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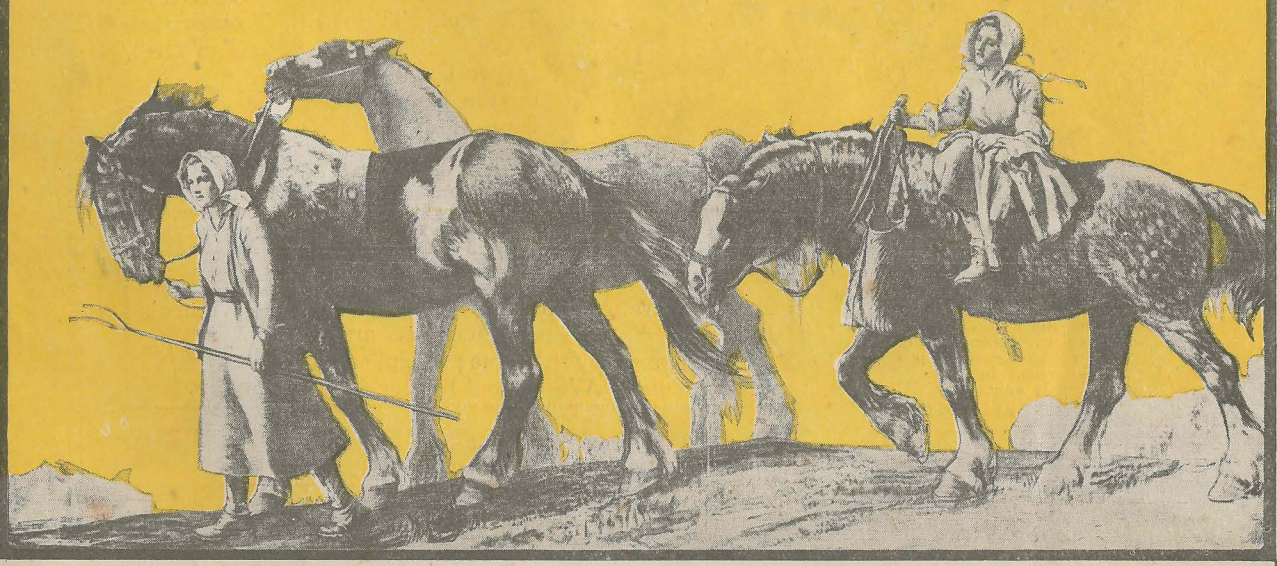

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THE LANDSWOMAN

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

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Tractor-Driving Courses for Women

THE statement recently made by the Prime Minister, as to the number of tractors that it is hoped to utilise in the spring cultivation work of the country, has naturally led to the necessity of facing the question of the provision of drivers for the same, and in this, as in other spheres of activity, women have shown their capacity for supplying the need.

Experience has shown that a fair knowledge of the machinery of motors and their construction, gained in many cases in the driving of pleasure cars in less strenuous days, is by no means unusual to the sex, and with the lessened demands that the more modern models of agricultural tractors make upon the physical strength of the driver the work can be most satisfactorily accomplished by women of a normal standard of health and endurance.

Fordson Tractor and Oliver Plough at Work

The possession of such preliminary knowledge of motors is desirable and, indeed, almost essential, if the maximum benefit is to be derived from the short course of instruction that is necessary for the application of such knowledge to work on the land. Such preliminary knowledge is taken into account in the selection of candidates for the courses of instruction arranged for by the Food Production Department at the Harper-Adams Agricultural College, Newport, Shropshire, the centre selected for the training work. In cases where no previous knowledge of motors is possessed, an acquaintance with some of the routine of farm work has been sought for in the selected candidates.

This method of selection has made it possible to limit the ground that has to be covered by the candidates after their entry to the college so that they may concentrate upon the application of their knowledge to the actual operations in which they will have to take part on the ordinary farm.

The pupils while at the college are consequently given the maximum amount of instruction in the field operations of tractor ploughing, harrowing, etc., the hours of work being so arranged that all the available hours of daylight at this period of the year are devoted to field work when the state of the land permits. Haulage work on the road takes the place of field work when the advent of frost makes field work impossible, and ensures that the pupil gains the necessary confidence and experience for the safe negotiation of road traffic.

Practice in the niceties of driving, which are less necessary in the open field, are thus assured to the pupil before there is any likelihood of her being the cause of accident to other users of the highway. The absence of any such mishap since the commencement of the courses of instruction testifies to the soundness of this method of procedure.

Theoretical instruction is provided for, chiefly in the evenings, by the giving of lectures on the Theory of the Internal Combustion Engine, Theory of the Magneto, Theory of Fuels and Oils, and the use of the various implements of the farm as applied to tractor work.

For practical instructional purposes a variety of makes of tractors are available, including Mogul, Titan and Samson Models, to which comprehensive list, Fords are shortly to be added. With the recent increase in the number of pupils under instruction, it has been found necessary to divide them into squads, so that they may properly apportion their time between workshop practice and field work.

This arrangement has made it possible for candidates selected on account of their

previous knowledge of farm work to devote more of their time at the college to the acquisition of mechanical knowledge.

Reassuring as are the accounts of the amount of ploughing that has been completed in the country, all the spring cultivations remain to be done. The class of work already accomplished by the pupils during their course of instruction at the college shows the workability of the scheme, and only augmentation of their numbers is necessary in order that the prospect of increased spring cultivations in the country may be faced with confidence.

Shop Work at Harper Adams College.

The Ferrets

THEY appeared suddenly in the Orderly Office as if, like rats, they had come out of the wall. From existence as a receptacle for the paraphernalia of business matters, and a mere study in still life, the drab room became a place of riotous joy and of life in its heyday.

The ferrets had been brought in that morning by a farmer on the offchance of a sale, and the officer in charge, knowing what the bite of a ferret is like, also knew it for her duty to experiment on their docility—or otherwise—for the sake of the novices who were about to handle them. So she looked inside the box the man carried and saw little baleful faces peeping out, and knew their very balefulness for a good sign. She pulled them out one by one, blew their hair up, saw that they were as clean and sleek as kittens and closed with them on the spot.

Since they were not to begin their duties till the following day, it became clear that they must be billeted on someone and that someone herself. And as it was equally clear that such jovial spirits could not remain caged up in the small evil-smelling box, so the office became their playground and the box—no longer evil-smelling—their bed merely.

Then the fun began. As has been remarked, the office became alive with a spirit of riotous joy, for, contradictory as it may appear, the owners of the little baleful faces were also the possessors of cheery souls.

They appeared to feel quite at home in the office. First of all, food and drink. Four little heads in one bowl, and four squirming, eager bodies each engaged in trying to push its neighbour away and succeeding only in making one of a procession round and round the bowl. Bread and milk finished they waxed hilarious and the sport began.

The waste-paper basket which the officer had never looked upon as anything more than a necessary article of furniture was shown by those ardent spirits to be a plaything of a most attractive and mirth-inspiring kind. It is turned upon its side and forthwith sent jumping and flying round the room till the officer fairly rubs her eyes and wonders if it is bewitched. Round and round it spins to the accompaniment of little noises which are quite clearly Lilliputian shrieks of laughter. After this, a long pull at the water bowl and then the delight of turning it also upon its side and chasing it round with loud bangs, till at last the officer, roused from the dull business of weekly statistics, is fain to rise and administer chastisement, whereupon the baleful side of the players becomes evident. At this juncture, the typist, who has been sitting with her mouth pursed up and her skirts drawn tightly round her ankles, says " She never ! " and that may at all times be taken to be the expression of her most deeply affronted self.

They are quiet now and are all deeply engaged in washing their paws, for sticky fire-lighters have proved a fleeting attraction, when a strange thing happens.

The door opens and an imposing figure appears. It is clad in homespuns of a nature only worn with effect by the Real Thing in British sportsmen. His legs are encased in leather gaiters and his feet in boots of the best cut and marvellously strong as to soles. He bears himself as one accustomed to respect and also as one fully determined to demand it where it is not given. His face is rubicund, with that expression of satisfaction which is right and proper for a man who has made of his hobby a life's task. He carries with him a faint odour of freshly killed game, of dogs, and cartridges.

He stands for a moment and surveys the scene in dismay. It is clear to him that there has taken place in this business office an expression of spontaneity wholly out of place. He is not at any time a lover of spontaneity. His lips open to ask who or what has turned a Government office into a playground when matters explain themselves. There is a squeal and a rush. From each of the four corners of the room tears a lithe body impelled

by a hysterical spirit, making for one goal only, the resting place of the irate gentleman. There they proceed wholly to forget themselves. They smell at his boots, they " scrabble " at his gaiters, they dance round him with arched backs and all four legs off the ground in the most unseemly fashion. They shout to each other of their delight in him and all that he brings to their ardent memories.

It is a disconcerting scene, for it is only too clear to the quaking officer and to the gentleman himself that to these disrespectful souls, for all his attitude of repression and the dignity proper for a man of many acres, that he represents to them but A Smell.

He is not pleased. He draws up first one leg and then the other. He is a man of orderly habits, and it is not within his experience that the creature known to him as a Ferret for Sporting Purposes should so conduct himself. He has never conceived of him in any other light than as the very good servant of himself. He knows him only as he is hauled with scant ceremony out of his purse bag or as worming himself decorously out of the hole when the rabbit has been bolted, with an expression of having done his duty and of being henceforth wholly at his service. It has never dawned upon his mental conceptions that the creature should possess an existence of its own. What it chose to do with itself when securely locked inside its wooden house was no concern of his, nor would the subject have interested him had it been raised. It is not in the Natural Order of Things as He Knows Them.

But now with these hysterical things clawing and scrabbling and shouting their unseemly joy in his boots and his gaiters and, above all, in his smell, he is very considerably shocked. He is in danger even of losing for a brief moment the conception of his own personality as entertained by him when he came into the room. The officer is bidden to catch these beastly things and put them away and also to say whatever induced her to let them out. He does not offer to catch them himself.

But fate is minded to bring his discomfiture to a climax. Before he can seize his chance of regaining his dignity by the loss of his tormentors, the door opens and an official appears in the shape of a small boy. He is dressed in the garments common to small boys, but round his waist he bears the insignia of his office, and if questioned would reply that he was a " tempry telgrarf boy." His mouth is represented by a red elastic substance, capable of being stretched from the right ear to the left.

It is as elastic as his sense of humour. He is by habit, one might almost say by hobby, a giggler. He has given proof of his powers in this accomplishment on every possible occasion. He has giggled systematically and with unfailing pleasure at the office of the officer, at the typist. But he now becomes aware that there is going forward an event which is quite more than usually side-splitting. It seems to promise a richness of humour which he has failed even to extract from his habitual contemplation of the officer. He stares a moment and his eyes widen to saucers. He makes a rapid survey of the scene before him, he imbibes it with a rollicking glee.

His mouth becomes a split, widens to a cavern ; he holds both hands to his side as a preparation, and suddenly there bursts from him a roar which startles the drab office from its ecstasy of refined mirth to a condition of sheer, wet-eyed outrageous hilarity. The infection spreads. The typist, deeply protesting in spirit, has her head down on the region of her knees, the officer has her own on the table. The room rocks and sways with an exuberance of mirth of which afterwards it surely cannot fail to be ashamed. But the little vulgar boy has completed the work of the dancing ferrets. The rout of the distant gentleman is complete ; it would almost seem as if his dignity were so moulded of the acres which he has been unable to bring with him into the humble room that he is lost without them. He gazes round pitifully as if he sought them. It would appear that he might be about to ease the unlooked-for situation by the use of a word which he has not hitherto deemed to be seemly. But the officer anticipates him. She springs from her chair and seizes the shouting youth by the collar. Snatching his red missile from him, she runs him out of the open door. He is in that condition when resistance is not possible.

Once outside she shoots him down the stairs and stands a moment to listen as he descends slithering and whimpering in the agony of his joy till he subsides into the street below.

Then she returns to the office, which already wears a shamefaced air. The gentleman is still petrified.

Slowly and sorrowfully and humbly conscious of her own unfortunate power of endowing all creatures with their own personality rather than with her own, the officer rises and picks the revellers up one by one. Squeals of wrath, fighting with angry claws, and efforts to turn and bite are of no avail. The box is opened and suddenly closed again. The little baleful faces disappear from view. Gradually the sounds of rebellion sink into silence, and because it is not possible for such ebullient spirits to remain in close confinement it is arranged that they shall be sent to their destination, so that their spontaneity may once more be quenched in the service of man—or woman.

The Sportsman, with a few caustic remarks on the proper use of waste-paper baskets and offices and on a particularly beastly set of ferrets, turns on his heel and betakes himself to his acres, there to resume the dignity of which he has been momentarily robbed.

The room resumes its official aspect and becomes once more a study in still life. The officer returns to her statistics and to the drab task of summing up as neatly and concisely as may be certain phrases of life, and wonders if this burst of spontaneity has been a dream. At the moment she is writing her estimate, " Four ferrets for equipment of women rabbit catchers, handled and in good condition, warranted good workers, 10s. 6d. each " ; but the statement bears no connection in her mind with the events of a moment ago, until the typist (who does not approve of spontaneity) spreads out her skirts with a sigh of relief that unpurses her lips and remarks that " She never ! " and that ejaculation may at all times be taken as the expression of her most deeply injured feelings. M. T. H.

Calf Rearing

No. 1

BEFORE proceeding to describe the various methods of calf rearing, the question of the housing and care of the calf in early life may be dealt with briefly.

THE CALF-HOUSE.—The essential requirements that the calf-house should fulfil are that it should be light, warm and airy, and should afford reasonable provision for exercise. No stereotyped set of buildings is required. If the existing buildings are not quite suitable a little adaptation will usually suffice. A cement floor, however suitable from the sanitary point of view, is too cold unless covered with several inches of peat moss or straw litter. A floor formed of either bricks, or earth, or rammed chalk is preferable. As a useful example, the calf-house on a north-country farm, where calves have been reared with considerable success for many years, may be described.

This is a spacious "lean-to" building on the south side of a higher one, and is lighted by means of single panes of glass at regular intervals in the roof. The floor is of concrete, with no drains either open or covered. The two doors, each in halves, are on the same side, so that there may not be cross-draughts. The pens (6 ft. by 5 ft.) are on each side of a central gangway with board partitions not quite down to the floor, and palings in front, so that the calves may see each other across the gangway. Each pen contains a small trough and hay-rack.

Before a new-born calf is placed in its pen the floor is littered with about an inch of well-broken moss-litter, and this is covered with a fair bedding of straw. A little extra straw is added day by day as required, and at the end of a week the pen is cleaned out. Afterwards moss-litter only is used, a bucketful being scattered on the top as frequently as appears to be necessary, the pens being cleaned out about once in three weeks. Moss-litter is such a good absorbent and deodorant that no offensive odour is noticeable. When removed from the calf-pens it is still too dry to place on the manure heap, but it forms an excellent substance to place round the heap to absorb the liquid drainings; when saturated it is thrown on the top.

It will thus be seen that provision is made for comfortable and dry beds, sunlight, and fresh air, while an incentive is given to exercise on the part of the calves by the sense of companionship which they feel in seeing one another. These conditions are not difficult of attainment, and might well be aimed at in the construction of every calf-house.

FEEDING THE YOUNG CALF.—*Suckling.*—If the calf is strong and is to be suckled, as in the case of pedigree animals, very little special attention need be given. In a comparatively short time the animal will get on its feet and begin to suck.

Hand-feeding.—If the animal is to be hand-fed, some rearers allow the calf to be with the cow for two or three days, whilst others regard it as best for the calf to be removed at once and hand-fed from the start. In the natural way, the calf would not suck the cow until it got well on its feet, and in mild or warm weather there need be no hurry, for half an hour or so, to give it its first meal when separated from the cow; but in cold weather it is important that the calf should have a drink of warm milk as soon as possible. In all cases milk should be given to the young calves at the blood-heat of the cow (101° to 102°F.) which is the temperature at which a calf would get it from the cow by sucking. To ensure this temperature it will usually be necessary to warm the milk, either by the addition of a little hot water or otherwise. It may be well here to give a special caution against serving milk too hot either at this stage or later; it is better to err on the side of not having it warm enough than of having it too hot. To induce the calf to drink, the two forefingers should be placed in the calf's mouth, and the hand lowered into a bowl of the colostrum. Usually the calf at once sucks vigorously, but sometimes a little patience is required before it discovers its ability to suck. A quart is ample for the first meal; most calves readily take this amount, and many would take more if allowed. On the third day the use of the fingers may be discontinued and the calf made to drink from a small pail, and by this time it will take greedily two quarts at each meal.

The milk given to the calf at the outset should be the first drawn milk—colostrum or biestings—of the mother, since this possesses special nutritive and laxative properties which are essential for the well-being of the calf and difficult to supply in any other form. The mother's milk retains this character for the first week or so, throughout which period, however, it steadily approximates more and more closely to ordinary milk.

It sometimes happens, however, that a newly-calved cow is sold a day or two after calving, or a calf a day or two old is purchased, or a cow dies at calving, and no colostrum is available for the calf; in such a case a useful substitute for the first three days is made by whipping up an egg with half a pint of warm water, adding half a teaspoonful of castor oil, and stirring in one pint of new milk, for each meal.

After the preliminary difficulties have been overcome, the calf should be fed at regular hours three times daily on whole milk until it is at least a fortnight old, by which time it can profitably consume 4 to 6 quarts per day. The subsequent feeding will vary according to the conditions, as will be indicated later.

A word is necessary as to the proper treatment of purchased young calves brought from a distance, often under very trying conditions. Such animals are usually thirsty on arrival and the natural tendency is to give a good meal at once. This is a great mistake and is probably largely responsible for the scour to which purchased calves are so subject. The methods adopted by successful rearers vary greatly; one of the best is to give a small dose of castor oil and some stimulant in a little warm milk, as soon as the calf arrives, and after an hour or so to give a small meal of milk,

which should not be too rich. For the first few days the calf should continue to receive very small quantities of food at a time, though it should be fed as frequently as possible, and at least four times a day. If the least sign of scour appears, a dose of castor oil should be administered at once, the quantity of food reduced by one-half, and a little chalk or lime-water given. It is indeed a good plan in any case to leave a lump of chalk in the calf-house, so that the calves can lick it as they like.

Before passing on to deal with different methods of rearing, a word of caution, which is generally applicable throughout the rearing, may be given as to the importance of regularity in the times of feeding and in the quantity and quality of the food supplied. For the first eight weeks the food should be given in at least three meals per day. At all times changes in the amount or character of the feeding should be introduced gradually. A sharp look-out should be kept for lice and ringworms, which are easily dealt with if taken in time. The more scrupulous attention paid to details such as these doubtless accounts for the common experience that the small farmer, whose wife or family looks after the calves, is so often more successful in rearing than the large farmer who is mainly dependent upon more or less careless hired labour. No information derived from experiments or otherwise will ensure the best calves being reared unless it is accompanied by that watchful eye which is absolutely essential in the attendant.

(To be continued.)

This article may also be obtained in Welsh, on application to the Editor.

Birmingham and Warwickshire Rally

The March through Birmingham.

The 29th of January will be a memorable day for the Landworkers of Birmingham and Warwickshire. It not only meant a day's entertainment, but also a day *off*. Those who work on farms know what a joy that is, and I am sure none of us grudged the extra time given to the polishing up of our boots and leggings, or the rush on the "day" to finish milking in time to catch our train. It was a glorious springlike day and quite atoned for the appalling weather we had for our Tests. Birmingham was full of jolly land girls carrying the symbols of their work. By the kind invitation of the Lady Mayoress we first spent some time at the New Street Picture House, where we vastly enjoyed the pictures which showed our work on the land. From there we marched to the Priory Rooms, where we had luncheon and prepared for the procession. This attracted much attention, and to many of the watchers it was a novelty to see the girls in their working clothes and to realise that the girls of England are really *working* on the land, and not merely playing about in print frocks in the haymaking time. In the procession were to be seen a motor tractor plough, a horse rake, a swath turner and a wagon containing some old ladies in picturesque sunbonnets, the old style of landworker—who were well cheered all along the route. We finished our happy day by a meeting in the Council House, where we received our efficiency certificates, seventy out of the eighty-four Warwickshire and Birmingham girls winning them. Some of the workers had as many as six stripes.

The Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton spoke, encouraging us to go back to our work more determined than ever to help on the "old country" by sticking to it even under adverse and trying conditions. After a resounding cheer we all trooped out to catch our trains "back to the land."

DORIS WARDEN.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS*

By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE

CHAPTER III.—*Continued.*

ANNE carried it about with her for days, and felt a thrill of pleasure at the thought of its frank interest. They were difficult days to get through, those days of late winter, with so many problems to decide, such a complete change of life to provide for. At first she felt that she and Richard had come close to one another at last, and that they would be constantly together, helping one another to decide each step. But after the first few days she saw as little of him as in the past. They both were conscious of a new element in their relations when they did meet, but the settling up of their affairs took all of Richard's time and attention, and at their occasional dinners together he was distrait and unsatisfactory. So the little flame of hope that had leapt up in Anne's heart died, and was laid away with a sad *Hic jacet.*

"Richard, I have asked Judge Carteret to dinner to-morrow night. I hope you can arrange to be at home."

"I've got a dinner on with Holt, Nan; can't you let me off?"

"Let you off? I fancied I was giving you a pleasure. Don't think of coming if you have anything else on."

He glanced up in surprise at her hurt tone.

"I'll call Holt up and try to put it off. It was a business engagement. What is it about this old boy Carteret that makes such a hit with you?"

"Let me know as soon as you find out, please," she answered coldly, and Richard knew that he had offended her. It flashed across his mind that her interest in this unknown man, rather than his careless words, had caused her annoyance. To do him justice, he was not a jealous husband; he did not love Anne enough to bother about her fancies for other men, but it suddenly came to him that he knew as little about her inner life and her preferences as he would had she lived in China. That Carteret was a well-born, brilliant, and distinguished man he knew from hearsay, and he felt a distinct thrill of annoyance that these traits had apparently fascinated Anne. He called off his dinner with Holt the minute he reached town, and sent Anne word that he accepted her invitation.

The next night, when Judge Carteret was announced at seven o'clock, Richard had not put in his appearance, and it was a thoroughly indignant Anne who descended to meet the Judge and apologise for his host's non-appearance.

It was the first time she had seen him since their first meeting, and she dreaded lest the second encounter should prove a disappointment. She found him standing in the middle of the drawing room, big, strong, distinguished looking, and wondered that she had not thought of his striking good looks before. Something in his face made her put out both hands, as to an old friend.

"I am so glad you've come," she said.

"I am so delighted to be here," he smiled back. "I began to fear that this promised dinner was to be a mental dissipation only."

Anne laughed.

"It should have materialised before, but I have been waiting on Richard, and now it seems that I might have spared myself the pains, since he has been detained in town after all. So much has happened to us since I saw you——"

"Dear lady, I do not mean to reproach you. That would be a graceless trick in a guest."

"I think I quite like your impatience, and I liked your note; it helped me greatly."

"Good! You did understand me, then. I thought you would. I feel that you are the material out of which fine things may be moulded, my friend, by the hammer of necessity and the chisel of experience."

"I suppose I am the sort that luxury makes a weakling."

"I think all of us need to lose the unessentials to discover the essentials."

"Yes, I think that too. I shall treasure your congratulations at my loss, and when I make this discovery of the essentials I shall look for further felicitations."

"You shall have them, and welcome."

"Thanks. I think we shall have to excuse Richard, after all," she said, as the clock chimed.

"I regret that our meeting must be postponed. I suppose Mr. Barrett is much engaged these days?"

"Yes, he is trying to arrange for the sale of our two houses, and there is much tiresome detail."

"You must hate to see your homes go."

"Strangely enough, I do not seem to have any feeling about this house at all, but I feel terribly about losing Hillcrest. You see, my parents gave it to me as a wedding gift, and we spent part of our honeymoon there. I suppose the most practical of women have a few cherished illusions about honeymoon days."

At this moment Richard hurried in, red with haste and annoyance, from his hasty toilet.

"Evening, Nan. Sorry to keep you waiting, but it couldn't be helped."

"It's all right now that you're here. Judge Carteret, this is my husband."

The two men sized one another up in a glance, as they shook hands.

"Glad to meet you, Judge Carteret," said Richard, none too heartily.

"It is an especial pleasure to me to meet you and your wife, since I knew you both as younglings. I have had the privilege of renewing my friendship with both of your families."

"Indeed?"

Dinner was announced and they went out to the dining-room, where the *diner à trois* could scarcely be called a success. Anne and the Judge kept things going, and Richard played the sulky Achilles, to his wife's amazement and annoyance.

They had their coffee brought into the library, and as they entered the room the Judge picked up a photograph from the table and smiled down at it.

" That is our little boy," Anne said.

" Yes, Master Bobby and I are friends," he answered.

" Friends ? " in surprise.

" Yes. We've met several times in Lincoln Park. I often walk out there in the afternoon, and a week ago or so I met the most irresistible old Irishwoman, who sat down on a bench beside me."

" Mrs. O'Brien ? "

" The same. In the minute we felt the flash of souls akin," laughed the Judge, " and plunged into conversation."

" Isn't she a character ? "

" She is delightful. Presently Master Bobby demanded her attention, and his likeness to you suggested his identity. So when I found I was right I offered my credentials as an old friend of his grandparents and a prospective friend of his parents, and Madame O'Brien graciously admitted me as a proper associate for His Highness."

" Why, of course, how stupid of me not to have guessed. She described you to me, but she called you ' Judge Parker,' so I never thought of you."

" We have met several times, and Robert and I go for a voyage of discovery together, around the pond. I find your son quite a personality."

Richard was more irritated every minute. The idea of telling his own father what kind of a kid Bobby was !

" Bobby is rather young for such a long descriptive noun, isn't he ? "

" Think so ? I have a theory that the fine flower of personality lies in the bud, even in infancy. I have many baby friends, and I find them quite as individual as my maturer companions. They have the advantage of an absolute honesty in the expression of themselves."

" I think, Richard, we both have to confess that we have not concerned ourselves much with Bobby's personality."

" That's true enough, I dare say. Now that the Judge recommends him as a companion I must look him up."

Anne hastened to cover up his covert incivility.

" In the smaller quarters of our new home we shall get into closer touch with Bobby."

" May I ask what are your plans, after you give up this house ? "

" If we can get someone to buy Hillcrest who will allow us to keep the Lodge we shall go there to live."

" I see. Hillcrest is up the North Shore—Lake Forest way — isn't it ? Is it formally in the market ? "

" Yes, and no," Richard replied. " I'm feeling around a little. Of course, if we keep the Lodge, we'd like someone we know in the big house who would be more or less congenial."

" I wonder if I could qualify as a possibility ? "

" You, Judge Carteret ! " cried Anne. " Oh, that would be too perfect ! "

" I have several prospective buyers," Richard remarked.

" But, Richard, the Judge would be such an ideal neighbour."

" No doubt. I cannot, however, turn down a man I have been negotiating with because my wife thinks someone else would be a more desirable neighbour."

" Possibly you will give me some time at your office to-morrow, and we can talk it over. I have decided to buy outside of the city, and I remember that the site of Hillcrest is very beautiful.

" It certainly is," Anne said. " The house stands on the highest point of ground, overlooking the lake, and the woods shut it in on three sides."

" And the Lodge ? "

" The Lodge is tucked away in the woods, just off the main driveway, and there are lovely bits of water and sky to be seen from all its windows."

" But is it large enough to accommodate you ? "

" We think so, with care and planning. The gardener for whom the Lodge was built fortunately had a large brood of children, so it is larger than most lodges."

" It sounds charming and just the place for you. At what time to-morrow may I see you, Mr. Barrett ? "

" To-morrow is full for me ; I can see you Thursday at eleven," Richard said ungraciously.

" Thursday at eleven I shall be there. And now I must say good-night, and thanks for this pleasant evening. I am glad to have met you, Mr. Barrett, I hope we may see something of one another. Possibly you will lunch with me Thursday, after our talk."

" Much obliged, but I'm busy Thursday noon. Good-night, Judge Carteret."

Richard rang for the man to see their guest out, and stood moodily before the fire after his departure.

" What on earth possessed you to act like that, Richard ? "

" Like what ? "

" You were positively rude to him."

" I don't know what you call rude. I certainly hope I know how to treat a man in my own house. I don't like the man, but I made some effort to conceal the fact."

" You certainly failed nobly. You wouldn't talk, you were curt when you said anything at all, and you were actually uncivil about Hillcrest."

" Well, he's the last man I want to stumble over every time I put my head out of the Lodge."

" What is it you dislike about him ? "

" Everything. He's too affable ; he thinks too much of himself ; too take-you-for-granted-because-he-knew-your-parents ; and he's too blamed devoted to you."

" To me ? To me ! "

Anne could not believe her ears for a minute ; and when she did convince herself she had heard aright, she threw back her head and laughed, and laughed.

(To be continued.)

Rally at Gloucester.

West Riding, Yorks, Rally

A Smart Turn-out in Leeds.

"Keep Smiling"

WHEN I first started farming I must admit I felt just a wee bit blue and homesick, but things have rapidly and agreeably changed since then. I am not of a pessimistic or dismal nature—indeed, I am quite the other way—but we all want a cheery word and a smile sometimes to help us along. I have to thank an old dustman for cheering me when I felt somewhat down; he did nothing extraordinary or out of the way, but he handed me the most priceless possession in the world—he just lent me his smile! I was so impressed that I will tell you the story.

The farm I am working on supplies a large institution with milk. I have to drive with it every morning, and get there in time for breakfast. My pony is the sweetest and friendliest, also the wickedest, little pet I have known. He and I are great chums. Well, to get on with my story. As I was driving along one morning, a little after seven o'clock, I was feeling a trifle miserable. I had had the previous day a letter that was not very encouraging; but, however down or depressed you may be, one cannot help enjoying a ride in the early morning. It is glorious! The air is so fresh and everything is so still, hardly a sound to be heard, except the tap, tap of the pony's feet on the stones. This particular morning I saw coming along a very old dustman; he had a dear grandfatherly old face, round and rosy, such as you only find in the country, and as soon as he saw me he just stood still and stared, his jolly old face crinkling up into the most engaging and friendly smile that I have ever seen, and, pointing at me, he just blurted forth to another roadman passing: "Hi! Ginger for pluck!" my hair being that unfortunate colour. I felt so bucked up with the smile and compliment that I drove all the way there and back again, blissfully unconscious of anything else but that dustman's smile. Now the old man and I exchange smiles every morning, and I believe I can almost smile as broadly as he can.

When I first came to M——, in Nottingham, the people seemed a little uncertain which way to take me, never having had a Land Army girl in the place before. I thought I might experiment with a smile. I certainly received smiles in return, but not at first the dustman's own particular smile. These are the sort I received: firstly, the uncertain smile; secondly, the surprised smile; thirdly, the silly smile and even the insolent smile, but I got at last the one I was aiming at, the friendly and jolly smile. I find my smile now a great help to me. I can do almost anything with it. I have several times got round the farmer's wife with it. People seem like wax in your hands when you work a smile. Whenever I see anyone with a sweet and friendly smile I say to myself: "He or she has the dustman's smile; therefore he or she must be nice." I expect, if any of my fellow Landswomen read this, they may say I am making a great fuss about a smile. I can answer them: "Yes, it is a small thing, and costs nothing, but it is worth its weight in gold, and if I were made without a smile I should be the most miserable being in the world." I have a friend who possesses no good looks whatever, yet when she smiles her face is very lovable. My advice to my fellow Landswomen is, that whenever work seems hard, people around you look sour and cross, farming seems drudgery, or even, when milking, a silly old cow kicks you, just try a smile, a dustman's smile. I have worked the experiment, and I know you will be as successful as I am. My love and a dustman's smile to my fellow Landswomen.

M. ANDREWS.

Merch Yr Hafod

Adwaenoch ferch yr Hafod,
O ruddin hen y wlad;
Y ddol yw parc ei phalas,
A'r fuches ei hystâd:
Bob bore daw i'r buarth,
Boed hindda neu boed wlaw,
Y drithroed dan ei chesail,
A'r gunog yn ei llaw.

Llawenydd bro yw Llio,
A'i gwynfyd, beth a'i pryn,
Wrth odro'r armel melyn
Am ben y blaenion gwyn.

Ni chyfyd neb boreuach
Trwy'r cwm i oleu'r tân;
Gyr droell o fwg drwy'r simdde
Cyn deffry adar cân;
A dyna'r ddwygainc gyntaf
A wrendy'r awel iach,
Yw'r gainc ar lawnt y buarth,
A chainc uchedydd bach.

Llawenydd bro yw Llio,
Ei thympan yw'r ystên;
Myn ganu tra bo'n ieuanc,
Myn ganu pan fo'n hen.

Wrth dorri draws y weirglodd
O odro'r buchod blith,
Hi edy lwybyr llaethog
Lle bu'r diferion gwlith:
Gall drin y llaeth a'r 'menyn,
Gall hefyd drin y byd—
Mae gwaddol yn ei dwylo,
Ac iechyd yn ei phryd.

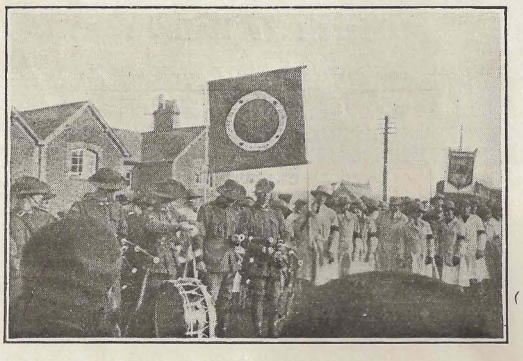
Llawenydd bro yw Llio,
Ac erys gwrid y wawr
Ar ddwyfoch merch yr Hafod
Pan elo'r haul i lawr.

EIFION WYN.

Landworkers, Dorchester

BEING much interested in the scheme of women workers on the land, and having employed them for over a year and a half, I accepted the invitation of the Organising Secretary to the successful rally which was held in Dorchester Corn Exchange on January 2nd last.

The arrangements throughout were of a most thorough nature, and reflected the greatest credit upon Mrs. Grant and Miss Gildea and those kind volunteers who worked so energetically and successfully.



The Conference, or meeting, in the afternoon was addressed by Mr. Geo. Gordon, who spoke most clearly and emphatically as to the need and use of landworkers, and Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton followed with an address which will long be remembered by all who had the good fortune to hear it. She dwelt upon every phase of the movement, the great practical necessity there was for women labour to maintain our sustenance, the need of a helping hand to those girls who, in many cases, had left happy, bright and comfortable homes to do their bit towards staving off the national disaster which, at any rate, threatens this land; and the enormous benefit which would colour and accrue to the organisation if the girls played the game by keeping straight, working hard, and facing the rougher life, in all weathers, which they had volunteered to encounter.

No remarks could possibly have been more happily conceived, more practically and sympathetically delivered, or more attentively listened to.

The tea (followed by a concert and a dance) was quickly served by many willing ladies, and girls who had travelled by early trains will not readily forget the kindly hospitality which was extended to them.

The concert—"All Dorset," so to speak—was another treat and education; and when the dance was over the workers expressed themselves in the highest terms as to their most enjoyable day's outing.

I was asked at the entertainment how I got on with my landworkers, and I said they were first rate, always punctual, never idle, and willing to do any kind of dirty work which came their way. Indeed, I find, as one employer told me, "They work like navvies and behave like ladies."

If you mean to get work done well the nature of it should be varied as much as possible. Continual thistle spudding or hoeing becomes most monotonous and a woman worker told me with great pleasure that she had been horse-hoeing and working a pair of horses in harrows. She said the rest from the change of regular manual labour was immense, and besides, she said, the horses were such good company, and she had so much pleasure in feeding them and getting to understand their stable management. If employers will take this hint (which I have since done myself) they will find that a little variety helps to lubricate and keep fresh the human machinery on the farm.

The Dorchester Rally proved the need of such reunions; the girls make acquaintances and the serious position of agriculture is more clearly brought before them when practical speakers explain the great need there is to get the last ounce out of the land. Most of your readers know the now threadbare statement of only one-fifth of our cornstuffs being grown at home, and how dependent we are on other countries for almost every necessary commodity of life. If this is borne in mind and also the fact that forty-eight large ships have gone down in the last three weeks, then it is clear that a man need not be a mathematician of high standing to calculate how long we can produce the food we eat, besides sending some over to France to help.

When the war broke out France sent every available man to join up and only the grey-bearded men and the women were left to till the soil.

After three and a half years' hard work, in some cases amongst shot and shell, these loyal workers are getting worn out, and farming matters are on the downward track.

This fact alone should inspire the young women of England to join the landworkers and do all they can to win the war.

This war is to be won not only with the sword but with an ample supply of food, and unless the land of our old country is put to much better use than has been the case these last forty years, the chance of our success is small.

This fact alone should stimulate those workers to continue in the good cause until, at any rate, peace is declared, and it is quite certain their efforts will never be forgotten or lost sight of by a grateful and peaceful nation.

R. L. ANGUS.

"Long Service Prize"

I SHALL have great pleasure in awarding a prize of £1 to the Land Army Worker who on Easter Monday next, April 1st, has given the longest period of service in one place. As I go about the country in the course of my work I find that one of the most frequent causes of complaint made against our Land Army by the farmers is, that many of the girls do not at all realise the importance of remaining in their posts, and that they are very often inclined to give them up for very trivial reasons.

Farm work, in spite of its many attractions, is hard work, the pay is comparatively small and the living conditions are often uncomfortable. I know that the majority of the Land Army workers have given their services in this way, not from the desire for personal advantage, but from a real wish to help their country. I am therefore giving this prize to impress upon them the fact that they are helping the cause of food production infinitely more by working on one farm, say, for one year or for two years, than if they move about to three or four places in the same period of time. It takes a long time to get into the work of each particular farm and for the farmer to get accustomed to, and rely upon his women workers.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," and a girl who does good work in one place, is much more likely to be able to demand a good wage, than her fellow Land Army worker who is always on the move.

Any girl who wishes to enter for this prize should send her name to the Organising Secretary in the county in which she is working, together with the date on which she took up her present employment.

M. BAYNE.

Crude Beginnings

By A. R. Aghonby

ONE'S first morning on a farm is not a thing one is likely to forget easily. I have weird recollections of mine. I had had five weeks' training, my friend was innocent of both training and experience, and we both felt pretty "green" when we presented ourselves punctually at 6 a.m. before our "boss" for orders. I think he felt equally at sea, poor man, as to exactly the employment suitable for two eager but untried women.

After a moment or two of obvious uncertainty, a happy thought struck him. Would we see to the fowls and ducks? That would be a great help, and would set him free for other and more urgent business. Then followed a string of—to him, no doubt—perfectly lucid directions, but to us, apprehensive of our lack of knowledge yet burning to prove competent, a veritable enigma.

We could let the Leghorns run out in the 6-acre—we knew the 6-acre?—Good. But the Wyandottes, also in the 6-acre, only into their run. The pullets in the small white house could run out, but the cockerels in the green house just into their run. The hens in the big house in the orchard could run out too, but those in the little house with the tin roof were to be left shut in; he would let them out later; and on no account let the fattening fowls out; the ducks just into their pen. Fowls to be fed on crumbly mash, ducks mushy mash.

So away we started, bearing each a bucket of food and a can of water, pursued to the last by final shouted directions. A consultation took place outside the first hen-house, and a dialogue after the following style ensued:

"It was Leghorns to be let right out, wasn't it?" "I think so, but I wouldn't be certain. Let's find out which these are. Leghorns have got white legs, haven't they, or is it yellow?" "I don't know, my dear—a hen's a hen to me, and nothing more. Can't you see their legs? Here, let me have a look. Bless the birds, they're all heads and necks! Ah! they've got white legs. Out they go—they seem to think it's all right. Now then, buck up, old bird! Dump some food down, and I'll cut across to the Wyandottes."

The next consultation took place outside the pullets' or cockerels' house, as the case might be. "I thought it was the pullets in the white house, didn't you?" "I should have said the green, but, my dear, I got so muddled after the first minute as to what was where, and what treatment was to be applied to which; besides, I thought you were taking it all in—you looked so intelligent! I expect you're right, and it was pullets in the white house. Perhaps there will be some eggs about—that would settle it. No. Well, let's let them in the run, and have a look at them. Oh! they've an unmistakably feminine look in their eyes—they must be pullets." "I think it's their tails you look at as a rule; but I am sure it was pullets in the white house, so here goes!" Exit a flurry of fowls. "Now for the cockerels! Greedy beasts—what a scrum for the food! Oh, mind! Look out! Get the door to. Mercy! Now we've mixed up the pullets and cockerels, and we shall never sort them out. How many got out?" "About six, I think." "Never mind, it can't be helped. I expect they will find the right house to go to bed in to-night. But, my dear, we've learnt a tip. Put the food in the run and shut the wire door before we pull up the trap and let them out of the house. Come on, where's the next lot? He'll think we are all night over this job."

Arrived at the next house, and determined to profit by previous mistakes, we carefully put the food in and pulled up the trap. Nothing happened. It was an empty house!

However, we felt pretty sure of our ground at the next visit, for loud quacks proceeded from within. Accordingly we filled up the troughs with "mushy mash," lifted the trap, and out poured a crowd of hens and two lustily quacking ducks—sold again!

And so on our rounds till breakfast time came, and we had barely finished. At one spot, my friend encountered the tom-turkey, who, for some reason, took a violent dislike to her, and refused to allow her to move a step without a vicious onslaught. He had to be lured off with more than his share of hen's food, while she made good her escape.

After breakfast we spent half an hour in a stern chase after three elderly ducks, which finally took refuge in the duck-pond. Baffled, we applied to the "boss" for further advice, only to find we had been pursuing entirely the wrong ducks, and were then instructed how to carry the victims by their necks to the fattening pen.

Not a very promising couple were we? But by the end of a week my friend was meting out their several treatments to pullet, cockerel, fattening fowl and duck, as if born and bred to it; and I, with milk pail and pig wash, felt I had at last found my true vocation.

Of course, we made more mistakes, and many of them. I can see the "boss's" face when one of his prize cockerels, inadvertently interned among the fattening fowls, duly appeared on the table, and how well I remember the bloody corpse of the hen turkey, which roosted one night in the hedge, instead of behind lock and key; the result—the fox had what he could get, the head and tail ends, and left the "boss" the rest.

But that was back in the summer of 1915. We have learned a thing or two since then—ploughed many a lonely furrow, and had our share of spilt milk, though we have not bothered to cry over it, but have picked up our bucket and gone on to the next cow—as is the way of the landswoman, I fancy.

Rally News

Carmarthenshire Rally

A MOST successful rally was held at Carmarthen on January 5th, when thirty-five girls attended at the Shire Hall to receive stripes and badges.

After the meeting a photograph of the girls was taken, then they all marched to the Central Hotel, where a splendid tea had been provided for them by the members of the Executive Committee.

Nelly Crank proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the Committee, seconded by Jennie Thomas; cheers were given by the Committee.

The Organising Secretary offered a prize of 2s. 6d. for the best account of the rally, and that sent in by Mrs. Margaret Billinghurst was considered the best.

Carmarthen.

The Prize Letter

To the Organising Secretary,
Carmarthen.

How pleased were the lady farmers to hear of the demonstration at Carmarthen on January 5th, 1918, when thirty-five of us turned up from the county to attend the meeting addressed by Mrs. Lewis Philipps, supported by Mrs. H. Jones Davies, Dr. Perrie Williams, Travelling Inspector for South Wales, and Miss Jones, of the Women's Land Army.

Mrs. Lewis Philipps said she was very pleased to see so many healthy looking girls present, and hoped they would stick to their work, the same as our boys stick to their guns in France and elsewhere; she also said that many farmers in her locality by taking the girls in for training had done valuable service.

Mrs. Jones Davies said she hoped many of the girls would become farmers' wives.

We were given badges and stripes at the Shire Hall, and then marched through Guildhall Square and Darkgate, and up to Mr. George Weaks, photographer (up one stairs and down the other, and out on the lawn), where our photographs were taken. Mr. Weaks had quite a lot of trouble to put us in order, as some of the girls had never stood in front of a camera before, and others looked forward to the reception later on.

Then we left the studio for the Central Dining Rooms, and on our way we were praised and looked at by a lot of wounded soldiers, farmers, and a good many others about town.

On arriving at the Dining Rooms we were overjoyed to see the tables so well laid with all kinds of eatables · and some of us were quite hungry, having eaten nothing since breakfast at the farms before we had left in the morning. Before we partook of the meal a rousing cheer was given to the Secretary (Miss Jones) by us. After tea we were all given a Tom Smith cracker, when another peal of laughter rang through the Dining Rooms.

All those who had to catch the train were sorry they could not stay longer, as they had enjoyed themselves so much. Let us hope that many more girls will rally round and join the Women's Land Army, as the country is in great need of their valuable service on the land.

(MRS.) M. BILLINGHURST.

Taunton

A most successful public meeting and demonstration of Landworkers was held at Taunton on Saturday, January 26th. Speakers: Lieut.-Colonel R. A. Sanders, M.P., Lieut.-Colonel D. Boles, M.P. Lady Hylton, President Somerset W.A.C., distributed badges, armlets, and stripes to the workers.

A procession was formed at St. Andrew's Hall headed by the bugle band of the King's Royal Rifle Corps Cadets; then came about fifty-six members of the Land Army, looking smart and alert in their uniforms, and carrying a large Union Jack, followed by 500 whole and part time workers of all ages, with spades, hoes, etc. The whole procession formed a really remarkable demonstration of the strength of the Women Landworkers' Movement in West Somerset, and as it marched through the streets to the London Assembly Rooms it attracted the interest and encouragement of a large crowd of spectators.

In addressing a very large audience, Colonel Sanders spoke of the demonstration as "one of the biggest things which he had ever seen in Taunton." He emphasised the vital necessity for increased food production in this country. "The more food which could be procured the more shipping would be available for bringing over American troops. Every extra four bushels of wheat that was produced meant that one extra American soldier, fully equipped, could be brought over. Every 125 or 150 extra acres cultivated here meant an extra battalion of American soldiers."

Colonel Boles also spoke.

Lady Hylton gave badges to the Land Army girls and armlets and stripes to the very large number of whole and part time workers.

The meeting then terminated.

A similar gathering has already been held at Yeovil, and there is to be a large public meeting and procession at Bristol on February 7th, thus covering the whole county.

Taunton.

A rally of the Essex L.A.A.S. was held at Witham on Thursday, January 10th, by kind invitation of the President, the Lady Petre. Of about fifty members within reach of this centre forty were able to attend. Badges and stripes were presented by the President, who addressed the gathering and also introduced Miss Puller, the new Travelling Inspector for Essex. Miss Puller appealed to each girl present to bring in fresh recruits for 1918. A delightful entertainment was given by Miss Auriol Jones and Mr. Selwyn Driver. It was unanimously decided, at Lady Petre's suggestion, to send telegrams of New Year Greetings to the Essex battalions at the Front from the Essex battalion of the Land Army. Hearty cheers were given for Lady Petre, Miss Macdonald, and Miss Tritton. Miss Curd, group leader, Mrs. Ingram, instructress, Chelmsford, and others were present.

Big Rally at Gloucester

January 12th was hardly a cheerful morning. A grey and unpromising sky with lowering clouds, dirty streets, and a chilly atmosphere led one to suspect the weather gods of possessing a spiteful nature. However, by twelve o'clock the sun did deign to shine on the hundreds of landworkers wearing the well-known Government armlet who were wandering round the old and historical town of Gloucester.

The doors of Northgate Mansions were opened, and the visitors found hot drinks and buns to help sustain them. Refreshed by this they made their way to the Market Parade, where they were formed up four deep. Each section was headed by a worker bearing a banner especially designed to represent

the section of work in which her followers were employed, whether as cow-women, carters, gardeners, foresters, or hay-balers; while the girls in training had a banner of their own to distinguish them from the girls already at work on farms. Non-L.A.A.S. workers, both whole and part time, were represented, and had a section of their own, and our own magazine was there—a splendid banner exactly reproducing the yellow cover with the white horses along the bottom. A horse who, by the way, forgot to bring his label, "Worked on the Land for Twenty Years," dragged a cart full of merry landworkers. The banners were nearly all green and scarlet, the colours of the Government armlet, and the procession was a gay sight. Headed by the Volunteer Band, which was present by kind permission of Captain Thorpe, the cheerful procession wended its way to the Shire Hall, where Miss Talbot, Director-General of the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture, addressed the meeting.

Her Grace the Duchess of Beaufort then presented the long-service stripes with words of encouragement and admiration for all, and especially for some workers who carried away as many as seven stripes for faithful service.

One old villager, whose years numbered seventy odd, and who insisted in marching in the procession with the younger women, in spite of offers of a ride, when asked next day, "Well, Mrs. X., are you very tired?" replied with ardour, "Tired, ma'am? Not a bit of it! Why, it was a better procession than the King had."

Hampshire

The glorious weather on Wednesday, January 30th, the happy faces of the 275 Land Army girls, the excellent luncheon with which they were provided, Mrs. Lyttleton's delightful speech and the jolly entertainment which followed all combined to make the Rally at Winchester an event long to be remembered by those who were fortunate to be there.

Lord Northbrook, in an amusing speech, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the girls, introduced Mrs. Lyttleton, who spoke of the enormous pleasure it was to her to come and see them all. She appealed to the girls to try and learn all they could about their work, so that those who wished to go on with it after the war might fit themselves for an agricultural career. She herself had in her mind a vision of the time when we should have peace and the boys would return. As they looked over the hedges

and saw their sisters, sweethearts and mothers working on the land they would say, "Three cheers for the women of England who have kept the flag flying while we have been away."

The Duchess of Wellington presented the badges and stripes to a long procession of members of the Land Army who filed past her on the platform.

Stafford

The Rally at Stafford on January 29th was most successful. The Land Workers Procession included a Titan motor plough and, headed by the New Zealand Band and carrying banners, marched through the town to the Borough Hall, which was soon filled to overflowing with over 1,000 people.

Lord Dartmouth made an excellent speech and Miss Talbot, who was greeted by the girls with great enthusiasm, drew special attention to the exceptional interest of the presence among them of the New Zealand Band. She laid stress on the urgency of the food situation and called for many more women to join up.

She then presented the badges and stripes to the Land Workers and an excellent tea and entertainment followed, which were very much appreciated by the girls.

More Potato Recipes

POTATOES AND CARROTS.

ONE can use almost any vegetable with potatoes in this way. I have used celery, artichokes, onions, seakale, and Brussels sprouts, and sometimes a mixture of two or three different kinds

Required:

Cooked potatoes.
Cooked carrots (or any other vegetable).
White sauce.
Grated cheese.

Grease a piedish and put into it a layer of carrot or any other vegetable. Root vegetables should be cut in slices. The layer should be about half an inch thick.

Then put a thin layer of grated cheese, then a layer of sliced potatoes, then more of whatever vegetable you are using, and more grated cheese and potatoes, and so on till the dish is full. It should be very loosely packed.

Pour over enough rather thick white sauce to almost fill the dish, and on top put a final layer of potato slices, with here and there a bit of margarine or dripping. Bake in a rather sharp oven till the potatoes on top are nicely browned, and the whole is thoroughly hot through.

SAVOURY POTATO ROLL.

Any kind or kinds of nuts can be used.

Required:

Two pounds of mashed potato.
Two ounces of ground or chopped nuts.
Two ounces of grated cooked carrot.
One tablespoonful each of chopped onion and parsley.
One ounce of dripping or chopped suet.
Half teaspoonful of powdered herbs.
A little stock.
Seasoning.

Well mix all the ingredients and season carefully. Add sufficient stock to prevent the mixture cracking when shaped into a neat roly-poly shape, place it on a greased baking-tin, and cover with a greased paper.

Bake it in a moderately hot oven until nicely browned, and serve it on a hot dish with some good thick gravy and a dish of cabbage or other green vegetable.

CURRIED POTATOES.

These are positively delicious, so don't miss this recipe.

Required:

One and a half pounds of boiled potatoes.
One large onion.
One ounce of dripping.
Two teaspoonfuls of curry powder.
Two teaspoonfuls of flour.
Two teaspoonfuls of chopped chutney.
Half a pint of vegetable stock.
One teaspoonful of vinegar.
Salt.

Thickly slice and cut the potatoes into large cubes. Chop the onion (put the skin into the stockpot). Melt the dripping, put in the onion, and fry it a pale yellow.

Add the curry powder and flour, and fry all a good brown. Then add the stock, chutney, and vinegar, and stir till boiling.

Season, and then simmer for fifteen minutes. Add the potatoes and let them heat through, but do not let them boil, or they will break up. I let mine simmer for ten minutes at least.

Turn neatly on to a hot dish, and, instead of rice, serve with them a well-cooked, chopped, and nicely seasoned cabbage.

HOW TO MAKE HALF A TON OF COAL GO AS FAR AS FIFTEEN HUNDREDWEIGHT.

Place a quantity of chalk in the grates. Once heated this is practically inexhaustible from combustion, and gives out great heat. Place the chalk at the back of each of your fires in nearly equal proportions with the coal.

WYE W.I.

TO MAKE HALF A POUND OF BUTTER INTO ONE POUND.

Warm and cream half a pound of butter (not oil), whip up one egg, and warm half a pint of milk very gradually: pour the egg and milk into the butter (about a tablespoonful at a time) and beat well until thoroughly mixed. Put into a cool place to get firm.

HEXTABLE AND SWANLEY W.I.

TO FRY HERRINGS AND SPRATS WITHOUT FAT.

Make your frying pan warm and sprinkle the bottom with salt. Dry the fish well, put into pan, and fry until a nice brown (about five to ten minutes).

MRS. BUTLER (Cranbrook).
(Ten sons fighting.)

Mr. Prothero and the Land Army

Just a few of the Middlesex Land Army acted as stewards at Mr. Prothero's meeting on Friday, January 18th, at the Central Hall, Westminster. Two of us were posted outside the doors to direct the people, another two in the hall, and the rest showed the farmers into their places. How we did enjoy Mr. Prothero's speech! One of the things he said I shall never forget, and that was, when talking of the sparrows and the harm they do, he called them "feathered U-boats." I do not know what the farmers felt, but I know that his speech made us girls feel that we must go straight back and just try harder than ever to produce more food for the nation.

Before Mr. Prothero left he allowed himself to be photographed with us. Here we are!

Cows I Have Known

DEAR EDITOR,—I have enjoyed reading "A Cow Lover's" article in THE LANDSWOMAN. I thought it might be worth while to try and describe some of the ways of the most amusing cow I ever knew.

Her name was Eddy, and I was a great deal in her company two years ago. Her horns went down instead of up, and she simply lived for adventure. When I went out to call in the cows, the dawn just lighting the sky, I would stand by the open gate counting the shadowy forms as they went by. Thirteen was my lucky number, but often only twelve grey forms shuffled past me in the dim light, and all with horns that stuck well up into the air. Where was Eddy? The good twelve could be trusted to take themselves along to the cow-house and into stalls more or less right, so I at once began my chase round the field to see if by luck she had just hung back a minute. This was never the case. No, she had a mind of her own and an object in view. To the cabbage field I had to make my way through the mud and wet grass of early morning. At the hedge I could hear the crunch of flatpoles and make out the form of Eddy, who was not losing any time! When I scrambled over the hedge, and she knew the game was up, she turned straight for home, right over the hedges. Cornish stone hedges, made up with earth and gorse bushes growing from them, were nothing to Eddy, she cleared them without a pause. Then dashing along she rushed into the cowhouse where she had invariably got her head into the corn-bin or made trouble among the other cows, by the time I, panting and soaked with dew, got in.

I went to see my friends at the farm last summer, and found that the dear old cow still goes rollicking on. I was very glad to hear it, for after all she was a regular sport, and it is someone else who goes after her now.

With which beautiful sentiment I will conclude.

Yours sincerely, WINIFRED BENNETT.

The Whole Duty of Calves

A CALF should do as it is told,
And never give one cause to scold;
Each calf should have its little stall,
And come up briskly at a call,
And pass the gate, and never push,
Or try to get by with a rush,
To drink the sweet milk from its mother
Before a sister or a brother;
But go sedately to its place,
And not forget to say its grace.
Then, when it's finished every drop,
Back to the stall with frisk and hop.
No loitering to nibble hay,
Or get in other people's way,
But quietly return to bed
And snuggle down its satin head,
To dream, as all small creatures should,
Of everything that's sweet and good,
And of those days, so far from now,
When it's grown up to be a cow!

NARCISSI E. WOOD.

A Little Soldier

KINGSTON, horseman and humorist, loves little Punch best of all the horses in the stables. I think, perhaps, that he loves him better than anything else in the world.

I can't write his name as Kingston pronounces it. "Lil Poon-ch," with a sharp jerk on the last two letters, like a 'bus conductor punching a ticket, is the nearest I can get to it. He is also alluded to at times as a "ploom," a "proper lil masterpiece," "a lil soldier," and, as a final term of endearment, "a lil engine."

The joke is that "lil" Punch, being a cart horse of a particularly heavy make, is, of course, perfectly huge. Even now, when he's only a baby, the tallest of us has to stand on tiptoe to take off the great weight of jingling brass and leather that makes up his "tackle."

But that's only a detail. Anything Kingston is fond of he speaks of in the diminutive. I feel sure that when Punch comes to his full weight Kingston will call him his "lil elefunt."

At present Punch is still the baby of the stables, though rather old for his age. I'm afraid that when the other horses discuss him they put him down as a bit of a prig. Certainly he takes life in a serious, win-the-war spirit. He would scorn to come laggardly to work, as some of his mates do, and has been known to look shocked when sluggish old Tinker and Smiles get a taste of the stick.

Woe betide anyone who lays unauthorised hands on the little masterpiece! I have heard Kingston threaten to "tak' that there lil 'oss out o' cart and tak' 'im 'ome" just because he thought that someone had been "mookin'" round with him.

But Punch is very rarely separated from his master. To see them going off together to plough or cart timber is the jolliest sight in the day's work. Punch pulls every inch that's in him (and there are a lot), and Kingston swings beside him in the old earth-coloured clothes that can't disguise that stalwart grace of his—we all love Kingston! As for little Punch, he never takes his eyes off him, watching anxiously the whole time for approval, and nodding his absurd woolly head, like a grown-up Teddy bear, when he's spoken to.

If one of us has the high honour of accompanying Punch and Kingston on a day's carting it is, of course, etiquette to allude to the wonder-horse at least every half-hour. Kingston never lets one forget that.

"Coom on, lil Poonch!" "Coom on, lil fellow!" "Bring on lil Poonch, me loove!" he'll bawl breezily across a field and a half to the proud driver of the prodigy's cart.

Then, when he's within conversational distance, one knows that he'll say exactly as he's said fifty times before (for farmers have no originality): "Ain't he a splendid lil chap, miss?" (Suitable answer from proud driver anxious to please.) "Ah, that 'e is," he'll go on, much gratified, "a proper lil masterpiece, 'e is. Look at 'im now, a-cooming along road like a lil engine! Lil Poonch, 'e doan want no tellin', 'e doan! A rare lil *soldier*, that's what 'e is!"

And, after all, what higher praise could he bestow? NARCISSE E. WOOD.

Garden Hints for March

THE month of March is a very busy one for the gardener. Almost every kind of seed in the vegetable garden may be sown this month, but first of all the ground must be well dug. Three spits deep, if virgin ground, and again three spits every third year.

Take out a spit (which is a spade deep) right along the patch to be dug, put it in a wheelbarrow and take to the end of the patch, so that it will be ready to finish the last row. Take out the next spit and do the same, then get into the trench and well break up the last spit. On the top of that put any rubbish you have—weeds, leaves, bonfire stuff—and turn it well over; then put the top spit of the next row on the top of that, and if for potatoes a layer of manure next; then the second spit. Then get into the trench, work it in the same way as the first, so on to the end of the patch. This is most important work, and will repay a hundredfold.

Broad beans can be sown two inches deep and nine inches apart. *Beetroot* sow in clumps (no manure) three to four seeds, one foot apart and two inches deep; thin to one plant. *Early peas* (Mayflower or Pilot) sow about the second week in rows, not too thick, follow on as soon as they are through the ground about every two weeks up to end of June—not later, as it never pays. *Broccoli, Brussels sprouts, Cabbage* in seed beds. *Carrots* in rows. Use a line so that the garden looks neat.

Onions sow in drills on unmanured ground; last year's potato patch is the best, well trodden down. *Early potatoes* ought not to be put in later than the end of the month. Sow parsley, spinach and turnips. *Parsnips* the same way as carrots. *Leeks* in boxes to plant out. *Lettuce* not before the end of the month.

Do not plant any seed in wet, sodden ground, where it will only rot; better wait till April, when, if sown early, it will do just as well and without loss.

(MRS.) FRANCES WALKLEY.

Tune—Coming Thro' the Rye

GIN a body meet a body
Coming thro' the rye,
Can a body plough or dig?
Let a body try!
Every lassie gaily tripping,
Ready hand and eye,
Raking, hoeing, laughing, singing,
Coming thro' the rye.

Should you ask them how they do it,
Each would wink an eye,
Take their rake and tell you smiling,
Come and have a try!
Turn the soil, and dig, and weed it,
Sow it by and by,
Every girl can serve her country
All among the rye.

A. M. J.

OUR CLUB PAGE

DEAR GIRLS,—If I may judge from the hundreds of letters of appreciation which you have sent me, our second number seems to have been even more popular than our first. That is splendid, and I am delighted!

"The Landswoman" Recruiting Club

The most important subject which we have to discuss this month is the recruiting of new soldiers for our Land Army. We want 12,000 more recruits before the end of this month, and *we must have them.* Let us show the Government that we, being such proud and happy members of this Army, are the very best people to persuade others to join us.

Every girl who brings in five new recruits will wear in her hat a cockade of red and green ribbons, the colours of the Land Army badge, to show that she is a recruiting sergeant for our Army. You will have to prove to the Organising Secretary of your county that you are responsible for five recruits; she will forward your name to me, and I will send you your cockade. Let us all get to work at once and show what we can do. I want to be able to announce in the April LANDSWOMAN that its readers have recruited all the women labour that is required for the land. Remember, in the early summer the need will be urgent, so there is no time for delay.

The Correspondence Club.

You girls have been just splendid friends to the lonely ones whose names were mentioned in the February number! They tell me that they have had lots and lots of letters, so many that they cannot possibly answer them all. They are ever so grateful, and one girl, who is getting seven letters a day, says, "I shall never feel lonely again." You girls who have written these letters, wasn't it worth it? Isn't it delightful to be able to cheer up a fellow-soldier like that? I have had the real pleasure of putting hundreds of girls into touch with each other, and such a number of you have been sweet enough to write and thank me, and tell me how very much you are enjoying the companionship of your letter-friends. In several cases a girl has written to me for advice about her work—for instance, L. C. wrote to ask me how to feed her baby calves; I gave her address to B. O., a Land Army girl, who is an expert at that sort of thing, and her practical and up-to-date advice and hints have been much more useful to L. C. than any technical information which I could have given her. In this way we are together forming ourselves into a "help each other" club, as well as for a correspondence club, and the result ought to be excellent for all of us and for England.

Here is a further list of girls who want letters:—Maud Joarman, 7, Baltimore Terrace, Denton, near Gravesend, Kent; Emilie Milner, Sandland Farm, West Cottingwith, near York; B. Oakes, 40, Sunnyside, Diss, Norfolk; L. H. Cawley, Dawley Court, Hillingdon; E. Walker, W.W.A. Hostel, Sowber Gate, Northallerton, Yorks; G. L. Andrews, White's Farm, Lamdon, Essex; J. Calvert, Standalone Farm, Letchworth, Herts; Mrs. Campbell, Eversham, Biddlesden, near Blackley; Maisie Harper, care of Mrs. Morris, High Street, Henfield, Sussex; Doris Ducker, Whittingham Hall Farm, Frowse, Norwich; Marion Buckingham, The Lodge, Castleacre, Swaffham, Norfolk; Rose M. Grafton, Weston-under-Redcastle, Salop; Jessie Wilson, Swanleigh, Sutton, near Norwich; Avice Hollis, The Woods, Holker Hall, Cark-in-Cartmel, Lancs.; Ida Veal, care of Mrs. Weeks, The Lodge, Danley, near Whitchurch, Hants; G. Garey, Pilstye Farm, Cuckfield, Sussex; A. S. Copping, Bailey's Reed, Hurst Green, Sussex; A. E. Sinkins, Shalden Park Farm, near Alton, Hants.

The Shopping Club.

The Shopping Club has been making great strides, and I am sure you girls will be amused when I tell you of the diversity of things which I have been buying for you this month. I sent a cake to Palestine for somebody's birthday; V. T. asked me to buy her "nighties," etc., etc., at the sales, pretty ones with ribbons; K. C. wants a copy of her birth certificate; M. S. a ventriloquist's double throat; V. D. K. L. a brown tam o' shanter; V. L. extra long boot-laces; P. H. smock pattern and book on smocking; S. C. boots and gaiters combined. There have been several requests for books on agriculture, which have all been sent, and several demands for more plays. One or two readers who noticed in last month's magazine that we were in difficulty about plays, free of Royalty fees, have sent me some original ones, so that I shall now be able to satisfy any demands in that direction. One very kind reader has sent 10s. towards the Competition Prizes, and that is the reason why there are four prizes for each competition this month instead of the usual three.

The Sewing Club.

We are at last getting busy with our Sewing Club. E. M.'s petticoat is cut out, tacked together and sent back, and G. G. and I are having a very interesting time discussing her trousseau for South Africa, where she is going to be married as soon as the war is over. I have sent her a special nightdress of mine to try on, and if she likes the shape of it we are going to make all hers the same pattern. It is a very simple Magyar shape, and looks exceedingly pretty made in longcloth or any other material; also it slips over the head and has no buttons to come off or even ribbons to come undone. I have sent many patterns of smocks, overalls and camesoles, but if any of you are afraid of not being successful with the pattern be sure and let me know and I will cut out any garment for you with the greatest of pleasure. Only, when you write for a pattern, say, of a camesole, tell me whether or not it is to have sleeves, if it is to finish at the waist with a string or come below, etc.: it means so much delay if I have to write and ask you all these questions before we can get to work. Gladys Lee, Littlehay, Litchfield, is making an afternoon tea-cloth as a present for a friend; she has finished the crochet lace to go round it, and she wants to know if some Land Army girl will do the hem-stitching for her, as the work is very fine and is trying to her eyes. Will any girl, who is good at drawn-thread work, write to Gladys and offer to do it for her, saying how much she would charge?

Competitions

If you girls will insist on sending in such excellent essays you will land me in a nervous breakdown once a month. "Farm Work I Like Best, and Why" is evidently a most popular subject, as over sixty entries were sent in, and I have spent three miserable days trying to decide which is *not* the best. With very few exceptions they have all attained such a high standard that I should like to print the lot, and I want to assure those whose essays do not appear in this number that the four Prize ones were only just a *little* better than twenty or thirty other really excellent accounts of your work. So I advise every one to try their luck again next month and hope for the best. There seems to be no general opinion as to the favourite work on a farm, every branch has its devotees, and I was very glad to find one girl who really revels in carting manure and who doesn't mind saying so!

I hope you will all learn the Land Army songs and sing them at your work. The first prize one is set to a tune that everybody knows, and should be very popular, and useful for recruiting purposes.

This month I want you to write essays on "Farm Work I Hate Best, and Why." Several of you have told me that you could write Prize essays on that subject, so here is your chance. One girl said that her *bete noire* was gooseberry picking. She was kept at it for a month last year, and she only removed the last prickle yesterday!

Also I want you to write humorous Limericks. Take animals or some sort of farm work as your subject, and *don't forget to make it funny.* Here is the sort of thing :—

No. 1.

Three girls said good-bye to their maters,
And dressed in short smocks and long gaiters,
Explained, "There's no fun
Like defeating the Hun
By the drilling of turnips and 'taters.'"

No. 2.

There was a young girl with a stutter
Whose speech was too utterly utter,
Till she started to talk
Of por-por-por-pork,
And the making of butt-butt-butt-butter !

Three prizes will be offered for each of these competitions, and all papers must reach THE LANDSWOMAN Office before March 15th.

"The Landswoman" Sunday Guild.

Will any of you who are near London come and share my tea with me on Sunday afternoons between 3 and 7 ?

A Club Room is now open at THE LANDSWOMAN Office, which is also my house, where we can talk and read and write letters and sing ; and any Land Army girl who can manage to get here on Sunday afternoons will be given a hearty welcome. There will be other Land Army girls here, so don't be shy ! I hope later on we may be able to arrange concerts and short talks on agricultural subjects, but whatever we do we are going to enjoy ourselves. When the summer comes we can sit in the garden and drink Fortreviver. Blackheath is onthe South-Eastern Railway and is twenty minutes' run from Charing Cross, Cannon Street, or London Bridge. Stone Field is fifteen minutes' walk from the station, and anyone will show you the way. Perhaps some of the West Kent girls could come on their bicycles. Don't forget to come in uniform, so that I may know that you are members of our Army. This is the first of our Landswoman Sunday Guilds, which will, I hope, soon be started all over England and Wales. I shall be here, and I am looking forward to seeing you, so come along and bring a friend with you.—Your friend,

THE EDITOR.

P.S.—I should like you to know that almost every article in this issue is written by a Landswoman.

The Four Seasons

THE Lark she wears a russet gown
Flecked here and there with grey.
She comes to usher in the Spring,
That wond'rous, soaring, singing thing,
Enthralling is her lay !

The Swallow has a dark tail coat,
And underneath he's buff.
I watch his advent from the blue,
And know that Summer has come too,
And can't thank God enough !

The Woodpie with his cloak of green
And sinister black cap,
By raucous rapping in the dells,
The twilight of the Year foretells
'Tis Autumn. Falls the sap !

The Robin dons a coat of brown
Turned inside out with red.
His Round-a-lay, a Winter song,
He sings it loud, he sings it long,
With bold, tip-tilted head !

The Lark uplifts a lyre of Hope,
The Swallow plays Love's pipe.
The Woodpie jars with chord of Fear,
But Courage is the note we hear
When Robin's tones are ripe.

A SURREY SINGER.

Competitions

The Farm Work I Like Best, and Why

First Prize (6/-)—B. E. Jeffery

THE question brings to me a picture of a field, which slopes upward. Part of it contains barley, which is nearly ripe, but that does not concern me at present. Five acres are set out with kale and swede, and it is on this part I have to work. It is only my second week of farm work, and I have not yet got used to working out in the sun, and it does seem hot; but it has been raining through the night, and the hay is not dry enough to carry, so I have to work in this field.

At the top the plants failed, but at the bottom they are very thick, and they have to be transplanted. As I walk up and down the earth clings to my boots, until it seems I am transplanting the field, and not the plants; and it feels as though I had ton weights fixed on my feet. My back aches with stooping, and I am in the field alone. But the beauty of the colours, the green against the brown; and the keen enjoyment of seeing the lines of green growing complete. To feel that—alone—I am completing something. The judging the distance, that the plants are set evenly; and all the time the creed of Robert Bridges running through my head:

"I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them,
God hath no better praise,
Man in his humble ways
Is honoured for them.
I too would something make,
And joy in the making
Though to-morrow it seem
But the empty word of a dream
Remembered on waking."

I love being with the horses, and there are many things I have done since then, liking some better than others: but I think I shall always like planting out the best of all. If I can work alone so much the better, for though I don't think I am really unsociable I felt quite angry when another girl was sent to help me, as they were afraid I was getting lonely. Lonely! With all those rows of living green—with the bare patches of earth calling to me to fill up the gaps and cover their bareness—with the sun kissing me brown—and the wind talking to me—how could I ever be lonely?

Second Prize (4/-)—F. Glover

"A-moo-oo!" How I welcome that sound from the foldyard only myself knows. How the bed pulls in a morning when the "Boss" knocks at my door and calls "Now then, my boy, it's milking time!" But the dear cows calling me, too, makes me soon jump out of bed and scramble into my uniform, and run off to the cowsheds. On arriving there my first duty is to wish all the cows "Good-morning," by going up to them and stroking them. They are patiently waiting to be fed. How they do love their mangolds and chaff! and how I delight in helping to feed them.

The feeding done, now comes the most delightful part of all, milking! This is my favourite item of farm work. Rather than call it work, however, I can truthfully say I regard it more as a pleasure. Great is my delight when I can have a milkpail on one arm and a milking stool on the other. I am in my seventh heaven, as some people say. I nearly always sing (or try to) to the cows when milking them, and I've found out ere this how they appreciate kindness. Do they ever attempt to kick you when you are gentle with them? No! Brutality causes all that sort of thing. They are affectionate animals when one treats them properly, and because of this I love to be among them, and milking them or feeding them, or putting them a clean bed to lie on.

"Miss G.," calls the cowman, "just come and hold this bucket of milk for me, will you?" "Certainly," I answer, and run off to where the sound of his voice comes from. I find him in a loose-box, waiting for me to help him feed a calf which has just been weaned, a dear little thing, a few days old. How he butts at the bucket and bites the cowman's finger when his mother cries out for him! We have to laugh he gets so fierce. I cannot resist going to the cow and trying to soothe her; I'm sure from the noise she makes she thinks we're going to kill her baby.

That task accomplished, I catch up the yokes and help to carry the milk across to the dairy. Here I soon have the separator at work. "Whirr, whirr," it goes, and before long we've the cream in one tin and the separated milk in another, for I'm glad to say we make butter here. That is another of my favourite occupations. The happiest part of the morning is over for me, and I've got to wait until the evening before I can begin again. For the simple reason that I can be among the cows is the only reason I can offer for considering milking the most interesting part of farm work.

Third Prize (3/-)—E. Burling

At 6 a.m. I leave my little cottage, and cross the yards to the foreman's house for orders. As I close the cottage door the interest of the day commences. The yards full of stock—all impatient for their morning meal: the cows gently calling to the milkers, the bullocks looking eagerly for their stalls, pigs squealing, fowls clucking to their mates, the lusty roosters of the top rail; and as I look around, I know whatever orders may bring I shall be happy. Yet, in my heart, I always hope it will be, "Take your horses and go to plough." To ride to whichever field I am told, on the back of my trusty "Prince," with "Boxer" and "Short" following gravely on my left, is joy indeed. To watch the sun peep over the hills and flood the earth with his light. On arriving, to "rein up" and proceed to plough up the brown earth. The interest in one's work, to "set in" true and straight and to keep the furrow straight and clean. Then the wild charm of being "far from the madding crowd" in God's great out of doors, close to Mother Earth; to hear the lark pour out his song of praise in the mist above, to watch the starlings follow up the plough in diligent search of their morning meal—all these, and the satisfaction of doing a man's work while he is away, make me very glad to hear the words "Go to plough."

E. B.

Fourth Prize (2/-)—M. Pitchers

"Diamond, pull up, old mare!" The chestnut cart mare strained on the collar, the cart jolted out of the mud, up the drift away from the farm buildings, and we were fairly started on our morning's work.

The first load is always mangold, so we backed the cart on to the hale, uncovered and started filling with vigour. The barking of our terrier on a rat stopped a fine display of energy. We rushed to the hole and began pulling the beet, when three huge sandy rats ran out behind us into the hedge. We returned to our filling, disappointed: not so the terrier, she scraped away until the rats bolted, and after a thoroughly exciting chase, we put all three on the hale as trophies. We got our load without more incidents, and got off the field with it, when snap went the back chain! It had broken too short to restrap and the poor old mare had the weight of the load on the collar. We borrowed some string, tied it up, and set off. We threw the mangold off round the field, the mixed herd of cows streaming behind in the sunlight; then off for the swedes.

We managed to get the cart in the best place, where the swedes are thickest, before the cart arrived from the Home Farm and drew up alongside. Conversation and general "ragging" were naturally brisk while the ground was cleared of swedes. We had the usual race and got to the gate first with our load. Swedes are difficult things to throw off; they are so small you cannot get a good forkful. In our hurry to get back first we left the gate open, and, in the middle of the next load, out streamed our cows all over the turnips! After five minutes of yelling and running we herded them back through the gate, only to see the Home Farm cart disappearing through their gate. We took the beating with a bad grace.

The next load went badly. We had lost the best place. The swedes were small and far between; if they had any tops they pulled off. The wind blew the earth from the swedes back in our faces. However, we did get the load, and it was our last, so we stuck in our forks and carted it off to our year-old heifers. These have no manners and crowd round the cart. At last the swedes were all off, we tipped the cart and cleaned it, and rumbled off to the barn to get ladders and go after the hay.

This is my favourite farmwork in the winter; it is difficult to say why. Yet I think anyone who reads this description of an average morning's work and has shared like experience will understand.

Land Army Songs

First Prize

(To the tune of "John Brown's Body.")

ALL the boys have been in Flanders for the last three years or more,
All the girls are doing jobs they never did before—
All of us are working hard to help to win the war—
To help to win the War.

Chorus. Come and join the Women's Army—
Come and join the Women's Army—
Come and join the Women's Army—
And carry, carry, carry, carry on!

There's women in the Navy, and in the W.A.A.C.—
Girls are driving taxi's and making T.N.T.—
There are postwomen and portresses—and there's the N.S.V.
Who help to win the War.

Chorus. Come and join, etc.

We get up very early—at five a.m. or so—
And out we turn reluctantly through rain and sleet and snow,
And then we're working in the fields with shovel and with hoe
To help to win the War.

Chorus. Come and join, etc.

We drive the motor tractors and we walk behind the plough;
We feed the lambs and pigs and calves, we feed and milk the cows;
We clean out all the stables and the styes and yards—for *now's*
The time to win the War.

Chorus. Come and join, etc.

Of course it makes you tired, but it keeps you jolly fit!
And we think of all the boys in France, their patience and their grit:
And we say, "God helping them and us, we all will do our bi
To help to win the War."

Chorus. Come and join, etc.

HELEN M. LEE.

Second Prize

With apologies to the author of "Pack up your troubles."

PACK up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And muck, muck, muck,
Though prongs are heavy and the trolley high,
Go on! Load and chuck!
What's the use of worrying?
Don't ever blame your luck.
So—Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And muck, muck muck.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And spread, spread, spread,
Spreading manure well all about the fields
Helps the Nation's bread.
What's the use of worrying
If in it you should tread?
So—Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And spread, spread, spread.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And hoe, hoe, hoe,
Though you may very often feel your back
Is bent into a bow
What's the use of worrying?
It makes the mangolds grow
So—Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And hoe, hoe, hoe.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And thistle spit.
Though you may often think this work is not
Absolutely "*It*"
What's the use of worrying?
Go on and do your bit!
So—Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And spit, spit, spit.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And cart, cart, cart.
Though you may find the waggon difficult
To turn around and start.
What's the use of worrying?
Of farm-work it's a part.
So—Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And cart, cart cart.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And chain har-row.
Though you will often find your old cart-horse
Is obstinate and slow.
What's the use of worrying?
Your work is not "on show,"
So—Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And chain har-row.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And farm, farm, farm.
Though you will very often fail to see
Its beauty and its charm.
What's the use of worrying?
Hard work won't do you harm.
So—Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
And farm, farm, farm.

V. S. J.

Third Prize

(To tune of "Keep the Home Fires Burning.")

WE were summoned from the city, from the cottage and the hall,
From the hillside and the valley, and we answered to the call.
For we're fighting for our country as we till her fertile soil
And our King and Country need our help and ask for earnest toil.

Chorus. Keep the home crops growing,
In the soft winds blowing
Though your work seems hard at times 'tis not in vain.
Golden cornfields waving,
Mean your country's saving,
Golden sheaves at Harvest Time will the victory gain.

In the farmyard and the forest we are bravely doing our bit.
Some are milking cows for England, some th giant oak trees split.
We are working for our country, and we're glad to have the chance,
By increasing England's food supply, to help our lads in France.

Chorus. Keep the home flag flying,
England's food supplying,
Help to bring our gallant lads victorious home.
Though the Germans raid us,
English women aid us,
Keep our food stores fortified till the boys come home.

K. M. E. GOTELEE.

Fourth Prize

(To the tune of "John Peel.")

A KNOCK at my door proclaims the morn.
Then a wash and a brush, with a stretch and a yawn.
Do you think I care in the early dawn
As I start for my work in the morning.

Chorus.
Cheerio! cheerio! never mind your toes.
With a chilblain here, and a hole in your hose,—
Or a scratch on your hand, or a bruise on your nose
It's bad to complain in the morning.

So down we come, both big and small,
On go our bonnets, we run at the call,
From the house to the yard, from the yard to the stall,
From the stall to the dairy, in the morning.

Chorus.
For the sound of my clogs as I tramp along,—
And a noise I make, which I call a song—
Just to let you hear my lungs are strong,
For there's cows to be milked in the morning.

So all through the day there's work to do,—
With the cows, and horses, little pigs too.
And I 'low that's better than waiting in a queue
That you see in the town in the morning.

Chorus.
If I can get five new recruits—
To wear the breeches and hob-nailed boots—
I'll pass them on whene'er it suits—
To our depot—in the morning.

Now take a hint, look after your health,
Remember that that is better than wealth.
Take in the *Landswoman* and enjoy yourself—
And be up with the lark in the morning.

Chorus.
So once again I'll send a cheer
To my fellow-workers, far and near.
Stick to the farmer, and never fear,
For we all want food in the morning.

"BUNNY" MORRIS.

Message from Lady Denman to Women's Institutes

Women's Branch

I FEAR that it is somewhat late to send a New Year's greeting to the Women's Institutes, but, as readers of the LANDSWOMAN may perhaps have seen, I have had an attack of typhoid fever, which prevented me from writing for the January number.

The message I would send to Women's Institute members is one of congratulation for the splendid work they are doing. Nobody can read the programmes for 1918 without realising how Women's Institutes are helping to win the war. Through their initiative more food is being grown, help is being given on the land, food is being saved both by individuals and by united action, which results in the preservation of fruit and vegetables, the provision of dinners for school children and other co-operative efforts.

All I can say is—continue to work on these lines with redoubled vigour, leave nothing undone that will increase the available food supply. Let us take every possible step to surmount the difficulties that arise through shortage, and, when we feel that food might be better distributed, let us remember the great difficulties that are inherent in work of such magnitude, let us rejoice that we are not responsible and do all that we can to help the Food Controller and his staff, who have so many hard problems to solve. The morale of the people at home is an increasingly important factor in the successful termination of the war. Women's Institutes can do an inestimable amount of good by keeping up the spirits of those in their village.

There is not space here to mention the other useful work the Women's Institutes are doing—basket making, toy making, herb collecting, the arranging of classes in cooking and other subjects—but the reports from Women's Institutes, which will shortly be embodied in a Year Book, will be a record of successful achievement.

If I may give a word of advice, I would emphasise the necessity for as many members as possible to take their share in making their Institute a success, and the danger that exists in depending too much on one or two energetic people.

Various plans are adopted by Women's Institutes to make every member share in the work and responsibility. The girl members are formed into an entertainment sub-committee to arrange the social side of the afternoon meetings; the short accounts of the progress on the battle fronts are given by different members each month, and another member gives a statement of the food regulations which have been published since the last meeting was held. In one Institute where half a dozen members were too shy to speak and disliked taking any responsibility, they were formed into a sub-committee to consider new competitions; they presented a report containing very good suggestions. So it is presumed that some of them at least found they were able to give expression to their views.

It is only gradually that the more diffident can be persuaded to become active members of an Institute, and the ideal is attained that every member is an energetic and thinking participant in the life of the Women's Institute, and through the Institute in the life of the village.

West Malling School Canteen

THE first idea of organising a School Children's Canteen in West Malling was suggested by Mrs. Somerville, who came to talk about "How to save bread" to a small and enthusiastic audience in the Women's Institute. Many of us could not see our way to starting it, everyone is so busy this war time, but the infant school-mistress took up the idea very warmly, and was strongly backed up by the other teachers, who described the large pieces of bread brought for dinner by the children, perhaps half-eaten and the rest thrown away, and we felt we could do nothing else but respond to their enthusiasm. So we called another meeting, and talked things over again, and found eight capital voluntary cooks, who were willing to divide four days amongst them, two to each day. Miss Drew took the duties of Honorary Secretary and caterer, and Mrs. Baggs, Honorary Treasurer.

Our next difficulty was where and how to cook the dinner. The boy scouts had taken the house which had formerly belonged to the mistress, which adjoined the Girls' and Infants' School. In it was a small kitchen and scullery, and the kitchen had a cupboard for stores, and a small kitchen range. We made the boys an offer of 1s. a week for the use of it, which they accepted. With that, and a copper kindly lent by the village grocer, the dinners are cooked on three days of the week; the baker bakes the meat pasties and milk puddings another day, and the Kent Education Committee lent their domestic economy teacher, and their cooking centre, one other day when the school girls help to cook the dinner for the other children.

We settled the price of the dinners should be 2d. for girls and boys, and 1½d. for infants; this was quite an experiment, but if we got enough children we thought it should pay its way.

The school-mistress sent round to every parent to find out if they approved of the scheme, and how many children would want dinner; 90 sent in their names.

We found that most of the mothers were too busy with fruit-picking to come to a meeting; we have elected five to our Committee and hope to gain much valuable information from them.

Dinner has been laid out-of-doors, under the trees, in the play-ground every fine day, and only two days have been wet; it looks very nice with white table-cloths and flowers. Several helpers come every day to wait on the children. The children buy a ticket from the mistress or master in the early morning, and the cooks are then let know how many there will be for dinner; if there is any food over it is sold.

We are indebted for the loan of crockery and spoons to the grocer. The washing-up is done by the voluntary helpers. We are altering two things: we are charging 10d. for weekly tickets for girls and boys, 2½d. for a single dinner; 7½d. a week for infants, 2d. a single dinner.

Notes from Women's Institutes

WE have been asked to state the position with regard to the propaganda work and the after-care of Women's Institutes. The Women's Branch of the Food Production Department of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries is responsible for the propaganda work of Women's Institutes.

The services of a Women's Institute Organiser are given without charge for the purpose of starting institutes, but an institute when started is self-supporting and self-governing, and gets no financial assistance from the Board.

Miss Talbot, Director of the Women's Branch, has requested the Women's War Agricultural Committees in the different counties to be responsible for the propaganda work of the institutes in their respective counties. The appointment of Propaganda Sub-committees has been advised, and these Sub-committees will make arrangements for preliminary meetings at which local speakers can advocate the usefulness of institutes, and for meetings which Women's Institute Organisers will attend at which it is hoped institutes will be started. The Propaganda Sub-committees will take charge of new institutes and in consultation with the Women's Institute Organiser will determine when an institute may be said to be established. When this decision is made an institute can no longer look to the propagandist body for advice, but it is hoped in each county a Federation of Women's Institutes composed of delegates from the institutes in the county will undertake the consolidation and encouragement of the institutes. Sussex, Essex, Worcestershire, Dorsetshire and Surrey have formed such federations with good results. Though the propaganda and after-care are separate and distinct activities, harmonious relations should exist between the Women's War Argicultural Committees and the Federation of Women's Institutes in each county.

MEMBERS OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.

Miss Talbot, O.B.E. The Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, D.B.E. (representing the Board of Agriculture).

The Lady Denman (Chairman).

Mrs. Godman, Miss Grace Hadow, Miss Kekewich, Lady Isabel Margesson, The Lady Petre, Mrs. Stobart, Mrs. Godfrey Drage, Miss B. M. Cunnington (representing the Board of Education).

The Hon. Mrs. Handford (representing the National Union of Women Workers).

S. Bostock, Esq., J. Nugent Harris, Esq., Geoffrey Hooper, Esq., Mrs. Roland Wilkins (representing the A.O.S.).

Miss Alice Williams (Hon. Sec. and Treasurer).

The Committee meets at 2.30 p.m. on the second Wednesday in each month at 59, Palace Street, adjoining 72, Victoria Street.

Our patriotic play, *Britannia*, which was written specially for Women's Institutes, is having quite a successful run in towns and villages throughout the country. Miss Alice Williams, whose Bardic name is "Alis Meirion," is giving the proceeds of the sale of books (6d. each) and the acting fees to the Central Fund of the Federation.

All information may be had from the Hon. Sec. of the Federation of Women's Institutes, 72, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

In the interests of the co-operative side of the Women's Institutes, we regret to learn that Mr. J. Nugent Harris is temporarily leaving the A.O.S., having been commandeered by the Board of Agriculture for special work. His indefatigable and sympathetic interest has been keenly appreciated by all those who have the Women's Institute movement at heart.

Suggestions and ideas from any member of any Institute will be warmly welcomed by the Hon. Sec.

Members are asked to note that the Hon. Sec. of the Federation, Miss Alice Williams, will be absent from the office during Holy Week and Easter Week.

New Women's Institutes have been started at Pontesbury, Broughton, Gate Burton, Ashurst Wood, Billinghay, Caerwedros, Blyburgh, Llanwrin, Iden, Saltford, Shackerstone, West Foilk, Keynsham, Lower Beeding, Mareham-le-Fen, East Harptree, Sturton-by-Stow, Clumber Park, Kibworth, Peasmarch, Gumley, Bourton-Hambledon.

COMPETITION FOR THE BEST PROGRAMME.

The judging of the programmes has been a most difficult matter, as they are all of a very high standard.

Marks were given for the inclusion of lectures or talks on food production, food economy, and children (welfare and education), as these questions seem to be the most important before us now. Points were also gained by the programmes which included a lecture on village industries (toy-making, herb-collecting, etc.), varied competitions and something to see, either exhibits or a demonstration at each meeting.

The quality of the paper was not taken into consideration, as this is so much a matter of expense, but type and spacing were considered, and in this the programmes varied considerably. The winners of Class I (programmes for twelve months) are: (1) Scaynes Hill; (2) Coates; (3) Checkendon, Wevelsfield (equal), Deudraeth highly commended. There were a great many entries in Class II (programmes for less than 12 months), the winners are: (1) Wye, West Malling (equal); (3) Morgan Vale and Woodfalls. Lindfield and Swanley highly commended. The winning programmes will be published in THE LANDSWOMAN for next month. Lady Denman is giving a third prize in Class II in addition to the two already promised, as the number of entries has exceeded expectations.

A successful round of meetings, for the establishment of Women's Institutes, was held in Somerset in December. Eleven Institutes have been now started in the county, viz.:—Bruton, East Harptree, Great Elm, Backwell, Keynsham, Chew Magna, Saltford, Wincanton, Halse, Creech St. Michael, and Pitminster.

A speaker from the Board of Agriculture begins a fresh series of meetings on February 11th, and eight dates have already been fixed, with others to follow.

A central Institute Committee has also been formed to meet at Taunton.

Tea Merchants.

to
H.M. King George V.

By Special Appointment.

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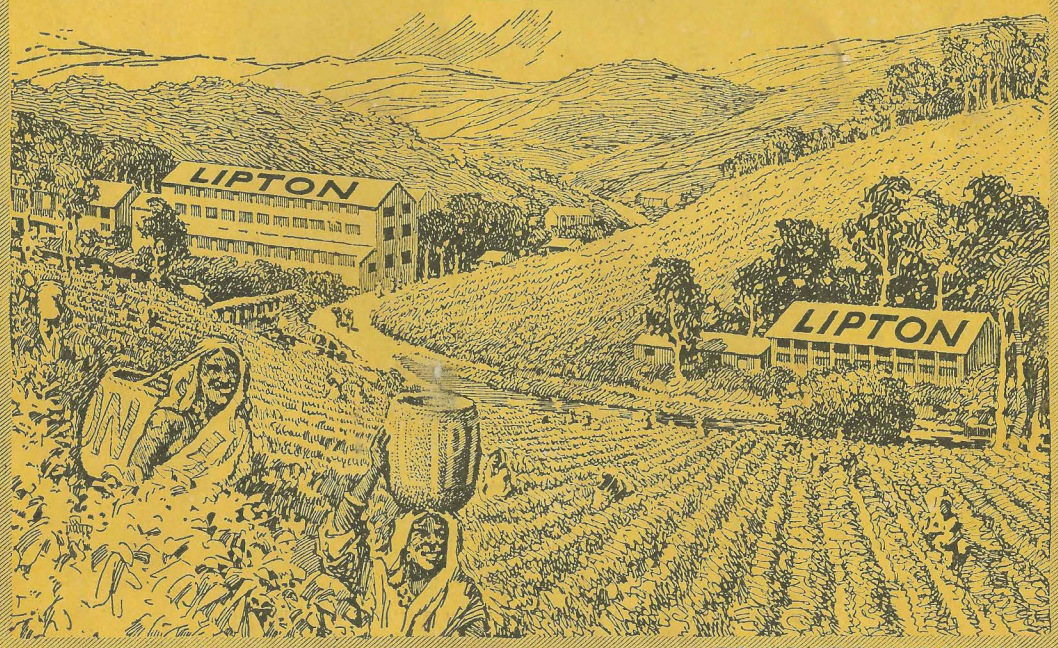

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