

THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Girl and Every Country Woman

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Landswomen Harvesters in Norfolk, where the sunbonnet is still worn.

[*Farm and Home.*]

SEPTEMBER.

By JOHN DRINKWATER.

WIND and the robin's note to-day
Have heard of autumn and betray
The green long reign of summer,
The rust is falling on the leaves,
September stands beside the sheaves,
The new, the happy comer.

Not sad my season of the red
And russet orchards gaily spread
From Cholesbury to Cooming,
Nor sad when twilit valley trees
Are ships becalmed on misty seas,
And beetles go a-booming.

Now soon shall come the morning crowds
Of starlings, soon the coloured clouds
From oak and ash and willow,
And soon the thorn and briar shall be
Rich in their crimson livery,
In scarlet and in yellow.

Spring laughed and thrilled a million veins,
And summer shone above her rains
To fill September's faring;
September talks as kings who know
The world's way and superbly go
In robes of wisdom's wearing.

(*Olton Pools. Sidgwick and Jackson.*)

Open the Windows.

IT was remarked the other day, at a conference in connection with the housing problem, that the State can provide windows, but only the individual can open them.

Tales have been told of "picturesque old cottages" in this and that part of the country, the windows of which were not made to open. Sometimes additional tales have been forthcoming of how whole families have "died off from decline" behind those dummy windows, while round about their habitation blew "the finest air in England." It is safe to predict that, nowadays, no house-builder will be allowed thus to offend against the laws of hygiene. But since the Englishwoman's home (be it ever so "model!") is her castle still—with her rests the control of the fresh air rations! Windows of regulation number, size, and pattern there will be. But what about the individual who elects to keep the same hermetically sealed? There are such individuals still; those who insist on leading their whole lives behind closed windows.

Just the same thing applies to windows of the mind and heart. No generation ever perhaps, had ampler facilities in this respect. On every side our opportunities abound. The world to-day, whatever its defects, suffers from no lack of vitality. It breezily invites us to join this or that organization, study this or that question, take this or that chance

of acquiring useful knowledge, of rendering social service, of sharing pleasant recreation: in brief, of "forming interests." All this is in the air around us. But we will not open our windows. So ours becomes a very stuffy atmosphere which tends to make us yawn.

The One-who-Lives-behind-Shut-Windows is quite easy to detect, whether her lot be cast in the big town or in the little village. She rather prides herself on "knowing nothing of what goes on" round about her. She is the loser—for so much of quite absorbing interest is always going on, even in what might rashly be supposed most humdrum, uneventful corners of the world. For every corner of the world holds human hopes, fears, loves, hates, joys, and sorrows. There are young lovers in it, little children, unobtrusive saints, shrewd homely-tongued philosophers, and many other people who seem commonplace till you have had a peep behind the scenes.

Who holds aloof from common human interests soon grows "stale" and "stuffy." The cure is to be found in opening windows. And if your windows never must be opened, because the wind, the damp, the "blacks" may enter, and you make a fetish of your neatly-hung white curtains, well, then, sooner or later tragedy will follow. Your human soul will "die off from decline"!

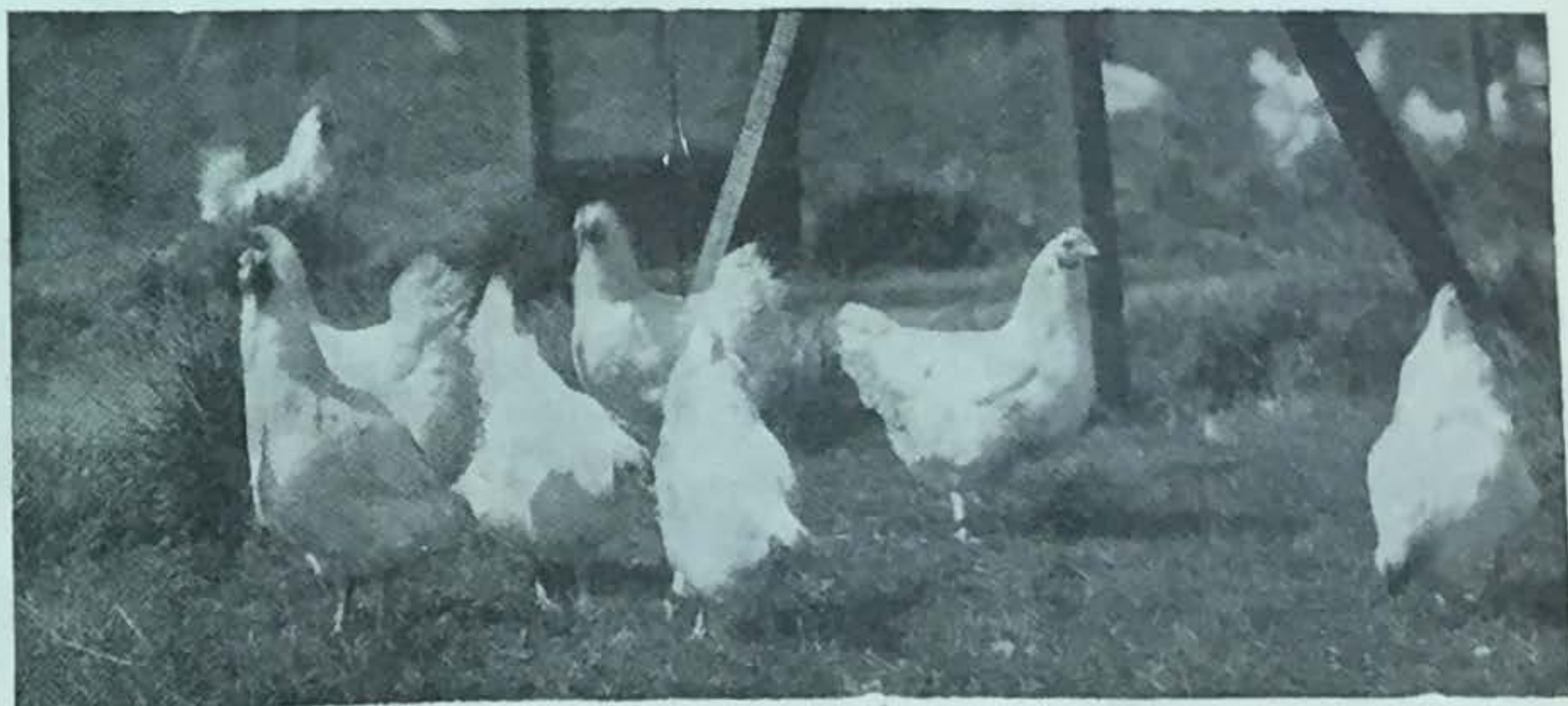
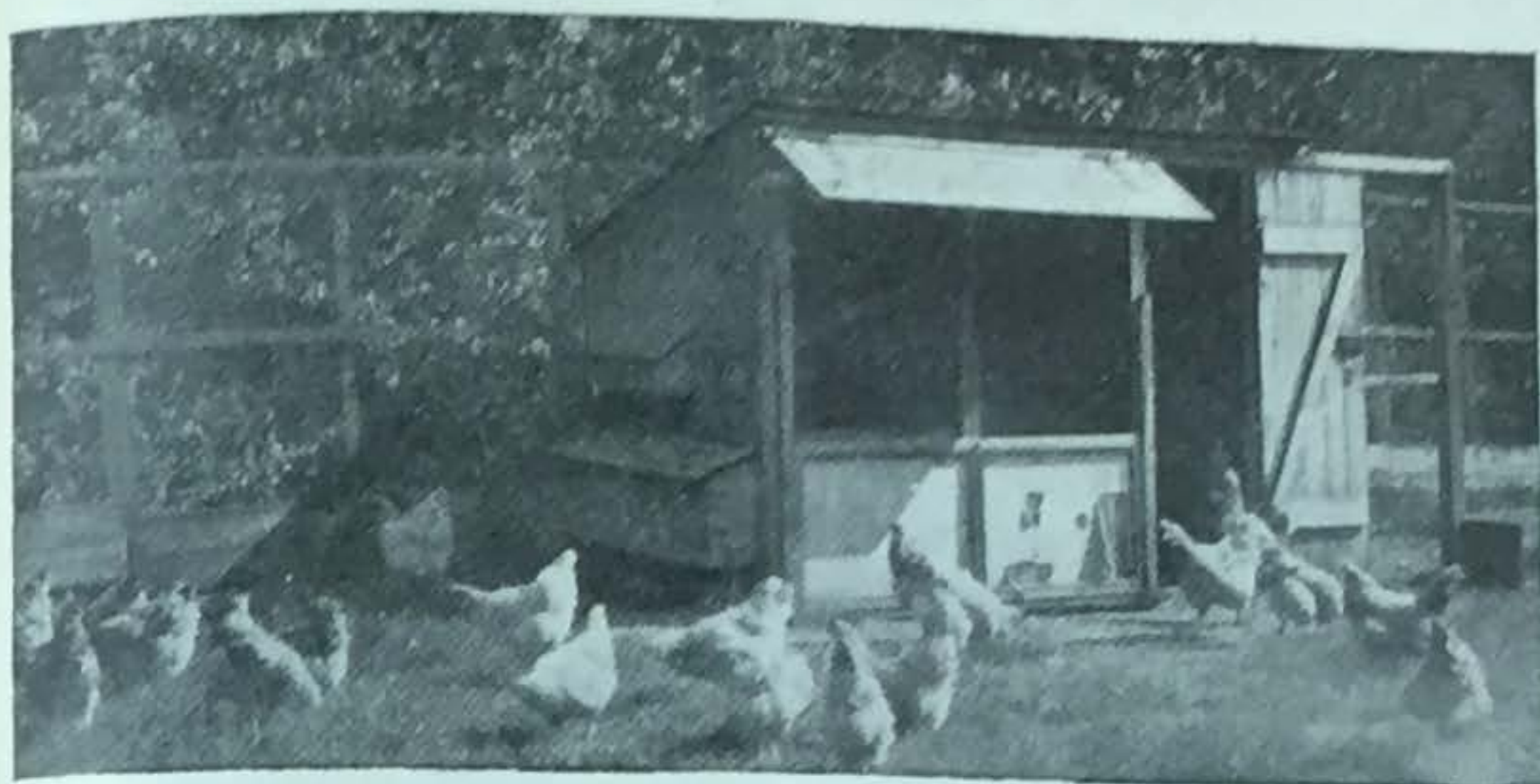
(From "The Lady.")



Interior of Cow Sheds at Mr. Debenham's Bladen Dairy Farm, Briantspuddle, Dorchester.
Friesian Cattle being Milked.

[Sport and General—"Farmer and Stock-Breeder."]

On the Greatford Poultry Farm.



A Splendid Example of a Successful Poultry Farm owned and run by a woman.

[*"National Poultry Journal."*]

Garden Talks.

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

SEPTEMBER.

I AM writing this during my holiday on the Devonshire moors, and my thoughts wander to those words of Richard de Gallienne:—

Of all the meals you can buy for money,
Give me a meal of bread and honey.
A tablecloth inwrought with flowers,
And a grasshopper clock to tick the hours
Between the courses birds to sing
To many a hidden, shining string.
And neither man nor maid be seen,
But a great company of green,
Upon a hundred thousand stalks,
Talk to us its great green talks,
And when the merry meal is done,
To loiter westward with the sun,
Dipping fingers ere we go
In the stream that runs below.
Of all the meals you can buy for money,
Give me a meal of bread and honey.

And again the thought comes:—

Here in the country's heart,
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
As it e'er hath been.
Trust in a God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with a thought of God
O'er the rising corn.

NORMAN GALE.

If any month may be spoken of as the last of the gardening year it is September and not December.

Most of the fruit has been harvested. Root crops are being lifted, ripened off, and stored for winter use. Trees and shrubs are fast shedding their leaves.

Most of the plants in the herbaceous borders have died, but some of them still retain their leaves and are busy storing up food for winter use.

There seems to be an atmosphere of rest everywhere. One can almost catch a sigh of satisfaction in the breath of the flowers as one moves to and fro. The work they came up to do, all full of life and vigour in the spring, has been accomplished. In most cases they have perfectly fulfilled their mission in life, and with the autumn comes their reward, the time of rest which they have so well earned.

Nevertheless, even in September the garden can be full of joy. The delicious dewy mornings have the freshness of April, at noon it is often very hot, and in the evening the air is again cool, mild, and sweet.

September is an ideal month for working in the garden; interest should never slacken while there is one plant blooming, one fruit on the trees, one pod left on the scarlet runners. Dahlias are at their best, garden chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies are blooming freely. The beds of tuberous begonias, which languished during the hot, dry days of July, have freshened up marvellously under the August rains and are now a glorious mass of

blossom, white, pink, rose, salmon, yellow, and scarlet. Sweet peas, if they have been taken care of and picked hard all through the summer, will still be blooming. There should be annuals blossoming from a late sowing. Last, but not least, there are roses; many lovely blooms are picked in September.

Some work may be done among the roses this month. The raising of a stock of bush roses from cuttings should be taken in hand from the middle of August to the middle of September. For cuttings, shoots that are fairly firm in consistence should be selected, and they must be furnished with a heel of the older or last year's wood. The cutting selected should be taken with a sharp knife. The immature tips and the bottom leaves should be removed. The cuttings may then be inserted in boxes and placed in a close frame. If so treated they draw both warmth and moisture from the fermenting material. Loam soil with plenty of sand added to it should be employed, and it must be made firm in the boxes by pressing it well down, being careful to maintain an even surface.

The insertion of cuttings is an important detail. Great care should be taken in fixing them very firmly, so that they offer considerable resistance if put to the test. Overcrowding must be avoided, but if four inches of space be allowed each way the cuttings may remain in the boxes as rooted plants until next spring.* The soil should be kept moist, but on no account must the cuttings be over-watered; undue moisture is often the cause of failure. All the ventilation required until the cuttings are rooted is the tilting of the frame lights for half an hour in the mornings; this will get rid of excessive moisture. Shading is necessary, and a bit of sacking or similar material should be thrown over the frames, while to save time a thin coating of lime-wash may be put over the lights and removed when the roots have formed.

With the advent of spring the whole stock should be transferred to a reserve plot, the site having been deeply dug and manured. If the young plants are well watered when drought prevails they will develop into nice bushy little trees by the end of the season. The cuttings should be stopped from time to time in order to bring about a bushy and symmetrical habit.

Cuttings of rambler roses may be inserted out of doors in an open place, preferably on the cabbage or potato patch, because the soil there is well worked, and is in a nice friable state, which is very favourable to the roses. Should there be a heap of burnt garden refuse, a little spread on the ground and incorporated with the soil is very beneficial. Some gardeners put a little leaf-mould and peat in equal proportions at the bottom of the trenches for the cuttings to rest upon.

The cuttings of rambler roses should be taken in the same way as those of bush roses. They should be about six or eight inches in length with a heel of the old wood attached to them. The cuttings will

* Some rose growers maintain that only the strongest and hardiest roses grow well on their own roots. Others do better when budded on stronger rooting stocks.



On Guard!

probably be raised out of the ground a little during frost, but they are easily pressed down again when a thaw sets in. The ground should be kept well hoed, and next summer the growths will require support. In the following spring the cuttings may be lifted and planted out in their final positions.

September is a good time to sow cyclamens to bloom in the autumn next year or later, especially if there is not a great command of heat during the winter. Use a compost of sandy loam with a liberal supply of leaf-mould. Take seed-boxes three inches deep, put plenty of drainage at the bottom. Fill up the boxes with the soil, making it close and firm, then dibble in the seeds with a little pointed stick, one inch apart each way. Seedlings should not want potting off if given this space.

Although April is the best month for sowing grass seeds, an experiment has been made of sowing seeds in September in cases where there are very bare patches on the lawn. The surface of the ground should be well scratched over with a sharp-toothed iron rake, the seeds sown fairly thickly, covered with sifted loam, rolled, and then watered. The soil being warm will soon induce germination, and in the absence of showers the patches must be kept fairly moist, with water applied through a fine rose. The young grass should be cut once or twice with a sharp scythe before the mowing machine is used. It has been found that this young grass when well established is not destroyed or even hurt by the winter frosts.

It has been proved that mignonette is an excellent thing for keeping flies away. A bowl or vase of mignonette in a dining-room will have a wonderful effect in getting rid of them. It is also well known that elder leaves have an effect upon the saw-fly on gooseberry bushes. A few branches of elder placed over the trees before there is a chance of the saw-fly beginning has been proved to rid them entirely of this pest.

[*"Farm and Home."*]

Again, *never* cut beet, always wring off the green tops with your hand, and never attempt to clean or scrub; cook just as they are lifted out with the soil clinging to them.

CABBAGE.—Plant out from the August sowings, preferably on the ground from which either onions or beet have been lifted.

CARROTS.—Lift early varieties, and store in sand.

CELERY.—Keep on earthing when ready. Give waterings of soot water and liquid manure. Still dust with soot to keep away maggot. Early celery should be ready for lifting now; do this carefully.

ONIONS.—These should be lifted and laid out on path or roof of outhouse to dry for a few days before stringing or storing.

PARSNIPS.—These need not be touched. Lift when wanted for use, and only as many as are required at the time. Parsnips improve if left in the ground until winter.

POTATOES.—These should be lifted now as soon as possible.

TOMATOES.—Ripen these off as soon as possible, giving little less air in houses and frames. If cold and wet set in, then stoves must be lighted. Tomatoes may be ripened artificially by picking green and placing in boxes between layers of flannel, and boxes placed in warm cupboard, but they lose all flavour if ripened this way.

TURNIPS may be sown for late autumn and winter use.

FRUIT.

APPLES.—Gather these in as soon as they are ready, but wait until they come off the tree quite easily; never pull an apple off the tree. Store them carefully on shelves, keeping each kind separate and labelled; set mouse-traps in case of invasion, as mice in the apple sheds make short work of the crop, as they nibble first one and then another, and always the best fruit.

(Continued on page 200.)

The flowers dedicated to September are:—

Hairbell. — *Submission.*

Aster.—*Variety.*

Pansy.—*Thoughts.*

Thistle.—*Austerity.*

Lavender.—*Mistrust.*

Mignonette—*Qualities above charms.*

The garden work for the month:—

VEGETABLES.

SCARLET RUNNER BEANS will still give a grand lot of pods if given one or two soakings of liquid manure.

BEET.—Early varieties will be ready for lifting. Do this very carefully with a fork put in well away from the roots; spearing is the great danger. If the fork pierces the beet it will bleed to death, and naturally all flavour will go out of it.

Poultry Notes.

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

THE more closely one studies routine the more one is compelled to admit that the best egg returns come from properly graded flocks, whether they be pullets or hens.

Importance of Grading.—I only wish every poultry-keeper would realise this, and persist in grading at every turn. To grade means to cull out or remove from any given number those articles or creatures that are of inferior quality. When we decide to incubate eggs we cull or grade out those that are unsuitable. Eggs of abnormally large or small size, with rough or irregular shells, of pale colour and bad shape, should be entirely discarded. If we weigh an egg as we should do, particularly during the breeding season, we will grade out all that are not level or above the standard of two ounces each. Many still spend hours trying to decide which came first, the egg or the hen, but the poultry-keeper need only worry about the fact that the egg counts first. From within the egg comes our chick, and the proper selection of the former gives us a graded day-old chick.

The Growing Stages.—Having obtained our chick, we continue to grade from the first day to the last. Directly the chicks are out weaklings should be killed, as should all that are deformed. Next comes the separation of the sexes, of vital importance, at the earliest opportunity, in order to allow the pullets to get their proper share of food and to make progress to maturity without receiving setbacks. We tend our chicks carefully during the growing stages, remembering that ten well-reared pullets are better than a hundred badly-reared birds. There are considerable arguments often heard anent the query: "Who is the breeder: the person who mates or the rearer of the chicks?" The majority declare that the poultry-keeper who does the mating part and selects this cockerel to go with those hens is the breeder. But I am not with them. A poultry-keeper may mate well the parent birds and hand over the eggs or chicks to a second person to rear. In my view, knowing how one can make or mar pullets in the rearing, I place the latter quite on an equal footing with the mating-up of the parent stock.

Early Laying.—To combat our climatic conditions, which are against the heavy laying of winter eggs, I know no schedule better than the following:—(1) Hatch heavy-breed pullets about mid-March, and light-breed pullets about mid-April; (2) place these pullets in their permanent winter quarters about the first week in September, and feed up for October eggs. Nest-boxes are best placed in the houses about the second week in September, and there should be no further change or disturbance of the pullets or they will not settle down in time for a start in October. As pullets are approaching maturity they need the closest scrutiny and most careful management, or the schedule will be completely upset. Pullets which commence to lay in early September (or even in August) invariably lay a batch of eggs, fall into a false or partial moult about the end of September, take a rest, and may not lay again till November or December. Only those which make a start in the last week or so of September seem to carry on and produce eggs throughout the winter months.

Avoid the Pullet Moult.—The pullet moult is only a partial one, the neck and breast feathers being dropped; do not confuse it with the annual moult of adult hens, which starts in July or August of each season, and because you see feathers about the run and house where growing chickens are quartered, do not "get the wind up" and think the partial moult is on and your chance of getting winter eggs is gone. Chickens are continually moulting or changing feathers from a day to six months old until their real pullet feathers arrive, the latter remaining until the following July, when the second-season plumage comes, i.e., the first adult or real moult. It is the false or partial moult that one must be nervous of and prevent, because it can put out of condition or action a flock of pullets that have either commenced to lay or are about to lay. Early layers will have a partial moult about the end of September, when they have laid a batch of eggs, and they should be kept away from the other pullets or will make the latter go into the moult. In like manner maturing pullets should not be run with adult moulting hens, or they themselves will moult. Moulting is a habit that easily spreads, a further proof that the grading of flocks is a *sine qua non* to obtain the best returns.

Out-of-Season Laying.—February-hatched heavy-breed pullets and March-hatched light breeds will redden up and start to lay in August or September, and should be kept away from those hatched just right for October start and to schedule. One might, in fact, hatch very early to obtain eggs in August and September, while the adult hens are moulting and egg-baskets are low. Such pays because one catches the rising market-prices. The birds can be placed in a flock by themselves and be fed up for egg-production as they will serve their purpose, rest, and start to lay again in the winter. But one must not allow those pullets hatched to time to lay earlier than October, because while the January and February birds will be matured, the latter will not be, and when the first egg comes please remember that growth stops. Early laying is one cause of small eggs and will ruin a pullet for size of egg. Only from big, well-developed pullets can you hope to get the large egg. Next we come to the late-hatched pullets, say April in heavy breeds, and May in light varieties, which should not commence to lay till November. Such birds should also be kept to themselves, and be fed up for egg-production from mid-October so long as they are placed in their winter quarters just before October comes along. If they are allowed to run with the early birds that are in lay, these late-hatched, immatured pullets will start production too soon and give the small eggs.

Size of Egg.—As I have stated, the first egg laid by a pullet is her smallest, and one should be able to obtain an idea of its average weight by the time the tenth egg is produced. About three months of laying (by, say, January or February) sees the egg get a little larger, and it shows a final advance in size and weight from the start of the second season of lay, i.e., after the first real or adult moult. A pullet laying a 1½oz. egg in October will probably give a standard 2oz. egg by February, but when

(Continued on page 210.)



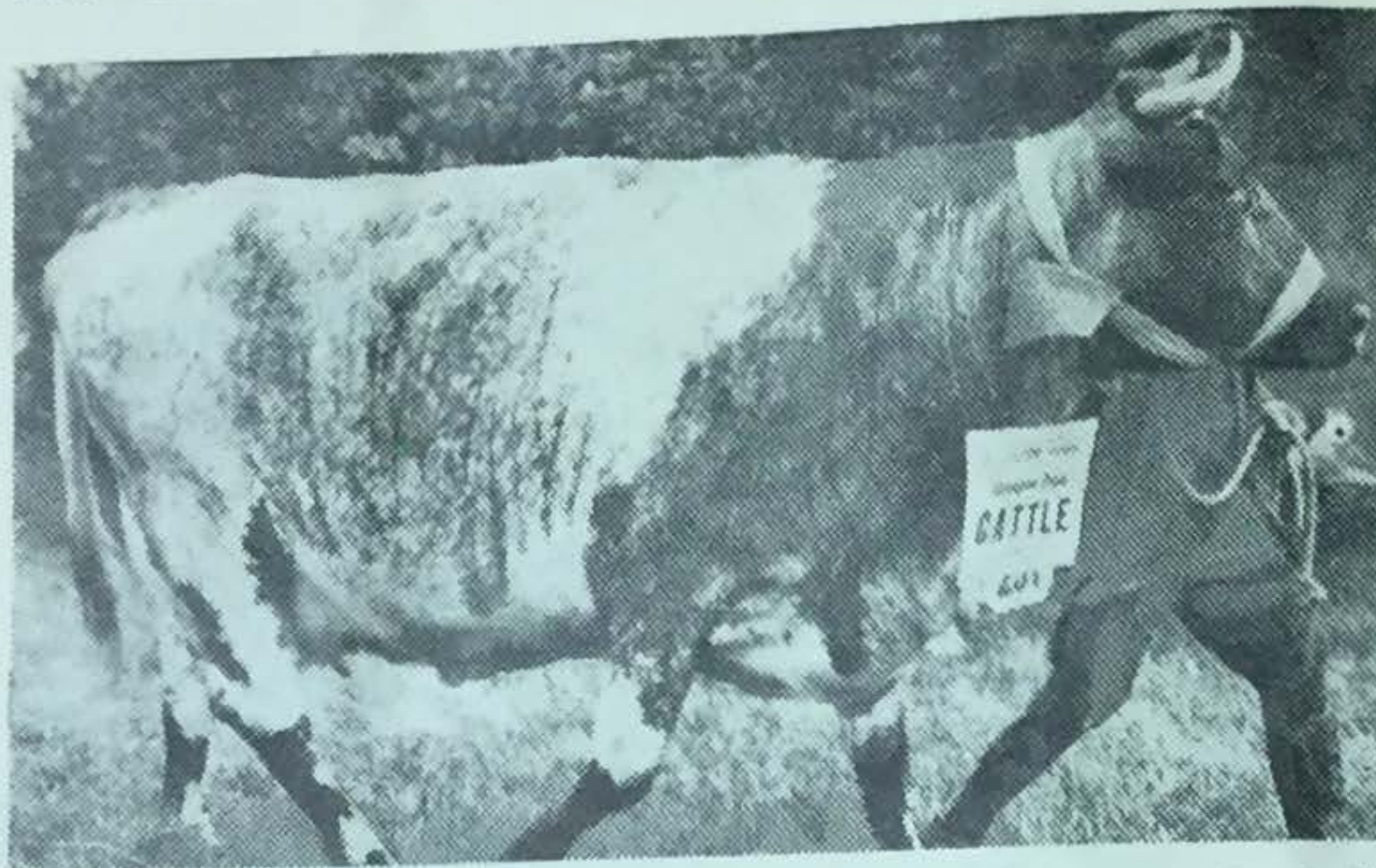
There are times when you simply long for a Kodak—when you see the happy children building castles in the sand, and watch the merry bathers dancing in the surf; when you sit down with your friends under the pine tree for a pleasant picnic tea; when you go for a motor trip in the open country, or for a tramp over the moors or Downs—in fact, every hour of your holiday provides some scene or some incident that calls for a Kodak. Remember, you can learn to use a Kodak in half-an-hour.

**Dont start your
holiday without a**

Kodak

*Ask your nearest
Kodak dealer to show
you the latest models.*

Kodak Ltd.,
Kingsway,
London, W.C.



On the way to the Show.

[*"Daily Sketch."*]

Posts in New Zealand.

I. SISTER in charge under Matron, of Children's Wing of Rescue Home and Orphanage. To train nine Probationers. Must have either General or Children's Hospital training. Age of children: six months to three years. Salary £60-£80, all found. Religion, Church of England. Fare: Concession will be given towards passage, probably £30; must travel second class. Ex-service women are entitled to apply for free passage, but only third class, and must pay the difference. Extra training of 4-6 weeks will be given at Karitane, New Zealand, before starting work.

II. PROBATIONERS (40 vacancies). Mental. No age limit. Salary £90 and all found, including uniform. Ten Probationers required at each of the following hospitals:—Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin. Leave, twenty-one days, later thirty days. Excellent conditions, comfortable quarters, good time off.

III. AGRICULTURE. A. North Canterbury.—Twenty women per month for first four months; ten women per month for next eight months. To be placed by Farmers' Union and Sheepowners' Union, who will meet and place women. Minimum wage, 20s. to 25s., including board and lodging. B. Nelson District.—Two women for orchard work; one gardener. Wages 6s. per day and comfortable hut provided. Twelve months' employment guaranteed.

IV. HOSTEL SUPERINTENDENTS. Y.W.C.A. Six educated women for various hostels. Salary £75 a year (including board and lodging) during three months' training, £100-£250 and all found on appointment. Note.—Officers of war services are wanted, and must be prepared to travel second class (the free passage warrant only entitles women to travel third).

All enquiries should be addressed to the Committee of the Overseas Settlement of British Women, Hotel Windsor, Victoria Street, S. W.

The true harvest of my daily life is somewhat as intangible and indescribable as the tints of morning or evening. It is a little star-dust caught, a segment of the rainbow which I have clutched.

—THOREAU.

SUGAR RATION FOR BEES

The Minister of Agriculture has secured the issue of a ration of sugar for the autumn and winter feeding of bees. This ration will be 14 lb. per stock for the period August 1 to December 31, 1920. To obtain it beekeepers will be required to register at the offices of their County Education Committee the number of stocks in their possession. They will then be supplied with certificates authorizing the purchase of the amount of sugar to which they are entitled. These certificates must be presented to Local Food Committees for the issue of sugar

vouchers, valid for the purchase of sugar or candy, whichever the individual beekeeper may prefer, from any wholesale or retail dealer from the date of issue until December 31, 1920. Applications for this ration should not be addressed to the Ministry.

Last Year's Haystack.

Lop-sided, tattered, faded, bleached and grey,
Whereon the sun and wind and rain have beat
Through winter cold, and early summer heat,
Lone in the stack-yard, derelict ye stay.
No more erect, as on that July day,
Ye stand, when first in buxom grace, complete
With well thatched top, they reared you, breathing
sweet
Of wild thyme, clover, mint, and grasses gay.
Now propt with sticks, decrepit ye appear,
But in your shadow furtive creatures hide;
Small feathered minstrels find your shelter dear,
Carolling for the largesse ye provide;
And passing cattle, blessing your good cheer,
Pilfer a stolen mouthful from your side.

C. P. F. F. (*From "Country Life."*)

The Prize-winning Smile.

[*"Daily Sketch."*]

Something that Begins with "T."

By Kay Cleaver Strahan.

CHAPTER FIVE.

All of my family came home cautiously yesterday morning, pausing in the doorway to find out the state of my disposition before he ventured in: "Do you —" he began.

I shook my head. "'My heart is God's little garden,'" I assured him. "How is your heart, and how is Mr. Miser's?"

"Hungry," he answered, but he meant stomach hungry, not heart hungry, "and Mr. Miser has another cold and an earache and a grouch, so I went around by nearly neighbour's, but he pretended not to see me and muttered something about 'gettin' shet of that thar varmint,' so then I came home. Seemed like this was a want-to-lead-a-life-of-crime day for everybody. Funny what a lot of difference it makes when you aren't around, Phyl."

The compliment was so dearly gratifying that I ignored it: "Mr. Miser has another cold and an earache," I exclaimed, "the poor man! What is he doing for them?"

"Swearing," said all of my family.

"A mere anodyn. Shall we take him down some cures?"

"Well—" said all of my family, "but I'd like to eat."

We ate. And then we went down the road and up the other road to Mr. Miser's house, carrying quinine for the cold and olive oil, to be heated, for the ear.

Originally, I am sure Mr. Miser was not intended to be a miser. He is not cut from the right pattern, the pattern from which typical misers are made. A funny little fat bantam of a man he is, with a pinky bald head like a peeled Bermuda onion and big round baby-blue eyes without a particle of craft in them, and plump, stumpy hands without a particle of clutchiness about them. All of my family and I have decided that he caught his miserliness somewhere, just as he is everlastingly catching cold, and has not been able to rid himself of it.

"It is just no use," so he greeted us yesterday, "a-buyin' shoes for kids unless you take the kids along, elseways they never fit. Never."

Mr. Miser is like that. He has a way of dispensing with preliminaries, a casual hospitable way of taking his visitors immediately into his thoughts, which has a charm of its own. He throws his mental door wide open and says: "Come in. The house may not be in order but I'll not keep you waiting outside while I arrange my how-do-you-dos, and so-good-of-you-to-comes."

"It surely is wiser," I agreed, "to take the kids along."

"My old lady," he continued, "used to go up town and buy shoes for the kids all around and bring 'em home and they never fit. Never."

We have known Mr. Miser for five years and this was the first time we had heard him mention his old lady and the kids.

"But," said I, "did you used to have a family?"

"In the past," said Mr. Miser.

"Oh," said I.

"A wife and seven or eight children," said Mr. Miser.

"Only," said all of my family, "don't you know how many—exactly?"

"Figures," said Mr. Miser with a prodigious sigh, "is of no consequence."

"But—" persisted all of my family.

I interrupted. He has a tendency toward argumentation which I thwart when possible.

"What has become of your family, Mr. Totenberry?" I asked.

"They was took off," said Mr. Miser.

"Off of what?" questioned all of my family.

"Off the scow," answered Mr. Miser, but he seemed to be growing weary of the subject, annoyed.

All of my family and I had heard much of Mr. Miser's life on his scow (we call them houseboats), but never before had we heard of his wife and seven or eight children being taken off of it. It isn't much wonder that Pat persisted, so:

"Yes, but who took them off?"

"That," pondered Mr. Miser, with a great air of wisdom, "is a question. Some might claim one thing, some another. But I claims that they just fell. They was all drowned."

"Not all of them," I gasped.

"All," he insisted, "one right after 'tother. It were a sight, it shorley were a sight."

Fortunately I was still standing, near the door. I managed an excuse and went out through the door and closed it behind me.

A little later all of my family joined me: "Nice!" he reproved—"coming out here and laughing by yourself because a man had his wife and seven or eight children drown all one right after the other. You said,"—sternly—"that you had finished being a fiend in human form for to-day."

"But it isn't true," I giggled, "you know it isn't. He just made them up and then he had to get rid of them. Of course he had his fingers crossed for 'King's Excuse' the whole time." It is a polite pretend of ours, all of my family's and mine, that Mr. Miser crosses his fingers while carrying on many of his reminiscent conversations.

"No," acquiesced all of my family, "I don't suppose it was true, I guess he just kind'a got started, and —. But, just the same, it isn't a thing for you to go laughing about, Phyl. If you read it in a book you wouldn't laugh. You didn't laugh, you hollered, when Jude hung the two little children and himself up in the closet. In a book you'd cry about it."

"Very well," I said, to appease him, "I'll put it in my book so that everyone who cares to may cry about it."

CHAPTER SIX.

To-day all of my family and I are going to court—not law court, royal court—and we are all excited about it. At least we think we are to be allowed to go and at least I am all excited about it. I suspect all of my family of faking some of his

excitement to humour me. To tell truly, for the past number of months I have had reasons, at times, to suspect all of my family of humouring me. To be sure, as yet, my suspicions are merely suspicions. If I were positive, quite positive, that he were doing such a thing I should, of course, punish him severely: pull his nose, or bite his ears, or hold him and hug him for ten minutes.

But to return to our hoped for visit to royalty. This morning the whole big Oregon world is draped in white chiffon. No matter that nearly neighbour calls it "fawg," no matter that all of my family begged, this morning, to have it be the smoke from a furious battle: I know that it is white chiffon and that right behind it the King and Queen are preparing for their first reception of the year so that, after a while, when the curtain is lifted, they may be ready to stand out in all their glory and splendour to meet their subjects and to receive their worship. Great rugged old Mount Hood, great smooth-lined, beautiful Mount Saint Helens, we do worship you, we Oregon folks; but, better than that, we love you because, in spite of your majesty, you are so mortal—according to our moods we may greet you with a "Hallelujah!" or a "Hello!"—and loving you, of course we need you. There is a part of me, a shiftless hang-headed part of me that needs you and your Heaven-pointing peaks to make me aspire; there is another part of me, an arrogant chin-uppish part of me, that needs you and your æons-old wisdom to make me humble. But to-day, this particular white chiffon day which makes one think, somehow, of a bride in her veilings, I do not want you to make me aspire, and I do not want you to make me humble, I just want to love you—lots. I think that is all I shall have time to do to-day, just love you, because you have been gone away for so long, in the gray over there. And when people come home who have been gone away for a long time one doesn't do anything at first but just love them. There is not room for anything else; not at first.

But all of my family is squirming about and looking at our caps on the wall, and since it is silly to sit indoors and write about things when one might go out of doors and be a part of them—I go.

And I almost wish that I had not. I almost wish that I had stayed right here at home and continued to call a wet old fog white chiffon veilings because, to call a fog white chiffon I must have been in quite an exalted mood and, this evening, I am in a pilgarlicky sort of humour. I like that word, pilgarlicky. I found it once in a book, where it was quite as out of place as a tankard of beer at a tea-party, so I joyed over it and remembered it because I was quite sure that some time I should need it. To-night I do.

To begin with, this morning, nearly neighbour called me an old maid. No matter about the circumstances. He called me an old maid.

I gasped and grinned, the sort of grin I am sure which provokes the question from children: "Ain't you afraid your face 'ull freeze like that?" and started to run away; and decided that probably the running had an attempted skittish effect, and sobered down to a dignified walk and remembered, violently, a comic valentine I had once seen labelled: "Old Maid," and the verse beneath it that rhymed old

maid with wooden leg. In desperation I felt about and found my sense of humour and yanked it out and shook it until its teeth popped and said: "Wake up, you lazy no good! Get to work!" But it merely yawned and muttered something about having had its feelings hurt and went off to sleep again.

I consider it bad taste to talk about one's sense of humour but, right here, I am going to talk about mine. When first I read Kipling's, "Oonts!" I had a vague sense of recognition. To my certain knowledge I had never met an oonts, and yet—and yet—. And then, when I came to the line: "It's a devil and a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one," my vagueness vanished, and with a suddenness illuminative I recognized—my sense of humour. A lazy, disorderly, revengeful old diddler, that's what it is, and if I knew worse names to call I'd call them. He weeps and writhes over Charley Chaplin; he roars with mirth over the death of little Eva, and there is no good in him. Once he laughed at Ibsen—but no, some things must not be told.

Since my own sense of humour refused to work I appealed to Pat's: "Wasn't it funny," said I, "nearly neighbour calling me an old maid?"

"How do you mean—funny?" he inquired.

I let the matter drop.

But this evening I feel as if I had been standing on a ladder and nearly neighbour had advanced, lifted his too large foot, and kicked my ladder out from under me. I am tumbling, poiseless. So I think I shall get out my practical common sense and look it in the face—ever an obnoxious performance—and land myself, either on the ground or on my ladder.

What are the traditional attributes of old maids? They brag about their past suitors. So have I done, just a day or so ago. They say they don't care to marry. So do I say. But I say it rather as I say I don't care to go to Guinea, because I have never been there and because I am very happy here. I think I say it geographically, not sour-grapishly. Yet—I don't know. If, sometime in the days, I should meet a man who is rather like a tall tree, and rather like Pat's grin, with the dimple, and rather like Barrie's books, and the least bit like the feeling I have for October, and not at all like any of those things but entirely like himself, then what? And is making up men, in your mind, an old-maidish thing to do?

I have looked at my face now for five minutes, in my hand-mirror, and I don't look like an old maid, and I don't feel like an old maid, and I'm not an old maid. So now I know. I am rather a pleasant-looking and feeling unmarried person. That's what I am. It wasn't the state that worried me. It was the title. Just any woman in the world, whether she'll own up to it or whether she won't, would rather be called an old—anything from doodle to dotard than to be called an old maid.

My other quarrel with the to-day's happenings is quite as pilgarlicky and much more practical. Right after luncheon all of my family made the distracting discovery that our supplies were getting low.

"Rice all gone," he announced, happily.

"We don't need rice," I assured him.

"And the tea."

"How fortunate," I began, "that we aren't Chinamen—"

(Continued on page 211.)



[Reproduced by special permission of the proprietors of "Punch."]

Farmer (booming his land to inquiring stranger). "THAT THERE LAND BE WORTH DREE HUNDRED POUND AN ACRE IF IT BE WORTH A PENNY, IT BE. WERE YOU THINKING O' BUYING AN' SETTLING HERE?"

Stranger. "OH, NO. I'M THE NEW TAX-COLLECTOR."

Regular Hours for Milking.

THE udder consists of numerous glands and delicate membranes, and in the process of milking these glands are stimulated into action, as instanced by the flow of milk obtained. Cows should be milked at precisely regular hours and in the same order, the common practice being to milk twice in twenty-four hours, and the more equally the time is divided, the more uniform will be the quantity and quality of the milk.

It is frequently impossible to carry out this practice of dividing the time equally, especially where the morning's milk has to be delivered in towns before breakfast. This may result in intervals of about fifteen hours and nine hours respectively, in consequence of which it may happen that the milk yielded in the morning is inferior in quality to that obtained at the evening's milking. Heavy milkers may be all the better milked three times a day instead of twice, in order to relieve the pressure on the udder, as when cows are left too long without

being milked the udders become very distended, and, as a result, the animals may suffer double pain, as may be observed when cows offered for sale in public auction are stocked up for the purpose of extending the udder to its utmost—a practice which should be discouraged.

Young heifers with their first calf may develop the habit of kicking during milking time, largely due to their teats being sensitive, and here it may be said that kind treatment and gentle handling should be adopted. If their teats are attended to, this bad habit may very soon disappear, but if the cow is ill-treated she will become nervous, the milk will not be given down, and finally she may have to be fattened out.

Many good cows are often ruined for want of kind treatment at this stage. If the habit of kicking cannot be controlled there is no alternative other than strapping the legs together with a heavy strap, or strapping one leg to the stall, but neither method

should be employed unless as the last resource.

Many very deep or heavy milking cows will continue to give milk from the birth of one calf until the next calf is due. In fact, such cows appear nothing more or less than machines for the production of milk, and although every one wants as much milk as possible, it nevertheless becomes important from the health point of view that the animals are allowed some period of rest between the birth of each calf. Otherwise they may break down under the strain, as not infrequently happens with some of the more delicately constituted breeds like the Jerseys.

The majority of cows do not give milk over a longer period than nine months, while many good milkers only dry off a month or so previous to calving, but a period of from six to eight weeks of rest is found advisable.

[*"Dairy Farming,"* J. C. NEWSHAM-PEARSON.]

Women Farm Workers.

Increased Minimum Wage.

THE Agricultural Wages Board has issued an Order raising the minimum rate of wages for women and girls engaged in farm work. This came into operation on May 31. The minimum rate throughout England and Wales is now 7d. an hour, except in Somerset where it is 8d., and in Yorkshire where it is 10d. The Order also provides for proportionate increases for girls under 18 years of age, and for overtime rates on the higher basis. Where the ordinary rate is 7d. the overtime rate for week-days is now 9d. and for Sundays 10½d. per hour.

We would remind our readers that:—

(1) Overtime on a week-day is chargeable for all work done before 7 a.m. and after 5 p.m.

(2) For all employment in excess of 6½ hours on a Saturday, or on such other day (not being Sunday) in every week, as may be agreed between employer and employed.

(3) For all employment on a week-day in excess of 8 hours, except in Cheshire, Lancashire, Shropshire, Glamorganshire, Monmouth, Merioneth, and Montgomery, where it is in excess of 8½ hours, and in Cambridge, Huntingdon, Bedford, Cumberland, Westmorland, Devon, Dorset, Herts., Middlesex, Kent, Northampton, Nottingham, and Wiltshire, where it is in excess of 8½ hours in summer and 8 hours in winter. (Summer being from the first Monday in March until the last Sunday in October.)

The Board has also fixed in some areas, and is fixing for all areas, special overtime rates for the hay and corn harvest, which are applicable to women as well as men.

Journal of the W.F. & G.U.

The Amateur Gardener.

A Yankee Ditty.

THIS is a song of garden seeds
I planted in the Spring,
Tended by all the rosy hopes
That Coloured Plates could bring:
Alas! some ne'er came up at all,
And some, they died a-borning,
But a valiant few poked up their heads,
So I'm working every morning.

Now in the stilly night there crawl
Ogres I seek in vain,
Who eat along the tender rows,
Leaving behind the slain;
Fe, Fo, Fi, Fum! off go their heads
Without the slightest warning;
But I'll down those villains yet, I vow,
So I'm working every morning.

And then the weeds—the sturdy weeds
That grow, and GROW, and GROW;
It needs sweet visions, weeks ahead,
To spur my rake and hoe,
Of lettuce crisp and tiny peas
The menu oft adorning;
Oh, there's lots of fun in growing things,
So I'm working every morning.

ETHEL WOLFF.

"The common problem, yours, mine, every one's,
Is not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means—a very different thing."

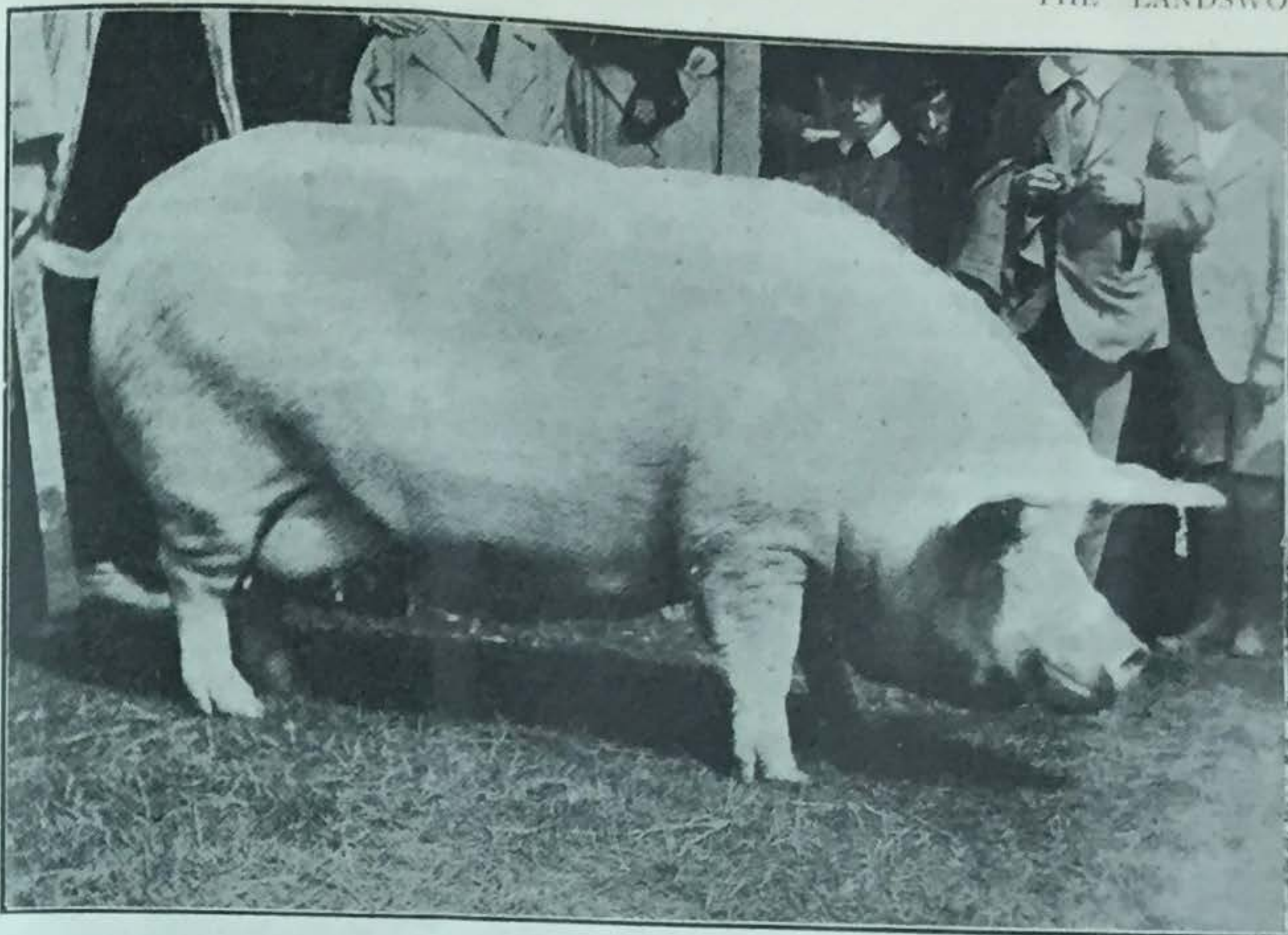
BROWNING.

Someone has said that politeness is like an air cushion—there is nothing in it—but it makes the journey of life much pleasanter.



Both Babies—A Foal at the Bedford County Show.

[*"Daily Sketch."*]



Large White Sow, Caldmore, Miss Hollingsworth, 3rd. A prize-winning sow of high quality.
Bred by Mr. Rowland P. Haynes, Wednesbury, Staffs.

[*"Farm and Home."*]

Shops that Talk.

TWO women I know have started a shop which tells a story.

They were gardeners in war-time. They have now joined two friends who run a market garden. The produce is sold by the two one-time war-workers in an entirely new, delightful manner.

A few days ago I visited the shop. The story of each variety of fruit or vegetable was told in a few words on a clean white placard attached. To the strawberries, for instance, was appended the following information:—"These strawberries were gathered at (here a village in Kent was named) early this morning; they came up to Covent Garden on the 5.30 a.m. train, and we bought several baskets a little after seven."

The lettuces, I learned, came from the market garden itself, also the peas, early French beans, and hot-house tomatoes. Vegetables from France were so marked, with a brief explanation of their apparent high cost; where any special thing had suffered from lack of rain it was so stated. In fact, the public were taken entirely into the confidence of the two enterprising saleswomen, with the result that there was an eager crowd of buyers outside the open shop almost every hour of the day.

It is clear that we want new methods in business, and there is surely much to be learned from the example of these two women.

There is immense romance in trade, but few people are aware of it.

It has not, apparently, occurred to shopkeepers

that their customers might be interested to know that their butter came from a farm in Devonshire run by ex-soldiers, or that their knitted jumpers had been made by Irish girls in Donegal, or to give the story of the French factory which turned out such perfectly fitting gloves.

Shopping would be to women an even greater delight than it is at present if the shopkeepers took us into their confidence as my two gardening women have done, telling us the story of the things they keep in their shops.—(B. D. in the *"Daily Mail."*)

OF all the joys of life which may fairly come under the head of recreation there is nothing more great, more refreshing, more beneficial in the widest sense of the word, than a real love of the beauty of the world. Some people cannot feel it. To such people I can only say, as Turner once said to a lady who complained that she could not see sunsets as he painted them, "Don't you wish you could, madam?" But to those who have some feeling that the natural world has beauty in it I would say, Cultivate this feeling and encourage it in every way you can. Consider the seasons, the joy of the spring, the splendour of the summer, the sunset colours of the autumn, the delicate and graceful bareness of winter trees, the beauty of snow, the beauty of light upon water, what the old Greek called the unnumbered smiling of the sea.

—*"Recreation."* VISCOUNT GREY.

Exhibition Bantams.

By Kenneth Ward. Photo by J. Stewart.

HOW often we have been present at large poultry shows, either at the Crystal Palace, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, or in the provinces, and have been amused by the remarks of casual visitors of the uninitiated type who glance momentarily at pen after pen of wonderful specimens of different varieties of Bantams.

Only recently we were at a local show where a lady was knowingly explaining to her friends how beautiful the Japanese Bantams were, quite oblivious of the fact that there was not a single specimen of that breed at the show.

Only those who have bred and exhibited some of the hundred different breeds and colours of Bantams have any conception of the skill that is required to produce the almost perfect specimens that are necessary to win at high class shows, and the patience and hard work that are necessary to place them in perfect condition in their pens.

Perhaps it may seem wonderful to some readers that there are numbers of people who make quite a good living by breeding, exhibiting, and selling Bantams. Numbers are exported, and the writer has supplied various breeds to Belgium, Russia, Canada, and the United States, and only recently had a repeat order from Canada, after a lapse of fifteen years, during which time the customer has kept the descendants of the original birds supplied to him.

Several years ago we were present at the Crystal Palace Poultry Show when one breeder of Bantams sold four hundred pounds' worth of these diminutive fowls of one breed and colour alone in a single morning.

In these days of high cost of food, heavy freightage charges, etc., it is well to remember that a good Bantam will yield almost the same price as the larger breeds of fowl, and it costs about one-third to breed, keep, and exhibit.

Again, with care and attention Bantams can be kept in the smallest of gardens, or even backyards, and numbers of most successful exhibitors have made their Bantam aviaries in the attics of their own homes rather than give up a pleasant, instructive, and economic hobby.

Practically every breed of large fowl has now been bantamised, and there is therefore plenty of scope to meet the wishes of the most fastidious person. It is impossible in so short an article to enumerate all the breeds, but we may mention a few. There is the modern game Bantam, fine legged, racy, and of many and brilliant colours; the fiery little old English game Bantam, one of which we remember seeing engaged in an encounter with a Turkey cock in the days of our childhood; then there are the cobby, quaint, little specimens of the Pekin Bantam; and the Japanese, with their large tails, and legs so short as to be almost invisible without lifting the birds from the ground.

But to our mind the most beautiful of all, and the breed that always takes, and we think will always continue to take, the lady fancier's eye, is the Sebright Bantam, a pair of which is illustrated herewith.

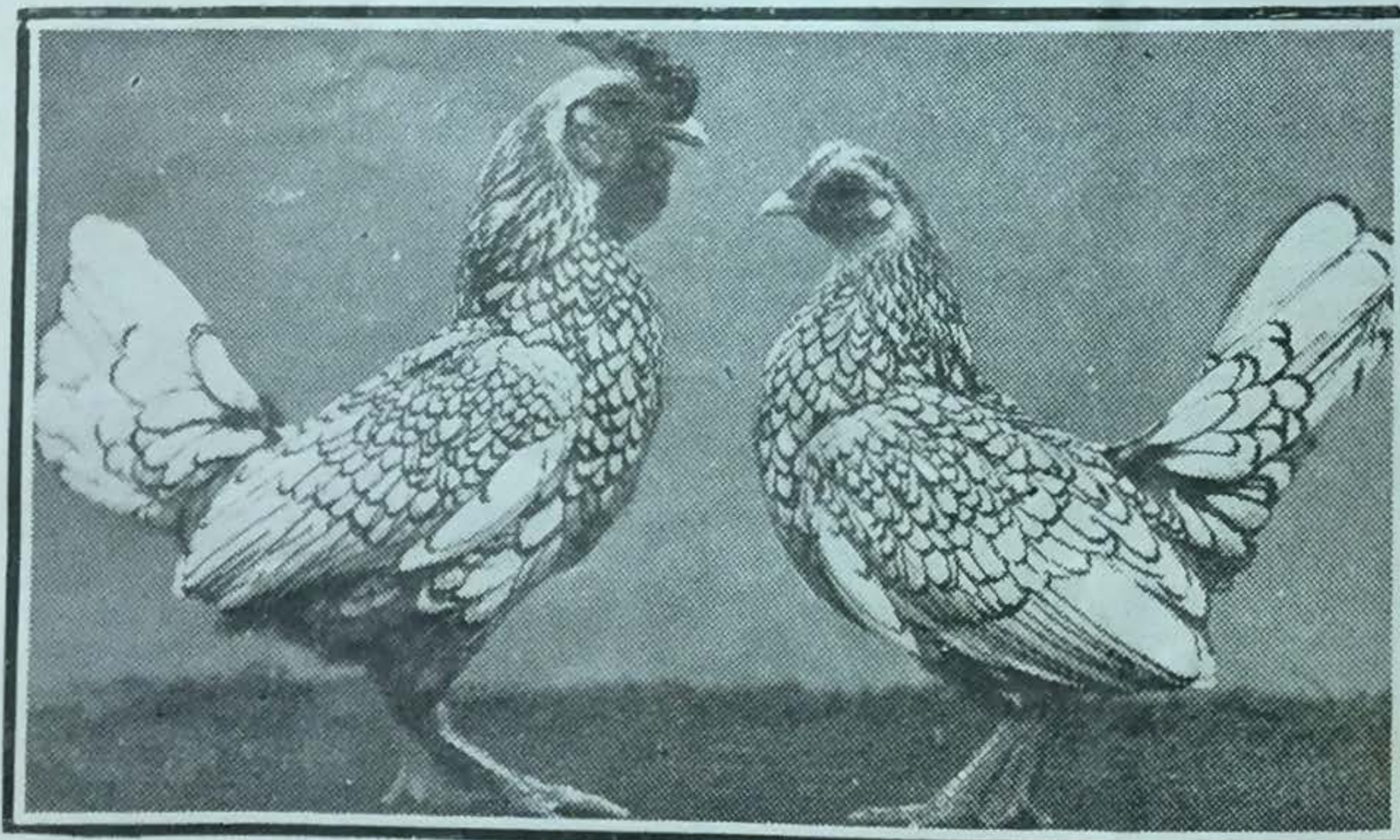
The breed was built up by the skilful crossing of about five distinct varieties, and it still bears the name of its originator, Sir John Sebright, a zoologist of eminence about one hundred years ago.

The exhibition specimens have a distinct black lacing or edging to every visible feather, and the ground colours are respectively a chestnut brown and a clear white, the former being known as the gold, and the latter silver.

It may interest readers to know the gold and silver laced Wyandotte fowls were originally bred in America very largely by the use of these Bantams,

and when one compares the size of the specimens of large Wyandottes and Sebright's Bantams exhibited to-day, it appears almost incredible.

Prior to the great war Queens and many famous women were constant exhibitors of Bantams, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the study and encouragement of these interesting little dwarf fowls will go on constantly increasing.



Sebright Bantams at the York Show.

["Daily Sketch."] ing.

How to Make and Use Liquid Manure.

MANY amateurs have a hazy idea as to what liquid manure really is, and many a fine plant or bush is spoiled by the use of a thick slimy paste which seals up the surface soil, sours the ground and does infinite harm.

Liquid manure is a thin liquid holding in solution the food matter of farmyard manure; it is brownish in colour, about the tint of weak tea, and it should always be allowed to settle before use so that the sediment may not be spread over the soil.

There are several good methods of making liquid manure.

The best is to get an old pail and, with a pick, knock several holes of about 2 inches diameter into the sides; suspend this near the top of a barrel of water and the contents will be a rich liquid in 24 hours. The pail is then easily emptied and refilled.

Another good plan is to lay two pieces of wood across the water-butt and to place on them a box, full of manure, with the bottom made of a sheet of iron perforated by 2-inch holes. The rain water is then allowed to flow through this and the brown liquid obtained is always ready for use.

Artificial manures can also be used to make a potent liquid fertiliser, one ounce of a mixture to one gallon being the rule.

Never forget to use the hoe after liquid manures are applied, for the liquid tends to close up the pores of the ground and leads to sourness if the surface is not broken up.



The Easy Swing of Perfect Freedom.

The flexibility of the Liberty Bodice allows perfect freedom of movement with proper support in any position. It is an indispensable garment for any woman who values grace and health, and being made of porous and hygienic material, permits free air circulation all over the body.

Made in 13 ages for children. In white and natural, also Young Ladies' and Ladies' in large and O.S. "The Liberty Bodice" can be had in Tricotine fabric if this is preferred. Ask for Liberty Bodice de Luxe.

Liberty Bodice
TRADE MARK

(Knitted Fabric).

Write for free copy of "Alice in Liberty Land," a beautifully illustrated book for children, with a strong appeal to mothers. The edition is limited, so send to-day.

"LIBERTY BODICE FACTORY," (Dept. 40), Market Harborough.

Rabbit Keeping.—III.

IN the feeding of rabbits the following important rules must be observed:—

1. Never give stale, impure or deteriorated foods, either cereals, roots, or greenstuff.
2. Never give more than can be cleared up at one meal, say in an hour's time at most.
3. If anything, keep your stock on the hunger side, especially show specimens. Animals fed continuously to repletion often get to loathe their food, will even starve for several days, and thus lose weight.
4. Give plenty of variety. Nothing slays appetite so much as dull routine.
5. Change the water whenever dirty, and at least three times a day in summer.
6. Keep a piece of rock-salt in the hay racks.
7. Never leave any soiled or stale food in the hutches.
8. Get the very best clover hay.

If, in spite of care, some animals go off their feed, give the sufferers an hour's run on the rabbitry floor, or in a barn. In dry weather, they may be placed outside on a bit of sweet grass, enclosed in wire netting.

Hay is the best bulk food. It is to rabbits what chaff and hay are to cattle, and what bread is to us. Keep a little in each rack, replenishing as it gets low.

In summer your stock will get on very well with hay, green food and roots, plus a very little meal or whole oats, say a dessertspoonful per adult per diem. Some cereal food is indispensable.

Of wild greenstuffs I use sow-thistle, hog-weed, dandelion, grass, vetch, clover, shepherd's purse, groundsel. Also, as a change, field parsley, chick-weed, nettles (dried), docks (young shoots only), bind-weed, plantain. This latter is a great favourite, I find.

Dandelion should be given with caution, as it is a laxative.

The garden or allotment will supply cabbage or cauliflower leaves, carrot and turnip tops, pea pods and haulm, parsley, lettuce, chicory, beet, radishes, lucerne, maize, parsnips.

Mangolds (not before January), swedes and potatoes come in as wild greenstuff disappears in the autumn. The change from summer to winter feeding must be made very gradually or troubles will accrue. Give very little of the new food the first time, increasing gradually from day to day.

Dry off all green stuffs.

Protect roots from damp and frost.

Never feed frost-bitten stuff to rabbits, or spotted liver will appear in no time.

Potatoes ensure a good flow of milk in breeding does.

Bucks in use should have plenty of stimulating food, such as Thorley's or Spratt's Food, linseed (scalded), fish-meal, bean or pea meal, Liverine.

The wet mash system is excellent, especially during the winter months, when it should be fed warm, preferably at night. Use barley-meal or middlings (sharps) for this, the bran of nowadays being only so much rubbish.

For youngsters, rolled oats are a good substitute for hard grains.

Make a time-table of feeding hours, and keep to it, e.g. :—

SUMMER.			
7 a.m.	1 p.m.	7 p.m.	
Dry corn (white oats, whole)	Green food.	Mash and	
Green food (cabbage, etc.)	(wild)	Roots.	

WINTER.			
8 a.m.	1 p.m.	6 p.m.	
Dry corn,	Potato peelings,	Warm mash, roots	
roots.	etc.	(extra rations).	

For fattening stock and does in kindle use, if possible, a little new milk instead of water to form the mash. The latter should be made with hot milk or boiling water, poured on to sharps or, better, barley-meal, and worked into a stiff paste. Scraps of potato and cooked vegetables may be added, also a pinch of salt, a little scalded linseed and some Spratt or Thorley Food.

The following special dainties are much appreciated :—Peas soaked for two or three days in water, apple parings, sun-flower seeds, young hawthorn and blackberry twigs, crusts of bread, beetroot, cabbage stalks split up twice, acorns.

If you give carrots, be extremely careful that there is no flaw in them, or you will have the bunnies scouring.

Newly-weaned youngsters should be fed four to five times a day. C. G. B. L.

Spraying Essential.

THERE are still fruit-growers who profess to believe that sunshine and rain are enough to produce the best fruit—that nature is all-sufficient. Spraying is absolutely essential to successful fruit-growing.

The man who raises the fine, healthy crop year in and year out is the one most ready to acknowledge this fact, and it is the man who raises the poor fruit who is the most active in finding excuses, in blaming the soil, weather, etc., everything but his lack of proper attention to the trees. Go into your orchard and examine the trees. The Moss sucks the sap out of the trees and closes the pores of the bark. Notice the cracks in the bark, the rough appearance, the scale and the Lichens! Is it any wonder that your trees become stunted and unhealthy and your fruit undersized and worm-eaten? It is a question of how long trees will stand such treatment even on the finest soil.

There is just one way to do it—and the only way—spray.

To-day.

YESTERDAY belongs to memory, to-morrow to the unknown—to-day is yours.

Like a fresh page it comes to you, and before night-time you will have written indelibly on it with the story of your life.

It comes to you unbesmirched—yours to make of it what you will.

And at dusk it recedes into the past bearing the imprint of your soul.

Think of some of the days that have gone by. Recall what was written by your thoughts, your achievements, your debasements.

To-day comes as a gift, as a glorious responsibility.

To-day is yours.

[“ Our Notebook.”]

Better Wear

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42/- & 45/-

Made in black and dark tan “Nugo” calf in Derby shape, with unlined leg, of strong yet pliable material which lies softly to the foot. This boot is guaranteed thoroughly watertight and trustworthy for the roughest service. The soles are made double thickness, with the undersole in one piece right along to the heel. Stitched welts give the boot added strength and appearance. For all ladies who are working on the land, or as post-women, railway workers, etc., the boot is invaluable.

In Full Sizes only : 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

No. E1212, 42/-, Black.

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Size 8, 1/- more. All post free.

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of Scottish Footwear.

Wm. PATTERSON & SONS
L93, Overgate, DUNDEE

Garden Notes.—(Continued from page 197.)

GRAPES on late started vines should have air early, but the house should be damped down and closed by 3.30 p.m. Leave off watering with liquid manure immediately the fruit starts to colour, otherwise the result will be disastrous.

RASPBERRIES.—Old fruited canes may now be shortened back to within one foot of the ground. Cut out all weak growths, leaving only four or five canes to each plant.

FLOWERS.

ARUM LILIES, if not already started, must be lifted at once and potted up, or transferred from old to fresh pots.

AZALEAS AND CAMELLIAS that were stood out of doors in summer may now be brought in.

BEDDING PLANTS.—Keep all faded flowers picked off.

BEGONIAS.—Give mulch of road grit and short manure. They will still bloom for some time yet.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.—These need great care and attention; plenty of water, liquid manure and fertilizers may be given until blooms are showing colour, when only clear water should be given. Keep sharp look-out for earwigs; the best time to catch these bloom-destroyers is between 7 and 8 p.m., they always work in the late evenings when it is dark.

DAHLIAS.—Give waterings of soot and liquid manure. Thin growths to show up the flowers, and they will remain at their best for some time yet.

FALLING LEAVES should be swept and carefully gathered and put in pit or heap for making mould.

FREESIAS.—Another batch may still be potted for spring flowering. Box up and plunge all bulbs wanted for indoor flowering.

GERANIUMS may now be struck from cuttings for next season's stock.

GLADIOLI.—Pot The Bride and others for spring.

GLOXINIAS may be propagated by means of their leaves.

SALVIAS should be potted and housed.

SWEET PEAS sown out of doors will stand all winter if protected in frosty weather. These will give much better blooms than those sown in the early year. Sow also in pots; plunge in ashes in a sheltered spot out-doors and let them winter there. Schizanthus retusus may be sown for spring flowering; it is a lovely thing.

PERENNIALS sown in July and pricked off into boxes may now be planted in borders or in their flowering quarters as soon as they are ready. I am a strong advocate of sowing all seeds possible in the autumn, the soil is warmer and germination is quicker, also it is a fact that plants give much better results in every way if made to work and suffer; in this way, too, they are absolutely human, the best characters are nearly always those who have not found life all roses but have had to fight and suffer and overcome. Let a plant have the chance of fighting through the winter months, and she will build up a hardy constitution, and the result when flowering time comes will be amazing.

E. R. MORE.

Why do we fret and toil so to enjoy ourselves and find amusement, when, if only we sit quiet and wait, Happiness will come stealing in.

WIRE PANELS (Extra Strong).

6ft. 3in. x 2ft. 3in. 3½in. Square Mesh, 8 Gauge, Finished Black Japan.



A FEW OF THE USES THESE CAN BE PUT TO. For the Garden. General Use. Fruit and Flower Trainers. Sheep Hurdles. Fencings. Partitions. Machinery Guards. Fire Guards. Concrete Work. Trellis Work. Camp Beds, &c. They are the most useful size conceivable.

Price 30/- per doz. To-day's Retail Value, 6/- each.

WIRE NETTING.

Black Japanned. New Condition. In rolls, 150ft. x 3ft. 19 gauge. 18 gauge. 17 gauge.

¾in. Mesh	42/-			per roll.
1in. "	35/-	37/-		"
1½in. "			32/6	"
2in. "	24/-	26/-	28/6	"

A few rolls of 6ft. 7in. x 2in. x 17 gauge, at 57/6 per roll
" " 3ft. 6in. x 1½in. x 17 gauge, at 35/- "

One Cwt. equals One Mile of

GALVANISED FENCING WIRE.

42/6 for 1 cwt., 21/6 for ½ cwt.

Specification, 16 G. Two Strand Twisted Galvanised. Made up in ½-cwt. Coils. NEW.

BARBED WIRE.

4 Point Thick Set Japd. Black in ½-cwt. Reels, 30/- cwt. 1½in. Strong Staples, 19/6 per 28 lb.

GALVANISED BARBED WIRE.

(Weathered). As good as new, 4 point. thick set in ½-cwt. reels. 50/- per cwt.

[All F.O.R.]

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Telephone: City 8994.

SAFEGUARDING WOMEN'S FUTURE

Every woman should obtain a copy of an interesting booklet dealing with a special series of Insurances for Women, giving full particulars and clear and simple examples of the many benefits afforded by the various policies issued by the "British Dominions."

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EAGLE STAR & BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

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Head Office: British Dominions House, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C.3.

ASSETS EXCEED £19,000,000.

Poultry Notes.—(Continued from Page 198.)

laying commences ere maturity is reached the eggs may be pigmies, and weigh but 1½ oz. each. Even if as time goes on they show an increase in size they will ever be small and undersized, and not fit for incubation. Layers of such eggs are ruined. Seeing then that the laying of immatures pullets gives us small eggs we must be very careful as maturity is approached. It is wrong to give too much fish-meal to maturing pullets or to force them too quickly. If they appear too forward and are reddening up in head points, change them to fresh quarters, allow free range, and omit fish-meal from the diet, and even soft mash entirely. Dry mash and grain will retard laying, not being forcing.

The Winter's Schedule.—Handle your pullets well and put them into their permanent winter houses early in September. I like a general shift round then because the change of environment discourages laying if the birds are too forward. Next put in your nest-boxes and adopt an egg-producing menu from mid-September. Do not do any repairs or shift the birds after that date, but let them settle down quietly and undisturbed, and in three weeks or so eggs should make an appearance. Adult hens that moulted early can also be placed in their permanent winter quarters in early September and be similarly handled, i.e., if one is planning to have them in lay again by October. In all cases this settling-down process is essential ere eggs can even be expected.

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

THE MILKY WAY.

An athletic cow jumped over the moon,
And as she was passing by,
She heard the voice of an elderly coon
At the top of his voice shout "hi!"

"There is no need for you to stay,
To supply our daily meal;
We live close to the 'Milky Way'—
Which has ever been 'Ideal.'"

(Fred G. Martin, in "John O'London's Weekly.")

In the course of a lesson on the subject of domestic economy and hygiene a mistress got a singularly smart and apt answer from a girl. Speaking of milk and its importance as a food, the lady asked: "What is the best place wherein to keep the milk perfectly nice and fresh during, say, a hot summer day?" And one girl promptly answered: "Please, teacher, in the cow."

"Does it bother you much," inquired a farmer's wife of her neighbour, "Mrs. Pilkington, to keep the chickens out of the garden?"

"Yes," returned that good lady, "but what bothers me more is to keep the garden out of the chickens."

"Living in the great towns of industry, one is tempted to think that all mankind is struggling in some great quagmire; that the foundations of the world are shaken; and that angels and mighty men of God are labouring to secure them. In the country we shall find that these things are regarded as very trivial, for Nature is here concerned for nothing but the making of song and beauty."

("On Friendship," by Moryd Sheridan.)



You can have a
FULL EGG-BASKET
all this Autumn by using
UVECO
Poultry Food

UVECO is Nature's own food for Poultry. It is the greatest health-builder known because it is simply pure grain, cleaned, cooked and flaked by a wonderful process which adds nothing and extracts nothing. Every morsel of Uveco feeds and brings the birds to a perfect state of health. Uveco-fed birds, therefore, are the greatest egg-producers and thousands of keen poultry keepers have proved it.

Ask us to send you a
FREE SAMPLE

just to show you what a clean, wholesome food Uveco is. Simply send your own and your dealer's name and address to

UVECO CEREALS, Ltd.,
25 Brunswick Street, LIVERPOOL.

Farm Terms.

Aftermath, is the grass which grows after the hay has been made; it is also called *Latter-math*, *Rowen*, or *Rowett*, and when left long on the ground it is called *Fogg*, in some places.

A Broad-sharing Plough, a Kent plough without a mould-board, and with a very broad share.

Plants Tiller—a plant is said to "tiller" when it produces several stems from the crown of the root at the surface of the soil.

Dowells are wooden pegs, used in the making of gates, etc.

The Not—the Berkshire sheep.

The Hind—a Berkshire ploughman.

Fallow is a portion of land in which no seed is sown for a whole year. The practice of fallowing land is as old as the Roman Empire. It appears that wherever the Romans extended their conquest and planted colonies, they introduced this mode of restoring land to a certain degree of fertility when exhausted by bearing corn.

Splashing a hedge—it is a method of repairing hedges. It consists in cutting half through some of the stems near the ground, and then bending the upper parts down and plaiting them in and out. This way is always done in Bucks.

FROM THE NORTH RIDING.

"*Mak's t'meat*"—when the farmer's wife prepares the food for dinner.

"*Badgers*"—dealers in butter and eggs.

"*A daytal-man*"—a day-labourer.

"*Moudiwarps*"—the moles.

"*Coorn*"—corn.

Something that Begins with "T."—(Continued from page 202.)

But he suspected me: "Yea, but the flour is most all gone, and the canned goods, and the prunes, and the—. Of course," he interrupted himself to apologize, "I'm sorry about the musty marts of commerce for you."

"And glad for your ownself," so the words formed themselves, all ready to accuse, but I did not use them. It was true, so whatever was the use of emphasizing it and making all of my family squirmingly uncomfortable.

It is odd how one doesn't get used to things, unpleasant things, I mean. About every once in a long while the state of our larder forces me to go to the city a-marketing. It seems incredible, but when I order by letter folks cheat, sometimes. Every time I have to go to the city all of my family is overjoyed. He likes to stay here in perch-edifice all by himself and be hermits and pirates and such objectionable people. I think it is mean of him.

Instead of accusing I warned him: "I'm going to whine," I said.

"Go to it, old scout," he agreed. It is merely a part of the programme. I always whine when I have to go down to the city.

I whined. The city in March was detestable. I didn't have any clothes to wear. The old city smarties began to wear spring clothes in March, and I never could buy my spring clothes until summer sale time, when the city smarties were blooming in fall things. And I'd look dowdy. And I'd feel dowdy. And I supposed everybody would be sorry for me.

"Yea," agreed all of my family, "I suppose."

I was astonished. All of my family usually shows sort of an instinct for tactfulness: "Only—why?" I asked.

"May be," he explained, "they'd think it wasn't nice not to be sorry for you when you were sorry for yourself."

Sometimes I suspect all of my family of being a philosopher, but I never humour him in it: "Wisdom?" I jeered.

"No," he disclaimed, "just saying."

I sat silent for a while, just thinking.

"Have you finished whining?" inquired all of my family.

"Quite."

"Then," suggested he, "let's go play."

And now it is dark time in the world. Whoever put the moon in place to-night dropped it hard, perhaps because it was so big and heavy, and made it splatter stars all over the sky, and little furry clouds are scampering about, trying to lick them up, I think. I like you dark time; I like you fat moon; I like you tiny stars; I like you silly little greedy clouds; I like you all very much. Good night.

(To be Continued.)

An Old Toothache Cure.

Let the Party that is troubled with the toothache lie on the contrary side and drop 3 drops of the juice of rue into the ear on the side the tooth aches, and let it remain an hour or two and it will remove the pain. If a needle is run through a wood-louse and immediately touch the aching tooth with that needle it will cease to ache.

"The Compleat Housewife," 1727.

Flowers' Names.

Marigolds.

As Mary was a walking
All on a summer day,
The flowers all stood curtsying
And bowing in her way;
The blushing poppies hung their heads
And whispered Mary's name,
And all the wood anemones
Hung down their heads in shame.

The violet hid behind her leaves
And veiled her timid face,
And all the flowers bowed a-down
For holy was the place.
Only a little common flower
Looked boldly up and smiled
To see the happy mother come
A-carrying her Child.

The little Child, He laughed aloud
To see the smiling flower,
And as He laughed the Marigold
Turned gold in that same hour.
For she was gay and innocent—
He loved to see her so
And from the splendour of His face,
She caught a golden glow.

From "Punch."

Paderewski's Polish Pigs.

In view of the fact that Poland and her troubles are very much before the public eye, the following story concerning M. Paderewski, ex-Premier of that country, may be read with interest. The great pianist, before he entered politics, was keenly interested in farm stock. He once purchased some prize pigs in Essex, and the transaction was widely advertised in the newspapers at the time. Shortly afterwards he was looking into a pigsty of a farm, when the farmer came up and entered into conversation. Being anxious to impress the visitor with his importance, he conducted him to a sty he had not seen, and said: "Do you see them pigs? I've sold them to Mr. Paderewski, the great pig-dealer from abroad!"

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF LANDSWOMEN.

MIDDLESEX.

The Secretary is very sorry that so many members and applicants for membership have had to wait so long for answers to their letters. She has been ill and quite unable to attend to any correspondence, or to get anyone to do it for her. She hopes to be able to answer all letters soon.

What then is the use of the weather?

Supposing you have made a globe and put some people upon it to live, what would you do to make them feel at home?

You would give them something to talk about.

Just so—the weather was designed to furnish a universal topic of conversation for man.

Without the weather, 999,999 out of 1,000,000 conversations would die in their infancy.

OLIVER HERFORD.



DEAR GIRLS,—In spite of all our efforts over 1,000 readers of THE LANDSWOMAN have not yet sent in their subscription for the second half of 1920—notwithstanding the fact that they have received two copies since their last subscription expired. I know in most cases it is only thoughtlessness, and because some of you are so very busy just now with the harvest work—but if you knew what a lot of extra trouble it gives us in the office, I am sure you would be the first to make that tiresome but necessary little effort to get that postal order into the letter box. The September number is only being sent to those who have paid up, so that if you hear of any girl who has not received hers this month, you will only have to ask her: “Have you paid?”

The September number will be sent by return of post as soon as we receive the subscription.

Correspondence Club.

Here are some of your letters, which have been particularly interesting this month:—

“Well, here we are in the Land of the Maple, and I just thought I’d like to write to tell you what a jolly fine country it is, but just one little thing, it isn’t quite so good as the dear old country. I have received two copies of THE LANDSWOMAN, forwarded from home, and they think it’s a great little paper here. Perhaps you’d like to hear about everything. We had a lovely crossing, only two rough days, and then I was glad I had braved convention and worn my Land Army kit. I was the only Land Girl on board, and, consequently, was rather spoilt. We reached Halifax after ten days, and then had two days and nights in a train to Toronto, passing through Montreal. We all used to jump out at any stop, and often had to run for the train. There were ten demobbed Service girls besides myself, but they had no definite destination. At Toronto we were despatched on a street car to a hostel, where we received a hearty welcome, and also something better, a good bath and bed. They kept the girls there for forty-eight hours free. Next day was Good Friday, and we had a good look round the city. It doesn’t come near London. Next morning I arose early and finished my journey, for I was bound for a farm at Bayfield, a post secured for me by the Overseas’ Settlement Office in London. I stayed there just two months. I often go bathing, Lake Huron is only half a mile away, and we catch no end of fish. The population round here is chiefly Irish, Scotch, German, and French, and I find English people are rather looked down on. I am going to try and make a good impression on them anyway. They already acknowledge I can work better than many Canadian girls. I often go about in bare feet, as it is the fashion here for young people. We are having very hot weather now, and I thought someone told me Canada was cold.”

* * *

“I must tell you before I stop how much I en-

joyed reading the ‘Joys of a Land Girl!’ One of my chiefest joys is our good old uniform. I simply love it, especially on wet days when I go through the streets here and see other women folk splashing about in high-heeled shoes and thin stockings, their arms aching with holding up inadequate umbrellas! I feel so superior, snug and dry and comfy in my boots and leggings, mack, and unspoilable hat!

“Good night, and many thanks for the many hours of pleasant reading you have given me in THE LANDSWOMAN.”

* * *

“Three big cheers for our ‘Mag.,’ and may its size never grow less! I am really glad that you’ve decided not to decrease it, and my gladness is shared by heaps here. The farmer and his wife study the Dairy and Poultry Notes respectively, while the son makes a bee line for the Gardening Hints, and I dive for my ‘18 Black Pals’ on your page. Also the verses, and, of course, our serial, which is going to prove very fascinating I know.”

* * *

“On the day I receive THE LANDSWOMAN I always have the same corporate sort of feeling of belonging, and I can hardly believe that the Land Army is no more. I am just now in a lonesome, temporary job, poultry and gardening, so that the magazine is directly welcome; it reminds me of past comrades, and is itself a comrade indeed.”

* * *

“It’s almost the last link that binds me to the old days—that—and my friends I have made and left behind. Till a few months ago I had worked on the land for four years, but father was alone and wanting me, and I had to come—though I’ve left my heart away back with the cows and things I learnt to love—but who knows—perhaps, someday, I shall get back.”

* * *

“At last we have arrived.

“We are staying with a farmer until my husband gets into the Canadian farming and we are taking a farm of our own about January. This is a lovely country, and I think I shall like it immensely. We are six miles from the town of Sarnia. Nearly all the houses here are made of wood, but they are just lovely.

“I met one of our English Land Girls on the journey from Quebec to Toronto. She has just been married, and is going to help her husband on a farm. I was delighted to meet one of our own girls.

“I shall look forward to receiving the next LANDSWOMAN. I kept the last one and read it on the boat. The weather here is just glorious, just like an English summer.”

* * *

“Thank you very much for getting the safety-pin brooch. It was just what I wanted. My hat that you advised me to send to Achille Serre has

come back and looks awfully nice, and they haven't spoilt the shape."

"Our cricket match was a great success; we enjoyed the game very much, although both sides were greatly hampered by their clothes. The ladies beat the gents by ten runs, and many were the cheers raised by the onlookers each time we made a good hit or bowled the men. We also helped to cause some fun with musical chairs, which naturally made a funny sight in the different costumes. Nothing seemed to mar the day, the weather was perfect and everyone seemed happy. The money taken was well over £200—a good sum, wasn't it? I am simply longing to get the August number of our dear little mag. I always feel as if I must go to meet the postman when I know the morning it is coming; however, I must wait a few more days and then I can have a real good tuck in—no one must dare to come near me then lest I should miss the smallest verse."

"I am terribly busy just now, and shall be till the end of this month when we are having our sale of Friesians—we have a splendid herd. I shall be so sorry to part with the dear old things, for I love them all. They are ever such heavy milkers. I have one who has given over 1,500 gallons since October 1st, 1919. Have another that took 1st prize at Royal Norfolk Show last year, and 2nd at Suffolk Show, Bury St. Edmunds (she has given over 700 gallons since April 20th); and several 1,000 gallon cows, and some topping heifers and calves, which I am hoping will make good prices. I do so want everything to be a great success."

"The magazine is better than ever; I am so glad it was not curtailed. Many thanks for the efforts you have taken to keep it going, and for the interest you take in us all."

"Ever so many thanks for the copies of THE LANDSWOMAN, which I was so glad to receive. I was mixing a solution for spraying potatoes when the post came; I was nearly off my head with excitement, as I have been looking out for it every day."

"You are one in a thousand! I have made three choices, and if they are sold I leave it to you to send the nearest."

"It's post time, so will send on the extra money when I know how much it is, if you don't mind."

"I love THE LANDSWOMAN, and enjoy every article of it as much as I enjoy the land work. Although I am now married I still do the greater part of the milking with my husband on his father's farm."

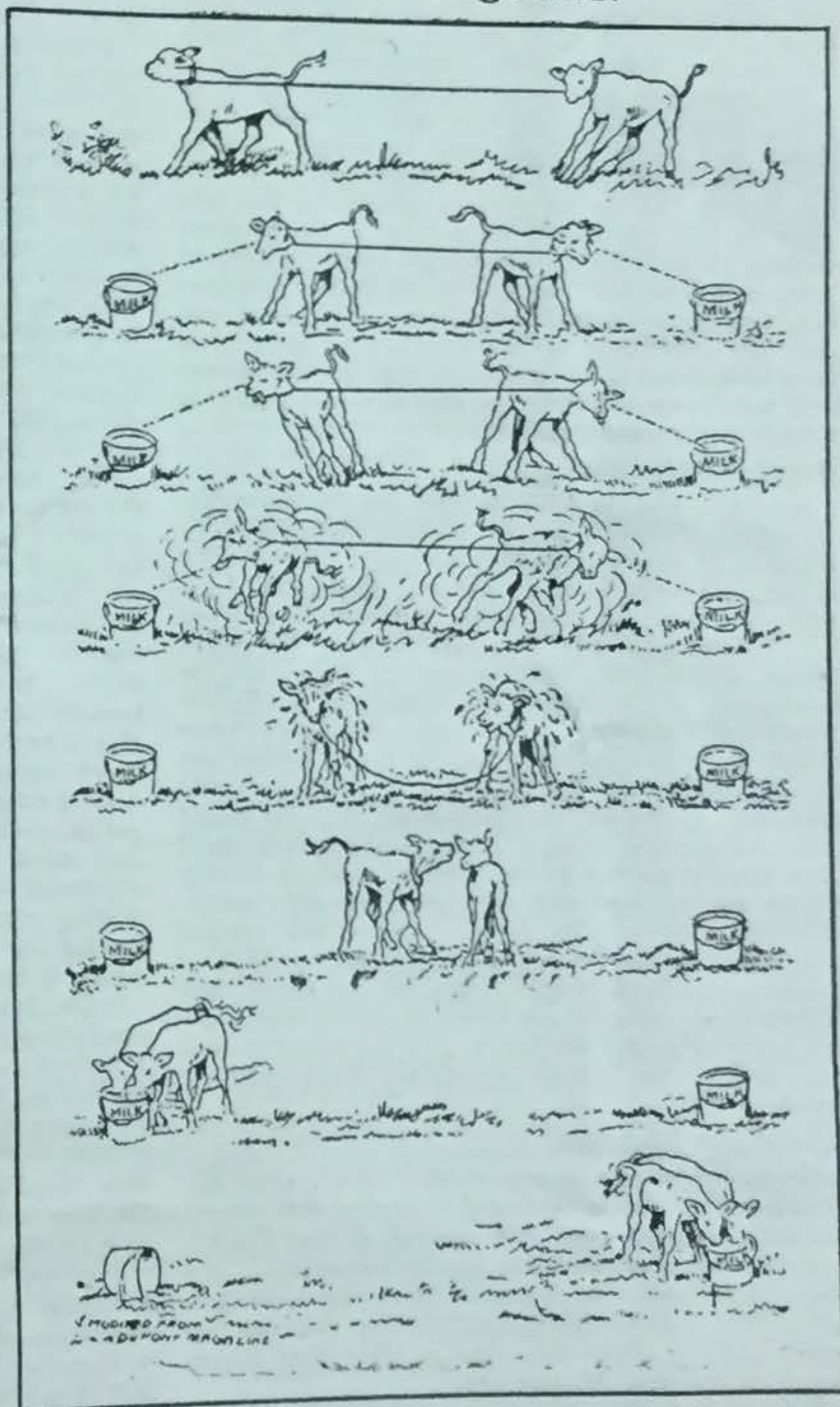
"Wishing the 'magazine' continued success, and trusting that you may ever find fresh joys in your kindly interest in it."

"I love the August magazine. Miss More makes me want to live in a garden for ever. We do live in the garden here, and wish the summer would not come to an end."

"Ever so many thanks for your very nice letter. I am very anxious to let you know, now that I am fitted up and straight with my hut, and I am ever so snug and comfortable, and such a lovely feeling that it is my own place. I do my cooking and cleaning, etc., on Sundays, which make things ever so interesting."

"I should like you to mention in the mag. how delighted I am with the hut."

Let's Pull Together.



[Our Note Book.]

Shopping Club.

With two different advertisements of boots in this month's LANDSWOMAN, you will no longer doubt that in my opinion they are the most important item of a land girls' outfit, and I can almost hear some of you saying, "and the most expensive." Yes, and that is why I want you to think seriously about next winter's boots just now, while that extra harvest money is burning a hole in your pocket. There is variety for you to choose from—Mayflowa Brogues for holidays and Sundays—nothing looks nicer with land kit (an old reader the other day wrote to tell me she had had three pairs) and the boots made by Patterson's, of Dundee. They have only shown you their land boots, but if you write for their catalogue you will find every sort of footwear, from bedroom slippers to real "waders," at prices from 7s. 11d. to anything you like. Their Wellington rubber boots for wet grass, through which we all have to wade in the winter mornings, are excellent and cheap, so send a postcard for that catalogue at once. I have seen it, and have already sent for four different pairs of boots and shoes.

We have been just as busy as ever with our shopping commissions—cameras, and materials, and skirts, and books, and all sorts of things. Articles advertised in the Exchange Column seem to be sold out within two or three days of publication, and some of the advertisers must have a lot of letter writing to do. Stamped envelopes should always be sent, otherwise the postage of answering inquiries is a very heavy item. I hope when stamps are sent that the advertisers do answer letters, as it is so very disappointing to wait and wait for an answer and not know whether or not you are going to receive the goods.

Overseas Settlement.

You will find in this number an announcement of certain vacant posts of various sorts in New Zealand. I have published it because I know several of you are very keen to get out there, but I do want to warn you not to be too optimistic about it. Unless you are obviously exactly the right person for the post, I advise you, as I am sure the Committee of the Overseas Settlement of British Women will strongly advise you, *not* to go. Some of you seem to think that you have only to get out to the colonies to find Paradise, but if you could read some of the letters which reach me, you would soon change your mind. In most cases where land girls have gone out to the colonies without having a post waiting for them, they are thoroughly miserable and want to come home. One of our readers who wrote to me the other day has got stranded in Canada, has been ill ever since she got there, and is desperately longing for England. Of course there are many who are having a glorious time, as you can see by the letters which we quote in this number.

Agricultural Education.

Great strides are being made nowadays in the arrangements for agricultural education for women as well as men, and the powers of the County Councils are very extensive in this connection. We have always said that the great future for women in agriculture is in the skilled rather than the unskilled work, and my advice has been to take every opportunity of learning all you can.

I have had sent to me from the University of Leeds a most interesting report and programme of

the work carried out by the Education Department of the York Agricultural Council. Evening and day schools have their educational gardens, and there are demonstrational fruit centres and lecture courses in horticulture. It seems to me that many of our Yorkshire readers possibly know nothing of all these activities on their behalf, and I would advise all of you who want to learn more about your job, whether agricultural or horticultural, to write to your own Agricultural Council in your county town, and find out what facilities are available in your particular county. A very old friend of THE LANDSWOMAN, ex L.A.A.S., wrote to tell me that she has been granted a scholarship by the Wilts County Council for a course of training at an agricultural college. Don't forget there is always plenty of room at the top, so get to work to make yourselves thoroughly efficient in your own particular branch of farm work. The tendency nowadays is towards up-to-date, hygienic, and scientific methods, particularly in all dairy work, which is supremely the woman's part in farm life.

I confess that the lesson which I find most difficult to learn is patience. I do like to do and have things at once, and I firmly believe that our best and most brilliant efforts are those made on the spur of the moment. But there is no doubt that we are going to be sternly taught to be patient, if we are to make a success of The Priory garden, because our poor little stock of that virtue is being rapidly exhausted by the persistence of the weeds! Does any one know if there is any commercial value in groundsel, except for canaries? If there is, the groundsel in the rose garden alone would make our fortunes. Three times have the beds and paths been thoroughly cleaned since we took possession, and they are once again a carpet of bright green. The garden here has been uncared for five years, so if the old saying be true—one year's seeds seven years' weeds—I suppose, by simple arithmetic, that thirty-five years hence I shall still be pulling up groundsel. Which reminds me that I had a letter the other day from a reader of THE LANDSWOMAN who is over seventy, and has only just decided to give up land work! I was so cheered to hear that a life-long landswoman was still hale and active at that age, that I wrote and asked her to send her photograph, which we are going to publish in the October number. I only hope I look as young and bright when I get to seventy; it makes me wish that I had started land work at about thirteen, as she did. It's the wonderful open-air life that does it. I have been reading again lately that attractive book: "The Garden of Contentment," by Eleanor Mordaunt, which is full of the joys of the out-of-doors.

"Oh, beautiful, beautiful life! beautiful wind and clouds and trees! they make a Pantheon of me, and I prayed them to take me to themselves and make me one of their wild sweet fraternity, to teach me their secrets and their joys, and their a' most sweet sorrows; if only I might move as the wind moves, sing aloud as the trees sing, bend and quiver as the flowers do, and feel the living sap of life stirring swiftly and strongly through me."

I sympathize so heartily with her love of garden rather than greenhouse flowers, which she says "fill you with wonder and admiration but never with prayer," and those of us who love our gardens will understand that "worshipful" feeling which she always gets so strongly in her garden. She compares all our minds to gardens, and I think you

will be interested to find out what you are growing in yours.

"I think that the mind of each of us is a little garden planted quite by ourselves with all that we love most. Some people's gardens are filled with the poppies of ease and indolence, heavy both in scent and colour. Some are full of weeds, such as goose-grass and burdocks, which climb over everything and smother each tiny shoot of good and tender influence. Some are grown full of tall, white lilies, very pure, very perfect, but very much apart from the humble little low-growing plants in their neighbour's garden; and some people's gardens are full of stocks and lavender, and all sorts of tender, old-fashioned sweet-scented flowers."

I think we might have an Essay Competition on this subject. Suppose we call it "What flower I would grow in the Garden of my Mind, and Why?" Don't be afraid of the subject, it is quite an easy one for everybody, and can be treated in a humorous way as well as seriously. Three prizes will be given, and Essays must reach this office before October 8th.

What I admire most of all in the heroine of this book is that she found contentment in her garden just lying still, for she was an invalid, and spent all her days on her back. I am quite sure I could never be contented lying still. I tried it once for a year, and I became—if I wasn't before—a thoroughly disagreeable old woman. I must be doing things to be really happy in my garden, and then there is no happiness like it. However nervy and worried you are, or so disagreeable and cross that all your point of view is warped and crooked, an hour's hard work out of doors, in the earth or with the animals, will put you right. I can't explain why, it just slips off your shoulders. Do you all know those lines by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, which one of you sent me the other day:—

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea
Among the winds that play.
Among the lowing of the herds
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might pass
I cast them all away.
Among the clover scented grass
Among the new mown hay.
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God.

Your sincere friend,
THE EDITOR.

Exchange Column.

The Editor wants a St. Bernard dog puppy (long haired); also an Irish Setter, both over distemper.—Write: The Priory, Orpington.

Old Books and papers wanted by 'onely Land Girl.—D. N., Sandbank, Wisbech St. Mary, Cambs.

For Sale, black serge costume, medium size, £3. Wanted, high-legged brown boots.—M. R. T., Editorial Office.

Wanted, by Ex-Land Girl, small detached cottage with garden, to rent.—E. L. W., Manor Farm, Gaunts Earthcott, Almondesbury, Glos.

For Sale, one jersey, new, small size; overall, nearly new, small size; L.A. mackintosh, new; two pairs of breeches. What offers?—L. M. H., c/o Mrs. Sandys, 190, Seabank Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.



Here are shown the Fontaine of the Basin of Neptune at Versailles. Designed on the grandest scale, these famous fountains attract visitors from all parts of the World.



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.

6/- per lb. In 1 lb. and 2 lb. boxes, and loose.
Of Confectioners everywhere.

JAMES PASCALL, LTD., LONDON, S.E.
Also try Pascall "Creme de Menthe" (Non-Alcoholic) 1/6 & 2/10 Tins.

For Sale, Sutcliffe's Improved Incubator, 40-egg size, complete, only used twice; also Sutcliffe's "Sunlight" brooder, complete, 50-chick size, price £5 10s. the two, or would separate. Five pure Angora rabbits; also 1 Dutch buck: what offers?—Apply: Doherty, "Heather Glen," Ainstable, Cumberland.

Ex-L.A.A.S. wishes to dispose of one green golf jersey and cap, 7s. 6d.; one jersey (medium size), 6s.; one black oilskin (medium size), 15s.; one sou'wester, 2s.; mackintosh trousers, 5s., or the three £1, all unworn. Navy blue lady's burberry, absolutely waterproof, 15s.; stone-martin stole, length 35 inches, 25s.; black waking shoes, nearly new, £1; No. 1 Brownie, view-finder, case and printing frame, 7s. 6d. Approval for postage.—M. G. B., Crowell Farm, Purborough, Sussex.

Pennis Farm, Hawkham, near Longfield, Kent.—Collingridge, of the above address, wants old clean Christmas and New Year cards, scraps coloured, at once; will pay postage.

Wanted, a pair of black leather leggings, 3s.; pair of strong breeches, 4s., or would exchange pair of size 5 black L.A. boots, quite new.—G. A. Trevellyn-Mitchell, Troy, Monmouth.

For Sale, two new drill overalls, 9s. each, medium size.—Apply, Miss Stibbon, O'd Hall Farm, Mattishall, E. Dereham, Norfolk.

Pair black box calf boots, size 5, very little worn, £2; pair white canvas tennis shoes, size 6, 5s.; navy blue serge coat, 6s.; dust coat, light fawn, 3s. 6d., good condition; pink silk jersey, 21s.; big black serge coat, 2 length, astrakan collar, heavy, 20s. All articles sent on approval if postage paid.—E. M., "Redlands," Tonbridge, Kent.

For Sale, Collie-Terrier Puppy, four months old, black and tan; would make good house-dog or rabbit; very affectionate; price 2 guineas. (Will advertiser please send address.)

Wanted to purchase, second-hand pair of brown high-legged land boots, size 6.—Write, stating price, to Miss Adams at Presdate's Hall, Ware, Herts.

The Editor wants twelve March, 1920, hatched Buff Orpington or White Wyandotte pullets, and twelve April, 1920, White Leghorns; must be good laying strains.—The Priory, Orpington.

V.A.D. winter overcoat, part-lined red, £1 10s.; No. 1 Brownie camera, 5s.—E. R. T., Chorley Wood Cedars, near Rickmansworth, Herts.

Wanted, small size smocks in good condition, and Land Army high leg boots, size 3.—Hartop, 40, Breck Road, Whitegate Drive, Blackpool.

Posts—Vacant and Wanted.**Wanted.**

Ex-Land Girl wants place; milking and general farm work; little housework not objected to.—J. L. R., 24, Este Road, Falcon Road, Battersea.

Superior Ex-L.A.A.S. requires employment as milker and to do stall work, etc.; able to drive; preferably Hants, Middlesex, Sussex, Surrey.—Apply: A. E. S., "The Bungalow," Odiham, Hants.

Ex-Land Girl, 3 years' experience, desires post on a mixed farm or market garden. Would like to work with two or three other ladies. Disengaged now.—S., 6, Belvedere Grove, Wimbledon.

Land Girl wants situation, near London preferred; experienced, milk round, milking, and general farm work.—F. B., Editorial Office.

Ex-L.A.A.S. requires post as dairy maid; milking, butter-making, assist with poultry if preferred.—Apply: Miss Heredge, Garsden Lodge, Kingham, Oxon.

Ex-Land Army Worker wants post as under-gardener or work like work on farm; willing to learn milking; 3 years on land; near Liverpool if possible.—Marigold Cottage, Hawick Lane, Renwortham, Preston.

Free in October.—Outdoor Girl, trained and experienced in indoor and outdoor branches of horticulture; also good general knowledge of agriculture. Speciality: landscape work.—V. Stanhope Bell, Codicote, Welwyn.

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Ex-Land Girl requires post, near London preferred; milking, dairy, poultry, etc.; live in.—Apply: M. S., Editorial Office.

Ex-L.A.A.S. Girl, milker, dairymaid, calf-feeding, 2 years' experience; good references; county near London.—Miss Mad. dows, c/o Mrs. Lemon, Geeston, Stamford.

Vacant.

Land Girl wanted for three cows, pony, poultry, etc.; live in.—Wroth, Freemantle, Oakley, Basingstoke.

Land Girl wanted at once for milking and hay-making, etc.—Southcott, Creeds Farm, Pilning, near Bristol.

Good Milker wanted; experienced with calves and pigs; live in, separate bedroom.—Swanston, Thonock Grove Farm, Gainsboro', Lincs.

Wanted, Strong Girl to help on small farm and garden, willing to learn butter-making; no previous experience absolutely necessary if willing to learn; state wages; board and lodging provided.—Gilbertson, Gellygron, Pontardawe, Glamorganshire.

Six or Eight Land Girls wanted for potato picking; start at once.—Apply: York House, Aughton, Melbourne, near York.

Wanted immediately, Dairymaid on gentleman's farm; good milker essential; help on country milk round; live in; references.—Mrs. Harrison, Southend Dairy Farm, Upton-on-Severn.

Dairymaid wanted for pedigree cows and few pigs on gentleman's model farm; state age, references, wages required, etc.; live with farm manager; good home to suitable person.—Townshend, Fawley Warren Farm, Lambourne, Berks.

Wanted, 3 or 4 Land Girls for dairy work; must be experienced milkers.—Apply: Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd., Estate Office, Cherhill, Calne, Wilts.

Land Girl wanted to look after few cows and attend to pony; good milker; live in; good home and wages to willing girl.—Apply: J. P. Jackson, Priory Farm, Burnham, Bucks.

Wanted.—Very Respectable Girl required for small dairy, must be good butter-maker; also to assist in household duties; good home as family; state wages.—Apply: C. K. Bartlett, "Rockhurst," West Hoathly, Sussex.

Wanted, Strong Land Girl to milk and take charge of small herd; comfortable lodgings and good wages.—Ross Cheriton, Crowsly Park Farm, Henley-on-Thames.

Domestic Help wanted, 3 in family, no children, dairy or washing.—Apply with references and all particulars: Miss Attrill, Bathingbourne Farm, Godshill, Isle of Wight.

Wanted at once, Dairymaid to undertake 8-cow dairy, milk and tend the cows and few poultry.—Apply: Capt. H. Booth, "The Warren," West Tytherley, near Salisbury.

Ex-L.A.A.S. wanted as Cook for The Priory, Orpington, Kent; Ex-L.A.A.S. working in the house and garden; good wages; uniform provided; must be good cook.—Write to the Editor.

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