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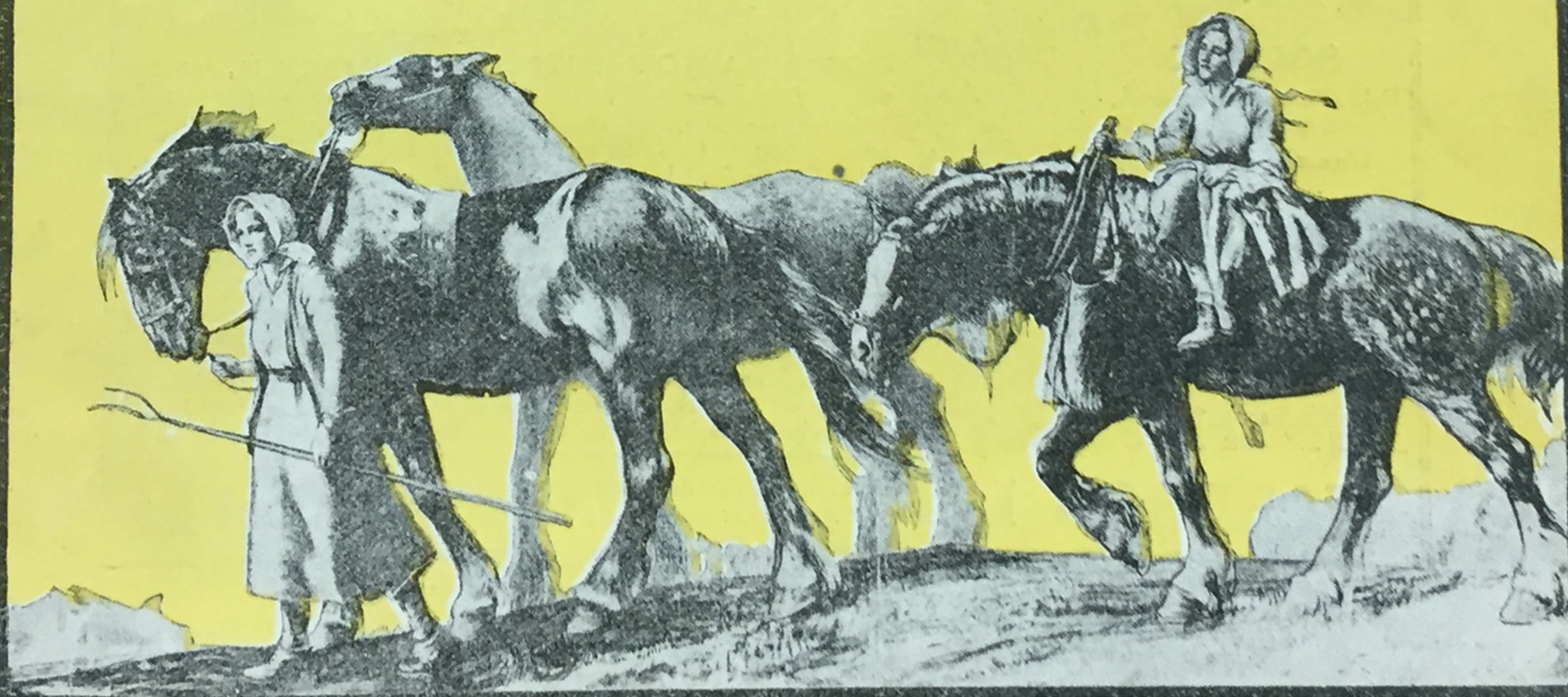
ECONOMICS

INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURAL HISTORY UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

# *The* LANDSWOMAN

JUNE : 1918  
No. 6 ♦ Vol. I

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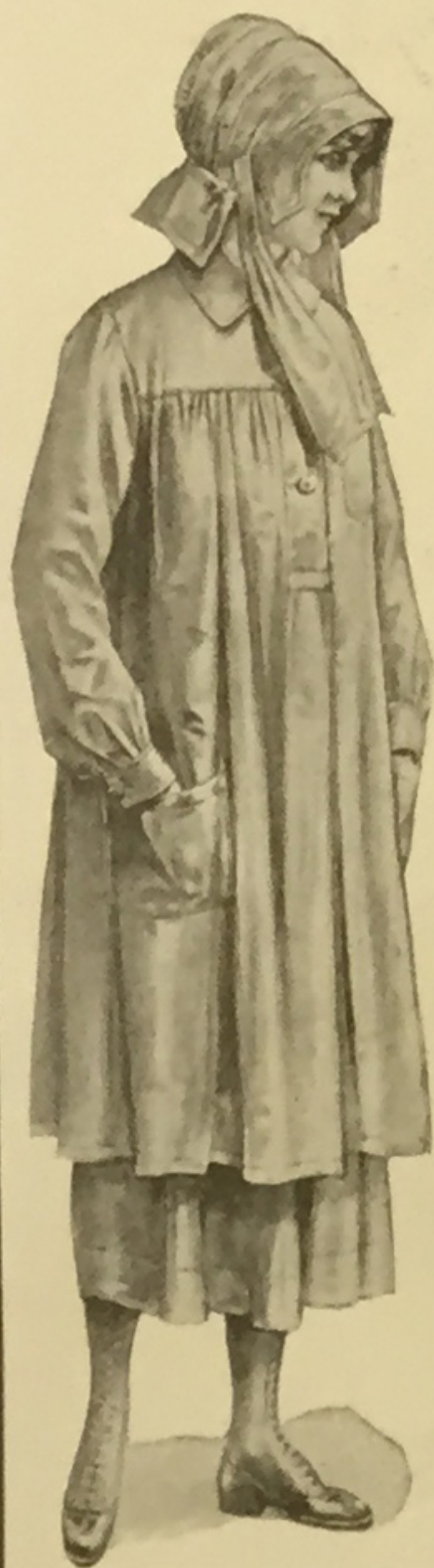




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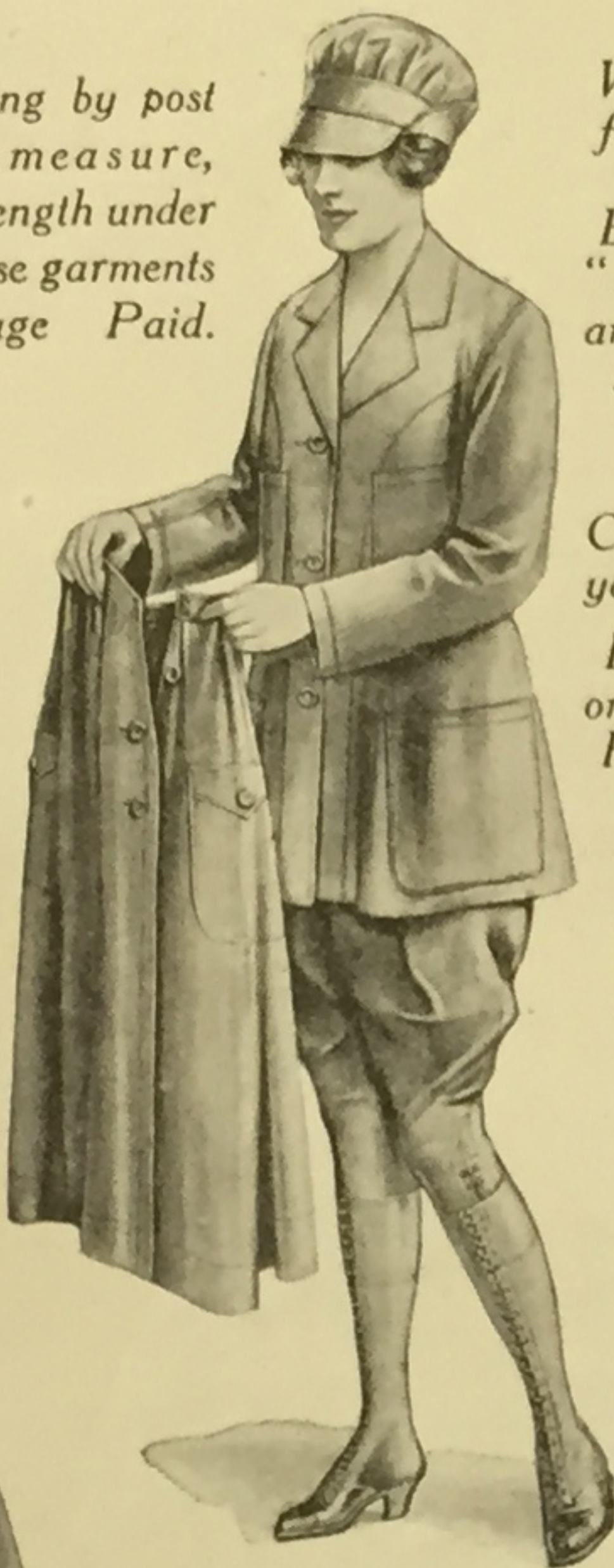
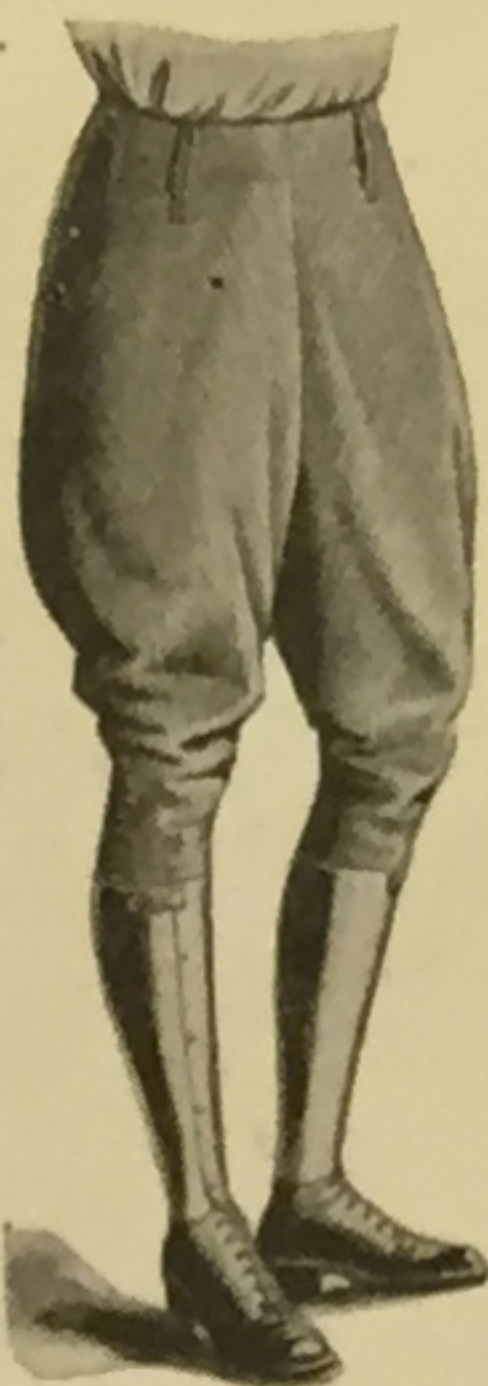
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Vol. 1. No. 6.

JUNE, 1918

# THE LANDSWOMAN

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

Editorial Office: Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E.    Advertising Offices: W. H. Smith & Son, 55 Fetter Lane, E.C.

**You can Enrol in the Land Army at any Labour Exchange. Do it now!**



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## WOMAN-POWER

CERES. "SPEED THE PLOUGH!"

PLOUGHMAN. "I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MA'AM, BUT IT'S NO GOOD SPEEDING THE PLOUGH UNLESS WE CAN GET THE WOMEN TO DO THE HARVESTING."

[Fifty thousand more women are wanted on the land to take the place of men called to the colours, if the harvest is to be got in.]



## Helpmeet or Toy ?

### Civilisation and the Country Woman

**T**HE immediate purpose of the Land Army is to save the freedom of Great Britain by defending these islands against the German attempt to starve us. But it is quite possible that the Land Army may be the pioneer of a newer and a far higher civilisation for the British race.

Almost everything in national life turns upon the character of women. Not only a man's mother has enormous influence on his character, but his sisters and his sweetheart.

Indeed, a man is very much what women has made him. A man who is in the habit of meeting noble and intelligent women bears a mark upon him which distinguishes him sharply from the man who has never known any women except the frivolous and stupid. A woman can give a man ideals. She can make life seem to him either a splendid adventure or a rather tiresome affair of the trough. She can either dance with him towards the angels, or grunt with him towards the sty.

This being so, if the Land Army continues to draw women from the toy-like life of our urban civilisation, and gives them the sense of a larger freedom and a more dignified self-respect which comes from rural existence, with how much greater security may we look forward to the future of our British race!

Every soldier in the Land Army should regard herself as a pioneer of this new life. She should try to make her friends in the town join the ranks. She should endeavour to spread the news of her greater happiness. She should keep her thoughts constantly moving in the direction of this idea.

We want a nobler womanhood. We want a womanhood worthy of the sublime self-sacrifice of the British rearguards in France who stood and

died to save their side from destruction by the German avalanche. We doubt if that nobler womanhood can be produced by urban civilisation—fine as the women of the cities have proved themselves to be. We think it needs contact with Nature. We think it requires fresh air and the open sky, and we believe that no body of women in these islands has a better chance of leading the way to a grander, happier, freer, and more joyous and more profoundly true womanhood than our gallant lasses of the Land Army.

### Moo Cow Moo

**M**Y Pa held me up to the Moo Cow Moo  
So close I could almost touch,  
I gave her a couple of pats or so,  
And wasn't afraid, not much.

Now the Moo Cow's got a tail like a rope,  
Unravelled down where it grows,  
And it's just like feeling a piece of soap  
All over the Moo Cow's nose.

And her feet are nothing but great long nails,  
For she never has them cut,  
And she gives folk milk in water pails,  
When she don't keep her handles shut.

Now if you or I were her handles to pull  
The Moo Cow says it hurts,  
But the hired man sits down close by  
And squirts, and squirts, and squirts.

### Green June

**I**N the brown fields I work all day  
Clearing the summer weeds away,  
And as I work the hot sun broods  
Over the other fields and woods.  
The white May blossom swoons and falls,  
So warm it is, the earth's asleep,  
And in the long grass, drowsy—deep,  
The cattle lie, and all the sheep.

I wish that I were lying, too,  
Where speedwell cups are more than blue,  
And, through the forests of the grass,  
Gay insect-knights in armour pass.  
I wish that I could sleep for years,  
Leaving the laughter and the tears,  
And all the restlessness I know—  
Instead of that I have to hoe  
Down the long row, down the long row.

NARCISSE E. WOOD.



A Land Army Girl's contempt for her former feminine attire.



## Milking

OF late years much has been said and written on the subject of a pure milk supply, the chief responsibility for which rests with the owners of cows. It is the duty of those engaged in the production and sale of milk to see that all cows are in good health and fed in such a manner as to produce sound milk. It is essential that the milk from any cow which is not in perfect health should not be mixed with the general supply of the herd. The milk from any cow continually ailing should not even be given to pigs or poultry unless previously boiled, as there is always danger of the transmission of disease. In every herd of cows there are animals which will suffer from ailments of a temporary character. Such cases should be given immediate attention, and their milk for the time should not be mixed with the rest.

### CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness is one of the most important items in connection with all dairy work, and no amount of skill in the dairy will counteract ill-treatment of cows and lack of cleanliness in milking. Every cow should be kept well groomed, and the udder and off flank especially carefully rubbed over with a rough damp cloth before milking is commenced. Milkers should wear clean garments and wash their hands with soap and hot water prior to commencing operations.

Cows frequently get very dirty in the byres owing to the bad construction of the standings. These are commonly too long, and the mangers are placed too high, so that when the cows lie down they have to draw back and lie in their manure. The cure for this is to place the mangers on the ground and shorten the standings to the length of the cows, putting a gutter of moderate depth behind them. The animals will then lie down with their heads over the mangers, and the manure will drop into the gutter. The expense of making these alterations is not necessarily great, and the saving of labour in the lessened cleaning the cows require, to say nothing of the improved condition of the milk, will soon repay the outlay. The grooming of the cows will be reduced to a minimum, and the udder and flanks will not have to be washed so frequently, since these parts should be nearly as clean as the rest of the animal.

### METHOD OF MILKING.

The use of any organ of the animal body undoubtedly promotes its development, and this particularly applies to the udder, for the process of milking, if carried out thoroughly, increases the milking capacity. To secure the greatest development of the udder, it is necessary that the milking should be carried out very completely, and no milk should be left behind at the end of each operation. There are two special reasons for withdrawing all the milk that can be obtained from the udder: firstly, to develop and increase the milking powers; secondly, to obtain the richest portions yielded during the whole of the milking, namely, the "strippings," which contain from 8 to 10 per cent. of fat, while milk of average quality contains

only 3.7 per cent. of fat. Failure to withdraw all the milk from the udder at the time of milking is the commonest cause of cows drying off too soon.

The question as to which teats should be milked together is a debatable one. A good delivery of the milk to the pail may be got by grasping a near fore and an off hind teat, and then reversing the order. In the majority of cows, however, the hind teats yield the most milk, and, if one hand is being used to milk a fore and the other a hind teat, the operation is not usually completed simultaneously. By taking, say, the two fore teats, and then the two hind teats, a more equal flow of milk is obtained, and this is, on the whole, the best method of milking. "Stripping" should end with the fore pair of teats.

### HARD MILKERS.

Cases are sometimes met with in which cows are very difficult to milk, being termed "hard milkers." Cows are frequently so at their first calving, but usually improve with milking or suckling a calf. Occasionally cows may have become difficult to milk owing to the milker having for a lengthened period adopted a severe method of milking such as the streak method, the result being that persons accustomed to the more gentle procedure would find difficulty in milking such animals.

### WET OR DRY MILKING.

Milking is performed with either wet or dry hands. In the former case the hands are commonly moistened by drawing on to them a few streams of milk, but, as shown in Leaflet 151 (*Cleanliness in the Dairy*), this method is objectionable in practice and should not be adopted. The dry method is the more cleanly, and if the hands are washed before milking moistening with milk will not be necessary. In cases where the teats have become tender the use of vaseline is recommended.

### ESSENTIALS OF GOOD MILKING.

The essentials of good milking are that it should be performed (1) quietly: that is to say, the milk should be withdrawn in a manner that will cause no discomfort to the cow; (2) quickly: if performed quickly more milk is obtained, for rapid milking appears to be beneficial in increasing the flow. A comparison of the results obtained by good and inferior milkers makes this point very clear. A good milker is able to milk from seven to ten cows in an hour, the common indication of good milking being the production of plenty of froth or "head" upon the milk in the pail; (3) thoroughly: the last milk, being the richest, should always be withdrawn.

In the milkers' contest held at the London Dairy Show, in which no competitor is allowed to milk his own or his employer's cows, the following are the points upon which competitors are judged: (1) Manner of approaching the animal, and style of work, 20 points; (2) Cleanliness, 10 points; (3) Clean stripping, 10 points; Total, 40 points.

Most cows get accustomed to the milking process, and expect it to be carried out at certain fixed times, but much depends upon the milker. Roughness



on the part of the milker should not be tolerated. Women are on the whole better milkers than men.

#### TIMES OF MILKING.

The common practice is to milk twice in twenty-four hours, and the more equally the time is divided the more uniform will be the quality of the milk produced. For example, if milking takes place at six o'clock in the morning, the next milking time should be as near six in the afternoon as possible. This is easily recommended, but it must be admitted that it is often difficult to carry out in practice, especially in the case of those farmers who supply warm milk for consumption in towns. The demand in towns is for milk to be delivered before breakfast, and again in time for tea, and this usually means starting milking at from four to six o'clock in the morning and again at 2 p.m. This results in intervals of about fifteen hours and nine hours respectively, and as a consequence it frequently happens that the milk yielded at the morning milking is inferior in quality to the evening milk. Perhaps on most farms, however, where milk is sent away by train, milking in the afternoon could be conveniently postponed to four or five, thus giving a more equal division of the time.

Cows like to be fed and milked at regular times. If milking is delayed they frequently become uneasy, and the irregularity may cause considerable diminution of the amount of milk obtained. Cows which are left too long without milking get very distended udders, and may suffer considerable pain. Very heavy milkers have sometimes to be milked three times instead of twice a day, to relieve the pressure on the udder. Over-stocking, or allowing the udder to become unduly distended with milk by failing to milk a cow before sending her to market, is not only a common but a cruel and dangerous practice. It may lead to inflammation of the udder, and often results in the loss of one or more quarters, while it may prove fatal to the cow.

#### GENERAL.

*Kicking during Milking.*—Owing to heifers being badly trained or ill-treated they may develop the habit of kicking during milking time. When they first calve heifers are often very sensitive when being milked, and unless they are kindly treated may subsequently prove a great nuisance. Kind treatment in the early days is likely to prevent kicking, but some cows can only be milked when an appliance is used to prevent them from kicking. Two methods commonly employed are strapping the legs together with a heavy strap, or strapping one leg to the stall, but neither should be employed unless absolutely necessary.

*Drying Off.*—Some cows will continue in milk from the birth of one calf until the next is due, but, though the continuous production of milk is valuable to the dairyman, the cow, unless allowed some period of rest between each calf, suffers very considerably from the strain: poorer calves are likely to be produced, and the milking powers may be impaired. Whilst the majority of cows do not milk for more than nine months at a time, many good dairy cows only dry off for a month or so

previous to calving. It is desirable that a resting period of six or eight weeks should be allowed to each cow before calving. Drying off can be effected by milking less frequently, milking once every other day, then every third day, or even less frequently than this, according to the condition of the udder, until so little milk is secreted that it is unnecessary to withdraw it.

*Importance of Milk Records and Milk Testing.*—It is desirable that those who are anxious to improve their dairy stock should weigh the milk of each cow morning and evening, and note the yield in a book specially kept for the purpose. Or, if this cannot be done, each cow's milk should be weighed morning and evening one day a week and multiplied by seven at the end of the milking period. This would give the approximate total. The daily record, however, is to be preferred. In conjunction with the record of the weight of milk yielded by each cow, at least an occasional test for the amount of butter-fat present should be made. It is further highly desirable that the cost of the feeding ration be known. The usefulness of records, showing both the quantity and quality of milk of individual cows yielded per annum, and its cost of production, cannot be overestimated. The value of the increased milk yield of the herd year after year, consequent on the judicious weeding out of inferior animals and the economies which may be effected as a result of knowing the cost of milk production, well repay the small additional expense of the work entailed in keeping such records.

### The Land Army of America

WE have all read of America's self-denial by meatless and wheatless days, but perhaps her efforts for food production are less well known. Many of our readers have not heard of the Woman's Land Army of America, nor its "Landswoman," a business-like little pamphlet called the *Bulletin of the Woman's National Farm and Garden Association*. It is a most interesting record of how the American women are organising themselves to grow and save food for their nation and their Allies.

In New York people are urged by posters to cultivate their back gardens, which will be ploughed and fertilised for them. In some parts last year registration forms were distributed through the school children, to enrol people willing to lend a hand with the harvest. People are invited to bring fruit and vegetables to be dried and bottled at a nominal cost at the canning kitchen. Particulars of courses of instruction in horticulture are widely advertised, and reliable makers of preserving and kindred devices are recommended by the Department of Agriculture through this magazine.

The *Bulletin* has several letters from gardeners and an enthusiastic article from a woman pig farmer, in the very spirit of our Land Army girls' letters. There are several most cordial references to their English sisters in the *Bulletin*.

The members of the Land Army of America took part in the parade at the Military and Naval Meet at New York, when they were loudly applauded.



## Sidelights on Recruiting

OFF the wide bustling thoroughfare of Victoria Street there is another duller one where the taxis and drays are few, and the children of yet smaller and shabbier turnings are sent to play. This nursery of theirs is, fortunately, furnished with pavements where you can chalk and play marbles, steps which you can dare each other to sit on, doors out of which irascible owners of the said steps might issue furiously, and iron railings which may be sucked when one is teething or desperately dull. Still, it left things to be desired

one morning—good heavens! “Is it a man or a girl? Did you ever see anything like it! Go and fetch ‘Liza!’” The Land Army had arrived.

The Cockney children were as much amazed by the joy of life in the Land lass as they were by her astounding breeches. Instead of mincing along to work, clutching an umbrella and a cheap handbag, the Land Army clattered along with a swing that proclaimed an easy strength of limb. Instead of the fretted look of the old-young clerks who have been worrying about their ‘bus or train



The Land Army Recruiting Band.

[Daily Sketch

in the matter of amusement, until one wonderful week in April, when one of the most dull of all the dull houses in that street suddenly turned itself into a sort of toy-box or lucky-tub of entertainment for the juvenile world of the neighbourhood.

Until it took it into its head to pity the grimy children who languidly passed their playtime under its nose, the house had seemed a mere respectable Government building. Pale young women were to be seen typing through the windows, other pale young women in brown overalls were to be seen carrying official envelopes and teapots about. It is true that there were sometimes flowers to be gaped at greedily. But there was really nothing more to be got out of that house until

ever since they ceased to worry about being late for school, the Land Army held up its head and smiled. Instead of being pale it was rosy-cheeked. And instead of shoddy silk blouses, shiny skirts and trodden-over high-heeled shoes, it wore fresh white smocks, corduroys, boyish hats and boots that were certainly—sensible.

Presently a car was added to the growing list of communal toys. It had red and green cockades and streamers over the lamps, beautiful posters hung about the sides, straw disposed in the hood, and usually branches of blossom attached to the screen. Several times a day this car would arrive at the little house, and the Land Army would tumble out of it, red with excitement over wonderful



meetings, would clatter up and down the steps for more leaflets or banners and then swoop off again to pastures new, a few of them sharing the inside of the car with the enrolling tables and literature, the majority perforce standing on the steps or sitting in the hood. One most wonderful day of all, the courtyard of this magical place was filled with poultry and lambs, a dog, and straw and banners, and hundreds more of the Land Army mustered in the street, with music, reporters and souvenir sellers. The gutter children would creep down the area steps to look for ducks for days afterwards.

The explanation of these strange happenings in the City of Westminster is that 30,000 more women workers on the land must be found by July if we are to save the harvest, and a special recruiting staff has been gathered together in that little house to accomplish the task.

The three months of recruiting will be great fun, because everything the Land Army does is *made* into great fun, whether it be muck spreading, hoeing, getting up at five in the morning, or talking yourself hoarse to a crowd of little boys, whom you address hopefully as "Women of England!" But lest their sisters on the farms should grow envious of the chosen few, let it be known that they frequently and clamorously assert that they have never worked so hard in their lives, and they would go back on the land to-morrow for the minimum wage of fifteen shillings!

There is nothing the recruiters have not dared. They stop girls at railway stations and eating houses, they board 'buses; they raid queues; they dart on likely looking victims in the crowded shopping centres; they stand up in their gaudy car and make speeches wherever the police will let them, and the police, who love them, will usually let them do a good deal; they go on between the acts at theatres and cinemas and make a five minutes' appeal from the stage. If any one can think of anything else mortal can do, they will undertake it. They recruit all day, and hold about five meetings between the time when they wake from dreams of enrolling thousands of milliners and parlourmaids and matinee girls and the time when they drop off to sleep thinking of fresh speeches.

London is kind to the Land Army. It listens willingly to the earnest appeals of the girls, waxes enthusiastic over the recitation of a recruiting ballad by the chief recruiting officer, and cheers the blushing recruits as they come shyly forward. This gratitude is like a message London entrusts to these representatives of the girls in the fields. Of course, there are one or two people who would, apparently, rather starve than eat bread grown by a girl who wears the only possible dress for farm work. One old lady grabbed at the collar of a smock to see if the recruiting girl had a genuine, sunburnt neck. Another told a Group Leader with four stripes on her armlet that she had never done any real farm work, she looked far too clean; so that the accused one was heard pitifully clamouring for a cow, that she might prove her mettle,

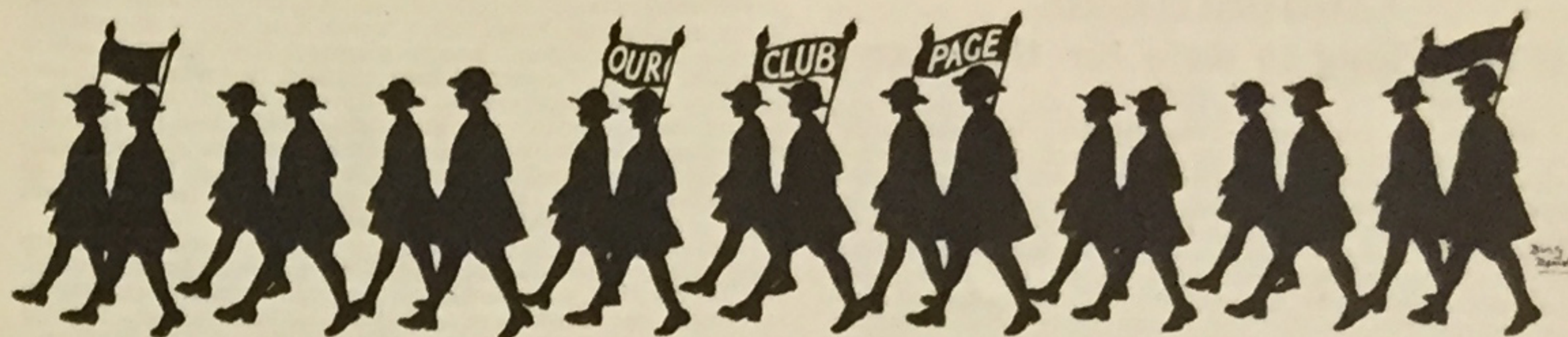
in the centre of Oxford Street. But there is always some one to take the Land Army's part. Men are interested listeners and questioners, and seem eager to send their daughters to such healthy work. The older women, who realise the urgency of the food question more than the girls who do no housekeeping, are full of enthusiasm. "I'd come, miss," many a one has said, "if it wasn't for this packet," indicating a white-faced child hanging on to her skirt.

When the girls get back to wide green spaces again, and a quiet only broken by the droning of bees, the comfortable lowing of cattle, or, at noisiest, the hum of a mowing machine, as they move about in the sun and fresh air at the work they love, it will take them some time to shake off the habit of three months' continuous recruiting. I foresee a scared cowman gaping over the pigsty wall at a lass addressing a litter of Middle Whites as "Piglets of England! The country must be fed! Do your bit in the line of home defence as our soldiers have done in the trenches!" She will be overheard telling an indignant old broody that unless we can have 30,000 young chicks in three months we shall lose the war. And whenever she is asked where the rake and the measure is, she will refer you dreamily to the nearest Labour Exchange.



The President of the Board of Agriculture and the Land Army Girls at Oxford.





June 4th, 1918.

DEAR GIRLS,—There are so many new readers of our LANDSWOMAN—and by the time you get this there will be still many more—that it seems to me it would be as well to go back to our first letter, and to repeat all over again, all that we intend to be to each other. Our happy family, as we like to call our Land Army, which used to be quite a small family of 7,000, will, by the end of July, have grown into five times that size, and if you all make use of your Editor, as she wants you to do, she is going to have a very busy time. I want to have lots of letters, from the new members as well as from my old friends, so don't forget to write to me, you new soldiers of our great Army, who are fighting for England every bit as much as her men in France.

In my letter to you last month I told you how sorry I was that we had been obliged to increase the price of THE LANDSWOMAN. I want to thank all those of you who have written to tell me that they don't mind a bit. Any one of you would willingly pay 6d., and some go as far as 1s. Any price provided you get your magazine! It is a very great delight to me to know that in five months THE LANDSWOMAN has become so necessary to you that you cannot do without it. It shows that the object which we had in view when we started a magazine for the Land Army has been achieved, and that it has succeeded, as we knew it would.

I have been tremendously impressed lately, while we have been tearing round London, holding recruiting meetings at every street corner, by the very friendly feeling which Londoners seem to have for the Land Army. Everywhere we are received with smiles of welcome. Perhaps it is because we smile first and always look such a happy crowd, but I have never met anyone yet who did not respond to that smile. It is irresistible, and I like to think that the Land Army brings out that friendly smile, which is always lurking at the corners of the lips, or behind the eyes of everybody and loves to be allowed to escape.

SHOPPING CLUB.—Now don't forget that I am here to help you, and that I am prepared to do any sort of shopping for you. Just write and tell me what you want, how much I am to pay for it, give me as many details as you can to help me in the choosing, and I will do my very best to find for you in London, the very thing you would have chosen yourself. A lot of you town girls who have just joined the Land Army will miss your London shops, so please remember that I am here to act as your shopping agent, and that I hope you will make use of me.

I have sent my shopping club friends books on agriculture, dyes, a chin strap, a Liberty handkerchief to be worn as a head-dress, white gloves, and innumerable plays. Amongst other things, I have answered inquiries about tunics, the price of spiral puttees, a good arithmetic book, the musical scores of the "Just So Stories," and some songs by Liza Lehmann.

SEWING CLUB.—The Sewing Club has been besieged with requests for patterns of camisoles, knickers, smocks and chemises, and a great many of you seem keen on laying in a stock of summer undies. Do write and ask my advice about it. I am full of ideas for pretty things under your smocks, and I know of few joys greater than that of wearing the first really nice undergarment that you have made entirely by yourself. They are quite easy to make; they last much longer than bought ones, and they cost less than half the money—a serious consideration in these expensive days.

COMPETITIONS.—We publish this month the essays which have won prizes in the Competition set in the April number: "What I Long to Do After the War." Scores of essays have been sent in, and the longing of every single one of the writers of those essays is to go on with farmwork after the war. Isn't that a splendid proof of the popularity of the Land Army? In spite of the poor wages, in spite of the loneliness, in spite of the hard work, the fascination of this life is so great that once we have started we never want to give it up.

I think you will agree that their feelings at 5 o'clock in the morning have inspired our Land Army poets to write really good verses.

I want you to write essays this month giving your own ideas as to what could be done to improve the feeling of pride in the Land Army which every member should have. Of how, so to fill every one of us with the idea of the greatness of the job which has been given to us to do, that we may become truly great ourselves; so great, that any behaviour, any act unworthy of our work or of the Land Army may become quite impossible to us. It is so necessary in the Land Army to remember that, working as we do so much on our own, the honour and glory of our Army is much more in the individual keeping of each separate member than it would be if we worked in companies or battalions, as so many of the other women's war services do. Suppose we call our essays "The Honour of the Land Army?" Don't be afraid of the subject, it is not a goody-goody one. I want to get hold of strong, healthy suggestions and ideas from you girls yourselves, as to how to keep up the tone of the Land Army to real Land Army standard.

Six-shilling prizes will also be given for the best suggestions for new competitions. All papers must reach the Editor before August 10th.

LANDSWOMAN GUILD.—Our Guild is flourishing, and we are arranging cricket matches between the Landswoman Eleven and a team from West Kent. I shall be delighted to welcome any of you who are within reach, and as the club room has been deserted in favour of the garden in this lovely weather, there is plenty of room for all. I am always at home on Sunday afternoons, so do come along.

RECRUITING.—London is at last waking up and recruits are flocking in. No girl in London can now make the excuse that she has not been told that the country needs her. Four and five, and some days seven and eight times, a day we stand up in our recruiting car, the centre of great crowds, and explain to those crowds, how the fields are calling for more labour, urging the girls not to miss this opportunity of sharing in the finest job ever undertaken by the women of England, and the most glorious. We tell them how splendidly the old soldiers of the Land Army have fought their way bravely through all the prejudices and difficulties which beset the path of those women who first came out to work on the land. How they have made the path smooth, and the way easy, for all these thousands who are coming to join them, and how they are waiting with happy smiles and all the help they can give, to welcome each one of the new 30,000.

We are not going to be beaten in this fight; we are going to put our shoulders to the wheel and show that the women of England can grow the food for England just as well, and perhaps a little better, than the men. No forces, however overwhelming, shall break the line of our home front. Every woman who can be spared is coming out to share in the glory of holding that line.

Your friend,  
THE EDITOR.

London girls who have gone on the land are often troubled about their hands: we do not hear of any distress over complexions! Their trouble will be solved by a visit to any chemist, or, if they are far from a shopping centre, by writing to Messrs. Osborne, Baner & Cheeseman at 19, Golden Square, Regent Street, W. For 6d. they can get a large cake of scentless pumice stone soap which will remove every kind of stain from the hands. For softening the skin glymied jelly will be found a delicious preparation. It is 1s. a tube. Sambuline can be bought at the same price. This preparation of elder flower jelly is the greatest relief for irritation caused by heat and chafing, or sunburn, and soothes insect bites. For preventing the unwelcome attentions of mosquitoes and midges, outdoor people cannot do better than a 6d. tube of Betula Alba Jelly.



## Competitions

### What I long to do after the War

#### First Prize

"After the War" may mean so many things. It may mean the very instant the war is over, or the next year or so after the war, or it may mean the rest of your life. I know exactly how I shall spend the immediate fortnight, say, after the war. I shall get up late every day (after tea in bed); I shall have hot baths, lots and lots of them; I shall be lazy, disgracefully and unashamedly lazy; I shall eat whatever luxuries I can get, and I shall play games all day and bridge most of the night, and go to bed very very late indeed. And it would be heavenly—for a fortnight; and then—why, then I believe I should get bored! And then would come the second period—the year or so after the war.

I don't think it's altogether impossible, either, this part of my day-dream. I long to go to France or Flanders and use what knowledge I've gained from the Land Army: to cover the torn earth with crops again; to plant new little saplings in the scarred orchards; to set the quiet sounds of herds and flocks in the place of guns and bombs; to put life in the country of death. It would be like an earthly paradise—like helping in a new creation. But it *might* come true.

Not so the last period—my future after that. That is a day-dream pure and simple—a dream begun one morning in a hay-filled barn and dwelt on and elaborated ever since during long hours of dozing in the wheat. A dream, and an impossible dream at that, but none the less a part of my life now.

I should have a farm of my own—not a big one nor a rich one: one of those old seventeenth-century farmhouses with a tangled garden and daffodils in the orchard; a farm where the rickyard runs down to the garden and the barns are quite near. I should have a small dairy and rear calves and a few sheep, and hens would scratch about in the yard. And I would have fields, too—long, sloping, gentle fields on the swell of hillsides. But the chief of my joy would not lie in the actual possession of the farm—it would be in my companions.

They should be children—eight or ten unwanted babies for me to mother and care for; little, stunted town children, orphans, or those worse than orphans—children unloved. They should tumble about the old orchard and pick flowers; they should roll in the hay; they should feed the poultry and the little black pigs; they should run in and out of the dairy; and they would grow up strong and fearless and infinitely gentle, as only children can who know and love animals and wide fields and the open sky and the four winds of heaven.

It's a mad dream, of course, for it needs a millionaire—almost—to bring it true; and if there were such a millionaire, he would never think of it; and if he thought of it, he wouldn't do it; and if he did it, he wouldn't put *me* in charge of the farm and the babies! A mad dream, of course, but none the less sweet for that; and what's the use of having a mind at all if you don't dream with it?

DRAGONET.

#### Second Prize

Carry on. That's what I long to do after the war. Who wants to give up such a life? To go back into town maybe, to leave the birds, the flowers and glorious sunshine, all the animals and the pride you feel when you ride on the loaded wagons at harvest. What matter if pigs are bad mannered, the cows kick over an occasional pail of milk, or the weeds grow faster than you can hoe? It is all part of the wonderful world we live in and where we may laugh or sing aloud; where nothing passes unnoticed as we plough or dig, from the first buds of spring to the tiniest insect carrying on its daily routine of work. I might be lucky enough to have a farm of my own one day, and then—well, even if I don't I'll just continue to live in the joy of being a farmer's boy. There's a kind of fascination in getting sheep from one field to another, for instance, especially when the dear, stupid things won't go where you want them to, and start running in just the opposite direction. As the four seasons come and go there is always something new, something to live for and find an interest in. When you are out on the hills in the spring and look down below at the fields tinged with green amongst the brown earth, there is indeed thankfulness you feel to know your labour through the winter has not been in vain, and later comes the haying and harvesting, the fruit-picking and, if, at the end of the day, you sometimes feel tired and you close your eyes and think "Is it all worth it, my working so hard? Can I give up all this—the love of my animals, the winds which toss my hair about my face, the sun which kisses my cheeks until I am tanned?" No, a thousand times, no! As now I work with willing hands for England's bread, so afterwards I still mean for my own pleasure to—carry on.

A HAPPY WORKER.

#### Third Prize

I always feel that one day there will be a great headline across the newspaper "The war is now at an end," and that I shall then

pack up my box, hide my hob-nailed boots in a hedge and, jumping into a taxi, exceed the speed limit towards home. Then, in my imagination, would follow a month of wildest and utterly unrestrained rejoicing. Bands playing, flags flying, soldiers marching home, bonfires of food coupons in every street, surrounded by admiring crowds of "Specials" and the local food control clerks, fires in every room and all the lights full on, with the curtains drawn back, while motor cars with glowing headlights and stacked with enormous tins of petrol go joy riding, at fifty miles an hour, all over the country. In fact, a general popping of all the bottled-up corks in the world.

How many times in the last four years has it been said "When the war is over we will do this or that," making a hook on which to hang all that is impossible? But, while ploughing or muck-spreading, one must have something to think about. Visions of "gay Paree" rise up out of the hedges; Venice, Rome, Athens float before one in the sky, forming veritable castles in the air. On a spring morning a feeling of restlessness pervades everything (morning, because in the evening no one is restless on a farm); I feel that when the opportunity comes (after the war!) the world is not big enough for the wanderings I must inflict upon myself. I shall leave my conscience behind me and change occupations at the rate of once in every six months. A pilot of passenger inter-continent aeroplanes would be my first ambition; then, perhaps, an interval as a New York newspaper photographer; followed, by way of contrast, by a few months' dabbling in art in Italy; being then utterly bankrupt, perhaps start a taxi business and take tourists round France, or go on the stage, or some position on board ship. Just to see everyone, hear everyone, do everything and be everything. It would be said: "Women are always like that, they can't stick to one thing. It gives such a bad impression; they will never do well." But they have stuck at cooking meals and dusting houses for tens of thousands of generations and now they are going to be original and do something else.

But I have a picture in my mind of a softly undulating country dotted with little bits of woods and spinneys and intersected with rattling streams and winding, deep-set lanes. And in the midst of this, in the pleasantest spot of all, is a little whitewashed farm nestling against a huge rambling orchard. Behind it roll the rich, newly ploughed up lands, and below it in the meadows down by the river are scattered pedigree cows, white mountain sheep and one or two brood mares. Every cowstall and stable is spotless as the inside of a house; the garden is walled in and old-fashioned. Need more be said? It is the ideal farm, the people speak English, and it is mine. I know it will be in the end. Through the throbbing of the aeroplane and taxi engines, the wild excitement of the stage, it would be there drawing me "back to the land."

C. R.

### My Feelings at Five o'clock in the Morning

#### First Prize

Oh! Was that the clock?  
I'm certain I'm late;  
I awoke with a shock . . .  
Oh! was that the clock?  
There! I've torn my clean smock  
Can you lend me one, mate?  
Oh! was that the clock?  
I'm certain I'm late!

I'm certain I'm late,  
And I meant to be early  
It seems like a fate  
That I'm sure to be late;  
There'll be such a "hate,"  
And the "boss"—oh, so surly  
I'm certain I'm late,  
And I meant to be early!

Oh! hark to the rain  
And the wind, how it blatters  
Against that loose pane—  
Oh, hark to the rain!  
(There's that lace bust again!  
Not that anything matters!)  
Oh! hark to the rain  
And the wind, how it blatters! . . .

Not so bad out of doors,  
So empty, so early—  
How free the wind roars! . . .  
Not so bad out of doors,  
Oh! the tossed sycamores  
And the dawn, grey-and-pearly . . .  
Not so bad out of doors,  
So empty, so early!

APRIL FOOL.



**Second Prize**

Beastly buzzy—  
 Head all fuzzy—  
 Half a sleep—  
 Feeding sheep—  
 Bumped my head  
 On the shed—  
 Lost a trough—  
 Hat blown off—  
 Four sheep missing—  
 What's that hissing?—  
 Wretched goose  
 Roaming loose—  
 Four sheep found  
 Strolling round—  
 Fed the flock—  
 Five o'clock.

DORIS A. HELSBY.

**Third Prize**

The joys of early rising are by writers much discussed;  
 I would—like "Omar's" sages—that their mouths were stopped  
 with dust;  
 I'd like to see them turning out in Winter's chillsome rain,  
 To watch their giddy ardour cool, their joyous fervour wane

I scan the gold and roseate hues that flood the Eastern skies  
 With scant appreciation in my sleep-dimmed, heavy eyes;  
 I greet with savage hymn of hate the witching hour of dawn  
 And drown the birds' reveille with an unresponsive yawn.

Some day I'll write a blithesome ode to "half-past five at night,"  
 It will spread itself through stanzas of spontaneous delight;  
 Meanwhile, I crave your pardon for, and trust you will excuse,  
 This sombre *de profundis* of my early morning muse.

P. S. BRYDON.

**How we Recruited in Doncaster**

"HAVE you an organisation that can act quickly?" said the Town Clerk, when I consulted him as to the best way of recruiting in Doncaster for the Land Army.

"Next week is Tank week, and if you can arrange for a procession of girls and some speakers, I will see that you get an opportunity of appealing for recruits from the Tank."

Imagine my feelings of delight at this chance of showing what we really can do in Yorkshire.

A hurried consultation with my chief, during a wait at the station, and a scheme had crystalised.

Details were soon in order, but what was really needed was an original idea, to attract attention to this small local effort.

Was it really a brain wave, or merely the association of ideas suggested by hunger and the meeting place—a station refreshment room—that made us exclaim in one breath "Sandwiches!" No sooner said than settled. Now to work!

Picture the scene—time, 9 p.m. the night before the procession. The materials for making sandwich boards had been collected in spare intervals during a crowded week. Cardboard, posters and advertisements had been begged, borrowed and even stolen!

Time was all too short to estimate expenses and apply for funds; everything had to be home-made!

Behold us then! The chief turned artist's apprentice, and prone upon

the floor, for lack of table space, painting with more energy than skill such mottoes as "Come and join the Land Army and Hold the Home Front," "For your children we are growing food," "The Crisis is now."

A cup of tea at midnight inspires us to fresh effort, and before the first grey streaks of dawn appear we are able to "de-gloy" ourselves and go to bed. . . .

Doncaster station at 10 a.m. the following day.

Eight girls from Plumtree Training Centre have arrived, and been made into sandwiches!

"Is the train from Bedale in?"

"Have the girls from Crakehall come?"

"Ah! here they are."

Fourteen sandwiches now stand in single file outside the station, surrounded by an eager and admiring crowd.

Yellow and green posters, mottoes and designs, make a fine show in front. What about the backs?

Each girl has one letter—only one huge letter—on her back. An F! an O! another O! then D. Ah! "FOOD PRODUCTION" they spell, and great is the delight of the crowd as they recognise these words.

The girls, conscious of their responsibility, keep their distances beautifully, and march along like old hands; headed by a Group Leader carrying a Union Jack, and an instructress beating a drum.

Off to the Tank we go.

"Egbert" has seen many strange and interesting sights during his short life, and he shows no signs of surprise as the Food Production Procession forms up beside him, and some of the party mount his broad back to address the crowd.

The sun shines brightly and, overhead, aeroplanes fly in blue space.

Speeches over, the girls are dismissed to recruit among the onlookers, and soon the recruiting booth is filled with eager candidates.

HELEN ANDREWS.





# THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS\*

By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE LODGE.

THE rain poured down in dull, steady monotony, and the thirsty earth gulped it. There are days of rain in the country, warm and gentle, that gladden your soul, and then there are days bleak with wind and cold rain that seem to obliterate all hope. This was such a one. A country hack jogged along, splashing through the puddles in the road, and came to a halt before the Lodge at Hillcrest.

"Here ye are!" cried the Jehu, opening the rickety old door.

Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. O'Brien, and a Swedish girl from the village got out, and Mrs. Barrett and the girl ran for the shelter of the porch, while Mrs. O'Brien stayed to rescue the hand luggage and settle with the cabby. The settling was attended by a lively discussion.

"I xtry fer bringin' us in the rain, is ut? I guess not. We ain't responsible fer the rain; we didn't hoire ut to rain loike this! Phwat's more, we ain't payin' you because it's rainin' ayther, fer ye ain't a-runnin' the iliments yerself."

"Pay him what he asks, Bridget, and come on. You have the key, and we're nearly frozen," called Mrs. Barrett.

"Wan minute, ma'am. Now, ye thievin' son av a Black Oirishman, here's wan dollar fer the thrip, an' 'tis ivry penny ye'll be gettin' from me; so aff wid ye."

"Fifty eints more, or I'll have the law on ye!" cried the irate cabby.

"Come on aff that box, and talk it out face to face!" ordered Mrs. O'Brien. The man sized her up, and drove off, cursing her in round Irish oaths.

"What were you fighting about?" said Mrs. Barrett impatiently as Bridget struggled with the door, which stuck.

"From now on I'm goin' to see that nobody round here gits the bist of the Barrutt family, specially not a black Oirishman? We are goin' to be savin'—also ayconomical. Ouch!"

The door gave way suddenly and Mrs. O'Brien was precipitated in headlong. The other two followed her forlornly. The interior smelled of damp new plaster, and of old stale tobacco smoke from the workmen decamped only the day before. It was cold, with that bitter spring cold so much more poignant than winter chill. The furniture was shrouded and burlapped, huddled in the middle of the floor, surrounded by packing-boxes of all sizes.

"My, what a nasty smell!" sniffed Mrs. Barrett.

"'Tis thim durty painters. I dunno why ut is that painters do be such loud, ill-smellin', poipe-shmokin' craytures."

She took off her things while she talked.

"Ye see, ye ought to have took my advice an' stayed comfort'ble in town an' lift this settlin' business to me. 'Tis no choild's play, I can till ye."

"I can see that," admitted Mrs. Barrett weakly.

"Where is that son av Balaam that was to have shtarted me foire this marnin'? I'll fix him whin I git me hands on him."

She dashed out into the basement, where they heard her crashing about. Mrs. Barrett sat down on a box and looked about her in despair. She had always thought of the Lodge in midsummer, flower-encircled and tucked away in the edge of the woods. She was so unused to doing disagreeable things herself; why, all her life she had been the final touch to her perfect surroundings, introduced only when everything was complete. She felt resentful toward Richard that he had allowed her to come to this desolate place. She was angry with her mother for not preparing her for the shock of this stern actuality. It never occurred to her that they had as little idea of what settling a house meant as she had.

The shivering, blue-nosed Swedish Hulda stood miserably in the corner, clasping her concave stomach with her folded hands, and eyeing her new mistress steadily with her unblinking, watery, blue eyes. All at once Anne Barrett burst into tears. Hulda fled in alarm to call help, and plunged into Mrs. O'Brien at the door, whose arms were full of wood. That general took in the situation at a glance, dumped the wood into the arms of the petrified Hulda, took her sobbing mistress in her arms and talked to her as she might have talked to Bobby.

"There, there, darlin', now, don't ye get down-hearted all at wanst. We'll git things a-goin' in half a minute, an' nuthin' cheers ye up loike a good foire."

"It looks so ugly and hopeless!" sobbed Mrs. Barrett.

"Hopeless? Don't ye think ut. Ye ain't used to unpackin' an' settlin'; but take me word for ut, there's no more fun in the world fer a woman than fixin' up her own little house. Wait till the sun comes out, an' see what ye'll see." Anne wandered about with nothing to do, since Mrs. O'Brien stood at the helm so valiantly. She felt a sense of shame at her own impotence, and resolved then and there that her practical education was to begin.

She descended upon Mrs. O'Brien and demanded work. That shrewd woman gave her orders at once, and set her to unpacking books and arranging bookcases. They all worked like beavers, and noon was upon them before they caught their breaths. Mrs. O'Brien and Hulda got together a very creditable lunch, and Anne had her first democratic experience, when she sat on a packing-box in the kitchen, and ate her lunch with four burly packers, one Swedish Hulda, and one Bridget O'Brien, mistress of ceremonies.

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After lunch they plunged in again, and the chaos of the first floor really seemed to take shape. By five o'clock, when the men left, Anne was so utterly tired out that she could hardly stand.

"There's no use talkin', ye're too toired to go back to town this noight. We'll telephone Mr. Barrutt that we'll spind the noight out here, so we can get an airly start in the mornin'."

"But there are no beds—how could we?"

"The couch will do ye, with the shteamer blanket I brought out. Hulda can go back to the village fer the noight, an' I'll curl me up somewhere."

"I'd be afraid; wouldn't you?"

"Afraid? I've yit to see the thing I'm scairt av. We'll sind the naygur to the village fer some-thin' to ate fer us."

"I'm too tired to decide."

"Then we'll stay. I'll get the house on the woire. D'ye want to spake wid Mr. Barrutt yerself, mum?"

"No."

"All roight. I'll give thim me orthers fer Bobby."

She went out, and Anne dropped into the big chair, content to be managed. Bridget called in that it was all arranged, and Mrs. Barrett was not to move till supper was ready. Anne promised, and dozed off, worn out with the day.

When she opened her eyes later.

"Supper is served on the kitchen table!" announced Mrs. O'Brien, and Anne answered the call joyfully.

Anne often looked back to that first night at the Lodge, and the beginning of her friendship for the faithful Bridget O'Brien, who had been an inmate of her house for years and still a stranger. After supper they sat before the fire and talked for hours. Anne found the older woman a deep well of experience. She had a shrewd understanding of life, and a quaint philosophy of her own, flicked over with an irresistible Celtic sense of humour.

"'Tis manny's the toime in the ould counthree, we childer brought our blankets to the foire an' slipt on the hearth. I remimber wanst, that wan av me brithers got cowld in the noight an' rolled into the hot ashes in his slape. Me mother grabbed him an' shook him; we thought 'twas bewitched he was, an' him yellin' so we couldn't foind out where he was hurted."

She laughed and shook her head over the memory.

"Those were great days, mum. Tin childer, me mother, an' me fayther, an' two pigs—we all lived in the cabin, no bigger than half this room."

"Mercy! how awful!"

"Well, I dunno. We were as healthy as the nixt; we're all livin' yet—barrin' the pigs. Whiniver Bobby gits rambunkshus about the things he wants, I till him about phwat me an' me brithers an' sisters had."

"You like it better over here, don't you?"

"'Tis a wonderful counthree, mum, is Ameriky; but me heart goes back to ould Oirland, just the same. Me mother an' me fayther are dead, long ago, an' the rist av us is all on this soide the wather; but 'tis me fer the ould sod, an' home to die."

"That's a long time off."

"I'll be shtayin' till Master Bobby grows up. He's the heart av me heart, is Bobby."

Anne leaned over and put her hand on the old woman's arm.

"Bridget O'Brien, will you share him a little with me? I haven't been a good mother to him; I've always neglected him. And now, when I want him, he's gotten used to not having me. Mrs. O'Brien, tell me how to make Bobby love me."

"Nobody iver had to tell a mother that, darlin'. If ye give him yer love, an' yer interest, why, he'll open his tinder little heart to ye, an' take ye in, wid niver a thought for yer neglectin' av him."

"Will he? Do you really believe he will?"

"Av coorse I do. I've been watchin' av ye iver since I've been takin' the place the Lord meant ye to have, an' I've said to meself, 'Some day she'll want her roightful place, Bridget O'Brien; ye must be ready to give ut to her, an' make him ready for her comin'.'"

The tears fell on the hand that was stretched out to Mrs. O'Brien, and the old woman grasped it warmly between her hard palms.

"We'll work it out together, Bridget, this new life and these new relationships. I want you to know how I appreciate your stewardship, and how glad I am to have your friendship and affection."

"'Tis happy we're goin' to be here, the four av us!" prophesied Bridget O'Brien with conviction.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE INSTALLATION.

TWO weeks after Anne's first trying day at the Lodge the Barrett family was installed in the new home. They drove up in style in the hack this time, and were deposited without any altercation.

With a whoop Bobby precipitated himself on Bridget's breast, and they became oblivious to everything but one another. Anne led Richard into the sweet, fragrant living-room, where she had offered the labour of her hands, and the loving hopes of her heart as the building stuff of their first real home.

"By Jove, Nan, isn't this sweet?" exclaimed Richard; and she blushed like a bride, as he tucked her hand under his arm and marched her from attic to cellar. He was boyishly enthusiastic over it all; he even waxed complimentary to Mrs. O'Brien over her model kitchen, where Hulda, in chronic pink-eyed astonishment, sat at her work. Back in the living-room he threw his arm around Anne, and rested his cheek against hers.

"I believe we're going to be mighty happy out here, Nan. Maybe we'll find a whole lot of things we missed in town. Do you remember what you said once about our missing all the essential things because we had so many non-important ones?"

"No! did I say that?"

"You said the essentials were 'love, toleration, generosity, and forbearance.' I'd like to paint them over the door and never come in here without all of them in my heart."

"Oh, Richard, I believe that poverty was the greatest gift the gods could bestow on us."

(To be continued)



THE LANDSWOMAN

June, 1918







*Specially drawn for THE LANDSWOMAN.]*

**“Do you call it patriotic to leave two old ladies with only nine servants just because the country is calling for 30,000 women to work on the land?”**

Mr. Louis Raemaekers is undoubtedly the greatest cartoonist of the War. Hardly anyone else has been so much hated and feared by the Germans. His pencil has done them incalculable harm among neutral nations. They have laid countless traps for him in Holland, and a price has been set on his head.

The art of Louis Raemaekers is rapier-like in its keen irony, and the coarse bludgeon of the German Cartoonist cannot parry it. He is, moreover, not merely a brilliant draughtsman, there is both a strong idealism and a great earnestness in his work.

This distinguished artist takes a great interest in the Land Army and has drawn this cartoon especially for **THE LANDSWOMAN**. It is a tribute of which the Land Girl may well be proud.



## Federation of Women's Institutes

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

### A Novel Brigade

GIRLS' GROUPS.

THE Dendraeth W.I. Girls' Group was formed with the aim of teaching younger members the ideals of the movement and to try and interest them in their own villages and homes by making their lives more attractive, thereby keeping them from the allurements and temptations of seeking work in towns.

Secondly, to provide them with the very necessary amount of healthy amusement.

The girls attend all the monthly meetings and are encouraged to take part in everything connected with their Institute.

In addition they meet every Friday evening under the direction of the Chairman of the Group.

The meeting lasts two hours, of which the first half is devoted to education as follows: *Essay Writing* (the best essay each month brings the winner a certificate, the girl with the greatest number receives a prize at the end of the year), *Reading* (an interesting novel is chosen), *Home Hygiene*, *Nursing*, *Dressmaking* and *Cooking*. Another feature is telling the girls about the news of the past week and discussing it with them. The latter half is given up to amusement, physical and musical drill being first favourites. They have their Choral Society, and get up theatricals and entertainments for the monthly meetings.

A silver cup has been offered, and at the end of the year the girl voted by her companions to be the best all-round girl is to have her name engraved on it. As can be imagined, the scheme has proved a great success, the girls entering thoroughly into the spirit of the movement and trying to carry out the motto of the W.I. It is hoped that it will spread to other villages—it is all to the good for our girls.

DOROTHY RUDYARD-HELPMAN.

### Exhibition for Women's Institutes

THE National Federation is arranging for a week's Exhibition of Women's Institute work to be given in London at the end of October, when the annual general meeting takes place.

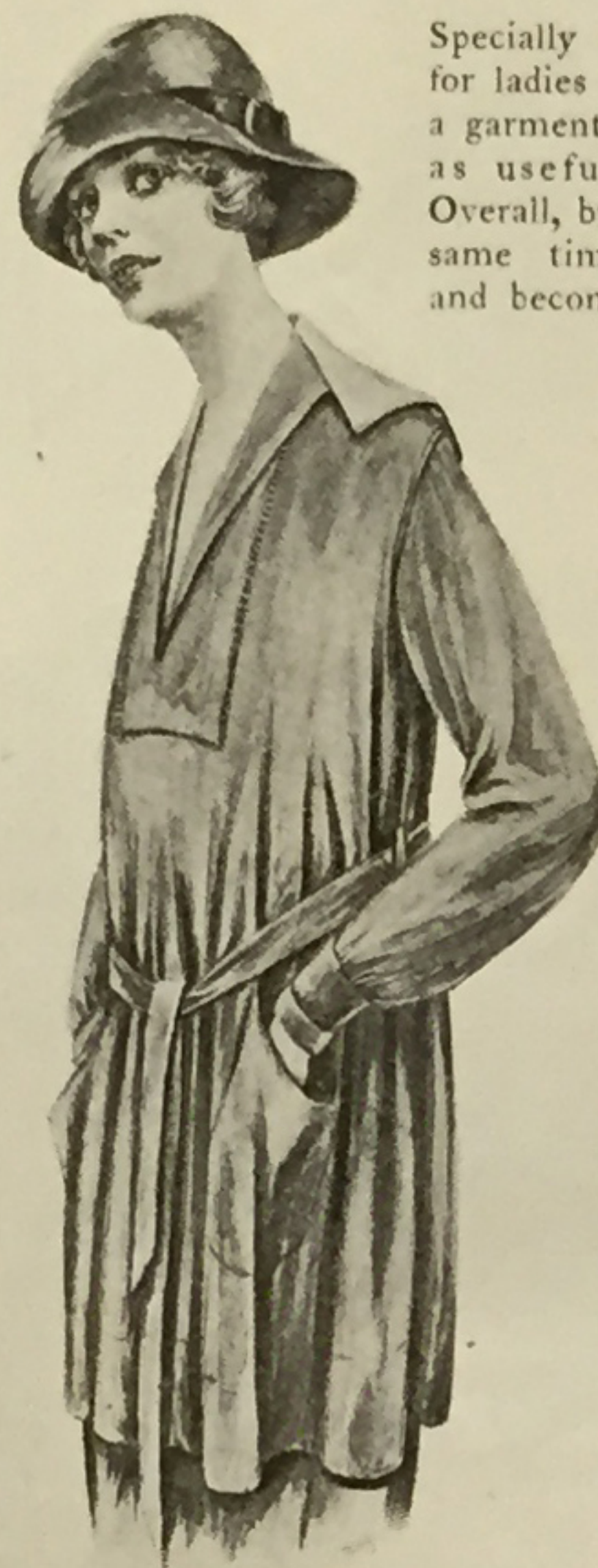
Prizes will be offered and full directions will be forwarded as soon as completed.

It is hoped that each county will be well represented and that as many members as possible will try and arrange to be in London the last week in October.

Offers of prizes, or any suggestions as to competitions, will be gladly received by the Hon. Sec., Miss Alice Williams, 78, St. Mary's Mansions, London, W.2. Tel.: Pad. 368.

A County Federation has been formed in Hampshire. The names of officials will appear in the next number.

## GARDENING OR COUNTRY COAT



Specially designed for ladies requiring a garment which is as useful as an Overall, but at the same time smart and becoming.

BROWN HOLLAND COAT, the natural shade, with white pique collar and handveined bib, large pockets. Made by our own workers. Recommended for hard wear.

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Also in Fancy Cottons at the same price.

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for Taste, for Quality, for Value.





Soft hands swing the scythe,  
Fair hands drive the team;  
What makes fairer each fair hand?—  
Royal Vinolia Cream.

## ROYAL VINOLIA CREAM.

PROTECTS THE HANDS OF  
THE WOMAN WORKER.

**H**OWEVER willing the hands that pile high the golden grain, the constant handling of farm implements will make them hard and sore unless precautions are taken. Royal Vinolia Cream, used night and morning, keeps the hands soft and white, the skin and complexion clear and healthy. Soothing and antiseptic, it quickly heals all cuts and abrasions.

*In Boxes, 1/1½ & 2/-.*

*Royal Vinolia Talcum Powder* absorbs perspiration and protects the skin; delicately perfumed. *Tins, 1/3.*

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### Notes from Women's Institutes

AT the suggestion of the President (Mrs. Brew) the members of the CHEW MAGNA W.I. invited the eighteen Landswomen engaged locally in hay baling to a social evening in the old schoolroom on March 19th.

The Landswomen's Staff Corporal and his men also joined the party.

The gathering was thrown open to the Vicarage and many came to help spend a happy evening. Tea was provided by the Institute and members brought scones, cakes, etc. A musical programme was given, which included the singing of the "Landworkers' Song." Dancing was the chief attraction, while others chatted or played cards.

At the close of an enjoyable evening the Vicar, on behalf of the Landworkers, thanked the Institute for their kind hospitality, and added "that the village was proud to welcome these splendid women as they passed from place to place."

WROXALL W.I. (Isle of Wight), recently formed, has started basketmaking with the support of a local tradesman. In order to increase food production, co-operative rabbit keeping and cultivation of market garden produce have been started and an agricultural show is being held in July. The Committee hope to get the house as Institute headquarters. Visitors to Institute meetings pay 3d.; should the visitor become a member the 3d. is deducted from the 2s. subscription. Thirty dozen of screw-top bottles for fruit bottling have been ordered.

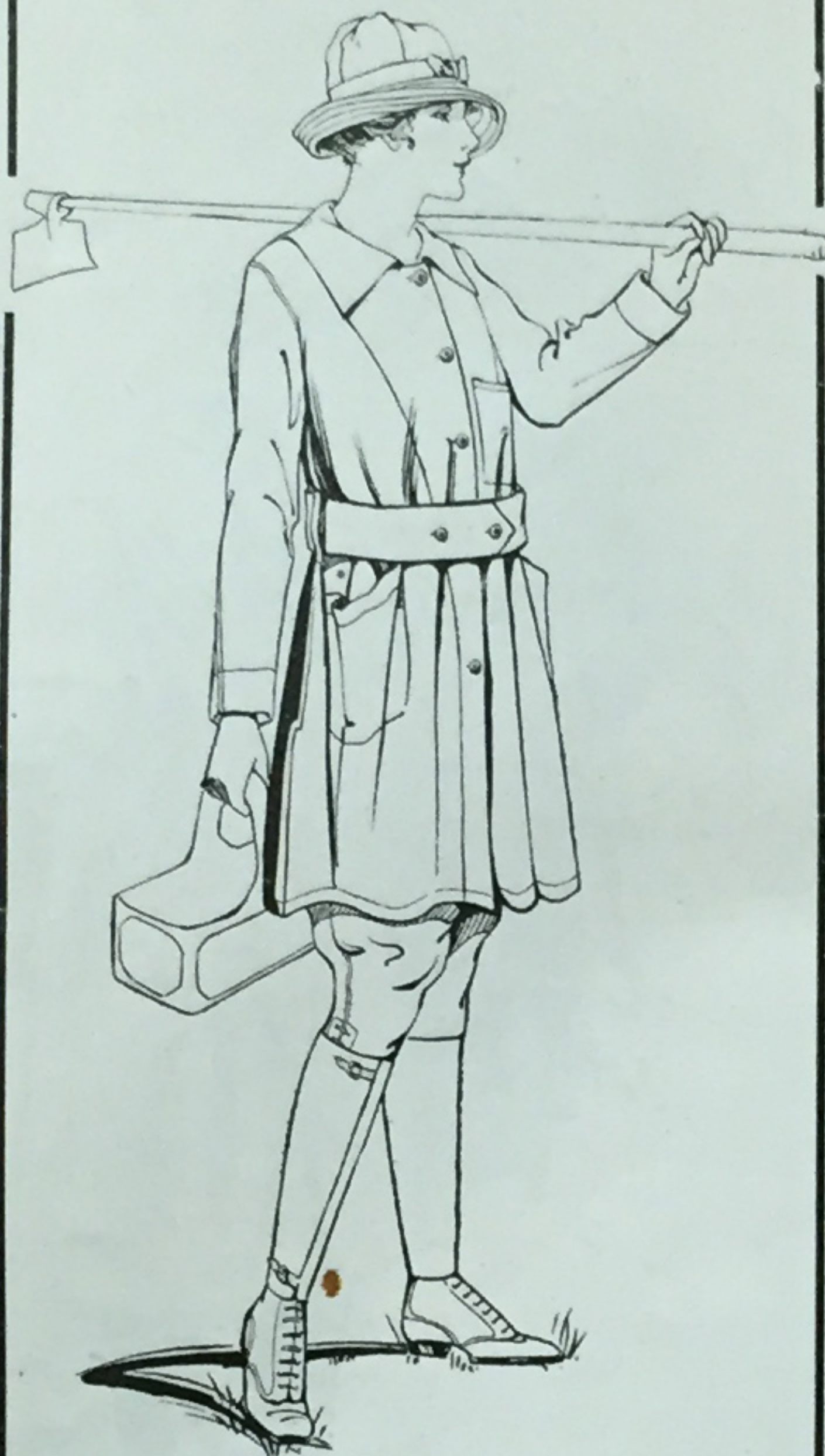
EPPING WOMEN'S INSTITUTE (Sec., Mrs. Alec Allen, The Elms; President, Mrs. Wythes, The Wood House) in one week contributed over £150 to War Savings Association, and, added to this, has collected sufficient money to buy a Lewis gun.

SAFFRON WALDEN (Sec., Miss R. Cowell, 27, Audley Road; President, Miss Dunlop, The Training College) has a bookstall at each meeting. The books are divided into infant welfare, cookery, food production, poultry, pigs, etc.

An Institute in Wales has started a "White Elephant Stall" where members can dispose of anything for which they have no further use. The Vice-President paid an unexpected visit to the Institute and found the "Girls' Group" spring cleaning the hall as a pleasant surprise for the members.

For BURGFIELD WOMEN'S INSTITUTES the Agricultural Organiser University College, Reading, has arranged a course of lectures on cheese-making, etc. (Sec., Mrs. Page, Sunnyside House; President, Mrs. George, The Rectory).

## Land Suit for War-workers



PRACTICAL LAND SUIT, consisting of Coat and Breeches, in hard wearing "Tussa" Cloth. Well cut, yet gives perfect freedom of movement.

Coat, 18/9

Breeches, 12/6

Hat to match, 3/11

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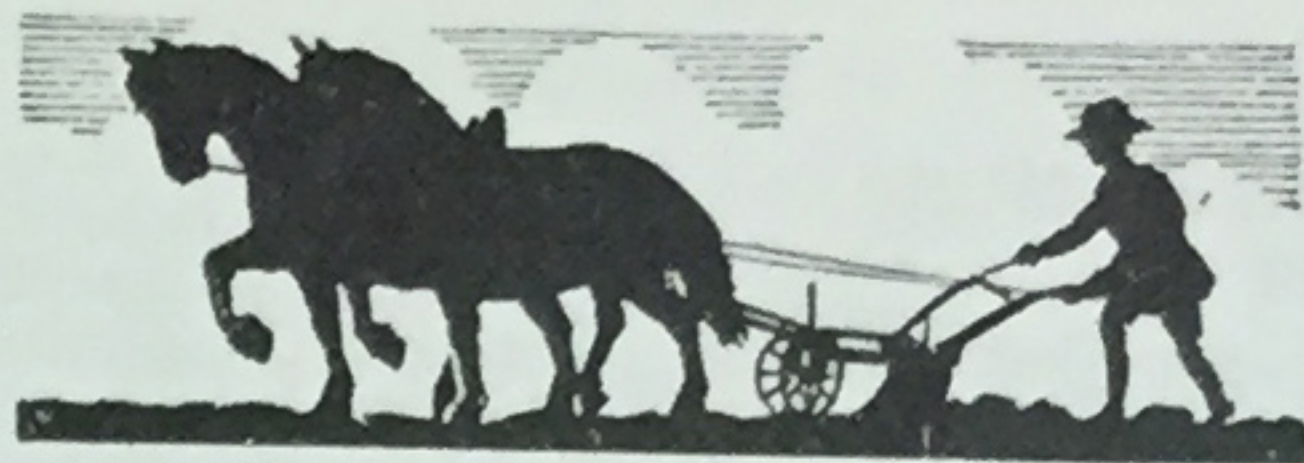
Peter Robinson, Ltd.





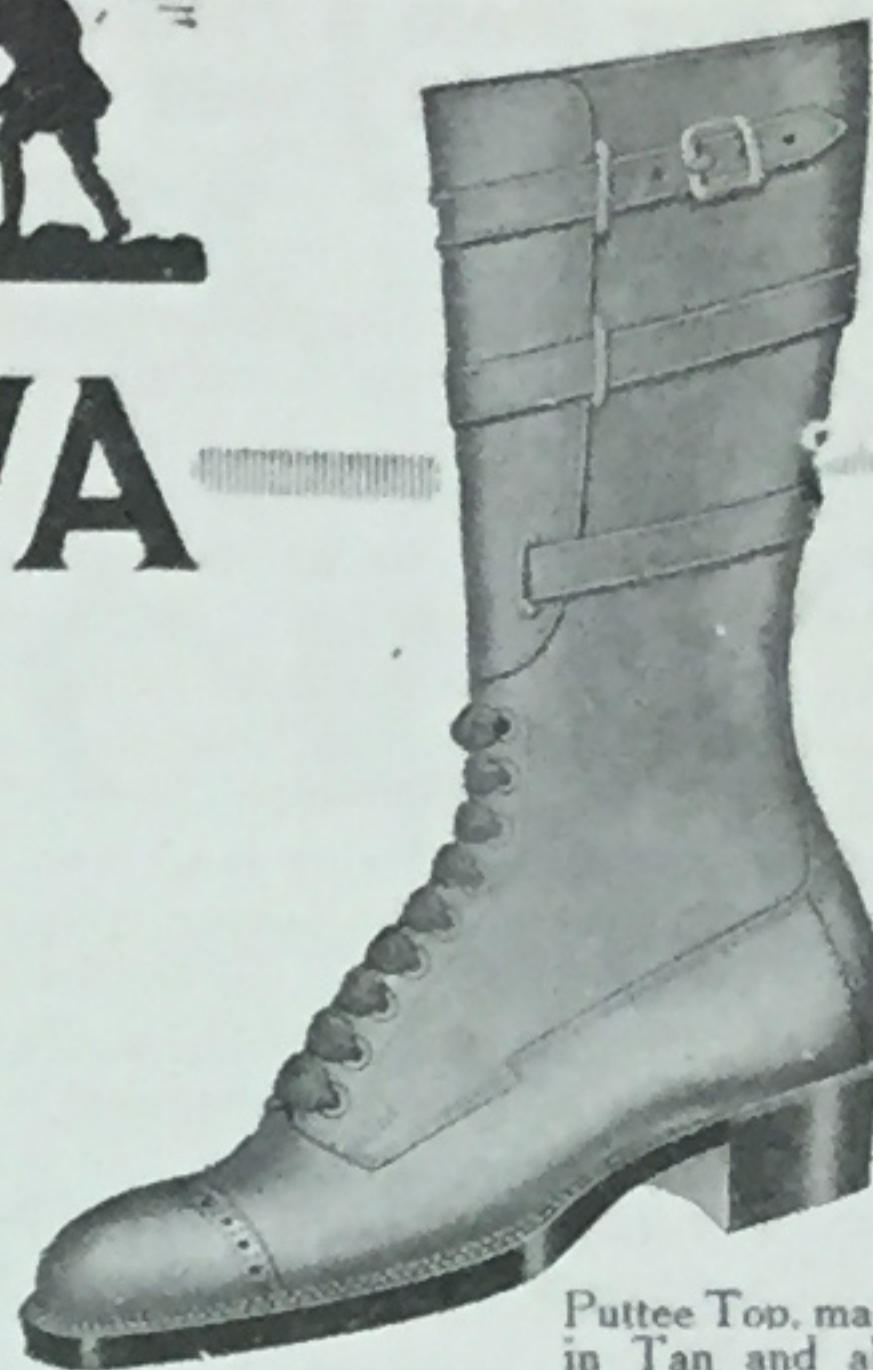


Made in Tan and also in Black. (waterproof) 11½ inches. **49/11**



# MAYFLOWA WAR WORK BOOTS

We have been favoured with a GOVERNMENT PERMIT for the Sale of these high-leg boots for ladies engaged on War Work.



Puttee Top, made in Tan and also in Black (waterproof). **63/-**

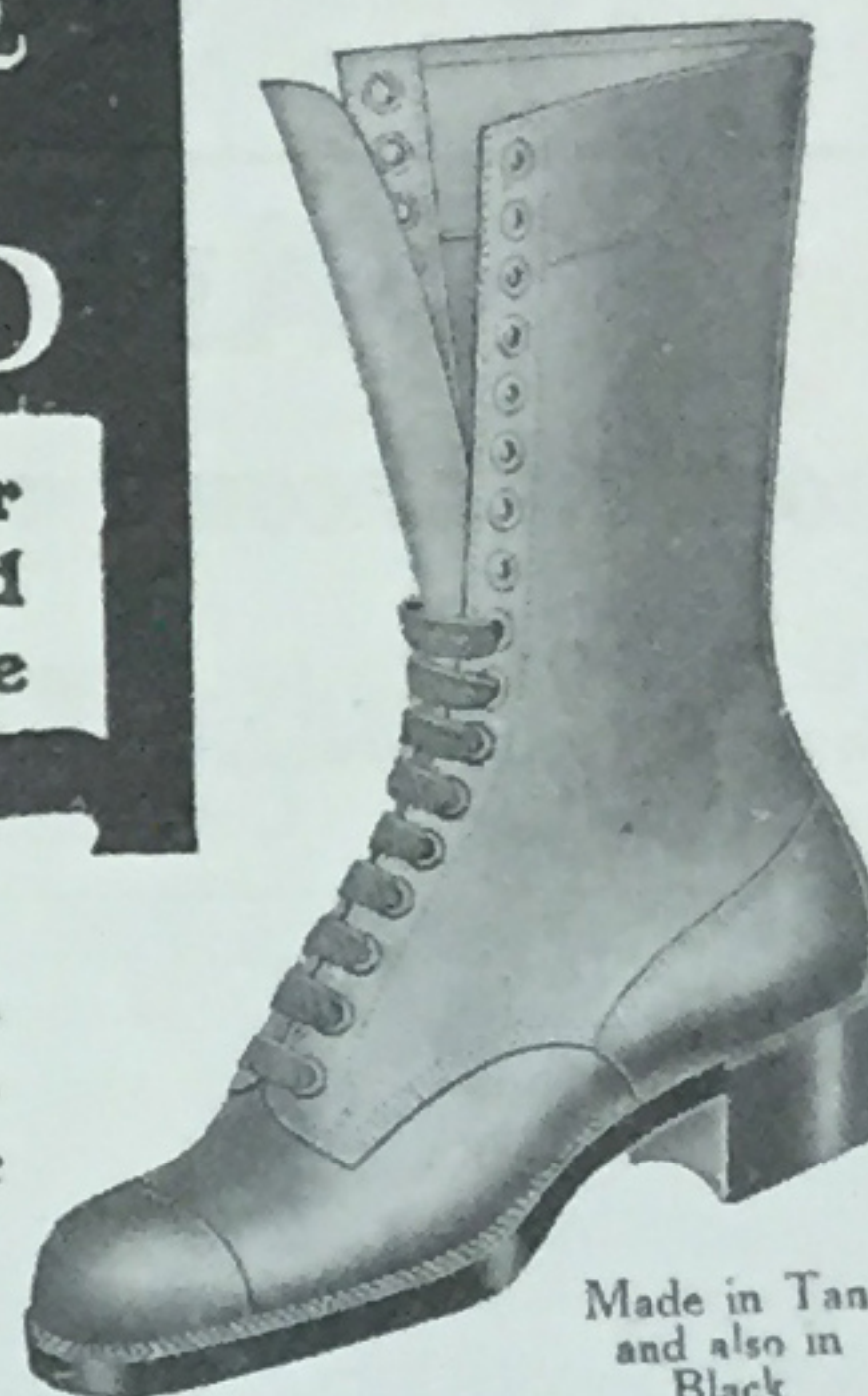


Buckled Top, made in Tan, and also in Black (waterproof) **55/-**

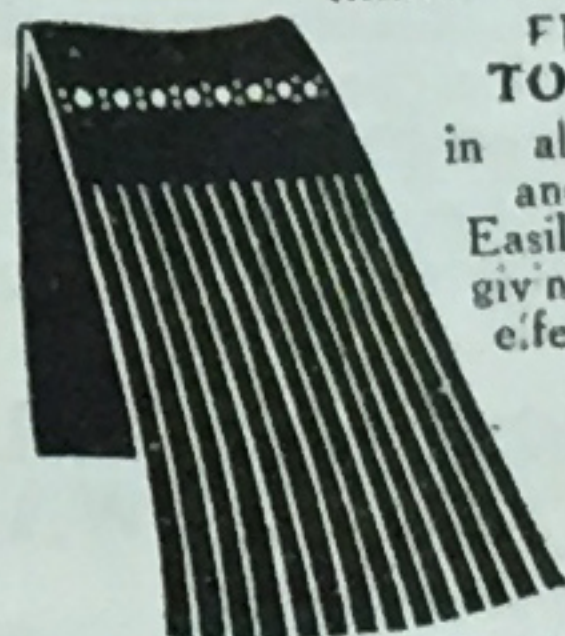
*For Ladies engaged in*  
**WORK**  
*on the LAND*

Write for Special War Workers' Brochure and also General Catalogue

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

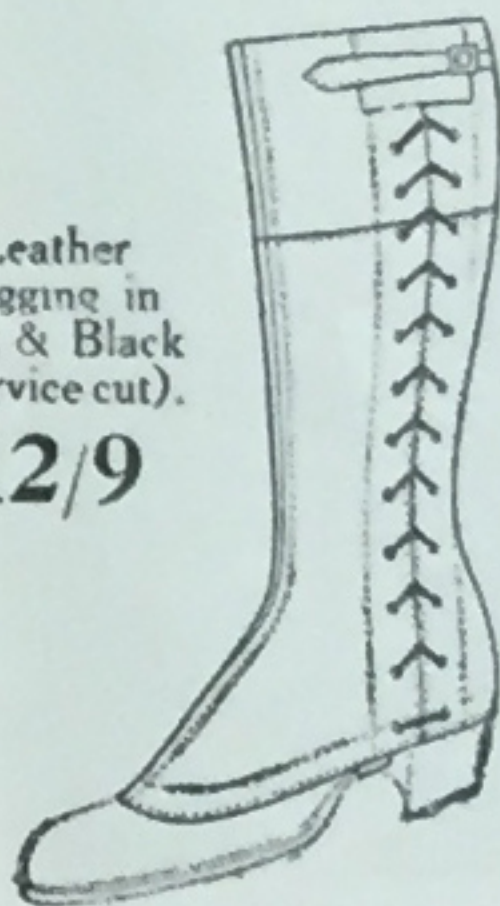


Made in Tan and also in Black (waterproof). 10 in high **39/11**



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

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



Tan and Willow Calf Fringe Tongues. **35/- & 39/11**

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33 Kensington High St., W. (opposite Derry & Toms); 131a Queen's Rd., Bayswater, W.; 121 High Holborn, W.C.; 239 Brompton Rd., W.; Arcade, Liverpool St., E.C.; 7 Poultry, E.C.; 65 George St., Richmond; 458 Holloway Rd., N.; 60 Ludgate Hill, E.C.



## Letter from a New Institute in Essex

HERE is a letter showing what splendid results may be achieved by a sense of initiative, coupled with practical organisation, so we make no apology for reproducing it in full:—

"DEAR MISS —,

"You asked me some time to let you know the result of your visit to us in forming a Women's Institute in this village.

"We have 25 members and have had three meetings and I have a basketmaking class every week this month in connection with it; also two other villages have followed our lead and started W.I.'s and basketmaking. The latter was my idea, and I took five lessons myself so as to teach the women.

"A doctor's wife at one of these villages hearing of this asked to join these classes, and now she teaches at her own Institute. Then we had a demonstration of hay box cookery, and my sister-in-law from Dunstable gave a talk on food and Mrs. Davies on rabbit-keeping.

"Next week we have a lady demonstrating potato cookery, and another hat trimming. I have been fortunate in obtaining a present from a factory of thirty new straw hats and am promised artificial flowers, and I feel sure this next meeting will prove very exciting and amusing. It is to be here with plenty of looking-glasses in the bedrooms for the

women to judge of effects. Little D. will set the Paris fashions in the neighbourhood!

"After that Mrs. Clowes speaks at the following meeting of Co-operative Industries and sleeps here.

"I want to start soft toys, as the ones I made by way of an experiment sold at once on the W.I. stall at Chelmsford.

"So I hope you will think your visit to us was not wasted, though your audience was small."

## Cheeses

### EXCELLENT RECIPE FOR BUTTERMILK CHEESE.

Take about 3½ gallons of buttermilk, let it stand 24 hours, then heat to a temperature of 120°, after which cool to about 80°.

It is then ready to be strained through a coarse linen cloth and hung up for 12 hours, after which break up curd and add about 2½ ounces of salt.

Place in mould lined with cloth and leave to drain about 24 hours, or longer; then bandage carefully and renew bandages every day or two until dry.

Should be ready in about a month.

Leave bandages off when dry enough and cheese will probably cover itself with blue mould, which dries off when ready.

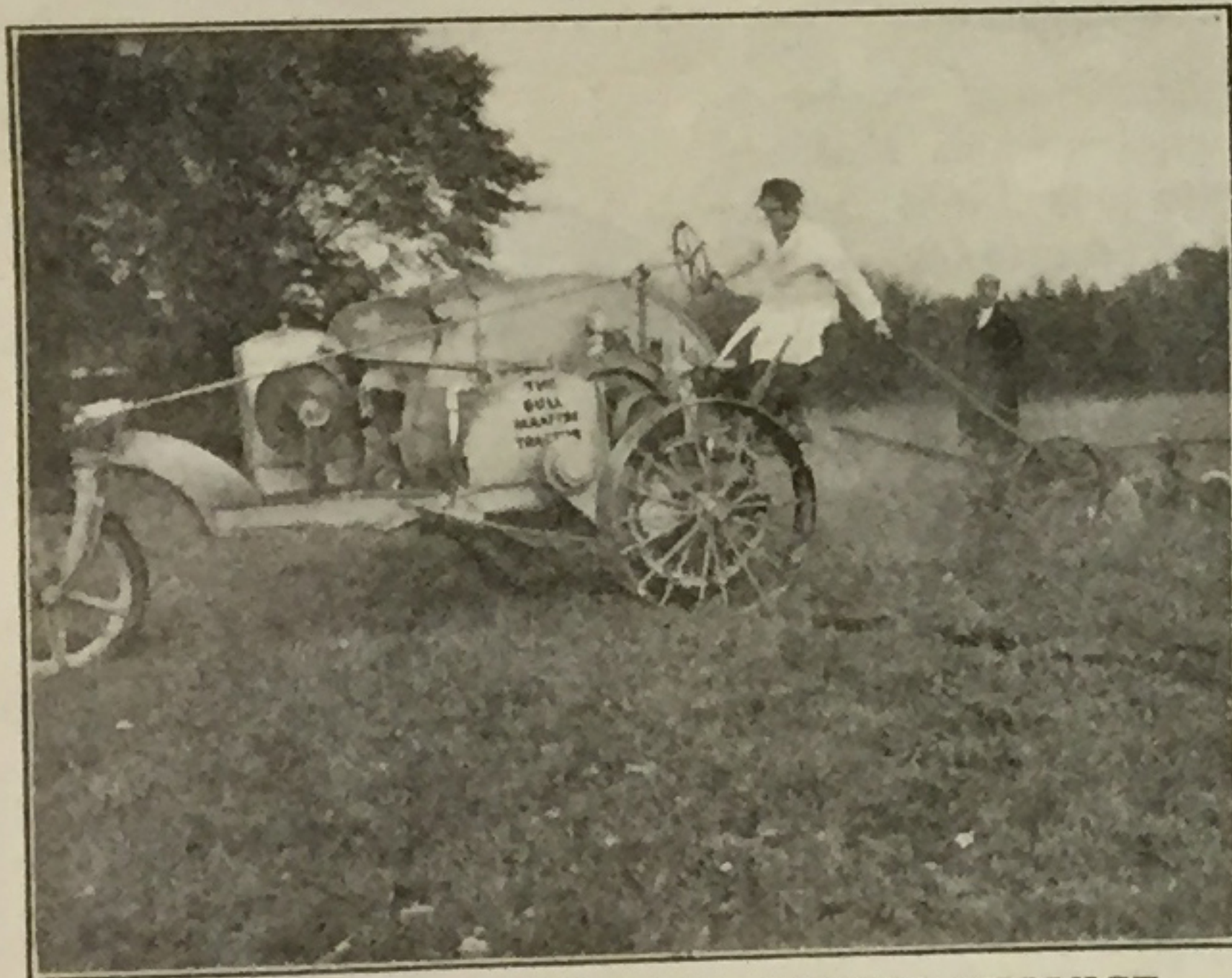
### COTTAGE CHEESE.

Let fresh milk stand in a temperature of 100° F. from one to three days, or until the curd separates

## AN OPPORTUNITY.

### HOW TO BECOME THE OWNER OF A TRACTOR AND PLOUGH.

The "Bull" Tractor has proved a great success in ploughing demonstrations and in the service of farmers. In the French tractor trials of 1917 the "Bull" headed the list, which resulted in the Government ordering large numbers of "Bull" Tractors.



A "BULL" TRACTOR ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

**THIS**  
**Always-in-Service Tractor**  
can be used for Ploughing, Harrowing, Drilling, Pulping, Harvesting, Mowing, Threshing, Elevator Driving, Ploughing, Hauling Crops, Chaff Cutting, Farm Haulage, Sawing, Pumping, Grinding, etc. The "BULL" requires one attendant only, as the whole outfit (tractor and plough) is self-steering.

### EASY TERMS.

Applicants can obtain Tractor by the payment of one-third, balance can remain unpaid 12 months. Purchasers are made proficient in seven days. You can plough five acres per day at a cost of 7/6 per acre. For full particulars apply personally or write to—

**MOOR Bros. Co. Ltd.**  
**85 REGENT STREET, W.1.**

Telephone—Gerrard 8887.

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# LIVE-STOCK AND OTHER INSURANCES

FARMERS AND LIVE-STOCK BREEDERS AND OWNERS need a complete Safeguard against the many risks to which they are liable. The most attractive form of Insurance is the LIVE-STOCK POLICIES issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Company, Limited, which provide THE GREATEST BENEFITS FOR A MINIMUM OUTLAY, together with absolute security.

Among the Risks insured by the Live-Stock Policies are:—

Accident and Disease, including Farcy, Glanders, Pinkeye and Anthrax, Tuberculosis, Transit by Rail and Show Risks, Barren Mares, Premature Second Foaling, Abortion, Death of Pregnant Mares, Castration Risks, Disablement, Calving, &c.

## *The* FARMERS' "COMPLEAT" FIRE POLICY

Covers loss from damage by Fire, Thunderbolt, Lightning, Earthquake and Subterranean Fire, and provides various New Features and Advantages necessary to modern conditions at most favourable rates.

## *The* FARMER'S "COMPLEAT" EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY AND GENERAL INDEMNITY POLICY

This Policy provides at lowest possible rates complete protection in respect of Legal Liability under the Employers' Liability and Workmen's Compensation Acts, and also in respect to the liability of the Farmer for damage caused by acts of his employees.

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Life Assurance, Endowment Assurance, and Annuities at specially attractive rates.

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from the whey. Turn the curd into a coarse cotton bag and let hang in a cool dry place about 24 hours, or until the curd is free from whey. Add salt and sweet cream to taste and shape into small balls. In winter the process may be hastened by heating thick, sour or "clabbered" milk over hot water, but if the water be too hot a tough cheese results. The cheese is most rich and creamy when the separation takes place at a low temperature—that is, at about 100° F.

#### NEUFCHATEL CHEESE.

Fresh, clean milk is required to make a high-grade Neufchatel cheese. In no case should the milk be over twelve hours old. A slow development of a clean acid flavour is demanded. The addition of a commercial lactic starter in small amounts aids in obtaining curd free from objectionable ferments. Too much starter will produce acid too rapidly and give a rough, mealy curd. A very satisfactory product may be secured, if the milk is reasonably clean, without using any starter.

*Starter.*—The starter is merely soured milk. In making a home-made starter place a clean milk bottle and tumbler in a pan of cold water and bring same to boiling; remove the bottle, allow it to cool, and then fill it with the freshest, cleanest milk available. The bottle should now be covered with a sterilised glass tumbler in order to prevent the entrance of dirt. Allow the milk to sour at a temperature of about 75° F. (room temperature).

Two cubic centimetres of active starter for each 30-pound can of milk will give good results. After adding the starter the milk is vigorously stirred and warmed to a temperature of 80° F. Rennet is now added at the rate of 30 drops per 100 pounds of milk. Upon a small scale junket tablets may be used for curdling purposes. The mixture, after being thoroughly stirred, is left at rest over night at room temperature, or preferably a little higher. The firm curd is now poured upon the draining rack, as with the cottage cheese, and allowed to drain for about two hours. Towards the end of the draining period the curd is worked towards the centre of the cloth by means of a ladle. The cloths containing the curd are now tied together bag fashion and pressed. Allow weights to rest on bags of curd overnight. The more whey that is removed the better will be the flavour and keeping qualities of the cheese. The curd should drain out and not dry out. Mix in the salt to suit the taste by using a butter worker or a pail and potato masher. Ordinarily about 1 ounce of salt to 4 pounds of curd is sufficient. The cheese is now ready to be run through the food chopper and moulded. Sometimes it is packed tightly into screw-top jars or jelly glasses with tight covers, but usually the cheese is moulded into shape and wrapped in parchment paper, surrounded by tinfoil to exclude the air. Such moulds may be formed by hand closely enough to exclude the air. Butter printers are often used. If the work is done upon a small scale some kind of a hand-formed package is probably the most economical. This cheese should be wrapped in parchment paper and kept in a cool place.

## Gardening Hints for June

**V**EGETABLE marrows should be planted out of pots as soon as possible, and if no shady corner can be found for them, make a hole in the ground, four feet deep and four feet across, put your leaves, weeds and decaying matter in the bottom, then the manure, filling the hole almost to the top; on that place a bushel of earth (top spit is best) and plant. Two plants are enough for one hole. Vegetable marrows do not want a great deal of manure, but much water, so when grown in a hole in the ground they retain all the moisture from rain or from watering; while on the mound system the water runs off.

Cover the plants until established; flower-pots will do in the absence of glass.

A small sowing of broad beans may yet be made. Kidney beans may be sown again this month to come in when the first crop is getting over. Plant out broccoli from nursery beds. In about two weeks' time sow small cabbage and coleworts, to plant out when the summer stuff is done.

Cauliflowers must be well watered, when planted out from seed beds, and shaded, when possible, during the hottest part of the day. Celery to be planted at once. Do the work quickly or the plants will flag. Celery can be grown successfully on the flat; instead of taking out a trench, dig plenty of manure into the ground, level it and dibble in the celery; single rows are best, nine inches apart; it is then easier to hold the leaves together when earthing up. Earth up slantwise by degrees, right up to the tips. Cucumbers can be planted on ridges. Cos lettuce should now be planted in narrow trenches, as they then last much longer.

Peas can still be sown, second earlies being the best. Sow turnips in quantity about the middle of the month, using a little artificial manure with the seed. It helps to keep the fly away. Either burn or bury all garden rubbish; but the most useful way to deal with the green stuff is to have a pit and place all the rubbish in it, with a sprinkle of lime between each foot of stuff. Leaves, weeds, and all green stuff can be dealt with in this way, and they make a valuable manure in a few months.

### Long Service Prize

**T**HE Long Service Prize of £1 offered by Mrs. Bayne, Chief Inspector of the Women's Branch, F.P. Dept., has been awarded to the

Misses EMMA and FANNY WEBB,

Hatton Farm,  
Faringdon,

who were trained as war land workers under the Government scheme begun in March, 1915. On April 1st, 1918, they had worked for the same employer for three years and one month, and had been members of the Land Army for eleven months.

There were 112 entries, and Mrs. Baynes hopes to give a similar prize later on.

Newman's Fortreviver Liqueur Tonic, recently placed on the market, has been so favourably received by the public that the proprietors have been unable to keep pace with the demand. Arrangements have now been made by which this difficulty will shortly be removed. "Fortreviver," which is non-alcoholic, has been analysed by the editors of various medical journals, who pronounce it to be a food composed of the finest concentrated fruit juices, and, therefore, in these days of shortage, a very great asset to the nation. We may add that the preparation is entirely British made.





A Lightweight Model of Draper's popular  
"ALL-BRITISH"

## SPORTSMAN'S COAT

FOR THE LANDSWOMAN. Price **37/6.**

THIS is a model designed for Summer and Early Autumn days. It is better to be **sure** than **sorry** when a shower spoils an otherwise sunny day. The Lightweight model enables you to be sure of keeping snug and dry. It is so light that it is no encumbrance, and with it on your arm you can venture out any day with confidence.

The Sportsman's Coat (Lightweight Model) for men and women is sold under the same honest satisfaction-ensuring conditions as its predecessor.

### HAVE IT ON APPROVAL FOR FOUR DAYS.

The coat comes to your door by return for **37/6** with your order. If it fails to satisfy you return the coat within four days in same condition as received and we will return your money in full. You risk nothing. We guarantee to satisfy you.

### STUDY THIS SPECIFICATION.

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

STOCK SIZES:				Ladies'.						
Breast . . .				34	36	36	38	38		
Length . . .				46	46	48	46	48		
				Gents'.						
Chest . . .	34	36	36	38	38	40	40	42	42	42
Length . . .	44	46	48	46	48	48	50	46	48	50

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# THE FOOTWEAR FAMINE

MESSRS. ERNEST DRAPER & Co., LTD., of the "All-British" Works, Northampton, very much regret to inform the public that owing to the great number of orders received lately and the limited stocks, it is quite impossible to send catalogues, answer enquiries, or execute orders from fresh customers.

The present reserves of leather will be utilised in disposing of accumulated arrears of orders, and any stock over will be reserved for old patrons, to whom preference will be shown.

Prices charged are, comparatively speaking, very moderate.

Due notice will be given when fresh orders can be entertained.

*This Announcement Relates to  
the Footwear Department Only*

**ERNEST DRAPER & CO., LTD.**

(Dept. L-W),

"All-British" Works, Northampton



## Rally News



### Oxford

Oxford held its Recruiting Rally on April 24th with a great display of bunting and enthusiasm. Speeches were made from a hay wagon at St. Giles by Mrs. Roberts, C.O.S., who explained the danger of the food question, and by Miss Talbot, who made a forceful appeal for recruits. Miss Gwynne Jones, Group Leader, also appealed to the women of Oxford to take this chance of helping their men to fight German autocracy. It was not enough to be proud of them. Women, too, must stand by their idealism as soldiers.

A procession was formed in which there were decorated wagons, a cart laden with farm produce, a motor tractor, ducks, rabbits, goats, sheep, a dog and oxen wearing garlands. They marched to Broad Street, where they were inspected by Mr. Prothero.

At Trinity College Princess Mary distributed over two thousand armlets. In thanking Her Royal Highness, the Duke of Marlborough spoke with great warmth of his own successful experience with women land workers, whom he had found both efficient and conscientious.

Mrs. Herbert Morrell (Chairman of the W.W.A.C.) announced that 70 recruits had been enrolled as the result of the Rally.

### Redruth

At Pool and Redruth very good Rallies were held on April 30th. The Land Army girls gathered at Trevenson Park, Pool, for

tea; a large audience was then addressed by Lady Molesworth-St. Aubyn (Chairman of the W.W.A.C.) and others. The procession to Redruth was a very impressive one. At the picture palace a special land film was shown, and a meeting was opened by Miss Stubbs (District Representative), at which many excellent speeches were made.

### Ross

A most successful Rally was held at Ross (Herefordshire) on April 25th, when 170 Land Army girls and land workers attended a cinematograph performance. A procession was formed which attracted great interest and encouragement as it marched through the streets. The girls were entertained to tea at the Royal Hotel, after which badges and stripes were presented. Hearty cheers were given to Mrs. Foster, Vice-Chairman of the W.W.A.C., who had been the hostess for a most delightful and successful afternoon. It is confidently hoped that this Rally will mean many more recruits for the land.

### Cromer

A meeting was held on April 23rd at the Lecture Hall, Cromer, to persuade a large and almost entirely feminine audience to enrol in the Land Army. Mrs. Hervey explained the terms of service, and Miss Burgess made a vigorous appeal to women to support their men folk in the trenches by growing England's food. They were ably supported by the Chairman, Mr. Albert Collison, and Mr. Guy Davey.



Rally in the Rain at Redruth.

## 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.



## A Valuable Food

**Chocolate** is a valuable food.

- 1...BECAUSE it is all food and there is no waste.
- 2...BECAUSE it is concentrated and can be carried in the pocket.
- 3...BECAUSE it is ready for instant use without any preparation.
- 4...BECAUSE it is rich in fat, sugar and proteids.
- 5...BECAUSE with a slice of bread it makes a complete meal.

Get the best, made under ideal conditions, with the delicious flavour.

## Bournville Chocolate

We take this opportunity to state that we are supplying our trade customers with as large a quantity of chocolate as the Government restrictions in raw materials permit, and express our regret for any inconvenience the public may experience in obtaining supplies.

CADBURY BROS., Ltd.  
Bournville,

## SAVING THE NATION!



The production of food is a vital matter at the present moment, and to those women who are engaged upon the land in assisting their country the International Correspondence Schools offer a training that is simple, quick, and certain. At little cost it comes to you wherever you are, and follows you wherever you go.

**Post the Coupon NOW!**

**International Correspondence Schools, Ltd**  
492, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Please send me your free book containing full particulars of the Course of Correspondence Training before which I have marked X.

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NOTE.—If the Subject desired is not in the above List, write it here —

Name.....

Address.....

## As Fragrant as the Flower

There are 23 varieties of "Court Bouquet," each as fragrant as the name it bears. The Lavender, for instance, is delightfully true to nature and most refreshing in use. "Court Bouquet" affords a profuse and velvety lather, and remains usable and fragrant to the very last bit.

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

BATTERSEA, LONDON,  
E. W. 11.



## "AMALIA" OVERALLS

### THE "AGRICOLA" OUTFIT

as illustrated, is strong, serviceable, well cut and becoming. Specially designed and made for women workers on the land and capable of withstanding the hardest wear. Price in Superior Quality Khaki Jean, Overall (40 inches long) and Breeches (small, medium or large):—

### OVERALL AND BREECHES COMPLETE

PRICE 15/11 Postage 4d. extra.

Puttees, per pair 2/3

Mob Cap, 1/3, or Dutch Cap, 1/-

**WE ARE MANUFACTURERS.**

**BARGAINS IN**  
**BLOUSES, SKIRTS,**  
**WASHABLE**  
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OUR ILLUSTRATED LIST OFFERS A WIDE CHOICE OF GENUINE BARGAINS.

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**Bradford**

A huge parade of women workers, including representatives of the W.A.A.C., Land Army, nurses, munitioners, and tram conductors, attracted the attention of thousands of spectators at Bradford on April 22nd. The procession was headed by a Land Army girl carrying a black cat.

At the Town Hall the Lord Mayor and Mr. G. N. Roberts, M.P., Minister of Labour, acknowledged the country's debts to the women workers.

**Chester**

A fine Rally was held at Chester on April 27th.

A procession was led by girls from the Remount Depot on handsome horses. Girls of the Forestry Corps were followed by a number of lorries and carts driven by well-known ladies. One exhibited some rabbits, two pigs, and particulars for forming village pig and rabbit clubs. At the Town Hall there was a distinguished platform presided over by Lord Arthur Grosvenor. There was a second procession and meeting in the afternoon, and the girls were entertained to lunch and tea by Alderman Williamson. Sixty girls enrolled in the Land Army.

**Recruiting Rally and Church Parade at Bury St. Edmunds**

On Rogation Sunday there was a Church Parade and Recruiting Rally at the beautiful old town of Bury St. Edmunds. The ancient custom of a procession of clergy, choir and congregation walking through the fields, the clergy asking God's blessing on the crops, gave us the desire to have "our day" on Rogation Sunday. A very wet morning damped the enthusiasm of many who were coming from a distance, but in spite of it a very large crowd assembled, and to the strains of a splendid military band, most generously lent by the commanding officer, the women land workers marched to the cathedral carrying their banners. After a most impressive service and beautiful address by Canon Wilson, speeches were made by the Mayor, and others. The girls of the Land Army busied themselves recruiting with much success.

**Newtown**

There was a very successful Recruiting Demonstration at Newtown on April Fair Day. The meeting was addressed by representatives of the Women's Branch of the Board of Agriculture, by Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, Lord Lieutenant of the county, and the Chairman of the Farmers' Union. Good recruiting results are confidently expected.

**Stowmarket**

At Stowmarket on the 25th a recruiting march and Rally were held. The procession of Land Lassies and Girl Guides was headed by a heavy tumbril gaily bedecked with foliage and flags, from which speeches were made in front of the Post Office. Women were assured of the actual pressing need for their help with the harvest by Mr. Pratt, County Sub-Commissioner for Food Production, and others. Mr. Pettward, of Farringdon Hall, said he had room for every woman they would send him on his farm, where every man of military age had been successfully replaced by a woman.

**Croydon**

On April 20th a picturesque march took place at Croydon, followed by an enthusiastic meeting addressed by Miss Talbot, Miss Painter and the Mayor, who received the Land Army in his mayoral robes, accompanied by his mace-bearer, also spoke.

Signing on took place at the foot of the Queen Victoria statue surrounded by flags.

Stripes were presented to numerous girls, and when someone in the crowd called for three cheers for the Land Army a tremendous cheering arose all round the Town Hall.

**Portsmouth**

An important Rally was held in April at Portsmouth. The Mayor presided, and read a letter from Sir Arthur Lee, our Director-General. A long and inspiring speech was made by Mr. Christian, who said he had had fifty years' experience as an employer of woman's labour on the land, and could most thoroughly testify to their efficiency. Two Land Army girls had recently won the Wilts County Championship for tractor ploughing. There was no doubt that women could do this urgently necessary work, and he appealed to them as newly enfranchised citizens to come forward and do it for their Empire. He quoted instances of girls who had been restored to health through work in the open. One Land girl said, "There is something about these days on the land that makes one say one's prayers." Another said, "Your back and arms may ache to begin with, but in the end your heart will sing." He also appealed to them to educate public opinion, and reproached the Press with giving half a column or more to a drunken brawl and not half a dozen lines to an important agricultural meeting.

The local Press responded by full and lengthy notice of the occasion.

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"Gone, but not forgotten"



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Mummy  
says so



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