LANDSWOMAN Office.

Foster mother to take chicks from 60-egg incubator.—Brock, S. Cross, Harleston, Norfolk.

Hatbands, hairbands, neckbands, in black velvet decorated with pen painting; also table centres, cushion covers, etc.—M. G. J., N.A.L., Yew Tree Close Farm, Yeovil.

Complete land outfit—boots, breeches, leggings, smocks and mackintosh. What offers?—Ray, Craigella, St. Faith's Road, Winchester, Hants.

Land Girl's boots for sale, fives, almost new, Manfield's make, 30s.—Miss Green, Miserden Rectory, Cirencester.

Two pairs L.A. velvet cord breeches for sale. Bought recently but never worn. Would sell two pairs for 12s.—Miss Williams, Cruxton Dairy, Maiden Newton.

Wanted

A red Irish setter dog puppy, for companion, not for sporting purposes. A really good home offered. Particulars to Miss N. Dodgson, Sunny Cliff, Morte Hoe, N. Devon.

There is much comfort in high hills
And a great easing of the heart.

G. WINTHROP YOUNG.

Don't whine, Jimmy; it's a great deal better to whistle.—ANON.

Selecting the Small Farm

"Where bad's the best, naught must be the choice."

IN selecting a farm it is well to remember that there is no ideal establishment for each and all. You may find in your travels a most charming farm, but it will not please you in one or other respect. That is always the case, and "buts" and "ifs" must not be allowed too much scope, or you may have the place taken by another person.

The first thing I should expect on my small farm would be plenty of outhouses. These can be put to a hundred different uses. One will do nicely for an office, or an incubator shed, or a workshop, or a store-place for small appliances. And the use can be continued *ad lib.*: goat house, cow-shed, laying-house for fowls, stable, tool-shed, food-store, hen hospital, rabbitry, brooder-house for early chickens, fattening shed to accommodate table chickens, and so on. When looking over the place, too, careful stock will be taken of existing buildings such as a piggery, poultry houses, cow-sheds, and so forth.

The second factor of importance will be the number, condition, and kind of fruit-trees on the place, and I should expect a few trees on any farm I chose. The fruit will help towards the first year's rent or expenses. Then the would-be farmer will weigh up his mind, remembering the text of this book, in what way the farm is adaptable to the various branches he will take up. A pond may suggest ducks, a wood pigs (on the open-air system), and so on. Note will be taken of the branches the outgoing tenant supported, and enquiries made to see what returns he was able to get from each.

It will always pay to make local enquiries, and more so if a ready-going concern is under consideration. The station-master may accidentally give a useful hint or two, also the local postman, and the proprietor of the "Cow and Lamb," not forgetting Mrs. Knowall, who serves teas and refreshments to tourists. The best time to visit an estate is in the winter, if one suspects water-logged or flooded ground; but local enquiries should be the means of ascertaining how the land lies. Examine the ditches carefully to see if they have been kept well cleaned out, and if you notice a small stream make sure that the farmers above you are in the habit of clearing away stoppages likely to flood the ground below.

Soil is an important matter, and here the beginner might well have an expert with him, introducing him as his uncle or brother-in-law to allay suspicion. Attached to each specialist paper there are experts whose services can be procured, and a personal note

to the editor will bring recommendations. Particularly should it be left to the expert where one branch is to be the dominating speciality. If along my lines poultry are to represent the latter, a gravel or chalk soil will be found best. Damp and exposed sites are undesirable, as is clay. A good drainage is needed, although where the intensive type of houses is to be supported the birds are kept in during the winter on inclement days, a point to be allowed for if the soil is merely on the heavy side but dry. One would need to correct any faults by special housing, choice of breeds and management of stock, on which matters the expert engaged would be consulted. With land that is at all damp early rearing cannot be managed, as it is late in the season ere the chickens can be placed on the grass. But the presence of plenty of good sheds would help to counteract this, for early chickens could be reared therein under cover until old enough to go out permanently.

A nice site should be looked for to represent the chicken-rearing grounds, and any belt of trees likely to act as a wind-screen should not escape the eye. If clover is plentiful the selected spot will be ideal for chicks and growing poultry. A position should be looked out for the breeders, which will also do well with a belt of trees or a hedge or wood as the wind-screen and protection from the bitter elements. In fact, the wire-runs could be extended into the wood a little for shade and protection. Sloping ground is an advantage, but one must avoid an extreme, remembering that the pushing of even a barrow of food time after time means extra labour. And too much of a slope does not help fertility, although one can erect the breeding enclosures across instead of with the slope. It is well to ascertain if poultry have been run on the farm before, if to excess, and for how many years. Presence of clovers will denote sweet ground, and one can apply my usual test. Take a sample of the soil and place a piece of blue litmus paper therein, leaving it for half an hour. If the soil is sour the paper will have turned red, the depth of colouring deciding the extent of the sourness. After you have taken your farm it is for you to study the question of liming and manuring the land, and tending it as it should be. That is a matter you will be careful to study, as so many overlook it.

The location of the farm must also be taken into account. Where it is proposed to foster a retail trade "at the door," so to speak, the ideal farm will be situated on the main road and have a prominent frontage. Such a site allows of full publicity and a large and attractive board—bearing the specialities of the farm—can be erected to catch the eye of passers-by and motorists. Nearness to the station and on a mainline will be aimed at as there will be packages and stock going to and fro. Good markets will be close at hand, so that a "home" trade can be fostered. If, too, there are large private residences near the owners will represent good customers for all manner of produce, and particularly out of season, when the highest prices will be paid. A personal call, or well-thought out letter to each resident (with attractive literature setting out the farm's specialities enclosed) will be the means of working up a clientele.

As to whether the farm is purchased or rented this will depend upon capital available. It is preferable to buy an estate, as then the owner can erect whatever buildings he prefers. If one rents an estate it should be taken on a long lease—four to seven years or more—as it is well not to change quarters when one is establishing a name, and particularly if livestock represent a leading branch, and the farmer is finding custom by advertising and by recommendations. In the agreement there should be a covering clause that poultry-houses can be removed at the expiry of tenancy, and that reasonable compensation will be paid by the landlord for fruit plantations set up, and so forth. If there is an option of purchase so much the better. It usually happens that a man is attracted by the offer of a ready stocked farm. If this is decided upon, enquiries will be made to ascertain the reasons of sale, and a close study will be made of the account books, trading bills, and the performance of the stock. One might engage an expert to value the stock and plant separately. Another important item will be the ascertaining whether or not the previous tenant has by his unbusiness-like methods got a bad name for the farm. Sometimes a certain amount is asked for ingoing, although one will make sure that the amount asked for is reasonable.

Size of farm will depend upon the branches one desires to take up, and also on the amount of capital available. The man with little capital need not be at a disadvantage, as there are ways and means of working up a farm step by step. Shortage of capital may compel him to take a small acreage, but if he finds a nice little place where further land is available if he needs it when he extends his activities, that will be advisable. An expert gardener who is short of capital may decide to seek a post in the locality whilst he sets the ball rolling at home. An inexperienced Arcadian without sufficient capital may go for a year's training and then seek a post. Having obtained the latter, he would commence to build his "little nest" at home, his regular weekly salary maintaining him until the time that his extensions bring in a satisfactory return.

W. POWELL OWEN, "A Living from the Land."



The Hands and their Care.

There is no need for anyone's hands to suffer from the cold. The skin can be kept in perfect condition—soft, smooth, white—merely by consistently using Pomeroy Safâda. This preparation, which made thousands of friends before the war, is again very much at your service. There is nothing to equal it for keeping the hands in good condition.

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where.

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Safâda**

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Bond Street,
London, W.1.

Good Service Ribbons Worcestershire

E. Doyle, H. Pullen, S. Cartwright, A. Bullock, M. Boden, I. Davies, E. Hart, Miss Sexty, M. Roberts, A. Roberts, M. Curtis, M. Davies, M. Butcher, M. Neath, D. Neath, E. Payne, N. Hughes, L. Webster, G. Perry, M. Jones, A. Hookway, I. McDaniel, E. Johnson, F. Cartwright, J. Taylor, E. Baker, I. Nicholl, E. Butcher, N. Stringer, A. Nockholds, L. Harrington, M. Grennan, M. Phipps, C. Bowater, M. Limpett, L. Smith, E. Malpass, A. Poyner, W. Humberstone, E. Berry, R. Robins.

On Saturday the inaugural meeting of the Worcester Branch of the National Association of Landswomen was held at the Co-operative Hall, Worcester. The chair was taken by Miss A. K. Hamilton, County Organising Secretary for the Land Army, supported by Viscountess Deerpurth, the Lady Hindlip, and the Hon. M. Pakington.

Miss Hamilton explained the aims and objects of the Association, and, as the majority of those present had already signed membership forms, the meeting proceeded to elect the Executive Committee by ballot. The following were elected:—Viscountess Deerpurth, Lady Hindlip, Hon. M. Pakington, Mrs. Ivor Atkins, Mrs. Newton Jones, Miss A. Ogilvy, Miss Mitchell, Miss D. Bellars, Miss C. Austin, Miss B. Whitehart. Miss M. M. Williams was elected county representative. The Association starts its life in Worcestershire with over 200 members. In the afternoon Lady Deerpurth took the chair, and said her first duty, in the name of the Women's Agricultural Committee, was to present Miss Hamilton with an umbrella as a token of the committee's appreciation of her work during her term of office in Worcester. The Hon. Mary Pakington, as hon. secretary to that committee, corroborated all that Lady Deerpurth had said, and spoke in high terms of Miss Hamilton's work.

Miss Hamilton, in thanking the committee, said it was because this committee had always co-operated with her and helped her in every way that her work in Worcestershire had been made so pleasant.

Lady Deerpurth then asked Miss Howard, Technical Inspector of the Board of Agriculture, to present the Good Service Ribbons to the members of the Land Army who had won this distinction. Miss Howard announced before she presented the ribbons she would ask Miss Hamilton, on behalf of the staff and members of the Worcestershire Land Army, to accept a hand-bag as a token of their appreciation and regard for all she had done. She went on to say that Miss Hamilton had always had the welfare of the girls at heart, and she had worked early and late in order to achieve the best for them. These remarks were received with cheers, and when Miss Hamilton rose to reply the applause was deafening. Miss Hamilton thanked the members most heartily for their tribute, and in thanking the staff said that their loyal support had considerably eased her task.

Lincs, Lindsey

— Hill, — Yates, — Chipps, — Massey, — Drury, — Dowson — Lawlor, — Roberts, — Howden, — Holliday, — Constable.

Lincs, Holland

D. Keal, M. Evison, F. Milnes, Mrs. Griffin, K. MacDougald, A. Mockett, E. Burrows.

Shropshire

Lillian Littlewood, Annie Smith, Harriet Roberts, Lena Jones, S. Hartshorne, G. Wenlock, D. Summers, E. Garbett, L. Davies.

Devon

Misses Alford, Fletcher, Geatches, Howe, Jones, Nurse, Rolfe, Shepherd, Snell, Mrs. Parr.

West Sussex

Good Service Ribbons presented by Mrs. Lyttleton at Horsham Town Hall, on November 28th, 1919.

M. Adams, A. Adsett, D. Adsett, E. Aylward, D. Barnes, C. Bower, L. Braiden, E. Browne, F. Buckle, P. Caws, K. Clarke, Mrs. Paice (née Collier), F. O. Cook, H. Cude, E. Dewdney, A. Edwards, F. Grant, E. Hamper, F. Harrison, N. Hiscocks, D. Holden, D. Jelley, I. Knight, M. Little, E. Longman, M. Marshall, N. Mears, H. Moulding, Mrs. Pettitt, M. Pontz, M. Pim, E. Platts, W. Price, M. Reed, E. Spratt, A. Vickers, E. Wady, L. Wallace, E. Winton.

Cheshire

Margaret Arnold, Fanny Ashby, Ethel Ashworth, Alice Bagnall, E. A. Bell, G. Blakeley, Nellie Blythe, Marion Booth, Annie Boushear, May Brädley, Sarah Brierly, E. Brown, Rebecca Bruce, Nancy Buckley, Francis Burnie, Selina Burton, Elsie

Batterworth, Sadie Candy, Annie Carroll, Lily Carey, Florence Clark, Violet Clark, Florence Clay, G. Cockerton, Betty Coffey, Eliza Collier, Elsie Collier, Ethel Cotterel, Una Curwen, Marion Davies, Nora Donnelly, M. Douthwaite, E. Dronsfield, Emily Edwards, Martha Evans, Elizabeth Fern, Ethel Fogg, Mary Gittens, Mildred Graham, Lilian Grand, E. Strella Hall, Doris L. Hare, Annie Harrall, Constance Harris, Mabel Harvey, Alice Hilton, Helen Hilton, Gladys Hodgson, Alison Hogg, Carrie Holgate, Olive Holt, Lily Hopwood, D. M. Howes, C. Hubbersty, Amy Hughes, Ethel Hughes, Alice Hulme, Florence Inces, H. Jackson, D. Jenkinson, C. Jones, H. Keam, M. Keely, B. Kelly, Nellie Kildry, D. Knowles, A. Lawrence, A. Leatherbarrow, Mrs. L. Littlefair, Mrs. A. Mackay, Edith Martin, Hilda Martin, K. Merrall, P. Miller, W. Monaghan, May Moss, Mrs. H. Newton, S. Oliver, G. Openshaw, V. Openshaw, N. Platt, D. Plumridge, G. Pritchard, F. Rawlinson, M. Rigby, W. Sauer, E. M. Scott, F. Scott, A. Siddall, C. Stanistreet, M. Stephens, G. Stokes, L. Stubbs, Annie Thomas, M. Tomlinson, Esther Wall, N. Whittaker, Martha White, Violet White, Jessie Whiteley, Mary Wilkin, Mary A. Williams, Mary Wilson.

List of girls who received the Good Service Ribbon, but were unable to attend:

Mabel Antwiss, Mrs. M. Ball, Ruth Barnwell, Rose Bennett, K. Bohanan, Margaret Clark, Edith Cross, K. Cruise, Emily Cullen, G. Dent, Mollie Garner, N. Goodwin, E. A. Hayward, H. Hood, A. Johnson, J. M. Kelly, Nellie Mackay, A. McCaig, G. McClaren, — McKenna, E. Martin, Peggy Mason, G. Morley, N. Percival, S. Queenan, J. Reynolds, H. M. Shaw, Mrs. H. Smith, Monica Smith, L. Smithies, D. Snape, L. Summersfield, A. Tate, W. Thompson, L. Turner, Margaret White, A. V. Williams, Elsie Williams, M. Williams.

Oxfordshire

Amy Abbott, Mrs. Adkins, Rose Barnes, Rose Belsham, Rose Betts, Lottie Bowden, Mrs. Buckingham, Mrs. Cazalet, Maud Collins, Louie Costar, Miriam Folly, Hilda Fowler, Maud Freeman, Lily Gunn, Gillian Hedderley, Emma Heredge, Diana Hobson, Evelyn Howells, Nancy Hughes, Alice Irwin, Agnes Jackson, Florence Jacobs, Gladys King, Mrs. Lawrence, Nora Long, Mrs. Neville, Emily Parslow, Winnie Parsons, Margaret Pettitt, Ivy Pitts, Rose Shearing, Daisy Taylor, Gladys Thorne, Mary Tipping, Verdie Vanston, May Webb, Martha Webb, Katherine Williams, Edith Bowler, Helen Tucker, May Kirtland, Hilda Sanders, Lucy Fancourt, Hilda Collins, K. Dwyer, Emma Folly, Margaret George, Daisy Hanks, Aline Lovell, Beryl North, I. Young, N. Baker.

Staffs

A. Allsopp, J. Bullock, E. Brampton, E. E. Burford, V. K. Bear, V. Burton, I. Caldicott, M. Cooper, H. Charlton, E. Dutton, B. Dovey, H. Timmins, L. Ellis, M. Fellows, F. Gibbons, F. M. Hall, — Helsey, E. Hackton, F. Kerry, K. Lander, P. Llewellyn, — Parsons, E. E. M. Sudlow, Maud Smith, P. Sherwin, M. Street, E. West, A. Williams, M. Winkle.

Bedford

Letty Attwood, Betty Attwood, Constance Brittain, Winifred Chandler, Hilda Corby, Daisy Cole, Charlotte Dawson, Doris Deekes, Alice Egdell, Kate Esworthy, Dorothy Harding, Louisa Kimn, Lily Hodge, Rose Long, Hazel Lloyd, Nellie Markham, Frances Maymon, Lilian Pedly, Ethel Redsell, Elsie Robertson, Louie Salter, Margaret Selway, Nellie Stokes, Sybil Thornton, Gertrude Waldron, Elsie Worth.

NOTICE

The Editor is glad to have contributions to the magazine in the form of articles, short stories, poems and drawings, which will be paid for at the usual rates. She will also be pleased to insert all county N.A.L. news, which must be received not later than the 12th of the month.

NOTICE The subscription to "The Landswoman" for six months is 2/- post free. Orders may be sent to the Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath.