The LANDSWOMAN

NOVEMBER 1918 Price 3d
No. 11 ❖ Vol. I

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THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Army and the Women's Institutes

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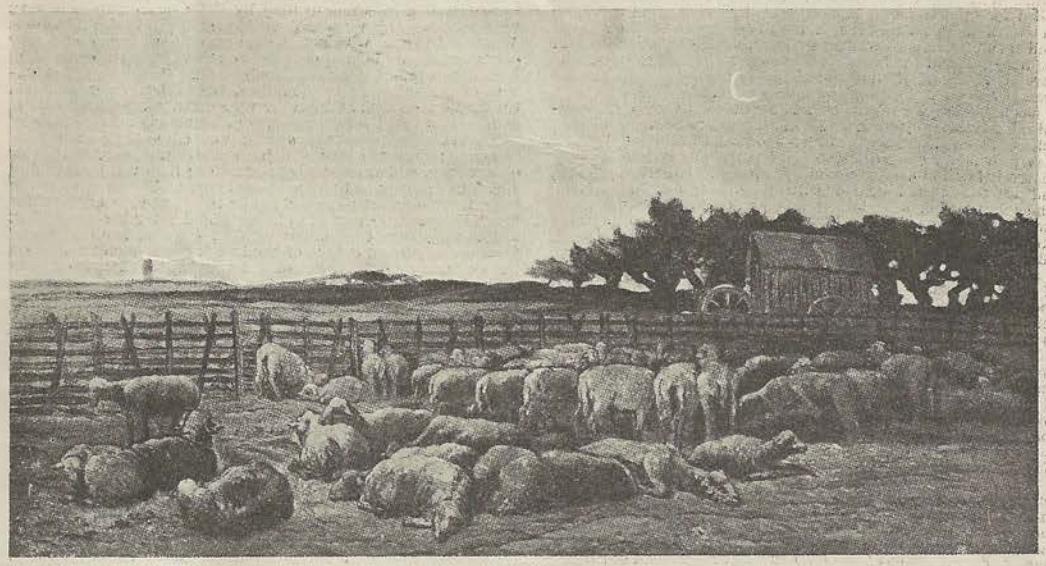

The Shepherdess

SHE walks—the lady of my delight—
A Shepherdess of Sheep—
Her flocks are thoughts, she keeps them white;
She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep,
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right:
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

ALICE MEYNELL

(*Poems of To-day*, Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Women as Rhythmic Workers on the Land

A COUNTRYMAN, on going to London for the first time, is pretty certain to lose his way—a Londoner going on to a farm is sure to; yet it has been the privilege of all and sundry to regard those on the land as being little short of imbeciles, whilst the farm workman has been ranked as something lower than a dock labourer or scavenger. But the farm labourer who has gone through the whole gamut of farm operations and become skilled in these is an artisan with a far wider range of skill than is called for by artisans in any other trade. It is a sad reflection on education that the skill common to those who went on to the land before education was compulsory, or during the period of the half-timer on the land, is far greater than that of those who have come since. It shows conclusively that education has not been given on right lines, or has been misdirected—or both. It has been accepted far too commonly that spatterings of knowledge in several subjects make for intelligence: as taught in Board Schools this is distinctly incorrect—to the naturally intelligent it may provide an opportunity to go farther, but facts show that relatively few do so. As the children are under so little discipline, and are too often taught the little snobberies of life—among which is that physical labour is degrading, and that a black coat is the highest aim in life—it is not surprising that those educated in country Board Schools have eschewed the land. Educationists have not recognised in regard to boys that there is a vast change in respect to their acceptance of the monotony of physical work in its initial stages when they pass from childhood to youth. However, I dealt with that in a paper read before the British Association at their last Manchester Meeting, so need not go into it now. But the village schoolmaster has only echoed the views of a very large portion of humanity in urging that physical work is degrading. All my life I have urged that no good physical work is done well without a proper amount of intelligent brain power; and I have lived up to my belief in it. Some years ago some members of the Council of an agricultural college of which I was principal seriously discussed with me the degrading action of a principal who led his students in the acts of husbandry as part of their training. I have always held that it is a weak spot in all our agricultural colleges that practically nothing is done to make those going on to the land efficient in this work. If one takes the publications of the Board of Agriculture since its inception, there must have been acres written on so-called experiments on manuring and other subjects which were merely demonstrations of original experiments carried out before the Board was formed. It is fully thirty years since I was in charge of the Royal Agricultural Society's experimental station at Woburn; and, candidly, I can see very little advance that has been made in manuring: in the same time I have seen skill in farm operations and acts of husbandry much fallen back. If one-eighth of the attention had been given by the Board to improve skill on the part of those working on the land, farming would have been in a far better position. A vast proportion of farmers, with skill in directing operations, was driven off the land in the bad years of the eighties and nineties; and with them went the skilled artisans on the land. As the younger generation was taught not to go on the land, it is not surprising that skill is at a low ebb.

The War has awakened many. Many have learned what the land means to the country. Just when the skilled men on the land were most wanted to provide food, they had to be taken to the trenches, with the result that a vast amount of unskilled labour has been brought to it. Unskilled labour is uneconomical; but it has stopped the breakdown which would have come otherwise.

It has been my experience during the last year or more to employ military labour, or what are often described as army misfits, and workers in the Women's Land Army, and I may here state that previously I had opposed the idea of women working on the land, mainly for two reasons—that with the small pay they had received throughout my experience, I knew they were better off as domestic servants or in other callings, and that their home life suffered greatly; also, because, having been accustomed to highly trained labour, I thought that the smaller quantity of work they might do would lower the tone of the skilled, for there is always a tendency to this where inferior men workers are brought among other men. My views have altered: for I have had the help of a number who, with high ideals of their duty to help the country and to make the burden of those fighting to defend them as light as possible, have shown such a brave spirit and fine aptitude for work. Moreover, those with less physical powers have made every effort to attain the same good results as the stronger. Further, their fine spirit and zeal have been communicated to male workers who, having evaded the dangerous aspects of a soldier's life, had not realised what was their duty to their country and to those in danger in the battlefield.

Under promise to train a few workers from the Women's Land Army, I have had them under training during the past four months; these were girls of good education—very similar to that of some hundreds of agricultural college students that I have trained. I was more than surprised at the aptitude shown, and I make no exaggeration in saying that every one has attained efficiency in less than one-third the time their brothers or youths of their age would have done. Farm operations are far less controlled by strength than by skill; in fact, there is very little that is really very hard work, provided it is skilfully done. Whether the ease with which girls acquire the knack of a new operation is only innate, or is due to school training, or to both, I cannot say; but it is probably to both. Certainly the quickness of perception is very marked, the imitativeness is quick, the application such as I have never seen in youths, and there is certainty, without cocksureness, which certainly does not belong to youths. The cocksureness on the part of youths is a besetting weakness: they will rush at a job without applying patience or observation, and are restive of correction; they will put out any amount of energy in the wrong direction, and learn a lot which they have to unlearn—many, failing to get at once on the right track, become half-hearted as learners, and never become skilled. I am quite sure that under efficient training healthy young women can give an output of good work quite equal to what on the average has become regarded during the last decade or so as a man's work on the farm. The girls here have done this in many of the ordinary operations on the land; in fact, in practically all that have to be done on a mixed farm from May to October. Machinery does much, but there will always be much that must be done by an intelligence which cannot be done mechanically, and the ordinary acts of husbandry will never wholly die out.

Recently the little coups of the Women's Land Army here have been filmed, and those who have seen the pictures on the screen have agreed as to the efficiency they show, whether it be in light operations such as sheep shearing, the quick one of transplanting, or the heavy one of pitching wheat sheaves; it is expected that these pictures will be shown rather widely, so most will have a chance of viewing them.

The object of these pictures is to show the best methods of performing the operations, and how they can be done to get the most out of the human machine with the least expenditure of force. The rowing man knows that he cannot maintain a long race if he rows it "on his arms"; he must get it from his leg drive—that is, he must get it off his stretcher, using the leverage he gets from his body from the hinge of the hips. In all farm work of a straight drive, he must do the same—as in hoeing. But man possesses a power outside that of any other animal—he can get a lateral pull or throw: the side-body throw is a wonderful gift in itself, but it is so wonderfully versatile because of the combined play of the legs and arms. The shoulder, elbow, wrist, and fingers can perform any motion yet imparted by mechanical means; but it is not so often recognised that the hips, knee, ankle, and toes can be made to effect far more power, and that it is owing to these that the great range of lateral movements and work can be done. The arms are merely the connecting rods between the body leverage and the work—the niceness of the work is effected by the several joints from shoulder to finger tips.

All operations must be rhythmic to be properly effective. One accustomed to directing farm operations can tell if men half a mile away are working effectively; for if the work is not rhythmic, it cannot be done in the best manner. On the film the Melchet workers are shown transplanting cabbages at the rate of 5,000 a day, absolutely to time—that is, all are true to a tick in each of the five actions. In flat hoeing a double row—also a five-action work—they show the same precision; as they do in the three actions of mowing, and so on. This precision shows the absolute control they have attained in these operations. As so much work is done in all districts in an inefficient manner, it is intended to write a small book on rhythm in farm work, so that proper methods may be adopted anywhere. The operations of the Melchet workers will be used in illustrating this, and it is hoped that many of the aches and pains, tiredness and disappointments at the small results from hard endeavours, may be saved to those who already belong to the Women's Land Army or who may join it hereafter.

W. J. MALDEN.

A Prize of £1 is offered for the best account of the Women's Institutes Exhibition sent to Miss Rudyerd-Helpman, 72 Victoria Street, by November 8th.

The Shepherdess—J. R. SMITH.

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New Eyes and New Ears

By Edith Lyttelton

Do you know that you can make new eyes and new ears for yourselves if you want to ? You cannot alter their shape or their colour, but you can give them quite fresh powers by a little exercise. We live among a mass of things, both too small and too big for us either to see or hear: we shall never see the microbes in a drop of water, or hear the noise a star makes when it falls. But there are masses of sights and sounds waiting for our new eyes and new ears. In these little papers I am going to describe some of them which you will certainly, if you try, both see and hear. Ever since you have been in the country you might have seen and heard these things. Yet I am sure many of you will not have done so. Begin now by looking and listening in the ways I shall suggest month by month, and if you persevere you will soon become discoverers yourselves. I hope you will send to the Editor of THE LANDSWOMAN any news you can about birds or insects or pond-dwellers, and do not forget trees and flowers and grasses.

The Starling

AS it is November, I am going to talk to you about one of the few birds who goes on singing to us bravely all through the winter. The starling looks black, but really he has all kinds of colours in his feathers. He is about eight inches long from beak to tail; he feeds on worms, slugs and insects in the warm months, and in the winter he eats berries and fruits, and will come close to houses if it is cold and pick up anything he can find. Try and listen for his winter song. He has a very clever whistle, and if he is frightened he gives quick, harsh notes repeated over and over again. He is a great mimic; he sits up in a tree and impertinently imitates other birds. I wonder if they mind ? We rather dislike our best stories and tricks being copied by others, so perhaps they do, too. The starling chooses his wife and sticks to her for life; but I am not going to tell you about that in this month's paper, because the starling in winter and the starling in summer has such different habits.

Do you know that although we have starlings who live with us all the year round, vast flights of them like to come across the North Sea and live in England for the winter ? It seems a funny choice, because we don't think much of our winter climate. But, then, we are rather apt to run down our own things. Anyway, the starlings like it, and during the cold months they very sensibly keep close together. You can see them searching for food in the fields, running about like women buying the Sunday dinner in a great hurry and fuss. If you disturb any of them, they will rise and wheel and turn in the air, and will probably be joined by others from all parts of the field. Then they will move all together almost as if they were at gymnastic drill before they settle again.

But the most interesting thing to watch is the starlings' evening meeting. The birds are very regular and punctual, and at sundown flock after flock of them arrive and settle on trees, or osier beds, all talking and arguing at the tops of their voices. The noise is deafening. If you startle them, they will stop quite suddenly like a lot of school children when the teacher comes in, and rise suddenly into the air. Then they begin a wonderful sort of game: they spread out like a huge black cloud, then close up again in a tight bunch, make banked turns to the right and left, and swoop down, still close together, as if they were going to settle. But no ! up they will go once more, till all of a sudden they really settle just as if they had been drilled. No one ever gets into the way of anyone else, and they all seem to alight on the branches at the same moment. They begin to talk again at once, and long after they ought to be asleep they go on and on—indeed, some of them will go on chattering and scolding all night. It is great fun to talk all night, but very bad for you, so please don't imitate the starlings ! Only listen for them, especially as you turn homewards in the chill evening air, and watch a flock again for a moment black against the clear pale winter sky, gossiping and talking together, full of life and joy, before they go to rest. Perhaps you do the same !

Sketch in Pastel

THE world looked like a sketch in pastel: powder blue for sky; amethyst for far-away woods; primrose, amber and russet for fields and hedges. The late scabious flowers, drooping their heads in wayside tangle, were a chalky mauve. On days like these, a rather mournful, tender peace broods over everything.

I was glad I had been sent alone to rake a little sloping cornfield far away from the others. The best way to the field is through a wood, where the paths are waist-high in bracken, and there's always a damp, sweet smell of mould and honeysuckle.

I sauntered through the wood with Jinny, my unchosen companion, for I would rather have had any other horse in the stables. Jinny is a small and untidy brown mare with a mad eye, who lives in a perpetual state of flustered annoyance, but that day the peace had penetrated even to her stubborn heart, and she accepted work with patient resignation.

I was happy because I had escaped so far from the others that I felt like an adventuress, because I had in my knapsack cigarettes, a thrilling book to read at lunch-time, and hard-boiled eggs and cucumber to eat. I confess to a ridiculous passion for cucumber—not salad, mind ! I hate people who cut it into miserable wafers and drench it with obnoxious dressing. For me it must be in great cool chunks that I can bite very slowly while I think of jade and green depths in water. Some day I shall write a poem about cucumber.

Meanwhile Jinny and I ate our dinner and raked our field as neatly as we knew how, striping it with precision in long lines after the zebra pattern, till all the field was done.

I sang all the songs I knew to my plodding companion and thought all my favourite thoughts, while time slipped so quietly away that twilight, which comes soon at harvest time, was upon us before we were aware.

The fields and woods bloomed then with the colour of grapes and a flushed moon crept secretly up to make things almost too perfect to be real.

The taste of my homeward bound cigarette was the most glorious thing in the world. N. E. W.

THE UNINVITED MASCOT

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A Pig Tale

AS I have always had a strong liking for pigs, I was really sorry when, one day, the "Boss" told me I was to take a pig to the nearest village to have it killed. However, there was no use arguing, so I followed him down to the pig-yard, albeit with a heavy heart. There awaiting us were the cowman, Squibs—who was what the "Boss" called "my fellow-worker"—the pig, and the affair on wheels, rather like the cages in a menagerie, in which the pig was to travel. The back of this equipage let down like a cart tailboard, and it was at this point that a grand struggle took place, which ended in the pig being safely interned in the cage.

There were shafts attached to the front, and into these the farm donkey, after a great show of reluctance, was at last firmly fastened.

When I was ready the cowman whispered to me: "Don't you think you'll get there without *something* 'appenin', Miss—*'cos you won't!*"

"Sounds cheering!" I thought, "but probably true!" For I remembered that three long miles separated me from the village.

The back of the cage had to be fastened with a little iron twist, like a corkscrew. Said the man: "Shall I *tie* this up, sir? I'm afraid it'll come undone."

"No—no—*no*! That's all right!" said the Boss.

So I waved my hand to Squibs, who was busy justifying her nickname by going off into spurts and crackles of laughter, and started off.

I had gone a little way when—*bang*! br-rr-*ump*!—down fell the back of the cage.

"Wo!" I said, and jumped down just in time to stop the pig doing the same. I fastened it up, and tied it with a piece of string I found I had, and then scrabbled up to my seat on the top of the cage. [I tied the tailboard up—not the pig.]

Peace for a while, till Neddy suddenly tried to kiss his toes. I jerked: he jerked. I nearly went flying. However, I held on, when—bump!—behind me. I looked round, lost the reins, and saw the pig advancing to the hole just vacated by the tailboard. The string had broken.

By this time there was not far to go, so I thought walking would be better. [Of course, everybody I met stared their eyes out, probably thinking I was part of Wombwell's menagerie.]

So we journeyed on, and presently arrived at the village, and the donk—he went into the middle of the road, and stood there, and budge he would *not*! By dint of much whacking I made him go a few steps, and a few more, till he finally reached a bridge. Just then a window opened in a cottage, then another, and another; and when I looked round half the village was staring at the unexpected apparition.

"Go it, Maggie!" "'It 'im!" "*Don't* 'urt 'im!" were a few of the words of advice offered by soldiers and others.

Half-way over the bridge Neddy stopped and swung round.

"*Come* on!" I gasped. Another step—"Pip! pip!" went a motor behind. "*Come* on, will you!" I said, in desperate tones.

The motor came nearer, slowed down, and stopped, while the occupants began to roar with laughter. There was a pause. Then Neddy started on the downward slope of the bridge, and the motor followed. Round the corner, to the butcher's shop, we went—and the motor—kept on following!

Said the butcher, running out: "Bring it into the yard, Miss."

"Yes," said I. "Come on, Ned."

But he wouldn't.

"Come *on*!" roared the butcher.

But he didn't.

And the motor slowed up and came to a stop, because we were all across the road.

We tugged, and pulled, and tugged again; and then decided to unharness him there. We did. Then—"Get up!" said I, applying the stick. Ned backed into the motor. I apologised, turned him round, and—he did it again! Then the butcher came to my assistance, and we tugged afresh, much to the amusement of the motor people and a large concourse of the inhabitants. At last the butcher got behind and *lifted* him in, and then, and not till then, the motor went on.

Some lime was wanted by the "Boss" from a place about five minutes' walk away, and, thinks I; "I'm bothered if I'll take that beastly concern up there!" So I carried the lime in a bag on my back, to the huge delight of the majority of the population, who followed me.

Getting the donk in again was more exciting than ever! There were three men and four boys to help, and about fourteen schoolchildren and nearly half the inhabitants standing round, watching.

When I finally started, they all stood in a bunch and waved their hands till I disappeared round the corner. Then the sound of a cheer reached me!

It's a *very* fine thing to be patriotic, but I sometimes long for a slightly less conspicuous method!

DORIS A. HELSBY.

Sheep Tracks

By A. M. Aglionby.

A WHITE, winding road between June hedges, the woolly flock pattering ahead in a cloud of dust, that indefinable sheep smell, now so familiar, floating back—how vividly I can recall it all, my first time "among the sheep," as they termed it on the farm.

I had been chosen for the job, partly because I was always keen for any of the more active occupations on hand, chiefly because I possessed a dog. Jerry, who has since shared with me many ups and downs of farm life, was then but a puppy, who furtively played games with the little pigs, helped himself to the calves' milk, chased the hens, and generally got himself into an extraordinary amount of hot water, from which he invariably emerged with his tail up.

On this particular morning we set off in high spirits. This was a better prospect than cleaning the separator and hoeing mangels. My instructions were to collect fifty-three sheep from a certain part of the park, and take them about four miles to a place where sheep dipping for several farms was being carried out. If anybody met me with other sheep, I must get ahead of my sheep and drive them into the nearest gateway until the other lot had passed. All I had to do otherwise was to walk along behind my flock until we arrived. It seemed a simple matter.

After several counts, in which I made anything from forty-five to fifty-five, we safely negotiated one or two gates and a small wood and reached the road. We had one village to get through; but beyond that it seemed plain sailing. Blithely I trudged along, swinging my stick, and with difficulty restraining Jerry from taking our flock along at a hard gallop. We were nearing the village, and I noticed that some sheep in a field by the road were apparently taking an animated interest in the doings of my sheep, a chorus of ma-as and bleatings being exchanged over the hedge. Suddenly, with no warning, I heard a cracking of branches behind, a woolly head appeared over the top, and the next moment the owner of it leapt the hedge into the road. It was followed immediately by another, and over they came, one after the other, looking for all the world like the mind picture one conjures up in the well-known formula for trying to get to sleep. (One is never reduced to this expedient when working on the land, by the way. The difficulty is rather in the matter of waking up.)

The situation was desperate, though. This avalanche of sheep continued to pour over the hedge, and charge madly down the road towards my unsuspecting flock. It must be stemmed if possible. Jerry plunged joyfully into the midst of the mêlée, and between us we turned back the main rush, but a few succeeded in eluding our efforts, dashed past us, slipped unobtrusively into my flock, and were swallowed in the crowd. I stood aghast. It had all happened in such a moment. It was hopeless to try and extricate the intruders. For one thing I could not pick them. My little flock trotted contentedly ahead of me, as it had done three minutes before. To the naked and inexperienced eye they were the same sheep and the same number. The only thing to do was to find out to whom these sheep belonged, and to get some assistance in separating them, for I had no wish to be confronted by the irate owner walking off with some of his sheep.

The first cottage in the village was close at hand. I ran up to the door and knocked, but by the time the good lady had opened it, I was half way down the garden path, for sheep, like some other things, apparently wait for no man once they are set going, and I espied the tail ends of mine just disappearing round the corner.

"Whose sheep are those in the field on the left?" I shouted over my shoulder, to the astonished woman, "and where does he live?"

"Mr. B., the first farmhouse down the village," I heard as I shot round the corner after my fleeting flock. The next thing was to call a halt, if possible, in front of Mr. B.'s, while I explained matters. This I achieved momentarily by slipping past and forcing the reluctant Jerry to sit down in front. Mr. B.'s housekeeper came to the door, and I told her breathlessly what had occurred. She left me to wait, with what patience I could, as the sheep were becoming decidedly restless, while she went to inform Mr. B. Presently she returned to find me stemming a retreat to the other "B." sheep behind.

"Mr. B. says you can leave the sheep in the yard," she said.

"Well, he had better come and help me," I replied.

"He's not up yet," was the answer.

The sun was mounting, I felt already to have broken the back of the day's work.

"Where's the shepherd, then?"

"He's away."

"Give Mr. B. my compliments, and tell him if he ever wants to see his sheep again he had better get up and give me a hand now."

My small stock of patience was giving out, for Jerry had left his post, and was passing the time of day with a stray acquaintance, and the sheep were dribbling past him down the street.

When Mr. B.'s housekeeper returned once more, she also had to shout at my retreating figure.

"Mr. B. says you can take them all on together, and bring them back when you come, and the shepherd will be here."

I was too late to prevent them bolting round a wrong turning and over a narrow bridge, where it was impossible to head them off, but with the help of a friendly butcher we at length got our heads turned in the right direction and our feet on the right road.

After that it was merely a matter of time, and we finally arrived with many other converging flocks at our destination. There, to my relief, I beheld the burly figure of Tom, the old shepherd's son, and in a trice he had run my flock into a yard, and together we picked out the aliens and penned them securely behind some hurdles, for we did not propose to dip Mr. B.'s sheep for him.

Then the fun began. For though two veterans, who had long since lost count of the thousands of sheep they had dipped, were in charge of the proceedings, we all lent a hand with our own lot of sheep, and urged and assisted the unwilling woolly ones in their precarious passage down the shoot, helped to push under their bobbing heads in the strong smelling wash, and watched with admiration the dexterous and unerring hook and twist with which the veterans hoisted out each dripping victim on to terra firma.

There were frequent intervals for drinks, for it was a burning day, and the veterans brought the count up to date, and related extraordinary records in the matter of dipping, shearing, lambing, etc., from the dim past, for which they took modest but assured credit to themselves. They were undoubtedly the Gamaliels of their little world, and the rest had to sit humbly, and for my part, happily, at their feet. For they were worth listening to.

Now and then a frightened sheep escaped, pursued, and at length retrieved, by a mob of shouting boys and barking dogs. And so the day wore on, full of interest and incident, and late afternoon found us once more on the road, homeward bound. We duly encountered Mr. B.'s shepherd, who relieved us of the interlopers, and, in passing, I noticed a mended fence. The rest of our journey was plain sailing, and so ended my first day with the sheep.

Another sheep incident, however, stands out in my mind, in fact, can I ever look at a sheep without thinking of it?

I was to take a certain number of sheep to market; no winding June lanes this time, but a broad, glaring high road, under a flaming July sky. There were twenty-six sheep, I remember, and, taking a short cut down to the park from home, I cornered the sheep, and after several essays—for I defy the amateur to count sheep correctly straight away—I set off.

Jerry soon trailed wearily behind; in fact, we were all hot, tired, and thirsty, and matters were not improved by an irrepressible sheep-dog puppy trying to drive the twenty-six up his own turning. At the best, it is an awkward job driving sheep through a town; but when you do not know the way, and well-meaning people explain volubly the best way, and the short cut that you can't miss, while your sheep are steadily trotting down the wrong way, and other kindly souls, in endeavouring to turn them, scatter them to the four winds, well! life begins to become strenuous. To say that I was glad when I had seen my charges safely penned in, hardly seems to meet the case. I was thankful to see the last of the creatures. Little did I think how thankful I should be when I had heard the last of them.

I was hay-raking, I remember, that evening, surely one of the most peaceful and satisfactory jobs that the farm can offer, when I perceived the burly figure of the bailiff approaching. I pulled up, as he seemed to have something to say. He waited a minute, as if searching for words. Then—

"Do yer know what yer bin and done?" he enquired. My conscience took rapid stock of the day's happenings, but remained unaccusing.

"You never took them sheep as I towld yer," he continued, in the same sepulchral manner.

"But I haven't been back two hours," I cried, "unless it really was a nightmare!"

"They wasn't our sheep, them as you took. They was Page's. Didn't you know as Page grazes his sheep in the park? I brought they sheep of ours up to the meader for you."

Another pause, while the full awfulness of the catastrophe was borne in upon me.

"Oh, good heavens!" I murmured, "what a dreadful thing to have done ——!"

"There was only twenty-five of they," went on my relentless accuser.

"And I counted the beasts over at least five times, though I did make them something different each time—it was taking that short cut—I'd no idea anyone else kept their sheep in the park—they were the only sheep I could see. But they weren't sold, were they?"

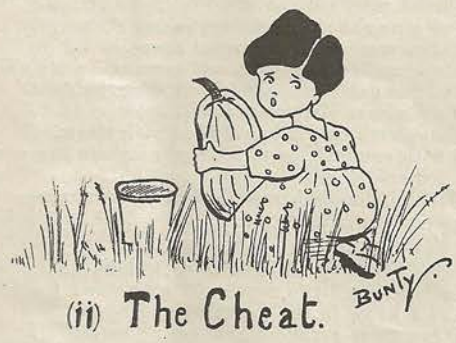
"They wasn't sold, 'cos I seed 'em afore they could be, and fetched 'em out pretty quick."

"Thank goodness for that," I groaned, and then, by a merciful Providence, man's best friend on these regrettable occasions, a sense of humour came to the rescue. I burst into uncontrollable laughter. The thing was unique, had it ever been heard of before in the annals of farming, making off with your neighbour's sheep to market? It was priceless in its way, copy for *Punch* for him with a ready pen! Then infection spread, and the bailiff flung out his broad chest and threw back his head.

"Ha—ha—ha!" he bawled, "to think on it! It takes a lot o' beating, do that. But young Geordie Page, him what's tended they sheep day in, day out, this twelve month past, he wouldn't have it 'twas his sheep. That's what beats me! He—he—he! I had to bring him back, and show him they sheep of his'n weren't in the park, afore he'd believe it! Well! I be blowed, but I never did!"

Nor did I again, I am glad to say.

(i) Allotments.



(ii) The Cheat.

Gardening Hints for November

NOVEMBER is a month of hard work in the garden, everything is going to sleep for the winter, and preparation being made for future crops. Burn all rubbish, all weeds ought to be burnt, or live lime sprinkled on them, as they contain so many insects that multiply so very rapidly. All vacant ground to be dug and left rough for the frost and snow to clean the ground. Globe artichokes should be cut down to within a foot of the ground and protected from frost. Don't cover the crown, but lay straw, pea haulm, or leaves, on either side of the rows; if the hearts are covered they decay. Jerusalem artichokes may be dug as wanted, but lift a few and store in sand for use in severe weather. Asparagus beds must be attended to. Cut down the grass and remove all weeds, and dress the beds with well-decayed manure—a spent hot-bed is the best. Broad beans can be sown this month if they can be planted on a well-drained warm spot, and there are no fear of rats. Rats will clear a bed in a night. Carrots to be sown in frames every three or four weeks for succession until February. Cauliflowers will be turning in, and will require protection from frost. Take up all those that are fully grown and place in an outhouse or shed for use, keep plenty of earth on the roots and they will keep fresh some weeks. Celery ought to have some sort of protection during hard frost, the damp is so destructive to celery after frost. Straw litter is the best and cleanest to use, just throw it lightly over the leaves.

There are any amount of things to be sown under glass. Don't forget to protect parsley.

FRANCES WALKLEY.

Concerning our Uniform

A Fashion Article and Short Story

WOMEN are not at all ashamed to confess to a love of beautiful clothes. They know that half the happiness of the world comes from beautiful things, from summer skies, from rose gardens, from spring woods and lovely children. They try to make their little homes as gay and pretty as the big home outside, and they love to wear the colours that that faultless dressmaker, Dame Nature, dresses the flowers in. But women who have mastered the art of clothing know that sometimes beauty in dress lies solely in the fitness of the dress for the occasion; the prettiest frock would be hideous on horseback. So, when the War mobilised the world, Englishwomen locked up their rainbow-coloured wardrobes, and put on the liveries of toil. Now half the population wears some neat, sober uniform, and each new uniform stands for another Government service won over by the steady, faithful work women have done since 1914. For some time women asked in vain to be used by the national will as soldiers are, to share weariness and hardship, as well as loss, with the men. They might weep for war, but not work to end it. Liberty might be as dear to them as the brothers and sweethearts they sent to defend it, but the Government was chary of accepting this emotional labour. It was not enough that women have worked steadily and faithfully in their own homes since the world began. Until they did it in uniform it was not noticed. When the Army had been efficiently nursed by the dance partner of pre-war days, now wearing a severe collar and an apron, they began to reconsider women; when the Board of Agriculture told the War Office—over a tall tumbler in a solemn club—how women could plough in smock and gaiters, the War Office, as a great favour, allowed a few pioneers to boil Tommy's potatoes; and when the land thereafter swarmed with successful women cooks, clerks and motor drivers in khaki, the Navy began to wonder whether the Silent Service would lose its reputation if Eve became a rating?

One of the oldest of the War uniforms, and certainly the most significant, is the smock and breeches of the land. It is almost more of a revolution that skirted women should honour gaitered women than that the conservative Army should share its great-coat and A.S.C. badge with the weaker sex. It required a World-War to bring it about, and this is its history.

In July, 1851, an American lady gave a ball in honour of Trousers for women. This was in the time of crinolines, when prudery, hysterics, fainting fits and masterful heroes were at their height. She was a brave woman indeed, and, cried contemporary English folk, "Such a thing could only have happened in America."

This pioneer was Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, who gave her name to the costume she wished to substitute for trailing gowns spread over great hoops. The top part of the dress she left to individual taste, but the lower half was essentially as follows:—

We would have a skirt reaching down to nearly half way between knee and ankle, and not made quite so full as is the present fashion. Underneath this skirt, trousers moderately full, in fair, mild weather, coming down to the ankle (not instep), and there gathered in with an elastic band. The shoes or slippers to suit the occasion. For winter, or wet weather, the trousers also full, but coming down into a boot, which should rise some three or four inches at least above the ankle. This boot should be gracefully sloped at the upper edge, and trimmed with fur or fancifully embroidered, according to the taste of the wearer.

Mrs. Bloomer edited a temperance journal called the *Lily*, and in its pages she urged the comfort, economy and hygiene of the costume, and defended it vigorously from the charge of indelicacy. Indignantly she asked, "If delicacy requires that the skirt should be long, why do our ladies, a dozen times a day, commit the indelicacy of raising their dresses, which have already been sweeping the side-walks, to prevent their draggling in the mud of the street? Surely a few spots of mud added to the refuse of the sidewalk, are not to be compared to the charge of indelicacy, to which the display they make might subject them."

Many papers throughout the United States commended the idea. A lecturer, wearing a black satin jacket, skirt and trousers, came to England, but Britannia "failed to do more than indulge in foolish merriment on the subject." Even in America the Bloomer Costume soon died out—"Mrs. Bloomer took the sense the world on the subject: but Fashion took the *non*-sense, and carried it ten to one."

Now mark the sequel. Some sixty odd years afterwards, when the crinoline no longer blocked doorways, when the sheath skirt made it impossible to mount a 'bus, a second great dress reformer arose of the house of Hohenzollern. The day comes when the Fashion Article of an important American paper is called "How to Dress on the Land," illustrated by pictures of women in coats, breeches and high boots. It is by the Special Correspondent in London, and the first paragraph runs as follows:

"If anything could show how entirely different has become the attitude toward women's work in agricultural industry, in comparison with what it was in pre-war days, it is the evidence of dress.

"The old, weather-worn tweed skirts and shabby boots were the signs of work that was rapidly losing interest as well as caste, and it was no mere vagary or desire for sensation that showed the pioneers for 'women on the land' that appropriate dress, sensible as well as becoming, would play no insignificant part in the permanent establishment of this branch of women's industry.

"Evidences of toil, mud and so on have never been regarded as anything but good upon the person of the sterner sex, but that is because he is properly equipped in breeches, gaiters and thick boots. Women, on the other hand, weeded, hoed, and milked in a skirt that, when saturated with rain or dew, dabbed miserably against inefficient boots, and held her in bondage just where liberty of action was most required. Here is where education and liberated thought came to the rescue. Back to the land of farms and gardens and intensive culture women resolved to go, in the interests not only of temporary needs but of those of the future, but their resolution included a determination to throw off all false sentiment, and to assert their right of dressing properly for the work in hand.

"What, then, is the result of trial and experiment in clothes for the land? It is entirely satisfactory. Tunics or coats, knickerbockers, gaiters, thick boots and felt hats are the order of the day, and, with these accoutrements, the modern land woman loses not one whit of her graces: rather does she gain in that sense of freedom and usefulness which is the best of all graces. . . In a well-known country town the writer saw a group of women, who had come in to market, looking both dignified and self-possessed, in tunics and gaiters that would have spelt horror to the early Victorian, who would never have been under the necessity of carrying her own produce to the local town without the protective arm of the head of the house."

Mrs. Bloomer, smile in the shades! By a strange irony, it is our foolishly laughing nation that is teaching your infant band of women farmers how to dress on the land. In the audience that mocked your lecturer sat the grandparent of the London Correspondent. The Land Army Corduroys have defeated the German threat of starvation, and they have vindicated those black satin trousers hooted back across the Atlantic seventy years ago.

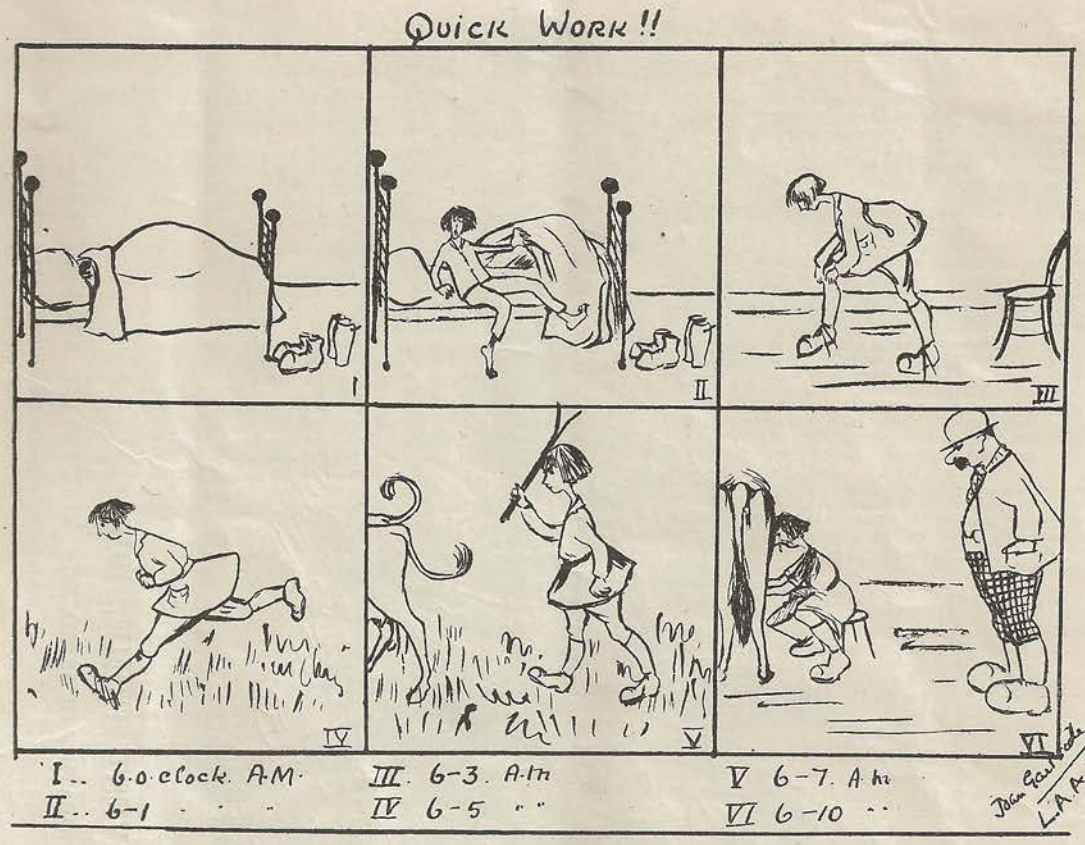
My Little Straw Bed on the Floor

WHEN the golden sun sinks in the Fens
And the toil of a long day is o'er,
Though the hour may be late—we retire about eight—
I forget I was cheery before.
Close at hand, where the centipedes crawl,
I shall slumber 'mid beetles galore,
And the spiders will race to alight on my face
On my Little Straw Bed on the Floor.

I've a neighbour who sings in her sleep,
And a mate with a musical snore,
While somniloquists talk, and somnambulists walk,
And the cats shriek and howl near the door.
It's a corner of Bedlam itself,
Though it's only a bag stuffed with straw,
But with comforts so rare, why, no place can compare
With my Little Straw Bed on the Floor.

At the call of my Country and King,
I have left all the comforts of town.
O! the tears I could shed when I think of my bed.
Such a snug little nest lined with down!
Yet I know in the sweet by-and-by,
When these rural delights are no more,
I shall long to be back with those beetles so black
On my Little Straw Bed on the Floor.

BODGE.



! ! !

THERE is always a funny side to everything, including Land Army life, and the idiotic things people have said about me and my work, are enough to make a cat laugh.

Some time ago, as I was passing three small boys, I overheard one say: "Why, it's a man!" "Nor it ain't," said the second, "it's a woman." "It ain't neither," said the third, "it's a landworker!"

One day a little boy was given a bull calf. He was told he would have to sell it one day, as it was not a heifer. "Then," he said, "I shall keep it till it turns into a heifer."

But the milking usually calls forth the most insane remarks. The owner of the bull calf came into the shed when I was milking. "You milk very nicely," he observed, "but do you feel competent to milk a bull?" On another occasion I was asked if it was difficult to learn to milk. "Well," I said, "it is difficult to milk them clean at first." "Oh! I see," said my friend, "if you don't do it right the milk all comes out dirty!" She then asked, "What makes a cow give milk? Does it just start like a tap?" Once I was asked if I had to milk on Sunday or did I give the cows a "good milking" on Saturday night, and then leave them till Monday morning! And one enthusiastic female, who had been looking at a heifer calf of a few hours old, exclaimed: "Oh! what a darling! does she give any milk yet?" A middle-aged man, who had *once* turned a churn for a few seconds, took upon himself to lecture me on butter-making. "Unless you take the butter out of the churn the moment it has come," he said, "it all turns back into cream!" Another friend of mine, on being told that a horse had fallen and broken its knees, said, "Poor thing! Was it its front knees or its back?" One day I and my father were able to help a boy whose horse had fallen. The boy did not thank us. "Where are your manners?" said an old man who was passing. "You should thank the two gentlemen kindly!" Once I pointed out some very bad hay to an old lady. "Then, if it is such bad hay, why don't you make it into straw?" she asked.

And that was the climax!

P. P.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS*

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

CHAPTER XI.—*continued.*

AS the Judge led Cecilia away, Anne said to Richard, "That is the strangest creature. When she came struggling in with Bobby to-day I can't tell you how she looked. I don't know what I said to her, but something terrible. I knew she didn't like him, and I was beside myself with fright. She didn't even defend herself, she just kept telling me that he wasn't dead. She even carried him into the house, I was so weak."

"Poor Anne!"

"She and Bridget did everything. I thought he was dead, and that it was God's judgment on me for all the years I had neglected him. I just sat in the corner and cried. Miss Carné came and shook me. 'Be quiet; go and get some bandages and hot water,' she ordered me, and I went. If it hadn't been for her I'd have failed Bobby even then."

Richard put his arms about her, and she clung to him.

"My poor Anne! We will not talk about your failing people; I know better than that."

He kissed her tenderly, and they went upstairs again to their boy. Mrs. O'Brien was sitting beside him until the nurse should come from the city.

"Has the gyurl gone?" she asked.

"Miss Carné? Yes, the Judge took her off to dinner."

"I want to ask her to ixcuse me for the things I said about her. If it wasn't fer her we'd not be havin' our bye to-night mayhap, fer she was the wan to think av ivrything to do fer him till the docthor came."

"She understands how excited we were, Bridget, and she doesn't blame us at all. We must make her feel that we need her help to take care of him."

"'Twas mesilf that saw thim playin' together loik childer, in her house, this marnin', an' 'twas the divil in me that made me howld thim black thoughts against her."

"How did Bobby happen to be over there?"

"Sure, he wint to call, because she asked him to come. An' he goes widout mintioning it to annybody."

She went on to describe the scene at Cecilia's cottage that preceded the accident; and as she finished Bobby opened his eyes and smiled at them.

"Is this home?" he asked.

Anne knelt down beside him and covered his face and hands with kisses.

"Yes, precious, this is home, and mudder and daddy and Bidgie."

"Mudder, your eyes are shiny, like cwying."

"My blessed baby!" she said chokingly.

"I fell down an' hurted me, but de 'fwaid lady got me an' kissed me."

"You were playing Jack the Giant Killer, were you? Trying to jump down the vine in one ump?" Richard said.

"I was frowing sticks for Omar. Is he hurted too?"

"Not a bit. Off to by-lo now, sir, and we'll hear your adventures to-morrow, Jack the Giant Jumper."

They kissed him good night, and he went to sleep, as he was bidden to do. Anne and Richard, hand in hand, sat beside him until the nurse came.

CHAPTER XII.

CECILIA RECEIVES A COMMISSION.

THE next few days were anxious ones for the little colony that clustered about Hillcrest. They only thought for Bobby, and about Bobby, and they grew very close together in their common anxiety. But as the days grew into weeks, sturdy Mother Nature went quietly about her healing, and the strain relaxed, and the reaction set in.

Richard and Anne and even the Judge showed the effect of the ordeal, but Cecilia, she of the fine-spun, perishable tissue, allowed herself no let-down. At the end of two weeks they dismissed the nurse, and took turns in caring for their patient. Cecilia often came for the first half of the night, Anne would relieve her until dawn, and then Mrs. O'Brien would take charge. Richard came in for his turn in the afternoon, and the Judge often sat with the boy.

These days of emotional strain were hard on Cecilia, and yet she found this breaking up of her being a sort of bitter-sweet experience. She had crept into her hiding-place, like a wounded creature, to steel herself against life; she had felt so secure in her slowly raised fortifications, and then this boy, with one push of his chubby fist, had tumbled the whole structure about her feet.

She was both glad and sorry. This world that she found herself in now, this comfortable, charming world of the Barretts and the Judge, was an entirely novel one to her. Her lot had always fallen among the radicals, the malcontents, the miserable.

She had been lifted out of such an atmosphere and dropped down among these finely bred and interesting people, who were like creatures from Mars to her. Her first resentment of their invasion of her domain had given way to a secret gratitude to them for coming. She was deeply impressed by Anne Barrett's gentle sweetness, Richard's frank boyishness, and the Judge's mellow toleration of human kind. She discovered in him a man too big for petty prejudices and snapshot judgments. He looked at each question that came to him from every point of view, and with understanding. Certainly these could not be "the enemy" her erstwhile companions preached against.

As Bobby began to convalesce, Cecilia developed

new and unsuspected talents for his amusement; he demanded the 'fwaid lady on all occasions, and she never failed him. She invented new games and stories to his heart's delight. Her masterpiece was a tiny theatre, constructed of a soap box, with pasteboard scenery, and a whole cast of painted pasteboard actors for a Peter Pan play. This exciting drama was played continuously like a Chinese performance, with new complications for each day.

One night, just at dusk, she came toward the Lodge, to find Richard and Anne in the garden. Anne's laugh rang out—she was such a happy Anne these days.

"Miss Carné, isn't this the funniest hodge-podge of a garden you ever saw?" she laughed.

"It is a trifle polyglot," Cecilia admitted. "Just what were you trying to do when you planted it?" she asked Richard, who was pursuing slugs.

"I never owned up to it before, but to tell the truth, this is a sort of vegetarian joke. The day I made this garden Anne sorted out the seeds for me, in piles on the wheelbarrow, carefully tagged. Bobby and Omar upset the wheelbarrow, likewise the seeds, and Nature and I did the rest."

"You just dumped them all in, without regard to what they were?" Anne inquired.

"Not at all. I put what I considered seeds of the same family in the same neighbourhood, but not being a seed specialist all seeds looked alike to me, and I evidently made some grave mistakes."

"And the funny part is he likes this garden much better than the two other, and they turned out quite well," said Anne.

"I leave it to you, Miss Carné, if there are many gentlemen farmers like myself, who can step into the garden and find in one row of vegetables, one melon, one cucumber, one pumpkin, and one head of lettuce."

Cecilia and Anne both laughed.

"It's like the Judge's library, delightfully democratic," said Anne.

"How are your early peas doing?" Cecilia inquired.

"Excellently. We had some for dinner to-night. Very superior, eh, Anne?"

"Very—what there was of them."

"I figure that they cost me about eighty cents a quart, while in the open market you can buy them for thirty-five; however, I consider that the work I put in on them makes the difference."

"Mrs. O'Brien with Bobby?" Cecilia asked.

"Yes, but he's demanding the 'fwaid lady."

"I'll go up and get him to sleep," Cecilia said.

"How she has changed!" Anne said, looking after her.

"How we have all changed," her husband echoed, facing her across his fantastic garden. "How lovely you are, Nan, in this half light, like a tall white lily among my vegetables!" he said softly.

"Why, Richard!" she protested, blushing.

He came around and stood beside her. "Do you know what has happened to me, Anne Barrett?"

"Happened to you?"

"I have fallen in love for the first time in my life."

"Richard, you!" She looked at him anxiously.

(To be continued)

DEAR GIRLS,—There are so many things to talk about this month, that I don't quite know where to begin. Perhaps the Christmas number is the most important, so we will start with that. You will see in the notice on another page, we are going to have a double number in December, which will cost 6d., so that one of the things you must not forget to do this month is to send along another 3d. to the Magazine Secretary in your county. I know you will not mind paying extra for your Christmas copy of THE LANDSWOMAN, because it will be full of such delightful and interesting things that it will be quite worth the money. To begin with, it will have a beautiful new cover —specially designed in three colours for this number. It will contain double the number of pages, and the contents will include a Christmas Play, a Country Carol with music, extra pages of special photographs of potato gangs, L.A.A.S. with their pets, news about the Good Service Badges, and Distinguished Service Bars, and all sorts of exciting things. So don't miss the Christmas number, and order it in good time before it is too late, because only a limited number will be printed, and once they are sold, no more will be available.

Next, a lot of you girls have written to tell me that you want to have your year's copies of THE LANDSWOMAN bound. Now, I have been making enquiries, and I think I can arrange to supply you with cloth covers for this purpose at 1s. 6d. each—provided I can get a sufficient number of orders. The cover will be yellow—the colour of THE LANDSWOMAN cover—and will have only the name of the Magazine printed on it in black letters, not the usual design. I cannot manage this for you unless I have at least 500 orders, so let me know at once what you think about it, so that I can set to work and get them ready for you by the end of the year. This price does not, of course, include the cost of actual binding; that you would have to get done locally.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.—There are so many letters this month, and I should like to quote them all, but as this is impossible I have picked out the ones of general interest. I have told you before how very interested the Americans are in THE LANDSWOMAN—they are starting a Land Army in America—and they sent to Headquarters the other day to ask for two of our people to go out to America to help them to make it like the British Land Army. So this letter from America is worth reading:—"My dear Madam, the copies of THE LANDSWOMAN sent to our President have been brought to my notice, and I wish to subscribe for this splendid little Magazine, beginning with the April 1918 number. Enclosed find cheque for one dollar—if this does not cover the cost, kindly send a bill and I will send more at once. If it is too much, do not trouble to send it back. I am enclosing our new leaflet just from the printers. We have already awarded two Scholarships in Illinois Agricultural College, a middle-west State, and several more will soon be given. I wish that you might send a girl to one of our Agricultural Colleges, and we send one to you. Wishing you all success, I am, cordially yours, Kathryn C. Steward, Chairman, Land Service, Women's National Farm and Garden Association, 44, Madison Avenue, New York City."

The Land Army has been taking part in Harvest Thanksgiving services all over the country. Peterborough and Norwich are reported on another page. Mrs. Richards writes from Birmingham:—"We are very proud here to know we have been recognised by the Church! I think you will like to mention in THE LANDSWOMAN that Canon Willink invited the Land Army to attend Harvest Thanksgiving last Sunday morning, at St. Martin's, Birmingham. The girls fell in outside these offices, and marched to church. They wore their uniforms and were a bonny crowd. Canon Willink gave a beautiful address, paying full tribute to the women of England for their share in the harvest. Several farmers made a point of being present to support the girls working for them, and I was told by one of them afterwards that to watch the rapt faces during the service was enough to convince anyone that hard work on the land for the good of their country, was excellent for them mentally, physically and, spiritually." It is delightful to hear of our girls joining in this spirit of praise and thanksgiving—it is the true Land Army spirit which should fill our hearts at all times—and it is the same spirit which prompts you to write such cheery letters full of the joy which you have in your work. Here is one: "When I read your letter in our August Magazine, I just wanted to write straight away and tell you if I was only clever enough I would write a book! Yes! and what I would put in it if only I was able to express all I felt regarding work on the land. My chum and I started over two and a half years back, the first to take it up round this part practically, and we had a most discouraging time. Talk about being made a 'laughing stock' of! We had no training, of course, and we got a lot of fun out of our attempts ourselves: but did we break down? No, we "stuck it," and we are still at the same job in the same old place, and have had no holiday, only our Sundays off through the summer months. When we went to pass the Doctor for the Land Army some weeks back, he remarked on our splendid health, and we are so happy even though we have to cook and do all our work in the cottage ourselves. As for ever feeling lonesome, why! we don't seem to have time, the days go by so quickly. I generally cook the dinner at night ready for the next day. I think you would have smiled could you have seen me mending our only 'tin pot' with flour and water! Yes, it was successful, and we shall have a fine 'Bacon Jack' pudding and a vegetable hot-pot, and blackberry and sago mould and custard for dinner to-morrow! I am sure I don't know if you will laugh at my attempts to write a letter to you, but I wish all the Land girls could feel as happy as we do in our cot. Of course, we have our little worries at odd times, but usually we are always merry and bright. The Magazine is fine, and we long for the next copy to come along. What clever girls we have in the Land Army! We all want to see an end to this old war, but I myself dread the thought of going back to my old job (I was cook-housekeeper), so I hope there will be a little corner somewhere where I can still carry on what I think is the finest work ever."

"On Wednesday, September 18th, the Land Army girls of Poulton gave a most successful entertainment to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. A long and varied programme was gone through in first-class style, many encores being given. Great credit is due to Miss Connah, who must have devoted much time and energy to produce such excellent results." Then follows an excellent programme, and the result was £9 10s. for the Fund!

I had the great pleasure of meeting last week two LANDSWOMAN readers with whom I have corresponded ever since the Magazine first started. They were passing through London, and I asked them to call at the Office and have tea with me. I had always imagined them—I don't know why—rather small and delicate-looking, and when two fine tall girls, nearly 6 feet, walked into my room, I felt about 5 feet high, instead of the 5 feet 8 inches to which I can legally lay claim. We talked about all sorts of things, and amongst other things they told me about a village fête which three of them had organised entirely alone in Dorset, and which brought in £43 for the Prisoners of War: I am ever so keen that you girls should enter into the life of the village and make yourselves useful in this way. We want to wake up our villages and make them delightful places to live in, so that instead of the villagers leaving their homes to flock into the towns, it will be the other way round, and the villages shall be the most attractive places in the world.

I cannot resist quoting a few farmers' letters, because it is not so very often that they go out of their way to say nice things about us: "Madam, it is with the greatest pleasure that I write to you regarding the four girls from your depot who have been in my employ since they have been in Kent. These girls have worked excellently, and have proved themselves worthy of the name of Britons, and have done credit to the Women's Land Army. I trust you will express my feelings and thanks to the girls, and also make it known to their fellow-workers at the earliest possible chance. To make this public will give me the greatest satisfaction." And again: "Can you put into the right channel my sincere thanks for the great help we have received from two of your tractor army. I thoroughly appreciate the help they gave us in cutting our corn this season and enabling us to get the same in record time and in fine condition. I am afraid some of our Bucks. farmers do not realise the great

sacrifices some of these girls are making in helping us. . . . I am pleased to say that two girls are coming this week to plough and cultivate some 60 acres." Another appreciation comes from a Devonshire farmer, who says he regrets he did not apply before to the Women's Committee for help, and will be pleased to recommend the Land Army to his fellow farmers.

Rita Kirby writes :—" I have been here since June on a very nice farm. In fact, I don't think either farm or billet could be improved on. I am extremely happy. . . . I was threshing for another farmer last week, and he actually told me that if I were working for him, he would not mind giving me as much as a man."

Christine Laurence writes :—" We have a splendid billet, just like home, and we are awfully happy. Mother and father cycled down to see us all last week, and were charmed to see how well and happy we were looking. . . . We had a carnival here last evening. We wore large rush hats trimmed with oats and poppies. Elsie took a pail and stool, and I took a hay-rick. We had second prize for waggon, too. It was in aid of Q.M.N.W.F."

There are several girls who would like to have letters. Mrs. Bevan, Beven Dean Farm, Oxshott, Surrey, has come over from South Africa to work in the Land Army, and would like to know if there are any South African girls working in our Land Army.

Doris Waterton, Dalby Rectory, Terrington, York, is feeling lonely and would be glad of letters.

A very kind offer has come from the Scripture Gift Mission. This Society has presented Testaments to the W.A.A.C.'s and W.R.E.N.'s, and Munitioneers, and they now desire to give them to any of the Land Army girls who wish to have them. So I hope you will all write direct to the Scripture Gift Mission, 14 Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.2, if you would like to have one, and it will be sent to you The Secretary would be glad if you would send a penny for postage, but this is not essential, as he is anxious that every Land Army girl should avail herself of this offer.

SHOPPING AND SEWING CLUBS.—Shopping has been very brisk, and has kept me busy. Puttees, khaki boys' shirts, the usual chin straps, embroidery silks, velvet corduroy, another alarm clock, endless books, pyjama patterns, khaki ties, dubbin, underclothing patterns, fashion books, are just a few of the things that have gone off this month. Requests for the Exchange Column are beginning to come in, and here are a few of them :—

LANDSWOMAN EXCHANGE COLUMN.—Premier motor bicycle for sale, nearly new, with side-car, tools, spare tube, etc. £60. Apply, Hon, Mrs. Grant, 2 St. Swithins Street, Winchester, Hants.

Wanted to exchange, brown leather riding boots, size 7. Boots sent for inspection. Apply, M. Long. St. Helena's, Harpenden, Herts.

Rita Kirby, c/o Mrs. French, Pockingdon, Wellingborough, Northampton, is willing to knit stockings or bedsocks if the wool is provided, for 2s. 6d. per pair.

Maud Symons, Firze Park Cottage, St. Germans, Cornwall. wants some old stockings refooted : she is willing to pay and will send wool and needles.

N. Lloyd, Woodrow, Bishops Cawndle, Sherborne, Dorset, would like to hear of a second-hand British warm.

COMPETITIONS.—Three prizes will be offered for the best *resume* of the serial story " The Girl Who Lived in the Woods," to date. Some of our readers who are unable to get hold of the back numbers, are anxious to know what has happened, so I want a short summary of the preceeding chapters, the sort of thing you so often see at the beginning of the instalment of serial stories in the daily papers. Then we shall give prizes for three best sets of " Six Tips for Land Workers." All entries must reach this office not later than the end of November.

The Land Army and the Women's Institutes are to have a stall at the great Tribute Sale at the end of November in aid of the New Hospital for Women in memory of Dr. Garrett Anderson. There is to be a Landworkers' Bed in this hospital, and we are going to do our very best to make our stall a success and raise money for that bed. If any of you would care to send any articles of any description for our stall they should be addressed to me at 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W., and should arrive before November 18th.

Your sincere friend.

THE EDITOR.

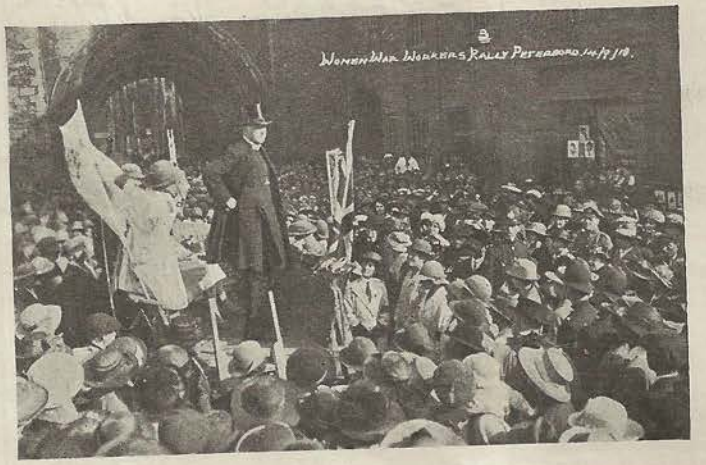
Land Workers at Norwich

HARVEST FESTIVAL AT ST. PETER MANCROFT.

NEVER before perhaps has harvest given such cause for thankfulness as in these days. And it was evidently with this thought uppermost that hundreds of busy people turned for a short while from their Saturday occupations to join with the women landworkers of Norfolk in a service of praise and thanksgiving. The church of St. Peter Mancroft makes a fitting setting for a great act of united worship, and it was a memorable scene that it witnessed on Saturday. No such impressive harvest thanksgiving, brief as it was, had surely ever previously taken place within its walls. It began at half-past one, and ended shortly after two. Included in the thronging

congregation were the Lord Mayor and Sheriff wearing their robes and chains of office. In the body of the church sat a numerous contingent of women landworkers, and elsewhere were representatives of the Norfolk War Agricultural Committees, and representatives of public bodies.

The address was given by the Bishop of Thetford, who said that service was really the harvest festival of the members of the women's land army. Others present were joining with them partly because they wished to show their admiration of the splendid and unselfish work these women were doing up and down the county of Norfolk. The members of the Women's Land Army afterwards marched to the Palace grounds, where the Bishop addressed them, and tea was provided.



Peterborough Rally

PETERBOROUGH witnessed a very beautiful procession on Saturday—beautiful in the true sense of the word. It was the procession of what a bystander described as "these 'ere war gels." They were beautiful in face, in figure, in their uniforms, in their occupations, but chiefly in their self-sacrifice. The Bishop of Peterborough told them that true beauty was not a mere matter of face and form, but it went deeper. These women war workers, with the glow of health on their ruddy cheeks, possessed the beauty, the charm, the grace of having sacrificed their own personal pleasure, their comfort, even the delicacy of skin and the whiteness of their hands for the good of their country Mere prettiness of face may soon pall. The dandelion is very beautiful in form and colour, but because it is familiar it is not so regarded. But the beauty of gentleness, devotion, earnestness, and self-sacrifice, give a refinement and charm that never palls. Peterborough was very proud on Saturday of the 600 girls who came from various theatres of war activities to join in the rally.

Staffordshire

DEAR MADAM,—I hope you will be kind enough to put this letter in THE LANDSWOMAN, as my fellow-workers and myself want to say how sorry we are that our County Organiser, Mrs. Pindor, has resigned. We have always found her so interested and sympathetic in our work, that I know the Staffordshire Land Army will miss her very much. I am sure that all those land girls who have met her will join with us in saying how much we regret her going, and in wishing her good luck in whatever work she will take up in the future.

Yours sincerely,
"The Leddesley Brats,"
W. L. A.

Rural England in Corbett's Day and Prices

1820.

". . . Some South Down lambs were sold at Appleshaw so low as 8s., and some even lower. Some Dorsetshire brought no more than a pound, and perhaps the average did not exceed 28s. I have seen a farmer here who can get (or could a few days ago) 28s. round for a lot of fat South Down wethers, which cost him just that money, when they were lambs, *two years ago*. It is impossible that they can have cost him less than 24s. each during the two years, having to be fed on turnips or hay in the winter and to be fatted on good grass. Here (upon one hundred sheep) is a loss of £120 and £14 in addition at 5 per cent. interest on the sum expended on the purchase, even suppose not a sheep has been lost by death or otherwise. I mentioned before, I believe, that fat hogs are sold at Salisbury at from 5s. to 4s. 6d the *score* pounds, dead weight. Cheese has come down in the same proportion. A correspondent informs me that one hundred and fifty Welsh sheep were, on the 18th of October, offered for 4s. 6d. a head, and that they went away unsold! The skin was worth a shilling of the money. The following I take from the *Tyne Mercury* of the 30th of October: 'Last week at Northawton fair, Mr. Thomas Cooper, of Bow, purchased three milch cows and forty sheep for £18 16s. 6d.'"

* * *

"Met with a farmer who said he must be ruined unless another 'good war' should come!"

* * *

"The market at Ross was very *dull*. No wheat in demand. No buyers. . . . Fowls 2s. a couple; a goose from 2s. 6d. to 3s.; a turkey from 3s. to 3s. 6d. Let a turkey come down to *a shilling*, as in France, and then we shall soon be to rights."

* * *

"Spent the evening amongst the farmers, at their market room at Holt, and very much pleased at them I was. We talked over the cause of the low prices, and I, as I have done everywhere, endeavoured to convince them that prices must fall a great deal lower yet, and that no man, who wishes not to be ruined, ought to take or keep a farm unless on a calculation of best wheat at 4s. a bushel and a best South Down ewe at 15s. or even 12s."

* * *

"1826.

"There were Dorsetshire ewes that sold last year for 50s. a head. We could hear of none this year that exceeded 25s. And only think of 25s. for one of these fine, large ewes, nearly fit to kill, and having two lambs in her, ready to be brought forth in, on an average, six weeks' time. The average is *three lambs to two of these ewes*. In 1812 these ewes were from 55s. to 72s. each, at this same Appleshaw fair; and in that year I bought South Down ewes at 45s. each, just such as were, yesterday, sold for 18s."

* * *

NEW VENTURES—THE ORIGIN OF THE ALLOTMENT.

"1821.

"I have been to-day to look at Mr. Palmer's fine crops of *Swedish turnips*, which are, in general, called '*swedes*.'"

* * *

"A little way before I got to Tutbury I saw a woman digging some potatoes in a strip of ground making part of a field nearly an oblong square, and which field appeared to be laid out in strips. She told me that the field was part of a farm (to the homestead of which she pointed); that it was, by the farmer, *let out* in strips to labouring people; that each strip contained a *rood* (or quarter of a statute acre); that each married labourer rented one strip. . . . This fashion is certainly a growing one; it is a little step towards coming back to the ancient small life and leaseholds and common fields . . . the 'dark age' people were not so very foolish when they had so many common-fields, and when almost every man that had a family had also a bit of land, either large or small. It is a very curious thing that the enclosing of commons, that the shutting out of the labourers *from all share* in the land; that the prohibiting of them to look at a wild animal, almost at a lark or frog; it is curious that this hard-hearted system should have gone on until at last it has produced effects so injurious and so dangerous to the grinders themselves that they have, of their own accord and for their own safety, begun to take a step towards the ancient system, and have, in the manner I have observed, made the labourers sharers, in some degree, in the uses, at any rate, of the soil. The far greater part of these strips of land have potatoes growing in them; but in some cases they have borne wheat, and in others barley, this year; and these have now turnips, very young most of them, but in some places very fine, and in every instance nicely hoed out."

"RURAL RIDER."

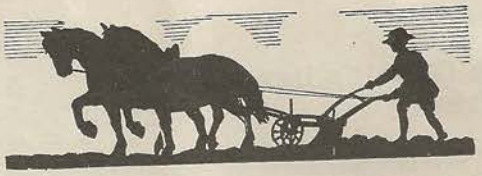
A Cheering

THE stones shall hurt your feet,
The weeds will bruise each hand,
But later you shall reap the wheat,
And you shall love the land.

The wind will cut so keen,
So desolate the rain,
But after shall the seed spring green,
And you will smile again.

The daylight shall seem long,
Your burden is not light,
But others listen for your song,
Yea!—those that go to fight.

K. E. T. (1918).
L.A.A.S.



Made in Tan and also in Black (waterproof) 11½ inches. **49/11**

We hold a
GOVERNMENT PERMIT
for the Sale of these high-leg boots
for Ladies engaged on War Work.

The material and workmanship is the same as that employed in our Field Service Boots for Officers.

Puttee Top made in Tan and also in Black (waterproof). **75/-**

MAYFLOWA
WAR WORK BOOTS

LADIES ENGAGED IN WORK ON THE LAND SHOULD WRITE FOR A COPY OF OUR WAR WORKERS' BROCHURE.

Buckled Top, made in Tan, and also in Black (waterproof) **55/-**

Leather Legging in Tan & Black (Service cut). **12/9**

Made in Tan and also in Black (waterproof). 10 inches high. **39/11**

FRINGE TONGUES in all materials and colours. Easily attached, giving Brogue effect to ordinary shoes. **2/6** per pair.

W. ABBOTT & SONS, Ltd.
98 Kensington High St., W.
(Opposite Derry & Toms)
131a Queen's Rd., Bayswater, W.
239 Brompton Road, W.
121 High Holborn, W.C.
65 George Street, Richmond.
L O N D O N

Tan and Willow Calf Fringe Tongues, **39/11**

Competitions

Cures for Bee Stings

Pull out sting and apply ammonia at once.
Get it at a chemist as it is stronger than household ammonia.

E. M.

A bee, unlike a wasp, leaves its sting in the flesh; this should be got out as soon as possible so as to prevent the poison spreading. Then rub the affected part with a damp piece of common washing soda and no more is felt whatever. The bee is able to sting only once, then it dies.

D. H.

Take out the sting carefully with your hands and rub the sore part well with a little olive oil and hartshorn.

M. E.

Of course the best cure for bee stings is undoubtedly ammonia or Pond's Extract. But failing these, a very satisfactory cure is the following:—
Take out the sting, bathe inflamed part with vinegar for two or three minutes, then apply boracic lotion.

B. E. B.

Cure for Toothache

Mix together a little oil of cloves, camphor, and two or three drops of chloroform.
Damp a piece of lint in the mixture and place to the tooth.

M. E.

Take a piece of clean rough brown paper and shake on it a good layer of pepper and place in a saucer with a little whisky (or, in war-time, vinegar) in it with the peppery side upwards. When the paper is well soaked with vinegar, place it on the outside of the jaw where the ache is and either tie or hold it there firmly. If the pain is not eased by the time the prickly feeling goes from the paper, moisten it again or apply a fresh plaster altogether.

A. M.

Take a piece of brown paper and fold it to the shape of a plaster, two thicknesses required. Sprinkle some vinegar on the paper, then shake some pepper on it, and apply to the side of the face where the pain is felt. To keep in its place tie a handkerchief round the head.

D. H.

Hold oil of cloves in the mouth until the tooth becomes numb.
Also rub a liniment of belladonna and camphor (spirits) on the glands of neck and behind ears, also on temples, and keep warm.
Both these remedies have been known to stop the pain, unless there is an abcess, then it is better out.

E. M.

Take a few drops of whisky in the palm of your hand and draw it quite up your nose and the pain will go at once.

E. M. C.

A Sense of Humour and Cures for Toothache and Bee Stings

The best cure for toothache is a teaspoonful of salts and as much bicarbonate of soda as you can rise on a sixpenny piece; they must be mixed together with hot water and drunk when cool enough. Another cure is rub your gums with bicarbonate of soda or oil of cloves. If none of these will cure it the best thing to do would be to fill your mouth full of cold water and sit on the fire until it boils, or put your head through the window and the pa(i)ne will be gone. I find that a piece of cotton wool in the ear eases it a great deal: and it is a wise thing to shut the gate when you are working out in the field, as it is not quite so draughty then. The best cure for bee stings is liquid ammonia; it is an instant relief and stops it from swelling. The two most common remedies are the blue bag and vinegar, and they are very good. There are a great deal of bees kept about here and no one is without ammonia in the house.

A Herbal Doctor.

Warwickshire

Madam,—May I through the columns of The Landswoman convey, on behalf of the L.A.A.S. in Warwickshire, our deep regret at the resignation of Miss Margesson, our county organiser? One and all of us feel we have lost a true friend as well as a just head. I am sure the girls' thoughts are with her. We give a very hearty welcome to Miss Surr, who has taken her place.
We will all do our best to bring the L.A.A.S. to the highest standard of work and honour, so that the boys at the Front may know that the women and girls are doing their bit.—Yours faithfully,

O. E. C. Mitchell.

NOTICE

Our Double Christmas Number

WILL have a new coloured cover and will contain :—Christmas messages to THE LANDSWOMEN from all sorts of noted people ; a carol with music ; a play, with hints on how to act it ; lots of short stories ; extra pages of photographs of Land Army girls with their pet animals ; an article on "Games for Winter Evenings" and a Christmas card from the Editor ! There will only be a limited number of copies, so place your order early, and don't forget to send the extra 3d. to your Magazine Secretary.

COMPETITIONS

My most Exciting Adventure since joining the Land Army

First Prize

IT was directly after dinner—a time when few people really long for violent exercise—when I led a pony out of the farmyard into the road. Out of the gate oppcsite came my chum, leading a donkey, harnessed to a harrow, and closely followed by a farm-boy. We were all destined for the same field, about half a mile away.

As we closed the gates a clatter of hoofs made us look up, and round the nearest corner swung the "Boss" in a dog-cart. Catching sight of us he pulled up, and, endeavouring to quiet his plunging horse, he shouted: "Now, then, hurry up! Here —you,"—this to my chum—"leave that donkey—boy'll bring him all right—jump up here. Come on—what's the matter?—can't get up! Come on, come on!"

Every time the unhappy "lass" got her foot on the step the horse started off and forced her to hurriedly descend. However, at last she was up, and the "Boss" turned his attention to me.

"What's wrong with you? Why don't you ride that pony? I *know* he's got no harness but a bridle! What more do you want? Woa! [this to his horse]. Pull him up to the wall while you get on, if you can't mount without. [*Stand* still, will you!] Now can't you do it? Oh! really! What? Yes, he does sidle off. [Woa!] Here, *I'll* come and help!" He pitched the reins to my chum and jumped into the road.

"Hi! you, boy! Get on the donkey," he roared. "Don't waste time standing staring. Now, then"—he seized my pony—"you get up the bank," he continued, holding it firmly. "Now, are you on?"

I floundered up the bank, jumped sideways, and landed in triumph on the pony's back.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well," said the "Boss," seizing the whip out of the dog-cart. "Hold *tight*! For you're very likely going to perdition, or destruction—or both!"

I thought destruction and the hospital the most likely combination, especially as there was nothing to which I could hold tight. But there was no time to protest, or to wonder what had caused this particular fit of insanity on the "Boss's" part; for he lashed out with his whip across the pony's legs, and I was fully occupied in keeping my seat. For, not accustomed to such treatment, the pony reared up on his hind legs, came down with a smack on his front ones, and whirled round and shot across the road like a streak of lightning, cannonading with the donkey and the boy, and jumping clean over the harrow. Next, with a snort, he turned, and streaking past the boy, who lay yelling in the ditch, he shot across in front of the horse, nearly upsetting the "Boss," who was trying to get into the cart. Then whirling about again with a clatter of hoofs he shot round the corner, and putting his head low down, pounded up the hill. From behind came the rattle of the dog-cart, as the frightened horse bolted in our wake. Past cottages, where people came out to stare, and children screamed, we flashed; over the bridge, where an amazed angler threw up his hands and fled; up the steep road, and past fields where shouting men rushed to the gates we went, and at last—at last—the pace slackened, and we slowed down, to a canter, a trot, and finally stopped short.

I dismounted, and leant against a fence to think. There was a sudden clatter of wheels, and the "Boss's" voice.

"All right. Leave that pony there. Jump up! Jump up! You're coming on with me to the five-acre. Be quick!"

I made a dash for the cart and succeeded in getting one foot on the step. My chum clutched me. I grabbed at the dash-board, and the cart swung on one wheel through a gate, and across a ploughed field, swaying and bouncing like a ship at sea.

"Quickest way, this!" bawled the "Boss." "I thought you were done for on that pony. Quite surprised to see you waiting there. [Woa!] Here we are. Jump out! No time to waste. Get to work!"

D. A. H.

Second Prize

I AM a "cowman" on a farm where a small herd of pedigree British Friesian cattle is kept, and where both bulls and heifers are reared. There were three of us to attend to the cattle: a young fellow about 19, named Fred, myself, and old Blake, who helped with the feeding. At the time of which I write, last November I think it was, we had two young bulls on the farm; one, Flashlight by name, about 15 months old, a wicked young rascal, who rejoiced in the nickname of "Little Terror." He would lash out at you when you came near, and you had to dodge when feeding him or he would have you and the foodpan over, so that the men rather fought shy of him. The other, Murk, about six months older, was (and is) the sweetest tempered creature imaginable. These two young bulls were chained up one at each end of a shed, the stalls between being occupied by two "dry" cows; and the Boss impressed upon us the importance of watchfulness lest either break loose, and one or both get hurt.

Well, one morning, on arrival at the farm, I went as usual to see to the calves, but glancing in through the door of the shed, where Blake was lighting the lamp, to my dismay there, beyond him, I saw Flashlight loose! Luckily he had been helping himself to some hay and had not had time to do any damage. There being no stick handy, I picked up a hay fork, and using the handle drove "Little Terror" into a corner, keeping him there while Blake finished lighting up. By this time Fred had joined us, arming himself likewise with a fork, but with the business end outwards! The men not seeming to know what to do, I took command, and, telling Fred to guard the passage, tried to drive Bully back to his stall. Flashlight dodged me and Fred dodged Flashlight, but old Blake made a brave but futile attempt to grab the chain which still dangled around Bully's neck. We drove him back only to have him dodge in between one of the cows and the partition. Fred tried to dislodge him, when—an inspiration! "Keep him up there, Fred, while I get his chain." That done (leaning over the cow which was getting fidgety) the end of the chain was handed to Fred on the other side of the partition with strict injunctions to hold on for all he was worth.

Then came the most ticklish part of the business, to get hold of the youngster's nose ring, over the neck of the cow, while he was tossing his head every way to prevent it. At last! "Got him!" and Blake, hurrying up with the bull-lead, "Little Terror" was led ignominiously back to his stall, a prisoner once more, and care taken to securely fasten his chain to prevent him getting into mischief again.

"PEGS."

Farm Sketches

Ourselves

WE are the world's workers. We feel this fact is not sufficiently recognised. As Mr. Lloyd George said: "The war will be won on the nation's tum-tum" (or words to that effect), and it is entirely due to our efforts, we consider, that the nation's tum-tum is being filled. In fact we have a grievance—we feel like the little boy, "Nobody loves us"—we feel we should like to leave the garden and the worms and don our best clothes to sell flags and smile sweetly at the world through the pages of *The Tatler*, underneath the smile those familiar words: "The Hon. Broccoli Swede—that indefatigable war-worker."

Verily it is an unjust world. Supposing, just supposing that for one week-end we put on our glad rags and sally up to town—what happens? Firstly, we are told our clothes are out of date (but who's going to buy new frocks to wear once in six months?); secondly, we do our hair "all wrong"; thirdly, our hands and arms are "too dreadfully brown": fourthly and lastly, our noses are sunburnt and freckled—this is an unforgivable sin. In vain we plead that were it not for us the meat they chew and the bread they eat would not be there. Our fair sisters who drive Admirals and give Generals tea and look charming in Red Cross caps are alone the elect of the world; so we return to our bullocks and fields very grieved and "dreffully" injured—that's why we're writing this—we shall feel much better afterwards!

Technically, we are known as "Women on the land"—it always sounds as if everyone else lived in the air.

JERRY AND JUBBS.

Threshing in Kent

By an East Suffolk L.A.A.S.

NOW for the account of the work to the best of my ability. After working at it a week I am able to give some idea about it. It is all very interesting—some very heavy, some lighter, but very dirty. My work is pitching the sheaves to the thresher; two girls are on the stack with me, they serve me with the sheaves; when the stack gets quite low the man who cuts the bonds comes down to pitch. I then take his place at bond cutting; at first I cut the string just as I pitched them up. After the first day I saw I did them differently from the man, and watched him; the second day he patted me on the back and said, "Well done; getting quite an expert"; as they have to be cut just by the knot, and used again for other purposes. We have to be very quick at it, not to keep the thresher feeder waiting. I have done a little feeding of the thresher, but we are not allowed to do it as it is the most dangerous part of all the work. After all the years the man has been on, which is a good number, the other day, the steam was off fortunately and all the works gradually stopping, he slipped and his foot touched the drum, it took the sole off his boot and twisted his foot; it was done in half a second. If it had been in full working power it would have drawn him in most probably. It is really wonderful machinery, but dangerous. I have also worked on the chaff, which comes down its own division into sacks, which we have to keep shaking to make them full, then carry them away into barns or heaps on the field, wherever the farmer wants them—that is light, but dusty, dirty work. I have also worked on the earings. This is a little different, because there is no use for it really; two sacks are split and tied together with a pole each end, formed in the shape of a map. This stuff falls on the floor; we lay this sack arrangement down on the floor, and with a hay rake draw this waste on to it, and carry it away to wherever the farmer wants it put, but not mix it with the chaff.

There are two things too heavy for us girls to do; one is carrying away the straw (unless we did it in small bundles, which would mean waste of precious time), and the other is carrying away the sacks of grain. These two things are done by men. I am talking of our gang. After making inquiries I hear there are about 7,000 acres of land under cultivation in the Isle of Thanet. There are six threshers and engines working. One farmer has his own engine and thresher; that means 1,000 acres to each thresher on an average. The thresher is worked by contract through the Board of Agriculture; attached to it are two men (engine driver and thresher) and five girls. There are several other men, but they are not engaged as we are, they follow the machine round.

We are working round in a circle; we have 22 farms to go to. We are threshing just what is required by each farmer, for the time being. Say one farmer wants one stack done, or another two, and so on, because most are short of straw. Our limit is three days, and one farm at a time; but, of course, we work round and round to all the farms again and again until the threshing season is over, which is expected to be in January, or perhaps later.

We are billeted as near as possible in the centre of our work, although sometimes we have five minutes' walk, though not often; another time one hour's walk, which we find very tiring before beginning work and after finishing.

We have to work from 7 o'clock until 5 o'clock; we get a quarter of an hour at 9 o'clock and another quarter of an hour at 3 o'clock for refreshments, which we take with us. As a rule the farmers are very good to us, and bring us hot tea at 3 o'clock.

The forewoman gets 27s. per week, with 11d. per hour overtime; and the girls get 23s. per week, with 9d. per hour overtime. We do not work when it is very wet. If the farmer should find us any work to do during wet days he has to pay us extra for it; nothing to do with our weekly wage, that comes in from headquarters just the same. Sometimes we get drink money instead of tea, which we really like better, because it means extra pocket money.

We have been threshing near North Foreland lighthouse within full view of the sea, which was very pretty and interesting; also at Hartsdown, quite near Westgate-on-Sea, where Mrs. Pearson Gregory used to come and stay. Also been near Margate threshing; that was very interesting, but I must say we found the walk tiring, as this was one of our long walks. The inspector said when she called, I was to tell the farmers to fetch us when it was so far, but "nothing doing," they won't. I wonder what you would think of us if you saw us at work—simply tinkers, dreadfully dirty. We were threshing peas yesterday, and have the same to do to-morrow. If you had come near, say, within 10 yards of the thresher, you could not have seen girls from men, but only figures moving in the dust. It was simply awful; of course, peas are the dirtiest work that has to be done, so we understand.

During the week we have threshed tares, barley, rye, oats, wheat and peas. It is very interesting to see how everything comes out in different sections. There is the first and best grain, No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3. Then the chaff out of one place, earings out of another, dirt out of another, weed seeds out of another, straw out of another, thistle and poppy heads out of another, and out of which also comes earwigs, spiders, etc., if they are lucky to be alive after the experience of going through the machine, which they are sometimes. If some of the places get blocked up, such as the chaff workings, there is another place to open and make use of. We are getting quite used to the workings of it. The men think we are getting on fine. One thing, after the real dirt and toil of the day, we have good billets to come home to. The people are very good to us, and we cannot make out how they get the food. We are well fed; in fact, we generally have too much food with us on the fields, and always a good hot dinner when we return home. We are all quite near each other; two girls next door to myself, and two the next house. The girls are billeted in twos, I by myself, which is arranged very conveniently, as I have to see after them. There seems to be every thought in the arrangements for our comfort, the neighbourhood is delightful. Broadstairs we are nearest to, and only a short way from Ramsgate and Margate.

We were very lucky at one farm, as we each had a bathing costume and cap given us, which we were thinking of getting, because we are so near the sea. We had a day off the other day as it was pouring with rain, so at 10.30 we were told we could go home, and if it did clear up they would try and manage without us. We got soaking wet through coming home, but by the time we had changed it was a most perfect day, and we enjoyed the bathing by the sea at Broadstairs, and were quite ready for the appetising tea got ready for us on our return.

Buy National Bonds

B UY National Bonds is the cry,
U all understand the reason why;
Y our money will help to win the War—
N othing like this has been before.
A n interest you'll get on all you lend,
T o help your country your money send;
I advise you all not to delay,
O pen your purses and invest to-day:
N ational War Bonds buy with all you've to spare,
A pleasure you'll feel that you have a share.
L isten to what I have to say,
W ar Bond interest will start from the day
A certificate to you is on the way;
R ations are coming, you'll have money to spare,
B ut what little we get will be very dear.
O h, what a delight when we have ended the fight,
N ow think what I have said, and do it to-night;
D elay is dangerous, as you have heard to say,
S o buy your National War Bonds to-day.

Volunteer ELSIE LEACH, L.A.A.S.

Belsize Cottage, Boxford.

A Land Girl's Song

THE languorous murmur of distant seas
Drifts up thro' the valley below.
But I'm on the hill, with a horse and a plough,
Where blue-winged swallows flash and go.
And the wind is a sigh—
A sigh in the trees.
A pure white gull swoops down on the hill,
Gleams, dips, and is seen no more.
The hush-hush-hush of the waves breaks forth
Where they toss white crests on the shore.
And the wind trails by—
Out, over the seas.

DORIS A. HELSBY.

Drink Plenty of Good Water

Doctors tell us that the majority of people do not drink enough; anyhow the fact remains that many girls do not realise that a glass of water first thing in the morning and last thing at night is better than physic. It cleanses the system, so drink plenty of it, especially those who have a rheumatic tendency.

Only a few little hints, but well worth our attention. If ever we wanted to keep fit surely it is now when we have "joined up" to keep the home crops growing.

Federation of Women's Institutes

(Established in Conjunction with the Women's Branch, Board of Agriculture and Fisheries.)

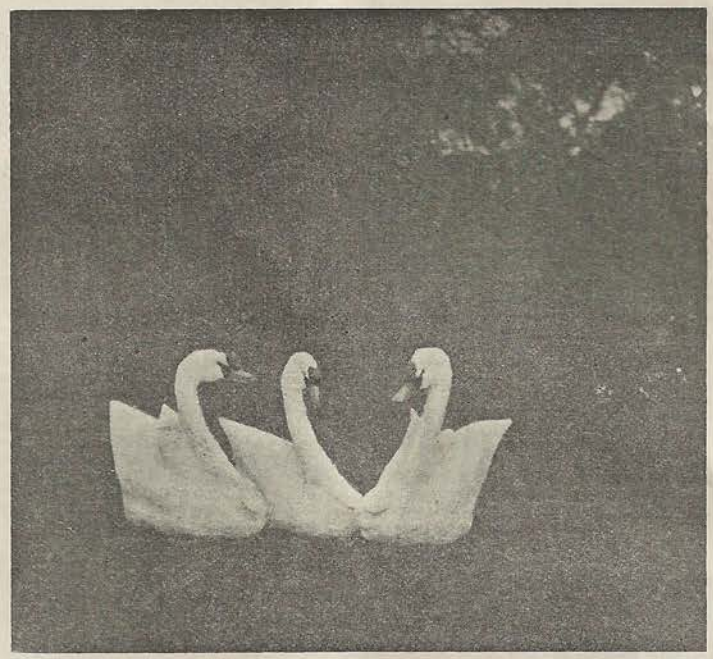
"Our Kitchen: A Two Months' Record"

EVERYBODY wanted it, but nobody would start it; the difficulties were many and grew with discussion. The first question was: "Shall it be Institute or Kitchen?" A compromise was effected, and an Institute started with kitchen attached on restaurant lines.

That such a thing was needed was proved by the popularity of the demonstrations and sales of cooked food at the council schools, a wise preliminary step on the part of the Provisional Committee.

So the Kitchen Committee thought out a scheme whereby certain guarantors were responsible for £100, to be advanced by the Bank, with interest charged. We thus became a war kitchen, though not a national one—*i.e.*, we have the sanction of the council, but not its aid. We hope shortly to be incorporated in the National scheme, and gain thereby many advantages in the way of larger supplies, etc. Our Institute, being connected with the Board of Agriculture, already imparts a sense of permanence and power.

The next step was to find the ideal cook who would combine the duties of buyer and general overseer. She was forthcoming in the person of Mrs. C., and was at once entrusted with full powers, without rancour or wrangle. Her appointment has ensured success; her menus have proved so attractive that the original staff of one charwoman has already increased to three paid assistants and a band of voluntary sellers. The cooks, in their sky-blue overalls and white caps, are not too many to spoil the broth, which is uniformly good, quite equal to the dainty rissoles, fish cakes, etc. Thanks are due to the voluntary helpers, who are always at their posts, however inclement the weather.



These are not live swans floating on a pond, they are The Lingfield Swans, designed and made by Mrs. Cooke.

The kitchen opens every weekday from 12 to 2, and has a dining room for adults and an upper room for children. Eight hundred is the average of the daily sale of penny portions, without coupons, though it once reached 960. The takings for the first week were £13 15s., at the time of writing they were £18 15s. 3d. We have a balance in hand, so altogether have a right to exclaim with Dominie Sampson:—"Pro-di-gi-ous!"

Kitchens like ours have come to stay; with caution and common sense they can be carried on at a profit; the experience gained in them enables girls to qualify for interesting and well-paid posts; the hours are not long—8 a.m. to 3 p.m., and our Generalissimo herself, with all her responsibilities, in no way neglects her primary duties of wife and mother.

Cooking enters willy-nilly into the life of every woman, and men were epicures ever since Prometheus stole fire from heaven; let us then encourage our girls to take up the art, either as profession or hobby.

It is essential, for

"We can live without friends,
We can live without books,
But where is the man
Who can live without cooks?"

GERTRUDE WILD.

The September Meeting of the Anstye Women's Institute

THE September meeting of the Anstye Women's Institute was held by invitation of Mrs. Lampson, at Moorhill Place, Cuckfield, on Wednesday, 4th ult. The President (Mrs. Lampson) opened the proceedings by introducing Mr. A. Mackinnon Walbrook, who had kindly come over from Brighton to address the meeting on the subject of "The Flowers in Shakespeare." Mr. Walbrook delivered an illuminating address, and illustrated his discourse with humorous references to flowers in Shakespeare's plays, proving conclusively the love of nature displayed by our great national poet.

The next item was an address by Mrs. Huddart, who regaled her audience with an exhaustive store of Sussex stories and humour. She led her hearers over the downs, along the lanes, across the fields, and into the cottages of the country-folk; showed their charms and customs, and incidentally gave them many useful hints. In fact, no one who was present at the meeting should ever now be troubled by any such unwelcome visitors as witches, or even the Devil himself, for Mrs. Huddart gave to her audience some recipes of unfailing remedies against such unpleasant contretemps. After Mrs. Huddart's interesting address, the President called upon Miss Horn to sing some Sussex folk-songs, of which Miss Horn has recently been making a collection, and some sixty songs is the harvest of only a few weeks' labour. Unfortunately, Miss Horn did not sing the sixty, but the few with which she did favour her audience left them, like Oliver, asking for more.

At this juncture the exhibition of Sussex antiquities was opened by Mrs. Huddart. Here were displayed a collection of Sussex properties, which included some dresses that were over one hundred years old, and various types of rush-lights and tinder boxes. After tea a Mummery was performed by Miss Horn's Company of Mummers, who played with great ability Mr. Buckett's version of the Tipteerer's play.

So much did the audience appreciate the Mummery that they insisted upon a second performance.

The dresses, which had been made with great care and after much study by Miss Horn, were correct in every detail.

Notes from Women's Institutes.

THE following notes will give us a very striking example of the many activities undertaken by our Institutes.

MADRON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—This Institute has a pig club which is a great success. There are two pigs, and about sixty shares have been allotted. The sty is a disused dog kennel in a plantation. Two members take it in turns to feed the pigs (one week each). Though they offered to do this for nothing, the Institute insisted that they should have five shares each and the offal of the pigs.

Girl guides and one or two other children collect the food (they do this without reward). They have a barrel on wheels with shafts for conveying the food. The carpenter made this for them, and he refused payment.

The pigs have not yet been killed, but they are getting very big. They are to be killed by the husband of one of the members, and sold by another member's husband. The pigs are not being divided among the members, because feeling would run so high that it might defeat the object of the Institute to bind the women together.

MINSTEAD WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—Mrs. Saunderson showed wool produced in that village from their own sheep, and explained how the different dyes are obtained from herbs or bark. An exhibition was also held of home production, recipes were exchanged, and instructions given for the making of the articles exhibited.

Classes for cobbling are held, the instructor being one of their own members. These classes have been much appreciated, and the knowledge gained has been found most useful.

Cheese making has been taught to any member wishing to learn, instruction on the subject also being given by the member.

A member's son has given classes for teaching soldering in connection with canning of fruit and vegetables. A demonstration of this was held on May 18th.

CHURCH OAKLEY WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—This Institute has a weekly consignment of fish, the sale of which makes an average turnover of £5 weekly. The fish is distributed at the station, as the Institute is fortunate enough to have the stationmaster's wife as Treasurer.

BRIGSTOCK WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—At a Prisoners of War Fete, held in Brigstock, the Women's Institute stall was an attraction. Each member contributed one saleable article, which consisted of needlework, flowers, fruit, eggs, cheese, pickles, babies' shoes made out of old felt hats. Everything was sold, the stall realising £11 1s.

There are sixty-seven members in the Institute. The outdoor meetings of the Institute have been very popular, and it is proposed to hold entertainments towards a fund to buy a piano.

DODDINGTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—This Institute holds a weekly meeting for the cleaning of Sphagnum Moss which is collected by members and schoolchildren. Sacks of Moss and dressing are sent to the hospitals. Bottled fruit is also given to hospitals. A market garden produce show was held in August; the exhibits were sent to the Navy. Prizes were given to the schoolchildren for the best pressed flowers, and most tasteful collection of wild flowers. Wastepaper and wool are collected.

An open meeting is to be held in October, the proceeds of which are to be sent to the Northumberland Prisoners of War Fund. The Institute library is a great success, and consists of 127 volumes.

MAMBLE-CUM-BAYTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.—This Institute, with a membership of thirty-six, has started bee keeping after a series of lectures from an expert; also cheese making and a rabbit club.

The Institute was anxious to contribute to the Prisoners of War Fund, and held a sale to which all the members gave something—either produce, such as cheese, eggs, vegetables, pickles, etc., or plain or fancy needlework. The Institute Concert Party gave two entertainments, part of which was the production of two small plays. As a result a cheque for £27 0s. 9d. was sent to the Prisoners of War Fund, which delighted the members of the Institute.

With three exceptions the members of the Institute are farmers' wives and daughters and village women.

Aldsworth September (1918) Meeting.

ALDSWORTH, NORTHLEACH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

ALDSWORTH WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

Some Recipes found Useful and Eatable during the Present Shortage of Fats, etc.

Mix salt and self-raising flour and pared cut-up apples into a dough, boiling for the usual time. Palatable without sugar.

Grated raw potato of the same quantity as suet, mixed with flour and baking powder. The raw potato has the effect of suet.

SAVORY ROLL.

Ordinary crust, or made as above. Roll out and put in chopped bacon, herbs, a little pepper and salt and bread crumbs. Fasten crust together and sew in cloth, boiling for two hours.

A marrow peeled and cut open at end and the seed taken out. Put the same mixture in and shut the end up again, baking gently in the oven for the same amount of time with some soft bacon fat laid on top of the marrow.

FINE CUP PUDDING.

1 cup of flour (plain),
1 cup of suet,
1 cup of breadcrumbs,
1 cup of milk,
1 cup or two tablespoonsful of jam or syrup, dates or figs or apples.
Teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda.
Steam for 2½ to 3 hours.
Double the quantities for a larger one, and steam 5 hours.

How to Steam in an Ordinary Saucepan.—Put water in saucepan only about 1½ inches, stand the basin with the pudding in it in this water; when it boils, watch from time to time that the saucepan does not boil dry; to prevent this add a little boiling water from the kettle, being careful not to touch the pudding. Keep lid close shut.

ECONOMISING FAT IN PASTRY.

One teaspoonful of vinegar will enable you to use half the fat usually used for pastry.

A CHEAP PASTRY.

When making pastry, melt the butter, margarine, or lard slightly, beat to a cream with a teaspoonful of vinegar before mixing with the flour. Only half the fat will be required.

A GOOD AND CHEAP BAKING POWDER.

½ lb. of cream of tartar,
½ lb. of bicarbonate of soda; mix well together.
The same mixture with two teaspoonsful of turmeric added is an excellent egg powder.

The Lindfield Women's Institute has gone steadily ahead since its formation in 1917 and was one of the first six in Sussex. Its chief industry is the soft toy making, and a photograph is reproduced in this number of "The Lindfield Swans," designed and made by Mrs. Cooke-Colwell, near Hayward's Heath. They will be exhibited for the first time in London at the Great Exhibition, October 22nd-30th, and are really beautiful. Made of rough towelling and stuffed with sponge. At time of writing the Institute has collected 500 lb. of blackberries for Government. Cobbling has been a real boon, and one member has become so proficient in the art that she is able to take classes and demonstrate at other Institutes. Last Christmas over 90 comforts were brought to the Institute to send to our sailors and soldiers. The Lindfield Hon. Sec., Miss G. Savill, has bought a fruit and vegetable canner and arranged for lessons to be given by an expert, and next year it is hoped to become quite an industry. Herb collecting continues, and the keenness of all members in every way creates an atmosphere of work, pleasure and friendship, which is surely the atmosphere aimed at in all Women's Institutes.

Two famous All Weather Coats for LANDSWOMEN

The "All British" Sportsman's Coat

FOR years this splendid model has been known to Farmers and Farmers' Wives as the most reliable and PRACTICAL garment obtainable for land wear. Tailored from a heavy double stout twill, it wears "like iron," and will defy even torrential downpours, and keep you dry and snug under all conditions. Such a coat is an absolute investment for every Landswoman, especially as we offer it at rock-bottom Factory price. This Coat really represents PRE-WAR VALUE at PRE-WAR PRICE. Here are full details of its style, quality and price.

READ THIS SPECIFICATION.

The texture of the "All British" Sportsman's Coat is a heavy double stout twill, precisely as that used, after the keenest tests by His Majesty's Government, in trench warfare. The proofing is thorough throughout and of super-quality, and we warrant it not only torrential rainproof, but capable of withstanding all climatic effects. It is full cut, skirt and cuffs are lined with insulated leatherette, and all seams are sewn and taped throughout. We guarantee its wearing qualities and durability under the severest conditions.

PRICE **40/-**

SIZES—

LADIES:					
Sizes	1	2	3	4
Bust	34	36	38	40
Length	46	48	50	52

If you prefer a lighter weight Coat

there is our special Landswoman's Lightweight Model of the "All British" Sportsman's Coat designed by us to meet the express needs of Landworkers who desire a fashionable coat which is thoroughly useful and dependable. This model retains many of the qualities of the original Sportsman's Coat in a lighter weight twill with several very practical features designed to give absolute freedom of movement under all conditions. For protection from torrential downpours, the heavier weight coat as above should be worn.

READ THE SPECIFICATION.

Made from specially prepared strong cotton in Khaki shade and efficiently proofed. Cut by expert craftsmen to give an extremely stylish appearance in wear. Fitted with Syddo interlined fronts, stiff self belts, strapped cuffs, and lined throughout with plaid lining. No more need be said than that they are equal in value to the original heavier Sportsman's Coat, which was designed for winter wear. For style, wear, protection and convenience these Lightweight models are ideal. See illustration.

PRICE **37/6**

STOCK SIZES—

LADIES.					
Breast	34	36	36	38	38
Length	46	46	48	46	48

SEND FOR ONE ON FOUR DAYS' *APPROVAL*

Either of these Coats will be sent Carriage Paid to your door on the following terms: Remit the price of Coat with your application, and, if the Coat fails to completely satisfy you, return it within four days in the same condition as received and we will return your money in full. YOU risk nothing. We GUARANTEE to satisfy you.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED LEAFLET POST FREE UPON APPLICATION

ERNEST DRAPER & Co. Ltd. (Dept. L.W.) "All British" Works NORTHAMPTON

Monmouthshire Agricultural Institution, Usk

SINCE the inauguration of the National Service Scheme for training landworkers some 170 trainees have taken both general and special short courses at the above Institution in farm work and market gardening and in the various manual processes connected therewith.

The Institution farm comprises some 300 acres, including 163 acres pasture, 93 acres arable, and 44 acres in woods.

The farm is run as a typical mixed farm, the soil being particularly well suited for demonstrating every type of farming, including corn growing, dairy farming, and the breeding and management of horses, cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry.

The modern farm buildings and new dairy are now erected and are all thoroughly equipped for educational purposes.

In addition, there are some 13 acres of intensive market gardens, run on thoroughly commercial lines, and here the girls are given instruction in all seasonal operations capable of being demonstrated in gardens of this size, such as digging, hoeing, seed-sowing and planting, singling and pricking out, budding, grafting, pruning, fruit canning and drying.

Also a special feature is made of washing, grading, bunching and packing fruit and vegetables for market.

For dairying purposes a herd of some 30 cows is maintained, including a few Guernseys kept for butter production, and all girls trained in general farm work are given instruction in the care and milking of cows.

Special attention is also given to calf-rearing, to which most of the trainees are particularly well adapted, and during the past twelve months some 65 calves were reared by the use of separated milk in conjunction with suitable cream substitute.

A perusal of the records of the girls who have been in training clearly demonstrates that the majority of the girls took their work seriously and gave excellent promise of becoming useful workers on the land in the general manual processes, especially during the hoeing and harvest seasons; while others, less robust, prove better suited for dairy work.

The practical operations in which the girls have been trained include ploughing and harrowing, cultivating, grooming, harnessing and driving, milking, calf-rearing, pig-feeding, butter-making, hoeing, and singling, sheep-shearing, potato planting and raising, hedging, and hay and corn harvesting.

The Institution is also the centre of the efficiency tests made under the auspices of the Woman's Branch of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, and with very few exceptions the candidates appeared to show a fair interest in the various operations entrusted to them, considering the shortness of their training.

When the Cow Holds up her Milk

THERE are several ways of dealing with these annoying and difficult cases—difficult because they arise from the obstinacy or wilfulness of the cow; but the chief thing is not to get out of temper, and bang her over the hip with the milking stool, as this only increases the tension and prolongs the difficulty, at least so far as the milker is concerned.

The trouble is most commonly associated with allowing the calf to suck for a limited period, for it very rarely happens that a cow which has never suckled a calf refuses her milk, and the fluid is generally yielded to any good and familiar attendant. Sometimes the refusal is confined to the first attempt at milking after the calf is taken away, and it occasionally happens that the calf is not forgotten by the second milking, but this rarely happens when the third attempt is made. Patience is a grand thing in these cases. Cows will sometimes refuse their milk to strangers, and a rough milker will often upset a herd. The remedy in these cases is to try to replace the offending milkers, for only gentleness and kindness should rule among dairy cows. The cow may not strike one as being a particularly sensitive, sentimental or sympathetic animal, but they often have their likes and dislikes, and that without any apparent reason. If a cow exhibits a dislike for one milker she should be humoured, and arrangements made for a favoured individual to milk her, and this is where most women succeed, as the obstinate cow will often prove perfectly tractable with women. A common remedy is to attempt to distract the attention of the cow from her milking by giving some enticing food. You will find they come home more quickly when there's a tempting "Bit o' licking," as the Yorkshireman calls it.

In some cases patience wins, and if the milker sticks to his seat, and keeps rubbing the udder and stroking the teats, it may tire out the most wilful cows. In other cases it seems a better plan to leave the cow for a time and return half an hour later; but on no account leave any milk, as it will soon turn to a bad quarter.

Putting a weight over the loins is a remedy with some, the idea being that the weight on the back has an effect on the ability of the cow to control the voluntary muscles of the udder, which, under ordinary circumstances there is no doubt she can do; but such measures are rather inclined to upset a nervous cow and can hardly conduce to a big yield of milk. The udder is not simply a reservoir for milk which can be emptied by turning on a tap or overcoming the resistance of the retaining muscles. Secretion goes on while milking is in progress, and is favoured by the gentle stimulus of the calf's tongue or the hand of the milker. Patience, kindness, perseverance, and a dainty "tit-bit" at milking time are certainly the most successful means of overcoming a disposition to "hold" the milk.

AN OLD LAND WORKER.

"Now take a hint, look after your health,
Remember that that is better than wealth."

"BUT what a bore it is, we can't always be thinking about our health," you say. Well! far be it from me to suggest such a thing, only, just get into the habit of not neglecting a few little details and you will find that the trouble will more than repay you.

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