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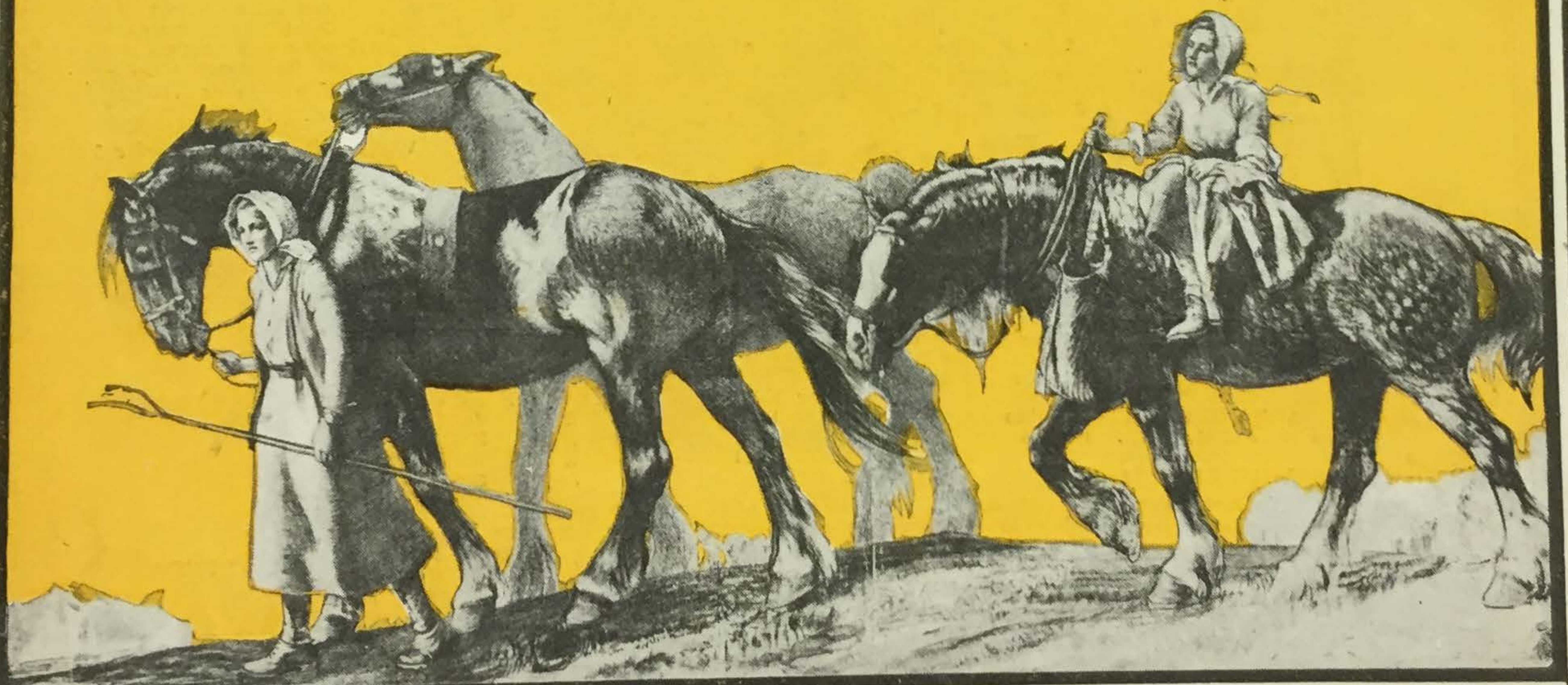
ECONOMICS

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

The
LANDSWOMAN

MARCH 1919
No. 15 ❖ Vol. II

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THE "STANDARD" OUTFIT.



THE "COAT SMOCK" is a very smart Farm Overall with a tailor-made effect. It can be worn with the Standard Outfit. In Amazon, *usual price* 11/9, **SALE PRICE** 8/6. Mercerised Casement, *usual price* 12/11, **SALE PRICE** 8/6. Plain Zephyr, *usual price* 13/11, **SALE PRICE** 9/11. Khaki Jean, *usual price* 13/11, **SALE PRICE** 9/11. Munition Brown Jean, *usual price* 14/11, **SALE PRICE** 10/11.



THE "YOKE SMOCK" is a well-designed Farm Smock, smart in appearance, and can be worn with the Standard Outfit. In Amazon, *usual price* 11/9, **SALE PRICE** 8/6. Mercerised Casement, *usual price* 12/11, **SALE PRICE** 8/6. Plain Zephyr, *usual price* 13/11, **SALE PRICE** 9/11. Khaki Jean, *usual price* 13/11, **SALE PRICE** 9/11. Munition Brown Jean, *usual price* 14/11, **SALE PRICE** 10/11.

HAT.
Stitched brim lined, close fitting, shady.
Usual price 3/11
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SHIRT.
Well made and well cut.
Buttons at wrist.
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Tailor effect, laced-up knees, buttons at hips, straps and buckles at waist. Can be worn with or without Coat. *Usual price* 10/11
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Standard size. Army pattern. Full length, cut on bias, long tapes to fasten. *usual price* 2/11
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Sizes: SMALL, MEDIUM LARGE

All our Garments guaranteed well made and wearing parts specially strengthened

THE "STANDARD" Outfit is well designed and made. It is buckled at the waist and fits closely, thus permitting work to be done in ease and comfort. The "Agricola" Overall, the Coat Smock and the Yoke Smock can be worn with this outfit. The Hat, which can be obtained in Khaki Jean or Waterproof Cloth, is smart, comfortable and shady. Coat ("Agricola," Coat Smock or Yoke Smock) *usual price* 13/11, **SALE PRICE** 9/11
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Puttees 2/11 2/6
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THE "AGRICOLA" OUTFIT- 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 in. long) and Breeches (small, medium or large), *usual price* 18/11, **SALE PRICE** 14/11. Puttees, per pair, *usual price* 2/11, **SALE PRICE** 2/6. Hat (Khaki Jean or Waterproof) *usual price* 3/11, **SALE PRICE** 3/6

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Usual price 4/11
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THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Army

Editorial Office: Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E. Advertising Offices: W. H. Smith & Son, Stamford Street, S.E.1.



Miss Mary Alcock, of Sculthorpe, Fakenham, the oldest member of the Land Army in Norfolk. Her employer writes: "I do not think I can sing her praises too much as a land worker, for she turned out in all weathers and by her manner and conversation put heart into the younger girls."

New Eyes and New Ears

By Edith Lyttelton

THE HARE.

THE hare was the emblem of Peace to the Ancient Greeks, so if you have the chance to see one, think of this for a minute and greet him out of the Peace year. He will be quite unaware of the honour, of course, just as our emblem—the dove—would be. Certainly man is not an emblem of peace to either of them! Hare-hunting is one of the oldest sports in the world: three centuries before Christ was born men were hunting this little animal with dogs and nets. The hare has four sentries who guard him—two eyes which are set well forward to see danger in front, and two long ears which lie back and catch any sounds of warning behind. He can run with great speed; his hind legs are much longer than the fore feet, so he makes rapid leaps, looking rather awkward, but covering the ground with marvellous quickness. You must have seen hares often, crossing a field full tilt, and perhaps you have even seen one sitting in his form. The fur of a hare matches the colours of dried grasses and leaves so exactly that you have to use your new eyes very cleverly to find him; you may almost touch a hare with your feet before he will spring away. If this happens, stoop down and look at the form, smooth and flat in a bit of coarse grass or fern, or more often well inside a prickly furze bush, where it is well protected. Feel how warm and soft it is; you might lie there yourself if you were small enough. The hare finds his own special form by trail; he sniffs the wind and goes to it up wind. It is a curious thing that, unlike us, hares run much faster up hill than down. Watch a hare lolling downhill and you will see he always goes, if he can, in a zig-zag—not straight down—because he is afraid of toppling. If he has to go straight down he very often does roll over. The worst of the hare is his fondness for young wheat, and young trees. You must keep a sharp look-out when the wheat begins to show this year.

People talk of being "as mad as a March hare," but that is only because the hare is a very playful animal, and, like the fox, sports with his children, and frolics about for his own pleasure, too, in a most amusing way. The March winds seem to invigorate him, and so a March hare is called mad. People are rather apt to call anyone with high spirits mad, aren't they? But it is a sort of madness we all envy, and comes from the joy of living and of being. So be mad like the March hare is mad; there will be no cruel hounds to pursue you, and no guns to shoot you if you run and leap out of doors in the free air.

World News

YOU hear a lot of people talk about a League of Nations as if it were something which could be created in a moment. Just try to imagine what it is all the great statesmen of the world are doing to-day, sitting round a table—Lloyd George for England, Clemenceau for France, Wilson for America, others for Italy, and Japan, and a host of small nations.

They are trying to join hands and say that never again shall there be war between them, and that if

they feel angry or want to quarrel they will ask the other nations to judge and decide. You can see what a wonderful thing that would be for the world. But it isn't easy to make them all agree, because each one will have to give up something.

You will hear that South Africans and Australians are angry because they have not been given the new countries they conquered without any conditions. But they have to understand that the League of Nations must be sure that every country, and not only those given to our own people whom we can trust, is properly treated and governed. And so the League says to South Africa, Australia, and the other nations, "Here, take hold of this place, and that place, but, remember, we want the country ruled in a certain way." It's just as if your farmer said to you, "Now I'm going to put you in charge of that far-away field; you can do what you like, only I must see that you keep the hedges in order, and that you don't let the land get dirty, and if you keep a cow or two that you feed them properly, and so on." That's what a mandate means.

There are a great many strikes going on just now. Sometimes the workmen are right to ask for more wages and for shorter hours, but sometimes they have broken their word to abide by a certain agreement, and, of course, that makes the masters angry. We want a League of Nations spirit here too. I wish everybody would get round a table and settle up their quarrels, and let us all get on with the Peace. We can never be prosperous again if we don't work; all the time men are striking the machinery lies idle, and the things we all want to buy are being made by foreigners.

The Land Settlement Bill will soon be up before Parliament, and we all hope the clause will be passed saying that ex-service women are to have as good a chance to settle on the land as ex-service men.

The Germans are in the middle of a great struggle to form a stable Government. There are a lot of people who want to get Germany and France and England into the same mess as Bolshevik Russia. People are starving and being murdered and brutally treated in Russia by the people in power, who want to destroy all money and all thought except their own money and their own thought. We can't get our country into a better state by destruction. We want everyone to lend a hand and help to build. That is what the Land Army is doing, and you will always be builders if you stick to the land.

To Lord Ernle

SO, Prothero,
 Another blow
 You've struck for wider tillage!
 The Manor's Lord in days of yore
 The Commons left as grazing for
 The cattle of the village.
 But now the Commons (you ordain)
 Must harrowed be. A Lord again
 Has left the Commons—theirs the pain,
 The gain is to the Peerage!

MILLY CHILDERS.



Tea



Mangolds and Swedes, or Oranges and Lemons

Napoleon and Diana Shorthorn invited Amynta and Annabel Smythe, their two Land Girls, to a small Christmas Party in the big Barn. After a delicious tea brewed from the very best Hay and Sangfoin with Linseed and Cotton Cake, Fish Meal—(Amynta had *two* helpings!)—Apple Mock, Rossitos, Flaked Maize, and every kind of Root you can imagine, they played Round Games and brayed songs, and both young and old declare they have never enjoyed themselves more. Here you see them.

The Blissful Life

By One Who Lives in Town

A FRUITFUL country farm be mine,
 Where all that poets love to limn is
 Fair garden plots set thick with vine,
 And turnips trailing round the chimneys.

Be mine to pay the debts that men
 In that sublime bucolic state owe—
 To carry fodder to the hen,
 And pluck the early spring potato.

To dwell amid the malt and hops,
 Where packs of gay unmuzzled curs'll
 Hunt sportive rabbits in the copse
 'Neath spreading boughs of mangold wurzel.

To hear the tadpole's morning croak.
 In fields that I may daily work in ;
 To ~~prune~~ the juicy artichoke
 And graft the elongated gherkin.

Chiefly Concerning Sam

By E. S. Wilkinson

SO much of a waggoner's work on a farm depends on his horses and the way he drives them. Again, those two conditions depend largely on each other. A horse may be "handy" because he has been driven well, and he is more likely to be well driven if he is handy.

To many young lads with horses every goose is a swan, and if his horse has *any* points in its favour at all, by pride of possession it is to him "such a horse as never was." On the same principle I firmly believed that in Jock and Sam I had as handy an all-round pair of farm horses as were ever yoked to plough or waggon; but I am sure that it was not mere imagination on my part which put my little Sam in a class apart, and made me feel a sort of pity for all the other horsemen. I felt they had really missed something in missing Sam.

He was indeed a favourite all over the estate; every man knew him, be he horseman, labourer, beastman, or shepherd. I never stopped with him anywhere that he did not get a word from them. "And how's Sam this morning?" "Oh, he's all right," I would answer. "Ay, e's a right little horse is Sam!" they would repeat.

There was no work on a farm Sam did not know, and no work that he ever shirked. Bad, slipshod, lazy work he could not tolerate. Sometimes I drove him with a young mare "Bell," who was young both in experience and good manners, and Sam's fury when she would not do all that I wanted was a joy to behold. We harrowed together sometimes, and Bell turned short, and between Sam and myself she found her education being taken in hand. "Who-arve! Bell," I would sing out, with a flick at the line, and dunt into her neck would go Sam's head, saying as clear as speech: "Can't you see what's wanted, my young innocent? Don't you know that harrows turn upside down if you turn them short? Do you suppose we harrow a field upside down? and do you suppose your mistress is going to 'tew' herself turning the harrows right way up at every end? Keep your weight on your traces, and turn steady and learn your job from me. Though I say it as shouldn't, I do know!" And Sam did know, what's more, and many's the tip he gave me—ploughing, harrowing, carting, scruffing, he was a master worker all through. Little, sturdy, and black, with quick little ears listening for the least word, eyes full of intelligence, and a soft, round, velvety nose that snuffled in your hands and poekets for cake—willing to the point of impatience, and sometimes perhaps a bit "ower keen," little black Sam, it was no wonder you stole the hearts of all, and particularly the one who gained her experience as a "horse lad" with you.

After that day with the scruffler, when Dan set us on, Sam and I went scruffing nearly every day. To know the cleverness of Sam's work it is necessary to explain a little of the art of "scruffing." A scruffler, for the benefit of those who do not know, is a horse-drawn implement for the purpose of cutting out all the rubbish between the rows of young roots. Your horse walks down the middle

between the rows, and the scruffler has two knife-like blades running just under the ground and cutting the weeds. These blades are set as wide as you dare without risking cutting into the rows of roots at each side and sweeping them out wholesale.

The difficulty about this in the early stages is that the rows when they are very young are bad to see, and if your horse cannot see them easily he will not keep in the row. Also you can't drive your horse much and steady your scruffler handles at the same time. Now, little Sam could see the rows of wurzels almost better than I could myself; and when I say that where many men are obliged to have a boy to lead the horse to keep him in the row at all, Sam would work all day with me alone, and not even a line to his bit, you will have some idea of what Dan meant by "a good scruffler horse." I know the farm bailiff came walking across one day, and caught Sam and me scruffing without strings, and he said he'd never met anyone doing it before, and he was sure it couldn't be done with any horse but Sam!

Sometimes we did have trouble in that wurzel-field—I won't deny. (It was so hot, Sammy, wasn't it? and the flies! Oh, Sammy lad!) The flies were buzzing in black masses round our heads, and Sam used to wear branches of elder flowers all over his harness wherever I could find a lodging for it; even then sometimes it was more than he could bear, and he used to start off so fast down the rows that it was all I could do to keep pace with him. We would set ourselves so many rows on end, and then a little respite in the shade of a tree. My feet gave way a good deal too, as I was always walking on soft ground, and I think in many ways it was at this job that I longed most ardently for the last turn about, and the moment when I could say to Sam, "It's night, my little lad; we've finished. Are you fit for your tea?" And then I would clamber on to his back, and we would plod down the hill together to the stable. Sam always wanted a huge drink on these occasions, but he was often so hot I couldn't let him have much at first, and he used to look so reproachfully at me, and shake his head and refuse to eat his feed properly. He was a bit of an epicure about his meals, and when, later in the year, he was allowed a wurzel with his tea every night, he never let me forget it. I would take him his corn and chop and then set about rubbing the harness over, and bedding up, intending to put his wurzel in with his last feed. Sam simply couldn't bear it. Clank! bang! and the block on Sam's halter-chain kept shooting up to the ring. I would remain stolidly at my other jobs for a time, but he would not be gainsaid.

Every time I passed he watched me. "Gosh, but you've forgotten again!" he'd say. "Wurzel, please! Thank you for nothing for all this chopped stuff!" Then at last I'd take it in and "rag" him with it behind my back; but he knew too well, and nudged me sharply, as though he would say, "Oh! for goodness' sake stop fooling. I have worked for it, haven't I?"

(From *Blackwood's Magazine* by special permission.)

Tractors of Our Unit

MUCH has been written in THE LANDSWOMAN of cattle and horses, pigs and poultry, and their personalities.

The tractors are playing their last act in a great patriotic drama. So may a few of "Our Unit" be introduced to the public before they retire for ever into private life?

My own first tractor was a steady, patient, reliable plodder who only displayed a little temper now and again as a protest against some neglect or oversight on the part of her mistress—and that only as a last resource. I regret to say that I sometimes thought her lacking in life and spirit, although now that we have parted I look back with amazement on my lack of appreciation. Her name was "Griselda," which speaks for itself.

In the course of our travels together we ran across other notable characters—good and bad.

The "Conscientious Objector" and "Mrs. Gum-midge" must be quickly passed over: one a disgrace to the unit, and both sore trials to their drivers and everyone else with whom they came in contact.

"Suspender," too, had a most annoying habit of pretending to grip and then slipping back, like her namesake when no longer young.

The "Old Soldier," as artful as sin, and "Coquette," a giddy, flighty young thing, greatly beloved of a dour Scottish driver, were our most constant companions.

The "Coquette" had sterling qualities underlying her capricious ways, however, and proved a serious rival to the more renowned tractors of the Unit.

Such is the way of flirts!

Life is very uncertain in the tractor world. For instance, "Downing Street," who had always led us to expect great things (without much justification!) was transferred, leaving us all to wait and see in vain.

They took our dear "Princess," the pride and joy of the Unit, at the same time, but after constant petitions she was allowed to return amid general rejoicings. (At times we heard rumours that it was her driver who engineered her great popularity; and that though undeniably good and amiable, she had less character than my little "Griselda." One always hears these whispers about Royal ladies, and they should be treated with the contempt they deserve!)

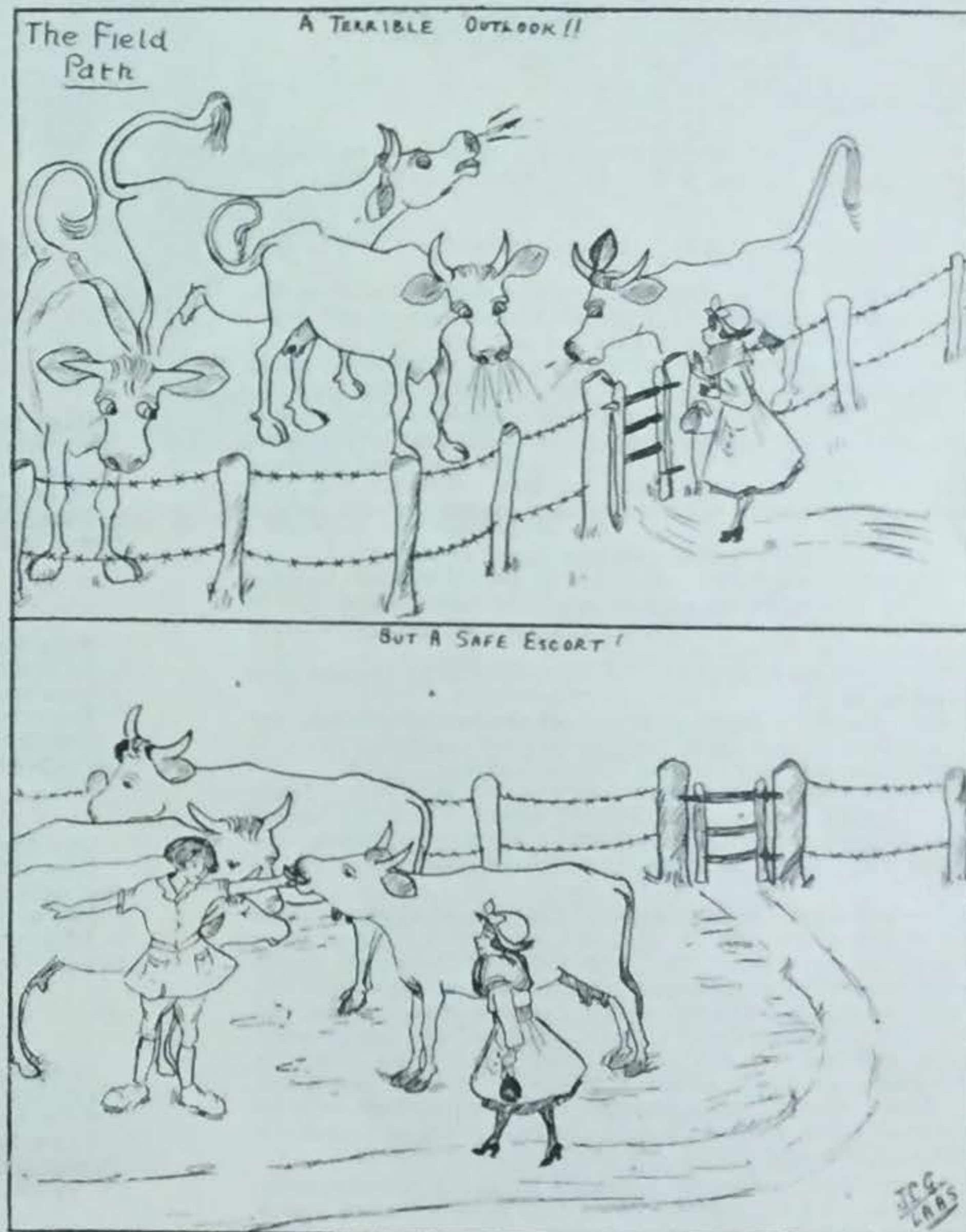
The farmers are the critics who make or mar the reputation of a tractor, and with them "President Wilson" was a firm favourite. His swiftness, sureness, and finish were a by-word, his energy colossal. With sorrow I confess he had one failing—but who has not?

He was very, very difficult to start!

The Yokel Was That 'mazed

MY mother, she wore a bonnet
 Wi' daisies roun' the rim,
 A skirt wi' flounces on it,
 Her waist was neat an' slim.
 Now, the maids be wearin' breeches—
 I seen 'em!—clearin' ditches;
 They looked 'mazin' smart an' trim
 In they buskins an' knee breeches,
 A fien out ole ditches;
 Thas a funny sort o' whim!
 But I think, thinks I,
 They'd look quaint o' mother's bonnet,
 Wi' daisies roun' the rim,
 A fien out ole ditches.
 An' I laugh, laugh, till I cry.

CLARISSA ALCOCK
 (District Representative).



For Our Welsh Readers, St. David's Day, March 1st

Llythyr Merch-y-maes

ANWYL GYFELLLES.—Gofynwch beth yw'r newydd? Hen gwestiwn ynte? Wel, y newydd diweddaraf yw: mae rhan o'r LANDSWOMAN i fod yn Gymraeg fel compliment i ni, ferched Cymru, am y gwaith ydym wedi ei wneud yng nglyn a Byddin merched y maes.

Yr ydym wedi mwynhau seigiau breision yn y LANDSWOMAN o'r dechreu. Mae ynddi erthyglau byw, cyfoethog, llawn diddordeb, ond gwna y Gymraeg hi yn fwy diddorol i Gymru:—
"Mawryga'r gwir Gymreigydd—iaith ei fam,
Mae wrth ei fodd beunydd."

Yr un modd ei wlad. Mae rhyw swyn rhyfedd i wladgarwr yn y frawddeg hon. "Fy ngwlad." Mae cartrefi Cymru heddyw yn llawn o allorau cysegredig ar y rhai yr aberthwyd meibion a merched *dros eu gwlad*.

"Beth yw cyfoeth cenedl?" medd Islwyn. "Nid y gad, y rhwysg, a'r rhyfel ond eu gwlad, *eu gwlad!*" Ac yn swm y gyfared yna mae miloedd o ddewrion Cymru, meibion a merched—wedi rhoddi eu hunain dros "EU GWLAD."

Gofynwch i mi hefyd beth oedd y Cyfarfod fu genym tua thre Carnarvon ddechreu'r flwyddyn? Attebaf chwi trwy roddi tipyn o sgwrs gefais gyda un o hen gymeriadau y fro; pan welodd gynifer o ferched y maes yn britho'r ystrydoedd, edrychodd yn syn ac meddai:—

"Dear me, be ma'r merched yma yn gael i wneud, deudwch?"

"Yma ar eu tro y maent."

"O felly'n wir—Cael holidays?"

"Na nid yn hollol felly, ond i gael eu harwisgo gan Mrs. Lloyd George a'r Good Service Ribbon."

"No! Be ma'r ribban da?"

"I ddangos fod pob un fydd yn ei gwisgo wedi rhoddi chwe mis o leiaf o walth gonest ar y tir i godi bwyd, ac wedi ymddwyn yn deilwng o ferch rinweddol."

"Wel done wir, ma'n dda geni glywed i bod nhw yn ymddwyn yn weddaidd; A mae rhain i gyd wedi cael y Ribban?"

"Ydynt, dros hanner cant."

"Felly wir, yr ydych yn fy synu! A ma Mrs. Lloyd George wedi rhoi y Ribban i chi gyd?"

"Ydyw: Dyma fy un i."

"Gwarchod pawb! Peth fel yna ydyw? Mi roddwn yn meddwl mae ribban fel ribban het oedd. Aroschwch beth sydd arni hetyd?"

"G. S."

"Beth ydi hynny—'G. S.'—General Servant?"

"Na, Good Service."

"O deudwch chi, yr ydych chi yn dallt pethe yn well na fi—mae'r rhyfel yma wedi trol'r byd a'i wmed i lawr, fydd gen i ofn siarad a phobol y dyddie yma, ma pob peth mor od rhagor pan oeddwn i yn ifanc, fuaswn i byth yn meddwl am wisgo dillad fel sydd gynoch chi—mi faswn yn shoe i'r byd yr adeg hono."

"Digon possibl, ond y mae'r argyfwng presenol wedi gwneud angen merch y maes, ac fe wyddoch nad gweddus i ferch fyddai myned i'r maes i drin y tir gyda esgidau teneu, a dillad llaesion i lusgo yn y pridd, a hel bob baw ati ei hun. Gwelwch mor glyd mae fy nhraed, ac mor rhydd fy aelodau, ac wedi'r cwbl iechyd sydd bwysig."

"Ia'n te, ydych chi wedi gweithio llawer ar y tir?"

"Do, mae pryd hau a medi, haf a gauaf, wedi ei wynebu genyf fwy nag unwaith, ac mae genyf dystiolaeth gref fod fy ngwaith, a'r merched yma sydd yn Nghaernarvon heddyw, wedi sefyll yn gadarn i ynnill y rhyfel."

"Yr ydych yn fy synnu! A mi fuoch chi yn ymladd dros eich gwlad felly?"

"Do: ymladd y gelyn gwaethaf sef newyn. Gwyddoch mor agos i newyn y buom, ond trwy gynorthwy merched y maes, fe gadwyd digon o fwyd yn y wlad i droi'r fantol ar y gelyn."

"Campus merch i, diolch yn fawr i chi am eich help i ddallt pethe y dyddie hyn. A pob bendith arnoch i gyd, mi fuom i yn teimlo dipin wrth wel'd merched yn trio bod fel dynion, ond mi gosfa o hyn allan mai helpu'ch gwlad yr ydych chi. Dyddda merch i."

Rhywbeth fel yna oedd yr ysgwrs, ond fe allaf ddweud rhagor wrthy chwi: yr oedd yr anrhydeddus Mrs. Lyttelton yn y Cyfarfod, ac yn ei hanerchiad dywedodd fod Cymru yn wyneb argyfwng nawelodd y byd ei gyffelyb wedi codi gwr mwyaf yr oes. Ac aeth yn mlaen i ddweud ei bod yn falch pan y cofiai fod rhan o'i lwyddiant yn dwyn y rhyfel i derfyn i'w briodoli i waith Byddin merched yn dal ei freichiau i fynny yn erbyn y gelyn geisai ein difa a newyn. Attegwyd hyn yn groew gan Mrs. Lloyd George, ac ychwanegodd fod cynorthwy amserol roddodd merched y maes i'r Amaethwyr, nid yn unig wedi ein galluogi i godi rhagor o fwyd, ond i wella ei ansawdd hefyd.

Fel y gwyddoch, nid gwaith hawdd fu ynnill y gymeradwyaeth. Meddylia wynebu'r tymhorau yn eu holl gyfnewidiadau, gwlith y wawr yn golchi'n gruddian, a barug nos yn lleithio'n llwy-

brau. gwres yr haf a gerwinder y gauaf, ond y mae byddin merched y maes wedi profi eu hunain yn deilwng o edmygedd nid yn unig ein gwlad fach ni, ond gwledydd y byd. Bellach rhaid dyblu diwidrwydd i gadw i fynny a'r gamp uchel ydym wedi ei hennill, parhawn i drin y tir a mynwn y gore allan or bywyd llysiuol ag anifeilaidd, a bydd ein gwobr yn sicr. Mae i bob llafur ei elw. A pheth bynag oedd ein hanes a'n safte cyn ymuno a'r L.A.A.S. gwyddom heddyw beth yw *guath*. A dyna gyfrinach ein llwyddiant yn wyneb anhawsderau anhygoel, fel y dywed Elfed:—

"Ni chododd doethineb ei hun
Un blaned a'r gyfer segurwr
Gwaith ydyw gwaddol pob dyn
A gwaith yw anrhydedd gweithiwr."

Gyda chofion y tymhor, sef gwyl Dewi Sant a dymuniad gore y dyfodol—Yr wyf.;

S.J.J. GROUP LEADER.

THE Llangernyw Co-operative Cheese Factory is one of the beneficial results of the war. It was started in 1917 in a little upland village in Denbighshire, ten miles from its railway station. It has turned out in two seasons about 30 tons of cheese. Two women deal with the milk of 27 farms, whereas at home it would have taken up the time and energy of 27 women. The cost of production is under 2d. per pound. A farmer received £365 for his milk turned into cheese, whereas had it been used for butter making at home as in former years he would have received only £227. Already these farms have increased the number of cows they keep by about 25 per cent.

The factory has not only been a financial success but it is proving itself a social gain to the district, and the phrase "I will see you at the factory in the morning" gave a local wit his chance.

Tune "Off to Philadelphia."

O mae siarad am ein hardal
Fel y fro na cheir ei hafal,
O bob cwm o fewn y wlad hon ydyw'r ore;
Meusydd heirdd sydd ar ei thraws
A'i gogoniant yw ei chaws
Fel cechw weled yn y ffatri yn y bore.

Cydgan—

O mae pawb yn cyrchu'n gryno
A gwladgarwch pur sydd yno
A bydd pawb yn edrych yn eu hwylliau gore;
Os eisieu hyn neu'r llall,
Neu gyngor dynion call,
Cewch eu gweled yn y ffatri yn y bore.

Mae'r ffermwyr yn addoli
Y rhinweddau sydd i'r ffatri;
Gan fod pawb mor bell—dyma'r cyfle gore
Os heb setlo bargaen drom
Rhag rhoi i'ch cymydog siom,
Cewch ei weled yn y ffatri yn y bore.

Cydgan.—

Hola ffarmwr adnabyddus
Ei gymydog yn bryderus
A oedd arno eisieu gwartheg o'r siort oreu,
Mae arnaf eisieu un,
Ond rhoswch funud, meddai'r dyn,
Caf eich gweled yn y ffatri yn y boreu.

Cydgan.—

Os y byddwch wedi colli
Gyrr o ddefaid, dim ond holi,
Ond oddi fawr na welwyd hwy yn rhywle;
Neu os eisieu dyn neu ddau
Adeg medi adeg hau
Cewch ei hanes yn y ffatri yn y bore.

Cydgan.—

Yr oedd mab amaethwr cefnog
Yn caru merch ei hen gymydog
A soniai an-briodi pan ddo'r cyfle;
Ac am hawl aeth at ei thad,
Dywedodd hwnnw'n llawn o fraid,
Caf dy weld di yn y ffatri yn y bore.

Cydgan.—



The Favoured Uniform.

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Indignant Lady: "I SUPPOSE I'D HAVE HAD A CHANCE IF I'D HAD BREECHES ON."

Meistres Jane a Fröken Johanne

CYN cyrraedd un ar hugain oed
 Fe flinodd Jane ar Dynycoed,
 A daeth i'w phen i chwilio am le
 Mewn siop neu swyddfa yn y dre'.
 Mae'r wlad yn eithaf yn yr haf
 Ar ddyddiau hir Mehefin braf
 Ond wedi'r haf daw'r gaeaf oer ;
 Ac er mor glws yw gwen y lloer
 Yr un yw'n awr ag oedd hi gynt
 Yr un yw'r gog, a'r un yw'r gwynt ;
 Ac nid oes ganddi unlle i fynd,
 Na neb i wneud ohoni ffrynd,
 Ond tynnu a rhoi ffedogau breision,
 A chlirio'r bwrdd ar ol y gweision.
 Nid âi i'r boen i odro buwch,
 Hi roddai'l bryd ar rywbeth uwch
 Na phorfa fras, a pha ryw frid
 O fuwch i'w chael neu foch a chwid.
 Ac felly feiriodd droed yr Wyddfa
 Am droed y bwrdd a stol y swyddfa,
 A'r llo a frefal gynt mewn beudy
 Am gefnder iddo mewn chwareudy.

Mewn gwastad dir dros For y Gogledd,
 Mae gardd a rôs a pherarogledd,
 Ac yno yn bugellio'i gwedd
 Yn llonydd llwyr yr hwyr a'i hedd
 Mae un a gar eu cwmi gwiw
 Eu sawr a'u swyn, eu llun a'u lliw
 (Can's treulia'r oriau gyda'r gwenyn
 A roes ei nain i drin ymenyn ;
 Bob bore gyrrir hwnaw'n awr
 I'w droi a'i drin i'r ffatri fawr),
 Nid rhaid dweyd wrthi pan fo pris
 Yr oen neu'r fuwch yn uwch neu is,
 Na'r adeg oreu i yrru'r myllt
 I borri ar y comin gwyllt ;
 A gwyr yn dda am gwr neu ddau
 A dalai am ei deilo a'i hau.
 Fel hyn yn foddlon ar ei stad
 Bywloga a chyfoethoga'i thad,
 Gan farnu gardd ei thy yn well
 Na dawns y byd mewn dinas bell
 A bod yn nhlysi ei drysni nag yn
 Labrinth heolydd Kopenhagen.

A Subaltern in Distress

Short Story

By Olivia Gregg

THE subaltern and the girl contemplated each other from opposite corners of the compartment.

"I don't approve of these war weddings," she remarked, looking across at him with cool grey eyes.

"Why not?" looking back at her with eyes as grey, if not as cool as her own.

"It's just excitement!"

"It isn't," he contradicted flatly; then ambiguously, "What if it is?"

The girl shrugged a pair of slender shoulders decisively.

"I hate that kind of excitement; let's talk about something else! Where did you get your uniform, Jerry? It's most beautiful to behold."

"Some place in Regent Street. Look here, Biddy—"

He began again, and at the note of determination in his voice the girl's face trembled and changed.

"Yes?" she said, soberly.

"You've been down in Cornwall for three solid months! Haven't you made up your mind?"

"No," slowly. "You see, Jerry—"

"Then why did you say I might come down and fetch you?"

"I thought I had until I saw you," she broke in sharply; "but you're so different. I left you all Harris tweedy and jolly, and now you're in khaki and solemn. It's like having to learn you all over again. I think I like it better," with a swift sidelong glance at the man; "but— Oh!" in dismayed tones.

"Here's another station!"

"And crowds of people," changing swiftly to her side of the compartment. "Hang 'em! Thank heaven!" a few seconds later, as the guard, halting outside their window, gave the signal for departure, and almost imperceptibly the train began to move. But thanks can be given too soon. At that moment a woman with a baby in her arms appeared, running along the platform.

"Here you are, mum," yelled the guard, and wrenching open their door he bundled the pair in.

The subaltern's eyes were murderous as the woman stumbled along the carriage and seated herself at the opposite end.

"Rotten luck!" he muttered under his breath; then turning to the girl, his big shoulders screening her round, "Biddy!" he said softly, "tell me now."

"Well," leaning back against him with a little sigh, "when you arrived down there, Jerry, I felt afraid."

"Afraid! Good Lord!"

"Yes! I thought, now I shall have to do as he likes, and I always used to think 'he will do as I like.' Jerry," peering over his shoulder, "that woman is ill."

"Bother the woman!" slipping an arm around the girl's waist. "She's all right."

"She's not all right," sitting away from him with a jerk: "I never saw anybody look so ill. Oh! now she's crying. I must—"

"You shan't," holding the girl firmly in her seat. "I'm not going to let you mix yourself up with people you know nothing about."

"Don't be silly! I'm not going to mix myself up— Oh, that poor baby!!!" and with a wrench she was across the carriage and sitting by the woman's side.

"Aren't you very well?" she said softly, touching her on the arm.

The woman was sitting back in her corner holding the baby with limp, nerveless arms, and crying silently with long, deep, sobs. She just looked up at the girl's soft query and then went on crying as before.

With a swift, apologetic glance in the man's direction, Biddy leant over and gently took the baby out of her arms.

"He's been gassed by them Germans," the woman broke out suddenly, sitting up with a jerk and looking at Biddy with piteous eyes. "He can't see, or hear or speak, but I'm going to see 'im all the same."

"Where is he?" gasped the girl, her face turning white under its healthy tan.

"I've got it here," producing a crumpled scrap of paper; "they said down 'ome I was mad to come, but I can't rest till I've seen 'im."

"Of course not," said Biddy, decidedly, and holding the baby tightly against her breast proceeded to administer words of comfort, while the subaltern gazed wide-eyed. Biddy gay was usual, Biddy bad-tempered was not unknown, but Biddy maternal, with pitying gestures and tender hands, opened vistas undreamed of.

"I should run and get a cup of tea," he heard her say, as the next station loomed in sight. There was a chink of coin and the woman disappeared.

"Isn't it ghastly, Jerry?" crossing over to him, baby and all, "Did you hear what she said?"

"Yes, poor beggar! But, I say, Biddy, you ought to have let her take the baby with her. What if the train starts before she gets back?"

"Oh, it won't," glancing anxiously along the platform.

"Here she is," as the woman appeared in the distance. "Shout to her, Jerry, the guard is just going to wave."

"Here you are!" yelled the subaltern in stentorian tones as the woman neared the door, but within a few yards she stopped short with a blank look on her tear-stained face.

"I've left my purse in there," she gasped, breathlessly, and without another word turned and rushed madly back the way she'd come. The guard waved his flag and the train moved off.

There was a moment's horrified silence.

"What am I going to do with this?" queried Biddy in low, horror-stricken tones, holding the baby out towards the man with frightened eyes. "Pull that string, Jerry! Quick! It's not stopping," she said a moment later. "Don't say it's broken! What are we going to do?"

"It must be caught somewhere," giving the cord another tug, "but anyhow, we're a long way from the station by now, and there's nobody to take it back. We shall have to keep it until we get to Exeter and then I'll explain to the guard. Let's hope it won't cry!"

"I don't know what we shall do if it does." Biddy's dismay was ludicrous, and in spite of himself the man smiled.

"Let's have a look it at, anyway," was his practical remark.

It took them some time to find the baby among its voluminous wraps, but at last they unearthed a hairless wisp of humanity with a round face and wondering eyes.



First Prize—Ruth Anden.

"It's rather a duck," said Bidly softly, arranging a fluffy shawl deftly around its head. "What are you smiling at, Jerry?"

"You look so jolly holding the little beggar." The girl's expressive face crimsoned. "I don't feel jolly. How old should you think it was?"

"Ask me another! I'm praying all the time that it won't howl. Some do for hours on end."

Exeter hove in sight, and the subaltern sallied forth. The stationmaster, harassed by crowds of excited excursionists, proved a broken reed.

"You say it isn't your baby, but you don't know whose it is," he remarked in unnecessarily loud tones, looking at Jerry with incredulous eyes. "Sorry, sir, but I can't do anything. Young lady shouldn't have taken it; you'd better speak to the guard! Now, madam, your turn—," et cetera.

"Baby," echoed the guard, busily checking luggage. "Whose baby? Your baby, sir? Not yours, whose then? Steady with that packing-case, now! Look alive with that bicycle! No, sir! I can't take it, ask the stationmaster."

Scarlet to the roots of his hair and inwardly cursing his luck, the subaltern arrived back.

"No, go!" he explained shortly as the train again moved off.

Biddy laughed with flash of white teeth. "We must try again at Bristol, it's a much longer wait there," she remarked, undismayed, and settled down with the baby as before.

"Jerry," plaintively, about twenty minutes later. "Do you mind holding it a bit, my arms are positively aching."

"I'm hanged if I do. Yes, I will, darlin'! Yes, I will. I'd nurse fifty babies rather than see you look like that. Hand it over. How do you hold the thing? Heavens! there's nothing of it, it's all clothes."

"You see," he whispered in low, exultant tones, "it's movement they like," and there was a gleam of superiority in his eyes as they rested on the girl.

"Jerry!" Biddy's voice rose in a shriek. "It's sucking your breast-pocket button," and wrenching it out of the man's arms she proceeded to rock it violently to and fro.

"Asleep!" she announced a few minutes later—the superior gleam now in her eye; "if only could put it down for a bit."

With deft sun-burned fingers the subaltern arranged coats and rolled up rugs, and hardly daring to breathe, Bidly lowered it gently down.

"I had no idea babies made one so tired," she sighed, with outstretched arms. Jerry, in a tragic whisper, "I feel quite old."

"Then we'll have lunch," remarked the man practically, proceeding to unpack.

But the baby disapproved. A loud wail caused Bidly to drop a luscious morsel of chicken and fly to the other side; but no amount of hushing, or cooing, or walking would quiet the baby now, and the girl looked desperate as the wail changed to a lusty roar, and its small face got puckered and red.

"Did you ever hear anything like it?" queried Bidly, with dismayed eyes, as she tucked the baby up against her neck. "It must be ill. Jerry!" coming to an abrupt stop, "it's hungry. I never thought of that."

"Hungry," echoed the subaltern feebly, gazing helplessly round. "I expect it couldn't munch a biscuit."

"Biscuit! It must have milk."

"Milk!"

"Of course; we must get it some at Bristol."

"At Bristol, my dear girl, if somebody doesn't take charge of that child I shall leave it in the waiting-room."

The girl looked at him and her eyes softened. "Poor old

boy," she said softly. "Of course, it's horrid for you—and in uniform, too. I never thought of that. At Bristol, Jerry, you must get into another carriage. After all," she added ruefully, "it's my fault for taking it."

"Another carriage be hanged. I'm not going to leave you. Don't you worry, darling. We'll get rid of it, somehow. Here's Bristol."

Here, again, the stationmaster, though polite, was firm, and the guard proved elusive. Everybody seemed suspicious of a harassed-looking young officer, wishing to dispose of a baby. "The young lady is responsible, sir," apparently settled the matter as far as they were concerned, and the subaltern's face was grim as he once more returned.

"It must have some milk, anyhow," was Bidly's sole remark, as with wrinkled brows she hurried to and fro. Another abrupt stop. "Oh! and what about a bottle?" looking at the man with dismayed eyes.

"A bottle!"

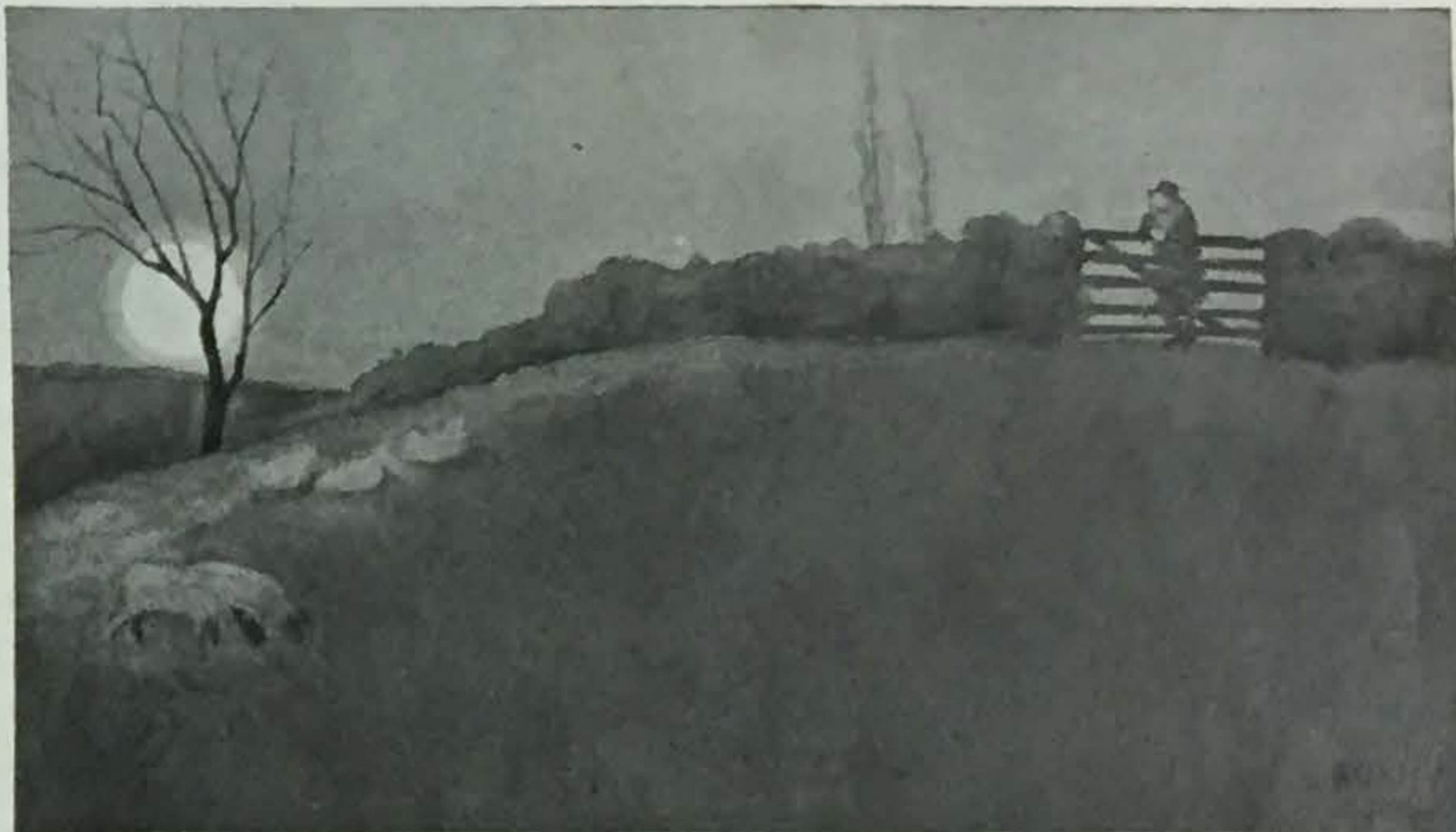
"Yes—to drink from."

"Where do you get 'em?"

"A chemist, I believe, or perhaps a grocer. Just listen to it," as the wail again swelled into a roar.

"Bad-tempered little beggar," muttered the subaltern as he once more sallied forth.

The chemist was solicitous. "Old or improved style, sir?" he queried gravely.



Anne in the Moonlight.

Second Prize—Sunny Jim.

"Either," remarked the subaltern laconically, as, grabbing the nearest, he rammed it into his pocket and raced back.

Biddy was discovered in the refreshment room—dishevelled, but unashamed.

"I wonder if you know anything about babies?" she said, smiling at the girl in charge. "This one belongs to a woman who was ill in the train, and it seems hungry, or something."

The girl's powdered face took on quite a motherly expression and with a swoop she took the baby out of Bidly's arms. "My married sister lives at home," she remarked in explanation, as all three disappeared through a doorway at the side.

Two minutes before the train was timed to start a little procession appeared, strolling down the platform, and the subaltern groaned aloud as he saw that the baby was still in Bidly's arms. The motherly girl, carrying the bottle, and talking volubly, brought up the rear.

"Look here, Bidly," he said firmly, as the train started. "Stick it in the corner and let it rip. Come over here by me. I believe you like holding the thing," he added impatiently, as the girl hesitated before laying the baby down.

Biddy sighed wearily. "I feel an absolute wreck," she said, with a glance at her crumpled blouse.

"You are a comfort, Jerry," she murmured. "Oh, and hasn't khaki got a heavenly smell?"

There was a long silence, while the baby slept.

The grinding of brakes, another station, and another crowd.

"Only two people in here!" came in strident tones from the platform, as a determined hand wrenched open the door, and two men and a girl bustled noisily in. Obviously provided with first-class tickets the subaltern's forbidding expression only provoked sly smiles, and Biddy's face was crimson, as the baby was noted with upraised brows.

"Why don't you go into another carriage and smoke?" she whispered under her breath, but the subaltern proved true under fire.

"Certainly not," he said firmly, slipping an arm through hers with an unconcerned air.

The sudden appearance of a tiny, waving fist, the now familiar whimper, and the baby was again on the war-path.

"It can't be hungry yet," Biddy's eyes were tragic. "It isn't possible."

"I should try the bottle again, anyhow," remarked the subaltern, laconically, rising to the situation, as a battery of six eyes turned in their direction.

"That ought to last the little beggar until we get to London, anyway," he remarked in practical tones, removing the bottle from Biddy's outstretched hand. "Now, then," in heroic tones as he settled down again. "Pass it over to me for a bit."

Biddy grasped the baby a little tighter. "No," she said firmly, "I won't."

But the subaltern was firm, too. "Don't be silly," he said, "hand it over."

The girl flashed a glance around the compartment. "But all these people," she said under her breath.

"People be hanged! It's nothing to do with them; besides, you've got no end of hairpins coming out," he added darkly.

But Biddy held firm. "I can't help it," she said with a sigh. "Jerry, this awful trap is stopping again."

Six or seven long minutes passed slowly by and still the train remained at a standstill. Expostulatory voices sounded in all directions, and then the guard hurried by. The man from the signal-box leant out, and an animated conversation ensued.

Biddy pressed her nose against the glass. "Lots of the people are hopping out on to the line!" she exclaimed, in excited tones. "Jerry, there must be something up," and at that moment the something was explained.

"Guard!" a stentorian voice from the next carriage. "Is this confounded train going to stick here all day?"

"Not that I know of, sir. There's a big motor lorry over the line in front—crashed over the embankment they say. Sorry, sir, accidents will happen. How long? A couple of hours I should think, sir. Maybe more, maybe less. How far? Mile and a half long, sir."

By this time the whole train was agog with excitement.

"May as well go and view the remains," remarked one of their fellow-passengers, rapidly clambering down on to the line, while the two others soon followed suit.

"If it wasn't for this wretched baby," said Biddy, desperately, "we could go as well. Jerry, you go! I shall be all right."

The subaltern laugh-d. "Not me," he remarked, inelegantly. "I'm going along to interview the guard—there may be a town near, and we could get a motor or something. I won't be a sec.," opening the door and climbing out.

With a glance at the remaining passenger, leaning out of the opposite window, Biddy dumped the somnolent baby on to the seat and rose with a sigh of relief. "I can't help it if it does wake," she remarked, audibly, and at that the other woman looked around.

"How old is the baby?" she enquired in friendly tones.

Biddy busily pushing in hairpins, smiled in reply. "I really don't know," she said, absentmindedly, looking up just in time to see the woman's puzzled eyes. "You see," she was beginning in explanatory tones when a masculine voice sounded from the outside:

"Come along, Nora—it's only a mile away."

The woman hastened to the door, the man reached up, swung her down, and they hurried away.

Biddy laughed hysterically, and at that moment Jerry reappeared.

"Miles from everywhere," he remarked laconically, "but there's a cottage a little way along. What about some tea?"

"Jerry," Biddy rested both hands on the subaltern's broad shoulders and looked at him with troubled eyes: "I'm feeling the most awful fool!"

"Lord! Why?"

"That woman—very naturally, I suppose—thought it was my baby and she asked me how old it was, and I said I didn't know."

"Well?"

"Of course, she thinks I'm quite mad—and then, just as I was beginning to explain, she went."

"Darlin'!" and the subaltern sat down, drawing the girl gently on to his knee. "It isn't a bit of good explaining; and, after all, what does it matter? Let them think what they jolly well like, it won't affect us, and it's not half as bothering as telling them the truth, which, ten to one, they wouldn't believe."

Biddy leant her head down on his shoulder with a sigh.



Turning quickly the sea Mr. Slippery Stone wriggling his head down to start a kiss

First Prize.

"I've had enough of babies for one day, and it's been perfectly horrid for you," she said, softly.

But, somehow, the subaltern's face was strangely content as he smiled in reply.

A few minutes later they prepared to descend.

The subaltern clambered down and held out his arms:

"Jump!" he said, with laughing eyes.

Biddy picked up the baby. "What about this?" she queried.

"Heavens! of course! Hand it down."

Biddy handed it out, and prepared to descend.

"Hang on a moment," commanded the subaltern, looking around for a convenient spot on which to deposit the offending child.

"Shall I hold the baby while you help your wife down?" came in pleasant cultured tones from the next carriage, and Biddy's eyes were wide with embarrassment as she opened her lips to explain: not so the subaltern.

"Thank you very much," he said, politely, as, relinquishing the baby, he held out inviting arms.

"Jump, darling," he said softly, and the elder woman smiled to herself at the tender tones.

"Is this the first?" she queried slyly, looking down into the subaltern's upraised face with sympathetic eyes.

Biddy started forward, but the subaltern was firm.

"Yes," he said coolly. "Thank you very much," as, handing the baby to the now speechless Biddy, he saluted and they strode away. But Biddy wasn't speechless long. "Jerry," she said with a gasp, "how could you say it was ours?"

The subaltern stuck to his guns.

"I didn't," he maintained, "and if it comes to that I expect it is the first; anyhow, it was better than giving a long-winded explanation, and probably missing our tea."

Biddy glanced at his cheerful, sunburnt face, and a something new flickered in her clear, grey eyes.

"Jerry," she said tremulously, "you've been such a brick. Jerry, dear—I—I."

The subaltern stopped short. For a long moment they surveyed each other over the baby's head.

"You just wait until we get rid of the baby," he muttered cryptically, catching hold of her arm.

A few hours later saw the baby restored to its mother's arms and Biddy clasped in the subaltern's, as their taxi whizzed along.

"Jerry," drawing his face down to hers, "I'm feeling quite different; I believe I've changed."

The subaltern strained her closer. "Changed?" he queried.

"Yes," tremulously; "I—I do believe in war weddings after all."

"Ah-h!" said the subaltern hoarsely, and there was a long silence as the taxi pounded on.

Concerts and Parties



Kesteven

WE land workers of the Kesteven Division have just had a most enjoyable Rally at the Co-operative Hall, Grantham. We were informed that Miss Talbot was to present the fortunate members with Good Service badges.

Mr. D—, our employer, allowed all of us to go. It was a jolly party of ten which left the farm in high spirits, driving in the "float" to the station, six miles away, the only miserable one of the party being "Charlie," the horse, who was most disgusted at having to leave his warm stable and turn out in a cold east wind. It took three of us to get him along, one driving, another making the orthodox noise with her tongue, and the third using a branch of a tree picked up *en route*, but even then he went at a very funeral pace. On going down a very steep hill some of us had to get out to lighten the load. About the middle of this hill (and on the wrong side!) a motor lorry full of airmen passed, who, on seeing us, cheered lustily, and were gone in a flash. "Charlie," not wanting to be left so far behind, started to trot, and would not be pulled up. Those who had got out, on seeing this, starting running, shouting: "Wait for us!" "Charlie" thought otherwise, and arrived at the station in fine style; not so the remainder of the party, who came panting up, saying, "Next time, no matter how steep the hill, we will not get out!"

On reaching Grantham we all went our separate ways shopping. Returning to the station yard at 3.22 p.m., we lined up and marched to the Co-operative Hall, where we were met by our Organising Secretary and Welfare Officer, who grouped the expectant recipients of the Good Service Badge to be photographed with the Countess of Ancaster, Miss Talbot, Miss Parr, and Miss Campbell sitting in front.

After this we went to the hall, where the Countess of Ancaster opened the meeting by introducing Miss Talbot, who gave us a most interesting speech which came to an end all too soon. We were then presented with our Good Service Badges and stripes. The Tractor Plough section received quite an ovation for the record acreage which they had ploughed.

Before sitting down to the sumptuous tea which had been provided, three hearty cheers were given for the Committee and kind helpers, led by one of the girls. After tea a splendid entertainment was given, organised by Mrs. Greenall and Miss Campbell, which we all thoroughly enjoyed, the singing and recitations being much appreciated. We all admired the bravery of the only member of the opposite sex who had the courage to face so many "Ama-

zons," and whose songs were so sympathetically rendered. The concert ended with the singing of the National Anthem: we then said "Good-night," and left for our respective farms, tired but happy.

M. S. AND D. H.

Bedford

ON Tuesday, January 14th, 1919, between sixty and seventy members of the W.L.A. in the Bedford District were invited to dinner and tea, at Messrs. Dudeney & Johnson's Restaurant, in the High Street, by the Bedford Committee of the W.L.A.

The girls assembled at Headquarters, and at ten minutes to 2 o'clock marched off to the restaurant, where they enjoyed a very pleasant social gathering.

An excellent dinner was served at 2 o'clock, at small tables laid for four. Sixty-four Land Girls were present, and the white smocks, happy faces, and pretty table decorations made a charming picture. Every girl received a pretty New Year's card.

Dinner was followed by the distribution of Cards and Badges. Efficiency Certificates for Farm Work were presented to sixteen members of the W.L.A., while sixty-eight girls from the Bedford District received Good Service Badges for thorough hard work and good conduct.

Mrs. Whitbread, Chairman of the Women's War Agricultural Committee, then gave a short address, after which she very kindly played the piano for the girls to dance and sing.

At 5 o'clock tea was served, for which the Chairman had most generously provided crackers.

The girls wound up the proceedings by giving Mrs. Whitbread, as representative of the Bedford Committee, three hearty cheers for their delightful afternoon's entertainment.

DOROTHEA LEECHMAN.

Berkshire

AN interesting conference of Land Army women has been held at the University College, Reading. The meeting was arranged by the Berkshire Women's War Agricultural Committee with the idea of bringing before the Land Army girls working in that county some of the schemes which have been proposed for the settlement of women on the land. In connection with the conference, it was arranged to present the first Good Service badges of the county, and Mr. J. Herbert Benyon (the Lord Lieutenant of Berkshire) kindly undertook to make the awards to more than 100 girls who were present.

Lady Wantage, who was unable to be present, wrote expressing her sympathy with the conference. Her ladyship added that she greatly appreciated the patriotic spirit shown by the workers, who had proved themselves really efficient land labourers. She congratulated the winners of the Good Service badges, and expressed her great appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Miss Lockley Smith.



L.A.A.S. Conference at Reading

Christmas Party in Hunts

THE Hunts Women's War Agricultural Committee very kindly gave a Christmas Party to all the Land Army girls working in Huntingdonshire.

The party was held in the Y.W.C.A. Hostel, Godmanchester. There were fifty-five girls present, most of them came by train, arriving between 1 and 2 o'clock.

The party started with games, dancing and two competitions. For the first one, Mrs. Moss Blundell played 22 songs, and the girls, if they knew the name of the song, wrote it down. For the second competition, the girls were allowed to look at about twenty-five articles placed on a tray, for three minutes, when the tray was covered up; they were allowed four minutes to write down as many of the articles as they could remember. There were prizes for each competition.

At 4 o'clock tea was served. It was greatly appreciated and the tables looked festive and gay with their Christmas decorations.

After tea there was a most delightful and amusing concert given by Mrs. S. Barratt and Miss and Master Skinner: everyone enjoyed it immensely. Later in the evening Mrs. Howard Coote very kindly presented Good Service Ribbons to forty-four girls who had earned it by industrious work and good conduct for six months or more. This is a very pleasing number to have earned it out of sixty-four Land Army members working in Hunts.

The party had to break up about 7 o'clock in order that the girls might catch their various trains; they were taken to the station in a large wagonette, which was considered a jolly ending to a very happy gathering.

Very many thanks are due to the Matron of the Y.W.C.A. Hostel and Mrs. Moss Blundell for all the trouble they took to make the evening such a success.

The Dansant at Worcester

A VERY successful Thé Dansant, organised by the Worcestershire Women's War Agricultural Committee, was held on February 14th to raise funds for the Land Army Welfare work in the county. This form of entertainment, although very well known to Londoners, is the first of its kind to be held in the City of Worcester, and was the cause of much speculation as to what it would be. The Shirehall (which was kindly lent) made a very charming setting for a function of this description, setting off the dresses and dancing to advantage.

The music, rendered by the band of the Worcestershire Regiment (also kindly lent), made dancing a delight and was greatly appreciated by those who had come to look on. The programme was a delightful mixture of the old, old dances such as "Sir Roger," and the up-to-date "Fox-trot." The Hon. Peggy Coventry and Miss Harrison gave a very pretty demonstration of the Fox-trot and Hesitation Waltz.

Land Army Girls were kept busy at the buffet and also in directing the carriages, thus saving the services of a policeman. They also did excellent work beforehand in arranging the buffet and getting the various rooms ready.

The financial result was excellent. Over £74 was cleared for the fund. It was cheering to hear that not only had the venture been a financial success, but hopes were expressed by those who had been present that the fund would need replenishing and that the same method might be employed with even greater hopes of success.

Land Army Party at Hillingdon Court

ON December 21st Lady Hillingdon gave another of her delightful "Dances." There were about 150 guests, including visitors, munition girls, fifty members of the Land Army, and about seventy local Land Workers. These last were most interesting. Many of them had worked nearly all their lives on farms or market gardens. Some were quite old women, weather-worn and lined, but so proud and happy to be wearing our green and red armlet. It was the first time in their lives they had had recognition of their services to their country, or had realised they were "Heroes!" One dear old lady, who has been thirty-five years at work on the same farm, told me she felt quite young again, and would like to join the Morris dancers! She was sure she could "hop it" with the youngest of them. Her joy and pride in her armlet and stripes were a pleasure to behold.

On the same farm and market garden where she works we have four L.A.A.S.'s, who have been there ever since they joined the Land Army. I think this speaks volumes for the employer and conditions existing there.

It seems a pity these "life-workers" cannot have a Good Service Ribbon too!

At 6 p.m. they all sat down to a real pre-war tea, with "curranty" cakes and buns, which caused great excitement. After tea Lady Hillingdon presented eleven Good Service Ribbons

to girls of the Uxbridge and Southall District. Then the dancing began—it really *was* dancing. We had country dances, such as "Gathering Peascods," "Rigs of Marlow," "Sir Roger de Coverley," "Lancers," and every possible sort of "Fox-trot" made up on the spur of the moment by all of us as we danced. As a great number had not brought shoes with them, the terrible slides on the ball-room floor helped in the general merriment and fun.

Our hostess never even looked worried when she saw and heard the thumping and clamping of farm boots on her polished ball-room floor. At about 10 p.m. we all sat down to a most sumptuous supper. After supper the evening closed with hearty cheers for Lady Hillingdon, and then "God Save the King." One great charm in these "Dances" at Hillingdon Court is that you always meet the same girls over and over again, which shows that they are still at work on the same farm. M. F.

Cockermouth Land Girls' Club

THE first meeting of the Cockermouth Land Girls' Club was held at the Land Army Hostel, Main Street, on February 8th. Mrs. Bent was elected President for the year. It was decided to ask Mrs. Wadham, Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Irwin to be Vice-Presidents.

Miss Cooke was elected Chairman of the Committee; Miss C. Tautain, Secretary and Librarian; Miss Andrews, Treasurer.

The following rules were adopted:—

1. The annual subscription should be 1s., which should include free use of the Hostel Library.

2. Informal meetings should be held every Thursday night, with a special programme every month arranged by the Committee.

3. The Committee of the Club were prepared to take over all arrangements for a sale of work at the Depot on Cockermouth market days.

Any girl in the county to be allowed to send hand-made articles for sale; 1d. in the shilling on each sale to be given to the Comforts Fund.

Outsiders may avail themselves of the facilities for the sale of home-made things, but must give 2d. in the shilling to the Comforts Fund.

Help is given on Thursday nights to anyone wishing to employ their leisure time if they care to call at the Club.

C. TAUTAIN.



Mr. Slippery Slime. Second Prize

Punch and Mr. D.—

AN amusing little article appeared in a recent issue of *Punch* concerning a Mr. D—, whose regular appearance is admitted by the genial old gentleman to render certain of our periodicals more entertaining. Mr. D— is, indeed, "rapidly becoming one of the best-known figures in the British Isles, and bids fair soon to be more familiar than either of the Georges—Rex or Lloyd." Than this compliment from *Punch* no higher could be desired by the Dunlop Rubber Company's management, for the Mr. D— is no other than the inventor of the pneumatic tyre as pictured by various artists. Mr. "P" opines that in years to come one of the tasks of antiquaries will be to determine the body of myth attaching to Mr. D—'s personality. We do not think that any such investigation will ever become necessary.

THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS*

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

CHAPTER XV

GIRON.

DURING this summer of daily association Judge Carteret and Richard had developed a warm friendship. The Judge stopped at the Lodge each morning and took Richard with him to the station, and at night they came out together. Richard was fully conscious of the fine tact that made him feel their common ownership of Hillcrest, that put all the Judge's possessions at his disposal, and yet never let him feel indebtedness. After his first resentment of Anne's admiration for him, and his own boyish suspicion of the Judge's feelings for Anne, Richard had faced about and become one of their neighbour's staunchest admirers.

As for the Judge, he interested himself in the younger man's slow growth and gradual coming into a realisation of himself. "A case of arrested development," he said once to Cecilia, and she added one of her illuminating touches.

"He's like a plant that grows long underground and slowly. When he breaks through the soil, he will be in full bloom."

During the hardest days of this absorbing trial in Judge Carteret's court, Richard looked after the Judge like a son, and the older man grew to depend upon him greatly. Occasionally they would stay in town over night together, sleeping at the Barrett Senior's, town house. It was deserted save for a caretaker, and they would dine at the club, spend an hour or so at a roof garden, and then go out to the house for the night.

One afternoon in August the Judge telephoned Richard that he would have to stay in town over night, and asked him to look after Saxton. Richard insisted that the Judge go up to his father's house to sleep, as it was cooler and quieter than the club. He would telephone the caretaker to have everything in readiness. About seven the Judge went to the club to dine, where to his surprise Richard joined him.

"An important matter came up after you phoned, which I had to look after, so I telephoned out to Nan that we would both stay in town. She said she would have Cecilia and Saxton to dinner and refused to lament our loss."

"The thought of that cool, quiet place out there, at the end of each day's journey, has done more to get me through this summer than anything else. I wish we were there, to go to Anne's dinner."

"Great place, the North Shore; sort of gets hold of you. Hillcrest is certainly a fine spot for Love's young dream, Judge. My wife tells me that Graves is head over heels in love with the 'fraid lady."

"I think that is about the state of the case."

"Do you think he has a look-in there?"

"I know of no reason why he should not have. He's young, and clever, and good-looking."

"Queer idea, falling in love with that girl."

"You think so?"

"Yes. For all I like her tremendously, there is something kind of spooky about her."

"Spooky?"

"Yes, not human—kind of uncomfortable. You can't think of her around your house, singing to your kiddies, and that sort of thing."

The Judge smiled whimsically.

"Yes, you can think of her so, only instead of 'Bye-lo Baby' she would be apt to sing 'The Erl-King'!"

"That's just the trouble, she never does what anybody else would do."

They lingered aimlessly over their dinner, and later, when Richard proposed some summer show, the Judge protested that he was too tired, and suggested that they walk up the North Side, through the park. It was about nine o'clock when they started, and they smoked and chatted of casual things. When they came to the park, it swarmed with people trying to find a cool place. Children ran about, playing in the grass, and mothers pushed perambulators up and down.

"Think of the quiet and peace at Hillcrest. It does not seem fair, does it? It makes Cecilia's impassioned plea for a chance for these people seem just."

"Oh, they're satisfied with the park; they wouldn't appreciate Hillcrest."

"That is the cotton-wool idea we wrap ourselves in, Richard. A man who has never bathed in the sea might enjoy the experience if it came to him."

"Not this generation, Judge. It springs from non-bathing races; water externally applied is foolishness."

The Judge laughed, and they sat down on a bench to rest. Presently the conversation of two working-men near by caught their attention.

"The public's sore on this Parker business. If the Union backed Conrad, it was a bum lead."

"Well, this here Carteret guy'll find out all there is to know. It's tough luck for the fellers, if he finds 'em guilty, for he ain't open to no fixin'."

"There's always a few old cranks to rake out the truth and kick up a fuss, an' bleat about honesty and justice. This ain't no time for justice, it's time for the Union to get things hushed up."

The men moved on and the Judge sighed.

"There's public opinion for you," laughed Richard.

"It's terrible, isn't it?—this bartering of justice, this weakening of the moral fibre of our people."

When they arrived at the Barrett house, the caretaker had some beer and sandwiches ready for them, and they sat for awhile, still talking on the theme suggested by the chance conversation of the working-men. All at once a voice behind them remarked, "Bon soir, messieurs."

They both started and faced about. A small wiry man, with a white face, stood bowing and smiling at them. He had the manner of a gentleman, and stood easily, even nonchalantly, under their inspection.

"How did you get in?" demanded Richard.

"An unimportant detail, Meester Barrett; ze main point ces I am here. Judge Carteret, Meester Barrett! Gaston Giron, at your service."

Both men started at the name, and the stranger swept them another bow.

"Giron! What are you doing here?" demanded the Judge.

"I pay my respect to you, Monsieur le Judge."

"Give yourself up like a man, and I'll hear what you have to say before a jury!"

"Every man hees own way," shrugged Giron. "I come to fin' out what posection you take in zees trial."

"Are you mad?"

"I am mad 'nor' by nor'east," he replied.

"Of all the impudence!" Richard burst out. "I'll call the police and hand him over. If you think you can bluff us, you've gotten in the wrong house."

Giron withdrew one hand from his coat pocket and covered Richard with a revolver.

"Let us not talk of poleece, let us be calm. Conseeder me a hostage from ze enemy, an' treat me wiz respect, ces all I ask."

"Anything you say will be used against you when you come to trial," the Judge said.

"When—so small a word, so beeg wiz meaning."

He walked over to the mantelpiece and examined a picture which hung above it.

"A Velasquez, and a ver' fine one, too. How American!" He flung out his hands at the swathed room. "Mere tables, mere chairs, protected, all covered; but zees, a masterpiece, which no dust should be allow to mar, zees zey overlook."

He ran his fingers along the frame and blew off the dust that clung to them. The Judge motioned Richard to sit down, and he resumed his own seat.

"You know Velasquez?"

"But yes, why not?"

"Mr. Barrett's father has a fine collection in this house."

"So? Sometimes Americans do buy good zings."

"Only sometimes?"

"As connoisseurs of art—well! As a people you are *interessant*, *naif*, inconsistent, shrewd, greedy children."

"Will you join us in a sandwich and a glass of beer?" the Judge asked.

"Better not," warned Richard.

Giron sauntered to the table and sat down, one hand in his pocket, his eyes alert.

"You are mos' kind. I came wiz some idea I would keel you, I stay to accep' your hospitality."

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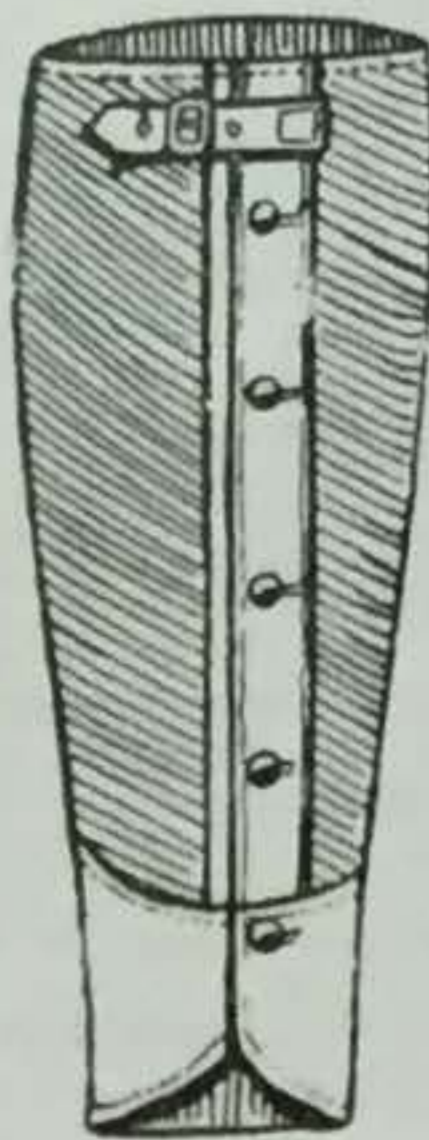


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"I am interested in knowing why you wished to shoot me."
"You remembair Stevenson's tale of 'Villon ze Vagabond'?"
We repeat it: I am ze hero, you ze unwilling host, monsieur,"
Giron replied, ignoring the Judge's question.

"You read Stevenson?"
"I read everyzing. Stevenson, he ees delightful: simple, sweet, refreshing. 'Jekyll and Hyde' and 'Ebb-tide,' not so sweet. Pardon ze effort of a chil' to play wiz psychology, ze trappings of adventure! Zees Stevenson, he should be American."

"You insist upon our childishness."
"It impresses ze foreigner."
"I'm glad we are young and not rotten with age like France,"
Richard blurted out.

The Frenchman's swift glance shot at him like a stiletto.
"You might learn much from France, monsieur. Ze old age of France has develop complexity; but you, you are clumsy wiz youth. On ze surface France ees changing, full of whims; underneath—ah, zat ees different. We plan, we are diplomats; but you! You are not subtle, my good monsieur; forceful, perhaps, but nevaire subtle."

"No, thank God!" said Richard heartily.
"Your way ees ze longest—"

The Judge had been watching him intently.
"You are a citizen of the United States?" he asked.

"I am citizen of all ze worl', Monsieur le Judge. All peoples all countrees interes' me. I am what you call a soldier of fortune. I wield my sword for ze under dog, wherever I find heem."

"Quixotic, but impolitic."
"If all the stray foreigners who came over here for three weeks, and then tell us how to run this country, would stay at home, and try their hands at their own affairs, some of the European countries might be a little less rotten," remarked Richard.

"Monsieur ees combative."
"I'm an American, and I—"
"Same zing. American—combative. Children mus' fight; ze beeg boy take from ze leetle boy, onless ze leetle boy buy heem off."

"You think that a national characteristic?"
"America—she take over ze Philippines, Cuba, wiz much talk of liberating a downtrodden people. Incidentally, she enreech herself some millions of dollairs. Wizout ze oratory we call it stealing; wiz ze oratory, it becomes 'ze cause of humanity.' Ze American magnate, he rob an' ruin ze people, an' zen gives zem ze library, ze university, so he becomes a public benefactor. Wizout ze presents he ees just robber and cut-throat, but wiz rese gifts he ees a demigod!"

"Very interesting, Mr. Giron, and no doubt amusing to an outsider."
"Not so amusing to an insider who can mark ze tendency; eh, Judge Carteret?"

"No, it is not amusing. Still, I do not find it a cause for despair. There is just at present a low standard of public honesty, but it is the merest phase of our growth. Honesty is, and always has been, the best policy, to put it on the lowest basis; and without it, or with some substitute, our whole structure would fall. That certainly will never occur, Mr. Giron."

"Why don't you 'know-it-alls' have a look at the other side?" Richard asked him. "There is more personal honour to-day among men than there ever was in the history of business. Big enterprises, involving thousands of dollars, rest on the spoken word of one man to another, every day. It's all rot making so much of the crooked fellows."

"It ees ze exception zat ees interesting, nevaire ze rule, Meester Barrett. An' now I fear I have imposed on you too long."

He rose, his hands in his pockets, and the Judge rose and faced him.

"It has been interesting to hear your views on these genera' subjects, Mr. Giron. I shall look forward to hearing them on a subject of interest to us both in the near future."

Giron bowed.
"Meester Barrett, for my sake, just a veil, a screen over ze Velasquez. My thanks for your hospitality—"

Richard stood at the Frenchman's right, the Judge opposite him.
"Mr. Giron, it is the duty of every citizen to try to hand you over to the authorities, as you know. It is my peculiar duty to do so. I have no desire to use force, but you can see for yourself that it is impossible for me to let you go. You are a man of brain and ability. Is there no way I can appeal to your sense of fairness in this matter?"

"My dear monsieur, eet mus' be golden oratory zat would make me put my head through ze noose, so! I am armed; you are not. Your life ees valuable, mine ees not. I came to kill you, an' I have changed my mind; but if you lift a hand to detain me, I shall have ze honour to shoot you dead. So be discreet, *mes amis*."

Like a flash he covered them both, and backed out of the door; and when they rushed after him there were no signs except a window open on to the terrace.

"Of all the damned impudence!" said Richard.
"H'm." mused the Judge, "rather interesting fellow. I wonder where I have seen him before."

(To be continued.)

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 Kirby, Rita
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 Pilling, Irene
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 Scott, Ethel
 Smith, Amy
 Smitten, Margaret
 Summerford, Norah
 Sumner, Mabel
 Wheatley, Mabel
 Woods, Rose
 Sooby, Ethel
 Chieslak, Sophie
 Desborough, Gertrude
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 Coker, Elsie
 French, Hilda
 Gardner, Barbara
 Horne, Florence
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Reynolds, L.
Parker, E.
Arksey, E.
Young, M. E.
Haigh, B.
Muskett, Mrs.
Walker, Mrs. E.
Preston, L.
Harrison, E.
Stollard, D.
Smith, S.
Whitaker, E.
Robinson, K.
Moncaster, G.
Abbot, F.
Ancaster, E.
Andrew, M.
Auty, G.
Belf, A.
Blackburn, L.
Brabbs, E.
Bransom, A.
Broadly, D.
Brown, E. J.
Brunt, N.
Burgess, M.
Buck, J.
Bennett, L.
Blackbourne, H.
Bainbridge, M.
Baker, M.
Bullerment, A.
Pinchbeck, N.
Butterwick, Mrs.
Cattell, Miss
Ballam, E.
Baker, E.
Banks, E.
Bedford, M.
Carline, A.
Carr, D.

Chapman, L.
Chapman, E.
Chinnock, R.
Cockerline, E.
Cobb, M.
Cogill, M.
Cottam, J.
Dodsworth, E.
Todd, E.
Tate, L.
Turell, M.
Travoska, S.
Taylor, K.
Turner, E.
Turner, C.
Tuton, B.
Walker, E.
Wass, I.
Whitehead, E.
Wilcox, E.
Withall, Mrs. E.
Wood, O.
Waters, D.
Chandler, Mrs.
Eccles, Mrs.
Ellis, L.
Elliott, F.
Ellwood, A.
Edney, M.
Elliott, A.
Farnsworth, F.
Farthing, N.
Fewson, B.
Ford, M.
Freer, A.
Foster, A.
Garbutt, M.
Garnett, M.
Gibbons, G.
Goodhill, M.
Haste, D.
Hardie, M.
Hasleton, M.
Hopper, W.
Holland, E.
Hollingworth, W.
Horsfield, M.
Hunt, A.
Jackson, D.
Jones, D.
Jackson, Mrs.
Kibble, K.
Mercer, I.
Meadows, G.
McGrath, M.
McGrath, A.
Mitchell, V.
Markham, H.
Martin, M.
Metcalf, Mrs.
Notman, E.
O'Brien, Mrs.
Lawless, M.
Littlefield, J.
Lind, L.
Lingard, E.
Lousada, G.
Lusher, Mrs.
Pease, P.
Pepper, E.
Phillipo, M.
Pilmoor, R.
Pratt, L.
Reed, M.
Reed, E.
Rhodes, A.
Richardson, B.
Riley, M.
Robson, A.
Russell, Mrs.
Simpson, M.
Smith, Mrs. C.
Spencer, E.
Swash, F.
Scholfield, A.
Cooke, M.
Brown, E.
Brazier, A.
Smith, D.
Southwell, E.
Hairsine, G.
Officer, L.
Stocks, J.
Webster, D.
Chapman, Mrs. G.

ESSEX

Veness, G.
Wilton, M.
Davies, H. M.
Ridgewell, A.
Ridgewell, E.
Cope, H.
Crisp, E.
Grimsey, A.
Halls, E. M.
Cox, R.
Tucknott, L.
Tredgett, E.
Hopkins, V.
Goulin, J.
Garwood, L.
Andrews, G.
Ziegele, M.
Coe, G. V.
Wing, C.
Lawrence, M.
Alder, N.
Alder, I.
Brooks, B.
Capper, C.
Owers, V.
Vile, E.
Quin, A.
Ewington, M.
Upjohn, M. E.
Morris, E.
Searles, A.
Thompson, S.
Halford, N.
Savage, D.
Flack, E. R.
Smith, Mrs.
Law, M.
Harris, L.
Tyler, E.
Evans, M.
Johnson, A.
Redding, L.
Porter, A.
Willis, A.
Jancanelle, G.
Bromham, J.
Mansfield, Mrs.
Smith, M. L.
Bates, N.
Godfrey, A.
Harding, D.
Collins, F.
Jelpke, H.
Dudley, E. L. E.
Staples, A. E.
Derisley, E.

CHELMSFORD

Figg, O.
Skeats, M.
Bambridge, M.
Bambridge, Elsie
Bambridge, Emma
Bloomfield, P.
Pring, M.
Stock, N.
Browne, I.
Sims, D.
Woodley, D.
Harris, N.
Ralph, E.
Jackson, M.
Roden, R.
Phillips, V.
Chester, J.
Gray, E. E.
Cranfield, Mrs.
Minet, D.
Norman, M.
Scott, M.
Cratoph, L. N.
Graves, N.
Carpenter, D.
Dorkins, E.
Saville, M.
Sadler, D.
Smith, Maud
Sanford, M. L.
Symonds, Ethel
Carr, M.
Richards, E. R.
Manning, W.

Grimwood, D.
Howes, D.
Downham, —
Côme, M. A.
Mills, E. M.
Mitson, F.
Gotelee, K.
Froger, J.
Cooper, A.
Croster, B.
Eastman, L.
Forty, M.
Potter, B.
Jacklin, L.
Jones, H. M.
Bearman, E.
Hamilton, Mrs.
Curtis, A.
Ratcliff, F.
Fordham, G.
Beamish, W.
Biggs, A.
Gray, E.
Bilton, V.
Rainbird, O.
Moore, M.
Tarran, M.
Bush, W.
Blamey, B.
Keys, N.
Eldred, I.
Jennings, M.
Cross, E. L.
Crass, N. F.
Williams, D.
Slaughter, E.
Radley, A.
Radley, M.
Norris, G.
Smith, Minnie
Weir, Mrs.
Lodge, E.
Barrenger, M.
Quinn, F.
Tabraham, Mrs.
Frachebourg, S.
Smith, Margaret L.
Cooper, Maud
Lightfoot, Mrs.
Banks, A.

STRATFORD

Ireland, I.
Hendon, L.
Carter, A.
Hollocks, A.
Arscott, L.
Matthews, E.
Booth, M.
Cutler, G. H.
Clears, E.
Pitt, E.
Miles, Mrs.
Brown, E. M.
Perry, M.
Rix, E.
Clark, A.
Triggs, S.
Bray, G.
Sharp, B.

WEST SUFFOLK

Arbon, Lilian
Allen, Phyllis
Alexander, Lilian
Andrews, Sylvia
Barwell, Barbara
Battersby, Constance
Bocock, Nellie
Burrell, Ada
Clarke, Evelyn
Dearsley, Emily
Goodger, Mabel
Gould, Hetty
Goult, Maud
Hensby, Florence
Hewar, Francis
Horrex, Evelyn
Howard, Joyce
Jackson, Mary
Leach, Elsie
Leach, Ethel
Lowther, Susannah

Lumley, Elizabeth
Mortlock, Dorothy
Pask, Edith
Pearman, Edith
Poole, Lillian
Rolle, Rose
Rowe, Evelyn
Rowe, Dorothy
Rowlinson, Kate
Sillitoe, Olive
Stearn, Minnie
Stiff, Phyllis
Syer, Lily
Thorogood, Winifred
Tillett, Florence
Todd, Phyllis
Wales, Louisa
Watts, Dorothy
Williamson, Margaret
Walker, Elizabeth
Vince, Mrs.
Bryan, Mabel
Byron, Millicent
Duell, Ada
Fenn, Honor
Hawkes, Ida
Nicholls, Rose
Lake, Marie
Spillings, Florence

BRISTOL

A'Court, V.
Adams, Daisy
Alway, Mary
Baker, E. W.
Bryne, M. I.
Bridgeman, Mrs.
Carter, Mrs.
Caple, I. O.
Culley, M. L.
Dance, F. M.
Evans, V. A.
Flannery, H.
Flux, M. E.
Fuller, Cora
Hawkins, A. G.
Hill, M. E.
Inch, F. N.
Jones, Lily
Jones, Louisa
Liddiard, F.
Luton, B.
Martyn, Mrs.
Morgan, B. M. M.
Needle, F.
Powell, E. P.
Sutton, A.
Timbrell, A.
Tarr, Maud
Waite, E.
Wake, Daisy
Watson, Mrs.
Wheeler, Edith
Wilcox, L.
Wilding, E.
Woodhouse, A.

NORTHAMPTON

Jones, L.
Harris, V.
Wright, C.
Lacey, M.
Green, J.
Beckett, E.
Stafford, G.
Rice, E.
Robinson, M.
Bell, M. A.
Bixley, M.
Adams, G. A.
King, R.
Featherstone, J.
Cook, I.
Saxty, Miss
Chantry, M.
Petch, M.
Ames, A.
Wild, M.
Ward, N.
Barnes, J.
Males, N.
James, M.

(Continued on page 70)

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Advertisements should be sent to the Advertising Office, "The Landswoman," Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Stamford Street, S.E., accompanied by Postal Order, before the 15th of the month for insertion in the next month's issue.

THE REGINA BUREAU, 55 & 56 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, has opened a department for getting Landswomen and Munion Workers suitable situations. If they will apply, if possible personally, or write, and address letters to Department 5, they will get careful attention.

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FOR SALE. Lady's Astride Riding Habit (Coat and Trousers). Sackville Street Tailor. Worn twice. Cost £10. 10. 0. Accept £5. 5. 0. Also Stockinette Maroon Jumper, new, 30/-, and Old Rose Felt Hat, new, 7/6. Approval.—Apply by letter only N.M., c/o Mrs. W. Smedley, 23a Charleville Road, West Kensington.

WANTED to purchase, or lease, genuine Elizabethan or Tudor residence, with 5 acres of garden and orchard, and containing 5 reception rooms and 12 bedrooms. The house must stand on high ground with good views and be not more than 1½ miles from station, and within 1 hour's journey from town—Box H, Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, London, S.E.

WANTED a good general or useful help for up-to-date country house, all modern conveniences. Boy kept for coal, wood, boots, knives and all outside work. Three children. Wages £22. Two outings a week. — Guantlett, Little Bedwyn, Wilts.

WANTED Parlourmaid or House Parlourmaid, Country, 4 maids kept. Wages £30-£35. Liberal outings. Bicycle not objected to. No lamps.—Mrs. Leonard Sturdy, Trigon, Wareham.

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Regd.
CORSETS

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THE
"ALL BRITISH" WORKS,
CARRIAGE
PAID.

BRITISH MADE.
EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED.

TO those of our lady customers (especially lady Land-workers) who are living in the Country away from shopping facilities the news of the establishment of a Corset Department will undoubtedly be welcome. In choosing a line of corsets which would be worthy of the traditions of this business it was necessary to be sure of first-rate quality in combination with highest possible value for money. It was also essential that the line chosen should be British Made. These requirements are satisfied in the famous "TWILFIT" CORSETS, and these are now to be obtained direct from the "All British" Works. "Twilfit" Corsets are guaranteed to give satisfaction or they will be exchanged or money refunded. All models from 7/11 upwards are fitted with Spiral Unbreakable Hip Steels.

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"TWILFIT"
MODEL
169
Specially
suitable for the
Landswoman.
Price
8/11
per pair.
Carriage Paid.



NORTH RIDING
Continued from p. 75-

Coldbeck, Rebecca
Doyle, Annie
Davies, Florence
Griffin, Mary
Grainger, Hilda
Harris, Lily
Hayes, Dorothy
Hodgkiss, Nancy
Horton, Lily
Horton, Lucy
Hall, Ida
Jeynes, Joyce
Johnson, France
Jones, Rona
Ketland, Florence
Kidson, May
Lewis, Ethel
Loxton, Winnie
Lunt, Minnie
Lloyd, Frances
Lee, Mary Ann
McCormick, Mary
Millward, Hilda
Millichip, Beatrice
Millichip, Ellen
Morgan, Winifred
Pattinson, Doris
Phelps, Eliz.
Probert, Emily
Panting, Mildred
Powell, Florence
Reader, Rose
Rogers, Edith
Surrige, Hilda
Walters, Alice
Watkins, Nellie
Webley, Helen
Weaver, Lily
Wright, Annie
Adams, Mrs. F. R.
Abbot, Sarah
Adams, Mary
Alsopp, Gertude
Bosson, Elsie
Bowen, Mildred
Breeze, Eva
Banks, Edith
Baker, Elsie

Bonham, Violet
Brenen, Jean
Carter, Sarah J.
Copper, Mary
Carver, Millicent
Cozzell, Agnes
Davies, Agnes
Davies, Eva
Eardly, Doris
Evans, Doris
Evans, Gladys
Evans, Margaret
Evans, Evelyn
Everall, Jessie
Finch, Lily
Foxcroft, Elsie
Gittus, May
Galvin, Alice
Green, Dorothy
Godfrey, Alice
Griffiths, Helen
Heath, Nellie
Harris, Betty
Hayes, Mrs. Edith
Herdman, Martha
Higgings, Annie
Hincks, Harrie
Horton, Florence
Hurst, Alice
Hughes, Marie
Handford, Lucy, A.
Hozan, Mary
Ibbet, Charlotte
Jones, Doris
Jones, Ismay
Jones, Ethel
Jackson, Rose
Latham, Maggie
McCaldon, Ada
Munro, Winifred
Munro, Ellen
Murphy, Jean

Owing to lack of space the remainder of the North Riding list is held over till April.

DERBYSHIRE

Adams, Alice
Alcock, Ada
Armishaw, Lily
Armson, Winne
Auden, Ruth
Ault, Margaret
Barkes, Eva
Bannister, Lydia
Beasley, Constance
Brailsford, Mary
Brewin, Lily
Briggs, Elsie
Brisley, Annie
Broadhurst, Florence
Brookes, Clara
Brown, Lucy
Burton, Gladys
Chambers, Edna
Clarke, Miriam
Clarke, V. May
Clarke, Laura
Clyne, Alice
Colley, May
Crittenden, —
Dodd, Mrs.
Eaton, May
Elis, Muriel
Farnsworth, Gladys
Faulkner, Sarah
Fletcher, Gertrude
Fletcher, Lily
Fletcher, Ethel
Godfrey, Aimée
Goring, May
Green, Florrie
Guy, Ellen
Hall, Mrs. Charles
Hallsworth, Ellen
Harvey, Cecilia
Harwood, Lily
Hawthorne, Maud
Haynes, Alice
Haywood, Edith
Herrick, Hilda
Heath, Mildred
Hirst, Blanche
Hoare, Hilda
Hodson, Amy
Hurt, May

Johnson, Emily
King, Lily
Kirkland, Dorothy
Kirkman, Florrie
Lewin, Annie
McCreery, A.
Mellors, Dinah
Midgeley, Nellie
Munin, N. P.
Norris, Lucy
Lyne, Mrs.
Parker, May
Peate, Ethel
Priestley Florrie
Priestley, Annie
Rose, Eliza
Rowell, Mary
Righton, Hilda
Rogers, A. May
Sewell, M. A.
Smith, Emily
Smith, Florence
Sraith, Margaret
Snow, Evelyn
Spencer, Edith
Spencer, Dorothy
Starkey, Evelyn
Swift, Ruth
Tipping, May
Tomlinson, Edith
Thornwill, Annie
Tunnicliffe, May
Upton, Amy
Ward, Doris
Webster, Elsie
Wedd, Mabel
Westerman, Lily
Woodridge, Dorothy
Thomas, Lydia
Fisher, Sybil (Welfare)
Montford, Miss
(Group Leader)
Bonsall, Florence
Birkin, Ruth
Clamp, Florence
Cooke, Lizzie
Cooney, Winifred
Dabell, Elsie
Dale, Elizabeth
Eato, Alice Louisa
Eato, Florence Lily

THE LANDSWOMAN

Edge, Jane
Fletcher, Flora
Fletcher, Elsie
Hallows, Cissie
Hazlehurst, E.
Hyworth, Margaret
Lawton, S.
McNemamine, Margaret
Parit, Dorothy
Pinckney, Mrs.
Riley, Elsie
Keene, Florence
Rowlands, Gladys
Sadler, Gwendolien
Titterton, Edith
Wagstaffe, Louisa
Wilmore, Hetty
Woodward, Mabel

Funnell, Alice
Mann, Mary
Twinn, Florence
Bowler, Hilder
Thurloe, Miriam
Howlett, Hetty
Broadfield, Nelly
Howlett, Muriel
Licence, Nellie
Rigby, Dora
Cayley, Bessie
Cooper, Clara
Deke, Doris
Weavers, Ethel
Woods, Emily
Gort, Dorothy
Turner, Eileen

EAST SUFFOLK

Dye, Mabel
Dye, Madge
Dyason, René
Lee, Mary
Pollard, Amy
Baker, Mabel
Spooner, Margaret
Flory, Alice
Craine, Caroline
Welham, Maud
Halls, Rachel
Cobden, Amy
Bloomfield, Isabel
Fowler, Ruby
Ravensdale, May
Curley, Jane
Wright, Marjorie
Foster, Dorothy
Newman, May
Jay, Laura
Wyatt, Lily
Randall, Ethel
Haylett, Ethel
Kent, Gladys
Norman, Margaret
Brock, Daisy
Burch, Nora
Bullock, F. E.
Froggatt, Elizabeth
Delf, Florence

KESTEVEN

Adams, A.
Banks, R.
Bailey, I.
Bristowe, A.
Butterworth, M.
Caiger, H.
Cook, I.
Couling, M.
Cust, H.
Emmingham, M.
Fielder, A.
Foster, M.
Gibson, M.
Gibbs, K.
Gould, M.
Guthrie, M.
Holt, G.
Harris, D.
Kitchen, E.
Mann, E.
Milligan, O.
Newton, A.
Osborne, B.
Poile, M.
Rose, H.
Smith, M.
Stocks, A.
Stewart, L.
Stephenson, E. C.
Varley, M.
Wilkinson, B.
Yole, E.

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PRICE'S, BATTERSEA, S.W. 11

Gardening Hints for March

It is well to plan spring and summer cropping well in advance, so as to adjust the plot required for each crop. A large space will be occupied by winter and early spring stuff, such as kale, Brussels sprouts, broccoli, red cabbage, green cabbage, savoys, celery, leeks, etc. All these things can be cleared at any time, but they ought not to occupy the same place two years running: so where are you going to plant early broad beans, early peas, out of pots, potatoes? Now potatoes must have first place and always, each year, fresh ground. The best crop of potatoes I have ever grown were worthy of exhibition, weighing a pound each, a few of them. They were Duke of Yorks, an early potato, planted third week in March and ready to eat by third week in June. They were planted in a patch of celery ground, lightly manured, but plenty of bonfire stuff mixed with the soil. It consisted of almost everything—weeds, trimmings, sardine tins, nails, small chips of wire netting—all was put in and made a good drainage. A hotbed is necessary to bring along seeds if there is no greenhouse. Beans: plant out these in boxes

and plant main crop in open ground. Broccoli for autumn use to be sown early and sow again at the end of the month. Sow main crop Brussels sprouts. The best possible position and rich ground is wanted when planted out. Cabbage of two or three kinds should be planted to supply plants for filling up gaps. Sow Early Rose at first opportunity, but later for main crop, when the weather is more settled. Cauliflower: plant out as weather permits, from frames: plenty of manure is necessary for good growth. Leeks should be sown in boxes this month, but no time is lost if left for a week or two. Lettuce can be planted outside, but you must take the risk. Sow a pinch also outside, and some red sorts—they resist damp. Sow peas of the Marrowfat class: mind and give plenty of room between the rows. Sea kale to be sown in bed well prepared. Spinach sown in plenty. Don't forget tomatoes. Sow turnips at the end of the month.

FRANCES WALKLEY.

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Tablet, post free, 1/-

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ROUGHNESS OF SKIN, ETC.It softens and improves the Hands, Face
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OF HIGH-CLASS DRAPERS.

Standard weight, 31 inches wide, 3/11 per yd.

Medium	"	31	"	"	4/3	"
Heavy	"	31	"	"	5/3	"

If you are unable to obtain,
write to the Manufacturers
for name of suitable retailer—

Registered Trade Mark.

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd.
(Trade only), Viyella House,
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DEAR GIRLS,—We have reprinted—by special permission of the Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*—a chapter from the charming articles by Miss Wilkinson which have appeared in the January and February issues.

In "Land Days" Miss Wilkinson has succeeded in expressing most delightfully the real feelings of so many of us about our work on the land. The mysterious fascination of it all has gripped her, and after reading so much of the hard and monotonous labour of land work, it is truly refreshing to find that someone who knows the hardest side of it, knows also that that is easily forgotten in the memory of its delights.

"The fields were white as a sheet, and not even the tops of the turnips visible sometimes. A hoe was necessary to find them at all, and with it one of us struck into a row and knocked the tops off by following the line of it, and the other came behind and pulled and cleaned the turnips with a knife and drag. It was a slow job at the best, and on mornings with a fog and rime on everything there is very little to be said for it except that the stock must not starve. Even here, though, there was recompense. I shall never forget one morning in early March, as the sun rose red over the snow on the hill sides, and reflected red in the curves of the river below. No sign of spring was abroad, but the trees were a wonderful madder brown. In spite of the snow, I suppose the sap was stirring in their branches, and life was tingling through them with the promise of spring. That's the amazing thing about work on the land—aching fingers with cold, and aching back with stooping, the turnips temporarily mislaid under a deep snow—and yet the chief memory left in my mind is a red sun rising over snow, and the river winding red, and a certain contentment that the work was done."

I think we shall, some of us, agree, too, with Miss Wilkinson that "It is more difficult to work on the land in summer than in winter, I find. For one thing, heat is more trying to me than cold; and in winter, when you are out in the fields in all weathers, you are not likely to be tempted to sit on the muddy ground by your plough and enjoy the scenery. You've just got to work to keep warm."

"In summer it is different, and sometimes it is only by setting yourself a definite amount to get through that you can keep up a decent standard at all. Wild horses may not be able to turn me aside from the path of duty—though I don't know, as I've never been tried—but wild roses have stolen a little from my honest day's work before now."

Ah, well, it is not given to all of us to put our feelings into words, as Miss Wilkinson can, but we have the same real enjoyment of those feelings, even though we may not be able to express them—and it is a wonderful possession.

CONCERTS.—I am tremendously cheered at the great success which seems to have attended every attempt on the part of L.A.A.S. to get up a concert or a village entertainment. Every post brings in accounts of such efforts in villages in all parts of England and Wales; and always at the end of the letter comes the chorus that the success of it exceeded the wildest expectations. Several accounts of these concerts appear on another page, but I must add to these one or two more.

Three Land Girls in a tiny, remote village in Leicester got up a concert entirely on their own, and raised £15. And what do you think they wanted the money for? To buy an invalid chair for the little cripple son of their billet lady!

In Northamptonshire two concerts have already been given with great success, and a third is coming off this Easter. Miss Hole and Miss Northcroft have had a strenuous time of it, but I am sure they have enjoyed it just as much as the L.A.A.S. who took part, and their delighted audience. "Old Macdonald" seems to be the favourite item in this county!

Nora Symons, from St. Mellon's, Cardiff, writes: "Our Welfare Officer, Miss Nora Burt, took great interest in training us, being exceptionally nice to one and all. 'The Bran Pie' chorus we altered the names to represent members of the Land Army; also we had dolls and animals in the 'Bran Pie,' which were sold at the interval, and realised £5. We formed up on the stage in the shape of an aeroplane for the song 'Going Up,' and one of our L.A.A.S.'s sang the solo, and we all joined in

the chorus and swayed to imitate the aeroplane. The sketch 'My Wife's Relations,' caused great amusement, and was acted by nine Land Girls, five of whom were dressed as men. On Thursday, February 6th, we went to a little village called Coedkernew in brakes and repeated the concert, which realised also over £20; this is to go for the Soldiers' Welcome Home Fund."

"The Land Army Revue," devised by Dorothy Grace Holman, which was performed at Exeter, was the most tremendous success. The idea was to present the Land Army's history.



THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.—Letters this month are just as cheering as ever. V.I.C. writes from Wiltshire:

"What dreadful times you are having in London town now. One reads of the various strikes, and the queues, and notices such a difference in the town and the country. Here, for instance, we have had snow, and now are having hard frosts; very cold, but so healthy and invigorating. Every morning the sun rises just behind our dairy and cowsheds, like a red ball, and at night sinks in the west, behind some ricks, covered with frozen snow, like a fire, making them glitter and sparkle. It seems to tell us that, though the work is hard, and hours sometimes is long, the wheat is as precious as gems when crushed and turned into flour, and we feel we have laboured well as we think of past days; then at night the sun is replaced by the moon, now full, which peeps in at my little bedroom window, and lets me see the surrounding countryside and some sheep in a field near. Spring, too, is coming, for the snowdrops are here, and the rooks are mating and building in some trees near our little cottage"

S. A. W. agrees. "It is so true that work in the open air is the only cure for 'that restless feeling.' It always seems to me as if beautiful country, in all its loneliness and silence, is a thing too big for us to understand, and I suppose it is because, as you say, 'God walks there.' Somehow it makes me want to be 'big' too—big in spirit and heart; and I think you will know what I mean, as I am quite sure that others feel the same."

The wonderful versatility of the Land Army girl no longer surprises me, but I must own that the following story exceeded anything I had yet heard:

"When the flu was so bad in November the joiner here and all his men were bad with it, and there was no one in this little village able to make a coffin, and they were looking for someone who would go to Stamford to fetch one. As it was raining, and we were idle, the soldier who worked on the tractor with us said, if we would help him, he'd make it, so all day long we sand-papered the sides and mouldings as he cut them,



A HOLIDAY COUPLE

filled the nail holes with putty, pitched it and French polished it, and when it was finished, though it may seem gruesome, my friend, Miss Phyllis Drayton, and I were rather pleased with our day's work."

Such is the adaptability of the L.A.A.S.! This same girl—who is Irish—tells of her appearance on leave in Ireland in her Land Army uniform. She says: "You will be glad to hear that the remarks passed, instead of being rude, were in all cases most complimentary; and many was the 'God bless you and your spirit,' I heard from the old Irish women. One putting the climax on it when she remarked: 'She's not a 'Wack,' but a real woman soldier, and I hope the Sinn Feiners will be ashamed of themselves now.'"

A little Norfolk girl writes: "I wonder how many of us have pictured our work as the finest of all work from a religious point of view. Most of my day is taken up with milking and feeding the cattle. Just think it was in a manger of a cowshed, among the cows, that our 'dear Lord was born.'"

I could go on for ever quoting extracts from post bag, but space is more limited than usual.

THE SEWING CLUB.—M. R., of Norfolk, in the midst of that very cold weather—perhaps the thought of it helped to keep her warm—was suddenly seized with a desire to make summer nighties. She is making them in white nainsook—our favourite Landswoman Magyar shape—and they are to be embroidered round the neck and sleeves with broderie Anglaise. White nainsook, and that most delightful material, the finest quality tarantulle, have lately become so prohibitive in price that I have been making summer undies of pale pink mercerised lawn. This is very soft and silky, and can be bought for 1s. 8d. a yard, and it has this additional advantage, it doesn't go a bad colour in the worst of present-day laundries. The Needlework Competition promises to be very popular, and we are expecting lots of entries. One girl, who is most excited over the prospect of winning £3, wrote to ask if she might use material which had not cost more than 3s. before the war. As long as it has only cost you that money, it doesn't really matter when you bought it.

THE SHOPPING CLUB.—Without doubt the biggest shopping demand this month has been for songs and recitations and plays. The office stock has run out several times and has had to be renewed. Requests for chin straps arrive by every post, and heel protectors, knitting wool, paper patterns, bootlaces, putties, thick knitted stockings, etc., keep the Editor very busy shopping. I hope our small advertisements column will be useful to those who want to bring to the notice of our readers articles which they wish either to sell or to buy. A special low price is being charged, and we hope that many will take advantage of this arrangement, which is made for their convenience.

COMPETITIONS.—Prizes will be offered this month for the best collection of farm "terms." We want to publish in THE LANDSWOMAN a glossary of farm terms, etc.; and, although a certain number of these may be found in the text-books, it would be most interesting to have a collection of such terms as are peculiar to different parts of the country.

We badly need some new Land Army songs, and we are therefore offering three prizes this month for the best Land Army songs set to well-known tunes. All entries to reach this office before April 10th.

As March 1st is St. David's Day we are including some contributions in Welsh in this issue. We hope our Welsh reader will appreciate them.

It may interest some of you to know that at least four LANDSWOMAN readers have discovered the missing first three lines of "The Song of the Farmer," quoted by Mr. E. V. Lucas in our Christmas number. Here they are:

Let the wealthy and great
Roll in splendour and state:
I envy them not, I declare it—
I eat my own lambs, etc.

You all seem very pleased with your binding covers, and so great has been the demand that we have had to order a fresh supply. Don't forget we will give any L.A.A.S. a clean copy of any issue in exchange for a dirty one. I hope some readers who are not having their copies bound will be very kind and spare their January, 1918, copies to those girls whose names appear in the Exchange column, and who want them so desperately to complete their volumes.

We are hoping to have a series of articles on "Farm Life in the Colonies," which will, I am sure, interest those of you who hope to emigrate when your help is no longer needed in England. I am very anxious that you should realise all the difficulties as well as the joys of colonial farming before you make up your minds to try it.

Your sincere friend,
THE EDITOR.

Landswoman Exchange Column.

For Sale.—Board of Agriculture Uniform for Officers of the Women's Branch; nearly new; coat lined silk; large size, £5.—Apply Box A, Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath.

January 1918 Copies are urgently wanted by the following L.A.A.S. Will anyone willing to sell their copy write direct to any of the following addresses stating price: Miss Turner, 7, Dorset Square, Baker Street, W.1; Miss Barry, Knutsford House, Knutsford Place, Marble Arch, London.

Miss Licence, c/o Mrs. Smith, Old Hall, Darsham, Saxmundham, Suffolk.

Miss Walton, Fleet Fen, Gedney Hill, Wisbech.

Miss Allen, c/o Fletchamstead Hall, near Coventry.

Miss Henderson, The Elms, North Minnows, Hatfield.

Miss Barnett, The Chaplaincy, 6 Kingsfield Terrace, Faversham, Kent.

Miss G. Bell, Lynchford Farm, Farnborough.

Miss Russell Goggs, Rembrandt, 5 Bath Road, Brighton.

Miss Cox, Little Houghton, Northampton.

Miss Robinson, Magdalene Cottage, Broughton, Kettering.

Miss Fountain, "Pondyards," Redbourne Road, St. Albans Herts.

Miss Mundy, 36 Canterbury Road, Leyton, E.10.

Miss Salter, Raymerston Hall, Attleborough, Norfolk.

Miss Coe, 42 Fortune Gate Road, Harlesden, N.W.10.

Miss Crompton, Garden Bothy, Blagden Hall, Cramlington, Northumberland.

Miss Mainard, Rotten Green, Elvetham, Hartley Wintney, Hants.

Miss Mabel Cossins, Lower Cleeve, Minehead, Somerset.

Wellington Boots, size 7, nearly new, 30s.—Thelma Wight, 56B, Kenway Road, Earl's Court.

Wellington boots, size 7, warm lined and equal to new.—Miss Burts, Sandle Road, Bishop's Stortford.

Trench Boots, in best oil leather. As new, size 6, cost four guineas; will sell for 48s.—A. Trencar, Port View, Saltash.

Young Educated Girl wanted to live with two Land Girls and do light work only of cottage; no salary, but all expenses paid.—Apply Mrs. Evans, 24 Dogpole, Shrewsbury.

For Sale.—Brown Leather Ladies' Field Boots, as new, size 7; cost £5 10s., accept £3; one sent on approval.—Box E, Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath.

Two Khaki Overcoats for sale, tunic length, 25s. and 15s. each; the cheaper one damaged.

Bushy Wallflower Plants wanted, blood red and cloth of gold.—Write, stating price, Box F, Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath.

LANDSWOMAN Cloth Covers. Now ready. Limited number only, 1s. 6d. each.

For Sale.—Heavy Boots, 10 inches high, size 6, almost new Manfield's make, 35s. One sent on approval.—S. R. Hazel, S. Merstham, Surrey.

For Sale.—Khaki Overcoat, £3 or offer; only been worn one month; would fit anyone about 5 feet 6 inches in height.—Apply Welfare Officer, 19 Sheep Market, Spalding.

For Sale.—Brown Trench Boots reaching to knee, size 7, worn less than a week, original cost 50s.; no reasonable offer refused.—Miss L., Brigg's Farm, Streat Green S., Plumpton, Sussex.

Brown Land Boots, size 4, good condition.—J. B., Gloucester Lodge, Carleton Road, Tufnell Park, N.7.

LEICESTERSHIRE AND RUTLAND.

Presentation of Good Service Ribbons.

Great was the consternation at our office when the heaviest fall of snow we have had this winter came on the day before our Christmas party, arranged for January 29th; but the weather does not daunt the true Land Army girl, and with the exception of two L.A.A.S., living in the hills seven miles from the station, all those who could possibly have come to Leicester that day were in the Victoria Hall at 2 o'clock.

The two counties combined for the party, and with several friends and relations of those who were to receive the Good Service Ribbon we numbered close upon 300. Mrs. Lyttelton very kindly came to present the Good Service Ribbons, and before doing so gave us all some splendid advice as to what we were to do during this coming year, and also told us of some of the plans for our future and for the future of the Land Army.

The Hon. Mrs. Murray Smith and Mrs. Woods, our Bishop's wife, having spoken to us, we decided to show what we thought of our C.O.S., Mrs. Morris—the only C.O.S. we have ever had, and who was secretary before the first Land Army girl ever arrived. We made a very great deal of noise about it, too, and hope she understood.

One hundred and twenty members of the Women's Land Army were then presented with the Good Service Ribbon by Mrs. Lyttelton, many of them having completed more than eighteen months' work in the Land Army.

If there had been noise before it was as nothing compared to what happened on the arrival of Mr. Goddard, whose songs and ventriloquist conversations with a Tommy evoked such laughter as only the Land Army can indulge in.

May we advise all counties to get a real live actress as a Group Leader. We've got one, and we all became aware of the fact that afternoon if we did not know it before.

After a heavy tea we had to fly to catch our trains, but it had been such a very happy afternoon that the Welfare Officer felt she would like to arrange a party just like that for every week of the year—though possibly our farmers might have something to say to such a proposal!

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(Continued on p. 71.)



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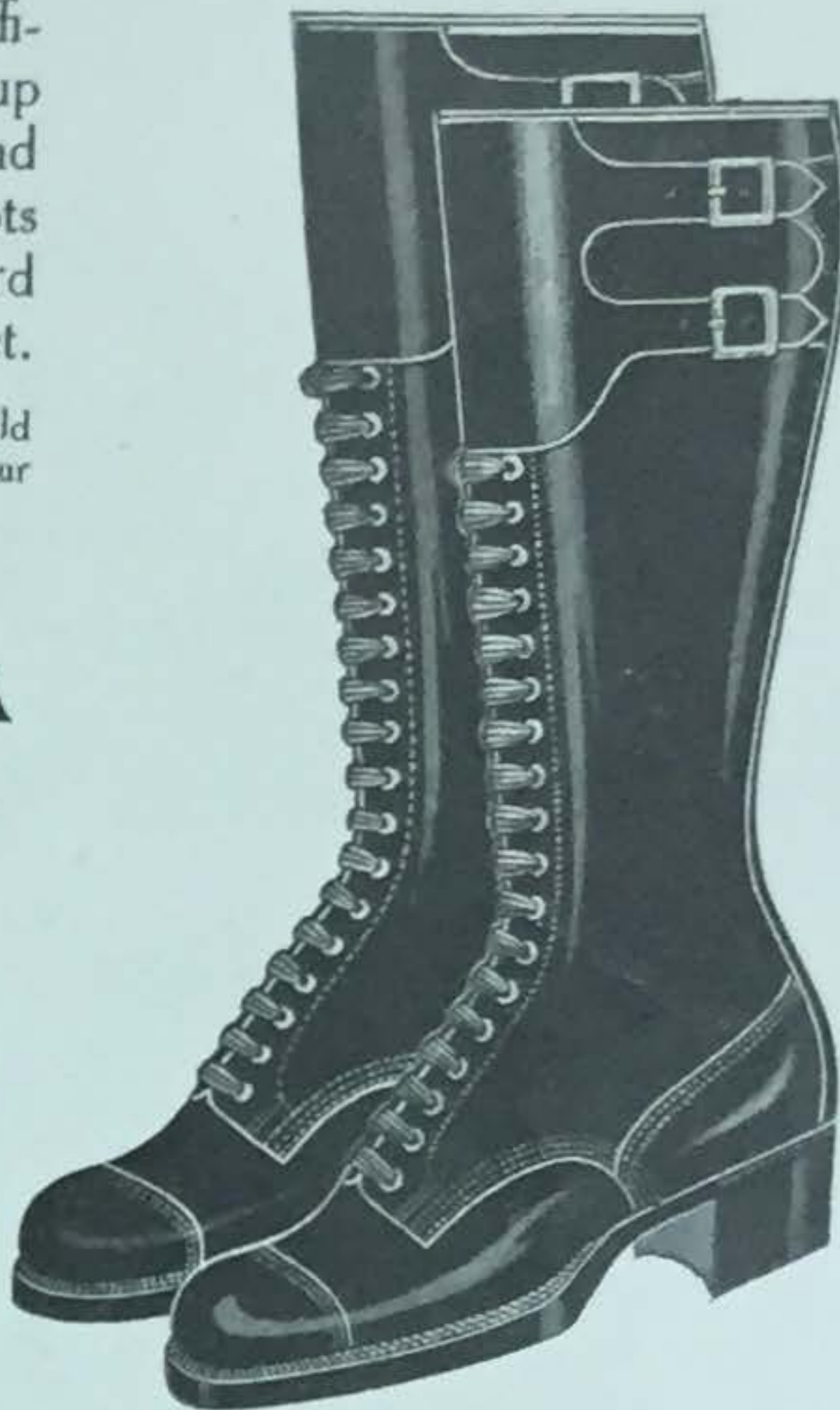


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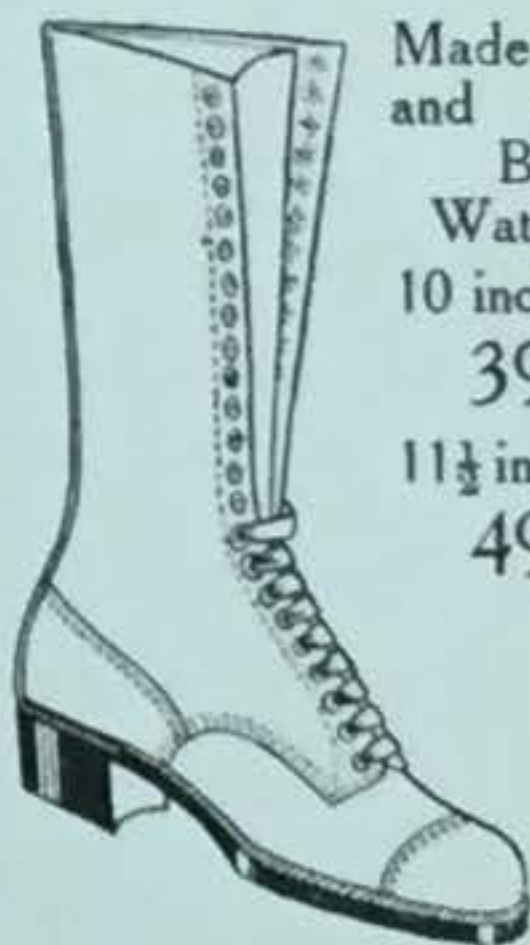
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