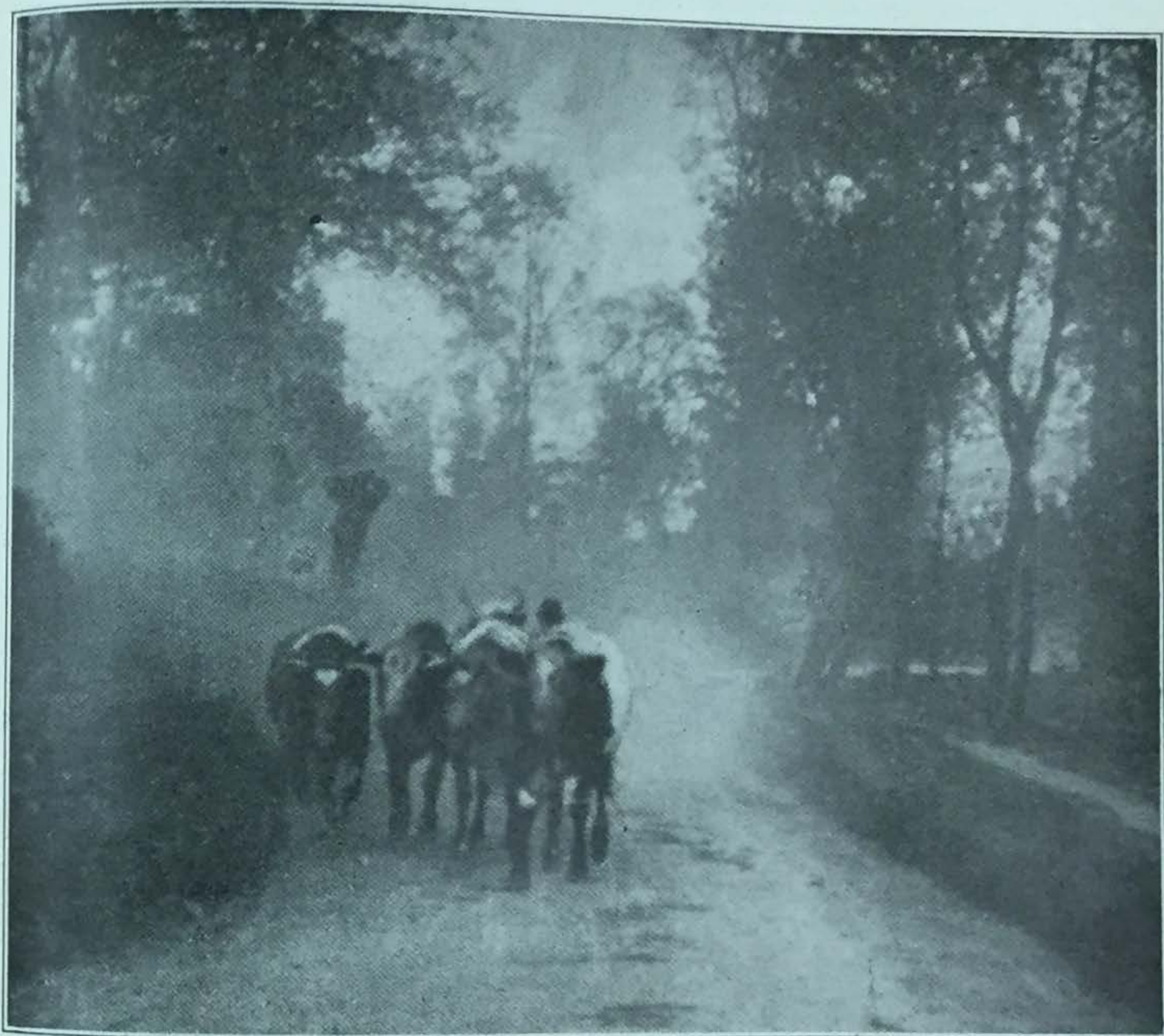


# THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Girl and Every Country Woman

Editorial and Advertising Offices: Priory Lodge, Orpington, Kent.

## Hot July.



The glowing days of hot July  
Are meant in meadow-ways to pass—  
Where patient Marguerites are seen,  
Like stars amid the scented grass.  
There stored with honey fresh and sweet  
Red clover tempts the busy bee,  
And like some gentle influence  
The Sweet Briar breathes her sympathy.



## Lord Ernle and the Land Army.

Praise Worth Having.

EVERY agricultural job to which the women of the Land Army have been put they have tackled to the best of their ability. That they were, when they began, raw and untrained, they would have been the first to admit. But they brought to bear upon their new tasks the quick intelligence of townswomen, the enthusiasm which had prompted their enrolment, and that attention to detail which proved so useful in their work. Their willingness has never been disputed even by their severest critics. Possibly, in this discontented world, the complaint has rather been that they were too eager and too willing. No doubt they have often set a pace which has shaken the slow-moving rustic out of his habitual stride. There are scarcely any branches of agriculture to which, under the pressure of war emergencies, women have not put their hands. In so doing they were not discouraged by the authorities, because their labour was indispensable. But experience shows that there are particular branches of agriculture for which women have special aptitudes. First among these are the handling of livestock, and, above all, dairying and the rearing of young animals. In dealing with horses their light hands compensate for any want of strength. They excel in milking and dairy work, and the standard of cleanliness which they have introduced is a valuable asset. A woman's secret with animals seems to be that to her they are not machines but individuals: in intercourse with dumb creatures she has found companionship; even a sow is a "Jezebel" or an "Isabel" according to character and behaviour. In the lighter branches of field-work and of forestry women have done admirable work. On market gardens their services have been invaluable. In thatching, which was fast becoming a rare agricultural art, they have proved most proficient; the light muslin mask which they introduced as a protection against the dust is but one instance out of many of the intelligence which they have generally brought to bear on the industry. In driving motor-tractors they have done at least as well as men. Here also light hands tell. As drivers they have shown themselves, not only skilful and enduring, but economical. The branches which have been enumerated cover a wide field. In all of them women have excelled.

With such a nucleus it is hoped that the National Association of Landswomen may flourish and prosper. In any case, the Women's Land Army, at the national crisis which called it into existence, has done an admirable piece of work. They have conquered the prejudices which met them at the outset. Into farm work, as into other activities to which women have been admitted, they have brought a reinvigorating influence. They have shown that agriculture offers not only a possible but a dignified calling for women. They have smoothed away the difficulties of their successors. They have given fine proofs of grit and endurance. They have rendered their services gallantly for a very meagre reward.—*The Rt. Hon. Lord Ernle, M.P.O. ("Nineteenth Century and After.")*

He who does not rise with the sun does not enjoy the day.—*Sancho Panza's Proverbs.*

## In the Cool of the Evening.

IN the cool of the evening when the low sweet  
whispers waken,  
When the labourers turn them homeward, and  
the weary have their will,  
When the censers of the roses o'er the forest-aisles  
are shaken,  
Is it but the wind that cometh o'er the far green  
hill?

For they say 'tis but the sunset winds that wander  
through the heather,  
Rustle all the meadow grass and bend the dewy  
fern;  
They say 'tis but the winds that bow the reeds in  
prayer together,  
And fill the shaken pools with fire along the  
shadowy burn.

In the beauty of the twilight, in the Garden that  
He loveth,  
They have veiled His lovely vesture with the  
darkness of a name!  
Thro' His Garden, thro' His Garden it is but the  
wind that moveth,  
No more; but O, the miracle, the miracle is the  
same!

In the cool of the evening, when the sky is an old  
story  
Slowly dying, but remembered, ay, and loved with  
passion still.  
Hush! . . . the fringes of His garment, on the  
fading golden glory,  
Softly rustling as He cometh o'er the far green  
hill.

Alfred Noyes.

(Collected Poems, Blackwood & Sons.)

## On the Grasshopper and the Cricket.

THE poetry of earth is never dead:  
When all the birds are faint with the hot  
sun,  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;  
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead  
In summer luxury—he has never done  
With his delights; for when tired out with fun  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

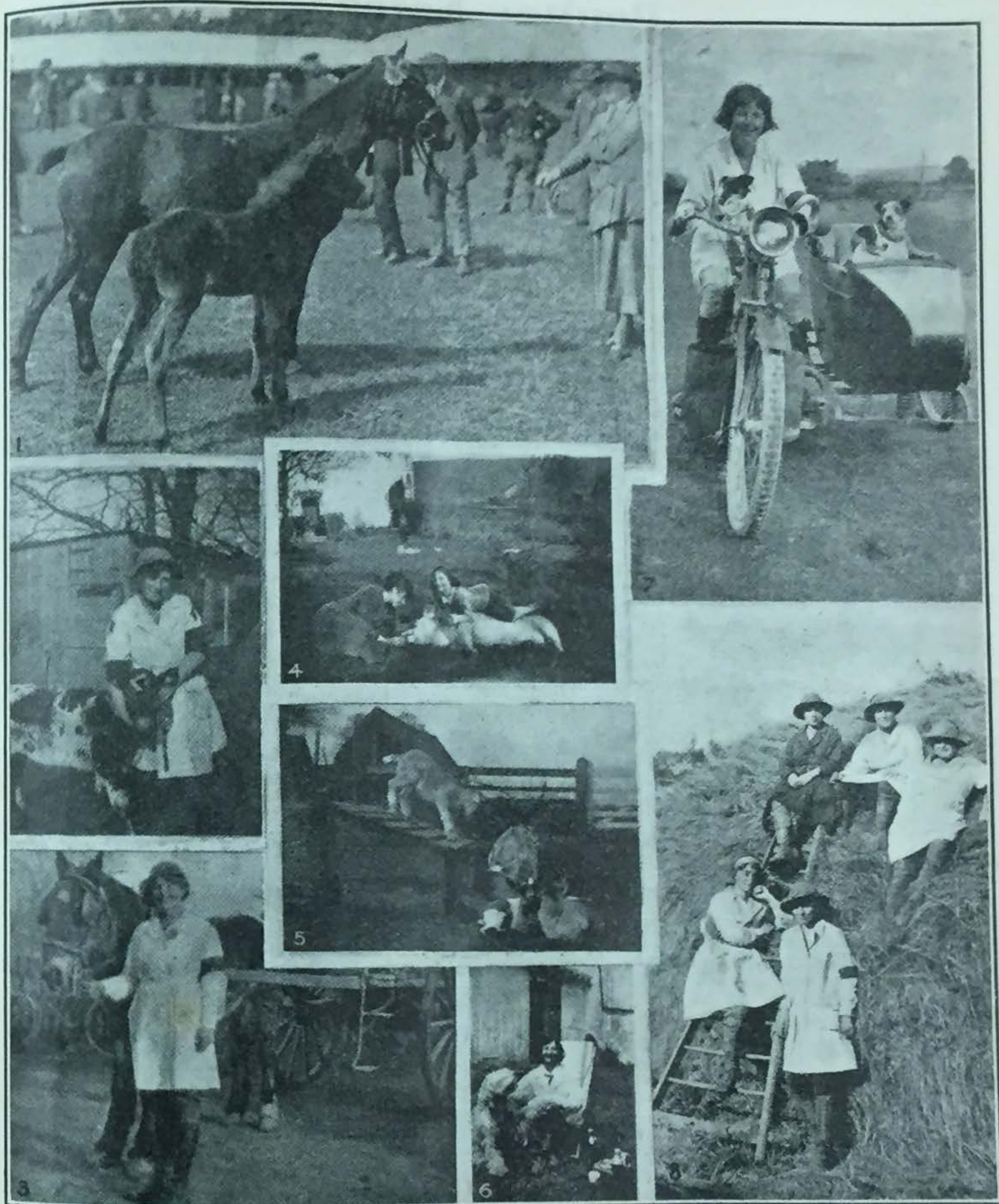
"The poetry of earth is ceasing never:  
On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there  
shrills  
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,  
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills."  
Keats. (Sonnets. L. P. Hill.)

## June.

Long she lies in wait,  
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly  
back,  
Then from some southern ambush in the sky  
With one great gush of blossom storms the world.

The bobolink has come, and like the soul  
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,  
Gurgles in ecstasy we know not what  
Save "June! Dear June! Now God be praised  
for June."  
J. R. Lowell.





(1) Miss Calmady Hamlyn's Mare and Foal at Devon County Show.

(2) A Picture.

(3) Ready to Start.

(4) A Pet Pig in Cumberland.

(5) Playmates.

(6) We Always Shake Hands Before Lunch.

(7) A Land Girl's Prize Possessions.

(8) Readers in E. Kent.



# Poultry Notes.

By W. Powell-Owen, F.B.S.A.

**M**ANY times ere this you will have admired those splendid half-grown pullets that come up to greet you "all chirps" at feeding time. To get them to the half-way line means that you have bestowed upon them much care and sound management. Just because they look big and beautiful do not release the reins in any way.

**The Growing Pullets.**—Failure is very often due to the owner thinking that half-grown pullets are able and big enough to look after themselves. Remember that these birds are still in the baby or growing stage and need sound and careful "nursing" till the first egg arrives, and with it maturity. Feeding must be judiciously carried out, and to attempt cheap and nasty feeding will ruin all the good work that has gone before. My experience and experiments—with both the inside and outside of the fowl—tell me that ailments and deaths in poultry are due, in over 80 per cent. of cases, to unwise feeding. In a half-grown chicken it requires very little to put the digestive organs out of gear, and my note of warning should be taken very seriously.

**Oats and Maize.**—We all know that baby chick seeds are high in price. No, I am not going to use the word "expensive" because in the long run they are cheap. With the large adult grains much lower in price there is ever the tendency to start young growing chickens on them at too early an age. Compaction of the crop is one cause of heavy mortality among young growing pullets, and yet it is easy to understand. Connecting the crop with the stomach (did you not know that the fowl had a stomach connecting the crop with the gizzard?) there is a small aperture which can be blocked by even a whole maize. If there should be a blockage the bird continues to eat and expand its crop, but the gizzard cannot empty the crop. In the end the food within the crop goes sour and the poisonous gases kill the young chicken or the latter gradually wastes away for lack of nourishment.

**Crop Compaction.**—On no account therefore give whole maize (even to poultry of any age), always have it kibbled or broken. Oats of the long and pointed husky kind represent another ingredient which causes a blockage and subsequent losses. The oat-husks bind the contents of the crop into a solid ball so to speak. Oats given to young stock should be short and plump, and not possessed of sharp needle-pointed ends. Clipped oats are ideal even at the extra price. Wheat, however, should be the basis of the grain mixture, with oats and maize (kibbled) added, but not in excess. And when one changes over from the small seeds to the larger ones some of the former should still be included for some little time. When crop compaction is discovered I isolate the affected birds and give them only milk to drink for a day. This seems to act as an explosive and breaks up the hard contents of the crop, setting the digestive organs going again inside twenty-four hours.

**Detecting Ailing Chickens.**—The observant poultry-keeper can readily notice which chickens are ailing. It is an accomplished fact with poultry that illness and loss of appetite go hand in hand.

At feeding-time, then, the owner should be keen to notice and examine any birds that do not come up hungry. If when the food is placed before the flock several do not attempt to approach but walk round the flock these should be caught and examined and the reason for loss of appetite discovered. Supposing I caught such a bird and discovered that the crop was full of food and distended, I should immediately suspect compaction of the crop and be able to treat the bird at once. Nineteenth of the art of curing growing stock will depend upon prompt isolation, prompt diagnosis of what is wrong, and the maintaining of the invalid's appetite. Always keep a sick bird feeding so that it does not completely lose tone.

**Chickens and Chills.**—In many cases poultry-keepers use ordinary adult laying houses as quarters for their growing pullets, which provides us with two real disadvantages. In the first place such structures are equipped with nest-boxes, and these are left open for the youngsters to roost in at night. This they do readily as, of course, the nesting sections must appeal to them as very "comfy." But young stock have the bad habit of pushing up into corners, and a night of nest-box roosting will see several dead bodies removed in the morning due to the birds getting suffocated. Again, this roosting in nest-boxes causes the pullets to sweat, and directly they go out in the morning into the cold air outside the house they catch an internal chill and losses are recorded. Many owners do not suspect these traps because they do not visit the birds the last thing at night, but the safest plan is to board up the fronts of nests wherever adult houses are brought into use.

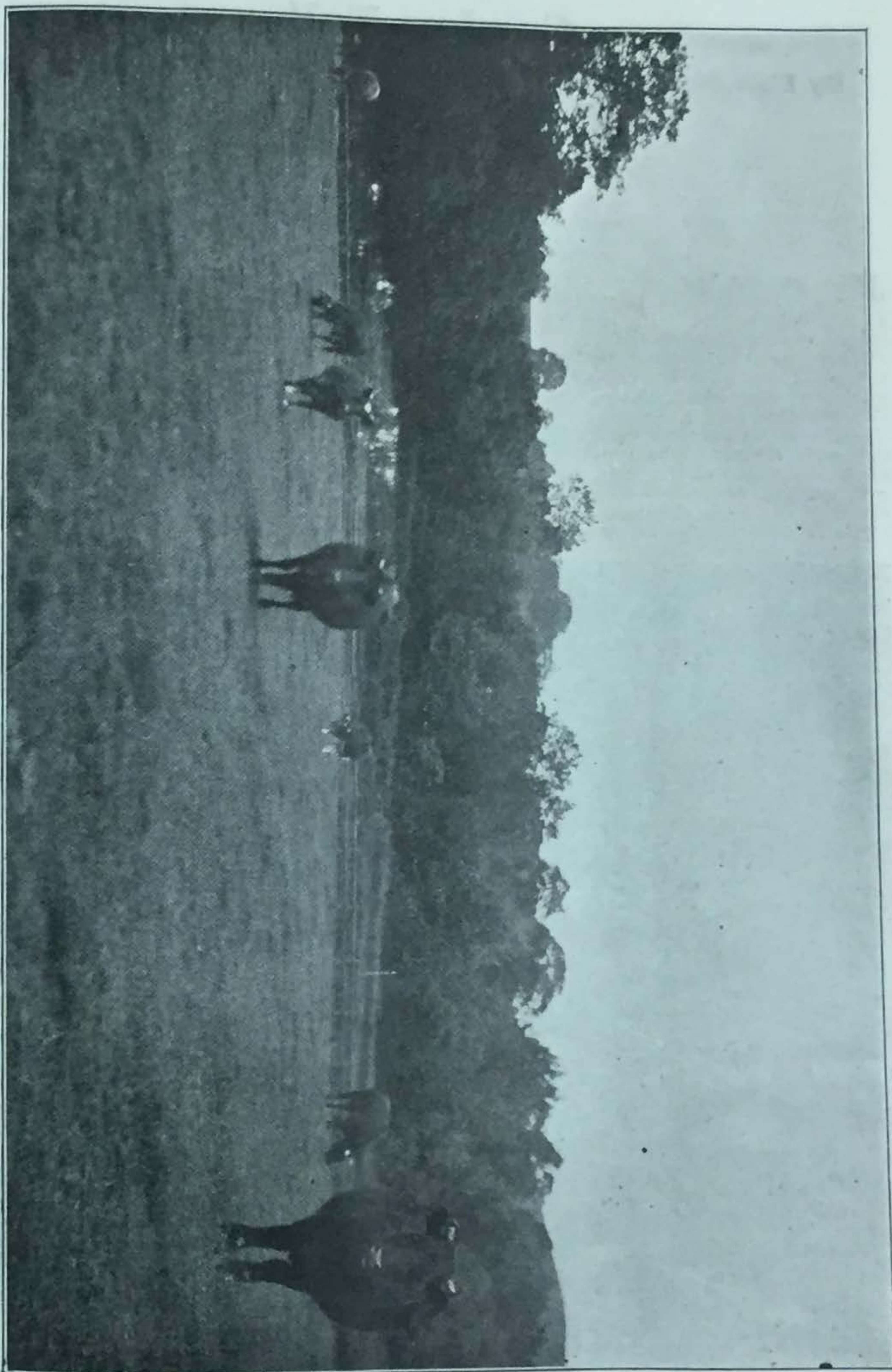
**When Should Chickens Perch?**—I do not like to see chickens perching at night till they are four months old. I am aware that any weakness in breeding will cause crooked breast-bones, but I also know that too early perching is a common cause. The pullets will be quite happy squatting on the deep and dry litter on the floor until the age for perching arrives. Then one should fix the perches only about twelve or eighteen inches off the floor. At first one may have to teach the birds how to perch (funny, but true), visiting the roost several nights running and placing the birds on the perches, i.e., after they have gone to bed. Just before they are given perches for night use one can facilitate matters by letting them have a low perch in the run during the day. Where the pullets are in an adult house be sure and remove the existing drop-board and perches, which are far too high for them, while the perches will be too wide. You need a narrow perch with rounded edges, and a narrow batten, say an inch and a half wide, with the edges rounded off slightly to ensure a "grip," will be preferable. On no account use perfectly round perches like sticks or branches of trees with knots here, there, and everywhere.

**Don't Force the Pace.**—Where birds are on range it is very unwise to force the pace by giving an excess of animal food. By the latter I refer to fish and meat, fish-meal, meat-meal, and the like.

(Continued on Page 162.)



"Where the Grass is Sweet."



['Farm and Home,']



# Garden Talks.

By Elsa More, F.R.H.S., Principal of the College of Gardening,  
Glynde, Sussex.

## JULY.

### THE HEART OF THE YEAR.

Every bird that sings—  
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,  
And every thought that happy summer brings  
To me pure spirit, is a word of God.

H. COLERIDGE.

JULY has well been termed "The heart of the year," and surely in July, as Stopford Brooke so beautifully puts it, "The loveliness of Nature is the image of the creative Love."

Everything is at its fullest and fairest. Roses are a blaze of beauty. The crimson ramblers are a glorious mass of colour; Dorothy Perkins and Lady Gay are laden with pink trusses. Sweet peas have clothed their sticks from top to bottom, and are gay with bloom. Border carnations should be rapidly bursting their fat buds and filling the air with glorious perfume. The herbaceous borders should be yielding an abundance of bloom and scent.

July is the month beloved of all real gardeners;

not only is there due reward for all the hard and tedious work of the long winter and early spring, the failures and many disappointments that invariably dog the gardener's footsteps, but the joy and beauty of the garden in July is summed up by Charles Kingsley, when he says:—"Beauty is God's handwriting; a wayside sacrament. Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly with all your eyes: it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing."

The flowers especially dedicated to July are:—

Sweet Briar—*Sympathy, I wound to heal.*

Red Clover—*Industry.*

Marguerite—*Patience.*

Water Lily—*Purity of heart.*

Carnation—*Pure affection.*

Although the gardener feels a deep joy in the July garden, yet there is really no time to be lazy and  
(Continued on Page 158.)



The herbaceous borders should be yielding an abundance of bloom and scent. ["Gardening Illustrated."]



# National Association of Landswomen.

Patroness: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY.

## Association News.

### THE ROYAL SHOW.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most interesting Association news this month is that the N.A.L. is represented at the Royal Show at Darlington. While you are reading this, Miss Baker, the hon. secretary of the Association, and Miss Alexander, who looks after all the outfits, are both up at Darlington taking charge of the N.A.L. Stand, which is in the pavilion of the Ministry of Agriculture. THE LANDSWOMAN will be on sale and all information about the Association and outfit will be freely given to all enquirers. This public recognition of the land girl as a permanent factor in the great industry of agriculture is a splendid beginning, and we wish the N.A.L. Stand at the Royal Show all the success it deserves.

### WARWICKSHIRE BRANCH.

The Executive Committee met at Warwick on June 4, Lady Ilkeston in the chair. The Secretary, Mrs. Croft, reported that the membership was now 273, and that she had placed twenty girls in situations. The proceeds of the Leek Wootton Rummage Sale, referred to in a previous number, amounted to £25. Mrs. Key reported that the Kenilworth Outdoor Variety Sale, held by kind permission of Mrs. Terry in her garden, had been a great success, and had realised £50. The stalls were named Garden, Flower, Needlework, Baskets, White Elephant, Farm Produce, Live Stock, Tea. There were games and competitions, and Landswomen's outfits were on view. The County fund has also benefited by generous subscriptions from farmers and other sympathisers.

Lady Ilkeston was then nominated by the Executive Committee to represent the National Association of Landswomen on the County Agricultural Committee.

Badges, 1s. each, can now be had from the Secretary, who wishes to remind members to inform her of any change of address.

### STAFFORDSHIRE.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held in Stafford on May 29, it was decided to call a general meeting of members on June 12, to discuss additions to the Constitution and to elect members of Committee in the place of two who have regrettably been obliged to resign. This meeting will be followed by tea at the newly-opened Market Club. Mrs. Babb, Uttoxeter, and Miss Shaw Helliier, Wombourne, have been co-opted members of the Committee.

Two hundred and eighty-seven members have enrolled, but as twenty of these have not yet paid their subscriptions their names will be struck off the lists.

Thirty women have been placed on farms and in gardens since the last meeting. There are still many vacancies for skilled workers. A scheme for training women on practice farms is to be submitted to the Agricultural Wages Board.

Over £70 worth of outfits have been supplied through the Staffs Branch.

The circulation of the County Sheet has been increased from 500 to 1,000 copies per month. These are issued free to members and to women's institutes.

Meetings of the Uttoxeter and Seisdon District Committees have been held; also many other meetings in various parts of the county.

E. NIGHTINGALE, Hon. Sec.,  
11, Market Street, Stafford.

### MONMOUTH.

The Monmouth branch has made considerable progress since its inauguration; it has now 100 members, of these 86 are employed on farms and in gardens. The Chairman is Miss Clay, of Piercefield Park, Chepstow, who did so much useful and practical work in the Land Army, training recruits at her own and other training centres, and also organizing and working herself with gangs.

The branch is managed by an Executive Committee, and the county is divided into four districts, Abergavenny, Chepstow, Newport, and Usk. Quarterly meetings are held in each district and social meetings are arranged.

On May Day members of the Abergavenny branch went by motor char-a-banc to Crickhowell, where the members from Brecon and Radnor joined them for tea. It was not an ideal May Day, but the pleasure of the party was not in any way damped by the rain, and they decided to save up for a long trip later in the year.

At present those in the counties of Brecon and Radnor who wish to become members of the N.A.L. have to join the Monmouth branch. It is hoped that district committees will be formed in these two counties and that a larger number of members will be the result.

### MIDDLESEX.

It is proposed to have a trip to Southend on July 21, instead of having a dance. The steamer leaves London Bridge at 9 a.m., arriving Southend at 11.45. The return fare is 7s. 6d., with a reduction on parties of thirty and over. Members are asked to bring their lunch, but tea will be provided. Members' friends will also be welcome.

The steamer leaves Southend again at 5.10 p.m., and arrives London Bridge about 8.10. Members will be circularised and it is hoped that a good number will be able to come.

Mrs. Freeborn has very unfortunately had to give up her secretarial duties, owing to having so many other calls on her time. The new Secretary is Miss C. R. Whitton, Quinnetts, Beacon Hill, Hindhead, Surrey, to whom all communications should now be addressed.

### HERTS.

The Herts branch has now ninety real members, but there are still over forty girls who enrolled themselves last November but have not yet paid their subscriptions. Will these girls pay up as soon as possible, for unless subscriptions are received early in the year it is impossible for the Committee to make any arrangements for gather-



ings, dances, etc., owing to lack of funds. Also, will everyone remember that no outfit can be purchased except through the County Secretary, and that no one is entitled to buy before paying her subscription? There are two rates of subscription, viz.: The National one of 4s., and the county one of 10s. This extra 6s. includes (a) the right to use, at a reduced rate, approved lodgings retained by the Committee, in periods of unemployment or convalescence; (b) the services of the branch headquarters in assisting workers to find suitable situations, and employers to find suitable workers.

Our Committee has just had to accept the resignation of their Chairman, Miss Ward, who, owing to the death of her mother, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, feels that she is reluctantly obliged to give up her "land" work, as she has so much other work to do.

The Committee feels this loss keenly as Miss Ward has been connected with the Herts Land Army for so long, and has done so much in arranging parties for the girls, besides serving on the Executive Committees.

We know she will always be interested in us, but we shall miss her practical help and hard work more than we can say.

J. BARLOW.

#### EAST RIDING.

The members in the East Riding will be pleased to know that Mrs. Price Hughes—292, Western

Bank, Sheffield—will be pleased to do anything to help them as there is no secretary in their own county. Their second quarter's subscription is overdue, and should be sent to her, together with any questions relating to uniform or work.

D. P. H.

#### CHESHIRE N.A.L. NOTES.

The Executive Committee, N.A.L. Cheshire Branch, have now held four meetings—January 24 at Chester, February 28 at Crewe, April 17 in Chester, June 12 in Chester. The chairwoman is Mrs. Lister-Kaye, Grappenhall, Warrington; hon. treasurer, H. Bell, Esq., Forest Side, Kingsley, Frodsham; hon. secretary, Mrs. Lavington, 2, Newgate Street, Chester.

Lancashire and Flint N.A.L. are now affiliated to Cheshire, though each county retains its separate committee, interchanging delegates at their various meetings. Denbigh, having only a small membership, comes under the control of Cheshire.

A circular letter containing various points of interest to the members, including the new insurance scheme, will shortly be issued.

H. Bell, Esq., hon. treasurer, has kindly consented to continue keeping the placing register. Fees for placing: 1s. to employees; 2s. 6d. to employers.

All orders for uniform, with money enclosed, must be sent to Mrs. Lavington, hon. secretary, 2, Newgate Street, Chester, who will also be glad to forward any information.



"Rapkyn's Star of Inda."

The King's Jersey Bull, shown at the R.C.A. Show by a Jersey farm girl.

[Sport and General.—"Farm Life."]



**OUR NEW SERIAL.****Something that Begins with "T."**

By Kay Cleaver Strahan.

## CHAPTER TWO.

"A promise," said all of my family to me this morning, as if to clinch and end an argument already grown too long, "is a promise."

"I hope," I replied, crossly, "that you are not going to be the sort of person who goes about calling a spade a spade and preening and thinking you have said something. Any unimaginative person could call a spade a spade; it takes a realist or an imagist, or someone of that sort to call a spade a digger."

"Wisdom?" questioned all of my family.

"No," I answered, "Chesterton, I think, but I'm not sure. Usually when I say something that I think is clever I remember just at the end that it is Chesterton."

"Well, anyway," said all of my family, "a promise—"

"May be a promise," I replied, sternly, "but it may also be a nuisance, a pest, a chain, a—"

"Oh, all right," said all of my family.

"All right—what?" I questioned, suspiciously.

"Just all right," said all of my family. He hung up the tea towel.

I turned the dishpan upside down in the sink and found that I felt much better. I always do feel much better after dumping the dishwater.

"Aren't you going to do the mush kettle?" questioned all of my family.

"Averruncator!"

"Oh," reproached all of my family, "calling names!"

"For fifteen minutes I had been purposely forgetting that mush kettle."

"Oh, all right."

"The wood box is empty," said I.

"Oh, all right," said all of my family.

"I wish," I protested, "I dearly wish that you'd stop all righting everything."

"Oh, all—" began all of my family. "Is to-day," he began over again "one of your want-to-lead-a-life-of-crime days?"

"I want to lead a life of crime!" I thundered.

"And—" he prompted, worriedly.

"And be a fiend in human form," I finished with decision.

"Then," sighed all of my family, "I guess I'd better fill the wood box and beat it down to Mr. Miser's."

I wanted to beat it down to Mr. Miser's with him but, since I was not invited, I could not intrude, so here I am, lying on my stomach in front of the fire, the ledger open before me, the red-covered book closed beside me; and there is all of my family out slushing around in this good warm rain, and all because of a proper beginning. Here goes:—

## CHAPTER ONE.

Seven years ago, and it might have been seven years ago to-day, because the days exactly match in colour, all grayness, and in wind and in rain, I woke up in my neat little bedroom and yawned, I suppose, and stretched, and was not a bit more afraid

to meet that day than I was afraid, this morning, to meet this day; less afraid, perhaps, because I was younger, and because I was loved, and because I was much less wise.

I remember that morning vividly. I had overslept and I could hear my sister-in-law—I was living with married brother and her then—slamming about with unnecessary noise in the dining-room.

Guiltily and somewhat crossly, too, I jumped out of bed, put on my kimono, poked on my slippers and opened the door.

Lotta was spick and span in a blue gingham morning dress—too tight around the hips—and neatly laced high shoes. Lotta is always spick and span and neat and, though she is not overly fat, she always conveys the impression of tightness.

"Why didn't you wake me," I said, "to help?"

"You might as well sleep," she sighed, "while you can."

I was to be married in two months. My sister-in-law always sighs when she refers to marriage. Now I believe I understand those sighs better. Then they made me indignant.

When she had finished her sigh she told me that she had kept my breakfast hot and I thanked her and went into the kitchen to get it. That was good of Lotta, I thought, and I was grateful.

In the kitchen I found that there was nothing hot there, at all, except my resentment. I was not resentful because of the flabby fried egg in the cold heater, and I wasn't resentful because of the pot of cold coffee on the fireless stove, but I was bitterly resentful because I had been grateful.

I poured out some of the cold coffee and tried to drink it. I fancied I had a headache and needed hot coffee. I felt very sorry for myself, and I sought about in my mind and found Henry's (that was my sweetheart's name; I'm sorry it was, but it was), found his love for me and snuggled against it like a pillow cushion. I'd tell him, when I saw him, about how cold the coffee and I had been this morning, and about how I'd had no breakfast and a splitting headache, and he'd be so sorry for me and call me "little girl."

I shivered back into my bedroom and began to put on my shoes and stockings. Lotta came in. She never knocked. It was her house, after all, you see.

"By the way," she said, "Henry telephoned this morning. He wants you to call him."

"Anything particular, I wonder?"

"He didn't say." She gave the impression that Henry should have said; that Henry had been most rude. She has an odd compact way of closing her mouth.

I finished buttoning my shoes and then I went into the little hall where the telephone was. Central was a long time getting the number for me and as I sat and waited I had a few pleasurable thrills: it was good, always, to hear Henry's voice, strong and low with love wrapped up in it. Henry did love me. It was pleasant to be loved.

At last a woman's voice, weak and shaky,



"Hello," came out of the receiver to me. I was conscious of a pang of jealousy. What should a woman be doing in my man's office? Had he engaged a stenographer? Well—he shouldn't.

I asked for Mr. Anderson.

"Oh-o-o," trembled the voice, "he—he—haven't you heard?"

"No," and my own voice wobbled now. "What—is—it?"

"Oh-o-o," the voice began again, and then: "He was killed, just a few minutes ago—in the elevator—"

I dropped the telephone receiver on the table as if it were some horrible murderous thing. I felt so. Then I got to my feet, noticed one of married brother's overcoats hanging on the hall rack, thought how convenient that it should be right there, put it on, opened the front door and went into the street.

My next thought was that it was fortunate I had put on my shoes and stockings, else I should be out walking through the rain in Turkish slippers. Then I remembered the telephone, and wondered whether I should go back and hang it up properly on the hook, and decided not, and then I thought how odd it was that I had been cross because my coffee was cold.

I passed a few people, a girl carrying a heavy suitcase, I remember, and a man with a large comfortable-looking umbrella. They looked at me curiously. I felt very superior to them. They did not know, of course. How surprised they would be if they did know that I had a sorrow! A real sorrow! One thing about sorrow, though, and I was going to tell folks about it some time, set the world straight about it: it wasn't nearly as bad as people had pretended that it was. It was merely fearfully cold and wet and tired and uncomfortable. But quite bearable. Quite.

I wished that I had an umbrella. I wished that I might go home. I couldn't, of course, since I had to walk in the rain. Besides, Lotta could never understand. She'd blame Henry, horridly.

I was glad when the houses began to get fewer and further apart. That was as it should be. Miles could not be blank with houses in them. Too, the houses I passed annoyed me: they were built so that their back doors opened on the sidewalk. I suppose they did it for the sake of the view, but still it was topsy-turvy, and whatever did they do with their garbage cans, and mops and backdoor things of the sort? Perhaps they were such very nice people that they had no backdoor things. Yet—one had to have some backdoor things.

And then, when the last topsy-turvy house had been left blocks behind, I heard someone crying and I stopped. How delightful it must be, to cry like that! So well I should like to do that my ownself. Squall. Bawl. What a pleasant sensation it must be! But I couldn't. Perhaps, if I should go over there among the tents, and find that crying person and ask them, most politely, just how it was done, they might tell me the way and allow me to cry with them. I'd explain to them that it was not merely a whim of mine, that desire to cry, that I needed to cry, needed to so desperately.

When I reached the tents I saw that the people were gypsies. "I might be afraid of them," I thought, "if I did not have more important things than being afraid to do. I must find that crying person, so that I may cry, too."

I found him, a wee discarded baby boy, lying flat on his back in the doorway of one of the tents, kicking his heels high, opening his mouth wide, quite purple in the face, screaming with all his might.

I stood and looked at him: "What a good time he must be having," I thought, "what an exceedingly good time!"

Then, just of a sudden, my silly senses began partly to right themselves. "He doesn't like doing that way," I thought, "and he isn't having a good time. He hates it. He is not crying for fun, but because something hurts him. Maybe a pin. It won't do. Babies should not cry like that." I stooped and began to hunt for the pin.

A gypsy woman approached me casually. "Whad'a you wan'?" she asked. "Tell'a very nice fortune, lady. Cross the palm with silver?"

"I want to know what is the matter with this baby?"

She shrugged her shoulders: "Oh—he cry," she said.

"Where is his mamma?" I asked sternly.

Another shrug: "No got."

"Well, then, his daddy—his father?"

"No got."

"And that," I answered, "can't be, because babies have to have mammas and fathers."

"He no gypsy baby," explained the woman, "no ours. Along the road he is lost and we take him up."

"I'll take him now," I said and picked him up in my arms. A gasp and a gurgle and another gasp or two and he stopped crying, and then his dimple came out and winked at me and I knew that he had to be mine. "Baby," I said, "will you teach me how to cry?" I had forgotten the gypsy woman.

"Woo-oo—" he answered.

I turned and started away with him. The woman caught at my coat: "Whad you geev for him?" she demanded.

What would I give for him! Why, there was nothing I would not give for him, had I it to give, but—I had nothing. I had brought no money with me. I couldn't give married brother's coat because he would be cross about it. I followed her eyes to my hand that was clasping the baby, and I saw the diamond ring Henry had given me when we were engaged.

"This?" I asked.

"Sure!"

I gave her the ring and walked away with the baby.

It is odd that I remember every step, almost every thought of mine, that day, until I had reached the gypsy camp and had bought my baby. After that I remember scarcely anything: a street car conductor who said we might ride to town without paying a fare; a taxicab driver who asked me whether I had been ill; and then Lotta, her arms spread wide open to me, tears rolling down her round cheeks.

I put the baby in her arms instead of going into them myself: "Take him, please," I said, "I am so glad he is a boy. He is not a gypsy baby. He says, 'Woo-oo' very nicely with a dimple. And now I am going to bed and be prostrated."

(To be Continued.)



# Dandelions!



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# The General Examination of a Horse as to its State of Health.

IT may seem a comparatively simple matter for anyone to understand when a horse is not in its normal state of health, but there are so many features, in connection with the elucidation of disease, that have to be studied in order to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, that it becomes absolutely indispensable for everyone having to do with the management of horses to know how to systematically examine a horse, or rather the various regions of its anatomy, which are looked upon as affording an index to disease. Acting in a professional capacity, the author has been surprised to find how extremely ignorant some horsekeepers are in a knowledge of the various signs indicative of certain diseases.

An early indication of illness is shown by the animal not feeding as usual, though its appetite may not be in complete abeyance. It may have left half its morning feed, or it may its evening feed, of corn, but if a change of food is offered to it, such as grass, carrots, roots, etc., it will probably partake of these, and sometimes may be induced to clear up the corn which it previously refused. Horses, like all other animals, like a change of food, and there is no doubt it is beneficial for them. Continual repetition needs lead to satiety, but as a rule, loss of appetite, either partial or complete, may be accepted as early evidence that the animal is out of sorts. It may be only a trifling matter, or it may be the beginning of the end. What is known to horsemen as the "quitting" of food, i.e., taking food into the mouth and allowing it to drop out again, is sometimes due to irregularities or disease of the teeth, to a swollen state of the hard palate, to injury to the tongue, to soreness of the mouth, to injuries or soreness of the throat, and to other causes.

Overwork is not an uncommon cause for a horse refusing its food. It is only by a study of individual temperament in horses that a thorough knowledge of good horse management can be obtained. The attitude of the animal sometimes affords a good indication of disease, or approaching disease. For instance, a horse that has founder in its fore feet will throw them as far forward as possible, so as the bulk of the pressure shall come upon the least painful part of the feet, which in this case is the heels. In the same trouble the hind feet are drawn forwards under the belly. Again, in navicular disease, constant scraping of the foot with the toe whilst in the stable points to the trouble last named.

Constant lying and rising is indicative of pain in the belly, whereas obstinate standing, especially with the nose in the current where the most fresh air comes into the stable, not uncommonly suggests lung disease. Inability to rise, and stiffness of the loins, is suggestive of azoturia, disease of the kidneys, sprain of the muscles of the back, spinal injury, abscess of the spinal cord, etc. The visible mucous membranes of the eyes, and nose, and the cheeks, may all afford certain evidence of disease, and it is customary for a veterinary surgeon to refer to these structures. The conjunctiver, the lining membrane of the eyelids, is pale in bloodless conditions, injected or reddened when there is any degree of fever, whilst if the blood is in a vitiated condition, blood spots are usually seen upon the mucous membrane lining of the eyes and nose. If of a saffron

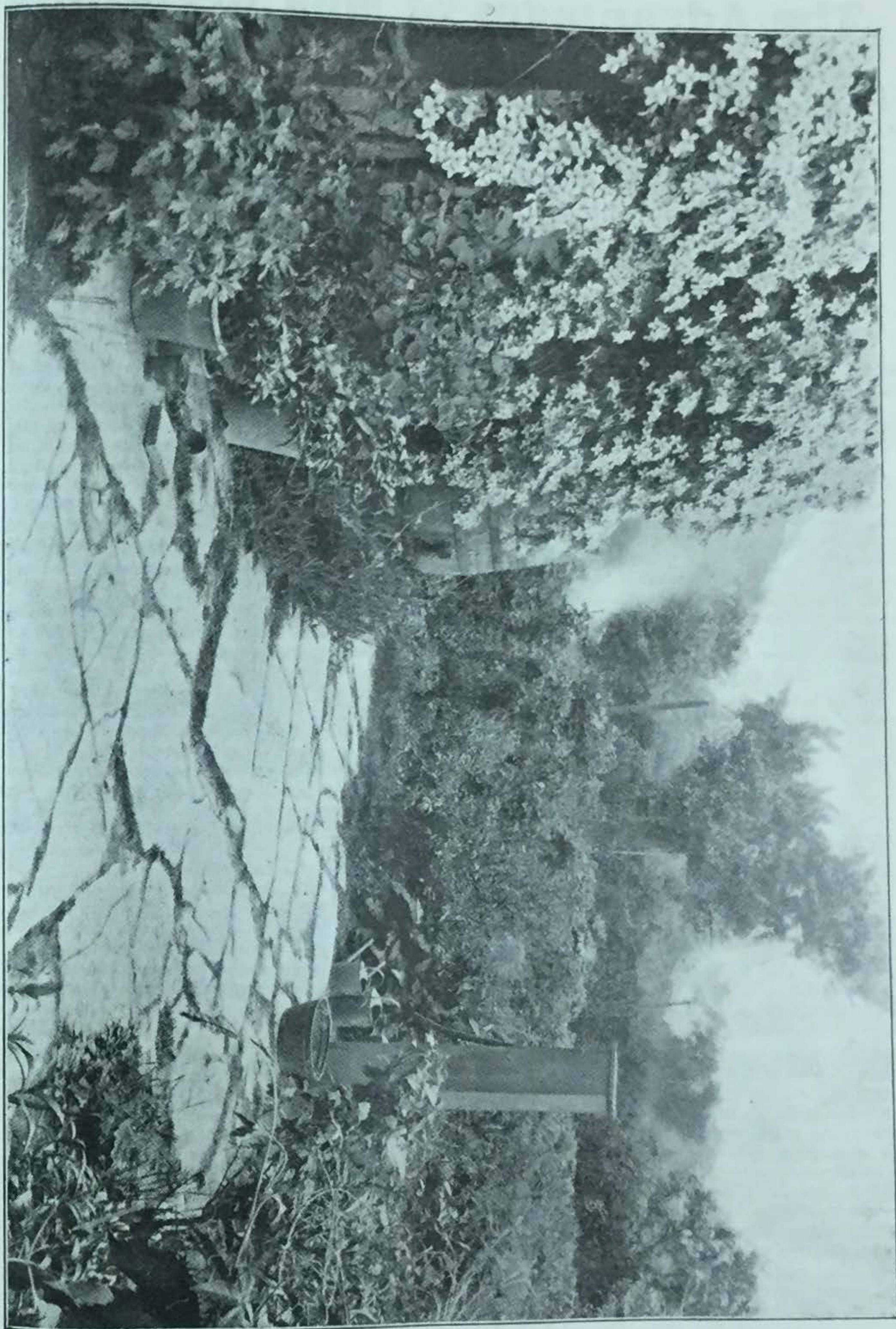
tint, it points to liver trouble. The breathing is often a valuable guide when forming an opinion as to the nature of the disease. It may be quickened, as in acute congestion of the lungs, or the expiratory efforts may be doubled, as in broken wind, or the respirations may be of a painful nature, as in pleurisy. The normal number of respirations permitted in a horse at rest and in a cool stable is about fourteen per minute. In some lung complaints the breathing becomes very quick and very laboured. Prolonged pain, such as a violent attack of colic, will often give rise to laboured respirations.

The pulse is a valuable guide to the state of the health, but it is one that requires a great deal of practical experience to interpret its correct significance. The normal number of pulsations per minute in an adult horse range from about thirty-six to forty, but in a foal, the number of beats per minute is sixty-five or seventy, or a trifle below this number. The pulse represents the beating of the heart, and consists of a series of undulations in the wall of an artery, in response to an afflux of blood from the heart, i.e., each pulsation is synchronous with a contraction of the ventricle, therefore, the number of pulsations corresponds to that of the heart beats. A horse's pulse may be regular or irregular, hard or soft, intermittent, small or full in volume, quick or slow, single or double, and in variable other stages, but as previously stated, to appreciate these differences a good deal of experience is requisite. As the arterial walls are elastic, and as arteries are superficial and deep, it is necessary to select an artery which comes near to the surface of the anatomy, and one that can be lightly compressed against the solid part; for this reason it is customary to apply the first and second fingers to the artery which winds round the lower jaw, i.e., the sub-maxillary artery, though the pulse can easily be taken in other situations, such as, at the arm, above the fetlock, etc. Upon the nicety of touch the value of the pulse will depend as an aid to diagnosis. Speaking in a general manner, the number of pulsations is considerably increased during a paroxysm of pain, as in colic, but when it becomes of a settled wiry character, it very often denotes inflammation of a serious membrane, such as the pleura, peritoneum, etc. A slow pulse commonly accompanies the sleepy stage of certain diseases, whereas one that is irregular and irritable may indicate disease of the heart. A feeble or almost imperceptible pulse denotes the stage of collapse. The excretory organs, i.e., the urinary apparatus, the bowels, and the skin, all require to be carefully noted. The same remarks apply to the generative apparatus in the mare. The temperature, both internal and external, should always be noted. Free sweating is, of course, a perfectly normal process, and lightens the work of the kidneys, but when sweating is accompanied by coldness of the body, and an imperceptible pulse, it is accepted as a sign of approaching dissolution.

The internal temperature in health ranges from 100 to 101 degrees Fahr., but in various febrile states it is 104, 105, 106, and 107 degrees Fahr., such temperatures as 105 and 106 being very common in the horse.—["Horses and Practical Horsekeeping," F. T. BARTON, M.R.C.V.S. : Jarrold's.]



A Farmhouse Garden near Evesham.



['Gardening Illustrated.']



# The Advantages of Milk Recording.

By "Somerset Farmer."

**T**HE more go-ahead type of dairy farmer is fast becoming aware of the great advantage to be derived from a systematic record of what his dairy cows are doing, and milk-recording societies are rapidly springing into existence in most of the chief dairying centres. It is becoming recognised that in these days of expensive labour and feeding only those farmers who keep the best of dairy cattle can hope to pay their way.

## Secret of the Friesian's Success.

There is no doubt that the great boom amongst Friesian cattle is to a great extent caused by the great amount of pains their breeders have taken to provide authentic records of their capabilities as milk producers. Milk recording is being taken up strongly by West of England dairy farmers, and as there are in this district many splendid herds of dual-purpose Shorthorn herds there is every prospect of a splendid lot of cattle being eventually reared.

Under the milk-recording scheme of the Ministry of Agriculture any cow, of no matter what breed or cross-breed, is eligible for registration provided she gives 8,000 lb. of milk during a milk-recording society's year of operations, or 6,500 lb. of milk during two consecutive years of a milk-recording society's year of operations. Now there are in the West of England numerous herds of dairy cows that are, to all intents and purposes, pure-bred Shorthorns, although not eligible to be entered in the Shorthorn Herd Book.

## A Chance in the Future.

In my opinion the owners of these herds have a chance of building up herds in the near future second to none in the world. The pity of it is it has not been taken up more generally before. Some of the owners of these herds have taken private records, but to make the records really reliable it is highly necessary that they be taken through a properly organised society and properly checked by a recognised recorder. There is no man more sceptical than the average farmer over fairy tales. You might rear a bull-calf from a 1,000 gallon cow, and privately weigh her milk quite correctly, but if you offered that bull to the average farmer he might buy it if it took his fancy, but not at a fancy price, and he would not believe your tale of its 1,000 gallon mother. At the same time, there is an insatiable demand for good-type bulls from proved milk-recorded ancestry, and at good prices, too.

## One of the Biggest Difficulties.

One of the biggest difficulties the breeder of dairy cattle has to-day is to find good-type bulls of proved ancestry to mate with the pick of his cows after the weeds that fail to reach a certain number of gallons have been weeded out. In a good-class herd it is comparatively easy to get thirty to thirty-five cows out of fifty to reach 700 gallons in a year, with possibly half-a-dozen 1,000-gallon cows amongst them. Of course, in this matter, as with everything else in farming matters, the farmer would need to use considerable judgment in certain cases. A cow might drop below a 700-gallon standard through no fault of her own. She might catch a chill after calving which would probably knock 100

gallons off her year's record. She may be inadvertently milked a fortnight or three weeks too long before drying her off, giving her perhaps only a fortnight's rest before calving again. I should say this would knock nearly 200 gallons off her year's record.

## The Matter of Food.

I have always found by actual experience that if a cow has a check of any sort she rarely recovers entirely during that lactation. Then there is the matter of feed. Cows that give 800 gallons to 1,000 gallons of milk in a year do not do it on barley-straw. Some people have an idea that if you have a cow bred from 1,000-gallon stock on both sides that she is going to give 1,000 gallons of milk a year on next to nothing in the way of feed. She is going to do nothing of the sort. Cows that give big milk yields have to be carefully fed and tended 365 days a year, labour unions and restricted hours notwithstanding. A modern cow is an artificial product of man's selection, and feed and management play a very important part in her milk yield. What you can reckon on in well-bred cows is that they will give a better and more certain return for the food and trouble expended on them.

## Balanced Rations.

The average farmer has a lot to learn as to properly-balanced rations for different classes of stock, and one of the advantages of milk recording is that the farmer has a chance to find out what are the best and cheapest rations to achieve certain results. It will be generally found that cows calving in November and December average the biggest yields of milk where properly fed, and cows on a mixed farm will generally yield a higher percentage than on an all-grass farm. Cows that yield large quantities of milk must have stamina, and the best cows are those that are kept steadily progressing from birth onwards. Generally speaking, it is more desirable to breed cows of a certain breed rather than cross-breeds. We have a splendid foundation to work on amongst the various dairying breeds of this country, and I see no reason why, in a few years' time, we should not have cattle equal to any imported cattle for dairying, and superior in some other respects. The work is well on the way, and there is no doubt that milk recording of dairy cattle is a step in the right direction.

—"Farm and Home."

## GARDEN TALKS.—(Continued from Page 150.)

enjoy it. Work in the garden should begin soon after daybreak, and should only cease when darkness falls. The garden is full and gay, but it must be kept so. Flowers are working hard to fulfil their part—and repay to the full the love and labour spent on them. I fancy few people know or realise one tiny bit how exceedingly hard plants work, not only for the immediate production of flower and fruit, and in the making and rearing of healthy seed children to carry on the work and reproduction of their species, but at the same time in the making and storing away within certain cells supplies of food on which they must live during the winter months, and sufficient supplies also to enable them to



pierce the earth with their first green shoots when Nature awakens them once more in the following spring.

Keen gardeners will see to it then that *their* part is not neglected, and this they can do only by watering, mulching, hoeing, and removing decayed flowers. The labour of watering may be reduced considerably by mulching, that is covering the surface of the soil with some loose, close substance, such as cocoanut fibre refuse, or lawn mowings; the latter are most useful for mulching; this helps to retain the moisture, after rain, or a thorough watering, and so keeps the roots cool.

Hoeing is a very healthful and pleasurable task, although it is one of the most difficult of garden operations to perform, especially for the amateur, who invariably raises the tool high up in the air, and beats it down upon the soil like a hammer; not only is this movement most tiring, but it does more harm than good. There is a great knack in using the hoe properly, and yet the importance of hoeing cannot be over-estimated, especially in the early morning. Hoeing keeps the soil open and friable, sweetens it by letting in light and air, and prevents the ground from becoming caked round the plants, and also checks weeds.

Flowers should be gathered regularly and continuously, and they should be gathered while they are still young, partly because they are fresh and will last much longer, and partly because, if left, they will run to seed, which considerably weakens the plant, and in many cases will cause it to cease blooming altogether. Flowers should be cut either in the very early morning, or in the evening, when

## IF YOU WANT BABY TO GROW UP

into a hardy, vigorous child you must make sure you are feeding him properly. Baby should be fed at the breast if possible—and this will always be made easier if the expectant mother will prepare herself by including in one of her daily meals a bowlful of Neave's Health Diet.

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they can be placed in water up to their necks, and left in a cool place all night.

For other work in July—

### VEGETABLES

**BEANS.**—Broads, from early sowings, will be over; do not leave them in the ground, clear them off at once, as they are taking so much strength and nourishment out of the soil, and to no purpose. Give Runner Beans a mulch of manure.

**CABBAGE.**—Make a sowing about the middle of the month, to come in early the following spring; Mein's No. 1 and Flower of Spring are good varieties.

**CELERY.**—The earliest will soon require earthing up. First tie up the plants to prevent soil getting into the hearts, and then press the mould, which should be in a moist state, well up the stems as far as the green part of the leaf. Give the rows a thorough soaking before earthing, if the weather is dry.

**CUCUMBERS.**—Plants in frames should be looked after to see that the shoots do not become too thick. Train the growths evenly, and allow enough lateral growth to cover the glass—no more.

**LETTUCE.**—Continual small sowings should be made, and, when ready to lift, plant out on celery trenches.

**ONIONS.**—Large-sized bulbs may be fed up to the middle of the month—but not after.

**PEAS.**—Those getting over should be cleared at once, and their places should be filled either with celery, or any winter green stuff, Savoy, Sprouting Broccoli, Kale, etc.

**SHALLOTS** may be pulled up, and spread out to dry or ripen.



TOMATOES ought to be swelling up their fruits. Pinch out any shoots that show in the axils of the leaves, and if the main foliage is crowded, cut some of the leaves in half. When the fruit is half swollen give a little liquid manure once a week.

## FRUIT.

APPLES.—The earlier varieties will soon be ready to gather, Beauty of Bath being one of the best.

APRICOTS must be looked after or the wasps will soon clear off the entire crop.

CHERRIES.—Here again, the sparrow will make short work of the crop if trees are not netted.

GRAPES of late sorts, and those grown under the non-forcing system, will now be swelling up. Keep a constant watch on the growth, or it will overcrowd the roof. Unless the rods are a great distance apart, it will be well to stop the laterals at the second leaf beyond the bunch; and sub-laterals as they push at the first leaf. Take care that scalding of berries does not occur. This is very liable to happen after a spell of sunless weather, and the best means of avoiding it is early ventilation, which obviates the danger of the sun suddenly catching the berries with a heavy deposit of moisture on them.

STRAWBERRIES may be propagated by layers this month.

SUMMER PRUNING.—All spur-bearing fruits, such as Red Currants, Gooseberries, Apples, Pears, and Plums are benefited by summer pruning.

## FLOWERS.

AZALEAS may be stood out of doors to ripen the wood.

CALCEOLARIAS and CINERARIAS must have cool treatment through the hot months if they are to

thrive. No baking conservatory will do. Give them the open air, rather, and a shady spot.

CLIMBERS.—Regulate and tie these.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS will be giving much hard work in watering if the weather is dry, but it is absolutely necessary if they are to be kept healthy. Look out for crown buds, which may begin to show towards the end of the month.

CARNATIONS.—These should be giving promise of great bloom, and should also be making free growth for layering or cuttings for next year's stock. Watering is most essential for them at this time of year.

ZONAL GERANIUMS for winter must have the blooms pinched out.

PINKS may be propagated by inserting young shoots.

PRIMULAS raised from seed, whether of the ordinary Sinensis race, the star sorts, or obconica, will need pricking off as they become crowded.

ROSES.—Budding may commence towards the end of the month, if we have showery weather in the early part.

STEPHANOTIS.—Now this is subject to mealy bug, and if you once get mealy bug anywhere—well, it takes a deal of getting rid of. Free syringing of these plants is most necessary two or three times a day.

VIOLAS.—What have had a long spell of bloom may be rested for a little while now. Crop them over just with the shears, removing the flowers and old growths, and give them a top-dressing. They will very soon be one mass of bloom again, and last right on into the autumn—a little rest is good for everything and everybody.

E. R. M.

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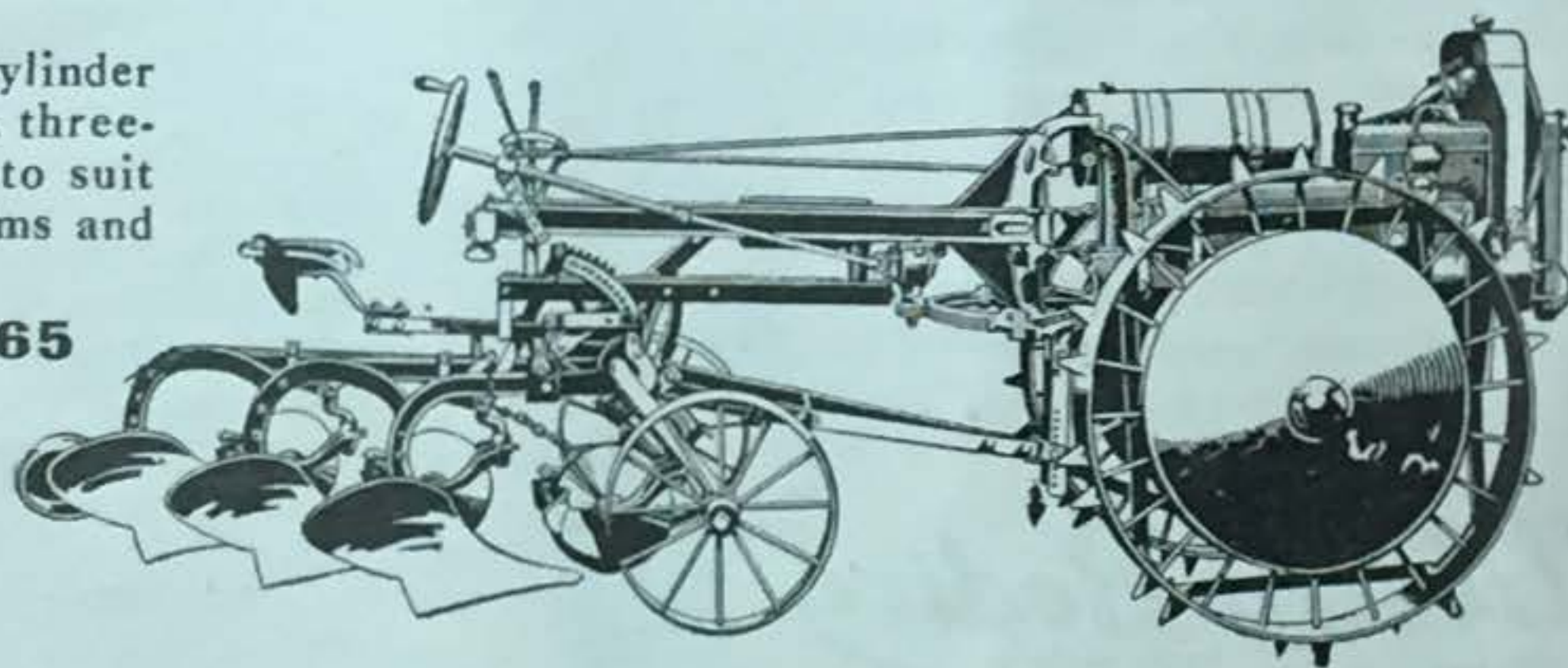
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**WALLFLOWERS.**—These must be planted out from their seed beds into their flowering quarters, otherwise they will not be established enough to bear really good trusses of flower.

All the flowers dedicated to this month have most fascinating personalities, and it has been difficult to choose. I have chosen the CLOVER.

The considerable family of which clover is the type is widely distributed and highly useful. Honey is made from the clover of our fields, and the deliciously fragrant wild clover that forms bushes six feet high is a common haunt of bumble bees. The long-headed crimson variety lately introduced into the Eastern States makes a field of colour as brilliant as a flower garden. The leaves, too, are as oddly marked as are those of ornamental plants. At the quaint cemetery of St. Roch, in New Orleans, the clover leaves have heart-shaped spots of crimson on them. This is spoken of as the mark of Jesus' blood, as the clover was one of the plants beloved of the Great Gardener when He lived on earth, and naturally it was allowed to bear some mark of His suffering, as it was not till after His crucifixion that these marks were noticed.

Clover has long been esteemed a flower of good luck, when it has four leaves instead of three, and we still use the phrase "in clover" to denote good fortune and plenty, although really that symbol expresses rather the joy of grazing animals on being turned loose in a field of it, than any superstition as to luck. However, those wise in visions tell us that even to dream of clover is fortunate.

The clover which we call wood sorrel was anciently a charm against snakes and other poison-dealing creatures—and witches, too, would have none of it. On going into fights, soldiers would tie a sprig about their sword-arms or to the handles of their blades, that they might be secure from foul strokes of the enemy who had black and secret ways of killing. The Arabic word for the foil is "Sham-rak," and Persia makes it sacred as "emblematic of the Persian Triads." Our wood sorrel is white with faint ruddy or purple streaks in the petals. A pink variety appears in England earlier than the white, but, as in other flowers, the farther north we go, the more white appears in the flower. Wood sorrel is "the hallelujah" in Spain and Italy, because of its blossoming when the Hallelujah is sung, after Easter. The Welsh name is "fairv bells," the Scots call it "hearts and gowk's meat." Cuckoo sorrel is a common name for it in the British Islands, where it appears when the cuckoo begins to sing.

E. R. M.

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**RITO suits everything that grows.**



POULTRY NOTES.—(Continued from Page 148.)

You need your finished article to lay large eggs, and you can only secure size of egg by turning out a big, well-developed pullet. An excess of animal food will tend to mean rapid maturity with its subsequent early laying and the small egg, the latter being a bad point to be cut out at all costs. The unwise selection of the breeding stock may usually result in small eggs from the progeny, but do not overlook the fact that injudicious rearing is also responsible. Half-grown pullets should have about five per cent. of animal food in their mashes, i.e., one-twentieth of the mash or soft food by weight of a three months' old pullet should consist of animal matter. This should be increased in proportion as the pullet gets older until by the laying stage 10 per cent. is the accepted amount. First feed for a framework so that it will be strong enough and big enough to carry the flesh that follows; then the large-framed bird will lay the large-sized egg.

**What is a Standard Egg?**—To-day eggs are not sold in the shops or the market by weight, although I shall always continue to agitate for that fair system of trading. Thus it is that the poultry-keeper who markets large eggs gets no more for his produce than the one who sends small eggs. Breeders of pedigree poultry who are out entirely for number of eggs therefore argue that they have no reason to bracket size with number as there is no reward for their toils. It may be well here to state that I regard the standard egg as one weighing two ounces, and I ask for no larger ones, and am not ashamed if it is a little smaller when laid by a pullet. We must bear in mind that pullets do lay smallish eggs, but the latter increase in size about three months after laying commences, and again when the bird starts her second season of lay.

**Eggs and Hatching.**—There is not the least doubt that the medium-sized egg hatches out better than the abnormally large egg. The latter invariably gives a lot of trouble from infertility. Do not therefore try to incubate "mammoth" eggs, but incubate none less than my two-ounce standard. Size of egg is no criterion to size of chick or strength of germ within.

**NOTICE.**—Mr. Powell-Owen is willing to answer any individual queries. These must be accompanied by a stamped envelope.

"Nature in June is wondrous kind to her lovers. To sleep in the long grass, to be woken by the pale spreading gold of dawn, to bathe in the clear waters of a pool, and to lie down after among the ragged robins and forget-me-nots while the sun grows warmer and warmer, is a joy that does not come to those who live in stout dwellings of brick and stone."—Donald Hankey ("A Student in Arms." Melrose.)

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FREE INFORMATION BUREAU.

### Drying a Heifer.

**F**EED the heifer for a time on straw, roots, and a little hay, without cake or meal, so as to stop her making milk, and at the same time only take away just sufficient milk to relieve pressure and prevent pain. Medicines are not much use. The alternative, and possibly the better method, is to feed the heifer well on a fattening diet, milk her as usual, and then dry her off as she approaches fattening, which will be easily done. The milk pays part of the cost of fattening.

"She doeth little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone, or despise.  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace  
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

"She is a woman: one in whom  
The spring-time of her childish years  
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears."

J. R. Lowell.

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## Flowers in the Winter.

AT the moment, when the garden is full of flowers, it is difficult to remember that there are several months in the winter when we may search our borders in vain for blossoms, so I am going to tell you of one or two methods which can be adopted for the preservation of flowers. For instance, statice, helichrysum, gypsophila, and almost all kinds of delphinium, may be preserved by hanging up in a dry room. It is well to hang the blossoms in a *partly opened state* in a dry, dark room, and keep the flowers there until required for use.

Nearly all flowers can be dried in their natural colours by the sand process. It is best to use silver sand, and it must be quite clean, and will need several washings to accomplish this—but it is most essential, and the sand must also be absolutely dry. It is best to heat it in the oven, and, when thoroughly hot, stir a small piece of candle wax into it. This prevents the grains of sand from sticking to the petals of the flowers. If possible, provide a broad box about three inches deep, knock the bottom out, and in its place fix a piece of wire-netting about half-an-inch above the bottom. Put the box with the wire-netting downwards on a flat board, so that the whole thing can be readily moved from one place to another.

When collecting the flowers it is important that they should be in perfect condition. They should be gathered in the early morning after the dew has dried. It is useless to attempt to preserve flowers that have the slightest moisture on them. Almost every kind of flower is suitable, but some dry better than others, and of these perhaps pansies, calceolarias, asters, roses, geraniums, sweet peas, pelargoniums are among the most satisfactory. In all these flowers the colours preserve well. Fill the box with sand up to about a quarter of an inch of the wire-netting, and place the flowers singly on the sand. With cut-shaped blossoms, and those with petals much divided, the sand should fill the crevices that the natural shape may be preserved. When the sand is covered with flowers the layer should be completely buried, and another layer may be added. It is not advisable to put more than three layers of blossoms in any one box. When the box is completed, remove it to a dry, sunny room, if possible to a shelf in a greenhouse or conservatory, as it is most important to keep it as dry as possible, and should the weather be damp, move the box into a heated room—the kitchen, for instance. The drying process must not be unduly hurried, as any damp is fatal. The flowers should be left in the sand for about ten days.

In conclusion, the box is gently lifted up, with the result that the sand falls out through the netting, leaving the flowers behind. These should be carefully taken out, and will be found beautifully preserved in their natural colours. They should remain in this state a considerable time. White flowers do not dry satisfactorily, as they usually turn a somewhat dirty yellow.

So few people know of these drying processes, and it is such a pity, especially to those who cannot afford to buy many flowers during the winter months, when they are so expensive—and really these blossoms preserved in this way give continuous joy during the dark days.

E. R. M.

## "Ariel."

THERE is an Ariel who makes his task  
To wander wide,  
At morning tide,  
And find where flowers at hottest noon will bask.  
He, with instruction gathered from dead flowers,  
That lived of old  
With stories told,  
By nodding blossoms in the sunny hours.  
Will tell each bud that seeks to be a bloom,  
In what sweet wise  
Its forebears' eyes  
Were opened to the sunshine and the gloom.  
It must be so, or how could lonely dells  
That have no store  
Of gathered lore,  
Be yet equipped with perfect hyacinth-bells?  
How could the violet know just where to hide?  
The primrose know  
Just when to blow?  
The daisies when to deck the countryside?  
Oh Ariel! I have no poet here  
To nurture me;  
I look to thee,  
To come and teach; I have no other near.  
So come, sweet sprite, when you have welcomed  
Spring,  
When all's arrayed,  
For her displayed—  
Come, little sprite, and teach me how to sing!  
A. R. LOCKE, C.B.E.

## Dreams.

WE flew together, you and I,  
To where the blue hills touch the sky:  
The Land of all Desire.  
  
Our feet trod sands of shining gold:  
Our dazzled eyes saw wealth untold:  
And gems of flashing fire.  
  
Before us wondrous trees arose:  
And every flower and fruit that grows  
Was on that Island met.  
  
Unheedingly we passed them by,  
For standing clear against the sky  
We saw a house "To Let."  
A. M. Y.

## The Cry of the Orphans.

THIS now three days since ruthless hands tore  
us from mother's breast,  
And all in vain we seek and cry—to us night  
brings no rest,  
No loving touch so fond, so warm, no crooning  
lullaby;  
And she who made us orphans lone! . . . we flee  
when she comes nigh,  
For but this morn we heard her say as we renewed  
our search—  
"O, drat yer nize! It's time she laid an' time  
for ye to perch!"

GRESFORD PARKER.





DEAR GIRLS.—Letters are coming in thick and fast, and all saying the one thing—"I am so glad THE LANDSWOMAN is to remain the same." The result of your voting, announced in the June issue, that the price of the magazine is to be sixpence instead of threepence, doesn't seem to have upset anybody, and we have only had one reader who has withdrawn her subscription because of the increase in price. So many of you say you would regret the loss of the quotations which we sprinkle rather generously through the magazine month after month, which would have had to go with other nice things, had we been obliged to cut down the size. I have had letters from two delightful readers who are willing to pay the additional cost for a girl who is really not able to afford the increased price. I must apologise for inserting two or three in this month which properly belong to June, but I did not tumble across them until after the June number had gone to the printers, and I simply could not wait till June 1921 to share them with you.

\* \* \*

#### Correspondence Club.

"I am so glad THE LANDSWOMAN is to remain the same size; it is, indeed, worth the extra money. I love the illustrations, some of them are beautiful. I wish you could see my garden, it is looking so nice just now, except for the carrots and beet, which disappear as soon as they come up.

\* \* \*

"I had a sweet lamb tethered on my lawn, the farmer next to us lent it to me to keep the grass down. Every time it saw me it would call out, especially when it wanted to be moved so as to have fresh grass. It was so amusing to see it have milk out of a bottle, the farmer's wife brought some occasionally. The children here simply loved it.

\* \* \*

"I am answering your question in the best way I think by sending you my subscription as soon as I possibly can. Please let us always have the little magazine as it is now, with your splendid page and the gardening and poultry pages, too, as they are just what I want.

"Wishing you all the good luck in life."

\* \* \*

"I am jolly glad to see everyone upholds our dear little book, which always has such jolly and cheerful news.

"I enclose 3s. 6d. for my other papers, and I hope with all my heart it will be widespread throughout England."

\* \* \*

"Mole catching is rather a nasty job, the skins are very tough, so a very sharp knife is wanted to cut off the feet, then cut down the mole from its

nose down over its stomach to its tail (I heard that the tails are used for paint brushes, but I should hardly think so), then skin it like a rabbit, backwards. Next it is rather an interesting job tacking the skins out on a board and air-drying them. That takes three or four days, then they are ready for the buyer. At the beginning of the season skins fetched 2s. 6d. each, which is far more than they were worth, as really they are small, but so soft and furry. My highest price was 1s. 3d., as they were later, and prices had gone down, but it was rather nice to have extra pocket money.

\* \* \*

"It is all intensely interesting, as the farmer is always willing to discuss and adopt any ideas one can put forward as to construction or management."

\* \* \*

"I am enclosing P.O. for 3s. 6d., my subscription for the next six months' LANDSWOMAN.

"Am very glad indeed that the fate of our 'mag.' has been decided as it has, and also that the Editor should know how greatly THE LANDSWOMAN is appreciated by her readers."

\* \* \*

"What a splendid number it is this month! I loved the Rose article because it is nearly my favourite flower, and I always look out for the Garden Talks as I take charge of ours now entirely, and it is very helpful. The new serial is going to be very fascinating I feel. I always like American stories, there's something very fresh and new about them, isn't there?"

\* \* \*

"I must write and tell you all about my cows one day, though I wonder you don't dream all night long of cows and calves and horses and pigs, the way we all write and tell you about them. Of course, mine are the best 'as ever was,' like all the others."

\* \* \*

"I have been here nearly two years, and love my work. I have fattened about twelve bullocks, and all weighed over 14 cwt., and our bull was 1 ton. We have another young one now, such a dear, quiet thing."

\* \* \*

"I heard someone bemoaning the wetness of the atmosphere the other day; needless to say, the someone lived in London, and I thought how different a wet day may be in the cities and country.

"I expect most of us prefer working on dry and sunny days, but personally I love battling wind and rain, although one does get a red nose and chilled finger-tips, the 'goosey' feeling of inactive work, such as office work and the like, and the sour looks of cold and miserable people creeping in and out of trains and tubes, etc., are much worse.



It is not often nowadays that a land girl comes in for unstinted praise in the press, so I think you will be interested in the photograph on page 147, and in this quotation from a Devon paper about Miss Calmady Hamlyn's ponies at the Devon County Show:—"The ponies were brought to the show field by herself and her girl groom, Miss Phyllis Sercombe. It is a feather in the girl groom's cap that the horse which attracted most attention in the ring by reason of its perfect condition was 'Black John,' Miss Calmady Hamlyn's exhibit, whose coat shone like satin in the sun's rays." Miss Hamlyn assures me that Land Army elbow-grease was the only polish used!

#### Sewing Club.

Paper patterns seem to be as popular as ever, and the demand for the overall pattern given in the May number is still very brisk. Last month we had cami-coms, and a summer frock, both of which were very popular, and this month I have chosen an attractive bathing costume. Many of you who are not working by the sea have a river or stream where you can bathe, and a nice bathing costume is one of those garments so expensive to buy and so easy to make. The daily papers lately have been full of comments on a speech by some town councillor, who blamed mixed bathing because women look so unattractive when they are bathing! What he should have blamed was the old-fashioned unattractive bathing costume. Evidently the only ones he had ever seen! Some people think that any old thing is good enough to bathe in. What nonsense! Every woman ought to look her best at all times, and how can you enjoy yourself if you are looking like a drowned rat tied up in a sack! It doesn't matter a bit if there is no one there to see. An old-fashioned red twill bathing costume with linen buttons down to the ankles is a blot on the landscape—or, rather, seascape! Be careful what material you choose. If you are a swimmer the lightest materials are, of course, the best. Alpaca is the best of all, as it doesn't hold the water. And do be quick and learn to swim if you can't already. It isn't difficult, it only wants a little Land Army confidence, and you can't even taste the enjoyment of bathing if you have only reached the bobbing-up-and-down stage. I shall never forget teaching my small girl to swim. For weeks we had been laboriously working away at the "One! two! three!" exercises. I was doing most of the work, her attention always wandering off to something she could see at the "bottom," while I was counting and clutching the belt of her bathing dress. Till one day, long before she apparently knew how to swim, she suddenly said: "Shall I swim alone now, Mother?" and getting permission she sailed away through the water like a little fish, knowing it would hold her up and having no sense of fear!

For those who are not lucky enough to have any possibilities of bathing, there is a pretty little pattern of an Empire nightie cut magyar shape, which slips over the head without any fastening. Both patterns 8d., post free.

#### Shopping Club.

This month we have carried out the biggest shopping commission we have undertaken since THE LANDSWOMAN Shopping Club first started. We have bought a house! Only a tiny one, it is true, but still something to live in. One of our readers was experiencing the same difficulty which worries so



The name, implying quality in the highest degree, accurately describes the contents of this dainty box of chocolates. Each separate chocolate is an exquisite production, fine in flavour, pure, distinctive, delightful.

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many of you—the difficulty of finding billets—so she persuaded her farmer to give her a small piece of land, and she wrote to ask me to find her an old railway carriage or a caravan or something in which she could live! It was an almost impossible task, but in the end she decided to have a little hut of the army type. It was only very small, and it has cost her nearly £20, but it is something all her own, and I hope she will be pleased with it. My only regret was that I could not go down to Cambridgeshire and help her erect it. I know something about it, for we ourselves have been very busy just lately taking down all our chicken runs and scratching sheds, etc., at Stone Field, scrubbing them, painting them with solignum, and re-erecting them at the Priory. How solignum does burn if it splashes in your face!

Talking of poultry reminds me of our Aylesbury duck—the one who, you will remember, marched in the Hyde Park Land Army Procession, 1918, and laid her daily egg during her journey up to London. This time she has laid a mammoth egg weighing 5 oz. and measuring 4½ inches in length. I should be interested to hear if any of you can beat this for a duck's egg. I found the other day that a favourite Wyandotte of mine has a nest hidden in a corner of the orchard, where she is busy sitting on ten eggs. As we move house in four days, I tested one of the eggs to see if the chicks would be hatched in time. They won't, and so we have re-made her nest in a box, and I am wondering how she will like hatching her eggs on the journey to Orpington. I will let you know what happens—but I do wish she would understand that you don't choose the end of June for hatching Wyandottes.



### The Land Army in the Imperial War Museum.

I was present this month at the opening of the Imperial War Museum at the Crystal Palace by the King. It was a most impressive ceremony, and a great occasion, and it is splendid to know that the Land Army is represented in this wonderful record of the work of men and women of the British Empire during the Great War. I watched the Queen examining our Section, and she was evidently very much interested. The charming little model of horses ploughing, a photograph of which appeared in our February number, forms part of the exhibit and gives a really practical idea of the work done by the Land Army. Carefully labelled so that all may know what they represent, all parts of our uniform and our badges are set out in a glass case, and even our LANDSWOMAN recruiting cockade is not left out! This Exhibition will be visited by thousands of people this summer, both from home and overseas; it is good to know that they will be told of the part taken by the Land Army in the History of England. I often think how lucky we were to have been given this part in the war, for while so many have lost we have gained enormously. Even to those who have given up the work the memories of those days—in spite of the hardships—are very sweet. And what a wealth of memory. How many of us never knew the real spirit of joy till we had seen

"The sun when first he kist away the tears  
That filled the eyes of morn"?

What an immeasurably wider view of things our Land Army days have given to us. Out in the open air, with no one but ourselves and the sky, such a lot of room to think in, and nothing to make us

afraid to think, we have found thoughts in our hearts and minds that would never have dared to show themselves in our old town days. Shy, beautiful thoughts that we should have been afraid even to think in a crowd, lest any other but ourselves should hear them. But out in the fields where we feel ourselves just part of it all—as Lowell put it:—

"Myself was lost,  
Gone from me like an ache, and what remained  
Became a part of the universal joy.

I was the wind that dappled the lush grass,  
The tide that crept with coolness to its roots,  
The thin winged swallow skating on the air;  
The life that gladdened everything was mine."

That is undoubtedly one of the chief reasons why ex-land girls find it so difficult to settle down to any other sort of work. It is not so much the confinement of ourselves which worries us in town life, it is the hedging-in atmosphere of it all which seems to give us no room to breathe mentally, as well as physically.

"Who hath the secret learned  
To mix his blood with sunshine and to take  
The winds into his pulses"

is bound to find a railway carriage or a London street, teeming with the thoughts of crowds of people, an impossible place.

I never could understand those people who whine about the monotony of land work. Of course, anyone with a monotonous mind will find any work monotonous—but that is their own fault! I always suspect that these folk have never done anything but field work—and when they say monotony they *mean* hoeing! And yet I found a land girl the other day whose one joy in life is hoeing. She has had three years on the land and she loves it better than any other farm work. I imagine that it is probably because she does it well. We always enjoy doing a job, even a difficult job, which we can do well. Have you ever noticed that your friends who don't like dancing or don't like tennis are invariably those who can't dance, and who always serve double faults? You can squeeze enjoyment out of any work, however objectionable, simply by "making a job of it." The enjoyment, of course, is rather in having done our best than in pretending we like the work, but whenever you feel slack when you know you ought to feel brisk, make a point of tackling a tiresome job that has got to be done. Try it! It has the most wonderfully bracing effect. Who is it who says: "If it is but difficult it is already done; if it is impossible it shall be done"? And Kipling understands, for his advice is:—

"When perplexities keep pressin' till all hope is  
nearly gone,  
Just bristle up and grit your teeth and keep on  
keeping on."

Your sincere friend,  
THE EDITOR.

All letters should now be addressed to PRIORY LODGE, ORPINGTON, KENT, and any requiring an answer must be accompanied by a stamped envelope. A subscription form has been enclosed in every copy of the July issue, but it is only intended to remind those who have not paid their subscription.

## "Poultry Keeping"



to-day can be made a Pleasure and Profitable—so many start with the wrong strains, unsuitable for their specific requirements, and adopt the wrong methods of housing and feeding, whereas the thousands who have our Special Layers and our Houses are the "Successful Poultry Keepers," and are never without eggs.

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## "William Smith, Potter and Farmer, 1790-1858."

By GEORGE BOURNE.

(Chatto and Windus, 1920.)

THERE are some people who will find this little book nothing but a dull chronicle; but those who love the countryside and welcome stories of it as it was in the old days should read these rural memories, which have been largely jotted down from old folks' annals of the past.

The first part of the book is a description of Street Farm, Farnborough, the old Surrey homestead as it appeared to a small boy, fifty or more years ago, a wonderful place, full both of homeliness and of mystery. He remembers the smell of the turf fire in the great open hearth in the kitchen, the quiet, almost sacred, coolness of the dairy, and the dismal creak of the door in the dim corner of the kitchen which used to herald nightly the arrival of a man in a smock carrying a lantern.

"Who was the man? Presumably an uncle from the cowstalls, smelling probably of milk and of cattle. I don't recall ever being afraid of him, once he had fairly come in; yet I never got quite used to his coming. And though he cannot himself have been at all an old man, the impression of antiquity about his arrival was strong enough to remain with me to this day. It was old enough to be unfamiliar. Englishmen with lanterns, wearing smock frocks, had been doing just that sort of thing for hundreds of years. Just so, long before Shakespeare's time (not that I had ever heard of Shakespeare then), countrymen had been wont to come shuffling into dim candle-lit farm kitchens, bringing an odour of cowstalls with them. Shakespeare? It might have happened in Harold's time. Old England in persons, busy, countrified, kindly, and old as the hills, had entered after the door had given its creaking signal. And that is, I fancy, the spirit that gave such memorable romance to the whole kitchen, in my childish fancy. No doubt the other things helped: the long and curtained window casement, the dresser and the bacon, the turf fires, the old woodwork. A medieval touch came, perhaps, from the village and the roadway. But it was all focussed, it all received an intensity of life—ancient, undying English life—from the creaking entry of the Man with the Lantern."

Part II. goes back to an older time in the life of the farm when the author's grandfather, William Smith, was a young man, and not only worked the land but also had a pottery business there. Round about Farnborough in the early days of the nineteenth century there was quite a flourishing local trade making red glazed ware and other kinds of pottery, though later with competition from the towns it gradually died out. But the account of it all, beginning with the getting of fuel for the kilns up to the sending off the wares to London, loaded up in the farm wagon, bound on with withes (for there were no cheap ropes then), is very interesting to read because it is all a living picture of something from the vanished past.

The remaining chapters of the book are given to such subjects as the neighbourhood, the squires, the parsons, an old wart charmer, harvest suppers, fat bacon, the early village schools, rushlights, etc.—



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and then the cutting of the main South-Western line, near the end of the book, brings us up rapidly to the new era of steam and speed which wiped out so much that was typical of the old world country days. Here is one more quotation from the old life of the farm as related by the author:—  
... "he would turn out sows into the plot, taking care only to stop all gaps in hedge or fence by which they might have got out; and there they were left to farrow—lo! how sweet they did smell when they come in from there! Four or five days beforehand you'd see 'em—as if they knewed their time was near for lyin' in, as you may say—going about all over the plot gettin' grass together, until they'd get a heap as high as that armchair... under a tree, or against a bank—somewhere where there was a little shelter. And they'd come home smellin' as sweet... But if you didn't get 'em durin' the first four or five days, the little pigs 'd be as wild as rabbits."

Books like this, for which we are grateful to the author, can only be made if people will take the trouble to write down stories and facts and memories which the old folk are so ready to give us; but in so many cases the things stored in the minds of the old are not treasured as they should be by the next generation, and in this way the past is irretrievably lost.

It would be very interesting if readers of THE LANDSWOMAN who came across old tales of by-gone customs and doings would record them so that the children growing up now may not be wholly out of touch with the experience and lives of their forefathers.



**Posts—Vacant and Wanted.****Wanted.**

An Ex-Land Girl now a member of the N.A.L., would be very grateful for any orders for knitting such as gloves, socks, and stockings, and all plain knitting, can also make the little wool hats which have been so much worn.

Ex-L.A.A.S. requires post; milking and general farm work; willing to help in dairy; 2½ years experience; Dorset preferred.—M. Walther, Doles Ash, Piddlehenthide, nr. Dorchester.

Two Girls require work with small stock, poultry, gardening, preferably in Western counties.—Box K

**Vacant.**

Wanted, Two Land Girls to work inside or out; one able to drive a motor and understand machinery.—Apply Backford Hall, nr. Chester.

Wanted, Landswoman at once; able to milk and general farm work; state wages.—H. Cundall, North Farm, Crowle, nr. Doncaster.

Wanted, Strong Land Girl, to help on farm generally; also Maid for farmhouse.

Wanted, an Experienced Land Girl; good milker essential, milk sent away.—Apply Mr. W. H. Hope, Gt. Farmcote, nr. Winchcombe, Glos.

Superior Land Girl wanted at once; look after and milk 3 Jerseys; dairy and poultry; live in. Good references required.—H. Cookson, Shapley, Winchester, Hants.

Landworker wanted, help garden and drive Ford car; live in.—Mrs. Reilly, East Butterleigh House, Cullompton, Devon.

The Editor wants Two Ex-L.A.A.S. at once as housemaid and cook, at The Priory, Orpington, Kent. Good wages. Uniform provided. Six Ex-L.A.A.S. working in the house and garden.

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**Exchange Column.**

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To sell, pair of land boots (quite new), size 5, £1; also two pairs of canvas leggings (new), medium size; would exchange for pair of leather leggings, or six shillings the two pairs.—Apply M. Rogers, Ex-L.A.A.S., Manor House, Coltishall, Norwich.

For Sale, 1 land army mackintosh 16s., 2 pairs summer breeches 10s., 3 overalls 7s. each, 1 pair canvas leggings 4s.—S. B., Blackmoor Road, Shipdon, nr. Thetford.

For Sale, 4 pairs canvas leggings, new M size, 4s. 6d per pair; 1 mole pique cord coat, nearly new, for winter wear, 15s.—Apply, N. Smith, c/o Mrs. Lease, Rough Close, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

For Sale, 1 pair of brown boots (size 6) worn twice, price 24s.; canvas leggings 6s.; 2 overalls, 10s. each; cord breeches (medium) 10s. 6d.; Jersey 8s.; 2 hats, 2s. 6d. each; 2 overalls (second-hand), 5s. each.—Apply at once to P. Todd, Kettlebaston Rectory, Ipswich.

Have you paid your Subscription July-December, 1920, 3s. 6d.? If not, send it at once to the Priory Lodge, Orpington, Kent. When notifying change of address always give your old address as well.

**NOTICE**

The Price of "The Landswoman" is 7d. post free. Orders may be sent to the Editorial Office, Priory Lodge, Orpington, Kent.