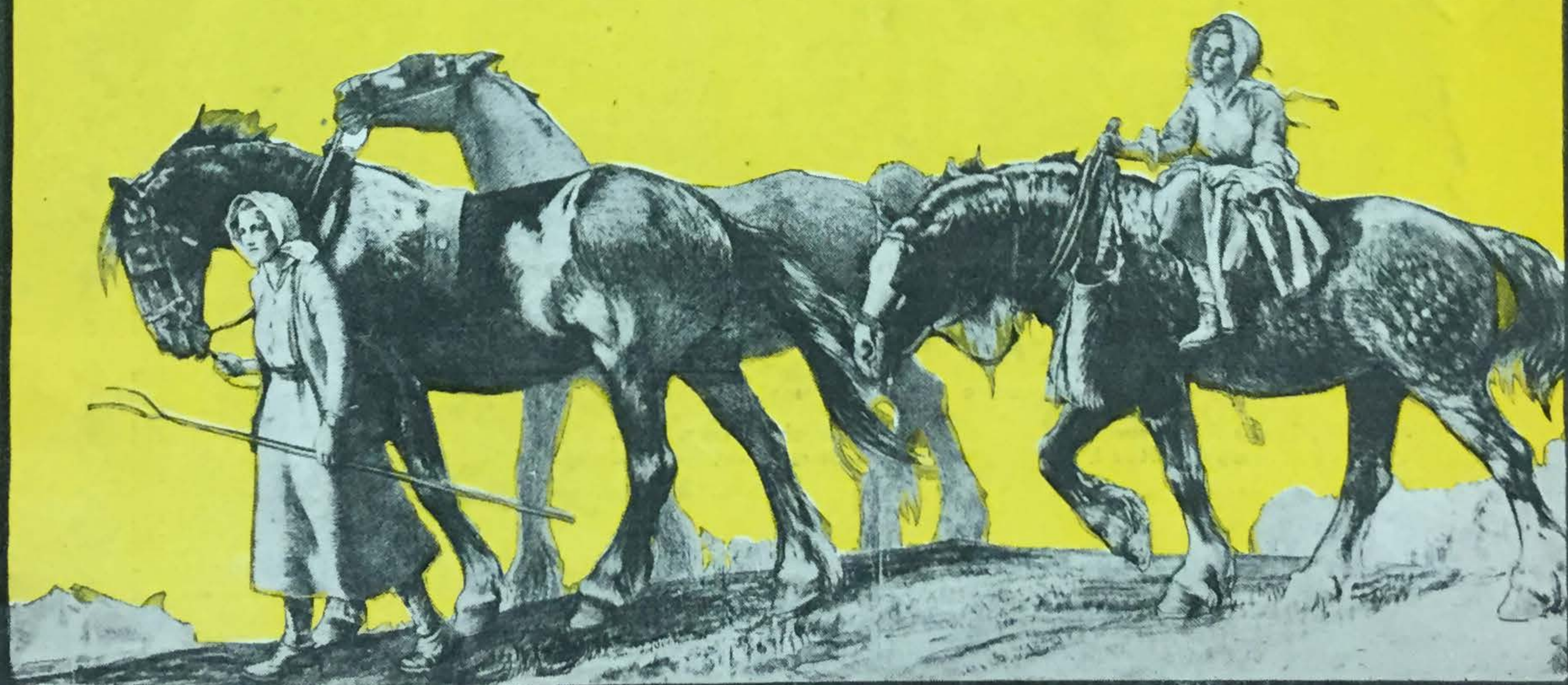


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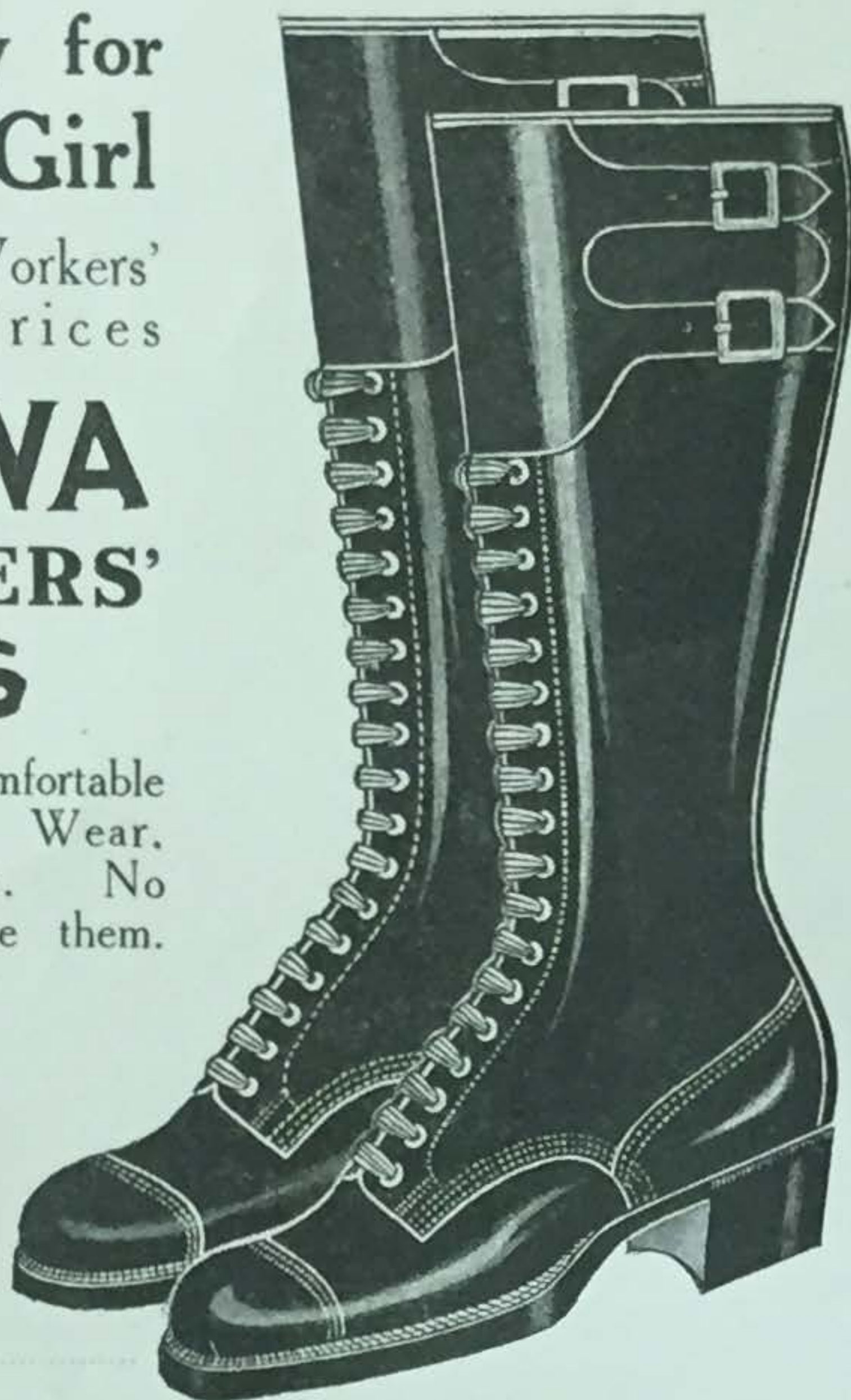
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Spring and Summer Revels

IT may seem strange to be writing about May Day customs in June, but in this our first May in peace time, the maypoles and dances were revived in so many villages all over the country that it will possibly be interesting to recall the origin of some of these old revels.

It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a-Maying early on the 1st of May. Bourne tells us that, in his time, in the villages in the north of England "the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight on the morning of that day, and, accompanied with music and the blowing of horns, to walk to some neighbouring wood, where they broke down branches from the trees and adorned them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. This done, they returned homewards with their booty about the time of sunrise and made their doors and windows triumph in the flowery spoil." Herrick makes the following allusions to these flower-decked houses in his *Hesperides*:

"Come, my Corinna, come,
and comming marke
How each field turns a
street; each street a
park
Made green and trim-
med with trees: see
how

Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch: each porch, each doore, ere this,
An arke, a tabernacle is
Made up of white thorn, neatly enterwove."

There was a time when this custom was observed by noble and royal personages. Thus we read in Chaucer's *Court of Love*, that early on May Day "fourth goth al the Court, both most and lest, to fetehe the flouris fresh, and braunch, and blome." Henry VIII. and his Queene Katherine rode a-



Dancing round the Maypole.

[Dancing Times.]

Maying from Greenwich to Shooter's Hill accompanied by many Lords and Ladies. There is not much sign of Maying nowadays in Greenwich, though Shooter's Hill is still crowned with trees, but Stow in his *Survey of London* tells us that "on May Day in the morning every man would walke into the sweete meadowes and greene woods, there to rejoyce their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweete flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind."



Henry VIII. goes a-Maying on Shooter's Hill.

Even the schoolboys joined in this custom, for in a manuscript in the British Museum, entitled "The State of Eton School, A.D. 1560," we find that on the day of St. Philip and St. James, if it be fair weather and the master grants leave, those boys who choose it may rise at four o'clock to gather May branches, if they can do it without wetting their feet.

Milkmaids were always associated with these May Day revels, and they had a quaint custom of borrowing and collecting a large quantity of silver plate, which they piled up in a pyramid—adorned with garlands of flowers—and then, carrying some of it on their heads instead of their common milking pails, they would dance before the houses of their customers, who

showed their gratitude by some gift.

Dancing round the Maypoles was considered by the Puritans to be a form of idolatry, probably chiefly because it had been the custom during the reign of Charles I. to indulge in dancing and May games on Sunday; though the warrant dated 1633 enacted, "so as the same be had in due and convenient time without impediment or neglect of Divine Service." In the time of Cromwell, however, all Maypoles were ordered to be destroyed "because the prophanation of the Lord's Day hath been heretofore greatly occasioned by May Poles (a heathenish vanity, generally abused to superstition and wickedness)."

Thomas Hall, one of the Puritanical writers, published his *Downfall of May Games* in 1660. In this he suggests that all trees for the Maypoles have been invariably stolen by the rabble. "Had this rudeness," he adds, "been acted only in some ignorant and obscure parts of the land, I had been silent; but when I perceived that the complaints were general from all parts of the land, and that even in Cheapside itself the rude rabble had set up this ensign of prophaneness, I could not, out of my dearest respects and tender



Milkmaids' Dance with Pile of Plate on May Day.

compassion to the land of my nativity, but put pen to paper, and discover the sinful rise, and vile prophaneness that attend such misrule."

The Morris Dances generally formed part also of the Whitsun revels, and it is evident that both old and young enjoyed them. A remarkable instance is given by Sir William Temple, who tells how in King James's reign there went about the country a set of Morris Dancers composed of ten men who danced a Maid Marrian, and how the ages of these ten, one with another, made up twelve hundred years. The record quaintly adds, "'Tis not so much that so many in one country should live to that age, as that they should be in vigour and humour to travel and dance."

The old custom of leaping over the Midsummer Eve bonfires is undoubtedly a relic of very early times, for in the sixth Council of Constantinople, A.D. 680, there is the following interdiction:

"Those bonfires that are kindled by certain people on new moones before their shops and houses, over which also they used ridiculously and foolishly to leape, by a certain antient custom, we command them from henceforth to cease." These fires were called bonefires, and many people think it was because they were made of bones—"clene bones" one old manuscript says—instead of wood. The more probable explanation, however, is that the original word was *boon* fire, a fire made of materials contributed by everybody.

Various local customs were associated with these summer Solstice revels. In Northumberland they used to dress out stools with a cushion of flowers. A layer of clay was placed on the stool, and therein was stuck, with great regularity, an arrangement of all kinds of flowers, so close as to form a beautiful cushion. These were exhibited at the doors of houses in the villages, where the attendants begged money from passengers, to enable them to have an evening feast and dancing.

There were also many different ways connected with Midsummer Eve of discovering your "true



Daily Sketch]

[By courtesy of Mr. S. B. Perry, St. Austell.

L.A.A.S. Dancing the Furry through the streets of Helston.

love." There was the dumb cake, which "two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of your pillows (but you must not speak a word all the time, and then you will dream of the man you are to have."

A "rare cole" which was to be found under the root of plantane, only on Midsummer Eve at 12 o'clock, was supposed to save its possessor from "plague carbuncle, lightning, the quartan ague, and from burning." Aubrey, writing in 1694, says, "The last summer on the day of St. John Baptist I accidentally was walking in the pasture behind Montague House, it was twelve o'clock, I saw there about two or three and twenty young women, most of them well habited, on their knees, very busie, as if they had been weeding. A young man told me that they were looking for a coal under the root of a plantain to put under their heads that night, and they should dream who would be their husbands."

Midsummer Eve revels were not confined to the British Isles, but were equally observed in France, and till quite a late period in Spain.

Sporting Terminology

A CASE heard by Mr. Justice Darling some time ago, in which the vocal efforts of a donkey were described as "singing," points one's attention to the very elaborate technical vocabulary which exists in connection with sport. I wonder how many Land girls could pass an examination in the following list of noises made at rutting time which I take from an old dictionary: A hart "bells"; a buck "groans" or "troats"; a roe "bellows"; a hare "beats" or "taps"; an otter "wines"; a boar "freams"; a fox "barks"; a badger "shrieks"; a wolf "howls"; a goat "rattles." Of course a good many of these are obsolete, but some of them may still be found in out-of-the-way parts of the country untouched by the strife of kings, where one year is very much the same as another year, and the flight of time means merely the succession of the seasons.

Here are some of the correct words for the lodgings of animals: A hart "harbours"; a buck "lodges"; a roe "beds"; a hare "seats" or "forms"; a coney "sits"; a fox "kennels"; a marten "trees"; an otter "watches"; a badger "earths"; a boar "couches." Arising more or less logically from these we get the words for their dislodging. You "unharbour" a hart; "rouse" a buck; "start" a hare; "bolt" a coney; "unkennel" a fox; "untree" a marten; "vent" an otter; "dig" a badger; "rear" a boar.

FEATHERED GAME.

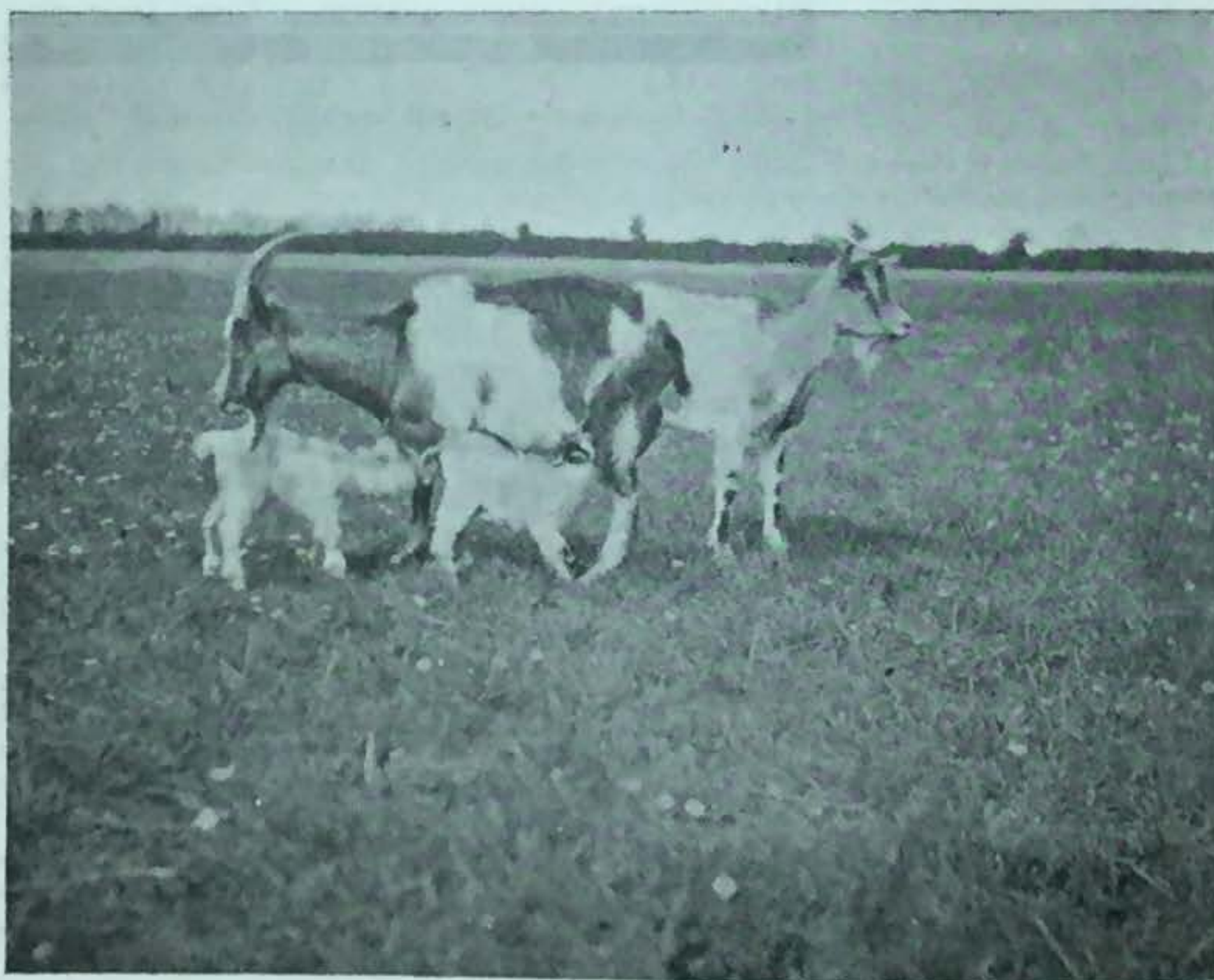
Here are the old words in connection with birds: One speaks of a "brace," a "leash," or a "pack" of grouse; a "brace," a "brace and a half," or a "covey" of partridges; a "brace," a "leash," a "nid," an "eye," or a "nye" of pheasants; a "brace," a "brace and a half," or a "bevy" of quails; a "couple," a "couple and a half," a "wisp," or a "walk" of snipe; a "couple," a "couple and a half," a "flight," or a "fall" of woodcock; a "flock" or "badelynge" of wild duck; a "gaggle" of geese; a "wing" or "congregation" of plover; a "trip" of dotterel; a "flock" of bustards. And for rousing them one says "raise" if they are grouse, partridge or quail; and one "pushes" a pheasant, "flushes" a woodcock, and "springs" a snipe.

QUEER NESTING-PLACES

I am reminded that the time has now come when countryfolk will be putting the unaccustomed pen to paper to inform the daily journal to which they subscribe of the remarkable position of a bird's

nest, "found by our little Tommy on his way home from school last week." Just at this time you will hardly be able to take up a newspaper without coming upon a paragraph dealing with the subject in some way or another. Therefore let me anticipate. Here are some fairly remarkable instances of birds making their nests in strange places: Whilst removing the bogie from a Paddington long third-class carriage at Swindon a robin's nest with six eggs was found right on the top of the centre pin. Another robin selected a flower-pot suspended in a summer-house at the bridge; while a third the pockets of an old coat hanging in a stable at Sandford in Devonshire. Yet another robin chose a gas lamp at the "Crown," Cricklewood, the public-house at which all the motor omnibuses from the "Elephant and Castle" and Victoria stop. The nesting-place was within reach of anyone standing on the ground. At the corner of the lamp a very small piece of the glass was broken, and through the hole the robin gained access to its home.

A tom-tit at Authorpe in Lincolnshire built its nest in a farmyard pump which is in constant use. A thrush made its nest in the heart of a cauliflower at Sutton Bridge, in Lincolnshire; and another thrush, at Throapham Manor, near Worksop, reared its young in a home made on the top of a brussels sprout plant. Yet another thrush chose the space between the wings of a carved angel in Keddington churchyard, near Louth. This is rather notable, because the figure, sculptured in white marble, is enclosed in a wire cage, and the bird managed to get all the material for her nest through the closely woven wire netting. Perhaps the most curious case of all is that of a hen which laid a number of eggs in a dog-kennel, and the dog—an Irish terrier—neither broke the eggs nor resented in any way the hen's intrusion. This was at Northampton.





Old-fashioned humorous Cow (suddenly). "Moo!"



Lady (who all last year was a land-worker). "Pooh!"

[Reproduced by permission of the proprietors of "Punch."]

Morning Thanksgiving

By John Drinkwater

THANK God for sleep in the long quiet night,
For the clear day calling through the little
leaded panes,
For the shining well-water and the warm golden
light,
And the paths washed white by singing rains.

We thank Thee, O God, for exultation born
Of the kiss of Thy winds, for life among the leaves,
For the whirring wings that pass about the wonder
of the morn,
For the changing plumes of swallows gliding
upwards to their eaves.

For the treasure of the garden, for the gillyflowers of
gold,
The prouder petalled tulips, the primrose full of
spring,
For the crowded orchard boughs, and the swelling
buds that hold
A yet unwoven wonder, to Thee our praise we
bring.

Thank God for good bread, for the honey in the
comb,
For the brown-shelled eggs, for the clustered
blossoms set
Beyond the open window in a pink and cloudy foam,
For the laughing loves among the branches met.

For the kind-faced women we bring our thanks to
Thee,
With shapely mothering arms and grave eyes clear
and blithe,
For the tall young men, strong-thewed as men
may be,
For the old man bent above his scythe.

For earth's little secret and innumerable ways,
For the carol and the colour, Lord, we bring
What things may be of thanks, and that Thou hast
lent our days
Eyes to see and ears to hear and lips to sing.

Poems, 1908-1914 (Sidgwick & Jackson).

Bo-Peep of To-Day



Land Girls at Wilton Sheep Fair. One of them has been shepherding a flock of 1,500 sheep on Salisbury Plain.

[Daily Sketch.]

The Jersey *

THIS variety of cattle, also spoken of as the Alderneys, comprises two varieties very closely allied, which are the Jerseys and Guernseys, though the latter are a trifle larger and lighter in colour, and they are also capable of laying on flesh better than the Jersey. Both varieties belong to the Channel Islands, and were first of all brought into England during the beginning of the nineteenth century. The original stock of these cattle came from Normandy, according to the account given by Jonathan Smith of Jersey, but this has been disputed, because the cattle of Normandy are so dissimilar to them. Fisher Hobbs regarded the Swiss Mountain breeds as their nearest relations, so far as appearances are concerned.

In 1763 an Act was passed to forbid the importation of cattle from France; later on (1826) a second Act came into force, its object being to preserve the original breed in its purity, and to retain the cattle, so advantageous to the Island. England was not slow to recognise that these cattle had exceptional dairy qualifications; and enthusiasts, taking advantage of this fact, set to work to try and build up this quality to the highest pitch of excellence, and few will, I think, dispute that this has not been attained.

The Alderney ranks as the best butter cow in the world, whilst its abundant yield of milk, rich in cream, is phenomenal. The breeder's aim has been butter! butter! butter! with nearly every sacrifice to attain this aim. Necessarily, this has often caused much vexation of spirit at times, so much inbreeding being highly detrimental to the constitution, unless confined to very robust cattle.

* *Cattle, Sheep and Pigs*. By F. F. BARTON, M.R.C.V.S. Jarrold & Sons. By special permission.

English-bred Jerseys were necessary in order to enable these animals to withstand the climate of our country, which is nothing like so mild as that of the Channel Islands. Jersey cattle had two formidable diseases to battle with—viz., tuberculosis and parturient apoplexy or milk fever, but with improved sanitation, and a better understanding for controlling the former, and a cure for milk fever, the mortality has been greatly reduced, and very few of these rich and deep milkers (not five per cent.) now succumb to the disease, whereas formerly about eighty per cent. of cows died from this fell complaint.

In passing, it is worthy of note that contagious pleuro-pneumonia and cattle plague, which are fortunately now extinct diseases in the British Isles, early claimed as victims cattle having a weak constitution, hence the Alderneys had their ranks thinned by two of these plagues at any rate.

In 1866 a Herd Book was founded by Mr. Le Cornu. Mr. I. Thornton also acted as compiler and editor of a Herd Book for the English Jersey Cattle Society. English breeders prefer either the light or dark fawn Alderney as whole colours, brindle being objected to. Pale fawn, lemon fawn, silver grey, tawny red, dun and black, etc., are common colours, though the colour of the coat changes in accordance with the season. The terms "whole coloured" and "broken coloured" are a good deal used. If there is a white patch upon a whole coloured, it confers the title broken coloured, but this does not apply, say, to red, fawn, etc., with silver grizzle, such being whole coloured.

Anyone who has taken any interest in Jersey cattle must have noticed how the colour of the coat changes with the variability of the seasons or climate. A very distinctive feature is the dark muzzle, encircled by a light colour, and the yellow crumpled horns tipped with black; but the whole conformation of the Jersey is so distinctive that it is impossible for anyone not to be able to recognise it at a glance. They are exceedingly handsome animals, and particular favourites with gentlemen

who desire to cultivate their own dairy produce. They are as ornamental as they are useful. When selecting a Jersey, it is advisable to have it tested by an M.R.C.V.S. as to its freedom from tuberculosis, and also examined as to general soundness, age, and prospective utility.

Particular attention must be paid to the udder. The size of the udder, its position, the size of the teats, and their position, all demand careful inspection. A large udder is not necessarily significant of great milking power, as it may be what is termed "fleshy," which implies that the volume of the organ is not much diminished after it has been "milked out." A large bell-shaped udder is essential, but it must wrinkle well up after milking, thus proving that its volume was due to an abundance of milk. Milk veins ought to be particularly prominent, and the udder run well forwards and backwards, great depth being required. Teats to be of good size, yellowish, evenly placed, and free from any knotty feeling, warts, cracks, etc.

A good Jersey cow, in full profit, ought to yield at least ten to twelve or thirteen pounds of butter per week, and not less than five or six hundred gallons of milk in a year, though this would not be the average in a herd. Larger quantities of butter than even fourteen pounds have been churned from a single cow's milk in a week. The chief points of the Jersey are—Back, dead level from withers to set on of tail; fine flat shoulders, ending below in neat, clean forearms; well-shaped knees, canons and feet. Chest broad, and of good depth, with ribs not too much sprung. Croup wide and well filled up so as to give a level appearance behind. Second thighs, hocks, and pasterns clean; thin skin; fine hair and bone fine. Tail ought to be fine, and set on high up. A straight fine neck; intelligent expression; full eyes; small thin ears (orange tinted within) and the skin thin, yellow and mellow, covered by fine hair, are the chief points of beauty in the Alderneys.

Some Garden Friends

WHEN we start gardening in real earnest, we are not a little disconcerted when we begin to realise the host of pests and diseases the garden has to contend with, but it is cheering to find that some at least, of the "creepy-crawlies" of the garden are our friends, and it is to our own interest and profit to recognise and know them.

First of all there are the frogs and toads. These staunch allies should be encouraged in every way: they both feed on slugs, grubs, flies, and many beetles, of which they consume an immense number.

The Common Centipede is the wonderfully active little creature with a long, horny brown body and what looks like a perfect fringe of legs, but in reality there are only fifteen pairs. It has very powerful jaws and is about an inch in length. How many people mistake it for a foe, and yet the Centipede does no harm to plants: it feeds entirely on grubs, worms and such like.

The Snake Centipede, often found with the Common Centipede is two and a half to three inches long and has a very slender body, and from 51 to 55 pairs of legs. It moves with a waving motion from right to left, and leaves a track of luminous phosphoric fluid behind it. It feeds on decayed roots and seeds and does no harm to plants.

The Garden Spider.—Towards the end of September the garden spider abounds and spins large webs over the bushes in the garden. It feeds on small moths and flies and should not be destroyed.

The Devil's Coach-horse Beetle is easily recognised by its amusing habit of raising the hinder part of its long black body in the air when interfered with. It should not be destroyed as it feeds on soil grubs.

The Hawk-flies are rather wasp-like in appearance, but do not sting. They are easily known by their great activity, darting about in the sunshine, and also from their habit of suddenly "hovering" over the plants, and then darting away to a fresh spot and "hovering" again. These flies lay their eggs among colonies of green-fly and when the larvæ hatch they immediately begin to feed with great voracity on the green-fly so that hundreds are consumed in an hour. The larvæ are a yellowish-green colour, narrow at the head, and widening to the tail. When fully fed they attach themselves to a leaf and enter into the pupa state, emerging as perfect Hawk-flies in a few days time.

Ladybird Beetles.—These pretty little scarlet beetles with black spots are familiar to everyone. The seven-spotted Ladybird is the most commonly seen, but none of them should be interfered with as they feed on greenfly, one of the great enemies of the gardener. The Ladybird beetle lays her buff-coloured eggs underneath the leaves of plants; the larvæ hatch and feed for about three weeks before entering the pupa state. During this time they consume enormous quantities of greenfly.

Ichneumon Fly.—There are several kinds of these, varying in size from an inch long downwards. They have long slender bodies with an ovipositor similar to the sting of a wasp, with which they pierce the soft bodies of caterpillars and deposit an egg. When the grub hatches, it feeds on the body of the caterpillar. In this way many caterpillars infesting plants in the garden are destroyed. Ichneumon flies, like Hawk-flies, can be seen "hovering" over plants.

The Lacewing Fly.—On the shoots of plants the eggs of this fly look like fine white hairs with a little knob at the end. Out of these "knobs" the larvæ hatch; they are pale brown with brownish-orange spots, and have tufts of hair on either side of their body. They are voracious feeders on greenfly. The perfect fly is a beautiful insect. It has a long slender body with pale green gauzy wings and golden eyes.

The Testacella Slug is the connecting link between slugs and snails. It has a small ear-shaped shell on its hinder extremity. They are subterranean in habits and feed on earth worms, following these into their holes. These slugs are not very plentiful in this country and are seen chiefly in the South of England. The most common species is about three inches long, broadest at the tail, and a dirty yellow in colour with brown specks. Sometimes pale yellow, or black ones are seen. The greyish shell is almost a quarter of an inch long.

The Tiger Beetle.—There are four species of Tiger beetle to be found in all light and sandy soils. These spotted beetles and their larvæ feed largely on grubs of all kinds, and small insects. They should, therefore, be left unmolested.

The Violet Ground Beetle.—These very active beetles may be seen running about on the surface of the soil in gardens, they should not be destroyed as they feed to a large extent on grubs.

Bees.—Even the most unenlightened have some idea, though vague it may be, of the immense usefulness in the pollination of fruit by our great friend and ally the Honey Bee.

FORESTER.

Sweet Content

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd?

O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd

To add to golden numbers golden numbers?

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?

O sweet content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own

O sweet content!

[tears?]

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labour bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny—hey nonny nonny!

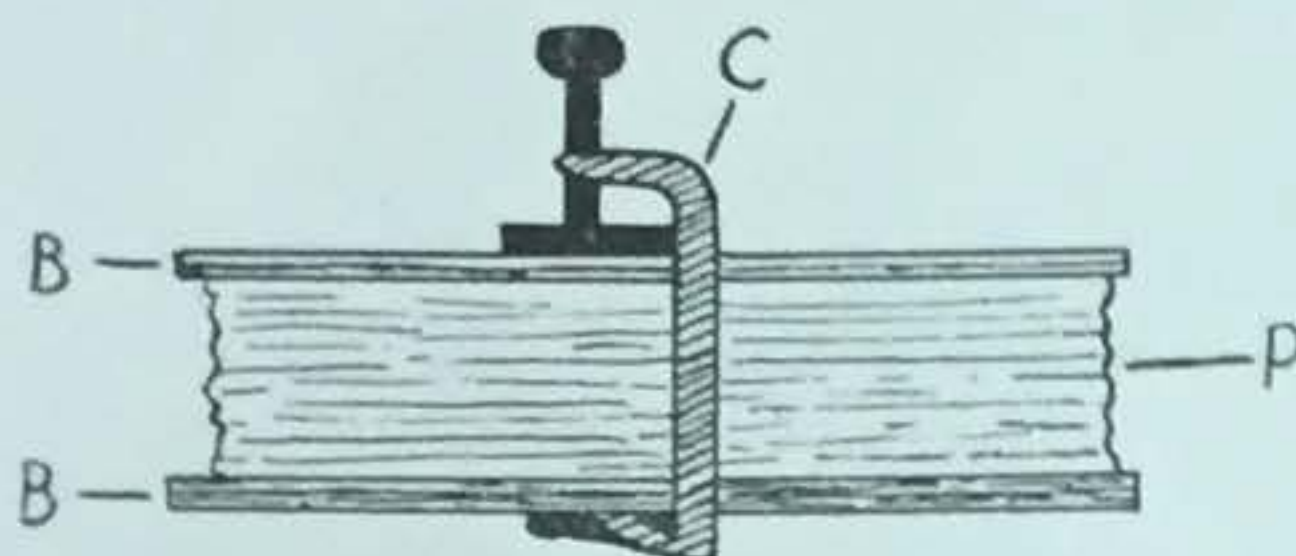
THOMAS DEKKER. 1575.



A New Recruit

The Pressing and Preserving of Wild Flowers

THIS is a very fascinating hobby to me. There are over 1,400 different kinds of wild flowers in the United Kingdom, of which I have found, pressed and mounted, over 250. By my method of pressing I can generally retain the colour in all the specimens. This is how I set about it. After finding some flower, I put it in tepid water for an hour or so. Then I put it in my press—(B B.)



Strong wooden boards; (P.) Pressing paper; (C.) Clamp—laying the flowers between sheets of very absorbent paper (only to be obtained from one firm I know of). Blotting paper can be used, but not with such good results. I then screw the clamp down gently—just sufficient to give a firm and even pressure. Don't bother about straightening any of the leaves of the plants. I always open the press in twenty-four hours, when you will find it is then a very easy matter to arrange the plant exactly as you want it. Now I put the clamp on to the press again and tighten up. Every ten hours I turn the nob or handle of the clamp round once, so getting a gradual increase of pressure. Towards the end of the first week of pressing you ought to find (if your clamp is strong enough) that you will have to use a lever for tightening—made



out of a piece of wood, with a hole in the centre for the head of the clamp to fit in. Never take the flowers out of the press until they are absolutely dry and brittle. Small and thin plants such as chickweed, daisy and vetches take about three weeks to get properly dry, others, such as teasel, take quite two months. Flowers belonging to the poppy tribe are the worst to press as they have to be padded and pressed between oiled paper.

When collecting flowers for pressing it is seldom necessary to pull the plant up by its root. However, care should be taken to include leaves and flowers and lower leaves at the base of the plant. The plant should then be put into a "vasculum" or air-tight tin box; if the bottom of it is covered by a sheet of wet blotting paper the flowers will remain fresh for hours.

For identifying small flowers it is important to have a strong magnifying glass, the lens being not more than an inch and a half in diameter.

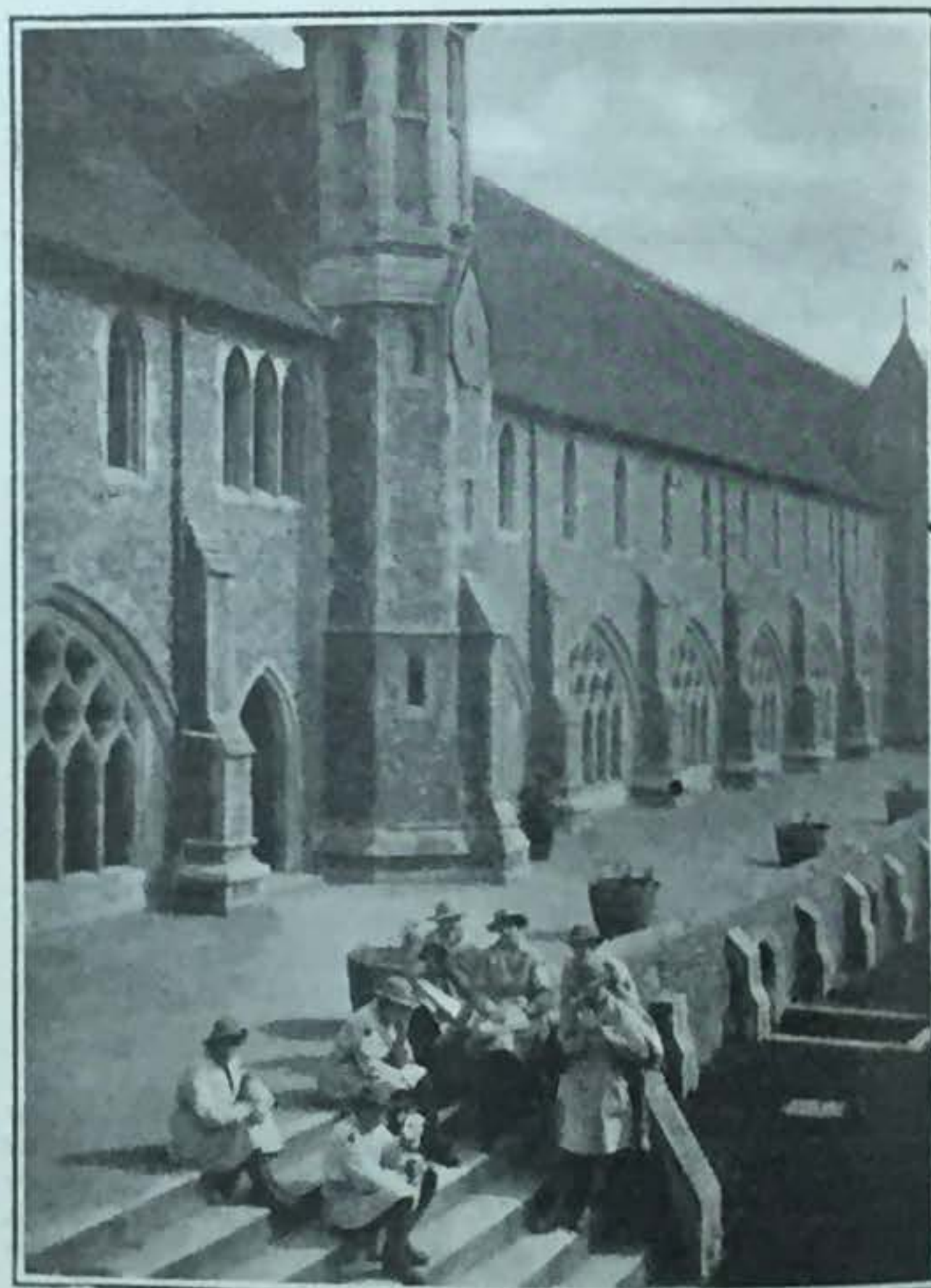
Wander-Thirst

BEYOND the east the sunrise, beyond the west the sea,
And east and west the wander-thirst that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-bye;
For the seas call, and the stars call, and oh! the call of the sky.

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,
But a man can have the sun for friend, and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging, when once the voice is heard,
For the river calls, and the road calls, and oh! the call of a bird.

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun, and the white road and the sky!

GERALD GOULD, *The Open Road*.
(Methuen.)



In the Cloisters. St. Augustine's, Canterbury



The Morning Wash.

A Village Billet

TRAVELLING along the road to St. Peter's, we caught the sound of falling water, and as our tractor needed filling we drew her up to the roadside and went down a little lane to prospect.

Between two hills, on a slope beside a waterfall, a thatched cottage lay, mellowed by time to a deep creamy hue, and set in a garden of flowers. Against tall hollyhocks and sunflowers old-fashioned straw bee-hives stood, a black cat dozed on the window-sill, and an ancient man in the porch seat. The air was filled with the sounds of bees and birds and rustling leaves, which, with the everlasting rush of water, made a gentle harmony indescribably sweet.

Thus chance led us to a billet.

Our first day in Mill Cottage was Sunday, and we lay in bed listening to the morning, our thoughts wandering idly from the texts on the whitewashed sloping walls to the patient workmanship in our quilt, made of a thousand tiny, bright silk diamonds. At length we got up, warily avoiding a low beam on which we had bumped our heads the night before.

It was a glorious day, and we spent it in exploring the hills and woods, content in the silence and peace of the countryside, unaccompanied by our tractor's noise and dirt. However, towards evening a downpour set in, and we had resigned ourselves to the prospect of a long evening in the stuffy little front room when our landlady bustled in to invite us to hear "father talk of the olden times."

So, then, in the long, low kitchen, with its shining warming-pans and basters, and its cosy high oak settle, we passed the first of many delightful evenings listening to great stories of long ago—of harvests and harvest homes, travels by coach and turnpike tolls, and not least, little yarns of himself. Of these the sorry figure he cut when he went to see William IV. seemed to weigh particularly on his mind, for as the King passed by, through a madly cheering crowd, he alone "had stood there, like a stark stuck pig, to regret it to his dying day."

Occasionally he saw things out of proportion. For instance, once when contrasting privations to-day with the hungry 'forties, when white bread was a shilling a loaf and rarely tasted in the cottages, and tea and meat and milk almost unknown luxuries, he passed on to compare the war contemptuously with the Indian Mutiny and the Crimea!

Another time, when showing us the little parish church, he said proudly: "It St. Peter's; maybe you've heard there's another St. Peter's to Rome!"

Six weeks passed, and, our work done, we sadly took the road again.

"God speed the plough!" were "Grandpa's" last words, and our kind landlady added, "and bless their pluck and pretty faces, dear lambs!"

With this benediction we journeyed on, but with Mill Cottage stored up in our minds, as Wordsworth treasured his dancing daffodils, to visit in fancy when our Land Army days are over.

C. V. MITCHELL

The Heart of Midlothian

LANDWORKERS with the first flush of pride in the joy of achievement, even if it be but such a humble task as the clearing of a land or two of some exceedingly ass-artive groundsel, may sometimes say, "How wonderful it is that we should have done this." Other people beside the workers are inclined to regard the Land Girl as a new thing in womanhood, but if we do this we are showing neglectful ignorance. From the days of Ruth onwards we read of women landworkers; and the fields of England have silently received women toilers for many generations before us, who had no comradeship in an army as an invisible source of staying power in weary days.

About a hundred years ago Sir Walter Scott wrote a famous novel, *The Heart of Midlothian*, the heroine of which is a woman farm worker, a girl who spent most of her time in the cowshed and the dairy, a little plain Scotch woman, but a heroine every inch. Jeanie Deans is one of the immortal characters of romance, and one that the landworker might well adopt as her patron saint, if she can find the patience that is perhaps necessary now-days to bring to the reading of Scott's novels.

The bare outline of the story is as follows: Jeanie Deans had a younger sister who was condemned to death after a trial at which Jeanie might have saved her life by not adhering to the truth when called as a witness. She could not tell a lie, but she could act with devotion and courage. Immediately the sentence was pronounced she set off alone and on foot to make the long journey from Edinburgh to London to intercede for her sister and gain a pardon for her if possible.

The act was as trustful as it was courageous, for in those eighteenth-century days for anyone, man or woman, to do such a thing required a stout heart, to which Jeanie Deans added a simple dignity all her own.

But there are minor points in the story which show us the heroine as the good landworker. She was the daughter of a small farmer, whose chief care was his dairy herd, in which work Jeanie was his right hand. She was brought up to it from her childhood, and was accustomed to spending long hours upon the common minding the cows with her little dog Dustiefoot to help her, and her friend Reuben for company. Scott draws a charming little picture of the two children "seated beneath a blooming bush of whin, their little faces laid close together under the shadow of the same plaid drawn over both their heads, while the landscape around was embrowned by an overshadowing cloud, big with the shower which had driven the children to shelter." When she grew up Jeanie managed all the dairy work, and became a famous cheese maker, but she was as well acquainted with the byre, where she used to milk and fodder the cattle; she had a quick eye for all their wants, presiding over the cowpens with a loving care to which the animals responded. After her eventful journey to London, when she returned to the farm work, the faithful old woman who had been seeing to the stock in her place, hurried her off at once to the cowshed, where "Gowans and the others acknowledged her presence by bowing, turning round their broad and decent brows when they heard her well-known "Pruh, my leddy—pruh, my woman," and by various indications, known only to those who have studied the habits of the milky mothers, showing sensible pleasure as she approached to caress them in their turn."

Jeanie Deans was not only kind to her animals, but made use of her intelligence in her work; when she left home, full of anxiety, she was able nevertheless, to observe and remember what was useful to her occupation. She noticed the large straw bonnets worn by the English girls working in the fields, and picked up a Cumberland remedy for a sick cow from a grazier's widow she met, who "seemed skeely about horned beasts." The Duke of Argyll, who befriended her in London, was a distinguished agriculturist, but he found that she could give him a good deal of information about dairy cows, and he was so pleased that he promised her a present of two Devonshire cows in return.

All through the story Jeanie Deans appears both as a splendidly brave woman and a skilled farm worker, but as quietly modest as she was wise and true. In spite of the distance in time between the eighteenth century and the epoch of war which has brought us on to the land, we feel that Jeanie Deans will always remain as the ideal landworker. When the Duke of Argyll brought her to see his wife and daughters, he summed up her character as it impressed all who met her. "With an army of young fellows as gallant and steady as she is, and a good cause, I would not fear two to one," he said, and laughingly wished his own daughters "had half her canny homely sense."

As long as we go to work in breeches and leggings may we also be such gallant and steady young fellows!

Competition

A prize of £3 will be given for the best short story—1,500 words. Entries to reach the Editorial Office, July 10th.

Lost Keys

By Peter

OF course, as everyone carefully pointed out, if only I had sewn pockets into my breeches this would never have happened. You see, it was particularly important for me to have pockets because of those keys! There were eight of them. The six little ones belonged to the fowl houses that I had to shut up at night; the rather long, slender one locked up the carpenter's shop, where I kept the chickens' grain and meal, and the really quite big and important-looking one was the garage key. This last had been added to the number because sometimes it was required of me—for my sins—to drive the chief's ramshackle, dogged little Ford to market. The complete bundle had been given to me by the anxious, but would-be trustful bailiff, and I carried them, in utter recklessness, attached to my belt by a small ring—probably none too secure. (Anyway, a fool and her keys were soon parted!) Naturally as I hurried about, busy with the many occupations of a Land Girl's happy day, the keys clinked and jingled, and kept me company—equally naturally, because of this the others called me Peter.

But I was *always* losing those keys. Either they would fall off as I was putting on or taking off my belt, or they would get caught in something and the ring be dragged off without my noticing. On each occasion I experienced real desperation. Always I said to myself, "This time it will be fatal. I shall not find them again." But not so with the others, my mates. At first genuine sympathy and offers of help in the search were offered me, but as the keys gained their reputation of invariably "turning up," interest flagged, and my piteous, "But I can't find them anywhere, they're really, *truly* gone this time," was generally greeted by a burst of laughter and a sarcastic exclamation of, "Just think of this! Peter has lost her keys!" Followed much ribald mirth, and in the end—well, the keys "turned up."

It was autumn, and down in the woods by the farm we were busy harvesting the bracken. It took us about twenty minutes to get to the place where we were working, first along the dusty high road, and then down the narrow lane which threaded its way between the trees. It was very pretty, but we all found it decidedly more fun to journey down in one of the empty carts (which was later to return piled high with its tightly-packed, ruddy-coloured freight) than to tramp along carrying our wooden rakes over our shoulders. (And didn't those rakes remind us of the by-gone hay-time days, when we had laboured in the open sun with "our backs to the wall"?)

One day, lingering a little over-long in the scattering of their mid-day meal to my beloved pullets—apple, each one of them, of my devoted eye—I crossed the yard just in time to see the departing cart disappearing round the first bend of the high road. Loud shouts of encouragement from the others, already ensconced! "We've got your rake; buck up, Peter, you'll catch the old 'bus yet!"

Down the road after them I ran, and joining with my hilarious laughter came the usual jingling of my keys. Alas! how clearly we remembered afterwards that they *had* jingled as I ran. The woods were very beautiful that afternoon. Such deep, deep shade, but here and there the sun forced its way through the trees and lay in batches on the bracken, turning the russet-brown into a gold that shone!

The men worked a little ahead of us, their backs bent over their scythes, using them with the long, easy movements of the professional. Then we followed, collecting with our rakes into high, swaying heaps the masses of cut bracken. These the carter finally heaved into his wagon and bore off to the farm—useful litter for the winter months, the harvest of the woods. Several times during that afternoon we moved further afield to some other place where the bracken grew more thickly, and, glad of the change, we chased each other through the trees; and if we had not all been sensible "grown-ups" one would have thought we played at Indians. But it was just these rioting moves that made it seem so perfectly hopeless afterwards. Only I'm going too fast. I didn't "find out" till later. Not, in fact, till 4 o'clock, when I and two of the others had to leave our job and go back to the farm. We had "things to feed"—young calves, pigs, the chickens, etc. I don't know what made me think of them just then, but my hand went suddenly to my belt, and I looked down aghast. Yes, as you have guessed, Peter had lost her keys! It was a terrible moment, one in which to seek a special pal, and I sought mine.

"Bevan," I said (and if it were at all possible for anything to turn a very sunburnt Land Girl pale, I ought to have been absolutely pallid); "Bevan, my keys are gone again, and I have lost them in this beastly wood." Bevan looked at me more in pain than anger; then, very slowly pulling from her head that aggressively-jauenty red tammy of hers, she stood with her shoulders bent and eyes on the ground, bare-headed

before me. And I knew without her telling me that she was being the hero of a cinema scene, when he finds his enemy lying dead at the foot of the cliff. (Even if he has but recently pushed him over the top himself, when he actually sees him killed he always appears both surprised and grieved.) Bevan was doing it quite well, I daresay, but I was disappointed in her. However, it was but a momentary lapse, and I must admit that both she and the others were quick to see the gravity of the occasion, and positively noble in refraining from their usually untiring sarcasm. And just then the bailiff arrived.

A certain grim courage in moments of desperation I may lay claim to. Anyway, I went up to her and told my tale. (The others afterwards insisted, however, that the thumping of my heart as I did so undoubtedly gave rise to the rumour of a German landing with heavy guns on the neighbouring coast!)

The bailiff did not seem very surprised. Possibly she had heard of my previous adventures with those keys; and, with that absolute calm which is hers even when watching "the hay that's ready, soaking and sodden by the thunder rain," she murmured something about "pockets," and then suggested my going back over where we had worked to look about for them. Well, I looked about, and very diligently; but it was no use, of course, and an exceedingly dejected and repentant me came back to the farm at last.

The next morning the bailiff told me she would try and have duplicates made for the hen-houses and the carpenter's shop, and also that she had discovered the presence of a second garage key. This, at any rate, was a great relief, for I had been having fearful dreams of the Chief summoning the Ford—the Ford that was securely locked in the garage, and the key of it missing! But every morning I hurried across the field to the unlocked hen-houses quite expecting to find that all their precious occupants had been stolen.

I think *Der Tag* was about a week later. Scene: the pig-styes on a sunny morning, and I busily engaged in trying to ensure an equal distribution of sloppy breakfast falling to the lot of each of the fat, struggling, determined little black pigs. Presently a shrill, excited voice from behind the cowsheds: "Anybody here seen Peter?" This was answered by Gates, crossing the yard, only half-discernible beneath the huge flake of hay she carried. "Yes, she's in the pig-styes"; and then the rude, unnecessary addition, "and you'll know her by her armlet." I straightened myself, my mind hastily concocting a sufficiently biting retort for the disappearing hay flake. Then suddenly I heard a familiar sound—a jingle—and Swain, owner of the voice behind the cowshed, leaned over the pig-sty wall rattling *my keys* exultingly against her prong!

With a frenzied grab I seized the little bunch—cause of so much perturbation—and angrily I shook and shook, and shook them to and fro! Summoned thus, the others hurried to the scene, then Swain explained. (Now, it was the lot of the hapless Swain to be the youngest working on our farm—the farm, we called it—and in consequence of this deplorable fact she was very thoroughly kept in order by the rest of us! Especially we deemed it our duty to suppress any attempts on her part to air an opinion on matters of farm law.) This time, however, she was allowed to speak uninterrupted—a great concession; but, after all, she *had* found the keys! She had been littering the little calves. Nancy's and Dewdrop's calves, you know. They were in the lodge behind the cowsheds, and their stall was next the end one, and she had been littering them down with bracken—bracken from the end stall, where the last loads had been heaped when the loft was already full. We had been told, hadn't we, to use this up first before starting a fresh cart of straw? and her prong had touched something hard that clinked, she had looked down, and there were Peter's old keys lying in the litter!

Well, well, well—so that was how it had happened. They had dropped on to the bracken in the wood: unknowingly we must have raked them up on to the harvest heaps. Lying hidden, they had then been heaved into the cart and borne slowly back to the farm. The loft was full—and there was the luck, for if thrown up there it would have been a very teeny, weeny chance of their ever being found—so they had been deposited in the end stall, and a week later they had carefully dropped into the bedding of the little calves. But they were sports, those keys of mine! We all told Swain she was a clever child, and ought undoubtedly to have been a girl guide, also that, if she persevered sufficiently, perhaps she might one day hope to know the difference between a mangold and a swede!

After breakfast I hastened to impart my good news to the bailiff. She seemed very pleased, but tempered my enthusiasm by gently suggesting her doubts as to whether my somewhat rash behaviour in the care of the said keys quite deserved such a piece of luck. But that night I stitched two large, deep pockets on to my breeches. And those keys are in them now!

JOAN WADDY
(W.N.L.S.C.).



Feeding Time.

MESSRS. SMART & TOOGOOD,
Hogg Lane, London, E.C.
March 4th, 1919.

DEAR MADAM.—We beg to inform you that we have recently opened a department in our establishment for Land Workers' Outfits. We wish to draw your attention to our special equipment for Pig Feeders—offered at the lowest possible prices.

Complete Cork Suits: especially designed for rough weather and sudden immersion; will cause you to float for one hour in deep water. Prepared from genuine whiskey bottle corks, both elegant and serviceable—25 guineas.

Also masks—2 guineas extra—great variety of noses.

Remarkable Seven-Leagued Boots: adapted for use in frosty weather. One acre covered in one stride; exhilarating rush through the air, especially delightful before breakfast. Not advisable for those suffering from weak hearts. Offered at the low price of £3 10s.

Our Own Bumpers: Unique wire frame, fitted with springs, arranged for adjusting balance on slippery soil. Warranted to bounce three times. Should you survive the third bump your money will be refunded. Usual price, 20 guineas.

Special Books of Bad Language: Bound in calf with fine old English lettering. Never known to fail to ensure perfect obedience from all classes of pigs; none too young to understand it. Simple and direct method of speech, easily committed to memory. Price 5s. Pocket Edition, 3s.

Magnificent Set of Ivory Limbs: Easily adjustable. To replace broken and damaged arms, legs, etc. Price 50 guineas.

All goods sent on approval, carriage paid. Do not miss this unique offer. All nervous strains removed. Manufacturers, Undertakers and Insurance Agents. Insure your life to-day—to-morrow may be too late.

Write at once to Messrs. Smart & Toogood. Pig-Feeders' funerals undertaken daily. All remains carefully collected and carted with all possible speed, in handsome ornate cart or wheelbarrow, according to distance and size.

"F. L."

Bees

HAVING read the excellent article in February's issue of THE LANDSWOMAN re "Beekeeping for Women," I thought my experiences might give other Land girls the necessary courage to take up this fascinating industry.

There is always a good demand for English honey, which can usually be sold locally at good prices, while it does not, as the writer of the article points out, demand a lot of either time or energy and could be carried out by even the most delicate women most successfully. However, to come to my own experiences. I had arrived at my new berth and my employer was pointing out my various duties. "And I'm sure you would like to learn how to keep bees, wouldn't you?" she queried. Well, I didn't know whether I should, but promised to try.

"That's right," she said, beaming up at me; "you'll soon love them." But I wasn't quite so sure myself!

The old gardener had offered to "put me in the way," as he termed it, and one sunny April morning he said, "We'll look at the bees to-day, miss, and find the queens." After putting on our hats and veils we started for the hives. As he took off the cover from the first hive I felt a strong desire to run away—anywhere!—from the awful buzz of those bees, but in the excitement of looking for the queen I quite forgot the "buzz."

During that season we took four swarms. They were all within reasonable distance, on the lower branches of trees. I was able to boast of the amount of honey we took. It was over 200 lb., and sold at an average of 3s. per lb.

Of course, there were one or two unpleasant incidents. For instance, one bee got down my back!—how, goodness knows. Still, it did not sting me, for which I was thankful. The worst time, I discovered, was when taking the honey, which the bees naturally resent very much, and I got a few stings on my hands and arms.

I am sorry to say I had to leave the bees behind, but I am hoping to have an orchard and hives of my own before very long.

The industry may easily be termed "all profit" once the necessary materials have been bought to make a start with.

PATRICIA.

Complexions

Land Girls have found their work improves the complexion: and it is suggested that this fact has led many of them to resolve to remain on the land.

TO all you ladies on the land
We men would fain indite,
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write.

For when you took to Hodge's line
We praised you highly for
An action that we thought was fine
To help to win a war.

And now they tell us half our praise
Was rather out of place—
That when you took to farming ways,
'Twas but to save your face.

That accusation we declare
Is far from being true;
But if your duties make you fair,
You have improved beyond compare
The land's complexion too.

Daily Chronicle

A. W. B.



At the Dairy Farm, Burghley Park.

"A Landswoman On Her Own"

IT was Mrs. Morris herself who opened the white gate for me and led me round by the orchard to the back door. Neat featured and very business-like in her white smock, she looked every inch a sturdy Lindsey Landswoman.

I knew the place well, and Mrs. Morris had billeted there during her two years' work on a neighbouring farm. Well, too, I knew the luscious flavour of the yellow plums on Mrs. Green's trees, and her hot currant tea-cakes and jam were worth the ride from Napminster on a summer afternoon. Lately Mrs. Green had felt the place too much for her and had offered to let off half her rambling old homestead and land to her former lodger. The orchard and garden comprised nearly two acres, and with a field of six acres completed the small holding.

Some months before her husband's demobilisation Mrs. Morris started to work it "on her own." "Now here's our patch of onions that I've been weeding to-day; they're doing fine," she explained as she led me on a tour of inspection; "and all that is peas, and those are our early potatoes at the far end. Oh! there's my husband; he's digging over that waste bit ready for planting." He just is happy to be on his own land. It's only three months since he left France. "Jim, here's our Welfare Officer from Napminster as I've told you about." But Mr. Morris had already caught sight of the Land Army ribbon and uniform, and it was a very hearty grasp that met my outstretched hand. He told me of the fish shop they had had at Teddington before the war and how his wife had kept it on a year alone, and then she had come up to Lindsey and joined the Land Army. But it was she who told of his gallant part with the Lincolns in the landing at Suvla Bay and of the bullet that went through both his cheeks and laid him low in hospital for months.

"I suppose you used to dream of such a place as this as a sort of paradise?" I asked.

"My word, I did!" he answered. "As I lay in the Indian Hospital at Alexandria with black men all round me I used to read my wife's letters and wonder if all she planned could ever come true."

"She told me of this orchard and the old church close by, and the wide stream running right through the village and making this such good land. Then she set to work to get it ready for me."

"Those letters must have kept your spirits up," I put in.

"Yes, it did seem queer to read about it in that hot, sandy place, but it's all right now, and it does seem a bit like heaven, and that's a fact."

The sunlight of the golden April day was fading and my bicycle had no lamps, so I hastened to inspect the two promising young pigs in their palatial sort of loose box. "We went to Napminster and bought them ourselves," Mrs. Morris exclaimed proudly; "and here are the two cows and the heifer, and all our fowls are doing well. I shall keep on the teas in the orchard, too, just like Mrs. Green."

"I am sure you were very thrifty to be able to start all this," I ventured.

"Well, you see, we both had saved a bit, and my mother she wanted to help, and then my husband's brother got interested, too, and so we managed to put down a nice sum for the stock. Then how do you dispose of your produce?" I asked.

"Oh, we send it by carrier to a shop in Napminster. We go in first and make arrangements, and they treat us very fairly. Of course, so far, we've only had artichokes to send, but later on we shall go the three miles in to market ourselves."

We had reached the long white gate once more. There was just time for me to again admire the Good Service Badge I had seen given at our rally ten days before. Mrs. Morris's resolute face lit up with happy recollection of that proud day. "But what we all liked was to see the Editor of the LANDSWOMAN herself, only her speech was much too short. Would you mind asking them at the office to send me the Magazine regularly, as it all seems so real since we heard more about it."

I promised to see to it and putting some parsley and primroses as souvenirs in my basket I mounted my cycle.

"Well, good-bye, Mrs. Morris; you don't seem a bit tired after all your hard day."

"No, I love the work, and Jim and I both say we can never be over tired now we've got some land of our own. Good-bye." E. M. T.

Concert at Stamford

A SUCCESSFUL concert was given on April 25th at the Corn Exchange, Stamford, by the girls at Burghley Training Centre. All the L.A.A.S. in the Soke were invited to attend by the Organising Secretary, and during the interval the Marchioness of Exeter presented the Good Service Ribbons. The Group Leader for Peterborough, the Burghley Instructress, the Assistant Organising Secretary, the Welfare Officer for the Isle of Ely and the Welfare Officer for Northants and Peterborough also took part. The Chief Welfare Officer was present and spoke to the L.A.A.S. before they received their Good Service Ribbons. A sum of £20 5s. 7d. was made at this concert, which has been added to the Land Army Comforts Fund.

CHRISTINA HOLE,

Welfare Officer for Northants and the Soke of Peterborough.

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(F.O. 427, above), excellent cloth, in three sizes—small, medium and large; three-quarter length, 36 ins. to 38 ins.

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GALE COAT & BREECHES

(F.O. 382), in Summer-weight Drab Showerproof Material. The well cut Breeches are made in three sizes. Coats, 38 ins., 40 ins., and 42 ins.

Usual Price 34/6

Special Price **27/6**

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Ringling in May Morning



EVERY May morning, at 5 o'clock, a remarkable ceremony is observed in Oxford—a Latin hymn to Holy Trinity is sung by the choir, habited in their surplices, on the summit of Magdalen Tower.

Half the tower is reserved for privileged visitors to enable them also to enjoy this old-world custom, which is thought probably to be a relic of Pagan times.

The ceremony this year was remarkable for the number of Services represented on the Tower—the Nursing Services, with their familiar grey, red and blue; the Women's Land Army; uniforms of our troops from the Colonies, Americans, etc., were all there.

The weather unfortunately was very stormy and heavy rain was falling as we commenced our climb up the Tower.

The stairs seemed endless, but the number of people ascending at the same time, together with the choir, made it impossible to proceed at more than a snail's pace, up by the belfry, the great bells of which would so soon herald in the joyous news of May morning, up higher, catching a glimpse of the surrounding country through the small tower stair windows, still higher, till at last, the wee ladder by which one gains access to the roof, and then—the view alone is compensation enough for the climb.

Oxford has been truly termed the "home of towers and spires"—and what a wonderful panorama of the colleges and the college gardens! On the other side, the Botanical Gardens, and, last but not least, the beautiful view of the river and the numbers of people waiting near, and on Magdalen Bridge, as in the days of old, not at all deterred by the weather of this May.

But the time draws near, and as the clock of the Tower chimes out the hour the choir all turn to the East and sing a wonderful hymn taken from the College Grace.

As the last of the sweet strain dies away the bells begin their chimes, with such vigour that the vibration is very noticeable as one descends the Tower.

The whole ceremony only takes a few minutes, but, with the numbers going up and down the Tower, the morning is advancing before one is once more upon *terra firma* and the delightful experience over.

M. H.

Parts of the Church and the Meaning From a Village Church in Oxfordshire

The fences	Reverence.
The yard	Calmness.
The foundation	Strength.
The walls	Security.
The windows	Clearness.
The roof	Shelter.
The tower	Vigilance.
The spire	Aspiration.
The bells	Warning.
The doors	Openness.
The porch	Rest.
The font	Purification.
The nave	Vastness.
The aisles	Retirement.
The pillars	Support.
The arches	Union.
The chancel	Separateness.
The lectern	Attention.
The pulpit	Edification.
The vestries	Preparedness.
The chapel	Devotion.
The choir	Worship.
The organ	Praise.
The sanctuary	Safety.
The reredos	Sanctity.
The vestments	Dignity.
The altar	Sacrifice.

New Dishes for Breakfast

BACON TOAST.

CUT some streaky bacon into rather thin slices, place them in a sauté-pan with just enough water to cover, and let its contents boil for a few seconds. Then drain the slices of bacon carefully, place them in a frying-pan, and fry until crisp over a quick fire. The bacon should be of a delicate brown when cooked. Have some oblong slices of toasted brown bread ready, butter them well, and trim the slices to the size of the bacon. Cover the pieces of toast with the bacon and dish up; put a small round slice of fried tomato (these can be fried in the bacon fat) on the top of each slice of bacon, and send to table hot.

FRIED HOMINY CAKES.

Boil up half a pint of white stock and milk with a pat of butter and half a bayleaf. Stir in two ounces of hominy. Cook for ten minutes, while stirring. Season with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg; remove the bayleaf and add the yolks of two eggs. Spread this on a buttered plate and let it cool. Divide the mixture into eight portions, shape into round flat cakes, egg and crumb them, and fry in very hot deep fat to a golden colour. Drain, dish up, and serve hot.

FISH PUDDING WITH RICE.

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of any cold fish and mix with it 4 oz. of boiled rice, one hard-boiled egg (chopped), and season with salt and pepper. Moisten with a little white sauce and milk mixed with a well-beaten egg. Put the mixture into a buttered pie-dish or pudding mould and bake or steam for about 35 minutes. Unmould and serve with anchovy sauce.

BACON WITH BRUSSELS SPROUTS.

Fry about 12 thin slices of streaky bacon in a frying-pan when done take up and keep hot. Put into the same pan about a pound of cold cooked Brussels sprouts (well drained), and fry them in the bacon fat. Season with salt and pepper and toss them a little. Put the sprouts into a hot buttered pudding basin, then unmould on to a hot dish with the fried bacon and serve.

EGGS ON TOAST.

This is a very simple dish—in fact, nothing more than baked eggs set in rounds or rings of toasted bread. The dish is often called "Ox-eyes." Cut some slices of stale white or brown bread and toast them to a nice light brown colour. Stamp out as many rounds as are required; cut out the centres with a smaller cutter so as to form rings of toast. Spread a little fresh butter over each ring, and place them on a well-buttered fire-proof dish. Break an egg carefully into each ring of toast; season with a little salt and pepper. Put the dish in a slow gas oven until the white of egg begins to set. Send the dish to table as soon as possible. Great care must be taken that the eggs do not get over-cooked, and above all that the yolks are not disturbed during the process of cooking.

BAKED POTATOES WITH EGGS.

Cut some hot baked potatoes in halves lengthwise; scoop out the soft part and put this through a sieve. For each potato add one beaten egg and mix in a basin. Season with salt and pepper, add a little melted butter, beat well, then fill the potatoes with this mixture. Put a little melted butter over each and brown in a hot oven. The mixture should be heaped loosely and piled up high on the potato cases. Dish up and serve hot.

HADDOCK FRITTERS.

Remove the skin and bones from a kippered haddock, cut it into pieces about an inch long, dip them in rather thick beignet or frying batter; fry in boiling lard or fat, not too hot, as the fritters will require quite fifteen minutes to cook. When done drain on a cloth, season with salt and a little cayenne, and serve very hot.

FILLETS OF BLOATERS ON TOAST.

Skin, split and bone four nice bloaters, cut into neat fillets, brush over with oiled butter, and broil over a quick fire. Have ready some freshly made toast, butter it well, and sprinkle over with grated Parmesan cheese. Cut into oblong shapes (fingers), and place a fillet on each. Bake for a few minutes in a sharp oven, then dish up and serve hot.

CORNWALL TOAST.

Mince up finely 3 or 4 mushrooms, previously peeled, washed and drained. Heat up $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter and fry the mushrooms in this; season with salt and pepper. Broil 6—8 very thinly cut rashers of streaky bacon, have ready three slices of toasted bread, spread these with the minced mushrooms and cut them into 6—8 oblongs the same size as the bacon. Place the bacon on top of each and put a tablespoonful of scrambled eggs upon the bacon. Dish up and send to table very hot.

—Popular Breakfast Dishes and Savories. By C. HERMAN SENN.

Good Service Ribbons



A Party at Lady Ilkeston's

Warwickshire

Eleanor Boulton, Ada Brown, Maud Courts, Sarah Compton, Maude Ford, Nora Gillings, Eliza Harvey, Lilian Kettell, Gladys Morcom, Hilda Parkinson, M. P. Prince, Doris Rymington, Kathleen Rymington, Margaret Riley, Emmie Spooner, Florence Veasey, Dorothy Wright, Constance Walton, Ivy Wagstaffe, I. Hughes, W. Jones, Evelyn K. Preece, Eliza Daud, M. Healy, E. Unitt, M. Waite, E. Kirby, Marie Evans, Ellen Franklin, Ida Harper, Lilian Horseman, Ruth Hutton, D. M. Irons, Ellen Lane, F. R. Perry, Alice Sharpe, Florence Jones, E. Abbott, Martha Arnold, Martha Burdock, Dorothy Cooper, Phyllis Cooper, Olive Cooper, E. Edwards, Nora Harrison, Beatrice Jones, E. Litherhead, Rose Loft, Ethel Merriman, Blanche Rogers, Kitty Sherlock, Ada Smart, Gwendoline Smith, Elsie Spurdle, Eliza Tabernor, Violet Ward, Lily Mullis, A. M. Sambrook, G. M. Asbury, T. Hiron, Edith Nicholas, Dora Lane, M. A. Billington, A. Cooper, Sarah Moore, Bridget Bergin, Amy Shirley, Alice Bearley, Minnie Bearley, Florence Griffin, Annie Kemp, Elsie Clarke, Lucy Clarke, Gladys Cattell, Alma Austin, Esther Neate, Minnie Bird, Fanny Jelfs, K. Batkin, B. Holt, M. A. Johnson, E. A. Hooper, Edith A. Lawson, Mabel Gibbs, Norah Watts, E. A. Elsmore, Margaret Wilson, Lillah Banning, A. West, Martha Ricketts, Alma I. Hughes, Gladys Pritchard, Ruth Chinnock, A. P. Robson, Sarah Fletcher, Margaret Black, Lucy Button, Edith Fazey, D. Vaughan, Florence Neal, A. Townsend, S. Clarke, E. M. Flower, Ada Lowe, Emma Stokes, E. K. Harris, Gertrude Brown, Joan Hanson, Dorothy Belgrove, Lily Bell, Annie Ashton, A. M. Orton, Georgina Coyne, Ida Dawkins, D. Edden, Martha Dawson, Thirza Hill, Clara Loughton, Sarah Prince, Jane Starkey, F. Stephens, Amy Watts, Edith Fall, E. J. Fisher, E. M. Fisher, Alice Frecknall, Elsie Fox, Winifred Garrett, Ena Gournette, Mabel Green, Florence Hammond, Gladys Hill, C. F. Hill, Florence Snell, Hilda Hancox, M. Eliza Orton, M. Pelesmaekers, Mary Pinfold, Edith Rayson, Florence Riley, Nellie Smith, Edith Summers, Florence Thorne, D. Pamela Porter, R. West, Ethel Hopkins, E. M. Collins, A. Wright, Polie Baker, Isabel Calder, M. Cave-Browne-Cave, Emily Dyer, Emily Newman, K. Beeby, M. C. Stanley, E. Keen, Eva Burgg, R. Troth, F. Rogerson, D. Laurence, P. Collett, Edith Anderton, Daisy Bartlett, Dorothy Judd, Emily Judd, Agnes Lennox, Emma Moore, Minnie Moore, Doris Field, Annie Painting, G. Taylor, Clara Arm, S. A. Morgan, Ellen Broxup, Hilda Bateman, Evelyn Bond, D. H. Burfield, Florence Ellis, Phyllis Cattell, Evelyn Croft, Ada Hands, Hilda Hemming, S. McCarthy, Audrey McGaw, Florence Morgan, Esther Stones, Jessie Turner, Annie Watson, Ethel Sidaway, Emma Watson, H. Mayfield, E. Harding, Annie Lander, M. Roberts, Margaret Rigby, Selina Bolton, M. Beddowes, N. Edwards, N. Jones, F. Wigley, C. Page, May Nash.

North Riding, Yorks

A. Cooper, M. Barry, A. Martin, M. Stephenson, C. Waller, H. Griffin, A. Marr, C. Simpson, A. Smith.

Carmarthenshire

DEAR READERS.—Perhaps some of you will be interested to read of the Carmarthenshire Good Service Ribbon distribution.

The members of the Carmarthenshire Women's Land Army met together at Carmarthen to receive their Good Service Ribbons on Saturday, March 15th, 1919, when 32 of us received the badges.

The meeting commenced at 2.30 p.m., when Mrs. Gwynne Hughes, Tregeyb, Llandilo, very ably presided.

The badges were presented by Mrs. Herbert, Brynmaraig, Ammanford, and I must say we were all proud to think we had merited one.

Mrs. Silyn Roberts and our Organising Secretary, Miss Lillie Harris, spoke in eulogistic terms of the good work done by the members of the Women's Land Army.

Towards the end of the meeting a hearty cheer was given to our Secretary when she got up to announce another interesting item in the day's proceedings, that a tea had been provided for us by the members of the committee, and you may guess we were all delighted, as some of us had come some distance by train.

As soon as the meeting was over we all made for the restaurant, and we were very glad to see that the Food Controller, to all appearance, had not interfered with the arrangements for the tea. We had a lovely tea, which we all enjoyed to the full. We were also very glad to have the opportunity of meeting together. No one could wish to see a happier and healthier lot of girls than those who were assembled together that afternoon for tea.

All good things come to an end, and, unfortunately, ours was not an exception, so, after the tea and the votes of thanks to the members of the committee and our Organising Secretary, we all dispersed to catch our respective trains for our homeward journey, thus ending a perfect day.

MAY GRIFFITHS, L.W.A.

Ffairfach, Llandilo.

M. E. Crank, Minnie Moore, Phoebe Jones, P. M. Lloyd, E. Totts, Jessie Humphries, Blodwen Hughes, Maude Davies, S. J. Jones, May Phillips, May Griffiths, Lily Simons, Alice Styles, G. M. Smith, A. Newton, A. Williams, E. Lack, H. Parnell, A. Tuomi, C. Coode, R. Camfield, Nellie Jonathan, Elsie Davies, Ivy Wines, May Wilkinson, Anne Davies, Ethel Evans, C. M. Thomas, Lilian Thomas, S. A. Davies, Cissie Prout, Glanwudd Watkins.

Northants

A. Bradbury, A. Coles, C. M. Gilbert, M. C. Rush, D. Chapman, N. Northcroft, O. Barker, Q. Howes, J. Screech, M. Hubbard, D. Payne.

Presented at concert at Stamford on Friday, April 25th.

My Lady's Garden (In War-time)

I will dig your garden, dear,
And clear the winter's weeds,
I will rake it smooth and fine
And sow the summer's seeds;
But you must pay me something,
And what I want is this—
A smile for every plant, dear,
For every seed, a kiss!

I'll raise a bed of onions,
And sow a length of peas;
I'll clean and weed the strawberries
And prune the budding trees;
But when my work is over
Then you must give me this—
A smile for every plant, dear,
For every seed, a kiss!

I'll trench for leeks and celery,
And greens must go in too.
I'll hoe, and thin, and water,
And work the whole year through.
But always you remember,
I'll come to you, for this—
A smile for every plant, dear,
For every seed, a kiss!

I have another garden
For only you to see;
Where Rosemary and Pansies
Grow sweet for you and me.
We planted them together,
And how they grow is this—
Each smile springs up a Rosemary,
Each Pansy was a Kiss.

C. 1919.



THE LAND SUIT

Style and quality combine to make this Land Suit a favourite with Women Land Workers. Lasting in wear and weather resisting, it is cut on lines which experience has proved the most comfortable for ease and freedom, whilst at the same time it is extremely smart and "becoming."

Made in Drabette. The Coat has a deep notched collar, with band round waist. Length of Coat, 41 ins. The Breeches are strapped and have laced knees.

Coat - - price 15/-
Breeches - - " 12/-
Complete Suit - - 26/-

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

Stocked in all usual Ladies' sizes, full fitting only.

25/- Carriage Paid.

OUR FOUR-DAY APPROVAL OFFER.

Send cash for full amount for the goods you select, and we will send same to you by return CARRIAGE PAID TO YOUR DOOR. If you are not satisfied with your purchase, return it within four days in same condition as received and we will refund your money in full. You risk nothing and we guarantee to satisfy you. TREASURY NOTES SHOULD ALWAYS BE SENT BY REGISTERED POST.

Illustrated Catalogue Free—

ERNEST DRAPER & CO., LTD.,
Dept. L.W., "ALL-BRITISH" WORKS, NORTHAMPTON.

LANDSWOMAN'S OUTFITS

DIRECT FROM THE "ALL-BRITISH" WORKS

FOR Value gaining—money saving reasons purchase your outfit direct from the "All-British" Works, Northampton.

Our "direct service scheme" enables you, wherever you are, to obtain the finest material, combined with the finest workmanship, at prices almost invariably below those charged for the same quality in any local or big departmental store.

It is not necessary to take our word for this—send for the goods you require and compare them with those sold elsewhere, noting quality of material, style and price, and you will see at once that this "All-British" offer means a definite saving in hard cash. Send your order to-day on our SPECIAL FOUR-DAY APPROVAL PLAN, particulars of which you will find at the foot of this announcement.



LADIES'

"FIELD" BOOT

SPECIFICATION Stock No. 1236

The uppers are of a magnificent quality of hide—smooth, stout, and the stitching and workmanship throughout are of equally high grade. The "leg" is high cut as illustrated, there is a watertight bellows tongue reaching above lace holes, leather lined quarter, carefully machine-stitched and well reinforced—enabling it to resist heavy strain.

"Field cut" pattern, with adjustable straps as illustrated. The soles and heels are of extra stout solid leather of the very best quality, nailed flush with steel slugs, which enormously increases the "life" of the sole.

Stocked in all usual Ladies' sizes, full fitting only.

25/- Carriage Paid.



LADIES'

"SPORTSMAN'S COAT"

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

Stock Sizes:

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

 Price 40/- Carriage Paid.



DEAR GIRLS.—So many of your letters to me must be quoted this month—because they are so interesting and delightful—that I am afraid there will be very little space left for my letter to you.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.—"R.C."—who forgot to put her address on her letter, so that I have been unable to answer it—writes:—"I want to tell you all about my farm work, because we have been having some exciting times lately. I am on a hill sheep farm with my chum. The farmer was away on market day a fortnight back, and we were having a bad fall of snow, and somehow he got kept and didn't get back that night. It was the lambing season and my chum and I were left to look after the sheep. We had never been with the sheep at night and as the farmer is usually up with them at lambing time, we thought we'd better stay out in the hut. We were a bit frightened when we thought of being out in the dark, but then my chum, Molly, and I both had boys in the trenches, and we remembered that we had joined up to do our bit. So we started off, and then the exciting thing happened—who should come along but my boy, on leave! He thought it was very plucky of us to do this when we didn't exactly have to, and he came along with us."

"We had a night of it! Four sheep lambed—and my boy was just fine and seemed to know exactly what to do. Being in the trenches does seem to have made him handy, so perhaps the war has done some good after all!"

"When we got back to breakfast we were all healthily tired, but we all agreed that farming is anything but dull. . . ."

"My real ambition is to own a dinky small-holding on which I can produce all my foodstuffs and also supply my many friends. I fear that my dream will not soon be realised, for lack of necessary funds. Yet I am determined that if British grit, hard work, and an earnest will leads to such a goal, such a nest in the dewy lap of mother Nature may be mine some day."

"Many thanks for the loan of your dress; I didn't alter the hat. It was a glorious dance. The first prize in the ladies' was taken by a girl dressed as a queen's courtier—she did look very nice. Then the next was taken by a girl dressed as a French peasant. The first in the gentlemen's was a brigand, and the boy to take the second was dressed as a nurse. He looked very well, but, of course, his 'feet' gave him away—that's rather rude, isn't it? I have started the first nightdress of your pattern, and I like it very much."

"The fields are looking lovely now, in spite of the enormous amount of rain which we have had, but, as the country people say about here, 'it baint allus guing to rain!' Now that the evenings are light I am out of doors all the time gardening, and when it isn't too cold I do my needlework out of doors. Oh! this life is glorious, and when my first year is finished I am going to sign on again, if I can."

"Cowslips are so sweet, I always think, and seeing a meadow filled with them on my return from work this evening I stopped to gather an armful. The flowers are just coming now, not just in ones and twos but big battalions, armies, of them. The plum trees are at last in bloom; very late for them—last year they were out in March—but the weather has been so bad. How did you like the snowstorm we had Sunday week? Our poor wee lambs didn't like it at all. As it happened the boss was away that week-end and I was in charge. He had gone off Saturday morning on his motor-bike, intending to return Sunday afternoon, but about 1 o'clock the snow started. I never saw such big flakes and the fields were very soon covered with a white blanket. But the lambkins! I had to hurry out as soon as dinner was over to see how they were getting on, and found them half-buried. I got our horseman to help me shift some calves from one of the yards into a shed and got the sheep under cover as soon as possible."

"I wonder if you know these lines, only I can't think where they come from:—

"I am thankful now of the certain truth
That only the sweet remains."

I know all about it, looking back on last summer, when my back ached so, hoeing and singling the old mangold. Well, I've nearly forgotten that backache, but I never shall forget the wild roses in the hedge at the end of the row and the blue, blue sky of June."

"Thank you ever so much for the tobacco, which the steward liked very much."

"Our pet lamb is getting on great. We decorate him with the colours of the L.A.A.S., red and green, but at present he is marching round the sitting-room with my armlet round his neck. He is the most comical little animal I have seen. He comes with us to work, but he greatly objects to mixing with other lambs; he prefers the cat to play with and loves to be nursed. I think the 'lasses' would have felt rather pleased if they had heard a person who said to me the other evening, 'Why is it that all the animals love the Land Girls in preference to the men?'"

"I received the patterns quite safely and I thank you very much for sending them so soon. They are very nice designs; I enclose the stamps for them."

It is most satisfactory to know that the Exchange Column is being of real use to some of you. "W. M. H." writes:—

"As you suggested, I answered two advertisements in the Exchange Column of our LANDSWOMAN for 'Wellington's,' and was lucky enough to get a perfect fit and almost a new pair, felt-lined, for £1, including postage. They were indeed a bargain, and I cannot thank you enough for your kind suggestion. I am delighted with my purchase, and they are so comfy."

"My LANDSWOMAN has just come back from the binders. It looks absolutely scrumptious and I treasure it so much. I shall get all this year's bound as well."

"I am glad to say I received the set of 1918 numbers of THE LANDSWOMAN. I do feel sorry that the others were lost; I hope wherever they went that they fell on 'good soil' and not by the 'wayside'—they are far too valuable for such a fate as that. I think I love my LANDSWOMAN as much as I love my cows. This does not sound much of a compliment, but I can tell you it is a big one."

The Shopping Club has been just as busy as ever. "L. S.," a very particular friend of mine, finds that Land work is accentuating her rather naturally round shoulders. So we have been hunting for some shoulder straps which are comfortable to wear, but which just act as a reminder to keep her back straight. We were afraid they were going to be very expensive, but in the end we found a pair for 5s. 6d. which were exactly what "L. S." wanted, and she is very pleased with them.

It is not often we are asked to buy tobacco, but a very special brand was wanted for a present for the bailiff, which could not



The Editor Judging the Needlework

be obtained at the village shop; so we discussed the matter with Harrods, and I believe the result is quite satisfactory. There has been the usual steady demand for patterns and books, chin straps and embroidery, silk heel protectors and crochet designs.

"Marmite," which makes its appearance for the first time in our advertisement columns this month, will probably be new to many of you, but I happen to know what it's made of, and why it is so nourishing and appetising. I advise you all to try it.

COMPETITIONS.—I hope that Mr. Platten's article on "How to Press Flowers" will inspire each one of you to try your hand at it. He himself has a very representative and interesting collection and he has managed to retain the original colour of the flowers in his pressed specimens in the most wonderful way. The first prize of £1 1s. goes to Florrie Glover, Warwickshire, who sent up quite a nice selection of wild flowers, and a special consolation prize—a charming little book, *Joys of the Open Air*, which has been presented by Mr. Platten—has been won by E. C. Love for a very well-pressed specimen of marsh marigolds.

We talk together so often in *THE LANDSWOMAN* about the perfect contentment which comes from working on the land, and we discovered so long ago the supreme satisfaction of a life spent in the open air—that I was rather interested to read in the *Daily Chronicle* the other day the following paragraph:—

"I often wonder why nobody has pointed out to our rulers how contact with the land under fair and reasonable conditions makes for contentment and the passing of unrest. This is a truth, and history will be found to testify to it. There is nothing saner on Mother Earth than Mother Earth herself. If you wish to find the roots of trouble you must seek them where men are being divorced from the soil. The land is the great tranquilliser."

It came at the end of an article advocating that even greater facilities should be given to soldiers who wished to settle on the land, and it spoke of the land hunger which undoubtedly exists among the returning men. That hunger is just as poignant among the Service women as it is among the men, and it is really good to know that we are all to have the same chance—when the time comes.

But to return to the delights of our out-of-door life. Donald Hankey, in his *Student in Arms*, tells how, after a long day in the Australian bush, he used to come back in the evening hungry and thirsty and tired; and he adds, "it was one of the best experiences that have ever come my way. I not only felt fit in body and wholesome in mind, I had a feeling of self-respect such as has never come from the manipulation of a typewriter."

The bowl of bluebells on my desk reminds me that one of the country names for the bluebell is "Cuckoo's Stockings." Bluebells have a great fascination for birds, and I heard lately an interesting instance of this. A wild duck, attracted by masses of bluebells, had built her nest half a mile away from the river, her usual quarters. How delightful for the baby ducklings to wander through this sea of blue flowers!

I came across the other day a funny little old verse about the song of the cuckoo which—as those of you who read Mrs. Lyttelton's article in April will remember—rather develops into a stutter about this time. I think it may amuse you, so here it is:—

"In April, the Koo-coo can sing his song by rote,
In June, of time, she cannot sing a note:

At first Koo-coo, Koo-coo—sing still she can do.

At last, Kooke, Kooke, Kooke; six Kookes to one Koo."

I wonder if you know any of the old legends and stories about the wild flowers. Have you heard why the king cups grow on shadowy banks? When the flower spirits were bedecking the earth they chose the king cups for that position, so that their gold cups might be reflected in the water, "giving them"—so the old story runs—"a sun of their own to throw its cheerful light upon the ripples." And do you know the story of the buttercups? How one night the fairies caught an old miser hastening over the fields to hide his sack of hoarded gold in a wood, and how they stole up behind, ripped a hole in the sack and spilt the gold all over the meadows. And all this rich gold they set up in cups on stems, so that all might enjoy it; and the fairies gold be free to rich and poor alike.

But the legend of the forget-me-not is the sweetest. It tells how an angel from heaven, who had fallen in love with a maiden on earth, was set to spread blue forget-me-nots throughout the world, so that they might meet together in Paradise.

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

If Susan Froggart will send her address the Editor may be able to help her.

LOVE bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lack'd anything.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here":

Love said, "You shall be he."

"I, the unkind, the ungrateful? Ah! my dear,

I cannot look on Thee."

Love took my hand and smiling did reply,

"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord; but I have marr'd them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."

"And know you not," says Love, "Who bore the blame?"

"My dear, then, I will serve."

"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste My meat."

So I did sit and eat.

GEORGE HERBERT, 1593.

**The better weather was badly
wanted, wasn't it?**

NO sort of Spring and too much
reason for sarcastic quoting
of "Oh, to be in England!"
Everything on the land behind-
hand and every hour of value.

A pair of Dunlop tyres on that
bicycle of yours will save your
time and strength as well.

Dunlop



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THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS*

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

CHAPTER XVIII—continued.

"WHAT enthusiasm!" the man laughed. Scarlotti stared in astonishment. Cecilia shuddered and covered her face with her hands, speaking low, as if to herself. "I knew it was coming, I felt it all the time. Ever since I decided to do this thing I've known it was coming." "You know Cecilia?" Scarlotti asked. "Oh, yes, I know Cecilia." "Giron—" "Giron," Cecilia cried, "Giron! So you're the man they want in this trial. I might have known—" "I am flattered that you place me so queeckly," he smiled. "You shall not come back and spoil it all for me. You've no right to dog me, I'm free of you. I'll give you ten minutes to get away, and if you do not, I'll call the policeman from the village and give you up." He shook his head and smiled. "You know better zan zat. I should punish you too queeckly for zat. If I go to trial before zeeks devoted friend of yours, I will take some pains to tell what I know about you." "You can't do anything to hurt me." "No? You think the esteemed Judge Carteret would like to hear—" She stopped him with a gesture towards Scarlotti, and he laughed. "Think better of ze veelage poleece." "What has she got to do with you?" Scarlotti demanded. "Nossing. An' ze less ze better. The situation has its possibilities—beautiful girl, living on ze bounty of a Judge." "Oh, you beast!" "Another good reason occurs to me, why ze honourable Judge would not care to have Giron brought to trial. A certain relationship—" Cecilia seemed hypnotised by that evil, smiling face. "No, no, I promise not to tell what I know; I'll never speak to you, if you'll go away and let me alone. This is the only chance I've ever had to be happy, to live like a self-respecting human being. I have a little money; I'll give it to you gladly, if you'll only go away and let me be. Promise me you will not tell Judge Carteret." "For ze present, *mon enfant*, I am silent, but for ze future who can say? It ees in ze lap of ze gods! Scarlotti, shall we join ze rest? We will be meessed too much!" He bowed to Cecilia, and led Scarlotti away. Cecilia trembled so she could hardly stand. A servant came to the door to say the Judge wanted to speak to her on the 'phone. She scarcely knew her own voice when she spoke. "That you, Cecilia?" "Yes—yes." "How is the party going?" "All right," she managed to answer, through her chattering teeth. "I am so sorry I cannot come out in time to meet these friends of yours: some important business has detained me." "I am so glad—so—" she began hysterically. "What is it? The connection is poor." "I am sorry you cannot come—my friends will be disappointed." "Give them my regards. I'll see you to-night and hear all about it. Good-bye." She hung up the receiver and leaned against the wall sobbing. At a sound she turned, and faced Giron, who stood in the door. "Just to see there were no indiscretions wiz ze veelage poleece!" he smiled.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FLIGHT.

AFTER dinner, the night of Cecilia's party, the Barretts, the Judge, and Saxton strolled over to the cabin to talk it all over. They found her inside, huddled over a fire, although the night outside was warm. "Sh!" whispered Saxton, "she's weaving a spell! Where is the pot of steaming herbs, witch-woman?" he demanded, stalking in. The girl rose and held out her hands to them as she answered his joking seriously.

* Copyright in Great Britain by Jarrolds, Publishers, London, Ltd.

"The pot is boiling in here, and the herbs are bitter!" she touched her head with her forefinger.

"Wasn't the party a success? The rest of them say it was a most auspicious occasion," the Judge said.

"They seemed to have a good time; didn't you think they did?"

"I thought they had a wonderful time, dear. I was just telling the Judge how we found that poor little Sally Waters weeping in the vegetable garden because, she said, she had not met a vegetable since she left her home in the country."

"It was a real disappointment to me to miss it," said the Judge. "I usually forego parties with great fortitude, but this one interested me. You see, the Steel Trust people want me to get the mayor to dedicate the Parker Memorial at Crossroads next week; and the only time he could give me was this afternoon at four. I told you, didn't I, that the Steel Trust had donated ten thousand dollars for this memorial? We had a meeting at the Union Club yesterday to complete the details. I am to make a speech, too, and present the Trust's check for ten thousand, as a token of their respect to Parker."

"You were all very good to me, and I appreciate it, even if I cannot say how much," Cecilia thanked them.

To their amazement she choked and could not go on, but went to the door and stood, looking out, trying to control herself. Anne went to her and threw her arm about her. "It's a pity if this little family of ours have to thank each other—"

Cecilia turned and said: "You've bound me to you, all of you, with a thousand cords of gratitude and affection. Do you remember the story of a woman without a soul, who wandered about in space, until Love came to help her in her search, and she found her soul? That's what you have done for me—helped me to find mine. Do you know what it would mean to me to go away and lose you, or have you forget me?"

The tears were running down her face, and there was a gentle pathos about her that was heart-breaking. The Judge went and took her hands, speaking gently. "Why, Cecilia, what has come over you? What could happen to take you away from us? I know a girl who is very tired and overwrought, and what she needs is a good night's sleep. She will never learn that giving all herself is wanton extravagance. So much less than all will satisfy people, child, and you can't afford to lavish yourself on everything, as you do."

She looked at him silently, the tears still running down her cheeks.

"Of course she's tired. She's had a hard day and she ought to go to bed. It was a great success, Cecilia. Good night."

"Thank you, Richard, for everything."

The Judge patted her hand silently, and Anne kissed her good night.

Saxton dropped behind them and held out his hand. "Cecilia, dearest, I can't bear it when you're like this. Let me take care of you, let me cherish and protect you—"

"Please, please, I can't bear any more to-night."

"Coming, Sax?" called Richard.

"Coming."

He joined the others, and Cecilia stood in the doorway answering their good nights.

"Good night, dear, dear people!" she called after them.

"Until to-morrow!" the Judge answered for her.

"Until to-morrow?" she whispered to herself, as she called Omar in and shut the door.

"Now, Cecilia Carné, you and I must think this out together to-night," she said, squatting on the hearth, Omar beside her. "Omar, I knew it was all over to-day, when I told you and Bobby that my castle of happiness was about to fall. Bobby, dear blessed Bobby! Oh, I can't go, I just can't!"

For a long time she lay with her head on her arms, until Omar put his nose against her cheek to see if she was asleep.

"It's this way, old fellow," she explained to him, "I know him so well, I know Giron. He's a devil, he will live for ever. See how young he looks, younger than I do! That's because he has no heart, no soul, no pity, only brain—brilliant, devising brain, with which to hurt and torture and destroy."

Omar growled understandingly.

"He's done his worst for me, and I'm not afraid of him any longer; but if he should hurt any of these dear people out here I think I'd kill him. Imagine his coming here where Anne and Bobby are!"

She circled Omar with her arms and put her head down on his shaggy coat.

"Oh, it isn't fair, it isn't fair! He's wanted in this trial;

he's back of the whole thing, I suppose, and Conrad and Gridley are his tools. If he should do Judge Peter any harm, or if the Judge should discover who I am—"

She dropped down beside the settle.
"Omar, I've got to go. Will you understand, even if the rest cannot, that I had to go for all their sakes, and that it nearly broke my heart?"

He whined and licked her face and hands. After a little she rose, put a few things into an old bag, and set the room in order. "Whether I ever come back or not again, there will never be anything like this again for me."

She wrote alone to Anne—

"DEAR ANNE,—I have to go to town to-day. I hope to see you soon. Kiss Bobby for me, and will you look after Omar?"
"CECILIA."

This she would leave at the Lodge as she passed. She sat long, trying to write the Judge, but no words came, so she gave it up.

As the sun came up red and fiery out of the lake, she spoke to Omar, took up her bag and started. Omar barked joyfully at the prospect of an early run. When she had closed the door she stood a moment looking all about the place, then with a sob she leaned against the door and kissed its wood. She felt down and took Omar in her arms.

"Don't you forget me, old chum," she whispered to him. "On guard, sir!" she ordered, and ran away without looking back.

An hour and a half later she came into the Quarter and began her search. The early morning intensified the sordidness of the ugly streets, and it seemed to her that she could not endure it—that she must turn and go back to the country with its sweet morning freshness.

She went first to Sally Waters' old lodging, and the woman in charge volunteered the information that nearly all the students of the Quarter had been to the ball the night before and were probably still there. Cecilia thanked her and paused on the sidewalk over her next move. Would Giron be venturesome enough to appear at so large an affair, even disguised? She decided that he would do just that dare-devil thing. She set out for the hall where the balls were held.

She remembered a time when she had considered this ball, modelled on the "Bal des Quartres Arts" of the French Latin Quarter, as the event of the winter. The doorkeeper would not admit her, because she was not in costume, but he remembered her and agreed to find Scarlotti and bring her to speak with Cecilia.

While he went on this errand Cecilia looked on. It was broad daylight, and only a few were staying on, but the costumes, so gorgeous by night, were dingy and tawdry enough now. Presently the doorman came back with Scarlotti. She greeted the newcomer without the least show of surprise.

"Hello, Cecilia, you're a trifle late."

"I haven't come to the ball. I have come to see if you knew where Giron is."

"What do you want with him?"

"I want to pay him some money for a promise he is going to make me."

"You don't mean to hand him over?"

"No."

"Honest?"

"Honest. Is he here?"

"Yes. I'll call him!"

She waited until a black-robed priest came into view, and summoned him imperiously. He left his partner and came over to her.

"Ah, ze *petite* aristocrat. You honour us."

"When can I talk with you?"

"All ze way from her sylvan retreat to talk to me! We need have no secrets from *la belle* Scarlotti."

"I think you would not care to discuss the things I have to say, even with Scarlotti."

He flashed a look at her, and then answered:

"You know Madame Gallica's? I am Signor Trelatti. My studio is No. 3. I shall be here at twelve o'clock. Adieu, *mon enfant*!"

Cecilia nodded and left them, Scarlotti's laugh floated after her. She stopped a minute, and after some consideration she went to a bakery across the street, ordered a cup of coffee, and waited, near the window.

Half an hour later the last stragglers began to depart, long cloaks over their costumes. Scarlotti, Sally, and Giron finally appeared, and after a laughing colloquy on the corner they separated and went in opposite directions. Cecilia let Giron get well started and then followed him. He made a detour and came back to an old three-storey house which had been remodelled into studio quarters for art students. She caught up with him on the top landing.

(To be continued.)

More Land Army Songs

First Prize

DO YOU KNOW THE LAND GIRL?

Tune, "John Peel."

DO you know the L.A.A.S. with her laugh so gay?
Have you seen her milk at the break of day?
Have you seen her work in the corn and the hay,
From the earliest hours of the morning?

Chorus.

For the sound of her boots brought me from my bed,
And the cry of the beasts as they wait to be fed,
These farmyard folk would awaken the dead
Or the dead from their sleep in the morning!

Oh, she loves the sun, and the wind, and the dew!
The horses and cows, and piggy-wig too;
Though her hours be long and holidays few,
She's as blithe as a lark in the morning!

The yard was never so smart and neat!
It is swept as clean as a London street!
The men are requested to wipe their feet,
Lest they "paddle it up" in the morning!

The sheds were never so clean before,
There are curtains up, and a mat at the door.
You could safely eat your meals off the floor,
When the Land Girl has been in the morning!

She has taught the pigs to be so polite!
They never scramble and squeal and fight,
But sit round and tie on their feeders white,
As they wait for their Girl in the morning!

Well, you know the L.A.A.S. with her laugh so gay—
Do you think she will ever go right away?
Don't you rather think she has come to stay?
That you'll still hear her voice in the morning?

R. A.

Second Prize

To the tune of "When we wound up the Watch on the Rhine."

When the terrible war set all Europe ablaze
And men were all hastening to arms
We helped them to fight
For the truth and the right
By labouring like men on the farms,
Both the men and women they had to combine,
But between them they wound up the Watch on the Rhine.

Chorus.

When we wound up the Watch on the Rhine,
How we fed all the sheep and the swine!
Chicky chucks,
Geese and ducks,

And milked all the soft-eyed kine,
When we wound up the Watch on the Rhine,
Our breeches and gaiters looked fine,
And the crown on our arms
Was the pride of the farms,
When we wound up the Watch on the Rhine.

When the country was calling for corn and for meat,
An Army was sent on the land;
For the women who toil
On the sweet-smelling soil
Are joined in a hard-working band.
At first the work seemed to us boring and hard,
But to-day we are Queens of the field and the yard.

Chorus.

When we wound up the Watch on the Rhine,
Oh, the fresh air was better than wine!
Thatching stacks,
And mending sacks,
There were jobs both for rain and shine,
When we wound up the Watch on the Rhine,
We vowed all our foes should "resign,"
So the foot-rot was trimmed
And the groundsel was shinned,
For they aided the Watch on the Rhine.

Even now we are serving Country and King,
And doing our duty to-day.
When they told us to hoe,
To plough, harrow and mow,
'Twas only for us to obey.
In the garden and forest, the dairy and stall,
The Land Army girls are at work in them all. P. P.

FOR the benefit of our readers we are accepting Small Advertisements on this page at very reduced rates, and we trust that they will make full use of this opportunity, which we believe will prove advantageous to them. Almost anything may be advertised, and the minimum price will be 5/- for 5 lines (single column; about 40 words) and 1/6 per line additional. All advertisements are subject to the approval of the Editor, and are subject to refusal without assigning any reason. 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.

LIVESTOCK-KEEPERS.—Books for Landswomen, by W. Powell-Owen F.B.S.A. (on Council and Executive of National Utility Poultry Society): Poultry-keeping on Money-making Lines, 3/11 (the book that has made history; 4th ed. since 1916); Duck-keeping ditto, 5/5; Pig-keeping, 3/11; Goat-keeping, 3/11; Rabbit-keeping, 5/6; Dog-keeping, 3/11; Poultry-keeping on Small Lines, 2/3; Poultry-farming as Career for Women, 10½d. Detailed express postal advice on anything and everything appertaining to poultry, ducks, pigs, goats, rabbits, or dogs, 2/6 per letter; postal advice (and tuition) as often as desired for 12 months, 2 guineas. Why not put your case in Powell-Owen's hands to-day?—Books, post free, from Powell-Owen Bureau, 47a, High Street, Hampstead, London.

ADVERTISER would like to try a new scheme for a Country House in Derbyshire. **WANTED** five keen, capable girls (ladies preferred), not necessarily trained, to run the Hall entirely; Cook Housekeeper, ParLOURmaid, Housemaid, Kitchenmaid, Laundress. They would live in a seven-roomed house a few yards from Hall, with electric light and all conveniences. The farms and garden will be run by ladies too. One lady and two gentlemen in family. Valeting for all three required.—Apply P.O.G., Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E.

WANTED to purchase, or lease, genuine Elizabethan or Tudor residence, with 5 to 10 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—Hughes, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E.

GREAT BARGAIN—For Sale, new khaki Bedford Cord tunic and breeches, 50/-; puttees 9/- extra; strong boots, size 7.—B. G., Briggens, Ware.

LANDWORKERS, Gardeners, V.A.D.'s and other ex-War Workers quickly suited.—Write for list, Miss Dymphna Smith's office, 231 Ebury Street, S.W.1. Special Country Department.

LANDWORKER'S outfit for sale. Khaki overalls 10/9 each: length 38in., 42in. and 46in. Also a few pairs of breeches to match: waist 24in., 9/- each—Apply to Mrs. A. Johnson, Oakhill, Hildenborough, Kent.

G.S. Ribbons

West Suffolk

Hilda Banham, Gladys Barber, Florence Challice, Ivy Hayhoe, Constance Hayhoe, Dorothy Neve, Hatty Pask.

Shropshire

H. Charlton.

Yorkshire, West Riding

G. Jackson, E. Firth, M. Deaville, M. Bray, M. E. Heathfield, M. Dransfield, E. Crosby, R. Graham, C. Shann.

East Suffolk

Sarah Bruty, Winifred Colbert, Daisy Cook, Winifred Dady, Ivy Green, Edith Johnson, Jessie Hayman, Hilda Martin, Ellen Ovenall, Margaret Salter, Kathleen Wilby, R. Colson.

Lancashire L.A.A.S. Club, St. Helen's

THE first meeting of the above club was held on April 26th at St. Peter's Street Girls' Institute. The members gave all the Land Army a great reception and kindly welcome as well as a sumptuous tea.

The Land Army responded in its best manner—by eating it all up!

A room has been set apart for the Land Army; there is also gymnasium which they can use.

There was dancing and giant stride exercise before tea and much fun.

The Land Army uniform is the only credential needed to open the doors of the club on any night. Special meetings will be held once a month.

A Football Match

DEAR EDITOR.—We had such a jolly time on Easter Monday that I feel I must write and tell you all about it.

The whole week has been rather important in Bury; something big has been arranged each day in order to collect funds to build a Club in Bury for discharged soldiers and sailors, and on Easter Monday some of the West Suffolk Land Army girls did their bit towards it.

A football match was held in the Playfield at Bury between Land Army girls and Discharged Soldiers (the latter wearing the dress of clowns, but alas! in the game did not act the rôle they represented)! Of course, we Land Army girls hadn't had any real practice, but we put our hearts and souls (to say nothing of our feet) into the game, and although I don't wish to be conceited, the crowds cheered tremendously and, I think, were mostly for our side! After some exciting play we ended the afternoon by a draw, 5 being the score on both sides. We were all frightfully bucked, especially as the afternoon's takings amounted to £17 odd. We were given a tophole tea in the field after the game, to which, I can assure you, we all did justice and thoroughly upheld the standard of Land Army appetites.

BY ONE OF THE ELEVEN.

DEAR GIRLS.—I am writing these few lines so that you may see I haven't forgotten you.

It is with regret I was unable to take up the appointment as Group Leader amongst you, which I asked for when giving up my work at the Hindlip Training Centre. The Board have very kindly accepted my sister, who, like myself, is very keen on all connected with the land, having on one or two occasions stayed with me at the Hostel, and so will not be a stranger to you all.

I do feel I must say a few words about the splendid work you have all done. I am sure every one is proud of the Land Army. Some of you will be keen to have small holdings, others will go to the Colonies.

I do think land work is one of the most healthy occupations.

With all good wishes from your sincere friend,

GWEN SIXTY.

"Ashe," Bridstow.

"The Landswoman" Portrait Gallery

The Distinguished Service Bar of the Woman's Land Army has been awarded to the following L.A.A.S.

MAY, MISS KATHLEEN (Somerset).—For exceptional devotion to duty. This girl stuck to her work both as a tractor driver and shepherdess in an exceedingly lonely and inaccessible part of Exmoor.

WALKER, MISS ELIZABETH (West Suffolk).—For special skill and devotion to duty in taking charge of animals who were suffering from inflammation of the udder, and who, owing to Miss Walker's care and attention, were completely cured. On one occasion, when a bull had pinned a man against a wall, this girl went to his assistance and undoubtedly saved the man from severe injury.

MOORE, MISSES E. & M. (Warwickshire).—For exceptional devotion to duty and courage. These girls ran a farm entirely by themselves while their brothers were away on active service. Also on one occasion they pluckily separated a herd of bullocks from their own bull.

SHERLOCK, MISS K. (Warwickshire).—For exceptional courage in averting a dangerous accident. Miss Sherlock stopped a runaway colt and hung on to it until help came.

BATTERSBY, MISS M. (Lancs.).—For exceptional courage shown in the presence of a serious accident. On an occasion when a horse got out of control Miss Battersby stopped the horse and showed great presence of mind by closing the gate after the accident occurred, undoubtedly preventing serious injury to the school children who were playing near.

JONES, MISS D. (Denbigh).—For exceptional skill and devotion to duty. As a shepherdess Miss Jones stuck to her post and rendered great service in one of the most inaccessible parts of the country.

MORRIS, MISS E. (Denbigh).—For exceptional skill and devotion to duty. Miss Morris is the champion horse plough-woman for Wales, and has gained several prizes, besides doing excellent work in connection with ploughing on her father's farm.

SHIPP, MISS L. (West Kent).—For exceptional courage. A soldier was ploughing when the horses took fright and the plough, which was a balance one, overturned, pinning the soldier between the horses and the machine. Miss Shipp, who was driving a tractor plough in the same field, ran and stopped the frightened horses, and but for her plucky action the soldier would most probably have lost his life.

CAPPER, MISS (Essex).—For exceptional devotion to duty in very trying circumstances.

G. S. Ribbons Lancashire

M. Whittle, A. Larvin, — Ford, N. Robinson, D. Brown, D. Daniels, E. Foster, K. Wilcock, C. Bolland, G. Morgan, M. Billington, M. Hickson, M. Gorst, M. Love, A. Harris, E. Taylor, W. Denvins, E. Hacking, E. Foxcroft, E. Budget, A. Wright, E. Lawton, M. Trippier, N. Davenport, B. Whitfield, F. Baker, D. Watts, S. McKimmings, B. Barnes, M. Clucas, E. Prince, E. H. Prince, P. Dickinson, F. Budget, A. Richards, A. Bates, N. Earnshaw, L. Poston, G. Pennall, F. Taylor, V. McDermot, R. Romes, M. Owen, N. Lightbown, M. Jones, F. Potts, M. Groves, R. Bennet, E. Birley, A. Bolland, D. Broadbent, F. Bennet, N. Wilkinson, A. Jones, C. Swarbrick, A. Swales, B. Evans, M. Finnerty, T. Turner, E. Norton, B. Towers, L. Coates, A. Snape, P. Potter, M. Whitehead.

Tigers

ON Saturday, March 1st, between Tandjong Langhat and Bekioen, one of the motor-cars belonging to Messrs. von Marle & Co. met a tiger family—father, mother and child. The three tigers were crossing a sudden bend in the road when the car came along. The car ran into the tiger cub, which, being afraid, put his teeth and claws into one of the Dunlop tyres on the rear wheel. The tyre was a little damaged but remained intact. Father and mother had already disappeared into the wood. When the car returned to Medan the chauffeur saw a bullock cart, one of the oxen of which lay dead on the ground, and a little further on he saw the driver also laying dead with a large wound in the neck.

Landswoman Exchange Column

Ten clean copies of January, 1918, for Sale. What offers?—Box A., Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath.

Pair black Trench Boots, size 6, worn only three times. £2.—F. E. Bateman, 39, Forest Drive East, Leytonstone, London, E.11.

For Sale.—A fawn gabardine Land Suit, coat and breeches. Goringe pattern. Cost £4. In good condition. Any reasonable offer accepted.—Box B., Editorial Office, Stone Field Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath.



MISS WALKER

MISS WALKER

MISS K. MAY

MISS BATTERSBY

MISS L. SHIPP

Whittlesey

A CONCERT of exceptional merit, arranged by Miss Jenny Kimmond, Welfare Officer, Women's Land Army, was given at the Public Hall on Thursday evening in aid of the Comforts Fund of the Land Army. The programme submitted was enthusiastically received, and numerous encores were demanded and given.

The following girls, members of the Land Army, took part:—Misses C. Slade, L. Harper, G. Cooper, L. Castagnari, M. Streather (Group Leader) and Dora Marriage.

Miss Simpson, of the Board of Agriculture, during the interval presented Good Service Ribbons to members of the Land Army who had earned them by good work and devotion to duty.

The amount realised was £31.



Starting off on the Milk Round, Cornwall

Droitwich (Worcestershire) Land Girls' Club

A VERY successful entertainment was given on Thursday, April 24th, in the Friar Street Mission Room, by members of the Droitwich Land Army Club. Being the first effort of the kind, some anxiety was felt by the promoters as to its success (or otherwise), and it was therefore not largely advertised. However, the girls very energetically sold tickets—at the modest price of 1s. 3d.—and the most satisfactory sum of £5 12s. 6d. was realised. The programme, which was a very attractive one, and included songs, dances, choruses, recitations and humorous sketches, was sustained by D. Pellairs and D. Neath (pianists), E. Caton and M. Rogers (vocalists), D. Euridge (danseuse), R. Leversuch, M. Grennan and M. Curtis, all of whom deserved the hearty applause which followed each item. Miss A. Hall, Village Registrar for the district, who undertook the musical training of the girls, very kindly acted as accompanist; and Miss J. Hall as "stage manager." The sum realised enables the Droitwich Club to be entirely self-supporting, and at the same time leaves a satisfactory balance in hand. After this success, the girls feel encouraged to organise another entertainment on a larger scale to take place probably early in June.

West Riding of Yorkshire Land Girls' Club, Leeds Area

A MEETING was held at the Three R's Club to form a Land Girls' Club for the workers in the neighbourhood of Leeds. It was decided that the members should meet fortnightly, and each girl present made suggestions as to how one evening should be spent. From these suggestions meetings were arranged for the next three months.

April 30th.—Social and musical evening.

May 14th.—Agricultural lecture.

May 28th.—Sports.

June 11th.—Ramble and picnic.

June 28th.—Sewing competition.

July 9th.—Paper chase.

An Executive Committee was elected as follows:—Chairman, L. Rousseau; Secretary and Treasurer, A. G. Page; Committee, E. Semper, F. L. Wilson and Miss More.

The membership subscription was fixed at 2s. for the first six months; and everyone of the sixteen present unanimously joined the Club.

Staffordshire

DEAR EDITOR,—Our Welfare Officer, Miss Morrison, having left us, we should like to say how very much we shall miss her, and hope the Leicestershire girls will appreciate her as much as we have. We are so sorry to lose her, but we must try "to keep on keeping on" without her, but perhaps Leicester would "lend" her to us sometimes?—Yours sincerely,

THE EASTLAND'S TRIO.

Manure Spreading

"WELL," mused the Thought of the Past, "I wonder what I should have said if anybody had told me a few months ago that I should be manure spreading now? I wonder what my college pals would say if they could see me? I wonder—" "You silly ass!" howled the Thought of the Actual Present as I missed the lump I was aiming at and the fork hit me

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violently in the chest. "Useful axioms for land-workers: (1) When manure spreading take careful aim, otherwise you will lose your balance or hit your sternum."

"Wish I could draw," took up the Thought of Home. "Mother would be so edified to see me at this! Wonder if I could sketch a back view? Like I used to of funny things at school. Wind-blown tunic, hefty legs, swinging fork, flying muck, and hair—"

"Oho!" chuckled the Consciousness of One's Appearance, "what *must* my hair look like? I've turned round so often in this wind there aren't two hairs going the same way. What *would* Flo say if she could see me? She hated it short when I was able to keep it nice and sleek and smooth. She'd shriek if she could see it now."

"Goal!" shouted the Past as a particularly vigorous stroke sent my companions, three hens and a cock, indignantly dodging flying fragments of manure. "Think 'muck spreading' ought to be taught in schools. Far better than hockey for developing muscles and precision of aim. Quite as good as dancing too. So rhythmical. It would help a tune and a tune would help it. Let's try a waltz. Too slow," as strains of "Destiny" floated on the air. "If John comes along he'll think I've gone to sleep. What shall we try? I can't think of a polka. Let's have 'The Valley of Laughter.'"

"You're losing all sense of the fitting," protested One's Bringing Up. "Fancy dragging 'The Valley of Laughter' into muck spreading."

"Perhaps I'm only just finding it," reflected Self-Examination. "Anyway, if they've nothing else in common, they've this—I enjoy both. I wasn't exactly charmed when Miles said I was to come up here and break this stuff, but I *am* enjoying myself. Perhaps it's the rhythmic swing." ("How Flo used to hate my tendency to sway to everything," grinned the Thought of the Past.) "Perhaps— Oh! no matter why. It's good!"

And the fork swung blithely and the heavy boots tramped gladly along the field and the thoughts slumbered.

"When I have a small holding," dreamed the Thought of the Future as it struggled into consciousness.

"You won't ever!" snapped the Actual Present. "Much more to the point to get something to eat now."

"Would it be better to have little and good for 'coos' or lots and poor for sheep?" mused the Future.

"No capital," said the Present. "And so neither. But—there's something to eat by the hedge."

And as it was time I went!

PIP.

Then and Now

WHEN May went shopping into town
In summer weather,
She used to don her daintiest gown
And tallest feather;
Her hat was just a pure delight,
A sweet creation;
The neighbours peeped, or stared outright,
In admiration.
In graceful shoes, the pavement brown
Seemed springing heather,
When May went shopping into town
In summer weather.

But now May works upon the land,
In fields and ditches;
Her hands are rough, her face is tanned;
She wears the breeches.
Her shapely legs are hid in boots,
They keep her cosy;
And though she talks of grain and roots,
She's never prosy.
And yet—does agriculture drown
Thought altogether
Of those delightful days in town,
In golden weather?

J. C. S.

Our Post Bag

"Does an intimate knowledge of Nature tend to make her more attractive or otherwise?"

DEAR EDITOR,—The word "attract" with its derivatives is one which covers a wide range of meaning, applicable as it is to those silent forces of Nature over which man has no control—applicable also to the forces within man himself, governing and influencing his life. Charm, fascination, seduction, allurements—the word "attraction" can stand for all these; we have all felt it; we have all been "attracted" in some way or another and led to a desire of knowledge. So to those who come into close contact with Nature and who desire a more intimate knowledge of her, as that intimacy increases her attraction increases also.

It seems to me that this must be so, for "Nature is the language in which God expresses His thought," so that as we come to learn and understand that language more, we begin to grasp—dimly and very inadequately, it is true—the wonder and the glory and the perfection of the thought which lies behind it. As one of the Greek fathers expressed it, "the wider our contemplation of creation, the greater will be our conception of God." Nothing in Nature is meaningless; everything from the smallest to the greatest is fulfilling the eternal purpose and reflecting the glory of the Creator.

On the other hand, there are those who have lived all their lives in the closest contact with Nature, and yet who are entirely unresponsive to her wonder and her beauty. But although they have lived in such close association, they have gained no intimate knowledge of her; they have eyes which see not, and ears which hear not. They are like citizens who, looking at the Union Jack, see in it only a bright coloured piece of cloth at the end of a stick—it holds no attraction for them; they do not comprehend the meaning of the red, the white and the blue; they see no symbols in the different crosses; their perception fails to grasp the glory for which it stands. At the same time they know the colours of the flag and could probably draw and paint it correctly if you asked them. In the same way a man may be able to plough a straight furrow; he may know the phases through which seed passes before it yields its harvest. But knowledge means more than these things, and I am sure that all those who live close to Nature and who attain that knowledge, which grows deeper and more intimate, will find that her wonder, her beauty and mystery—for mysterious she will always be—will ever deepen their appreciation and devotion.—Yours sincerely,

"SIMON."



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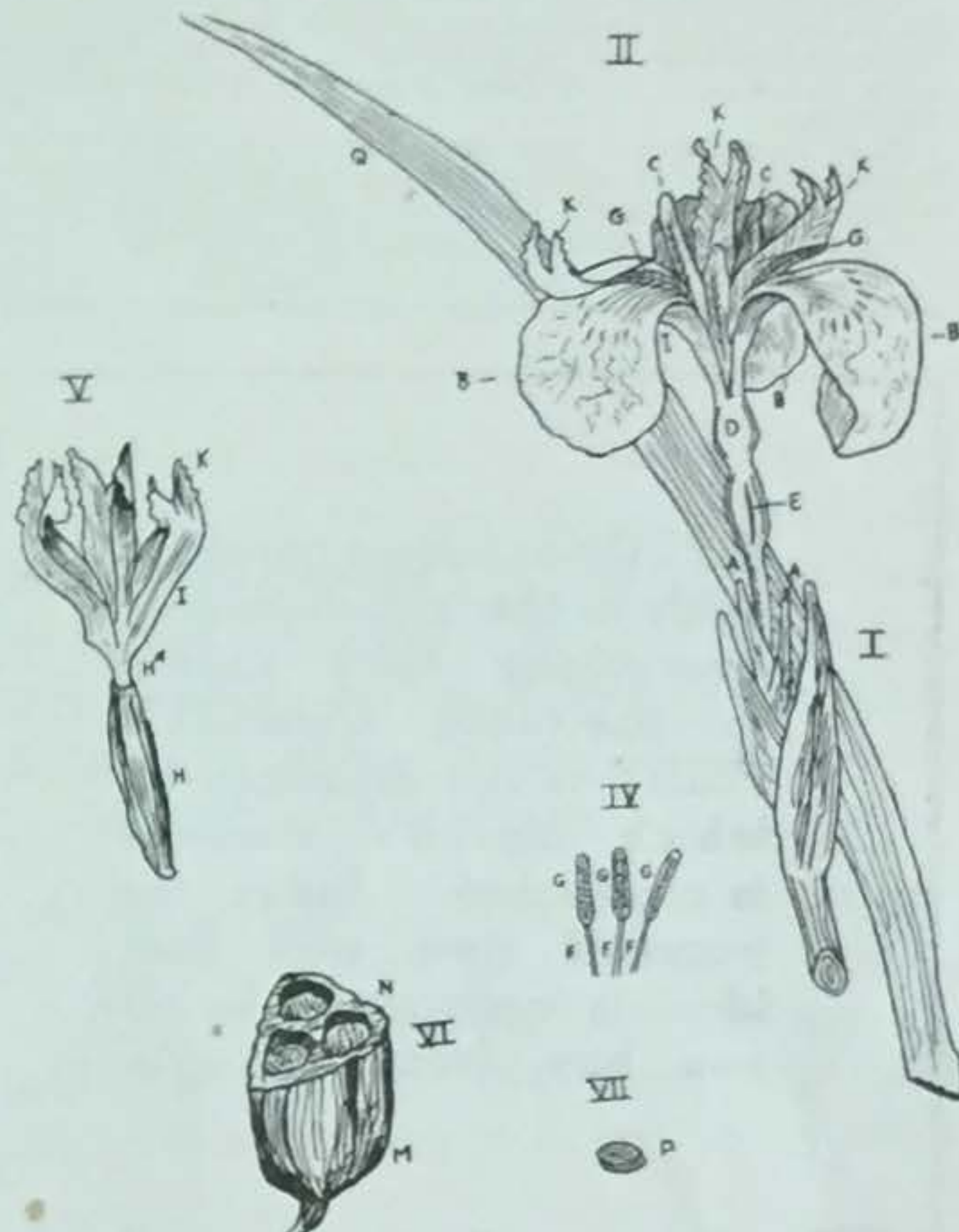
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Iris, Yellow Flag

Class III. Triandria. Order I. Monogynia. Genus 23. The English name is from the leaves resembling flags.

THE NATURAL CHARACTERS.

- I. *Calyx*.—Spathe, two-leaved (A.A.), separating the flowers.
 - II. *Corolla sepalate*.—Segments, oblong, obtuse, three outer ones reflexed (B.B.B.); three inner ones erect, more acute (C.C.C.); all united by the claws (D.)
 - III. *Nectary*.—A longitudinal line in the claws and joints of the large petals (E.).
 - IV. *Stamina*.—Filaments, three (F.F.F.); anthers (G.G.G.).
 - V. *Pistillum*.—Germen (H.); style simple, short (H.*); stigmata very large, petal-form, covering the stamina (I.I.), *summits vilabiate*: upper lip, two-cleft (K.); inner (L.).
 - VI. *Pericarp*.—Seed-pod, oblong (M.); three-celled (N.).
 - VII. *Seeds*.—Numerous, large, ovate (P.).
- Stem*.—Simple, leafy.
Leaves.—Ensiform, alternate, yellow or dull green (Q.).
Habitation.—In water, ditches, etc.



"A BOTANIST."

Wisbech St. Mary Concert

ON Tuesday, March 4th (Shrove Tuesday), the L.A.A.S. of Wisbech St. Mary gave a joint concert with the school children of the village and certain friends who came over from Wisbech to help.

The Vicar kindly made all arrangements about the room and advertising the concert. Miss Kinmond (our Welfare Officer) was responsible for the Land Army part and gave us a first-rate programme. Mr. Cass drove us over from Ely, so we were able to take Volunteer Kitty Heggs to help our programme.

It was a capital concert and everyone enjoyed it. In the Land Army half, Miss Kinmond gave us some of our favourite Scottish songs, and Kitty Heggs, D. Newman, D. Marshall and D. Okill each gave us something.

Our one disappointment was that Miss Simpson's car broke down and she did not reach us to give the Good Service Ribbons. Miss Peart had to fill her place for the evening.

Volunteers K. Heggs, D. Newman, D. Okill, D. Marshall, G. Gibson, I. Brown, and E. Wollard received their Good Service Ribbons.

We shared the profits with the Vicar and have thereby pocketed some money for our Comforts Fund.

G. S. Ribbons**E. Kent**

Mrs. Iddon, Mrs. Raye, Mrs. Halliday, Mrs. Burrell, and Misses Izzard, Gleeson, Bland, Coster, Ellisley, Curwen, Scruton, Penn, Pueill, Grayson, Miller, Ferrars, Igglesden, Tagg, Crudgington, Usher, Spargo, Lister, Bloxham, Barber, Davies, Perkins, Green, Hodekiss, Constantine, Ford, Flynn, Bell, Ayres, Phillips, Gordine, Browne, Bennet, Hughes, Norman, Birmingham, Upcroft, Wayre, Craycroft, Rye, Vickers, Ebbage, Wells, Cook, Mills, Dodgson, Wells, Stringfellow, Wyatt, Edwards, Humphrey, Lloyd, Ewers, Harper, Martin, Lingfield, Tomsett.

Lancashire

After the meeting of the West Derby and Leyland Sub-Committee on April 9th, held in Liverpool, there was a presentation of Good Service Ribbons by Mrs. Rawstorne, the Chairman, to Land Army girls working in the Sub-Committee area.

Mrs. Rawstorne, Mr. Weld and Mr. Baxter all spoke to the girls and congratulated them warmly on the honour they had won. Then Mrs. Rawstorne pinned the ribbon on every girl's arm amidst the smiles of her companions.

They were all a fine type of Land Army girls, and I only wish the Editor of THE LANDSWOMAN could give me space to publish all the testimonials the farmers sent in. It would show how much the work of good Land Army girls is appreciated in Lancashire.

Their names were: Amy Richardson (14 months' service), Barbara Whitfield (18 months' service), Ada Wright (18 months' service), Nellie Budgett (18 months' service), Florrie Taylor (12 months' service), Dorothy Watts (14 months' service), Nancy

Lightbourne (2 years' service), Nellie Davenport (12 months' service).

The girls were then entertained at tea, and a visit to one of the theatres brought a very happy afternoon to an end.

Four other workers—L. Poston (12 months' service), G. Pennell (12 months' service), N. Earnshaw (14 months' service), A. Bates (17 months' service)—could not attend. The ribbon was sent to them with a letter of thanks for the good work they had done and were doing for their country.

Staffs

Eva Austin, M. Brammer, L. Brown, M. Bagnall, M. Bisseker, L. Bradley, E. Bradbury, E. Briscoe, A. Dawkins, E. Barker, M. Bull, E. Biddlecombe, N. Bates, M. Dawkins, S. Farmer, E. Fletcher, S. Finch, E. Grey, L. Green, A. Gallagher, E. Hall, L. Johnson, Ada Jones, D. Jones, G. Kierl, P. Kirby, H. Lees, M. Lavington, M. Leathes, D. Morrey, V. Moorhouse, M. Morris, N. Moss, D. Owen, S. Clark, L. Collier, B. Critchlow, N. Craddock, S. Edwards, E. Constable, R. Curtis, A. Davenport, A. Davison, M. Deaville, M. Dix, J. Dugmore, N. Doody, L. Elwell, F. Haynes, M. Hind, E. Hurst, L. Hall, D. Hood, Doris Hood, D. Hosegood, A. Jones, J. Johnson, D. Kierl, E. Kidd, E. Lee, G. Lowman, G. Leighton, D. Mason, M. Morrison, E. McNally, M. Merratt, R. Morris, D. Newton, A. Partoo, D. Pooler, E. Poole, G. Preece, A. Pickstock, L. Price, E. Skerratt, M. Satham, H. Taylor, M. Tye, M. Templeman, A. Talbot, E. Underhill, D. Yardley, E. Weaver, D. Wake, L. Wigg, E. Richards, E. Rogers, W. Skellern, L. Shorthouse, E. Shelton, O. Shakeshaft, A. Smith, A. Simpkin, M. Twigg, N. Thompson, E. Talbot, A. Townsend, L. Upton, M. Walker, R. Wilcox, F. Williams, B. Whatmore, E. Kidson, A. Noakes, G. Roberts, E. Somerfield, L. Sunnock, A. Turner, F. Withall, S. Wild.

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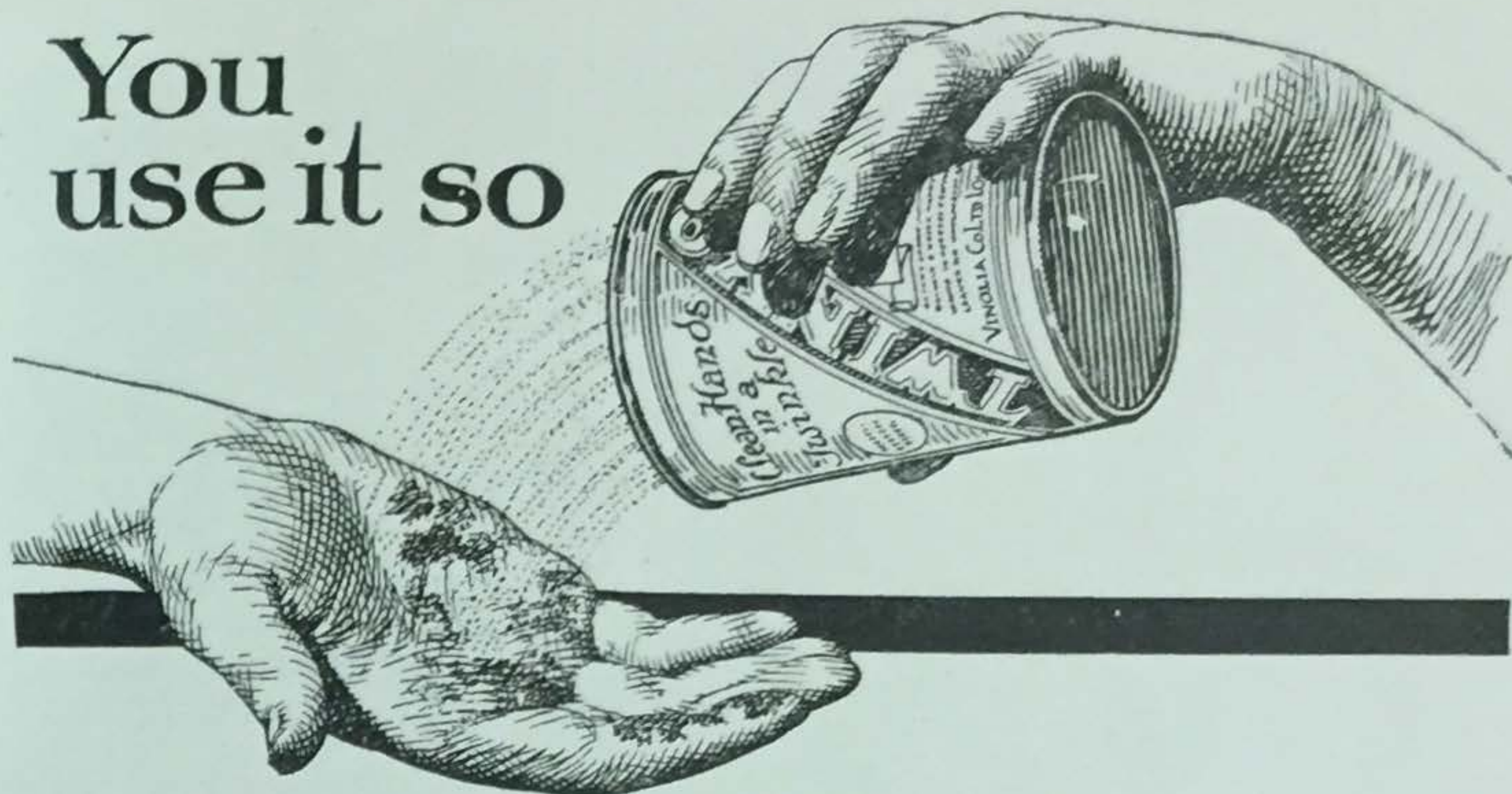
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