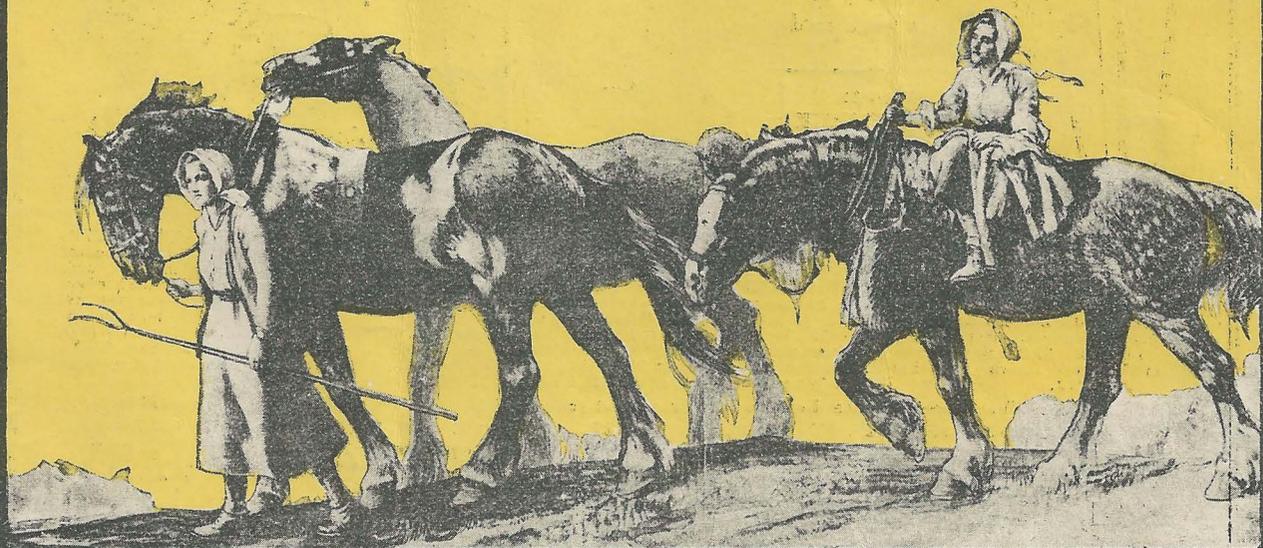


*The*  
**LANDSWOMAN**

OCTOBER 1918  
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# THE LANDSWOMAN

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

Editorial Office: Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E.

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## A French Painter of Agricultural Subjects.

THE work of Jean François Millet, the great French peasant-painter, has been likened to a poem of country life in which all the occupations of the year are described. It makes a particular appeal to English people, and it was the English and Americans living in Paris who first learned to understand and appreciate Millet's pictures whilst the French critics were condemning them for being "ugly" and "melodramatic." From the beginning his work was misunderstood by his countrymen, and he was looked on as a Socialist who wished to draw attention to the sufferings of the poor. Yet Millet cared nothing for politics, and the "political allusions" in his works existed only in the imagination of his critics.

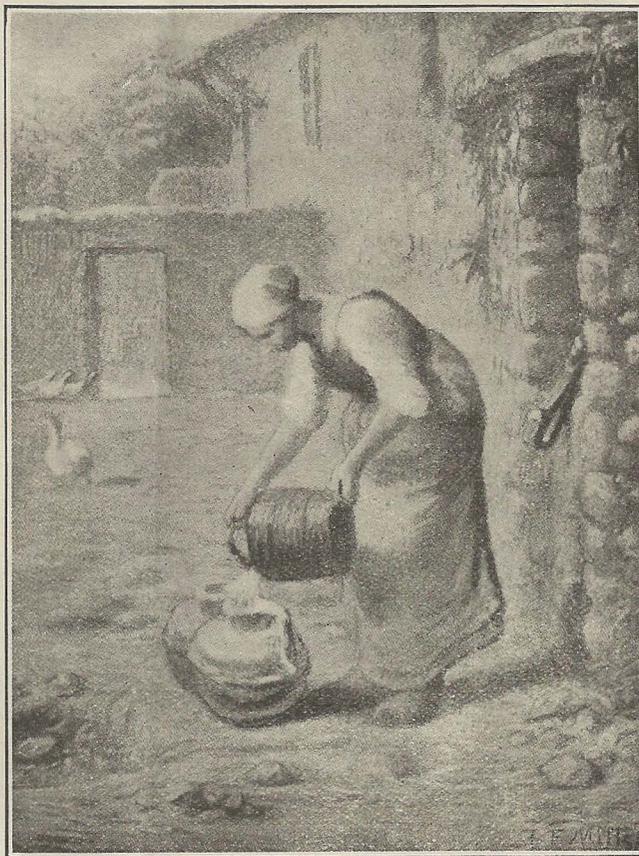
A peasant himself by birth, Millet knew what it meant to sow, to reap, and to plough, and when he became a painter of peasants, it was this knowledge which made his work so truthful and sincere. His famous *Angelus* is one of the most popular pictures ever painted. Readers of *THE LANDSWOMAN* may even have found in some country cottage a reproduction of it, for millions of them have been sold. Indeed, Millet's pictures have probably been reproduced more often than those of any other painter. In spite of its present popularity, *The Angelus* was by no means a success when Millet first exhibited it at the Paris Salon, and another picture, *Death and the Woodcutter*, which he sent to the exhibition at the same time, was actually

refused, to the great indignation of the painter's friends.

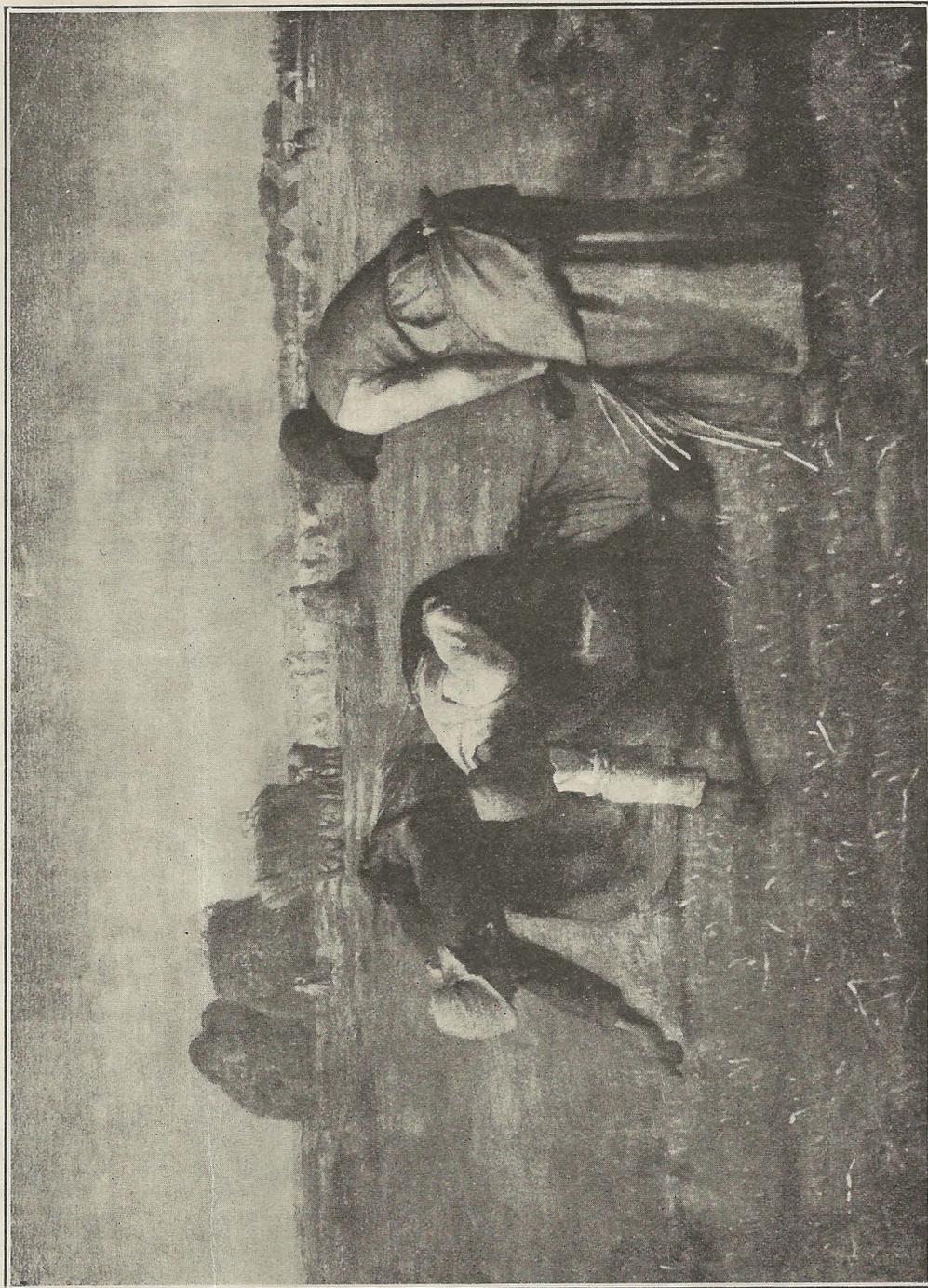
Millet came of a Normandy family, and was born in 1814 at Gruchy, a small hamlet in the parish of Gréville, not far from Cherbourg. His home was a humble farmhouse, where, besides his father and mother and elder sister, his grandmother and a great-aunt and great-uncle were living. Millet's grandmother was an intensely religious woman. It was she who took the greatest part in bringing up Millet and his brothers and sisters, and she did much to influence his life. In Millet's father there was some hint of the artistic talent which was to develop more fully in the son. He used to model in clay, and carve animals and flowers in wood; he studied the forms of trees

and plants, and pointed out to François the beauty of the fields.

Young Millet soon learned to read, and the idea of drawing first came to him through his trying to copy some engravings in an old Bible. After this he used to make drawings of the fields while his relatives were resting at noon-day, and his father, who saw that the boy had talent, would gladly have had him taught drawing. But the Millets were poor, and as François was the eldest son his help was needed in tilling the ground. In this way he worked with his parents until he was over twenty years old. His younger brothers were then growing up, and one day on his showing his father a particularly successful portrait of



La Jeune Fermière



The Gleaners

an old man which he had done from memory, the elder Millet decided to take him to Cherbourg to ask the advice of a painter who lived there. This artist was much struck by some drawings which young Millet showed him, and the boy's artistic education began from that day. He had been but a short time at Cherbourg, however, when his father died. Millet hurried back to Gruchy. He thought it his duty as head of the household to give up painting and remain at home to look after the family; but his grandmother persuaded him that he was wrong, and on her advice he returned to Cherbourg. About a year later the Town Council of Cherbourg made him a grant of about £20 a year to enable him to study in Paris.

Millet left Gruchy feeling very homesick, and he was even more miserable on reaching Paris. The city stifled him, and he longed for the fields and pure country air. He was so shy that he was afraid even to ask his way to the Louvre, and consequently he spent several days in searching for the museum. The Louvre with its pictures and drawings was indeed his only consolation. There he passed most of his days studying the work of Michael Angelo and other great masters. Whenever he was able, he would escape to the outskirts of Paris and refresh his memory with everyday rustic scenes, which he would paint on his return. He was preparing himself in this way for the work which was to come. Every year he spent a few weeks with his family, and during one of these visits he married. The marriage was an unfortunate one, for his wife was very delicate. She was not fitted to share the hardships of a struggling artist's life, and in less than three years she was dead. In his grief Millet returned to Gruchy, but he did not long remain a widower. He was fortunate in meeting Catherine Lemaire,

whom he married the following year, and who remained his faithful companion through many trials. He returned with her to Paris, and continued the struggle for recognition.

It was in the year 1848, when several European countries, including France, were in the throes of a revolution, that good fortune visited Millet for the first time.

A portrait by him had been exhibited at the Salon in 1840, but since that date several of his pictures had been refused by the hanging committee. In 1848, however, the Republic abolished the committee and the Salon was opened freely to every artist. Millet, who had been dangerously ill, exhibited his first great picture of rustic life—*The Winnower*—which he sold for 500 francs (£20). The members of the new Government approved of his work and gave him commissions for other



La Petite Bergère

pictures, but this success was short-lived. The revolutionaries were overthrown, and Millet found himself once more in poverty. Early in the next year cholera broke out, and claimed many children as its victims. Millet, who by this time had three children, was anxious for the safety of his little family, and decided to leave Paris for a time. Accordingly they set out for Barbizon, a village at the edge of the Fontainebleau Forest, thirty-four miles from Paris. Millet little thought at the time that Barbizon was to be his home for the rest of his life.

When Millet went to Barbizon he found it inhabited only by labourers and woodcutters. It was not yet the popular resort of artists which it afterwards became. To Millet it was an indescribable relief to be in the country again, away from the turmoil and misery of Paris. He became a peasant once more, and looked for a cottage in which to settle and make a peaceful home for himself and his family.

It was at Barbizon that Millet produced his

greatest pictures, including *The Gleaners* and *The Angelus*, which were both painted in the same year. *The Gleaners*, which we reproduce, is hardly less famous than *The Angelus*, and is often considered the finer of the two in its grandeur and completeness. In it Millet has glorified women's work in the fields. It is the end of the harvest, and in the background we see the cornfield, the reapers, and a loaded wagon.

The subject of *The Angelus* is familiar to most people: the two young peasants, man and wife, are pausing in their work to pray, with bowed heads, as the sound of the Angelus bell reaches them from the neighbouring village church, and heralds the coming of peaceful hours after the labours of the day. When Millet had nearly finished this picture a friend chanced to come into his studio and saw it on his easel. "Well, what do you think of it?" said the painter. "Why, it is the *Angelus*," answered his friend. "Yes, that is the subject," said Millet, very well satisfied. "You can hear the bells? You understand what I mean—that is all I want to know." Since that day many people have fancied, when looking at the picture, that they could hear the Angelus bells ringing. Both *The Angelus* and *The Gleaners* are now in the Louvre, where Millet spent his youth in studying the works of other artists.

Although Millet was free to live his chosen life at Barbizon—the life of a peasant—it was not

without its trials. He was still poor, his family was increasing, and he was often ill. Once he even contemplated suicide, but was strong enough to put aside such wickedness. The severe headaches from which he constantly suffered may have been to some extent responsible for the comparatively small number of oil paintings which he produced; but at Barbizon he made many beautiful drawings, each one a complete picture in itself. He made occasional visits to his native Normandy, and to Paris, where his pictures were no longer refused at the Salon. In 1870, when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, he left Barbizon with his family and went to Cherbourg, where he was taken for a spy and arrested because he had made a sketch of the harbour. He took the misfortunes of his country very much to heart. "How I hate whatever is German!" he wrote in one of his letters. "I am in a constant state of boiling-over. Curses and ruin upon them!" After the Commune he returned to Barbizon, but his health was much impaired, he grew steadily worse, and at the beginning of the year 1875 he died. During these last few years public recognition of his work, which had been long delayed, was beginning to come to him, but it is only since his death that he has been acknowledged as the greatest painter that the nineteenth century produced in France, and perhaps in all Europe.

H. F. F.



Drawing Competition—First Prize, V. Gribble

## Storage of Potatoes for Winter Use\*

IT is of great importance that all potato crops should be stored under proper conditions. Even when every precaution is taken, the wastage of potatoes during the winter is considerable; under bad conditions of storage it is very great indeed, and may even amount to the whole crop.

In order that the best methods may be adopted by small cultivators, those who have not had experience in the storage of potatoes should know the chief causes of wastage. These causes are:—

- (1) Sweating, heating and consequent rotting, often due to insufficient ventilation;
- (2) rotting, due to exposure to rain or to the potatoes being wet or immature when put into storage;
- (3) injury from frost, due to insufficient protection from hard weather; and
- (4) decay, owing to disease in the tubers at the time of storage.

Loss is also caused by the sprouting of the tubers in spring, and rats and mice are often responsible for very serious losses.

It is not possible to prevent altogether losses from these causes, but, by using the best methods of storage, it is possible to reduce them very materially.

This may be done by taking care to guard against loss from each of these causes:—

(1) *Sweating and Heating* occur if freshly dug potatoes are stacked in too large heaps so that air cannot circulate between the tubers. The risk of loss from this cause is greatest in the autumn immediately after the tubers have been lifted, and it is therefore important that potatoes when lifted should not be put in unnecessarily large heaps nor kept in an ill-ventilated shed or room.

(2) *Rotting from Exposure to Rain*.—If potatoes are lifted in wet weather, or are exposed to rain during storage, rotting is sure to occur. It is, therefore, necessary to protect the stored potatoes from rain.

(3) *Injury from Frost*.—Potatoes are easily damaged by frost, and if they become frozen their market value is destroyed. Therefore, every precaution must be taken to protect the tubers from frost.

(4) There are several diseases of the potato which destroy the tubers, and if diseased tubers are mixed with sound ones, disease may spread. Therefore it is necessary to look over the potatoes which are to be stored and to take care that even slightly diseased tubers are not stored with the sound tubers. Before storing the potatoes should be graded by separating them into ware (large—above 2 ozs. in weight), medium (seed size—1½ to 2 oz.) and small (chats). Very small, misshapen and diseased tubers should be given to pigs or poultry; but the diseased potatoes should not be given raw: they should first be boiled in order to prevent the germs of disease from getting into the manure and thence back on the land.

Even after careful sorting some diseased tubers are sure to escape notice and to be mixed with sound tubers. To prevent disease spreading from them to the sound tubers it is advisable to sprinkle powdered quick-lime, or a mixture of quick-lime and flowers of sulphur, among the tubers. The sulphur helps also to keep away vermin, which are often a source of much loss both of stored and clamped potatoes. Whatever method of storage is adopted every effort should be made to prevent rats and mice from getting access to the potatoes.

**LIFTING**.—The potatoes should be ready for lifting as soon as the haulm has died down. To tell whether the crop is ready for lifting the soil should be removed from about a root, and one or two tubers should be lifted and examined to ascertain whether the skin is "set"—that is, does not rub off easily. If the weather is wet they may be left for a time in the ground. In that case it is advisable to cut off and remove the haulm, as otherwise disease present in the tops might reach the tubers. Lifting should be done in dry weather and the tubers left on the ground only long enough for the skins to dry. As the potatoes are being picked up they should be sorted and graded and the diseased tubers removed. If part of the crop is to be used for planting next year the tubers of seed size should be set aside for boxing. If none are to be kept for seed all tubers above 1½ oz. should be stored. The sound tubers may either be clamped at once, or if the quantity of potatoes and the supply of labour allow of it the tubers should be spread in heaps near the clamping ground—in the driest part of the garden or field—covered with a layer of bracken (fern) or litter to give protection from rain, and picked over at intervals of two weeks. If this is done some tubers which appeared to be sound when lifted will be discovered to have become diseased. By the removal of such unsound tubers subsequent wastage will be greatly reduced.

In case of an early spell of frosty weather the heaps must be protected by means of a temporary covering of litter and earth.

If this course is followed the final clamping as described below should be done about the end of November or in early December.

**STORAGE IN FROST-PROOF SHED**.—Where large quantities of potatoes have to be dealt with, a clamp or pie must be made; but for small quantities a cool, dry, frost-proof shed makes an excellent store. The potatoes are spread in layers on the floor either directly or resting on straw or bracken (fern) or sacking. The depth of the layer of potatoes must not be more than 2½ ft., or the tubers may become heated and begin to sprout. The potatoes should be inspected 10 days after they have been put in store and diseased tubers removed. Every means should be taken to keep rats and mice away. Potatoes to be used for food should be covered with straw, litter or sacking, to keep out the light. The shed should be ventilated on all suitable occasions. During spells of specially hard weather every care must be taken to keep out frost: for example, litter may be scattered lightly and thickly over the heap.

**STORAGE IN CONICAL CLAMP**.—If a suitable shed is not available small quantities (one ton or less) of potatoes may be stored in a clamp or pie. The directions given below for making a clamp should be followed, but the clamp should be made in the shape of a cone with a round base built up as high in the centre as the base allows and well strowed with as straight straw as can be obtained.

**STORAGE IN THE LARDER**.—Where there is no shed suitable for use as a store and where the quantity of potatoes to be stored is not too great the tubers may be placed in thick bags and kept in a larder. Quick-lime or lime and flowers of sulphur lightly sprinkled among the tubers will help to keep down disease. During late autumn they should, if possible, be looked over once a fortnight and diseased tubers removed. In winter old sacking thrown over the sacks will protect the potatoes from frost, and in very severe weather extra covering should be put on at night and removed in the morning or at all events at the end of the frost.

**STORAGE "IN THE ROOF"**.—In many small houses there is space beneath the roof which may be used in the absence of more convenient storage-room.

The potatoes should be put in boxes and the boxes stood on boards on the rafters and covered with old sacking or with several layers of crumpled newspapers. The potatoes should be inspected occasionally and diseased tubers removed. In severe weather the boxes must be protected from frost.

**STORAGE IN CELLARS**.—If no more suitable place is available potatoes may be stored in a cellar; but in that case careful attention must be paid to ventilation, particularly during the first months of storage. The door should be kept open and the window also when the weather is not too rainy.

If the cellar has a dry earth floor the potatoes may be laid directly on it; but if the floor is damp the potatoes may be placed in boxes resting on bricks; or a layer of straw may be laid on the floor and the potatoes placed in shallow heaps 8 or 10 in. deep. The heaps should be covered lightly with straw or with dry heather, bracken or dry branches. The potatoes should be looked over from time to time and diseased tubers removed.

**STORAGE IN CLAMP OR PIE**.—Storage in a clamp or pie is in many respects the best method, but it cannot be used if there is danger of loss by pilfering.

**TO MAKE A CLAMP OR PIE**.—The driest part of the ground should be selected, and a strip 3 ft. 6 in. wide and long enough to take the potatoes to be stored should be marked out.

After grading, the potatoes should be piled in a heap with sides as upright as possible—in the shape of the letter A. The sides and ends of the clamp should be covered with a layer of long wheat-straw 4 in. in thickness, care being taken that the lower ends of the straw are pressed close to the ground for it is along the edge of the clamp that frost most often gets in. The long straw layer should reach almost to the top of the potatoes. To keep the straw in place, a layer of earth should be thrown along the lower edge of the clamp. In order to keep off rain, a covering of long straw (wheat or barley—not oat straw) is thatched over the ridge so that the ends overlap the straw at the sides. By this means any rain which falls will run down the outside and not into the clamp. The straw may be kept in position by means of a layer of earth 3 in. thick covering the sides from the base up to 4 in. from the top of the ridge.

At the approach of winter the clamp must be finished. This is done by covering it, except along the middle of the ridge, with a thick coat of soil dug out from along the sides. As a

\* Board of Agriculture Leaflet 299.

result of the digging a 'drainage trench' a foot or so wide and 6 in. deep is formed. An outlet is cut in the trench to allow water collecting there to drain away. The earth is worked on the sides and ends with a spade, and is made firm and smooth as the clamping proceeds. A thickness of 6 in. of earth is quite sufficient to give protection against moderate frosts, but it is advisable to put an extra 3 in. on the colder side. In very severe weather, such as that experienced last winter, even a covering of 12 in. may not be enough, and therefore extra covering should be given during exceptionally hard weather. It should be remembered, however, that too much soil encourages the stored potatoes to grow in the clamp. Finally, a thick layer of short litter should be placed along the ridge.

If the foregoing method of clamping is adopted there will be no need to put in ventilation pipes. If, however, the old practice of supplying ventilation shafts is followed, the shafts, each consisting of 3-in. drain pipes, should be put in *not* along the top of the ridge but about 1 foot from the top along the sides, at distances of about 6 ft. from one another. The shaft or pipe should be placed in a horizontal or downward sloping position, for if placed vertically it is sure to lead to water getting into the clamp. A loose wad of straw, etc., should be pushed into the open end of each shaft. It may be repeated, however, that many experienced growers have given up using this means of ventilating their clamps.

Unless the clamp shows signs of giving way owing to the rotting of the tubers, it may be left undisturbed until February. It should then be opened and the potatoes inspected. If left longer they are likely to sprout vigorously, and in that case much of the goodness in the potatoes will be lost.

**STORING SEED POTATOES.**—Every care should be taken to prevent the exposure of seed potatoes to cold; for even at a temperature not low enough to kill the tuber the eyes may be permanently injured.

Scotch and Irish seed potatoes give the largest yield. Yields almost, if not quite, as large are obtained from "once grown" Scotch or Irish seed, provided that the seed is from Scotch or Irish potatoes grown for one year in a good potato district: for example, Lincolnshire, the Wisbech district of Cambridgeshire and parts of Yorkshire. By "once grown" Scotch or Irish seed is meant seed of potatoes of Scotch or Irish origin grown for one year in this country.

**Lifting.**—If it is intended to save tubers for seed purposes the best course is to set apart a portion of the crop and to lift it before the tubers are fully ripe, for it is a well proved fact that immature tubers make the best sets.

**SELECTION OF SEED.**—*First Earlies.*—Seed of first early varieties should consist of uniform, clean, ware sized tubers.

The selected tubers should be allowed to lie on sacking or on the ground for a few days and should be turned occasionally so that they become greened. By this means the keeping quality of the sets is improved.

The tubers should then be placed "crown end" uppermost in shallow boxes or trays, or on shelves one layer deep, in a frost-proof, cool place, where they get as much light and air as possible. Tubers so "boxed" develop two or three strong, green sprouts instead of a large number of weakly shoots, which produce if they are pitted or kept in the dark. Sets (seed) so treated need not be cut at planting time nor need any of their sprouts be removed.

*Second Earlies, Main Crop and Other Varieties.*—The seed of these varieties should also be selected at the time of lifting. The tubers need not be so large as in the case of the first earlies. Seed size is defined in the Potatoes Order, 1917, as tubers which will pass through a riddle having a 1½ in. mesh and will not pass through a riddle having a 1¼ in. mesh, though if required, larger tubers may also be used.

Wherever it is possible the seed should be placed two or three layers deep in boxes, and the boxes stored in a well-lit, airy, but frost-proof place, such as a shed, outhouse, or disused room of a dwelling house.

Where the quantity is too large for the seed to be treated in this manner, it must be clamped. When the clamp is opened in the Spring, any sprouts which have been formed should be removed.



I do not know how we should have managed to get in 40 acres of hay if it had not been for the help of our maid-servants, who volunteered to do the work when their household duties were over.—R. G. T., Derbyshire.

### Laugh and be Merry

**L**AUGH and be merry, remember, better the world with a song,  
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.  
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span;  
Laugh, and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man.

Laugh and be merry; remember, in olden time,  
God made Heaven and Earth for joy He took in a rhyme;  
Made them, and filled them full with the strong red wine of His mirth;  
The splendid joy of the stars: the joy of the earth.

So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of the sky,  
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by,  
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine outpoured  
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.

Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,  
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,  
Glad till the dancing stops, and the lit of the music ends:  
Laugh till the game is played; and be you merry, my friends.

JOHN MASEFIELD.  
*Poems of To-day. Silgwick & Jackson.*

### Land Army Badges

My attention has been called to the fact that the wearing of the L.A.A.S. Badge by anyone who is not so entitled is an offence under the Defence of the Realm Act.

I would ask you, therefore, to impress upon all members of the Land Army that great care must be taken of these badges in order to guard against the possibility of their falling into the hands of unauthorised persons.

Yours faithfully,

MBRIEL L. TALBOT.

## Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire

WHEN Lob had slept for about three hundred years, he was wakened by the sound of his own name. He had curled up for a nap in a burrow in the side of Saxonbury Hill, and some people were evidently sitting in the hearth that grew round the mouth of his hole.

"But who is Lob?" asked a child's voice in the persistent tone they use when they mean to get to the bottom of something. "I don't know what a myth is. Explain properly, please."

And someone answered in the weary, resigned tone that fathers use when they have taken a little girl for an hour's walk, answering questions all the time. "Lob was an old English Goblin. He was the farmer's friend, and the milkmaid's ally. When everyone was asleep, he would steal in and make the butter, or trush a barnful of wheat in a single night. I believe he sometimes swept the kitchen, too. Then he would stretch himself by the fire and sleep, but if anyone peeped at him then, or if the dairymaid forgot his piece of white bread and bowl of curds, he would fly into a terrible rage, break everything he could, and leave the farm for ever."

"Is he dead? Was he true? Had he got wings? Was he a pretty fairy? Or was he terribly awful?"

"It's time we went home," said the grown-up voice desperately. "The grass is getting wet, and it will be bath-time in half-an-hour. No, no, of course, Lob wasn't true. No, he was not pretty; he was hairy, like a dog. Now, come along, or nurse will be cross."

Lob's indignation almost choked him. Heaven knows what he might have done if he had not been seized with a fearful cramp. He lay in the warm sand, straightening his limbs with a great deal of rubbing and groaning, and clicking of joints. By the time he had crawled to the mouth of the burrow, the mortals were out of sight, and, as the wind blew across his face, out of mind too.

The valley was filled with golden sunset light, and the rusting bracken tops nodded together as though they were whispering fairy scandal. A small, excited bird was twisting himself to and fro as he sang his heart out, on a crooked thorn near by. Lob was glad to be awake again. With a whoop of joy he set off down the hillside, snapping his fingers and leaping over bogs and mole-hills twice as high as he need have done.

At the bottom there grew a mighty oak, a regular Falstaff, and he called out with a rustle of his thick leaves—a language we, alas! do not know—"Hi, Lob, lad, you are a stranger here."

"Hello, Quercus," cried the Goblin, pulling up, breathless. "Tell me, how long is it since I last went up the hill?"

"I am no good at mental arithmetic," replied the oak. "I must count up on my rings." Presently, he said, "Three hundred years, I make it—maybe a little less."

Lob's wrinkled, brown face was comforted with horror, and his hackles rose. When he could speak, his voice was husky. "What have they done without me?" he said. "How have

they managed? Poor things, poor things." Then, without another word to the oak, he made a little run and flashed over the hedge. He was burning to see how the world had contrived to get on while its Lob forgot it.

The next field was a goodly one of wheat, but it was thick with charlock. Poppies and daisies flaunted among the roots next door, and the hay further on ought to have been carried. Yet Lob's heart was as light as the dance of the midges. He was glad to be missed. He was glad no rival elf had taken his work on during that nap. Nevertheless, he shook his head like some respectable old gentleman with shares in a brewery, lamenting over a newspaper account of a drunken brawl.

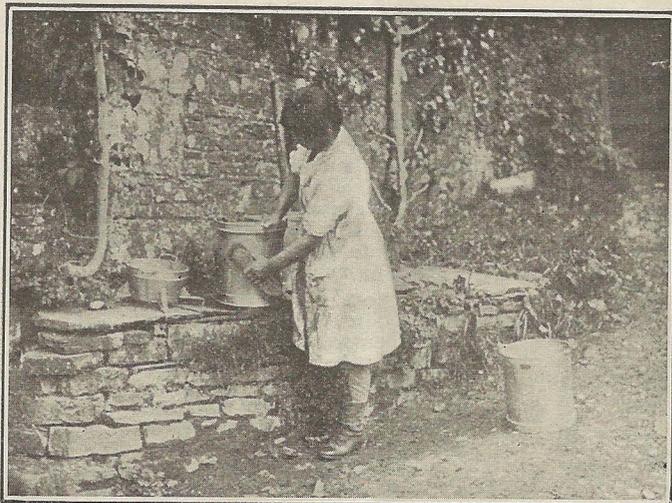
"Dear heart alive!" he said. "Such neglect! 'Tis enough to break a body's heart. The dairy work was too much for the maids alone, they couldn't do without me, and the men are gone to help 'em, while the fields grow foul."

He sighed, and sauntered into the hedge. Not very long afterwards, blue smoke rose slowly from a camp fire, over which a field mouse, neatly trussed on a twig, was roasting deliciously. Lob was always a skilful poacher. When he had supped, he made off for the nearest farm. Lob was not a bad fellow, and he had pleasant thoughts of the amazement his work would bring. People would remember, and rejoice at his return. He longed to be at his trade again, although he had often grumbled at the heaps men left on the granary floor, or the slowness of the butter. He wondered if he had lost his knack. Well, he would soon see now.

It was growing dark, and cottony mists were drifting over the fields by the time he reached the farm. At the lichened, five-barred gate, which had wisps of horse hair caught in the top bar, he stopped and sniffed. "There's not the old full flavour," he said. "Farming has gone down. But perhaps," he added, more cheerfully, "perhaps it's the strong scent of the new hay that disguises it." He slipped into the deserted yard. There was a strange feeling about the place that he did not like. All the sheds were shut, but he ran across to a row of pig-sties; then he started violently. "Clean!" he muttered. "Spiders and cockchafers, clean!" The brick work was scrubbed, the bracken litter fresh. Lob darted across to the fowl-house, and ran up the ladder. He pushed up the door to the scandal of the dowagers on the perches. To his disgust, no noisome odour sent him staggering back; the floor was covered with new ash. His heart was beating now. When he whisked through the keyhole of the stable it was irrefragable, and one could hardly tell whether the horses or the harness shone most. In the byre the walls were newly lime-washed, the gutter recently swept, and the cows groomed. "What has come to farming?" cried Lob. "This is fairy work!" Certainly, there was a fairy-like finish to everything, almost a daintiness. The dairy was his last hope; he longed for something slatternly there, but that dairy was clean as no Elizabethan dairy had ever been, and the butter was as firm and well-coloured as you could wish.

There was never such a woe-begone Goblin in Christendom as Lob when he sneaked out of that last keyhole and sat down on a buttercup near by. He was wretched with jealousy, which is a very naughty passion indeed. He meant to catch that other elf who was doing all this, and wreak a dreadful revenge. He would turn him into a spider, and put a swallow on his tracks, or into a snail, and point out his spoor to a thrush, or into a fly, and push him into a sun-dew, which is as bad as an octopus in the way it closes round its victim and feeds on its corpse. Hoping that he was not a very powerful fairy, Lob skipped up into a house-leek in a commanding position on the roof, and kept watch for his rival. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and that is all the satisfaction he got out of his vigil. Of course, like all fairies, he was obliged to vanish into the earth with the first ray of dawn. This happened again on the second night.

But on the third night that Lob haunted the farm he was rewarded by a patch of light in the cow-house. You may be sure he was through the keyhole in the blink of an eye, and there he saw what he sought. Beside a sick calf knelt a little being about the size of a large child. Black, silken curls crowned a small, fairy-like face, where human tenderness almost mastered its elfin air. It had the quickest little brown hands he had ever seen out of Fairyland. The





thing was twittering away to the suffering beast like a mother to a baby. Of course, Lob challenged the creature, and carried out his revenge?

Next evening, Lob came to the hill soon after sundown. He walked heavily, and hung his head, scowling at the red heather bells and little yellow cinquefoils and blue milkworts that smiled up at him.

The Oak gave him the hearty greeting of old people who grow garrulous, and are always eager to see their friends, who grow, unfortunately, less and less willing to be listeners.

"Ha, Lob," he cried. "You do my eyes good. What an evening! I never saw a better in all my four hundred summers."

"I never saw a worse," said Lob.

"Why, we old men are easily contented, I suppose," said Quercus, amiably. "All I ask is plenty of room for my roots in honest English soil, a yellow sunset across the valley, just breeze enough to comb out my locks for the night, and a little fellow in feathers singing Evensong against my heart."

Lob cut him short by saying, "What do you know of the new fairy?"

"New fairy? I haven't seen goblin, sprite, witch, gnome or elf since—time out o' mind."

"That's like you, you stupid old popinjay," cried Lob, pettishly. "You sit there like a stuck pig, broad awake for three hundred years, and see nothing. I have only to be awake for three days, and I see him soon enough."

"Who?" asked Quercus, his curiosity mending his wounded dignity.

"Who? The Elf who has taken my place!" shouted Lob. "The usurper, the pretender, the body-snatcher, the interloper who has been doing my work while I slept. Fancy stealing his job from a poor fellow who is taking a well-earned nap! How am I to get my rye bread and curds? What pretty dairy-maid cares for poor Lob now?"

"Be plain," said Quercus, rustling with excitement.

"As soon as I saw the farm," said Lob, "I knew it was never a man who kept everything so clean and apple-pie neat. I waited and watched, and last night I saw him."

"What was he like?"

"Big for an elf. Pretty enough, a pest on him," snarled Lob. "Quercus, you know I have proved my valour. I killed a spider as big as a goat, almost, who had attacked Queen Mab. And I fought a warble fly till he was forced to take to his heels as fast as his wings would carry him. I should have slain him, too, if I hadn't been mounted on such a slow wasp."

"Your bravery is well known," said Quercus.

"Yet," Lob went on with a hang-dog air, "yet, Quercus, when I saw my rival there, I was filled with fear as of something uncanny. I thirsted for revenge. I had been hunting him all night, and lying in wait for him all day, and now that he was before me, my heart filled with a strange horror. I—Quercus, I ran away! To-night, I am going back, and this time I shall not fail. But I did run away. I cannot tell you how strange this terror was. It is like that a mortal feels at sight of a ghost, or a fairy at sight of a mortal."

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Quercus started. "What was your elf wearing?" he asked.

"A white tunic and high buskins on his spindle shanks," said Lob. "And his lady's favour—a green scarf, I think—on his left arm."

The Oak shook his boughs with laughter. "Stupid old popinjay, am I? Stuck pig? But you have been too quick this time, Master Lob. I've seen your fairy muck-spreading in Three-Acre Strip often enough. Don't you go back to-night, it will only ask you why you aren't in khaki. It's no fairy, Lob; it's a woman, a new kind, called a Land Lass. There are thousands of them about England now. Hardly a farm—where are you going?"

"Back to my burrow," said Lob.

He passed slowly up the hill, and Quercus sighed as he saw his gossip escape him.

JOE.

## On a Fordson Tractor, August, 1918.

MY Dad and I, we fight the Hun  
In humble farmer's way,  
By cleaning summer's fallows for

An early sowing day;

When all the men are busy now,  
On golden stacks piled high,  
We're out for 1919's crop,  
Fordson, Dad and I.

But since it's rather dull at times  
Just bumping to and fro,  
In smoky heat and dust and noise  
Where only thistles grow,  
We fancy we are fighting men,  
We charge, we ram, we fly,  
We strafe a hundred Huns a day—  
Fordson, Dad and I!

In the very early morning  
We fly to meet the sun,  
My Dad knows all the "joy-stick" tricks,  
And I'm behind the gun;  
We bomb a dozen German towns,  
We're out to win or die,  
We know a hundred flying stunts—  
Fordson, Dad and I!

Then often in the evening light,  
When shadows all grow long,  
We join a battle-line of Tanks  
So grim, and squat, and strong;  
We roll out wire like wisps of straw,  
Then with a happy sigh  
We get into our "Berlin stride"—  
Fordson, Dad and I!

You couldn't count the things we do,  
The dangers that we brave,  
The despatches that we carry,  
The boats adrift we save;  
But if you care to read the news,  
You'll see that by and by,  
We'll be at an "Investiture"—  
Fordson, Dad and I!

C.



Drawing Competition—Second Prize.

### The Land Girl's Bees

IF a land girl is interested in bee-keeping, there are many employers who will allow her to have a hive or two in some out-of-the-way corner on the farm or in the garden or orchard, or perhaps there are already a few hives of bees on the place which for various reasons have been neglected for some time and which the employer is willing that the land girl should "take on."

Those who have not had anything to do with bees will be surprised to find what an intensely interesting and lucrative hobby or "side-line" bee-keeping is, and thus interest rapidly increases with knowledge of the subject.

*The Site* for the hives need not be good land, any little bit of waste ground will suffice, all the better if heather or white clover grows there; but perhaps the ideal spot is under an orchard hedge where the hives are protected from the north and west winds. The fruit trees provide shelter and shade, convenient places for swarms to settle, and afford honey and pollen.

*Arrangement.*—Hives may face in almost any direction, preferably south or east; the morning sunshine on the front of the hives will encourage the bees to begin work early.

Each hive should have a separate stand about 4 ft. 6 in. apart; do not crowd the hives if there is plenty of space available.

Low stands are best with a broad alighting board sloping down to the ground to catch the heavily-laden bees on their return to the hive. The ground round the hives should be kept clear of weeds and long grass. The best plan on grass land is to take off the turf on the site of each hive and fill in the space with a good layer of ashes; this will make a firm level base for the hive to stand on. If not stooed level the combs will be crooked, so that it is just as well to use a spirit level. In

building the comb the bees themselves form a natural plumb line by suspending themselves in a cluster, gradually descending as the comb progresses.

The hives should always be arranged so that they can be easily approached from behind for manipulation. They should not be placed too near a public road, but too remote a situation should be avoided; bees who are accustomed to people coming and going are decidedly more docile than those who scarcely ever see anybody.

If there is no stream or pond near, water should be provided for the bees in a shallow pan with a few corks or little bits of wood floating in it for the bees to alight on.

*The Start* in bee-keeping can be made either by the purchase of a stock at practically any time of year or by a swarm of bees in spring.

By a stock is meant an established swarm with combs. A good stock in spring will consist of 40,000 to 50,000 worker bees, a few hundred drones, or male bees, and a queen.

When starting in the autumn by buying a stock, it should be first ascertained whether (1) the stock possesses a fertile queen; (2) if the combs are not too old; (3) if the hive is free from disease. It is wise to get the opinion of an expert on this last all-important point, so that the start is made with healthy bees. If all is well, and the stock is purchased, it can be removed to your apiary either early in the morning or late in the evening. We will assume that you buy your stock about the middle of September; if the brood chamber is pretty well filled up with bees and stores all the frames can be left, but, if not, contract the frames with a dummy board to as many as the bees will cover and feed with syrup out of a feeding bottle sold for the purpose or a home-made one made out of a golden syrup tin with two or three small holes punched in the bottom. Each stock needs between 30 and 40 lb. of stores to carry it through the winter. The syrup is easily prepared, according to the directions given, by melting down in a little water a cake or two of the pink bee candy, obtainable from Messrs. Pascal, or Messrs. Jas. Lee & Sons, of Uxbridge, and others.

Tuck the bees up warm for the winter, using plenty of quilts made of felt or any thick material or cushions stuffed with chaff or hay, and, to prevent the hive roofs being blown off in stormy weather, weight them down by means of a piece of rope laid across the roof from side to side with a brick tied to each end.

About the beginning of November watch for a fine mild day and take a peep under the quilts to see if the bees have plenty of stores, and even if they have I should place a cake of the pink candy on the top of the frames under the quilts to make sure.

FORESTER.

### Our Technical Articles

WE are indebted to the Board of Agriculture for many of the technical articles which have appeared in THE LANDSWOMAN. They have kindly allowed us to reproduce some of their leaflets which they publish on so many different subjects connected with agriculture.

My life stands like a well-grown tree,  
Its leaves are sleek and green;  
I would the axe could cut it down  
Before decay is seen.

But if the tree must live its turn  
Out to the common length,  
Give me the sap which mounts and burns  
And kills by very strength.

O may my leaves when autumn comes  
And they must all be shed,  
Because the life within me burns,  
Turn red and deeper red.

E. L.

# The Land Army helps to gather

## To the Land Workers

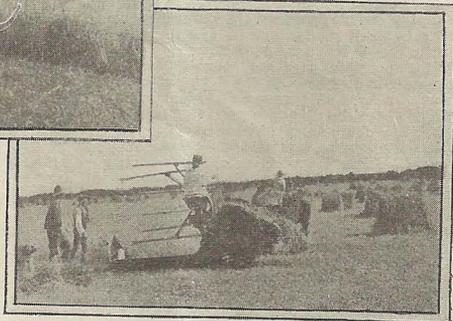
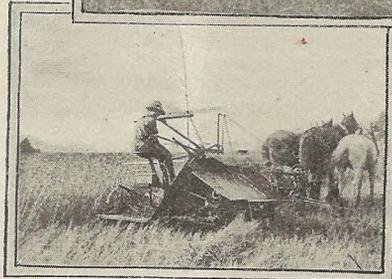
**S**TILL and warm and close together  
Slept the seeds of ripening grain,  
Whispering through the wintry weather  
Of th grave where they had lain.



Spring came calling  
through the  
meadows  
Where the little  
blades pierced  
through ;  
God brought sun-  
shine to the  
shadows,  
But the rest He  
left to you.



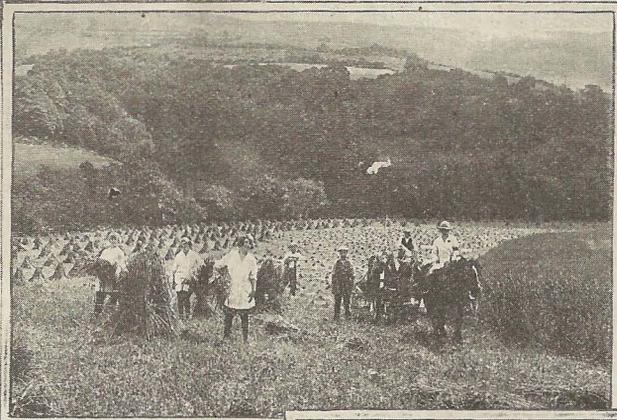
So you served the hidden  
treasure  
With an unaccustomed  
hand.



Watching till in fullest measure  
Beauty clothed the empty land;

# in our Abundant Harvest

Through the summer, as a token,  
God sent sunshine, rain and dew,  
Kept His promise still unbroken,  
But the rest He left to you.



Where you drove the  
lonely furrow  
With the sleeping  
seeds below,  
Now across a world of  
sorrow  
Golden sheaves of  
harvest show.



God's glad sunshine lies upon her,  
Fed with wind and rain and dew,  
And He knows you did with honour  
All the work He left to you.

*From "Punch."*

## THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS\*

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

### CHAPTER XI.

BOBBY.

WHEN she emerged from the woods with her burden she came upon Anne, working in the garden. She did not see Cecilia until she was nearly up to her, and then she straightened with a smile of welcome that froze on her face. She dropped her basket and shears, and hurried to meet her.

"What is it? What is the matter with Bobby?" she asked in alarm.

"He is not dead," Cecilia replied.

"Not dead? What is the matter with him? What have you done to him? Tell me quickly!" Anne took him in her arms, where he lay white and still, his eyes closed.

"He was playing on the cliff in front of my house, and Omar accidentally tipped him over, and they both fell down the bank. He is not dead; he spoke to me after I got him up the hill," Cecilia said laconically.

"If you've killed him I shall never forgive you. You hate him—I've seen it in your eyes when he's near you!" Anne burst out.

"He made friends with me to-day for the first time," Cecilia said softly.

Anne tried to carry him into the house, but she trembled so that she was in danger of falling with him; so Cecilia took him from her, and they went in together. Mrs. O'Brien was in the living-room and turned at their entrance.

"Bobby is killed, I think," Anne announced to her, beside herself with terror.

With a cry the old woman fell upon Cecilia and took the boy from her, crooning and calling to him. She felt him all over and listened to his heart. When she touched his arm, he groaned.

"He is not dead; he spoke to me," Cecilia repeated. "I'll get the doctor."

She went to the telephone, and Anne threw herself down in the corner, wild-eyed and sobbing. Mrs. O'Brien spoke.

"Phwat did she do to him?"

"I don't know. She says the dog pushed him off the cliff."

"She's a devil. I've known ut all along, an' I let him go to her house. May the Lord in His mercy forgive me! Loike as not she's a witch, livin' there in the woods all alone."

Anne roused herself.

"No, no, Bridget, we must not blame her. She says Bobby made friends with her to-day."

"The doctor is in this neighbourhood, and they can get him on the wire. He ought to be here in a few minutes. We had better get Bobby to bed."

Cecilia and Mrs. O'Brien together lifted and

carried him upstairs, Anne following helplessly. They took off his clothes and got him to bed. He cried and groaned now and then, but Cecilia bound up his wounds and made him fairly comfortable.

It seemed a century later, although it was but an hour, that Cecilia met the doctor at the foot of the stairs. She had been waiting for him in the living-room, and her face showed the terrible suspense she had endured. Bobby's room was just above, and every groan and cry had seemed a blow upon her bare heart.

"Will he live?" she demanded.

"Oh, yes; there is no vital damage done. He is much bruised and some bones broken, but it was a wonderful escape. Did he strike a bush or a tree? What broke the fall?"

"He was in a cleared space when I got to him, and the dog held him by the dress."

"We're indebted to the dog for the boy's life, I should say. He'll pull through all right, he's young and strong. Broken bones are not serious at his age. You had better have a glass of wine, Miss Carné. You are all unstrung," he added, for she was shaking in a nervous chill.

"I'm all right. I've been terribly anxious. It happened at my house, you know."

"So they tell me. You and the boy are great friends," he added kindly.

"Yes, we're friends," she said abruptly, and went upstairs, and waited outside Bobby's door, listening for his voice. Anne came out later and found her there.

"Why, Miss Carné!" she said.

"How you must hate me!"

"Hate you? Indeed I do not. I don't know what I said to you out there, at first, but I was mad with terror. If I said anything cruel, you must forgive me. I don't blame you or hold you responsible in any way. But he is so precious and we've had him such a little while. I thought God was going to take him away to punish me. That's why I was so beside myself."

"It happened at my house, it was my dog, and he might have been killed. Oh, I should have blamed you and hated you if he had been mine," she replied passionately, pacing up and down the room.

"Please don't feel that way about it. No one was to blame, and if we all give ourselves to helping him get well, there will be no time for such thoughts. If only Richard would come! I know he has not had time to make it yet, but it seems hours since we telephoned him."

"What did you tell him?"

"That Bobby was not well, and I wanted him to come out as soon as he could."

"I'll go to the station and meet him, and tell him."

"Oh, that will be a great help. Come and have lunch with us, and we'll all watch together."

"You're fine!" Cecilia thanked her. "I couldn't

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come to lunch, I couldn't choke anything down. I'll come back after awhile to see how he is, or I'll stay if you need me."

"Omar," she said to him, as he whined to her when she came out, "we've got to go and tell his father that we nearly killed him. We must expiate if we can."

She walked to the station, engaged a cab, and paced the platform until the train came. Richard often said later that his heart clamped tight at the sight of her tragic white face, as she came towards him. They started towards the Lodge and she told him the story very simply, as she had told it to Anne, with no expressed lamentations, but she spared herself not one whit of the responsibility.

When they reached the house she offered some excuse for not going in, and made for the woods. For hours she almost ran, like a fleeing Maenad, the dog at her heels; and once or twice she said to him, "We might have killed him! We might have killed him!"

Omar could not understand, no one could understand, that to her own inner self, when she pushed Bobby away from her, there in her house, she had pushed him over the cliff with her own two hands!

When she finally went back to the Lodge after her hours of scourging, she found the Judge in the living-room. He started at the change in her. She had not broken fast since early morning, and she was white, haggard, and pitiful.

"My child!" he said, in concern, as she came in.

"Is he better? How is he now?"

"Sleeping quietly. The doctor has been here again, and the reports are most encouraging."

The tears began to trickle down her cheeks and she shook. The Judge put her in a big chair, got her a glass of sherry, and insisted on her taking it.

"He might have been killed there, before my eyes. I should have been responsible for his death," she whispered to him.

Judge Carteret spoke sternly, in a voice of authority.

"Cecilia Carné, don't let me hear you speak so again. You have no right to blame yourself for what was the purest accident. That is morbid and weak. The child has been exposed to this same danger ever since we came out here. It was only mischance that it happened near your house to-day, instead of to-morrow near my house. The thing to be thought of now is to get him well."

Richard and Anne came downstairs at this point, and Anne came to Cecilia and put her arm about her.

"He is sleeping normally, and it is going to be all right."

"I am glad," the girl answered.

"I was too excited to half thank you for coming to the station after me, Miss Carné, but I know now what a shock you saved me from, and I appreciate it."

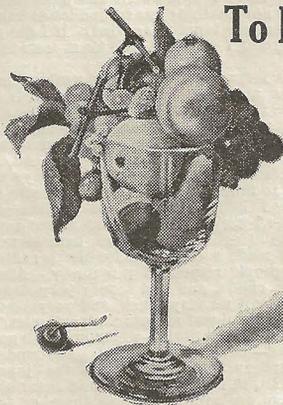
"It was nothing. I could do so little."

"She did everything," Anne objected. "We couldn't have gotten through it without her at all. I was almost hysterical when she took me in hand."

"I'm afraid I was rough, but we had to work fast until doctor came, and I thought you were going to fail us."

"She is going off to dinner with me, and be looked after, now," said the Judge. "We'll come back later to see how things are, and if we can do anything, ring up the house, Richard."

(To be continued)



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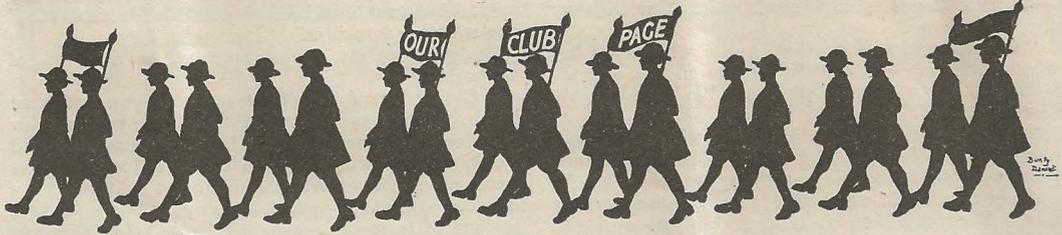
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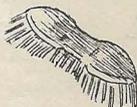
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DEAR GIRLS.—I have spent a whole day up in the heather on the moor, over a thousand feet above the sea on the borders of Devon and Somerset. In two days my leave will be over and I go back to London—and I climbed the moor to-day to gather all the heather I could carry, so that I might take back with me into the dusty old office—into everybody's office up at Headquarters—a great deep breath of the moor, a reminder that the Land Army, for which we all work, is a part of the wide, open country, and is not confined to the endless forms and figures which fill our minds and occupy our days at the office in London. And as I lay in the heather up there on the hills how I envied you girls the breadth of view and the largeness of your country life—one might almost say the delightful loneliness of it. Impossible to have little thoughts and little ideals, with an immensity of space all round you; your thoughts and your ideals *must* grow to fill that space. I know mine have, while I have been away from the confinement of London—so big that when I take them back to the office they will have outgrown their allotted space there, and it will seem impossible that they ever belonged to me.

**CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.**—The letters this month have been so interesting that I cannot resist quoting some of them. To begin with, there is a letter from a Japanese gentleman, who went down to Herts to see the Land Army at work, and afterwards wrote this letter to Miss Hay. I am going to give it in full, because I am sure you will all be interested.

"SATURDAY NIGHT."



Drawing Competition.—Third Prize.—E. Crooke.

"My dear Mademoiselle,—Yesterday I was very much interested and indebted to you to see the ladies' hard work in your section of the Land Army by your kind guidance. I was very sorry that I had no time to stay longer, and to receive your family's entertainment more, for having engagement here in London. The last night—night of "Full Moon of August"—which is celebrated specially in our country as "the moon of harvest"—was very bright and fine. So I recollected to your patriotic circle and thought I would have been better to stay to your family under the full moon of harvest in the rural scenery surrounded by Nature's grand and even sublime beauty, than here in London. I wish you your greatest success to make the best for the patriotic cause, and remind me to Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Webster, and even those of the ladies making the hard works.—I'm yours truly,  
S. KUMAMOTO."

Another letter, this time from a girl in Yorkshire, who before she joined the Land Army used to be a housemaid, interested me very much; because this girl, who is working hard with the harvest, is looking forward tremendously to her leave, but so keen is she on land work that she proposes to spend it picking potatoes down at Goole! She has been helping with the threshing, too, and complains bitterly of the barley horns which *will* keep getting down her back, "even though I fastened my collar up; but it is wonderful how one can get used to it, especially if one keeps on smiling."

L. Guttridge, who seems to be doing splendidly at Rolleston, putting in 65 hours per week, besides overtime, has, owing to one of the farm hands being ill, been milking 30 cows a day; though, she says, "I never thought I could do it. When I think of you and Mrs. Morris sitting in that stuffy office attending to all our wants, and listening to our complaints, I wish you could be out with us to enjoy God's open country and to have the delightful company of the animals. Who could feel lonely when there is so much life about? Mothers with their young are most interesting. We have a swallow in the place where we have our meals; she is now teaching her second lot of babies how to fly, and they go from one beam to another. If I did not get so very hungry I'm afraid I should watch them instead of eating."

Margerie Waite, who is forewoman of a gang working near Alcester, writes to tell me about an entertainment which she and her gang got up, as she thought it would be nice for the girls to have some little interest after the day's work was done.

"We therefore got up two plays, 'Mechanical Jane' and 'Ici on parle Français.' They were a huge success. All the girls were quite amateurs, but their rendering of the plays was really good. It was hard to remember that the two austere old maids, the daintily-dressed little heroine, and the untidy, infinitely amusing maid-of-all-work had been, but a few hours before, clad in workmanlike breeches and leggings, hard at work in the harvest fields. We made a collection for the benefit of a local hospital, and the people responded generously. Afterwards we cleared aside the chairs, and had a very jolly dance. Our guests appeared to enjoy it all very much, and very kindly cheered the Land Army in general and my gang in particular."

How I wish these little dramatic efforts—which are such good fun for everyone concerned—were more general. It sounds a big undertaking, but where everyone enters into the joyous spirit and huge joke of it all, it is quite simple and invariably successful. Wherever there are even as few as three or four Land Army girls available, such things are possible, and there is no more enjoyable recreation in the evenings, when the work of the day is done, than getting up a play or a concert.

**SEWING CLUB.**—There have been several requests for patterns of the boy's shape shirt which I recommended in the August number, and I have had some difficulty in supplying my ideal pattern for such a shirt in sufficient quantities. If the demand becomes general I think I shall have to persuade Weldon's or some paper pattern firm to cut a special Land Army shirt pattern, which could be sent to anyone who wants it. Only first I should like to invite suggestions from all you girls as to *your* idea of an ideal shirt for working purposes. What is most comfortable for me may not be so perfect for other people; so let us get a consensus of opinion before we finally decide on our Land Army shirt! Lily Harrison, Sydenham, Lew Down, Devon, tells me that she

is very good at hemstitching and drawn-thread work, and if any Land Army girl wants help in that direction she will be very pleased to give it.

**SHOPPING CLUB.**—I expect you have all been too busy harvesting to think of shopping, because the demands this month have been limited. Always chin straps, a good many copies of *Farming Made Easy*, a Duchesse set with silks for working, another alarm clock (which is one of the most difficult things to buy cheap nowadays), and many other requests for books. Several girls are keen to study for examinations connected with agriculture and have been asking for information and books.

The idea of THE LANDSWOMAN Exchange Column seems to be catching on, and one girl is already keen to exchange rabbits with someone interested in that hobby. I am still waiting for a more urgent demand from all of you before we launch this new item for Our Club Page.

An adaptable hat, which will be very much appreciated by all women whose work or pleasure exposes them to varying climatic conditions, has just been designed and placed on the market. The "Ideal" Storm Hat, as it is called, is, in effect, two hats in one, capable of being worn as a smart shady hat for sunshine and by a slight adjustment becoming a serviceable "sou'-wester." Being made of rubber material of a neutral colour, it is quite stormproof, non-leakable and has a cloth appearance. The same firm, The Cleveland Manufacturing Company, of 54, Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, London, W., also manufactures overall outfits of every description specially designed for various occupations, with reinforced pockets and other features which wide experience has taught them will be acceptable and useful.

**COMPETITIONS.**—Once again I think the harvest and the work it entails have kept everyone too busy for our competitions, and even our artists have not responded quite as freely as I had hoped to the first of our drawing competitions. But I know it is because they have had no time, for one girl, who was delighted with the idea and wrote at once to say so, has since sent several pathetic postcards—always the same story—"No time again this week for drawing, but we *must* get the corn in." Still, if the quantity has not been all we might have hoped, I am sure you will agree that the quality is excellent. I wish I could have reproduced the first prize drawing in colour as it was sent in, the softness and gentleness of the colouring adding so very much to the general peaceful effect. Bunty Daniel's "Recruiter" is delightfully witty, but hard luck on us who worked so hard at that job, and I am wondering which of my recruiting staff inspired Bunty to this effort!

I am going to publish some photographs of Land Army girls and their animals; so I will give three prizes for the best photographs of Land Army girls with their farmyard pets. These must reach the office, "Stonefield," Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, London, before the end of October. Essays on "Suggestions for the Christmas Number" will also be given prizes, and they should be sent in as soon as possible.

I wonder if you girls have heard of one of the most delightful bits of reconstructive work of the Land Army—the Probationary Training Centres? In case you have not I will tell you about it. You know that a very great many girls have bravely given, not necessarily their lives, but certainly their health, for the nation, by doing dangerous and unhealthy work in munition factories. Many of these girls, too anæmic and worn-out to go on with this work, are keen as mustard to follow their doctor's advice and go on the land. They sign their Enrolment forms and come up before their Selection Committee, but, of course, as you know, all who join the Land Army have to go through a medical examination, and when they get to that stage of the proceedings comes disappointment, and their last chance of getting back their health disappears. Now it seemed to our delightful Directors such a hopeless pity that these girls, who had willingly given their health when the nation demanded it, should not have a chance to continue to help their country by working on the land. So the Land Army set to work to renew the health of these girls so that their labour might be saved for England, and these Probationary Training Centres were started. Nowadays any girl who is thoroughly keen to go on the land, and though suffering from anæmia or general tired-ness is suitable in every other way, has her chance. She goes into one of these little Training Centres, where under proper medical supervision she does light work, which keeps her in the open air, where she gets nourishing food, and at the end of four weeks she feels a different creature, and is fit for the hard work of a proper farm-training centre. There are several of these Training Centres now, but I love to think that the very first experiment was started in my garden, where four girls—different ones every month—live in a little cottage, and learn to laugh and sing and, at last, to feel well again, working amongst the vegetables. I cannot tell you what a joy it is to me to see those grey-blue faces getting pink and brown; to see girls who hardly knew how to get up the little staircase when first they came racing each other down the garden at 7 o'clock in the morning; to hear voices getting merrier every day; and, finally, to send off to the farms to complete their training jolly, fresh, happy girls, with their health recreated, who but for the Land Army would have been weary and sad invalids all their lives. All the work of the Land Army is reconstructive, helping to making things grow, and this particular little bit of it is not by any means the least joyful.

Your sincere friend,  
THE EDITOR.

Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.

# Harrods OUTFITS



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Woodman Burbidge Managing Director

## Competitions

### First Prize—Nightfall

HOW and when exactly it happens you can't tell; you only know that it *does* happen. Every night the earth is put to bed like a dear tired child—put to sleep so gently, so softly, so sweetly—by thousands and millions of little unseen working hands.

It begins, I think, with the flowers—the most delicate of Nature's family, that need the most rest and care. Little heads droop, and their petals are closed gently round them that they may sleep undisturbed. Without rest and care they would lose their brilliant colouring and sweet fragrance. Some bold, strong ones there are—too proud to be put to bed with the babies. But they sleep, too—sleep unseen, when night has hidden them.

It is at this time that the birds begin their hush-songs—too tired to sing, too happy to be silent, they croon out their little lullabies to soothe the world to rest.

The sun has already departed; only a crimson-purple glow in the West shows where he has sunk into a bed of clouds.

And now comes the greatest wonder of all—the falling of the dew. Softly, silently, it falls—myriads of tiny invisible hands pouring down drops of crystal moisture upon the dusty sun-baked earth. See how the tall grasses stoop to drink, and how gratefully the tiny plants raise their drooping leaves. Over all it falls—little sparkling diamond drops—which the moon will presently weave into a many-coloured gossamer web.

Then, stealing through the trees, comes the Blue Fairy, wrapping her mist cloak tenderly round the world. Even the trees she covers, tucking it round their great limbs and spreading it over their leafy tops. They must sleep too, and the night breeze will whisper to them, stirring them in their sleep with gentle caresses.

Everywhere is Peace—Peace, and Love, and Rest. Night broods over all—quiet—calm—serene—till she, too, must rest, and new-born Day will step forth, fair and glistening, to call the world to new life.

M. H. W.

### Second Prize—Sunset among the Welsh Mountains

THE sun had already begun to sink when I reached the mountain top, and all the western sky was flushed a deep crimson. Long black shadows and a quiet golden light lay on

the short grass, and far down in the valley below I could see the grim ruins of the old abbey, standing stately in the gathering shadows, where only one ray of light still lingered, touching the grey stones.

Far away into the distance, in all directions, rolled the mountains, towering up, gaunt and black, against the glowing west. All their lower slopes were clothed in a swaying, waving mass of bracken of golden, copper, bronze and even where the sun touched it of brilliant scarlet. Higher up a mass of purple and dull red showed where the heather lay, and then, above, soared the rocky tops of the mountains, standing clean-cut against a background of blue sky.

Not far off, glistening white rocks, raising their heads above some of the mountains, glittered and scintillated with a thousand colours, flashing back the sun's light, as he slowly sank in a sky of purple, orange, and blue, flecked here and there with tiny pink and white clouds.

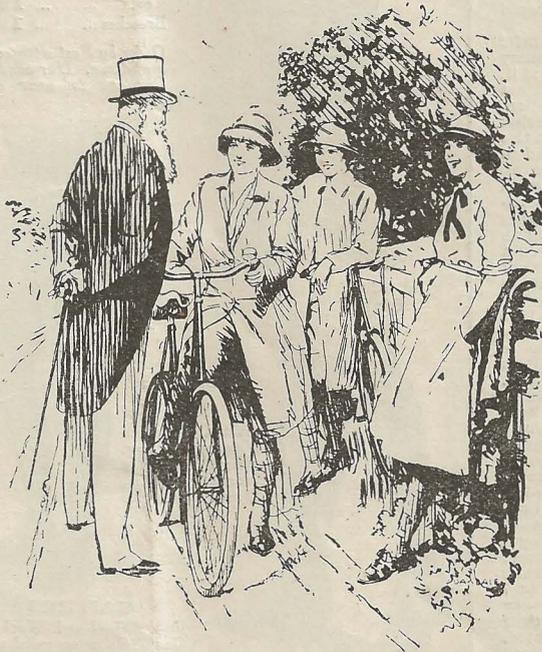
On one side stretched a long range of hills, round which, half-way up, ran a forest of beech, oak, and many other trees. It was autumn, and on the dulllest day they made a brilliant splash of colour; but now, as I turned, the sun had just reached them, and in an instant it seemed as if the forest was on fire. For it had become a glowing, gleaming, blazing mass of copper, scarlet, crimson, yellow, gold and bronze, lapping the mountains round about, and swaying and bending in the light wind. All across it lay the sun, bathing it in a brilliant light, and, as one looked, fresh colours sprang to life—purples, blues, dull greens, and greys, and browns, blending and merging, flashing and changing, now bright, now dull, now shining out aresh, till it seemed as if the sky in the west were only reflecting the radiance of the trees.

Then suddenly it paled, died, and the forest lay in shadow. The sun had dipped behind a mountain, and only the still brilliant sky was left, with the sun sinking rapidly down, drawing the colours with it to make a daybreak on the other side of the world.

In the East a star was shining, out of the deep blue of the sky, and a crescent moon hung, motionless, above.

Far away over the fields, a pee-wit was mourning. . . .  
I crept down the mountain into the warm dusk below.

DORIS A. HELSBY.



IT'S jolly enough to walk when you've time on hand and you're fresh; but a bicycle is a very handy thing when your day's work's over and you want to get home at once.

A good bicycle, fitted with strong, service giving Dunlop tyres ought to be a part of every landswoman's equipment. Don't you agree?

*Dunlop.*

# Everything for the Landswoman

AT PETER ROBINSON'S you will find Everything you need in way of Clothing for Land-work—in the most reliable Qualities and at really Moderate Prices.



Practical Land Suit (as sketch) in strong Bedford Cord; the well-cut coat has useful pockets & belt; Breeches laced at knee.

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Smock in shower-proof khaki drill, collar and stitching in bright colourings, 45/6.

# Bournville Cocoa

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*The Lancet.*

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**SCARCITY** of wool means dearer clothes. The dearer the material the less one can afford to run any risk of it being spoiled in the wash.

Economise by washing all your woollens and dainty fabrics with Lux. It will double their life and, in addition, the rich Lux lather preserves the soft fleeciness of woollens, the fresh daintiness of delicate fabrics. Lux coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes.

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Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

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Lx 156-26

## Jean and Jan

JEAN MARTIN, in the centre of the yellow cornfield, laid in her sickle in the languid August heat. The field in which she worked sloped steeply down from the farmstead to the river marsh. At the top of it she could see against the skyline the homely buildings, the cowsheds and the pigsties and the stable where the rough cart-horses lived—all the quiet scenes in which she had worked and sometimes wept. She saw also the upright post with the cross-beam which marked the beginning of a big building. Jean turned away with a sigh. She was tired of toil and the beginnings of toil. It was always a beginning with never an end, she thought.

In the lower end of the field she saw the scarlet poppies in the corn and the low river marsh where strange bright flowers grew, and she saw Jan, the new farm lad, whetting his scythe. He was a strange lad this Jan, and she had often wondered about him. When he was with her she wished him away, and when he had gone she would fain have called him back. The lad had a fascination for her and she had no peace because of him. And yet something cried out in the depths of her that he could never bring her peace.

She had heard sad tales of Jan, but she was very young and very simple and knew little of good and evil. She knew that he was idle and restless and came in late o' nights and that he would coax her into the chimney corner when the farmer dozed, and laugh at her because her clothes were soiled with work. He told her of things which he said were better for a lass than mere drudgery and which she did not understand.

And now, looking up from the end of the field, he called to her, "Coom, laal lass, coom thy ways," and he looked so gay sitting there in the sunlight. She would like well enough to have gone, but she was troubled that her smock was crumpled and dirty, for she had cleaned out the cow byre in the morning.

The glare of the sun hurt her brown head and she was tired. The fields around her shimmered in the noonday heat and the landscape in the distance was blotted out with the haze. All the world seemed at peace save only Jan and her.

She could see a glimmering white line where the river wound its way through the pastures to the faint sparkle beyond, and that was the sea.

There was no coolness in the earth save for the little ripple of the wind that ever and anon went down the ripe corn, and her heart filled as if it would burst.

So great a weariness fell on the little lass that her eyes filled with tears and she laid her sickle down, took off her hat, and with crumpled dirty smock, tear-stained face and all, she lay down in the tall corn where none could see. And the earth was ready to welcome her. So cool it was down there and sweet! She heard nothing but the hush of the wind as it swept above her and she smelled the wholesome fragrance of the earth and of the corn stalks and her heart ceased to ache for Jan's calling. Down there no one knew that her smock was crumpled. Only a little brown mouse crept out to see, but he thought none the worse of Jean, for was he himself not of the earth also?

Then suddenly something called aloud again, and the piercing sound came even through her sleep. At first it seemed to her that it was but the whistling of the wind in the reeds by the river, and then that it was the thin, clear notes of a flute. Into the air it rose and fell with a strange wild longing that rose only to one note and never reached a higher.

It seemed to Jean that all Nature had awoke to listen to it. She had heard a cow low restlessly in the byre, and now she had ceased to low. A deer from the park adjoining the farm crept to the fence to listen, with foolish velvet eyes round with joy, and a hawk hovering over the field for mice stayed in his swoop and swung. All the creatures of the world hung on that strange sound in the river marsh, the sound that lured and clung and would not let them go. Yet for all that her heart began to throb and ache again; the music brought her no relief.

So she opened her eyes and sat upright to see, with her face wan with sleep and her smock more crumpled than when she lay down and her hair full of the earth and of the dust of the earth. And looking through the corn-field she saw amid the bright marsh flowers and the scarlet poppy bed that a strange figure sat idle and purposeless with a flute between his fingers. He had a gay smile on his foolish face and half his body was that of a man and half of something that was less than a man—an animal with hair like a goat—so that she cried out for fear. Anon he began to play again, and his music was low and sweet and thrilled her with pain that made her catch her breath and stay stone-still. Yet there was never the soul of a man in his piping, for the music of man must seek for a soul that is greater than he. She had the desire to go, but was troubled that her smock was crumpled and her face stained with tears, and he looked so gay. It seemed to little Jean that her soul was torn in two.

She looked around her for comfort, and on the top of the hill

and against the sky she saw the upright post with the cross-beam that was the beginning of a great building. It must have been the haze that blinded the girl, for it seemed to her in the glowing light that a man stooped under it to carry it, and on his face was a smile that was more beautiful than a man's smile. And he turned his head to look at her with eyes that were tired with Human Endeavour. And Jean forgot that her clothes were soiled, that her hair was full of earth and that her face was stained with sleep and tears, and she held out her arms to him, for she knew he would not refuse her. This could not be, since he himself was all amongst the roughness, and the dirt, and the beginnings where her own toil had been.

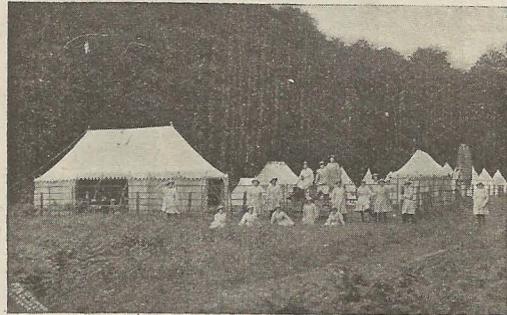
And Jean awoke and looked up the field and down the field. She looked at the rough buildings against the sky and at the scarlet poppy patch in the low river marsh. Then she remembered and knew what her dreams had been.

They were of the old, old stories her mother used to tell, when the moonbeams came in at the window and the fire crackled cosily on the hearth and the room was warm with sleep.

One story was of Pan, the Goat-man, of centuries ago when men made spirits of things that were not, because they had no knowledge of the spirit of the things that are. This was the Pan who bewitched men and beasts and called them down to the low river bed, and made them mad for the joy of his piping, and taught them of wonders that left them very full of sorrow and of heaviness.

The other was the story that was true before ever the world began, of the Man who was greater than other men. And He called to His fellows that they should climb, even to their toil. But He said that when they had toiled a good deal, and had wept a little, He would give them so great a life that they could know the beauty and the joy even of the little simple things of the earth.

So little Jean shook out her crumpled smock, wiped her hair clear of dust, and her eyes of the foolish tears of despair, and set her face to the hill, so that if it were possible she might even, in the commonness of things, see a glimpse of the Wonder of the World. M. F. H.



The L.A.A.S. Training Camp at Glanusk Park, Crickhowell, Breconshire.

THIS camp was opened on June 22nd, 1918, for the purpose of training Land Army recruits on the surrounding farms. It is beautifully situated on the bank of the River Usk. The site was given by Lord Glanusk, who has also been most generous in supplying everything that could add to the comfort of the Camp; building wooden huts for kitchen, store-rooms and wash-houses; and having water laid on and a boiler and camp oven built. All these items have been greatly appreciated by the Staff and Trainees.

There are 18 tents in all, 15 sleeping tents, a mess tent, outfit store tent, and recreation tent with a piano, which is a most popular addition.

During the last three months 68 recruits have been in training there, and it has proved a most successful enterprise. The girls have all been most happy and cheerful, and, in spite of bad weather at times, they have entered into camp life with right goodwill.

In this part of the country the farmers were very loath to employ women on the land, and were very contemptuous as to their abilities. The Land Army girls at Glanusk Camp have done a great deal to convert them, and, in many cases, these girls are being kept on by farmers who, three months ago, would not have thought of employing a member of the Land Army.

### Gardening Hints for October

OCTOBER is not an interesting month in the garden, unless you work under glass, when there is always plenty to do. There is plenty to do out of doors, of course; hard work clearing away spent things, collecting weeds and dead leaves on cabbage and other vegetable plants, for everything depends on the neatness of your garden in the autumn and winter. A neat thing is a delight to the eye at all times, especially in the garden when flowers are not there to attract.

Leaves from the trees should never be allowed to remain on the ground very long; they take away the light and air, so essential to all plant life; so gather them into a heap to rot, so as to be ready to put into the ground in the spring.

Dig all vacant plots, leaving the manuring until the spring unless the land is very heavy, when manure at once. Cabbage still to be planted out. Carrots to be stored in sand. Celery to be earthed and protected in severe frost. Make a final sowing of lettuce in frames about the middle of the month. Parsnips are left in the ground all the winter, lifting when required.

Seed potatoes can be sorted and boxed this month, only keep them in the dark until the turn of the year. Beet, turnips and salsify should be taken up and stored for the winter and protected from frost.

Winter greens can still be planted if necessary. Nothing more of any interest this month.

FRANCES WALKLEY.

Best for the Constitution

**Fry's** PURE BREAKFAST **Cocoa**

**PRICE'S**  
**COURT BOUQUET**  
COMPLEXION SOAP

*The charm of Court Bouquet lies in the velvety nature of its lather and the naturalness of its perfume - Court Bouquet looks what it is - a Toilet Soap of refinement and absolute purity. It is made by -*

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### 4 ESSENTIALS for LADIES WORKING ON THE LAND.



#### "BETULA ALBA JELLY"

For PREVENTING Mosquito, Midge and Insect Bites, 6d. per tube. Postage and packing 2d. extra.

#### "PUMICE STONE SOAP"

For Removing Stains from the Skin, and thoroughly cleaning Dirty Hands. Tablet, Post Free, 1/-.

#### "SAMBULINE" or

**Elder Flower Jelly.** For allaying irritation caused by Heat, Chafing through Exertion or Exposure to the Sun. Tube, Post Free, 1/6.

#### "GLYMIEL JELLY"

Makes Rough Hands, Face and Skin as soft as Velvet. Tubes, 6d., 1/- or 1/6. Postage and packing 2d. extra.

The above are sold by leading Chemists and Stores, or sent direct on receipt of stamps by

**OSBORNE, BAUER & CHEESEMAN**  
19, Golden Square, Regent Street, London, W.

## Federation of Women's Institutes

(ESTABLISHED IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE WOMEN'S BRANCH, BOARD OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES.)

### The Annual General Meeting.

"NOWHERE to go when the day's work is done!" has long been the cry—no less bitter because often unconscious—of the women of our countryside. Now that this long-felt want is being rapidly supplied by the spread of the Women's Institute Movement, daily comes the demand from the remotest corners of rural England, "Give us Institutes."

"Send us lecturers, demonstrators; advise us on a thousand-and-one things," comes the plea from Institutes already formed. And attention to places which want Institutes, and to Institutes which want help, is the gladly-undertaken work of the two branches of the Women's Institute Movement.

As is well known, the formation of new Institutes is in the hands of the Women's Institute Section of the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture at 72 Victoria Street; and by the kindness of the Food Production Department the National Federation of Women's Institutes is lodged not only in the same building, but in the very next room, where is to be found all the machinery connected with the "after-care" of Institutes already established.

Thursday, October 24th, the date of the General Meeting of the National Federation of Women's Institutes, will mark a respite from propaganda on the one hand, and from the duties of "after-care" on the other, for that is the day appointed for individual Institutes, by means of their elected delegates, to give their verdict on the past year's work; cast their votes for next year's National Federation Executive, and decide upon the policy which that new Executive shall be asked to adopt.

What a scene of enthusiasm we may expect when the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton and Mrs. Watt tell the meeting of the success which has attended the propaganda side of the Movement—a success so phenomenal that in one year the number of Institutes has increased from 150 to nearly 700!

Less obvious perhaps, but no less indicative of strenuous labour cheerfully given, will be the report on the activities of the National Federation, which will be told in speeches from the Federation's Chairman, the Lady Denman (who will preside at the meeting), and from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Alice Williams.

Here will be unfolded a tale of deputations; of grants asked for and obtained; of industries encouraged; of co-operation with other societies; and, in fact, of an untiring vigilance on the part of the Central Committee for the welfare of Women's Institutes.

Deeply interesting, as must be, the recital of past labours and triumphs, of even greater moment to individual Institutes will be the discussion on the next year's programme, of which the various resolutions set forth in the agenda will form the centre.

Foremost among these resolutions will be the motion for the adoption of the new Constitution (to be proposed by Mrs. H. G. Stobart) which lays down the rules binding the relationship of Institutes to the National Federation.

So very few amendments to these suggested rules have been received as a result of a copy having been sent to Institutes, that there is every reason to believe that the truly democratic spirit in which they were framed has been everywhere recognised and appreciated.

The consideration of the resolution bearing on the housing problem, which is of such vital concern to so many members of Institutes, should give an opportunity for the suggestion of some practical means whereby Women's Institutes can forward a much-needed reform.

The many Institutes interested in toy making are eagerly awaiting the announcement to be made at the General Meeting with regard to the "Women's Institute Toy Society," now in process of being formed, and which will be based on another resolution.

It is hoped that all toy-making Institutes have arranged to send delegates to the General Meeting so that they may have a first-hand knowledge of the scope of the proposed Society, and of the assistance which it will be able to give to Institutes both in buying materials and in selling finished articles.

With an agenda packed with items of the greatest interest, it is only possible to refer thus briefly to a few, but the members of every Institute are urged to discuss thoroughly all the business which will be settled at the General Meeting in order that delegates may be well versed in the opinions of those whom they will represent.

October 24th will be a day of much strenuous thought, but many compensations, and the latter will far outweigh the former

since they will include, not only opportunities for meeting those who have the Women's Institute Movement at heart from all parts of England and Wales, but also the privilege of a private view (arranged for Delegates and Visitors) of the Exhibition, which will not be opened to the public until the following day.

### Worcestershire Federation.

*President:* THE COUNTESS OF PLYMOUTH.

*Hon. Sec.:* THE LADY ISABEL MARGESSON.

This Federation decided to hold a Produce Show during the summer months in order to give an opportunity to the members to make a little money for the County Red Cross and Prisoners' Funds. Hadzor combined with four other Institutes to hold a Show at Hadzor House, under the Presidency of Miss Galton. There was a display of home-made cheese, jams, embroidery, etc., etc. The members enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon, and a cheque for £30 was sent to the Red Cross Fund.

One small Institute, Mamble-cum-Bayton, made £27, and another, Tardebigge, made £80. Nothing but hard work and enthusiasm could have produced these results.

The Worcestershire Federation has met twice, and the Institutes have certainly gained already in cohesion and strength by the fact that they have a central body in the county to which they can look for help and guidance. At the conferences the delegates can discuss their difficulties and gain fresh ideas. Frank discussion encourages the spirit of adventure and gives self-confidence to members.

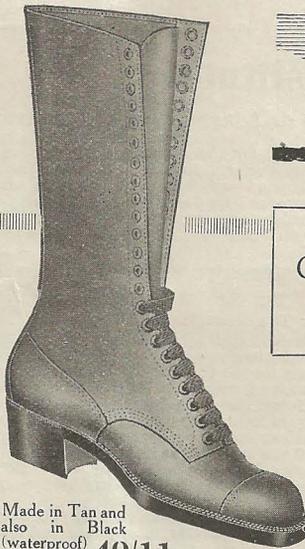
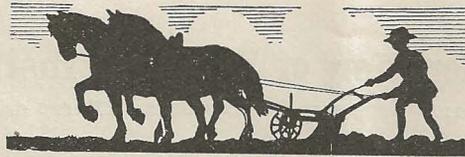
The meetings have been held in the afternoon, but in the future there will probably be all-day conferences, so that more use can be made of the opportunity of meeting together.

The President (The Countess of Plymouth) sent out a notice to each Institute after the meeting last June which gave a résumé of the conclusions arrived at by the Federation. This served as a stimulus for future work. Just as Institutes are helped by their County Federation, so in time the Federations will learn to derive mutual advantage and stimulus from their affiliation to the National Federation. Difficulties and discouragements fade like the mist in the morning when we realise that they are common to us all. Sometimes the best way to solve a difficulty is by masterly inactivity, and by remembering that we are pioneers working for the future, and thus we can afford to be patient.

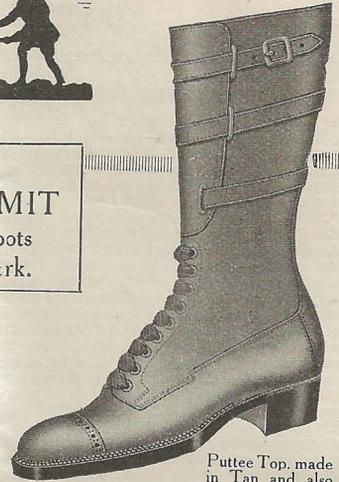
## The Reconstruction of Rural Life.

### Rally of Land Workers at Boldre.

**BOLDRE** Bridge House, near Lymington, the home of Mr. W. Frank Perkins, M.P., and Mrs. Perkins, was the scene of quite a number of interesting happenings on Thursday, when the summer meeting of the Boldre Women's Institute and a Landworker's Rally were held there. The programme included a baby show, a cottagers' vegetable and fruit show, an exhibition of New Forest toys and needlework, a very smart and business-like ambulance demonstration by Girl Guides, of whom Mrs. Perkins is the Divisional Commissioner; a sports programme, and country dances and folk-songs by the school children. All these events, however, were merely attractive side-shows to the real business of the day, which consisted in the presentation of armlets, badges, and other decorations to landworkers, a duty which, in the absence of the Hon. Mrs. Grant, was performed by Mr. A. B. Hewitt, the district representative of the Board of Agriculture. As Mr. Hewitt explained, Women's Institutes are unions of rural women whose work is for the betterment of homes and communities, and whose ideal is to stimulate agricultural development and the reconstruction of rural life by social activities, as well as by engaging directly in agricultural industries. Under the presidency of Mrs. Perkins, with Mrs. Dimmick as an energetic hon. secretary, Boldre, as Mr. Hewitt pointed out, had set an excellent example to the district, and the county generally. They had now got an appeal from the Board of Agriculture, he told his auditors, for 30,000 more women for the land, and the quota which Hampshire was to provide was 800. In that district there were ten parishes, and out of those they registered up to last year between 250 and 300 workers, Boldre providing the largest number of the ten. (Applause.) Boldre was one of the first parishes in the district to start women on the land; to-day there were more than seventy from the parish so engaged, and they had worked splendidly.



Made in Tan and also in Black (waterproof) 11 1/2 inches. **49/11**



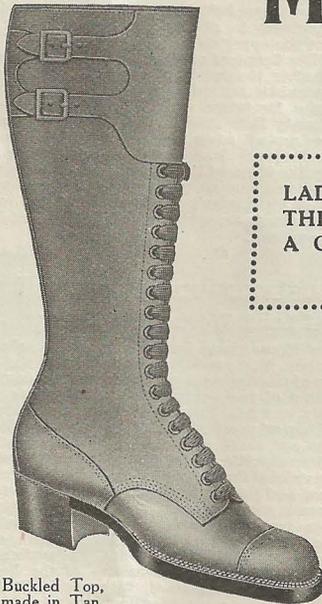
Puttee Top, made in Tan and also in Black (waterproof). **75/-**

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

*The material and work-  
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that employed in our Field  
Service Boots for Officers.*

# MAYFLOWA WAR WORK BOOTS

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

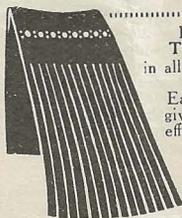


Buckled Top, made in Tan, and also in Black (waterproof) **55/-**

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



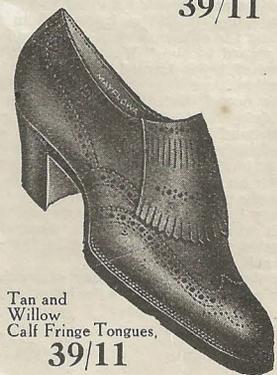
Made in Tan and also in Black (waterproof). 10 inches high. **39/11**



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Easily attached, giving Brogue effect to ordinary shoes. **2/6** per pair.

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**L O N D O N**



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

## A Communal Jam Factory in a West Kent Village

"WILL you help to sell jam on Saturday evenings?" said the village registrar to me. Though diffident as to my powers, I meekly assented. The village registrar is a power in the land nowadays, and this particular one was a much-beloved potentate. Accordingly, at 5.30 on Saturday evening I presented myself at the jam factory, at present carried on under the hospitable roof of a college hostel.

A disused laundry has been fitted up as a jam-room, and another room, opening into the garden, was temporarily converted into a shop on Saturdays. Half an hour sufficed to set out the jam, and then the customers began to arrive—comfortable village matrons, young mothers carrying babies, a bashful man or two, and children of all sizes and kinds. While I ran to and fro in response to the demand for "another 2 lb. pot of strawberry and rhubarb," or ascertained whether "that pot of raspberry as was put aside for Mrs. Jones" had been faithfully kept, the registrar and her assistant sat at a table armed with formidable account books. Their duties were: (1) to see that *bona fide* villagers were served first; (2) to be sure that no customer had more than her share; (3) to know the Government price of every kind of jam on each particular Saturday; (4) to deduct for all "empties returned"; (5) to ascertain the needs of small apple-cheeked boys and maidens who, apparently, possessed no language except nods; and to find out whether they had the money somewhere about their persons; (6) for the last half-hour to say to each fresh customer, "There is no more strawberry, raspberry or currant. Would you prefer gooseberry, rhubarb, or gooseberry and rhubarb?" (My sympathy began to awaken for the poor grocer who repeats to each customer, "No cheese, no lard, no biscuits, no matches." No wonder he is short-tempered!) In addition, the registrar found time: (1) to adjure each small child to "hold it straight and not drop it"; (2) to enquire after everybody's relations.

"How is it managed?" I asked afterwards; and I obtained a few particulars which may be of interest to those who have never seen the working of such an institution. Some plan of communal jam-making has, I think, been started in many other counties, but the dwellers in West Kent are justly proud of their scheme, which was organised by the Women's War Agricultural Committee, and carried out by a number of village committees. Where, as in this village, the movement was started by a Women's Institute, the organisation was an easy matter, since the voluntary helpers were ready to hand, and a means provided for advertising and carrying out the scheme. The War Agricultural Committee registered itself under the Ministry of Food as a "Jam Manufacturer," and was thus enabled to procure sugar for all the village factories started under its auspices.

In the factory which I am describing the plan of action is as follows: At the beginning of the fruit season a notice is issued to the villagers, stating that fruit, rhubarb and marrows can be sold to the superintendent of the factory on certain fixed days, and especially inviting small growers and owners of cottage gardens to bring their fruit.

The jam is made by relays of volunteers from the village, working under the superintendence of a lady who is an expert preserver. (The Government in registering a factory makes it a condition that such a person should be in charge of it.) Every Friday there is a great papering and labelling, and on Saturday all is ready for the weekly sale.

The jam must be sold at Government prices, which must be ascertained each week from the *National Food Journal*. Each factory makes its own rules as to customers. This one issued the following notice:

"Jam will be sold by the superintendent on Saturday evenings only:

(a) 6-7 p.m. To families with children living in Hextable and Swanley villages who have not applied for sugar to the Local Food Control Committee and do not grow any fruit themselves. These will be asked to sign a paper stating that this is the case.

(b) 7-7.30 p.m. To others living in Hextable and Swanley villages.

"No family can obtain more than 2 lbs. of jam per week at present."

The jam factories are only one among the many enterprises of the Women's Institutes. Of all the social experiments which have been the outcome of the present war there is perhaps none more important than these Institutes. To them we may owe in the future the revival of village industries, the brightening of social life in the country, and, last but not least, the training of the village woman to take her part in the public life of the New England which is to come.

M. NOEL BROWN.

A new song written specially for the Women's Institutes is now being published by Herman Darewski Music Publishing Co., 148 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2, price 6d. net. The music, by Mrs. Green-Wilkinson, will undoubtedly prove very popular, as it is bright and easy to learn.

The verses printed below and written by Miss Alice Bosville-James are very effective, and it is suggested that members should learn the words by heart so as to be ready to join in the song whenever occasion arises.

### "DAUGHTERS OF BRITAIN, WORK WITH A WILL."

IN the good old days, with the good old ways,  
Which many would like to keep,  
Our women drifted quietly on,  
For the countryside was asleep.  
Then a Spirit moved—a Spirit stirred,  
In the air a whisper rang;  
Those ears which were open the message heard,  
For this was the song she sang:

#### Chorus.

Daughters of Britain, work with a will,  
For the good of our own dear Land;  
Come, work with patience, work with skill,  
But always work hand in hand.

Let every one of us do our part.  
Learn everything we can,  
Nor be afraid of the task we thought  
Could only be done by man.  
For the time has come when the women all  
Must shoulder the burden too.  
And the best we can do for our own dear men,  
Is to work as their comrades true.

#### Chorus.

Daughters of Britain, work with a will, etc.

We are needed all—for every one  
There is plenty of work to do;  
And what no woman as yet has done  
May just be the job for you.  
Then think and plan and find a way  
Of helping one another,  
For the world can be moved as never before  
By Comrades who work together.

#### Chorus.

Daughters of Britain, work with a will, etc.

## Potato Cheese

BOIL your potatoes; when cool peel and reduce to a pulp. To 5 lb. of this pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, is added 1 lb. of sour milk, and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together and the mixture covered up, and allowed to lie for three or four days, according to the season. At the end of this time it is kneaded anew, and the cheeses are placed in litter baskets, when the superfluous moisture is allowed to escape. They are then allowed to dry in the shade and placed in a large vessel where they must remain for 15 days. The older these cheeses are the better.

### LIST OF PRIZE GIVERS AT THE OCTOBER EXHIBITION.

Mrs. Alcock.	Mrs. Hitchcock.
Balcombe W.I.	Mr. G. Hooper.
Mrs. Barrow.	Mrs. G. Hooper.
Mrs. Brookman.	Hurst W.I.
Mrs. Clowes.	Miss Kekewich.
Mrs. R. Christy.	Miss Mowbray-Laming.
Miss Cunningham.	Benita, Lady Lees.
The Lady Denman.	Mrs. Majendie.
Mrs. Dollar.	Lady Isabel Margesson.
Mrs. Donaldson-Hudson.	Mrs. Miller.
Mrs. Drage.	The Lady Petre.
Mrs. Field.	Mrs. Reid.
Mrs. Tyrell Godman.	Miss E. Robins.
Mrs. Greenall.	Miss Rudyerd-Helpman.
Miss G. Hadow.	Mrs. Stobart.
Mrs. Nugent Harris.	Mrs. Stokes.
Mr. Nugent Harris.	Mrs. Thompson.
Mrs. Harrison.	Miss Alice Williams.

Mrs. Wythes.

LIST OF THOSE KINDLY CONTRIBUTING TO THE EXPENSES.

Mrs. Bennett.	Glynde W.I.
Lieut. Bennett.	Mrs. Miller.
Broughton W.I.	Mrs. Selby.
Deudraeth W.I.	Witton-le-Wear W.I.
Epping W.I.	Mrs. Wythes.

This list is still incomplete, but the additional names will appear in the November issue.

**The Value of Records of the Milk Yield of Cows**

IN its simplest form a record of the milk yield of cows may be kept without difficulty, and the small amount of time and trouble involved is well repaid by the value of the information obtained. All that is required is a spring balance to which a pail can be hung. Balances provided with dials on which the weight of the pail is allowed for should be used. The milk of each cow can thus be easily recorded (in pounds or in pints, according to which figure is preferred), and should be noted on a sheet ruled for the purpose and fastened up in some convenient position. If such records are kept systematically, an accurate account of the yield of each cow will be obtained and the farmer can thus distinguish between superior and inferior cows. It is true he can do this in a general way without the help of a record, but it must be remembered that some cows give large daily yields for a comparatively short period while others give moderate daily yields over a long lactation period, and in any case a difference of 100 or even 200 gallons is not so easily appreciated when spread over the whole period. A difference of 100 gallons at 6½d. per gallon represents 54s., and it is probably not too much to say that cows in the same herd frequently differ in their annual production by as much as £5 without their owner being aware of it.

If the trouble of recording the milk of each cow twice daily—viz., morning and evening—is felt to be too great, an approximately accurate result can be obtained by recording the yield morning and evening on a fixed and corresponding day every week, and multiplying by 7. Experiments made in Lancashire and in the United States have shown that the error is not likely to be more than 3 per cent.

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## For Lady Land Workers

### High Uppers still obtainable!

We have received a special permit from the Director of Raw Materials to continue the manufacture of our well-known ladies' "Field" Boot with its high uppers—made originally for farmers' wives and daughters—and to sell them to women who are engaged in national work on the land.

Further, to those who have never seen this famous model we make the following special offer. Simply send us your full name and address and we will send a sample boot for your personal inspection and fitting, on four days' free approval.

SEND NO MONEY until you have seen the boot for yourself, then, and only then, if you are satisfied remit the 22/6 and the fellow boot will be sent at once. On the other hand, return the boot to us carefully packed and be free from obligation.

This popular model for country wear has withstood the most severe test in the hardest weather, and is universally recognised as the finest "bad weather" hard wearing boot obtainable. At our "All British" FACTORY price you will make a distinct gain in both money and quality.

Single Sample Boot sent on Free Approval for Four days.



Carriage Paid to your door  
**22/6**

**SPECIFICATION.**

Stock No. 1236.

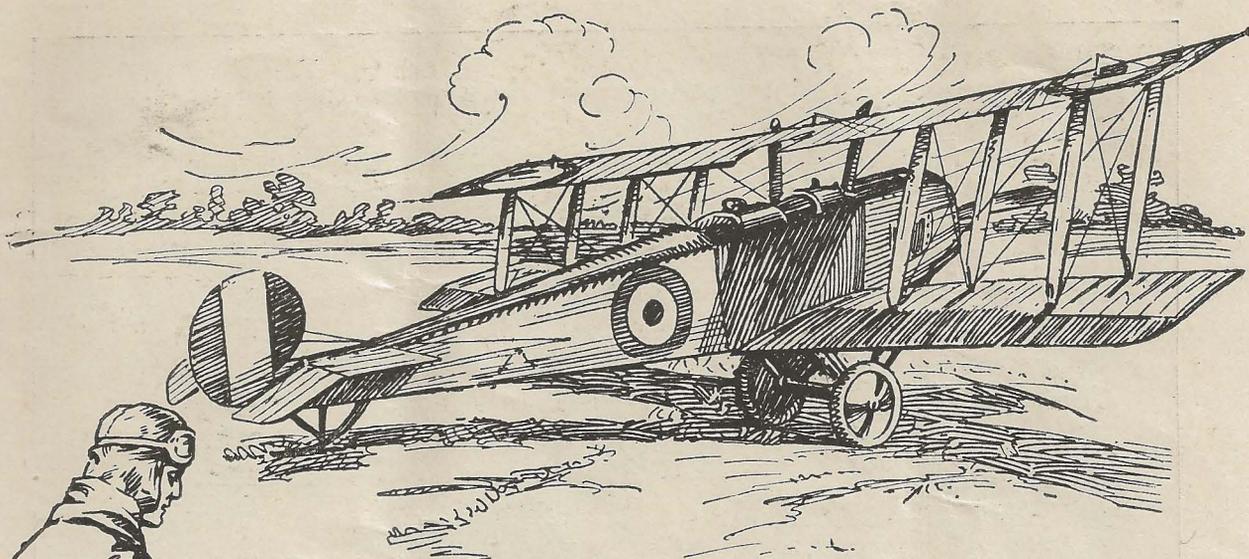
The uppers are of a magnificent quality of hide—smooth, stout, and exceedingly pliable. Its durability is extraordinary, and the stitching and workmanship throughout are of equally high grade. The "leg" is high cut as illustrated, there is a watertight bellows tongue reaching above lace holes, leather lined quarter, carefully machine-stitched and well reinforced—enabling it to resist heavy strain. "Field cut" pattern, with adjustable straps as illustrated. The soles and heels are of extra stout solid leather of the very best quality, nailed flush with steel slugs, which enormously increases the "life" of the sole.

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**Give Her**  
**BOVRIL**

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