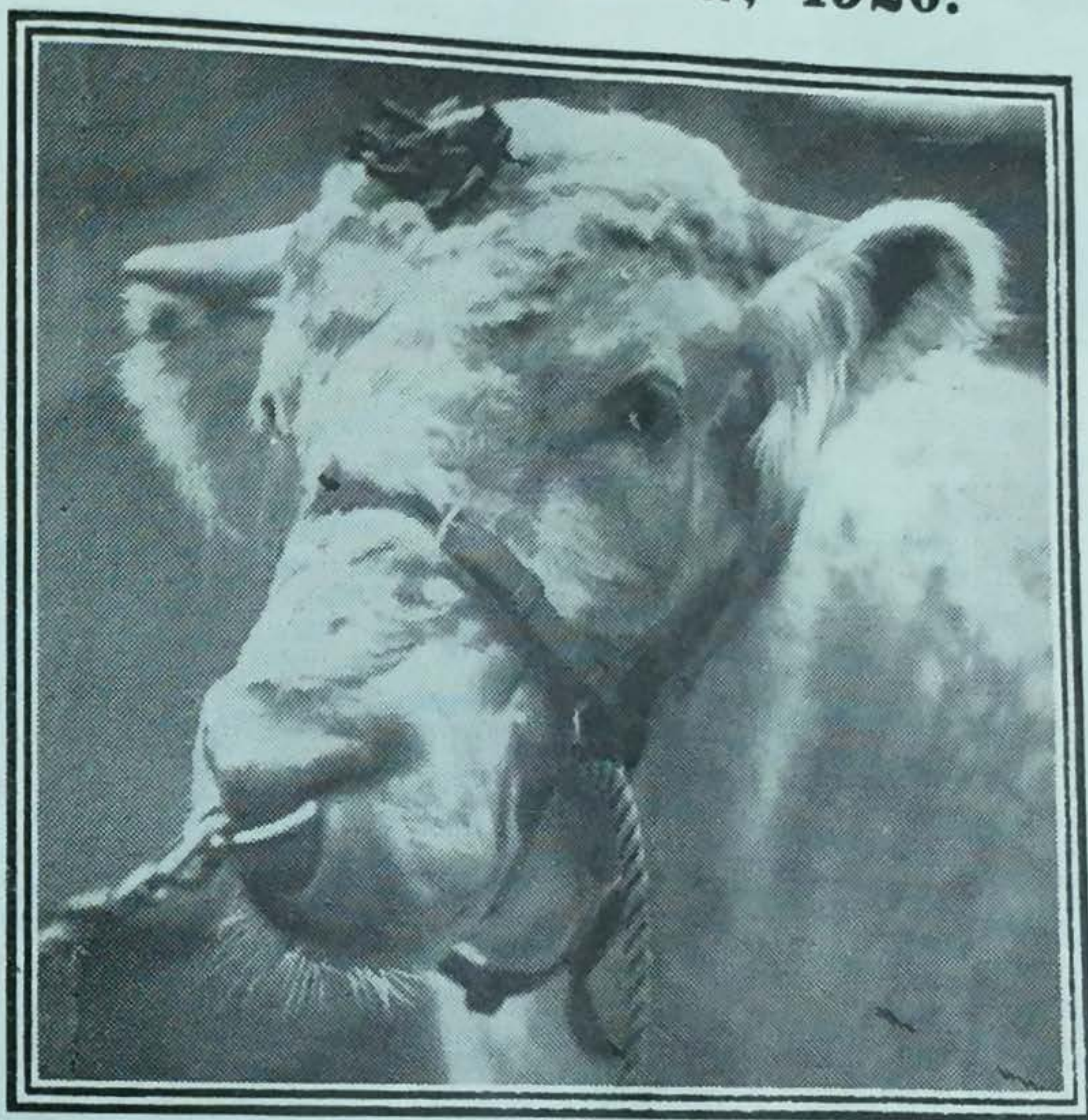


THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Girl and Every Country Woman

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

The Dairy Show, 1920.



"John Wild Eyes" Prize Bull
at the Dairy Show.

[*"Daily Mirror."*—*Sport and General.*]

NO show is so interesting to the landswoman as the Dairy Show, and no Dairy Show has ever been so wonderful as the 1920 one. We all remember last year's "Dairy," which beat the record of all previous shows at the Agricultural Hall, but this year's success simply took away the breath of the august Committee. Also it was quite the smart thing to do, to go down to "the" Show, and on the opening day we might have been at Ascot instead of at Islington! At 6.30 p.m. every evening the crowds that were still pouring in were infinitely greater than those coming out, and there were so many things to see, and all so interesting, no matter what side of farm work happened to be your pet branch, that it was impossible to do the job thoroughly in one day. I was down there three

times during the week, and I came across several LANDSWOMAN readers, who had saved up their holiday for Dairy Show week, and who seemed to me to be spending it entirely at the Agricultural Hall.

The cattle, of course, attracted the first attention of the milkers, and there were several heifers and bulls in charge of our girls. One girl had brought her Friesian heifer from Essex, and was sleeping with her charge every night in the straw! She was well rewarded, for the heifer took the second prize in her class in the milk test, together with a "Highly Commended" and a top of the list in butter fats. When I met her the first day of the Show, she was feeling the effect of the close confinement in that atmosphere, but a cup of tea

together soon cheered her up, and by the next day, when she had heard the judges' decision, every trace of anything but joyfulness had disappeared. She



Butter in the Making.

[*"Daily Mirror."*]

told me with great pride that her employer had just refused an offer of 1,000 guineas for her heifer!

The dairy appliances always fascinate me at these shows. All the latest inventions, and everything polished like silver. I don't think I shall be really happy till I have got a white tiled dairy with shining pails and pans, and the very latest thing in separators. The poultry girl found, up in the gallery, everything she wanted and every breed of fowl, from the ones whose feathers turn back the wrong way to those who are so beautifully groomed (can fowls be groomed? we must ask Mr. Powell-Owen!) that they look as though they have no feathers at all. Ducks, turkeys, who seem to be so much too big for their pens that they give the impression of being shut up like a concertina! and the most dignified geese I ever saw. Some of the Toulouse birds had such a sagging bag in their neck which gave them the appearance of august old gentlemen with beards, so much so that you instinctively looked for the heavy gold watch chain! But I am getting frivolous, and it was really quite a serious affair, because there was such a lot to learn. Of poultry appliances and fads there was no end—from a new automatic feeding arrangement by which the birds had to knock down their food a grain at a time, to a patent "so early in the morning" door which you could lock up at night but which the birds could open at cock crow!

I personally was very interested in a perfect little model of a wooden silo. The ensilage system is such a wonderful idea, and I should be glad if any of our readers who have this system at work on their farm would write an article explaining all the ins and outs to those of us who have not. Of course, the climax of the excitement was the milk-

ing contest for members of the Association. It took place on Thursday, and the winners milked again on Friday morning. I don't know how the authorities manage to pick out such very objectionable cows for this performance—perhaps it is in order to make the test more severe—but certainly they have not the manners of our own pet darlings at home. They were so bad this time that the *Daily Sketch* devoted a special paragraph to them! But the conclusion they came to agreed with the remark of the old farmer, who told the reporter "Cows like girls better than men." Here is the list of the prize-winners:—

1st.—Crick, Yorks.

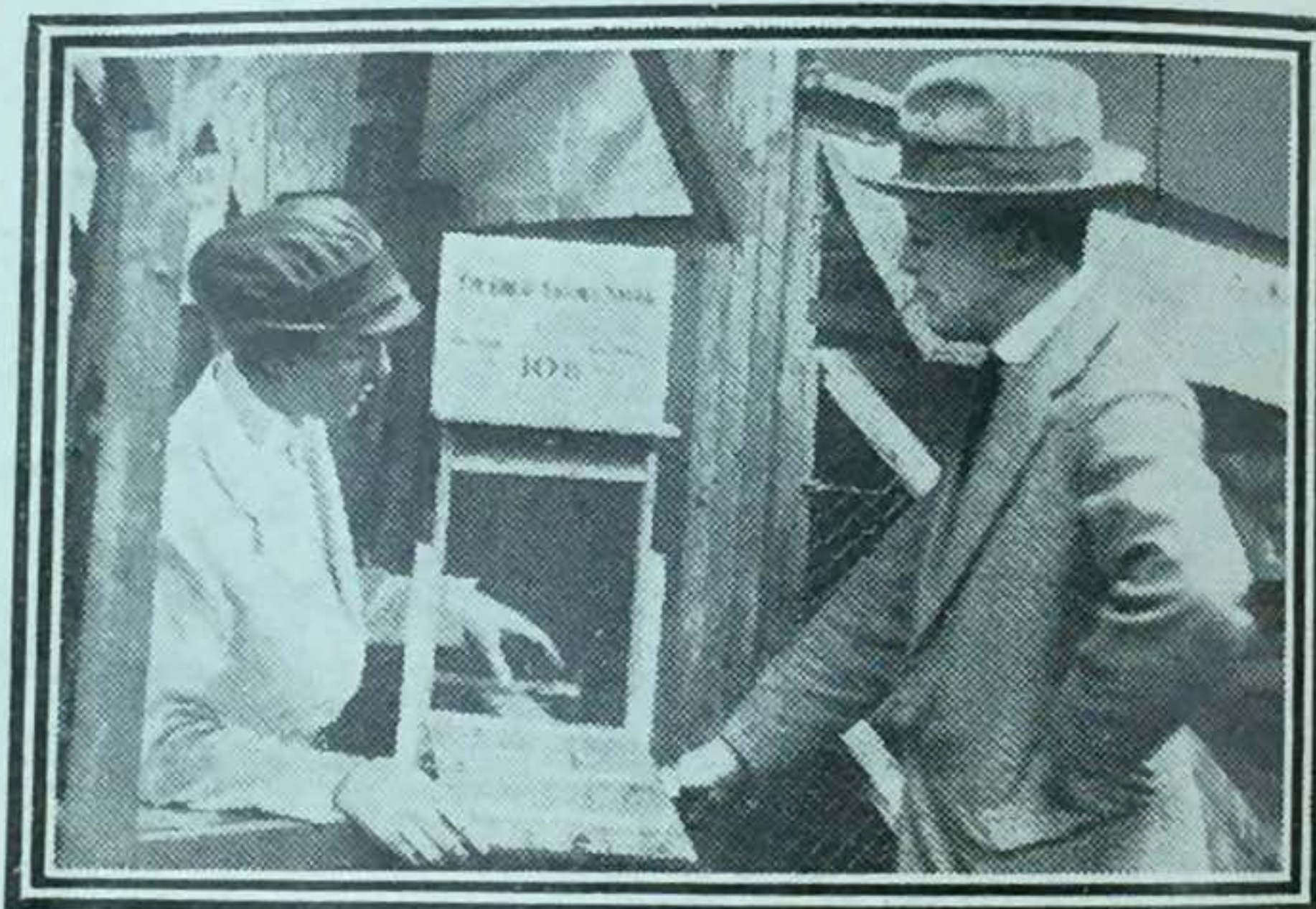
2nd.—E. Allen, Surrey.

3rd.—A. Durward, Essex; S. Morris, Surrey.

Reserve.—Paley, Essex.

Some of you will remember Miss Crick, who won the first prize, as the very tall girl who marched at the head of one of our London processions in 1918, carrying my Aylesbury drake. As a matter of fact, that drake was the most henpecked husband I ever came across, and in his own run couldn't say boo to the goose next door;

but that day, away from his missis, he stretched and stretched his long neck till he was as tall as the splendid land girl in whose arms he was marching through the streets of London.



So Early in the Morning.

[*"Daily Mirror."*]

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

O favours every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

WHITTIER.

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth.

BROWNING.

The Prince of Smiles and a Land Girl.

WE shall none of us forget, as long as we live, a certain evening, nearly a year ago now, a very delightful evening indeed, but made more delightful still by the presence of "Our Princess," as we called her that day.

Our Final Rally was a personal triumph for H.R.H. Princess Mary, for what might easily have been an important, but at the same time stiff, dignified, uncomfortable sort of ceremony, was turned into a glorious Christmas party entirely by the gracious charm and happiness of the King's daughter.

That is why the following extract from a letter, which arrived the other day from Australia will be read with pleasure and pride by every girl who was ever a member of the Land Army. The letter tells its own story and requires no introduction or explanation:—

"There has been great excitement in Australia during the last few weeks on account of the visit of the Prince of Wales, but he sailed for home yesterday, and we are trying to settle down again. He had a wonderful welcome and a great time, and everybody wished he could have stayed longer. They call him the Prince of Smiles here, and he is very popular, especially with the ex-service men, many of whom he met in France. I saw him at a little bush station where he only stayed six minutes. On such a special occasion I wore my dear old uniform, and was given a place of honour in front (I am the only ex-service girl in this district). The Prince recognized the Land Army uniform at once, and shook hands with me, saying, 'Oh, you are from home.' He asked one or two questions about our Land Army, and was very interested when I told him about our Final Rally at which Princess Mary was present. He also signed my autograph album, which was a great honour, for one of his strictest rules was never to sign an album, and he only broke it on very special occasions. So, you see, our uniform is recognized and respected even out here. I am a very envied person, I can assure you."

A Legend of the Chrysanthemum

November has often been spoken of as Chrysanthemum Time, and these lovely winter flowers have now reached the prime of their beauty—Chrysanthemum—the Christ Flower—descended from *Bellis perennis*, the white star daisy. The chrysanthemum was born at the same time as the Babe of Bethlehem, and was the token to the wise men that they had reached the spot whither the star had bidden them, for searching along the narrow ways of the village towards the fall of night, these rulers of tribes and expounders of doctrine wondered greatly what should be disclosed to them. There was no excitement among the people to denote a strange event; there were no welcoming sounds of music, dancing, or the feast; all was silent and gloomy, when at a word from King Malcher they all stood still—"It is the place," he cried, "for, look! Here is a flower, rayed like the star that has guided us, and which is even now hanging above our heads." As Malcher bent and picked it, the stable door opened of itself and they entered in. Malcher placed the chrysanthemum in the hand extended to receive it—the hand of a little, new-born babe—and all went to their knees—so runs the legend—before the shining

presence, bearing as a sceptre the winter flower—white likeness of the guide star.

I have told you this legend because I think it so significant that the Creator—the Word made Flesh—should have been given first of all, *not* the gold, frankincense, and myrrh, but this tiny member of His own creation—this little living flower child—His first birthday present—and given, not by a poor man, but by an earthly monarch, accustomed to all the pomp and magnificence which surrounds a king. It must have struck the man as being rather strange to have been compelled, as it were, to pick this tiny flower and present it, before the magnificent gift he had brought with him.

Apart from this, the chrysanthemum has a most interesting history, but I must not tell you about it now. Surely in this coming month, however, the golden flower is at its best, and its best is something that robs November of some of the gloom of its accepted terrors—wet, fog, frost, and murk.

E. R. M.

What the Fairies Wear.

If only you walk with an open ear
And watch with an open eye,
There's wonderful magic to see and hear
By silently passing by;
In meadows and ditches, here and there,
You'll find the clothes that the fairies wear.

You can see each golden and silvery frock
In Lady's Mantle and Ladysmock;
There's Lady's Garter (which, I suppose,
They wear with the cowslips called Hose-in-hose);
The solemn fairies who ride on owls
Shroud their faces with Monkshood cowl;
And there's other things besides fairy dresses—
There's Lady's Mirror and Lady's Tresses.

Bachelors' buttons must be for elves
Who have to do up their clothes themselves;
And the tailor fairies use Fairy Shears,
Long cutting-grasses that grow by meres;
And they mend their things with the Spider-stitches,
Faint white flowers that you find in ditches,
And Shepherd's Needle which you'll see plain
In every meadow and field and lane;
And when they've used them they grow again.

If only you walk with an open ear
And watch with an open eye,
There's wonderful secrets to see and hear
By silently passing by;
In meadows and ditches here and there,
You'll find the clothes that the fairies wear;
And if you look when they think you've gone
Perhaps you'll see them trying them on.

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Proprietors of "Punch."]

Land Girls in Switzerland.

At a farm on the Alps near the Italian frontier the daughters of the house get up every morning at two o'clock during the haymaking and harvesting season, walk for five hours to the hay or corn, which grows in the mountains, do a hard day's work, and then walk home again!—FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Poultry Notes.

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

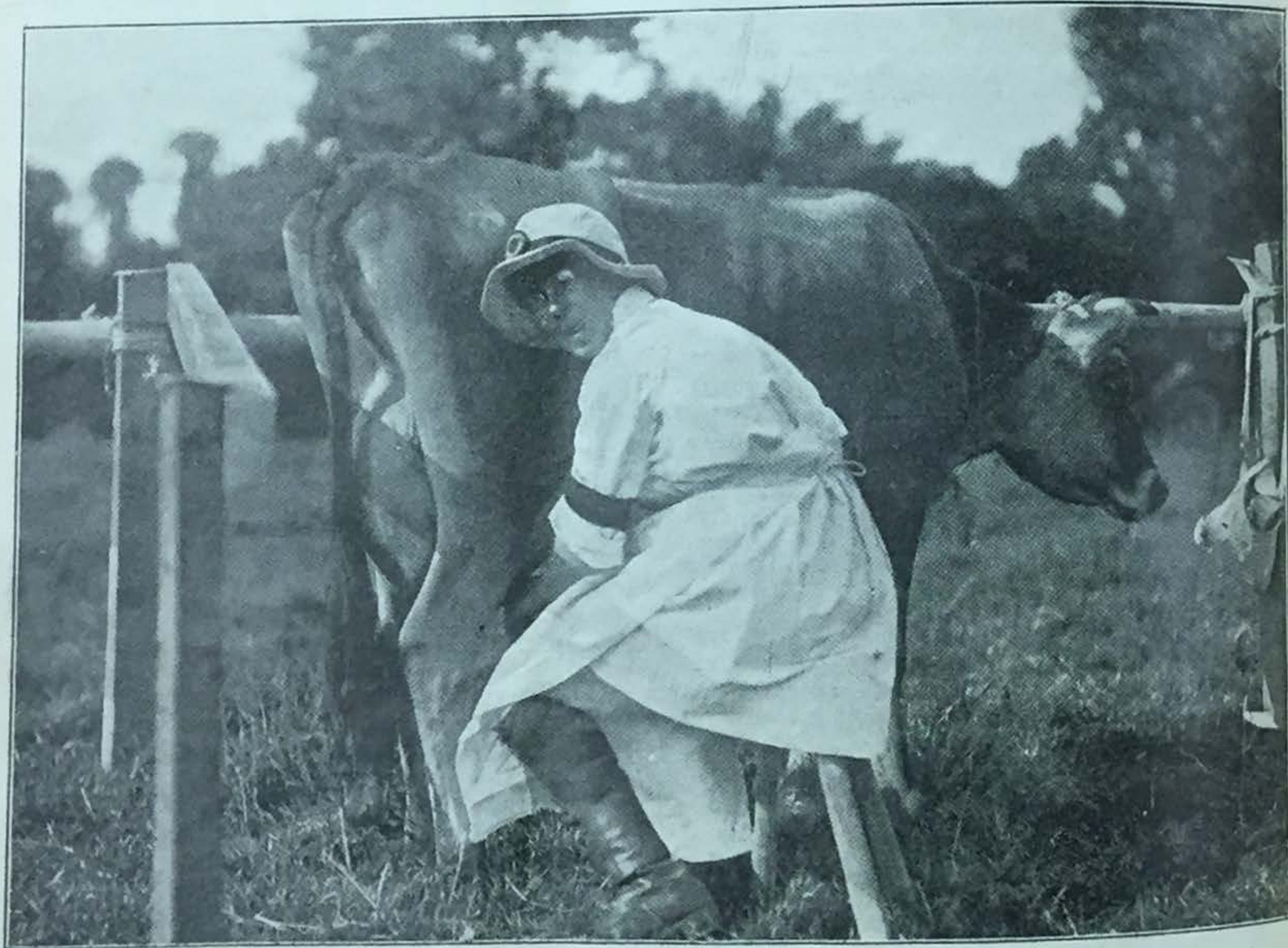
DUCKS are magnificent layers, and all who have a mixture of water, grassland and woods should keep a flock of these everyday layers.

Choice of Breed.—Many read of the wonderful laying of ducks and think (1) that it applies to every breed and (2) that ducks are easily handled. Right away let me say that there are breeds that would ruin you if you relied solely on their egg-production. The "runner" type of duck is the one to keep for commercial egg-production, such as the Indian Runner and Khaki Campbell. If you need a splendid breed for laying combined with flesh-production the Buff Orpington calls for attention. For eggs alone I support the White Runner, not advising its sister the Fawn and White as illustrated in the October number of THE LANDSWOMAN. The Whites are easier to breed true, and enable you to go out for egg-production by selective breeding without being held back by colour-points.

Support Self-Coloured Breeds.—I always advise beginners to support self-coloured breeds like the White Wyandotte, White Leghorns, and White Runner, and do we not find these very breeds right in the front rank among heavy layers? A beginner is often tempted to keep a breed that "looks

pretty" and hits upon some such variety as the Sicilian Buttercup or the Rouen duck. The finished "fancy" article seen at the Dairy or any other classic Show is a picture for beauty, but it has been bred mainly for colour-points. You as a beginner will find utility specimens a long way from those fancy birds for colour-points and will be well advised always to start with a variety that readily breeds true. If you still wish to enter the realms of scientific mating and breeding for colour of plumage, keep a pen of fancy fowls as well and exhibit your finished products. Or wait until you do know something about colour-points and how to obtain them; then try the Fawn and White Runner and the Barred Rock as an "extra" to your simple self-coloured breeds.

Housing of Ducks.—Ducks have many advantages over hens especially by way of plant and labour. For instance they can be confined in 3ft. high netting as against 6ft. for hens. They will make themselves at home in any disused stable or shed that is well ventilated, light and roomy. They are too free rangers if of the Runner type, and during the summer will pass by a breakfast of
(Continued on Page 258.)



The Marchioness of Lincolnshire milking "Premier's Silver Queen" at Royal and Central Bucks. Show.
[*"Farm Life."*—Sport and General.]

The Tale of a Broom.

A True Story.



SAID Peggy the groom,
"I've mislaid my broom!
I'll go to the dairy
And steal one from Mary,
While she's away milking her cows!"



When Mary came back,
Alas and alack!
No broom could she find;
So she questioned the hind,
Who told her of Peggy's misdeed.



So off Mary went,
On reprisals intent.
On reaching the stable,
She scarcely was able
Her eyes to believe!—
For Peg on the floor,
The broom hid in straw,
Cried, "Possession's nine
Tenths of the law!
Hee-haw!!"



Then ensued a great fight.
Peg cried, "Might is right."
I only wish you could have seen 'em.
They rolled on the floor
And right out of the door
Till they broke the broom handle between 'em.



"Quick, hide the disaster,
For here comes the master."
Quoth he, "What's amiss?"
Said Peg, "it's like this,
I'm really unable
To sweep out the stable
Unless Mary lends me her broom."

"Come with me to my room,
You shall have a new broom."
Peg says, "To you I'm beholden,
I take all I can get
And shall never regret
That Mary's been left with the old'un."

Wattle Hurdles.

For the Landswoman.

THERE is little doubt that the manufacture of split-hazel woven hurdles, commonly called wattle-hurdles, is one of the very oldest rural industries, and although the making of them has died out in



Hurdlers at Work in the Woods.

many of our counties, it is now being revived in various districts.

Hazel is most generally used, but other woods which rive or split well are employed, and in some districts rough osier is used, and makes an excellent close fence. The makers become wonderfully dexterous and turn out these useful goods at a very rapid pace; large numbers of discharged soldiers and sailors are employed now on the work, and prefer the open life of the woods to many of the trades they were accustomed to before the war.

Though the wattles until a few years ago were mainly used for penning sheep on the exposed Downs in the South of England, their uses are now manifold, and with the thousands of users all over the country they are being constantly found of service in unexpected ways.

Many of the railway companies use them for building up and retaining loose earth embankments, and for preventing sand-drift, a purpose for which large quantities are required by some of the leading seaside golf clubs.

From the farmer's point of view their uses are legion. As fencing, either permanent or for portable penning, for stop-gaps in hedges, they are invaluable.

Many pig-breeders are employing them as the best fence for enclosing pigs, run on the open-air system; and poultrymen find them splendid for dividing pens and making sun and wind-shelters.

Fruit growers have proved that they make excellent trays for carrying storing fruit, and they can be easily arranged to fit in a rack, one above another, or just built up with bricks or wood blocks between. Market gardeners are now using them instead of pea-sticks, as shown in the accompanying illustration, the additional shelter they give to the young plants in their early stage meaning an increased and earlier crop.

To the Land Girl their great attraction is undoubtedly that they are so light and easy to handle and adjust. With these hurdles firmly wired to 6ft. stakes, the woman smallholder can, herself, divide her land from her neighbour's without any of the vast expense involved in the erection of wood or iron fencing.

The protection which they afford from the cold spring winds will be welcomed by the poultry girl, and save her a great deal of anxiety over those early chicks. They are so very easy to move, too, when you want to get your babies on to new ground, and require none of the elaborate staking which is always so tiresome with wire netting.

To both those who use them, and also to those who do not, we strongly advise sending a postcard



"Instead of Peasticks."

to the organizers of this important industry—Rural Industries, Ltd., of Cheltenham—and obtain their "Book of the Hurdle," and a copy of their "Wattle Gardening," both of which are sent gratis and contain much useful information.

Prize Essay.

The Flower I Would Grow in the Garden of My Mind, and Why.

I WOULD grow sweet peas in the garden of my mind, and why I choose them from among all the other infinitely sweet and varied denizens of garden and hedgerow, why, when they are neither as lovely as the rose, nor as pure as the lily, nor as alluringly sweet as the violet, I will tell you.

First, though others may be as sweet, surely there is no flower as whole-heartedly generous as the sweet pea, and it is this unstinted giving of its sweetness, all through its short life, that forms its most uniquely lovable quality, a quality as desirable in the garden of one's mind as in any other garden.

The sweet pea is not a wild flower, growing of itself, with no trouble on the part of the gardener; it requires proper treatment, water, sunshine, support, if it is to reach fullest and healthiest beauty. Especially does it require support, for its nature is not to stand proudly alone. Sweet peas with no supports, or insufficient ones, are pitiable objects. In vain do they stretch those little tendrils, given to them for the express purpose of clinging to something, in all directions, till, discouraged and helpless, they bend over and grow into crooked caricatures of their true selves. Still they flower, for it is their nature, but in their anxiety to turn to the light even the flowers have such crooked stems that you cannot gather them for any purpose. And if there are weeds growing around the roots the plants twine their tendrils round these, instead of rearing their blooms high and fair above them as they were meant to do; one cannot blame the plant, for it was made so. Give them even then the support they unknowingly crave, and they will straighten themselves in time, for that also is their nature. Withal the sweet pea is by no means difficult to grow, and, though some soils suit it better than others, any gardener taking reasonable care of his plants may have his garden gay with flowers all the summer through, be he townsman or countryman, squire or cottager. The largest most uncommon varieties may grow in the rich man's garden, but their lives are often shortened through sheer lack of gathering, and the blooms are no sweeter than those on the many-coloured little rows in front of the cottages, from which the children take tiny bunches in their little hot hands to give to teacher when they go to school of a morning (and perhaps jaded "teacher" smiles at the presentation, and she puts them in one of the jam-jars on the dusty schoolroom windowsill, from which vantage-ground they brighten the drab room and cheer her unconsciously when her eyes fall on them). What other flower encourages us to give as does the sweet pea? Week after week, day after day almost, all through the summer, we may go to them for fresh bunches, knowing that the constant demand only stimulates the growth of fresh blooms, whereas if we were to grudge the picking of them and leave the flowers merely to be looked at, they would only cease to offer themselves so freely. And "these things are an allegory," one of those parables of Nature we may find everywhere if we look. I know that the sweet peas in the garden of my mind will not grow wild,

but require cultivation. Nor can they stand alone, for they were never meant to, but has not a certain Great Head Gardener "raised up a mighty salvation for us," for which our little tendrils, so slender and helpless in themselves, are always reaching out, ever unsatisfied, with a "divine discontent," till they find what they seek? And the pitifulness of those many plants who (through no fault of their own, nor of the Head Gardener either, but I am afraid we under-gardeners have something to answer for) go unsupported through life, bowed down, bearing only crookedly-stemmed flowers, catching hold in their helplessness and ignorance of the weeds around! Given the care and support their nature unconsciously craves, who knows what fair and straight and plentiful blooms they might raise! Another lovable characteristic of the sweet pea is its great variety of colour. It has some exquisite shade to suit every room, every dress, every taste; even so would I grow the many-coloured flower of sympathy in my garden, that quality of being able to rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. And even as the sweet peas do not think of any reward, only bloom sweetly and naturally just because with proper care and out in God's good air and sunshine they cannot help it, even so would I wish the flowers of my mind to grow, for no other reason than because, with God's manifold blessings surrounding and supporting them, they can no more help it than can sweet peas.

R. A.

My Wild Garden.

THE garden must be in the South—and why? Because, I think, first of all, that my mind is always there. There's always a sort of homesick longing for the open spaces, the great moors, the sense of bigness that comes from wide views and much sky. And immediately I visualize a garden it is there that I set the scene. The Midlands suggest motors, and excellent roads on which to drive them—motors and money. But the South spells sunshine and restful gardens, breezy uplands, blue and gold skies, heathered heaths and windy moors. And because every flower is beautiful and wonderful, and because I should never be content with just one flower, and because the unexpected charms me, my mind-flower is wild.

Far from the general unrest of industrial cities—in a very small hamlet in Dorset—is a feast of loveliness. Think of snowdrops, growing entirely wild, along the banks of a stream. Not one or two isolated blooms, but masses of them, half-hidden with ivy and moss. And scarcely was the surprise of these exquisite snowdrops over before primroses and violets were in full swing in the woods. Such woods! It was always difficult, and a problem that was never solved, as to which wood was the loveliest. A primrose hill, with tiny, fairy-like dells of violets—and scented violets, too—guarded by baby larches and silver birches, was no lovelier, though just as exquisite as a more sombre, deeper-gladed wood on the edge of the moor. At Easter, just as a tired and beautiful sun was going West, this bluebell-carpeted, bracken-fringed, beech-shadowed

(Continued on Page 257.)



Cheese-making by Machinery.

[*"Farm Life."*]

Soft Cheeses.

THESE are made from milk rich in fat, and which should always be perfectly sweet and fresh. Undoubtedly the most important thing in the process of manufacture is the maintenance of an even temperature, in keeping with the requirements of each variety of cheese made. Care must also be taken to leave a sufficiently large percentage of moisture in the curd so that the cheese will retain a somewhat delicate and soft texture.

The beginner would do well to confine his efforts to one variety of cheese only, although the methods adopted in the manufacture of the different varieties do not vary to any considerable extent, though they differ in many important details.

A good cheese is often difficult to produce unless the atmosphere and also the utensils of the dairy are more or less saturated with the correct mould or bacteria responsible for imparting the characteristic flavour to the cheese that is being made.

The restrictions on the sale of cream have from time to time forced cream and other rich cheeses off the market, but these and other luxuries from the dairy will no doubt again prove profitable. English cream cheeses are beginning to find much favour with the public, and always prove reasonably remunerative to the maker.

The cream cheeses are the easiest and best variety to make at first, for they entail little trouble as regards mould growth, as they should be consumed quite fresh. On the other hand, the more refined varieties of soft cheese, like Camembert, Pont l'Eveque, and Brie, are by no means easy to produce successfully. In all varieties the whey is never fully drained from the curd. Thus the higher percentage of moisture remaining affords abundant opportunity for the growth of bacteria. Further, the rennet that is used acts on the curd by means of a certain property called enzyme action.

This action, in conjunction with the growth of the moulds and fungi, assists in the production of some very high flavours, which, as in the case of a well-ripened Camembert cheese, are much esteemed by those connoisseurs who have cultivated a special taste for them.

The temperature of a soft cheese-making room should be regulated as near as possible to 62° F. in summer, and in winter to 65° F., and it is essential that in every case the drainage should be even and continuous.

Should the temperature be excessively high this operation will take place too quickly, and the curd
(Continued on Page 263.)

Something that Begins with "T."

By Kay Cleaver Strahan.

CHAPTER NINE.

MY joy of the world was so effervescent this morning that some of it bubbled over and talked about itself, even to nearly neighbour.

"It beats me," answered nearly neighbour, "how you can see all this here," he indicated all this here by a wave of his hand, which included chiefly his barn, but which he meant, I think, to include the miracle of spring "and not think God sent it."

"But," I protested, "I do. At least, I think he hasn't sent it, exactly; I think he has come himself and brought it."

And nearly neighbour grunted and went on, and I was sorry that I had spoken so, for it is sayings of that sort from me that have convinced him that I am an unbeliever. The trouble started long ago when I told him that, instead of believing in God, I believed with God.

"And by what right," he asked, "are you a-settin' yourself up with God?"

"But my God is a friendly God," I protested; "He likes to be set up with."

"And my God," he said, "is in the Bible."

"Only, surely"—and I meant no least bit of irreverence—"surely you are not content to leave Him there?"

But nearly neighbour walked away and would not listen to me any more.

All of my family and I have been enormously busy this month, making our gardens and cleaning our house. Several times each year we clean house according to the methods of that most excellent housekeeper, Thoreau. We "rise early"; we "set all our furniture out of doors on the grass"; and if we don't exactly "dash the water," nor use white sand for scouring and a broom for scrubbing, we do obtain the same clean and white results that he did. Too, as he did, we enjoy seeing our furniture all out on the grass, though we know very well that he would not enjoy it, seeing our furniture, I mean.

He would stop and thank God that he could sit and stand without the aid of a furniture warehouse; and surely, surely he would be quite unable to tell whether our things belonged to a rich man or to a poor man.

I have a few pieces of fine mahogany—they belonged to mother—a tall pier-glass, a large library table, a spindle-legged dressing-table, some candle-stands, and two chairs. The remainder of perch-edifice's furniture, except our steamer-chairs and the hammock, is made mostly from packing-boxes covered with burlap or chintz. Our bookcases are built in, four long shelves on each side of the fireplace. Fortunately for us, our furniture, except occasionally out on the grass, is entirely democratic. The mahogany dressing-table is not in the least snobbish to the chintz-covered apple box which I use for a seat in front of it. The old chairs rub arms very cozily with the steamer-chairs; the library table stands graciously on the rug, never reminding it that it is made of blue and white rags; and the pier-glass reflects our home-made magazine rack quite as clearly and cheerfully as it reflects

the candle-stands, made, I believe, by Heppelwhite.

Truly perch-edifice's great big living-room is a loving room. Even Lotta, though she can't see why in the world I won't put a ceiling in it, instead of allowing it to "peak right up to the roof and show all those untidy rafters" does admit that it "seems nice and pretty someway." And the architect was most pleasant about it.

"It is a home," he said, "this room, permanent, wholesome. After the rooms I have been in lately, period rooms, new art rooms, it is—a—an—an epic to a roundelay, and— But you understand me of course?"

I didn't. The trouble with the architect was that he never could quite think his thoughts.

"You mean," I suggested, "that it is rather like bread and butter after French pastry?"

"Not at all," said the architect. We never did agree on our metaphors, the architect and I.

About our gardening I am not as enthusiastic as I am about our housecleaning. Perhaps because housecleaning is a thoroughly practical prosaic occupation and, while one is at it one is quite content to be practical and prosaic. But gardening seems to be the sort of occupation about which one should wax romantic, or at least fanciful, and I can't. Not about vegetable gardening. It is grubby work, the digging and the weeding and the hoeing and the killing of bugs. Such a fuss for mere things to eat always seems to me to be unprofitable. We put more into our vegetable gardens each year than we ever get out of them.

Flowers, of course, are different. I work happily and gladly over them, because as I weed and spade I can paint pictures worth painting and smell odours worth smelling: a great red-headed poppy; the odour of petunias and cinnamon pinks—like that. But whoever in the world would care to paint a picture of a dish of boiled beets, or to smell the odour of—string beans? Not that I mean to pose as esthetic or extramundane, busy a-priding myself on incorporeity. Not any. I enjoy eating, but I think it should be a sort of casual business at best.

Lotta spends long beautiful summer days, almost all of her long beautiful summer days, putting up (or is it down? she says down) fruit for the winter months. Just to eat. Lotta misses sunsets to bake pies. Just to eat. Eat! She regards restaurants as immoral and delicatessens as dens of depravity. "I like to know what I am eating," says Lotta, firmly; and then she always closes her mouth in that odd way she has.

"Of course," I agree with her, "it is nice to know what one is eating, and yet—there are things I had rather know."

"You are not a wife," Lotta answers. And that, of course, ends the argument. I know of no more effective argument stopper than the stating of some wholly obvious, utterly unrelated fact. Only, sometimes I wonder why Lotta does not say: "The world is round," or: "Your nose is pug," just by way of variety.

If ever I am a wife I am going to Lotta and say, first: "I am a wife." And then I am going to

follow up that statement with a long string of alliterative bromidioms concerning cooks and companions, mates and meals, preserves and a knowledge of politics, souls and sauces. Not in a muddle like that but quite tidily. And, when I have finished, Lotta will probably say: "You are not as old as I am."

Now I must go and wash the double boiler and make a custard. Inconsistent? Yes, but custards are inconsistent things; at least mine usually are. This custard is for Mr. Miser. His cold, as he says, has "got worse on" him. Unless I fix dainties for him to eat he won't eat anything at all.

CHAPTER TEN.

We carried the custard to Mr. Miser yesterday, all of my family and I, and Mr. Miser welcomed us with this remark:—

"When a man claims to set store by the good book, then I claims he ain't got no right to cuss a person out for quotin' it on him. What 'ud I say to him? Just this, says I: 'The Lord has give and the Lord has took away.' Says he to me words in no ways fit to repeat in the company of ladies. Drat! I'm a poor man. I got no ready money to lend to him to buy more."

"On the scow, was it?" questioned all of my family.

"No, sir, right here in my own shack, not less'n three hour ago. He cussed me out, says he—"

"But," I interrupted hurriedly, "who cussed you out, Mr. Totenberry?"

"Pedeson, he says—"

I interrupted again: "But what is the matter with Mr. Pedeson?"

"Ornery," said Mr. Miser positively, though with a certain air of regret.

All of my family evidently thought that it was time to come to my rescue. He has a knack of getting to the heart of things: "What," he said, "did the Lord give and take away from who?"

"Pedeson claims," replied Mr. Miser, with his usual caution, "that two of his cows is up and died on him."

Here, indeed, was tragedy. All of my family and I walked home very solemnly, very quietly down the trail.

"Cows," said all of my family, "seem like such big things to die."

"And two of them," I agreed.

"Maybe," said all of my family, "it does seem kind'a like we should try to do something about it. Don't folks always do things about dying? Flowers? Like that?"

"Only," I pondered, "flowers—cows—"

"Well, they are just as dead as anything," said all of my family.

Still I could not reconcile myself, quite, to the idea of carrying flowers to nearly neighbour. Two dead cows, and flowers, and nearly neighbour were not, somehow, reconcilable. But my conscience and all of my family combined in making me uncomfortable about entirely ignoring the tragedy. So when we got home and saw what was left of the custard in the kettle on the kitchen table I suggested that we take that up to nearly neighbour. It seemed more suitable. All of my family approved, but mildly: "Custard—" he pondered, as I had pondered flowers.

But we put it in our prettiest willow-ware bowl, and set the bowl on a lacquer tray with a blue and white doily underneath, and all of my family seemed reasonably satisfied.

We took the long way around to go up to nearly neighbour's so that we should not have to cross wee river on the log. We are adepts at log crossing, but with the custard we thought best to eliminate all risk. We had not been through the long way around for over a week, and since our last trip the Oregon grape, in the open space just beyond the first clump of vine maples, had bloomed. We tried to be decently decorous about it, remembering our missions, but it was rather difficult. They were so astonishingly beautiful, those great yellow clusters of flowers, massing against their shiny dark green leaves, so bright and so softly fragrant.

"Flowers," said all of my family, wistfully, "are nice and—suitable. The yellow would nearly match the custard, Phyl." Things that "match" are weak points with me, and he knew it.

"No," I answered, "not these. You see, Pat, the leaves, the green leaves are so stickery, prickery. Stickery prickery things don't seem suitable—Or do they, to you?"

"Maybe not," agreed all of my family, but he sighed.

And then, right then, we met the blue flowers. I stopped and squealed and frightened all of my family so that he nearly dropped the custard. You see, those blue flowers were bran new flowers; never before during all of our seven years on the mountain had we seen any flowers like them. And they were so very lovely, long stemmed graceful things, about two shades bluer than the bluest June sky. All of my family set the custard tray down on a stump and then we ran to greet them.

They lacked fragrance. It was disappointing. All the while we ran I had been thinking of the excitement of a new odour.

"They don't—" began all of my family, raising his head.

"But they are so blue," I interrupted hastily, because it did seem impolite to criticize, right on first acquaintance, "so blessedly, brilliantly, sent-down-from-Heaven blue!"

"They match, exactly, the bowl and the doily," said all of my family, and I, weak woman that I am, succumbed. Probably, I thought, nearly neighbour had not seen them, and they would interest him, of course; and their bright blueness would surely cheer up his unhappiness; and they did match, they did match perfectly. All of my family wanted to pick a big bouquet of them, with the young huckleberry leaves for green; but I insisted on just two long sprays, to decorate the tray.

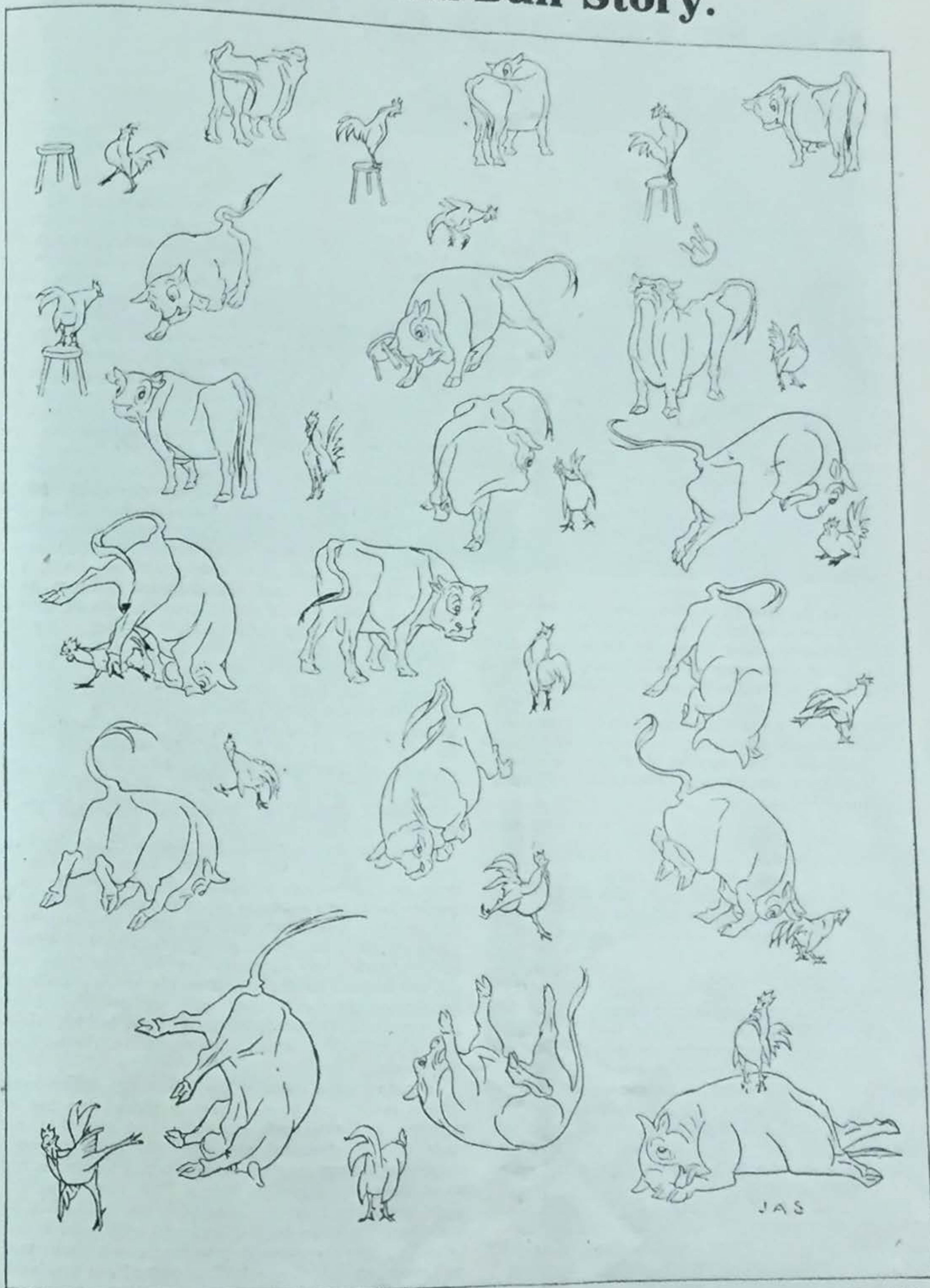
We planned to come home that way and pick whole lots of them, with the green, to take home and put in the copper bowl; and then we went on to nearly neighbour's.

Our timid knock was greeted by a growl to "Come'n," and our entrance with a "Now what'a you want?" Quite as if we were used to calling every day, a-wanting something.

"We brought you a custard for your supper," I said, and had my lips all fixed to say that he was quite welcome or something of that sort, but I didn't say it because what nearly neighbour said

(Continued on Page 259.)

A Cock-and-Bull Story.



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Garden Talks.

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

NOVEMBER.

THE Month of Rest—of Sleep for the plant world—the leaves have nearly all fallen from the trees—the plants have nearly all died down—the fruit has been gathered in—a sort of “hush” seems to have descended upon the garden. And yet, as W. GARRETT HORDER reminds us:—

“Not a leaf can fall from flower or shrub or tree without nourishing the earth for new growth; not even the tiniest wreath of smoke can rise into the air without the particles of which it is composed falling again to earth, and helping forward some processes of nature.”

So wonderful, if you think of it, that nothing in the world of nature is ever wasted—every atom is used up again and again by the plants, for the continuance of fresh life, and fresh energy. As I sit here amidst the fallen leaves, looking far away over endless fields to the line of Downs on the far horizon, a verse from JOHN KEATS’ ode to *Autumn* runs through my mind:—

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit, the vines that round the thatch-eaves
run;

To bend with apples the moss’d cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease—
For Summer has o’er-brimmed their clammy cells.

The flowers especially dedicated to November are:

Begonia—*Deformity*.

Colchicum—*My best days are past*.

Mushroom—*Suspicion; I cannot entirely trust you*.

Mint—*Virtue*.

Myrtle—*Love*.

Cyclamen—*Diffidence, humility*.

Chrysanthemum—*The Christ Flower, meaning Love, Truth, and Faith*.

November should be the great planting month of the year. New shrubberies and rose gardens can be planned, also rockeries, herbaceous borders, and all kinds of new and striking features. It is the best month for planting fruit trees—and why?—because the soil is still warm, there has not been time to have a great deal of frost and cold to really penetrate into the soil; it still retains some of the sun’s heat, stored up during the summer months; whereas the later you leave your planting, the colder your soil will become—warmth is the most essential feature for the growing of anything. The roots will take hold of the warm soil quickly, and will become established and begin to feel at home before the really cold winter sets in, and, of course, this will make all the difference to next season’s growth.

Just a word about *planting*. Do be careful how you plant your trees; the whole future of the tree—*everything*—depends upon *how you plant*. Just stop and think a minute what you are going to do. Don’t seize hold of the tree and just dig a hole, and stick it in slap-dash, anyhow. I have seen so many trees

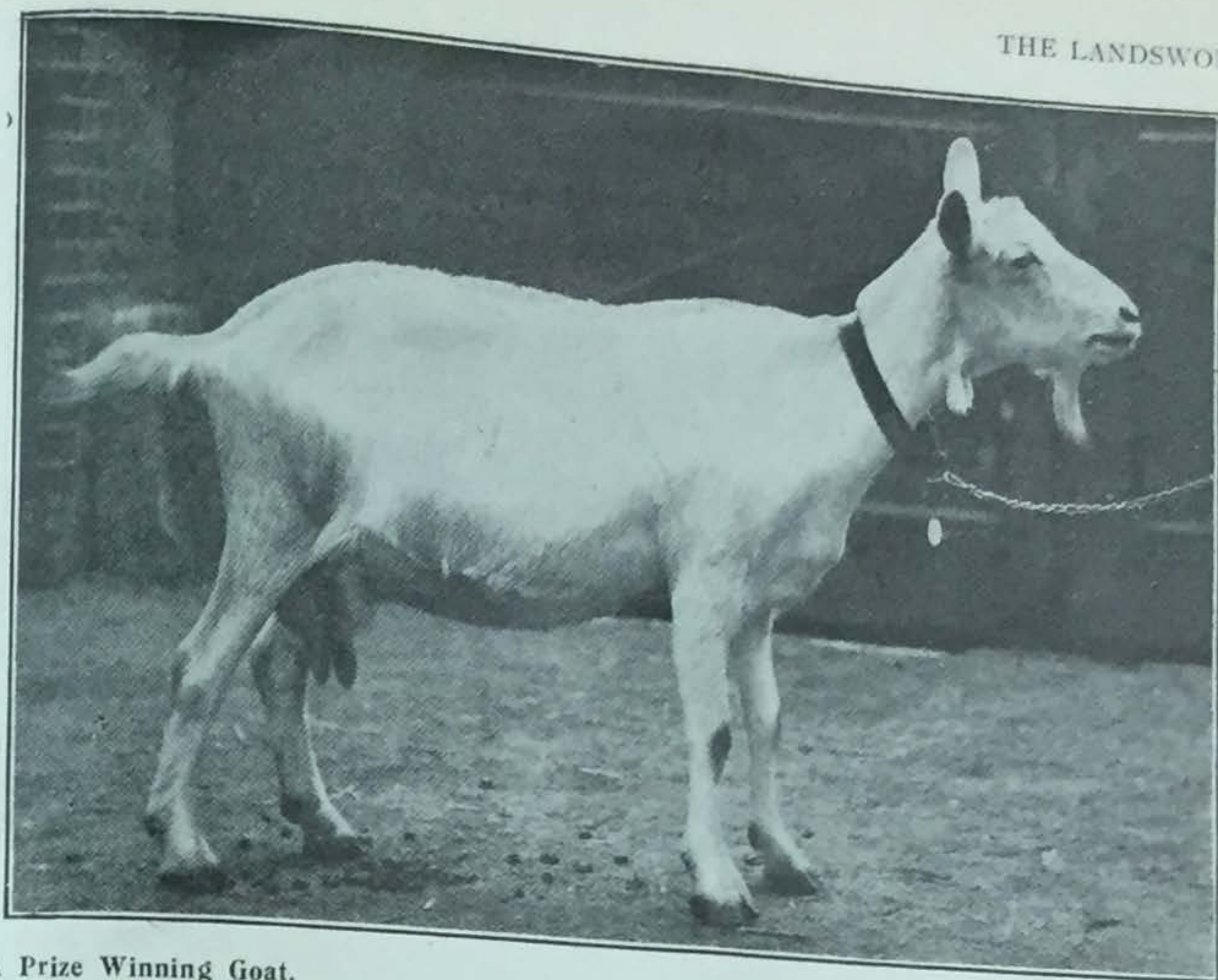
ruined in the planting, good stuff, that has cost a lot of money, planted anyhow, and people wonder that they never get any decent fruit—or flowers—in years to come.

If you have bought your trees from a nursery, examine them *first*, and see if they have plenty of fibrous, i.e., hairy roots; if they have not, return them at once to the firm you bought them from—useless to plant trees that have not plenty of nice hairy roots, as these roots *feed* the trees; they drink in the moisture from the soil, and without them the trees will starve, or die from chronic indigestion, as they will be unable to dilute the starch, sugar, oils, resins, etc., made in the leaves. Always have someone to help you—it takes two to plant a tree properly.

Dig a nice square hole, not too deep, and just prick up the soil at the bottom to allow for drainage. Do not put any manure in the soil—now this is *most* important; you will find nine gardeners out of ten will want to put a “nice bit of manure” in the hole for the tree to feed on. Scientifically this is the greatest mistake. To begin with, a greater part of the manure, all the strawy part, cannot be used or digested by the roots at all; it becomes quite sodden by the rain and lies like a wet blanket about the roots, chilling the tree and preventing proper circulation; it also hinders the drainage. Another reason, with so much food close underneath the roots, the tree will not work, and will grow fat and lazy, producing a great deal of sappy growth, lots of leaves, but no fruit. And further, after having eaten up most of the goodness from the manure, the roots will penetrate further down into the rock subsoil below, hoping to find fresh stores of good beyond—instead of which in the subsoil below little or no food will be available, and so the roots get out of hand, and the tree will have to be dug up again and root-pruned. All this checks growth and retards fruiting, to say nothing of the waste of time and money expended on these operations, made necessary through careless planting.

Remember that a tree is just like a child—*human*, and living; keep it well in hand, keep the roots as near the surface as possible, and make the tree *work*—the harder a tree or plant works for its living, the stronger it becomes, and the more abundantly it fruits—work is the secret of success with everything and everybody. By all means manure your trees, but put the manure on *the top*, then the strawy material remains on the surface and only the goodness from the manure is washed down to the roots by the rain—and this not all at once, but gradually throughout the season.

To return once more to the planting; when your hole is ready, get your helper to place the tree in position, and now look carefully and see that the roots are all stretched out, like the palm of your hand—don’t have any of those fibrous roots turned up at the ends; dig your hole a little longer at any place where the roots are cramped—the hole must be made to *fit the tree*—bend down, and with your hands carefully place the roots in position, comb them out, as it were, so that they are all stretched out and none turned up at the ends. If any of the fibrous roots are injured or bent, be sure to cut these off to just above



A Prize Winning Goat.

[“Farm and Home.”]

the injured place. When your roots are in position, cover in with the soil, treading firmly after each layer of soil. Be sure to plant firmly; don't be afraid to tread the soil round the tree well down with the heel of your boot. No tree can live wobbling about and swaying here and there. Firm planting is another great secret of success.

When you have finished planting drive in the stake that is to support the tree *immediately*—do not wait for a week or two before the staking is done. A little bone meal may be sprinkled on the soil round the tree when planting just below the top layer of soil.

For the rest of the work—

VEGETABLES.

BROAD BEANS AND PEAS are sometimes sown on the chance of their giving an early yield the following year. It is an uncertain business, but a trial does not cost much.

BROCCOLI should be heeled over so that they slope to the north; they are then less likely to be carried off in frosty weather. It is not the actual cold that hurts them, but the *sun* shining on the frozen heads that does the damage; so turn their heads away from the sun.

CELERY should be protected with litter if severe frost threatens.

RHUBARB may be planted now; also a first batch may be got in for forcing under staging in houses.

CHICORY may be got up and if it is wanted early by customers forcing may begin.

SEAKALE may be lifted for forcing. Remove the small roots for the forcing stock, and bury them till Spring.

EARLY CARROTS and RADISHES may be sown on a

hot-bed if required. These are only useful for private gardens. I do not advocate it for market work.

FRAMES should be full of LETTUCES.

ENDIVE.—Blanch these as required.

Ground cleared of crops may be dug or trenched, the soil thrown up and left as rough as possible for frost to break up and pulverize.

FRUIT.

GRAPE VINES should be pruned, and the houses cleaned up for winter. Fresh vines may be planted.

FRUIT TREES should be planted as previously advised.

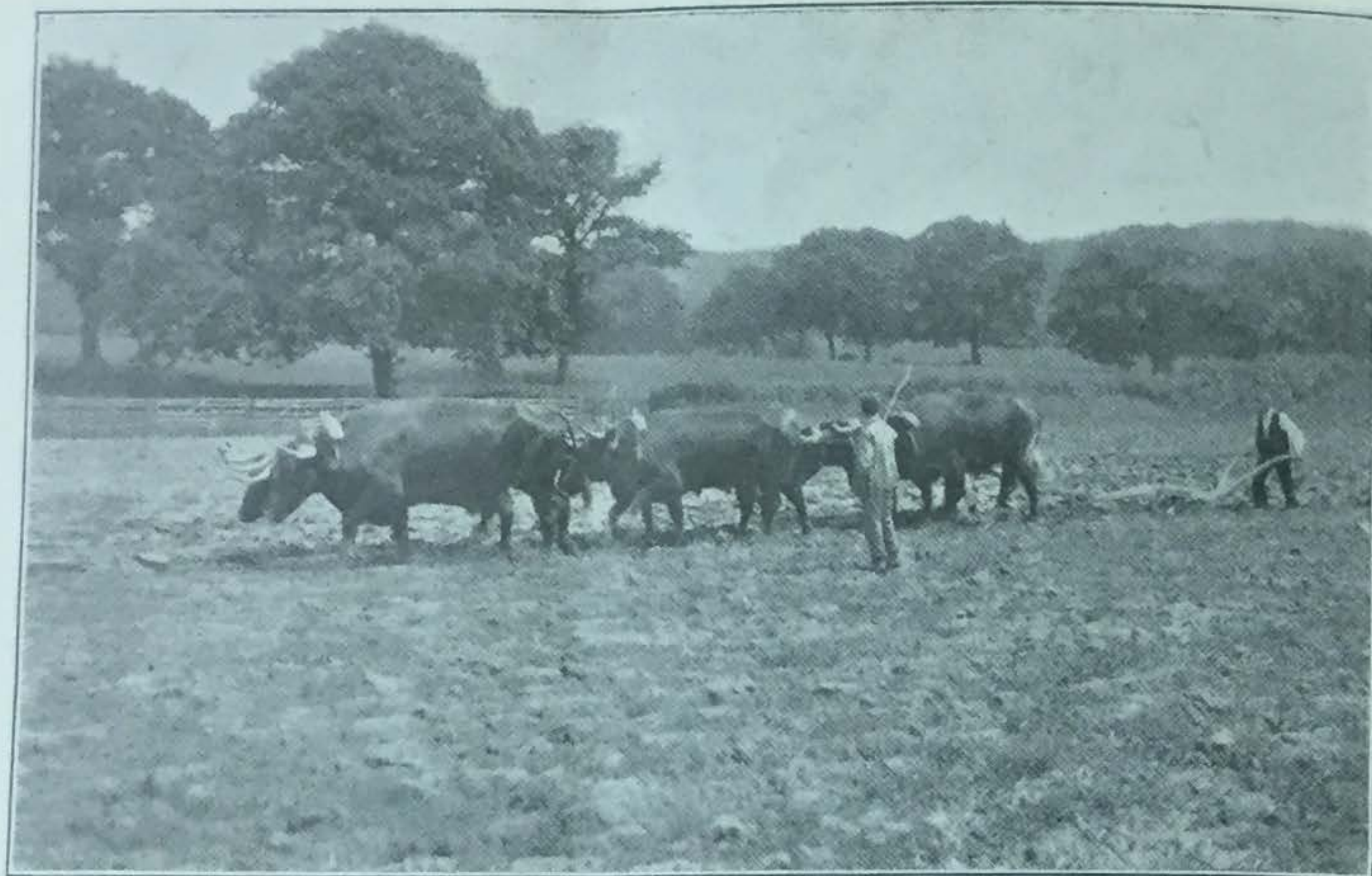
PRUNING of fruit trees may begin towards the end of the month. All trees should have been grease-banded by now with Tanglefoot; also a mulch of farmyard manure should have been placed on the surface around the trees. Always prick up the soil lightly round each tree *before* putting the manure round, so as to open the pores of the soil to let the goodness wash down to the roots. Remember, never place the manure *close* to the stem of tree; always leave 3 or 4 inches away from stem before putting manure round.

TRAINING and TYING should be done now. In case of wall trees, always remove worn out shreds of cloth as they harbour insects; personally I do not agree with the use of cloth at all. There are patent *wall nails* that can be bought quite reasonably, with flexible metal tops, which bend over and enclose branches or stems in position.

FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

Arabises, aubrietias, forget-me-nots, in fact all perennials that were sown in June and July, should

(Continued on Page 257.)



Ploughing with Oxen in Sussex.

[*"Farm and Home."*]

Painting the Trees.

The Secret History of the Autumn Tints.

BY LOCKSLEY HALL.

"Daddy, I know now who paint the trees red and gold."

"Well, let me guess. Is it the fairies?"

"No."

"Pixies then?" Doris shakes her head. Give it up, Daddy?"

"Yes, it's beyond me."

"It's the—angels" (very softly and with the little lips close to my ear.) We were sitting "familiar."

"How did you find out?" I whispered in turn.

"I couldn't see the angels, but I saw the paints they were mixing last night, right up on the sky. They were trying them on the clouds to get the right colours."

* * * * *

"Sure they were not redecorating heaven, Doris?"

"Silly! They don't paint gold and precious stones. I know it was for the trees, 'cause they kept on splashing the paints about till they got them just right for the maples. Then they made some yellow for the oaks and chestnuts. I think the brown paint was a bit of all the bright colours mixed together."

"But you didn't see them paint the trees."

"Not esackly, but I saw the paints come down

and down and down, whole clouds full of them, till they touched the woods behind the house; then they seemed to burst and spill the paint all over the leaves."

"But how do they manage to spill crimson on maples and gold on chestnuts?"

"O, that's where the angels come in; they prick the cloud in the right place."

* * * * *

"I s'pose the angels are sort of scene painters," mused Doris; "p'raps they do it for the pixie pantomimes. They may have them in October."

"But what makes the leaves drop off so, just as they are looking their best?"

"I think it must be the little 'prentice angels, turning on the paint too sudden like. And, O, Daddy, I b'lieve I know what lightning is."

"May I know that as well?"

Another whisper in the ear. "I'm not quite certain sure, but I b'lieve it's the angels dropping their brushes, with the yellow paint all over them."

"But what becomes of the brushes?"

"People make fireworks of them, I s'pose; or else they turn into coloured toad-stools, I'll ask the angels to-night."

[*"Daily Chronicle."*]

A Land Girl in Australia.

THE LANDSWOMAN

DEAR EDITOR,—A line from the Antipodes, to say that though so far away and demobilized, I am still a Land Army girl, and a lover of THE LANDSWOMAN. I see that you are going to give it up, because of the cost of paper, but I don't think we could do without it. You must be a very wonderful sort of editor, for so many of us, who have not actually seen you, know you quite well. I think the Club Page is the best of all; but I have written to you before in England, and then said all I could about "Our Mag.," so if I repeat the same thing over again, you will call me a bore, and a bad correspondent to boot, and I don't want to be that, please.

I'd like to give you a short sketch of "Warenda," but somehow words fail me. You see, I have to hunt back and back to the beginning of things. I suppose that was when the boat left Devonport, about mid-night, January 22, 1920. We were all tucked up in our bunks at the time, but when we awoke next morning we were in the Bay of Biscay, with a terrible side-swell, and being only "land-lubbers," well—I leave the rest to imagination. However, a lot of the Australians on board did such a lot of talking all about their wonderful country, and we began to brighten up. It was rather a wonderful voyage, along the coasts of Spain, Portugal, and Cape Finisterre, and then through the Suez, where we had our first experience of coaling. Such a lot of the men had fought along the Suez, in the first contingent, and they were so excited at seeing the old places, all grown much larger. Oh, I could tell you for ever about the strings of camels we saw, the queer Turks, the colour of the water, the glorious sunsets over the sand and the palms, and at night the gliding motion of the ship along the canal, the blinding searchlight in front, a huge moon above, and the sensation of sitting on the hurricane deck, listening to the ship's band. It was all new to many of us, and it was fascinating. Then we came to Colombo, queer, bustling Orientals, and blazes of colour, little dark children with shrill voices, and the natives with rickshaws. We stayed the night on shore and put up in parties at various places. I stayed, with some friends, at "The Grand Oriental," such a huge, queer place, and native man-servants to wait on us—one padded in, in the early morning, to my horror, with early tea. We did all the local sights in cars and rickshaws, the Bhuddist Temple, native quarters, Government house, etc., and our driver made comical attempts to speak English. We enjoyed it except for the terrible heat. At last we steamed on to Fremantle, our first sight of Aussieland, and were much struck by the quantity of the fruit and the easy-goingness of the people. We spent a week-end there, eating grapes and passion fruit, there was such an abundance of them. Then over the Bight, where we had squally weather, and broke ever so much china, and at last, early in March, we landed at Port Melbourne. We saw the beautiful Yarra, and the Botanical Gardens, the Zoo, cathedral, and chief places in town, and also had endless worry over luggage, so our first impressions were mixed and varied. After six weeks' inactivity on board, we were all anxious to get into

harness again; strange how we can't slack, when we have the opportunity. My first intentions were to work on my friend's farm (his wife was matron at the Longford Hostel, Salisbury, and we were great friends), but it had been let to tenants, and was not worth doing up, and so he gave up the idea of farming. Everyone urged me to do something else, but somehow I couldn't. What is there in a few green fields, or paddocks as they call them here, and some cows to draw one so? I'm sure I can't say, but I pictured myself a frowsy old maid, on a high stool, doing secretarial work, and thought how grey and old I'd go, and how terribly exciting it would be, and I couldn't do anything else but farm work. People were rather astonished, girls don't do that sort of thing much out here, so I was told, but I let them think I was mad, and didn't mind as long as I was happy, and that's how I came to "Warenda" nearly five months ago. I have felt tired and bored at times, for the hours are long, and the work, though not very often, awfully heavy, requires activity and sticking. We're up every morning to milk and feed the cows, calves, pigs, horses, ducks, fowls, bulls, etc., and then brace up for the day. Sometimes I do outdoor work, and sometimes indoor, not that I love the latter too well, but somehow the large open spirit of the surrounding country grips one, and makes them feel small and mean if they can't sacrifice their own little desires and inclinations and help another. So we all live together, mother and father, as they call themselves, and Will and me—and they call us the children. We get a good deal of fun out of life, though there is a lot of worry, for the boss is ill, and there are no cows or any entries at all in the Royal Show, and we might have put in a lot. Just think, pure-bred, beautiful Jersey cows, such darlings, though they do get cranky and wicked; and I have six darling fluffy babies, Sonnett is the pick of the lot, perfect in every detail, I'd love you to see her. The pigs are Yorks and Berks, some pure and some first cross, and we had a few cross Berkshires and Tamworths to fatten. The fowls and ducks are black Orpingtons, Rhode Island Reds, and Indian Runners; and there are five horses—Tom, Nuggett, and Queen, a trio of cart-horses; Doll, the jinker horse; and Mac, odd jobs fellow. So now you know us all. We are just reviewing the future with awe. There are two thousand onion plants to be put out, the strawberry bed to weed, beans, carrots, parsnips, potatoes to sow, docks to weed up before they bloom, spring cleaning to be done, crops to get in, pigs to pen before farrowing, cows and heifers coming in, a fortnight's wash! and the boss laid up—cheerful! To add to these joys the shed is being concreted, and we have to manage with only half of it, and after that we have to whitewash it all and board up the separator-room. The milk is separated and the cream sent away, such lovely yellow cream, too.

Everyone out here is great on tea-drinking. It seems rather extraordinary, but sometimes we drink tea seven times a day; yes, really, seven times. I suppose it is the heat, but it is also proof of the amazing hospitality of these people. I think they are the most generous and free-hearted people I

have ever met, and I believe all Australians are the same, it is typical of the race. We "pommies," as they call English girls, expected to find everything extremely wild and uncultivated, and perhaps aborigines, but we were disappointed in that respect, because we found nothing of the sort—not exactly disappointed, but everyone out here is so cordial and glad to hear about the "Old Country," that we can't ever forget our English homes because the Australians are so eager to hear all about them. In England there is nothing much to do on a farm besides the usual work of the season, but here we not only have to do that, but have to forge ahead all the time—make roads and clear the ground of bush and tee-tree.

There, now, it is nearly 10 p.m., and I meant to be in bed early; 5 a.m. is soon here, unfortunately, for we all love to lie in, but it can't be done.

Thank you so much for the batch of LANDSWOMANS that came out together, we all enjoyed them, and I always want mine.

I wonder if you are awfully bored by all this scribble, I know it is badly written and everything, but I've let my pen run away by itself, and so you must forgive me. Say like other people out here did: "Farm work—why, the girl must be mad!" So am I mad, gloriously so, for after the second winter in succession I feel the spring. The swallows are here, the grass is springing up, the crops are green, and the canoes are fishing about, as they never do in cold winter or in the heat of summer. It will be a long time before I am sensible and staid, because you can't be that outdoors, can you, in breeches!

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The Dairy Wash-Up.

It used to be my dairy job,
The pans and pails to wash;
I'd rush them all about the tub
With wondrous noise and swash;
I'd scrub them till they shone like stars,
But often I'd forget
To wash the big cloth strainer out,
I hear the scolding yet:
"Don't know no better? Won't ye never learn?
Wash out yer strainer, or the milk will turn."
And as I think the matter o'er
'Twas just I must assert,
The pails and pails but held the milk,
The strainer held the dirt.
Good folks who've washed your pans the while,
Some simple thing you've spurned;
You have no right to sit and grieve
Because your milk has turned:
"Don't know no better? Won't ye never learn?
Wash out yer strainer, or the milk will turn."
[RURAL NEW YORKER in "Our Note Book."]

Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness gives elasticity to the spirit, spectres fly before it, difficulties cause no despair, for they are encountered with hope, and the mind acquires that happy disposition to improve opportunities which rarely fails of success. The most effective work is the full-hearted work—that which passes through the hands or the head of him whose heart is glad.

SMILES.

Garden Talks.—(Continued from Page 253.)

now be planted out in their flowering quarters in beds, herbaceous borders, rockeries, etc., wherever they are wanted to bloom in the coming spring.

ARUM LILIES may be had in flower early if they can be given a temperature of 50 deg. to 60 deg.

BEDS AND BULBS.—Flower beds may now be cleared up, and well dug, and bulbs—hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, daffodils, and snowdrops—planted.

WALLFLOWERS may now be planted where they are to bloom.

CARNATIONS.—Rooted layers may now be lifted, potted, and put in a frame, or they can be planted directly in beds or borders, but should be protected with a little strawy litter or fallen leaves, anything to keep the frost from hurting them.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY may now be potted up for forcing.

LILIUM HARRISII AND OTHER LILIES may be procured, potted, and plunged the same as hyacinths.

ROSES.—This is the month for planting.

TREES AND SHRUBS may be planted.

As MINT is one of the plants especially dedicated to this month, I thought I would tell you her fascinating history.

Pluto was not a deity to inspire love, even in the heart of his wife when, after long waiting, he was able to steal one. Men figured him as a dark and angry god, who flourished a staff as he drove unruly spirits to their last abodes of gloom. Pluto spent most of his time in the under-world, yet he did visit the light occasionally, and on one of his emergings he saw and loved the nymph Mintho. Now his wife, Proserpine, watched him more closely than he knew, not that she was fond of him, but, being a woman, she could not endure to divide the affections of her lord. Hence, at the first opportunity, she revenged the slight he had put upon her by turning her rival into a herb, in which guise she lost some outward beauty, yet still attracted men by her freshness and fragrance. Of the several varieties of mint, the cat mint, or catnip, commends itself especially to the feline race. In an old belief this herb will not only make cats frolicsome, amorous, and full of battle, but its root, if chewed, makes the most gentle person fierce and quarrelsome—quite a thing to know, that. The mint called Pennyroyal, which has value in the rural materia medica because it purifies the blood, also disperses fleas, and smeared on the face with vaseline and tar keeps off mosquitoes, gnats and flies. This was used by witches in a malignant medicine which caused those who swallowed it to see double.

E. R. M.

Thank God every morning, when you get up, that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not.

Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle man will never know.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

My Wild Garden.—(Continued from Page 247.)

wood, with the purple-red, late sun's rays filtering through it, was one of the most perfect things to remember.

With the bluebells came the merry little cowslips, outdoing one another in their eagerness to dance. Jolly, early-morning, sporting folk, and loving life so well that they resent being packed and posted. Their capacity for enjoyment is longer than the bluebells'. They are delicious fairy people.

Every lane leading to and from this garden of beauty was garlanded with roses, masses of them, pink and white. And while you could only gasp for breath, the honeysuckle leapt and climbed toward the sun. It embraced the trees, smothered hedges, and crawled, half-hidden, along the heath, eagerly sought by bees, who hold high revels in its petals.

And deepest in my mind, and perhaps placed highest in my heart, and maybe will remain longest in my memory-garden, was that wonderful moor of heather and gorse. Beautiful at dawn, a mist softening without blurring outlines, mysterious and almost eerie with its morning music, a light wind turning the heather-bells into a thousand muted violins. Exquisite at noon, a golden sun making a wonderful, glorious purple world. But most tender, most lovely, most silent at eventide, in the "dimpsey-light," the wind of the South hushing a soft lullaby. If you are a moorland lover, you will have enough music to remember into eternity. The garden is still there, and I shall go back some day to enjoy it all over again.

E. K. L.

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Poultry Notes.—(Continued from Page 244.)

mash in an endeavour to get out on range and find their own food. That is why the person with an ideal environment and where natural food is plentiful should become interested in egg-laying ducks. A tea of mash is all such ducks need during the summer. Anything from tadpoles to "tiddlers" . . . slugs to frogs . . . come their way and are appreciated, and being liberal feeders one should not attempt to keep them in confined runs—a place for everything and everything in its place is a keynote to successful poultry-keeping.

Sleeping Rough.—Many of my friends do not believe in houses for ducks, but just provide them with a 3ft. wired-in netting enclosure in the orchard, and the ducks sleep on the ground therein in all seasons. I have seen flocks of ducks reared under such conditions to maturity without any covering whatsoever. Personally if one has to erect quarters I should prefer shelters after the following pattern—roof and ends of solid timber and front open except for a 2ft. board at the bottom, the flooring being covered with straw or litter. But most people who have free range can find an unused shed that can be spared for the ducks, and while I know ducks like to sleep out rough in warm summer evenings I prefer such sheds, seeing that they are well ventilated and not close. One should allow 5 or 6 square feet of flooring per duck, and all entrances should be wide, in the nature of a door rather than a hen's pophole, as ducks must not be hustled through small apertures.

Dry Bedding Essential.—To lay and do well ducks need ample dry bedding. The weakest part of the duck is undoubtedly its legs. The latter are easily broken, which should warn duck-keepers against catching ducks by the leg; the proper method is by the neck. As a consequence, too, ducks suffer from cramp very freely unless they have ample dry litter. One should provide material to a nice depth, hay, straw, leaves and bracken being suitable. Each morning soiled parts should be raked up and removed, and on fine days I like to toss the litter out to dry in the open, replacing it at night—a good plan to make litter last longer. Ducks do not readily take to nesting places, although at the back one can provide same by running a row of bricks along a foot or so from the back of the shed. They prefer to drop their eggs in the litter, and each egg should be cleaned before being marketed; to do this use a piece of rag and a little monkey brand.

Colour of Egg.—Many ducks are sold as White Runners, whereas they are but crosses. Some of the latter lay objectionable green-coloured eggs which I am strongly against. I vote outright for the white-shelled duck's egg, for which reason I am afraid some breeders do not "love" me. Still I contend that the public will be attracted by a white egg, whereas they would think twice ere purchasing a green one. It is also a matter of selective breeding, and if only white-shelled eggs are set they will become an accomplished feature of the flock in due course. I am very keen on using at the head of each breeding pen a drake hatched out of white egg, as I know he will have an influence on the progeny, and all should try to buy from breeders who only incubate the white-shelled brand. You can easily ruin your progeny by the injudicious selection of the drake.

Not Quarrelsome Like Fowls.—Ducks are not quarrelsome like fowls. Strangers readily agree just as a flock can be mated in the proportion of one male to each eight females. Those who know what fighting takes place between cocks and hens when strange birds are mixed will appreciate this advantage. It is generally thought that ducks must have swimming water merely because, I suppose, they are waterfowl. Ducks breed better if they have swimming water, but breeds of the "land" type like the Indian Runner do well without any water to swim in. The advantage of swimming water as I see it for a flock of Runner ducks is the amount of natural feeding that exists in the stream or pond during certain seasons. Where heavy breeds like the Aylesbury are kept—primarily a table breed—I do advocate swimming water for the breeding stock, but failing a stream or pond one can construct very readily a small artificial pond at the bottom of the pens which can be shared in turn by the several lots of breeding ducks.

Grit and Shell Needed.—Many think that ducks do not need grit and shell as they go out on range and should be able to find sufficient. The duck is a heavy layer and needs a large supply of grit and shell, and several saucers of same should be kept always before them. As receptacles I prefer large flowerpot saucers. I also like a trough of water which contains plenty of grit and shell, the water being an inch or so above; this makes an excellent "dip" for the ducks and cleans their nostrils as well. With ducks of all ages it is common for their nostrils to be filled with dirt or for mash to cake thereon; the "dip" is a useful preventive. As a rule ducks lay early in the morning, but it is very usual for them to lay now and then two eggs in a day. I mention this because novices always wonder what is the cause when they pick up in one day *ten* eggs from a flock of only *nine* ducks. As a guess I suggest that the duck lays the first egg overnight and the second one just before breakfast the next morning, this without artificial lighting, which is the plan recommended by some of the Yankee specialists to entice hens to lay "two-a-day."

Water with Meals.—A point to remember is that ducks prefer to take water with every meal. Scatter the grain in a trough of water, and when you give the mash fill up the drinking vessels as well and place them near the food-trough. A little mash and then a drink, more mash and more water, and so on, will be the order of things.

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

Contact with good never fails to impart good, and we carry away with us some of the blessing, as travellers' garments retain the odour of the flowers and shrubs through which they have passed.

Habits are a necklace of pearls: untie the knot and the whole unthreads.

SMILES.

I think heroic deeds were all conceiv'd in the open air and all free poems also,

I think I could stop here myself and do miracles, I think whatever I shall meet on the road I shall like, and whoever beholds me shall like me,

I think whoever I see must be happy.

WALT WHITMAN.

Something that Begins with "T."—(Continued from Page 250.)

next was: "You git out of here you two!" and another remark which seemed to have to do with varmints but which I was too dazed to hear, rightly.

"Custard," I repeated, "for your supper." And then the silliest thoughts concerning custards commenced to skip through my mind. Custards, after all, were made from cow's milk. Could nearly neighbour be thinking—evidently all of my family's thoughts were pursuing the same course, because: "But it is all cooked!" he gasped.

Nearly neighbour rose to his feet. Always he has seemed to me extraordinarily, unnecessarily tall, but to-day his towering height impressed me as it never had impressed me before.

"A-bringin' me," he roared, "on a tray, the very flowers that poisoned my critters from the eatin' of 'em. Killed 'em dead. And you bring 'em here to me. On a tray!"

If only my silly thoughts had stayed with the custard, so that I might have had wits enough to stand still and explain that we were innocent; that we had no idea concerning what had killed his cows. But my silly thoughts did not. It must have been because nearly neighbour emphasized the tray, as he did, but I could think of only one thing: John the Baptist's head on a charger, and the picture in the Bible which showed, clearly, that a charger was a tray.

I grabbed all of my family's hand and ran.

"You'd better git," I heard nearly neighbour shout, menacingly.

We got. We surely did. In fact we got all the way to the blue flowers before we stopped running; before we said one word. Then: "How dreadful of us!" I gasped, and to my own and to Pat's horror I began to laugh. I couldn't stop. I hope it was nervousness and excitement that caused my mirth. I hope it was.

"I'm certainly s'prised at you!" said all of my family.

"I'm sorry," I gasped, "cross my heart I'm sorry."

"Ye'a," jeered all of my family, "you sound sorry."

But I was sorry, sincerely sorry, and to prove it I began to pull up the blue flowers by the roots.

"They are too pretty to be poisonous," said all of my family, wistfully, "and then—the copper bowl."

"We'd appreciate them," I said, "in the copper bowl. And we mustn't. It would be wrong. Poor nearly neighbour. Two cows, quite dead. No, we must destroy them, utterly."

We did. We pulled them all up by the roots and scattered them about and went home, feeling exactly as if we had participated in a massacre.

For the past few minutes I have been trying to persuade myself that I did not hear all of my family talking to someone in there in the living room. I find it impossible to carry out the self-deception any longer. I do hear voices, and I must go in. Supposing—oh, dreadful—that the nice young man has carried out his threat—or should I say fulfilled his promise?—to come up here and pay us a visit.

(To be continued.)

"Gardens."

GOD Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed, it is the purest of home pleasures." God considered it the chief help and joy for human life, and created it for man even before a wife. The Garden of Eden is called in Greek "The Paradise of Pleasure," so from the beginning of the world mankind has thanked God for this great gift. That thing of ceaseless, immeasurable delight, which no money can buy, no misfortune quell, no pen describe—such is garden joy. It has for ever been the link between earth and heaven: for he who loves not God cannot love the grass beneath his feet.

We hear of the gardens of the ancients. Homer's poetic description of the Corfu garden of Alcinoos depicts a complete provision for utility and pleasure. Virgil has truly said: "Stulis florere ignobilis oti." Diocletian received greater delight from walking in his garden than in any triumphal procession. Epicurus spent his whole life in his Athenian garden, deeming it the sole aid to philosophy. We read of the celebrated hanging gardens of Babylon; with their terraces, pillars and bowers; fed by a wonderful system of refreshing streams and fountains. Semiramis planted gardens throughout her empire, and the provinces she subdued, from Babylon to India. The Assyrian kings continued this custom, making some of the world's costliest gardens to bring happiness for their wives. This was also Solomon's idea, resulting in fruit gardens watered by many fountains. Ruskin gives us a graphic description of the beautiful and luxuriant garden of the Hesperides, that fruit-planted shore of Africa, where the ambrosial fountains flowed. The old college gardens of Oxford, with their indescribable charm, are perhaps the choicest jewels that she wears: and may be more necessary than her Professors. The dignified gardens of England's stately homes are full of peace and quiet beauty. Sheltered by their "tall ancestral elms," whose magical shadows form a gentle prelude to the intenser charms of perfumed glory, which gladden our eyes in rich flower beds. These broideries of rich inlay (as Ovid might have designated them) have in many cases been sacrificed in the Great War to provide the fresh vegetables on which our good health depends. These ancestral homes, with their verdant lawns and cool arbours, have restored the shattered nerves of many a wounded hero, making him and the owner thank God for His gardens, which are the glory of the earth. What a feeling of love we have for our own vegetable progeny; those who have taken part in its process of creation can feel the greater thankfulness. From the labourer's cabbage patch to the Duke's multi-fruited acres—all have, especially during the Great War, been thankful for a garden, be it ever so small. Thus we see that all nations of the earth, from the world's beginning until this day, in cottage or palace, are filled with thankfulness to God Who enabled them to drink deeply of garden delights.

S. P.

Odd Weights and Measures.

A sack equals—Potatoes, 168 lbs.; Flour, 280 lbs.;

Coals, 224 lbs.; a ton of Coal, 10 sacks.

60 ft. x 726 ft. = 1 acre.

5 yds. x 968 yds. = 1 acre.

Acre = 4 roods = 160 rods = 4,840 yds.



DEAR GIRLS,—You will find among your letters this month extracts from some of the many very excellent essays which did not win the prize.

"I took a walk in my Heart's Garden to-day to find out which flower there I cherished most.

"There were so many kinds, and they all seemed equally sweet that I am not quite sure even yet whether the rose comes first.

"There were roses everywhere—all deep red—varying in depth of perfume according to the depth of my love for the dear people which they represented.

"I found a group of pansies tucked away in a corner. I would like more of them to border the paths of my garden, and every colour would be a separate thought. You pass under an arch of honeysuckle. What a fathomless scent they possess. It would satisfy any longing.

"I wonder what the extent of my Heart's Garden is?

"There must be a way of finding out, although I have tried long and square measure in vain. I was sorry to see so many weeds, they are innumerable; perhaps as in visible gardens they are more easily uprooted after a shower."

* * *

"And then one morning, rising before the Sun was up, the Owner came as ever to his garden, now a thing of perfect beauty, and going over to his plant he beheld a perfect bud, just ready for the Sun's awakening kiss. And as he watched the Sun arose, and long shafts of golden light touched the bud and it unfolded, and there before his wondering eyes the Owner beheld the most wonderful Rose he had ever seen, so lovely, so perfect, and in its velvet centre there glistened a wonderful dew-drop, reflecting the blue cloud-flecked skies in its crystal depths.

"Falling on his knees the Owner worshipped in silent adoration, drinking in the message of the Rose and its meaning—Love. Then, rising hastily, he flung wide his gate that all might enter in and gaze their fill and ease their tired minds in the peace of the garden.

"Not content, now that his own toil has borne such wondrous fruit, the Owner spent his days in helping others in their gardens, giving of his knowledge freely and of his love most generously, and ever the Rose bloomed on, fed by some unseen source of life. And after long years, when the Owner had grown old and weary in his walk through life, he plucked the velvet petals and laid them in the Sun's warm beams to dry and keep their wonderful fragrance, and some of these he gave to all he knew around.

"The seeds he threw far and wide, where they fell into many other dark gardens and grew and blossomed there. Then the Owner, weary and tired, left his garden to live for always in one more beauti-

ful still, in a far-off land of Wonder, but the fragrance of his life's Rose lived on through the seeds and petals he had distributed."

* * *

"But the daffs, my daffs, never tell a soul they have seen anyone so terrible, they just shake their heads in sympathy, and sprinkle their tears on the ground to do their share of the weed killing. Chivalrous? I should just think so.

"The 'Garden of my Mind' really has no ending, it is like the meeting of the sea and sky, such a blending of beauty that where it leaves off and Heaven begins, a mere mortal cannot tell, but my daffs know, I feel sure."

* * *

"Queensland is a lovely country. I am living right in the bush and found it very quiet at first, but am getting used to it now. The Australian bush is very wonderful, miles and miles of trees growing to a tremendous height, giant gum trees with broad, shiny leaves, graceful palms, and beautiful tree ferns. At this part there is a single railway line running for a length of 400 miles for the most part through dense bush broken here and there by a farm, or homestead, as they are called out here. It is now early spring and the wild flowers are beginning to come out. They are very numerous and very beautiful but have no scent. The chief occupation here is fruit farming, and at this particular place the chief fruits grown are pineapples, but oranges, lemons, bananas, and strawberries also grow in great quantities; lemons grow wild in the bush."

* * *

"We all love our little Mag. so much, and I think it must be more than ever precious to those girls who have left England. It seems like a breath of the old country and a link with the dear old Land Army days which, in spite of the war, were the happiest of my life."

* * *

"I am most comfortable thanks to our Mag. and you again. I can safely say it has brought me more luck than anything I know of. I only hope I am settled now for some time. Hope to-morrow morning's post brings my Mag. along, but as it will go home I suppose I shall have to wait until Father has read it all, really he seems as interested as myself in its contents."

* * *

"I wanted to send my magazine subscription direct to your office, but I hardly liked to broach the subject of cancelling the order at my little paper shop. Every month the little old woman beams at me, when I say, 'And what about my magazine.' She usually waits till I remind her, hoping I'll forget, and then she can spring it on to me as a surprise, but she's never had the chance yet, you bet!"

The Landswoman at the Dairy Show.

By the invitation of an old friend of the magazine, THE LANDSWOMAN was on show at Stand 152 at the Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall. Three of us in uniform were there every day to answer questions about the paper and talk over old times. Of course, we found lots of friends, and among them numbers of farmers who had land girls on their farms during the war and were still employing them. One of them told us that he had been the first farmer to employ Mrs. —, who was afterwards Group Leader and Welfare Officer, and whom many Herts. girls will remember with affection. He was full of stories of her first days on the land and particularly of her adventures on her motor bike, always known as Little Hector. He was loud in praise of his present land girl and of her success with his new milk recording sheets, which he has just started on his farm.

You will remember I told you that our Mr. Powell-Owen was to judge the entries in the new Utility Poultry Classes—and he had a busy time—for there were 141 birds in the 4 classes, an average of nearly 40 per class. There were 54 birds in the White Wyandotte pullet class, which must have taken some sorting out, as 3 only could win.

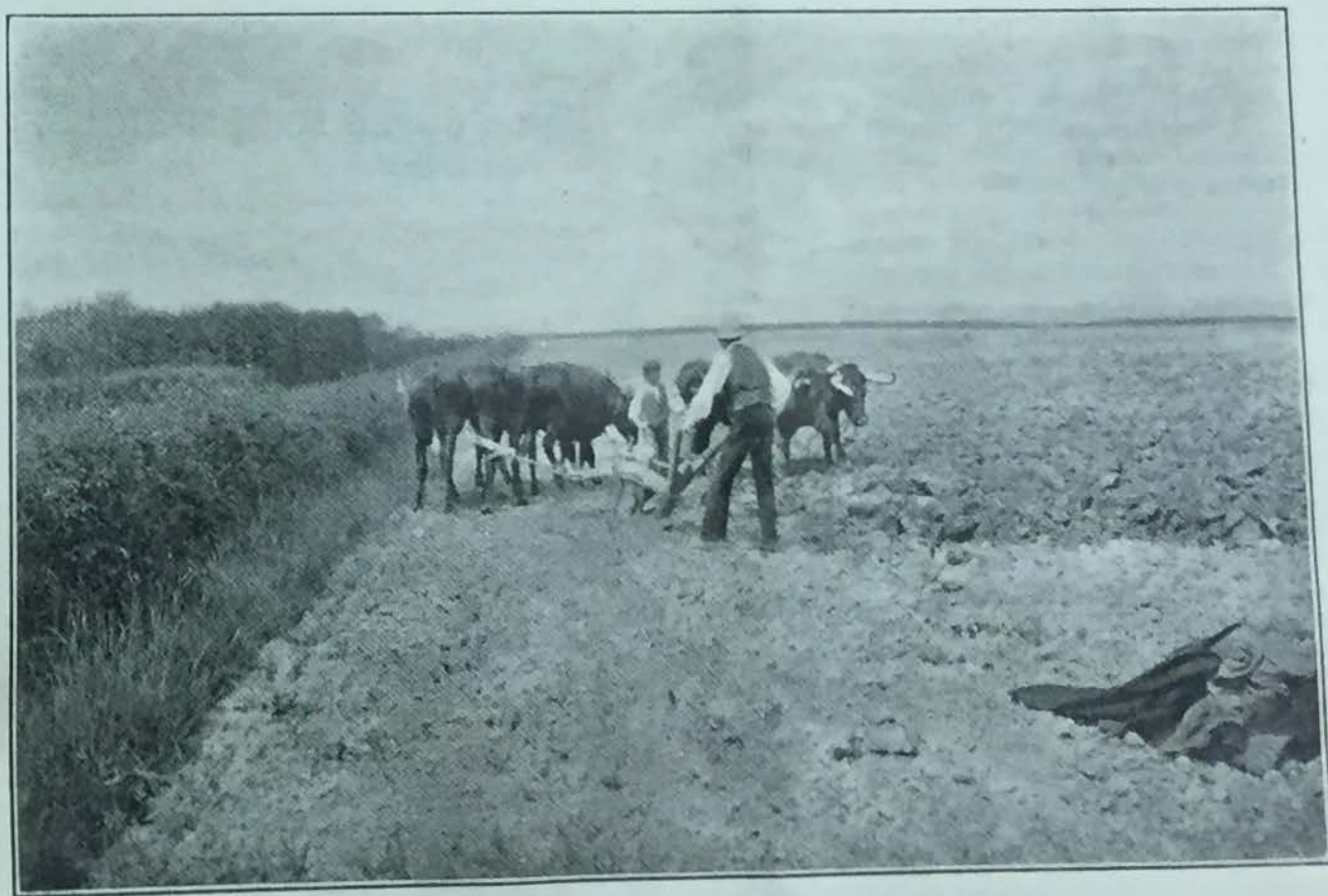
The Weather.

What a glorious October! I think there is no month when beautiful weather is so welcome, except, perhaps, those early warm spring days which we sometimes get in February. This year, with such lots of work to be done in the garden, these lovely sunny days so close to winter have been simply wonderful. It is the only time of the year, too, when one has a chance of seeing the rising sun shining through the trunks of the elms in the Monks' Walk, great shafts of rosy light thrown

across the bright green aftermath of the meadow. Later in the day those same elms having lost some of their leaves and turned the rest to gold, standing out against the brilliant blue sky, look as though they are hung with thousands of sovereigns.

I have already forgotten the winter and am living in the spring, for my garden is to be full of flowers next year. We have planted literally thousands of bulbs, and there are still more to go in. Crocuses spilt all over the grass banks, bluebells and fox-gloves, primroses and Pheasant Eye, down the Monks' Walk, till you get to the water, and then dancing yellow daffodils both sides of the grass all round the lake. In the garden proper, wall-flowers and forget-me-nots will be everywhere, and the gay-coloured Darwin and May tulips fill all the spaces that are left.

Those ducks and geese of mine are really getting too friendly. They follow me round most of the day, chatting away all the time, and they even came so far as up the loft stairs this week, hoping to find me and persuade me to advance their tea time by several hours! Wherever they are, down in the fields, on the water, or in the yard, when you beat a tattoo on the food pail they come scampering to your feet—I know waddling is the right term for a duck's walk, but mine are so full of fun that scamper is much the better word. They have a sense of humour, too. They discovered, much to their disgust, that I feed the fowls before I go down to their meadow, so now they always assemble round the fowl runs to see I don't give away too much. The other day I found they had been having quite a good feed out of the fattening coop trough while my back was turned, and I promptly drove them off and started away for their meadow, gaily tapping the pail for them to follow. And so they



Oxen are still used for ploughing in Sussex and Hampshire.

[*"Farm and Home."*]

THE LANDSWOMAN

did, half-way, where they hid behind a tree till they thought I wasn't looking, and then back they scampered to the fattening coop! Funnily enough through the long grass of the meadow they invariably walk single file, and 23 of them hurrying along to tea in one long thin line would cheer up even the dullest spirits. In fact, you cannot be dull with those ducks, they are so full of cheerful bustle—Stevenson would probably call it bustling idleness—anyway they are certainly tremendously industrious in their own way, always getting on with the next job, and invariably singing at their work.

Possibly you won't believe me when I tell you that they have a regular week-end visitor. She is a wild duck with beautiful blue stripes on her wings, and she turns up every Saturday afternoon to tea and disappears again on Sunday evening. But it's true!

Competitions.

"My mind's flower" competition has brought in more essays than we have had from you for a long time. It was evidently a popular subject and it has been very difficult to choose the prize winner. The first prize would have gone to the writer of "My Wild Garden," but she failed to grasp the real subject of the competition, although she has given us a very charming essay. I thought I was quite sure which flower would be cultivated in my mind's garden until I began to read all your essays, with your very excellent reasons for growing some altogether other flower in yours. Daffodils were great favourites, the jolly yellow colour (like our LANDSWOMAN), the hopefulness of spring, the crisp freshness of their growth, the whole idea of cheerfulness. Roses and lilies, of course, had their devotees; wild heather brought in a very good essay; and wallflowers with all the quaint legends connected with them made a very strong appeal; but in the end, after much debate, we decided to give the prize to the Sweet Peas, chiefly, I think, because Miss Auden claimed generosity as their chief characteristic. The need, too, for careful cultivation, for support and for constant attention, all helped to carry out the real idea of our subject, which was, "The flower I would grow in the garden of my mind," not the flower I would like to find growing there without any trouble or worry on my part. I think there is no more difficult question to answer than that one which is so often asked, "What is your favourite flower?" If you are a gardener you love them all. I do, with very few exceptions, but all in different ways and at different times and for different reasons. Suppose we were to be limited to one flower only in the world, or our little corner of it, we should find it very difficult to choose. It is so easy to love something best, but it is much more difficult to choose something to live with all the time to the exclusion of all other things. It was this limitation which made our essay a difficult one, and we received many delightful rhapsodies on the mind's garden which is full of all the most beautiful flowers, one to suit every one of our various moods.

The wonderful thing to my mind is that our moods, however perverse they may be, make no difference to the glorious generosity of Nature or this beautiful world of ours.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;

We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;

We choose the shadows, but the sun

That casts it, shines behind us still.

Exactly, however disagreeable or horrid we may

be, we can't get away from the beauty of it all. It is all round us like the sea; it is given to us with both hands; and the more we take the greater the supply, which is infinite, unlimited.

Some people seem to think that only the difficult things in life are sent to us for lessons. How often we hear folk say, when someone has had bad luck, or perhaps reaped what she has sown, "Let's hope that will be a lesson to her." Are we never to learn our lessons from the beautiful things in life? Are we always to forget that there is just the same possibility of harvest from good seed as from bad? Donald Hankey, in "A Student in Arms," explains what I mean so much better than I can that I give him the last word. He says:—

"Some men can find no synthesis between the joy of life and its destruction, no bridge between honour and duty on the one side and red and ragged robins, provokingly lovely, on the other. Like St. Paul, they are careful to sow only spiritual things, that they may gain eternal life. . . . The Puritan fails to see the Spirit in the beauty of the flowers, and the æsthetic sees only the sordidness in pain and death. But Paul's Master showed the beauty of both. . . ."

"And if the Master was right—if beauty is one and life eternal—is not the problem solved? Then we see with new eyes scarlet poppy, blue cornflower, red ragged robins, and all that company of gaily dressed fellows are not the pagans we thought them, but good Churchmen after all. To be gay and debonair just for a day is the work that the good Father has given them. It is their beauty and His Glory, and therefore it is our pure joy to have them nodding at our feet."

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

P.S.—Will the author of "Euston Prattler," which appeared in the October issue, kindly send her present name and address.

Home-Cured Rabbit Skins.

IT is advisable for those who have only a very limited number of skins, say, from an occasional rabbit consumed in their own home, to cure the skins themselves for their own use instead of selling them uncured to some firm.

There are several different ways of curing skins for home use, but the method where the appliances required for carrying out the process are simple is the best one to choose.

A smooth board on which the skin has to be firmly tacked, a receptacle for water, and a sharp scraper are all you really require.

With the fur downwards, the skin should be fastened on to a board by drawing pins.

Then scrape the skin thoroughly so that all loose bits may be removed, taking care, however, not to make any holes in the sheet of the skin, which is known as the pelt.

When this scraping is done, dry the skin with a piece of cloth and every day for at least a week sponge with the following solution:—

Saltpetre, 1 oz.; alum, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; water, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ pint.

Heat the water, and, whilst boiling, pour it over the alum, stirring until the latter has entirely dissolved.

Make sure that the solution does not touch the fur, or else the hair will fall out and the skin will

be quite useless. After each application, bring the skin, still fastened to the board, into a warm, dry room. Then when the alum treatment is finished, detach the skin from the board and hang it up in the same room.

In a week or so the skin will be thoroughly dry, but will still be very stiff. This stiffness can be completely overcome by rubbing the skin side of the pelt very gently with pumicestone for several days in succession. If, for one reason or another that is not effective, then dress the pelt, on the skin side, with a little sweet oil.

"Smallholder."

Soft Cheeses.—(Continued from Page 248.)

consequently become dry and worthless. On the other hand, low temperatures result in slow drainage, owing to which the curd becomes spongy and fermentations set up, which finally impart an undesirable flavour to the cheese. A very soft curd is invariably attended by a loss of fat in the whey, while, in addition, certain gas-producing organisms are encouraged, which cause minute holes to occur throughout the curd, so that when the cheese is cut in two the surface has numerous holes in it.

The development of acidity in soft cheese-making takes place in the milk after rennet is added, or may be set up during the process of draining, or before the curd has been salted. A very small amount of rennet is used in the process of soft cheese-making; otherwise it would be impossible to produce a soft, tender curd. As already remarked, the milk must be perfectly fresh before renneting, as should acidity be developed before renneting, this acid will assist the action of the rennet, as is the case in hard cheese-making, when a hard and solid curd will result.

As a rule, milk is richer in fat towards the end of the season, in consequence of which it will be necessary to use a little more rennet, while, should the atmosphere of the dairy be low and the weather cold, the milk must be set at a somewhat higher temperature than when the atmosphere is milder. In the case of varieties ripened before being salted, such for example as Camembert, Pont l'Eveque, Brie, etc., particular care must be taken to see that the curd is reasonably moist and fairly acid without approaching any extreme of dryness or wetness, sweetness or acidity, as the case may be.

When the cheeses have drained and before their removal to the ripening room, they must first of all be placed in a dry store until the first growth of mould has started, the atmosphere of the ripening room being kept fairly moist. Certain moulds of fungoid growth will develop on the surface of the cheese in the ripening room, and which are referred to as "aerobic," which term indicates that they have their origin on the outside of the cheese, and spread towards the inside, resulting in the curd becoming gradually softened and mellowed throughout. The final process is the ripening of the semi-liquid core in the middle of the cheese. It may be assumed that the enzymes of the rennet commence to digest the outer layers of curd, and so that the latter gradually change into a soft, buttery material, which finally imparts this condition to the whole of the cheese.

The art of soft cheese-making undoubtedly lies in being able to make these moulds grow properly, and it is impossible to do so unless the curd is sufficiently acid before salting. A "starter," or

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pure culture of lactic acid, must not be used in these processes, the acid being allowed to develop naturally, although in the case of a Camembert cheese it is advisable to introduce a very small quantity of starter, made up of a portion of the crust of a good half-ripe French Camembert, pounded up into very small pieces, and mixed with some hot, sweet whey.

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WARWICKSHIRE BRANCH.

The Executive Committee met on October 13th at Warwick, Lady Ilkeston in the chair. Resignations were received from Lady Rowena Paterson, Rugby representative, and Miss Walker, hon. treasurer. Miss Smith, Stratford-on-Avon, and Mrs. Hopkins, Knowle, have been co-opted on the Committee. The Secretary reported that 50 new members had joined since the last meeting, and that 19 girls had been successfully placed in situations. Applications for land-girls were constantly coming in from farmers. A Plant and Produce Sale, in aid of the County Fund, had been held at Sutton Coldfield in October. Lady Ilkeston, accompanied by Mrs. Croft, secretary, went over to open the sale, which was most successful, and realized £60. A scheme for training girls in farm work is now in hand. The Secretary is greatly in request, and small socials will be held in different parts of the county this winter, to enable her to meet members.