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UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

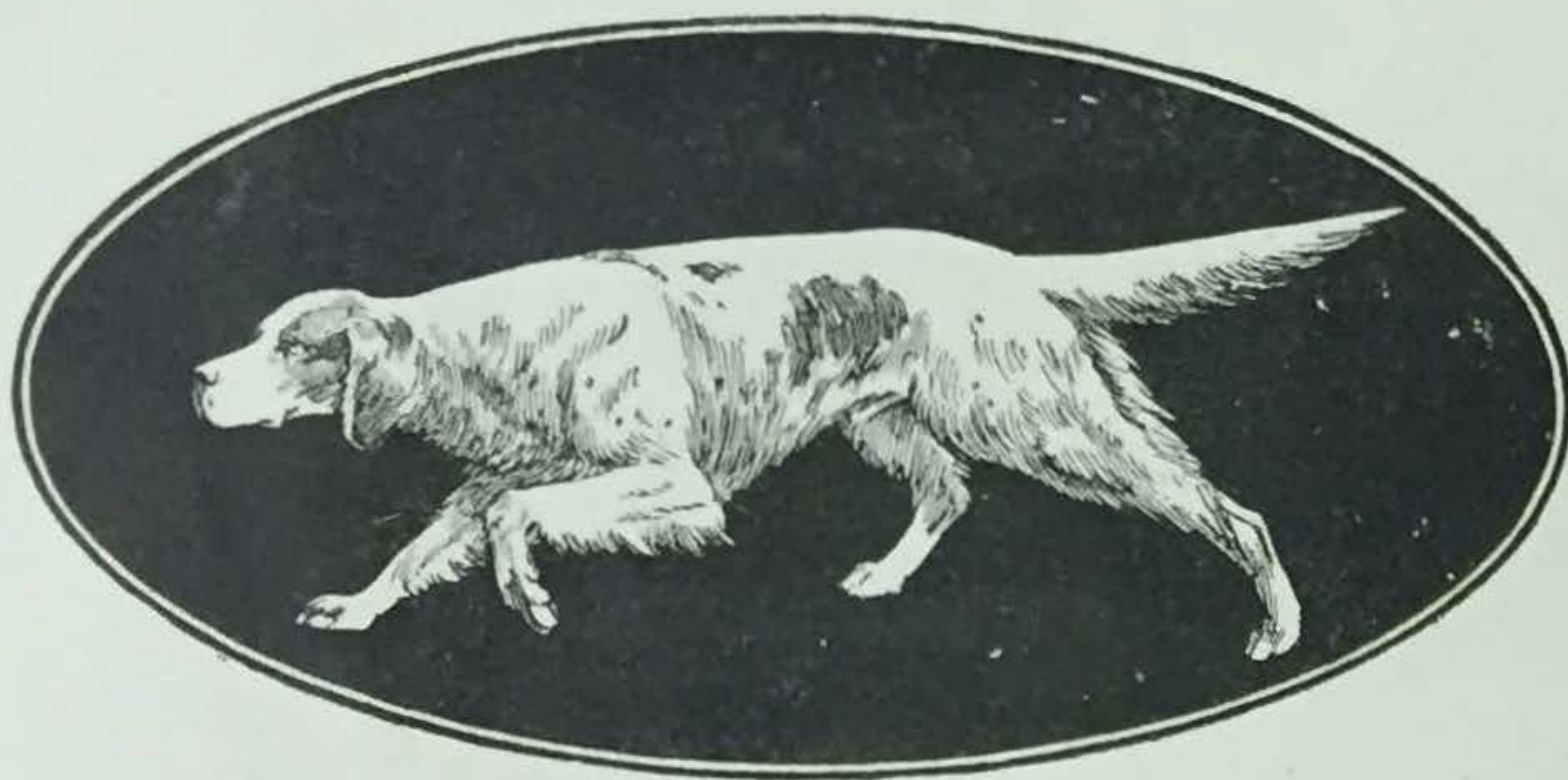
The LANDSWOMAN

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER  DEC: 1919

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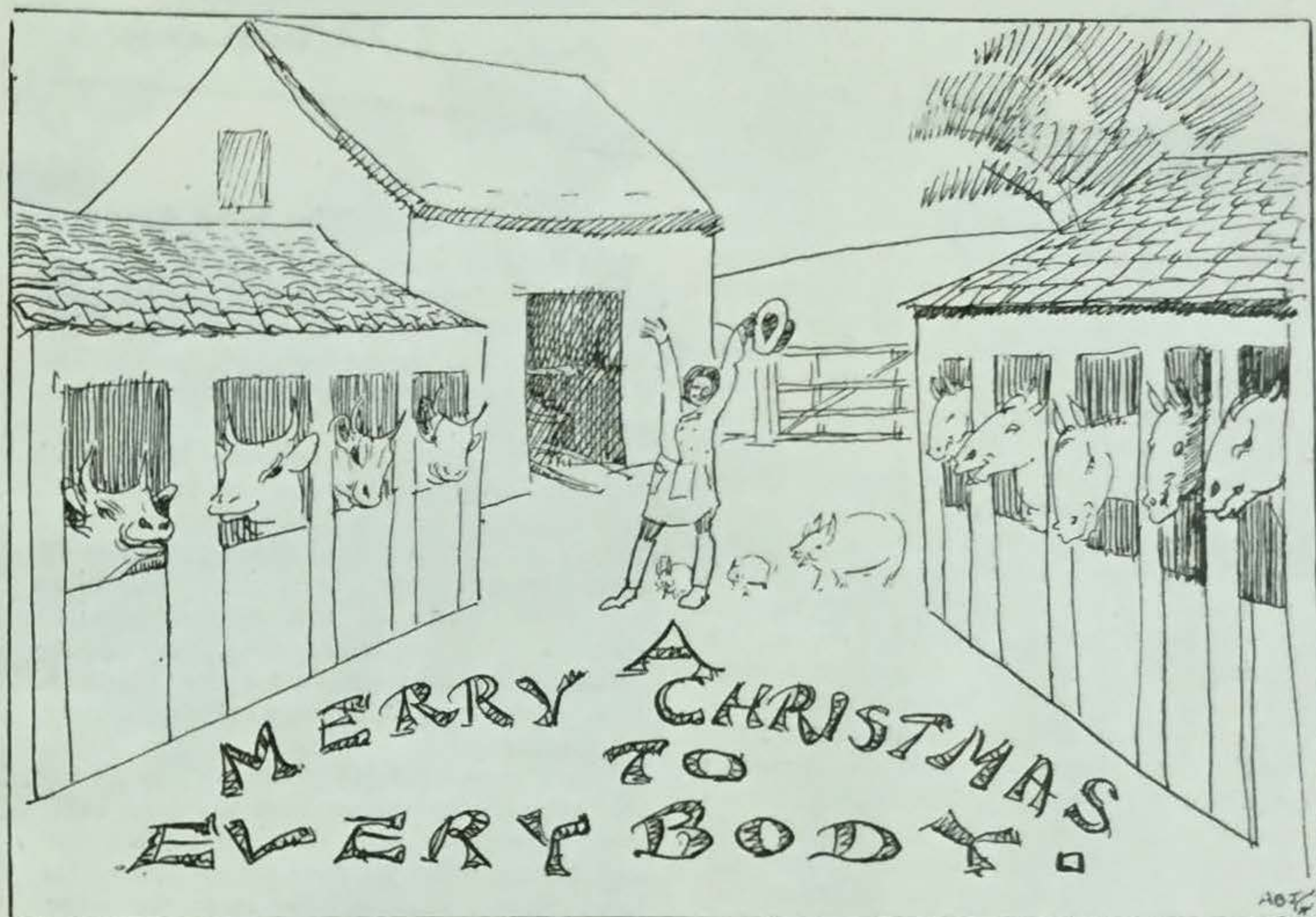
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THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Girl and Every Country Woman

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



LOVE came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine :
Love was born at Christmas,
Star and angels gave the sign.

Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

By special permission.

Christmas Greetings to the Land Army

The President of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries

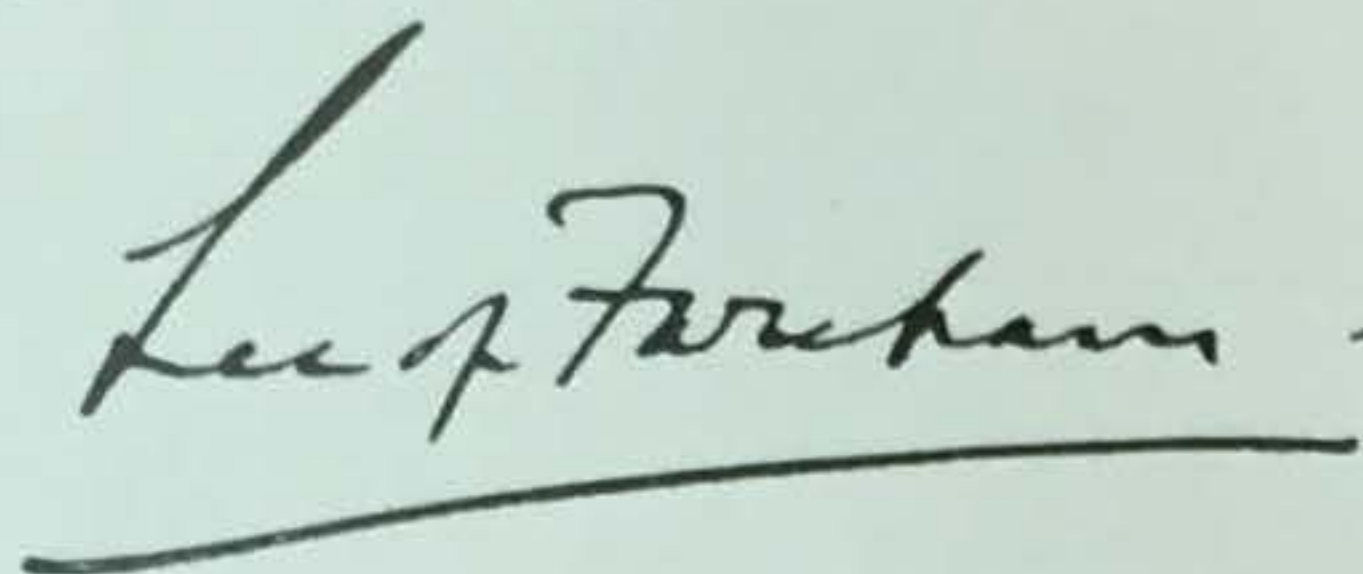
THE Women's Land Army will be demobilised on November 30th, and I cannot allow officers and members to sever their official the connection with the Board without expressing to them my warm and heartfelt thanks for the invaluable services they have rendered to agriculture and to the nation as a whole.

The war has furnished many inspiring examples of self-sacrifice and devotion to the country's cause, but none has been more conspicuous in that respect than the women who came to the help of the nation in its hour of need. Without the aid of women the manhood of the nation could not have withstood the attacks of our enemies, and the Women's Land Army is entitled to a specially honourable place among the various bodies into which women were organised. In spite of lower wages than might have been obtained in other occupations, and in spite of the isolation and discomforts of farm life, they came forward in large numbers to take the places of the men who had to leave the land for the Army. In almost every kind of farm work they have proved themselves most efficient substitutes for men, and it is certain that the greatly increased production which was secured from the land during the war could not have been achieved without the help of the Women's Land Army.

I cannot omit a special tribute of admiration to the cheerfulness and spirit of comradeship which have been such conspicuous features of the Women's Land Army. In their attractive costumes—the most pleasing and workmanlike uniform produced during the war—and with their keen enthusiasm for their work, they have done much to brighten the country-side. I look forward with great hope to the continued influence and work of women in connection with the improvement of the social and material conditions of village life, and the practical experience of farm work which has been gained by the members of the Land Army qualifies them to give most valuable assistance in that direction.

I further hope that many of the Land Army girls will continue their work on the land after demobilisation, and that they will make a point of becoming members of the National Association of Landswomen, which is being formed to bind together all women workers on the land.

All ranks of the Land Army can look back with pride to their share in developing the home production of food during the war, and they may be assured that their self-sacrificing service will never be forgotten by the Board, by the Government, or by myself.



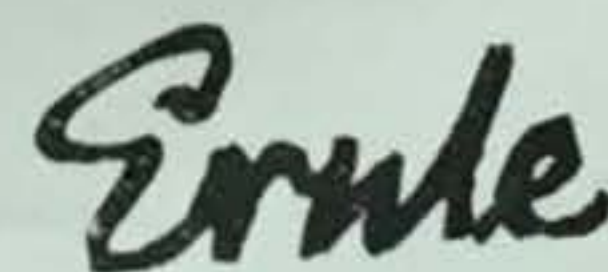
The Rt. Hon. The Lord Ernle

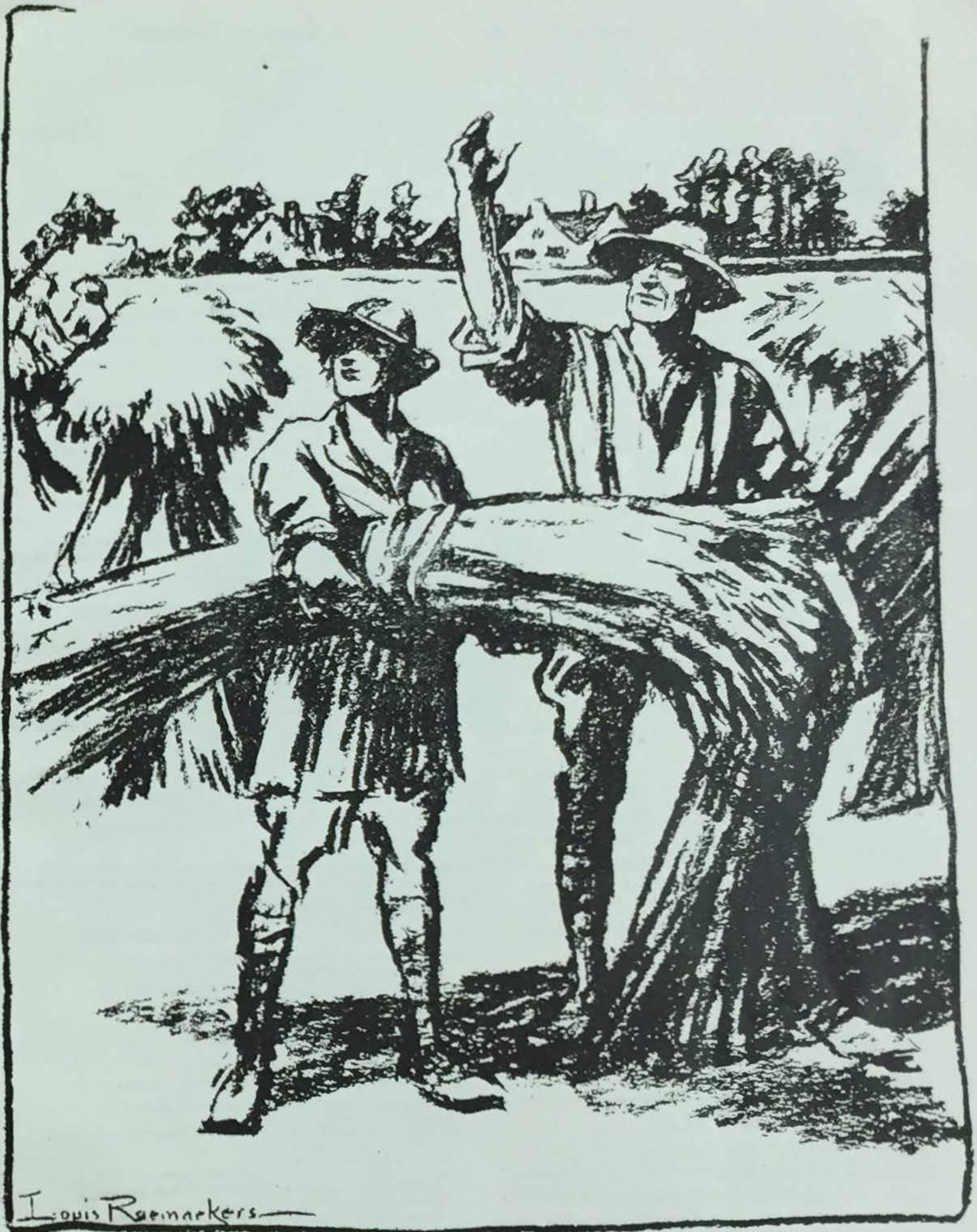
NEARLY three years have passed since women were first asked to join the Land Army. Only three weeks remain before their demobilisation. In the last official issue of THE LANDSWOMAN I am asked to say a few words of farewell.

The Land Army may be justly proud of its record of service. It has proved its grit. At first the Army had to fight against a mass of prejudices. It conquered those prejudices by sheer hard work, stuck to in difficult conditions and circumstances. Through all its campaigns it has had to endure much fatigue, many discomforts and hardships, and not a few privations. It has borne them all, not only uncomplainingly, but cheerfully.

Farmers are chary of praise. "I don't say that some of the women have not done well," means a great deal more than it says. It means that farmers could not have got on without the Land Army. In that fuller sense the nation says the same, and with real gratitude. It will not soon forget that, when every pound of food and every pair of capable hands were urgently needed, the women of the Land Army worked early and late, for meagre wages, at tasks which were often monotonous and physically exhausting.

If I may say one word about myself, I found no example more encouraging and stimulating in those dark days than the cheerful way in which the Land Army did its duty. I thank them for their help.





Nature pays good wages, if we earn them.

[Daily Telegraph.

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Director of the Women's Branch, Board of Agriculture

I AM glad that through THE LANDSWOMAN I can send a further message to the Land Army before we break up.

The end of any time has always a certain sadness. We miss the familiarity of what has been, we look lovingly over the past, the future will be different. Yet if the time has been well spent, and happily, with the end comes also a deep sense of gratitude for the opportunities given, and for the experience gained. And so it is with the disbanding of our dear Land Army. We shall all certainly miss the companionship one with another, the happiness of service in a common cause and as a corporate body. In so far as the L.A.A.S. withdraw from the fields and farmyards, there will be a loss to the countryside of that spirit of joy in work, that healthy happy vitality—the trade mark of the Land Army.

But while we are sad at the break up of the Land Army we are grateful, deeply grateful, for the opportunity for service it has given us, for the manifold experience gained, and for the door opened to women to take their place in the agricultural life of the country.

By your work, your loyalty to your teachers, your employers, you have shown what women can do and be in the most important of our national industries.

The new Landworkers' Association gives an opportunity for all to carry on the spirit and comradeship of the Land Army. Every L.A.A.S. should join it, and do all in her power to make it a real success.

I thank you from my heart for the response you have always given to the call I have made to you in the name of the Government. I wish you well in whatever position you may be called upon to fill in the future. May you have, each one of you, a happy Christmas, and realise the joy and peace of that holy season.



NOTICE.

Every member of the National Association of Landswomen should read "The Landswoman," which will contain all the Association news. A full report of the first Council Meeting will appear in the January issue.

A Song of England

THERE is a song of England that none shall ever sing;
So sweet it is and fleet it is
That none whose words are not as fleet as birds upon the wing,
And regal as her mountains,
And radiant as the fountains
Of rainbow-coloured sea-spray that every wave can fling
Against the cliffs of England, the sturdy cliffs of England,
Could more than seem to dream of it,
Or catch one flying gleam of it,
Above the seas of England that never cease to sing.

There is a song of England that only lovers know;
So rare it is, fair it is;
Oh, like a fairy rose it is upon a drift of snow,
So cold and sweet and sunny,
So full of hidden honey,
So like a flight of butterflies where rose and lily blow
Along the lanes of England, the leafy lanes of England;
When flowers are at their vespers,
And full of little whispers,
The boys and girls of England shall sing it as they go.

There is a song of England that only love may sing,
So sure it is and pure it is;
And seaward with the sea-mew it spreads a whiter wing
And with the skylark hovers
Above the tryst of lovers,
Above the kiss and whisper that led the lovely Spring
Through all the glades of England, the ferny glades of England,
Until the way enwound her
With sprays of May, and crowned her
With stars of frosty blossom in a merry morris-ring.

There is a song of England that haunts her hours of rest;
The clam of it and balm of it
Are breathed from every hedgerow that blushes to the West;
From the cottage doors that nightly
Cast their welcome out so brightly
On the lanes where laughing children are lifted and caressed
By the tenderest hands in England, hard and blistered hands of
England;
And from the restful sighing
Of the sleepers that are lying
With the arms of God around them on the night's contented
breast.

There is a song of England that wanders on the wind;
So sad it is and glad it is
That men who hear it madden and their eyes are wet and blind,
For the lowlands and the highlands
Of the forgotten islands,
For the Islands of the Blessed and the rest they cannot find
As they grope in dreams to England and the love they left in
England;
Little feet that danced to meet them,
And the lips that used to greet them,
And the watcher at the window in the home they left behind.

There is a song of England that thrills the beating blood
With burning cries and yearning
Tides of hidden aspiration hardly known or understood:
Aspirations of the creature
Towards the unity of Nature;
Sudden chivalries revealing whence the longing is renewed
In the men that live for England, live and love and die for
England:
By the night of their desire
They shall blindly blunder higher
To a wider, grander Kingdom, and a deeper, nobler Good.

There is a song of England that only God can hear;
So gloriously victorious,
It soars above the choral stars that sing the Golden Year;
Till even the cloudy shadows
That wander o'er her meadows
In silent purple harmonies declare His glory there,
Along the hills of England, the billowy hills of England;
While heaven rolls and ranges
Through all the myriad changes
That mirror God in music to the mortal eye and ear.

There is a song of England that none shall ever sing;
So sweet it is and fleet it is
That none whose words are not as fleet as birds upon the wing,
And regal as her mountains,
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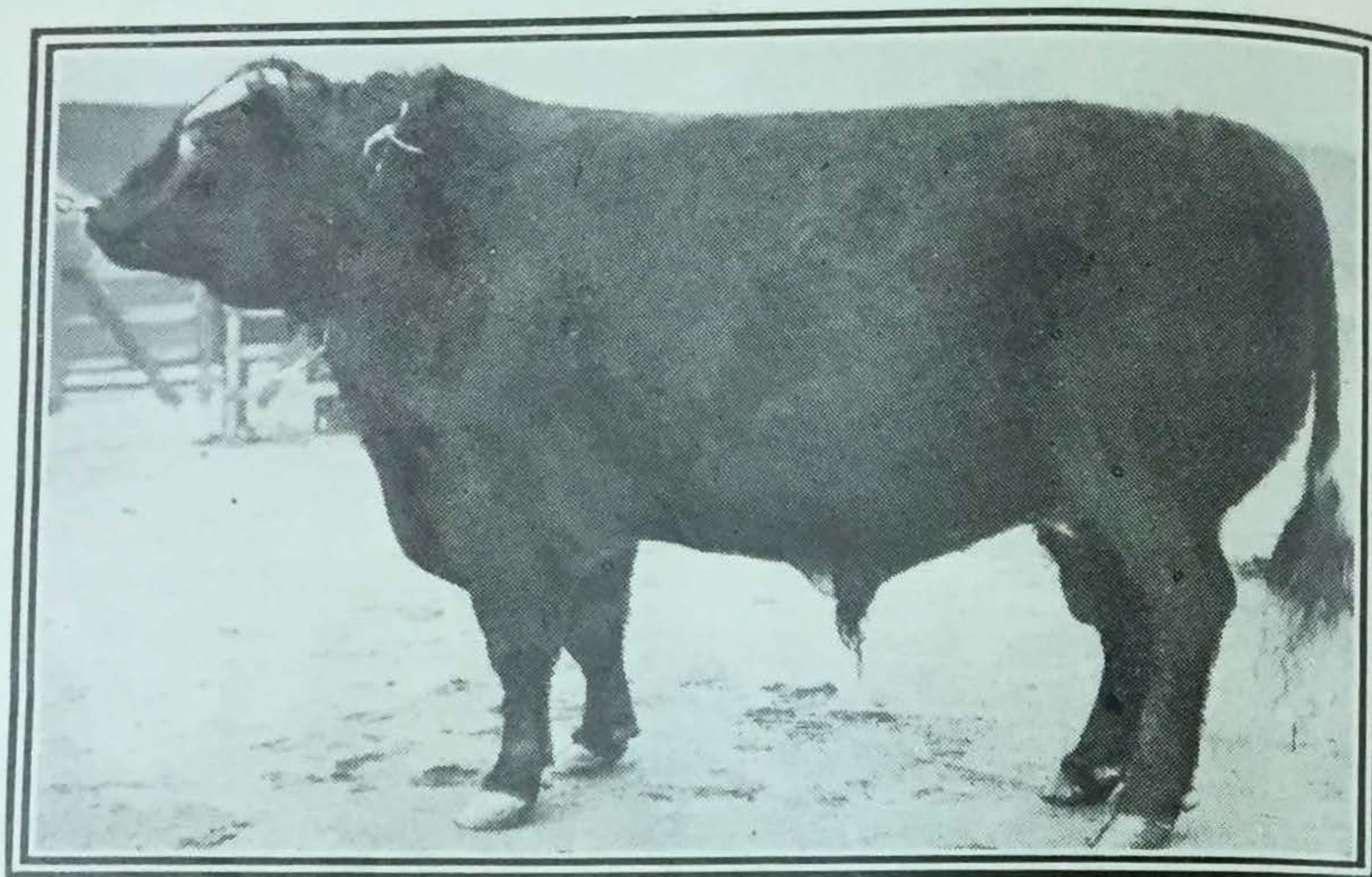
ALFRED NOYES.



Drawn for the LANDSWOMAN by George Morrow.

The Three Paths—A Mediæval Quandary.

The Man with the Cow: "Which of these roads will take me to Amblebury Market?"
 The other Man: "Any one of them. But the one to the right passes by the castle of the Robber Baron, an old woman with the evil eye lives by the middle road, and the path to the left is a favourite walk of the Fiery Dragon."



A Prize Bull. The Property of the King.

Bulls and the Land Army.

ONE of the most remarkable achievements among all the wonderful things which the Land Army girls have done is their extraordinary success in the rearing of bulls. On the face of it, a timid town girl—timid, that is, where unaccustomed country things and particularly animals are concerned—seems the last person in the world who would have the courage to tackle this apparently difficult and often dangerous task. But such is the strength of mind as well as body, imparted by the work on the land, that we have a girl in Yorkshire, who had previously spent all her working hours serving ribbons behind a counter in a big Birmingham store, tackling this particular job so pluckily and with such marked success, that she has won not only the praise of her employer, but also that most coveted of all distinctions in the Land Army, the Distinguished Service Bar, in recognition of her skill in this branch of farm work. The Land girl treats her bull as a lovable creature—he becomes as docile as a pet lamb—the ordinary farm labourer approaches him with a stick because

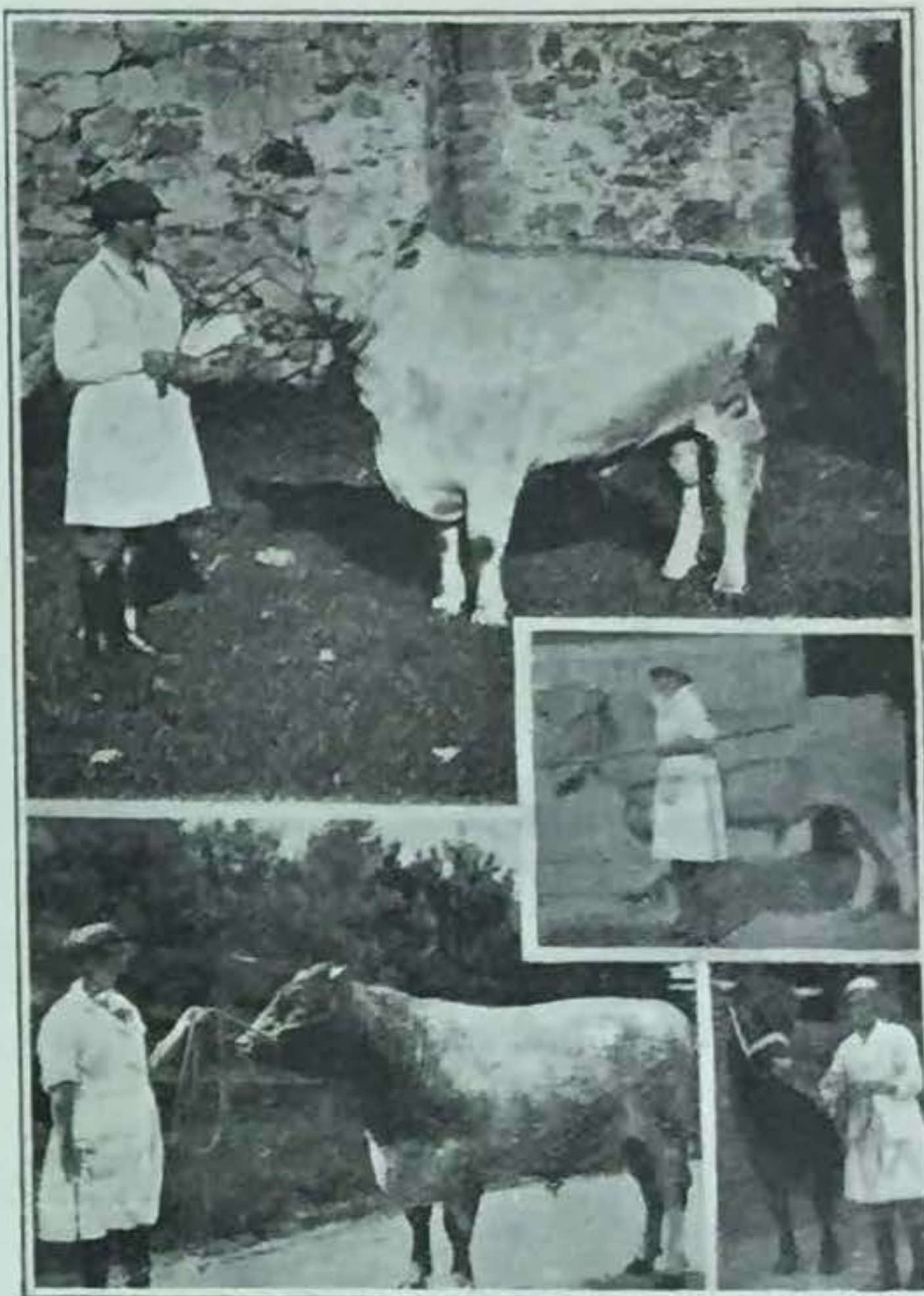
he is afraid, the bull responds to the man's estimate of him and gives cause for fear. The man drives his bull and the bull resents it—the woman leads hers—and the bull follows—meekly!

Hundreds of Land Army girls have had to deal with bulls of all ages—many have calved, reared and even led into the sale ring prize animals. Some of the experiences of these girls may be of interest to our readers.

Margaret Starkey, who has recently had entire charge of a valuable Friesian herd, was "properly" afraid of these animals when first she joined the Land Army. She says:—"Before I joined up for land work all I knew about bulls was the story-book version, that a bull was invariably a raging, bellowing, charging monster, ready to toss or gore one at sight. My experience has been very different, and I have had charge of several that have been as gentle and friendly as the cows. The first bull I really became well acquainted with was a roan shorthorn, just turned two years old, and great was my surprise at first to see this bull running with

the cows and being tied up in the shed with them. I felt very nervous of him to begin with, but soon got over that, and 'Ole Bull' and I became fast friends. He would eat dairy cake out of my hand and try to put his nose into my pocket for more. A visitor to the farm challenged me to get the bull to stand for his photograph, so the next time he came over I took some cake in my pocket and led the way to the field where the bull was lying. When I called his name the bull got up and came to me, and stood quietly feeding out of my hand while two photographs were taken. I am sorry to say that soon after I left the farm something went wrong with my big pet, and he finished up at the butcher's. On the farm where I am now working we rear pedigree British Friesian cattle, and we always have a number of bulls and bull calves of various ages about the place. The present stock bull, Reddown Murk VI., 3½ years old, is a splendid great beast. I have looked after him for the past two years, fed, watered and groomed him, cleaned out his loose box, etc. Until quite recently he has been left unchained, and many a time have I gone in and sat on his back and fondled him as he was lying down. But, alas! he succumbed to the "strike fever" epidemic, and since then has been kept chained up. It was like this. The boss had given me orders to give Murk some hay that was badly damaged and leave him to pick out any that was eatable. Murk was absolutely disgusted with it, and cutting off my line of retreat to the door, got me up into a corner of the shed (right into the manger, in fact) and stood there wagging his huge head within a few inches of me. He gave me no chance to catch his nose ring—the old rascal!—and there I had to stay until my mate came and coaxed him away with a handful of something nice, and I promptly beat a retreat through the other door. Three consecutive days he entered his protest in the same way, on the third occasion knocking my prong out of my hands, leaving me defenceless. There was no one within hearing, so there I had to stay until his lordship evidently considered he had punished me enough and let me go (I went back and rescued my fork afterwards.) On my telling the boss he decided that poor Billy should be chained up. Before he was chained I only had to say: 'Like a piece of cake, Billy?' and his head would be over the door in a second, and if I asked him to kiss me, he would put his nose up to my face and give me such a lick (which, however, I usually dodged, as his tongue is so rough!)

"We have also seven youngsters, five under six months of age, just playful babies as yet, and two older, 1½ years and 1 year respectively. When they were 11 and 7 months, my mate and I had the fun of getting them used to being handled and led. My mate started with Premier, the bigger one, as he was always so quiet, but first he did his best to put her in the pond and then tried to deposit her in the muck heap! She thought he was too much of a good thing, and said I could have him and she would take the little one, Foch. Premier soon got to understand that I would have no nonsense and behaved beautifully out of doors (we exercised them up and down the road). Foch, however, soon found that his attendant hardly knew how to tackle him, and a nice dance he would lead her. He would 'jazz' all over the road, or else would stand stock still no matter how she



Moresby Snow King and
Maud Bosomworth.
Doris Raper, D.S.B., with
one of her Bulls.

White Gift and Ivy
Haines.
A Leicester L.A.A.S. and
her Bull.

coaxed or pulled, so one day, I thought I would give the little beggar a lesson. I took a switch with me, and used it when he stopped and refused to budge. He promptly tried to knock me down, but at last gave in and went quietly until we turned back; then he turned stubborn and wouldn't move, so I gave him the stick. He turned on me and did his best to knock me down, and we had a regular fight for the mastery, till at last he owned himself beaten. He behaved better after that. The two have been out to grass all the summer, but remember their old lessons when we have to catch and shift them to new pastures."

A Land Girl in Cheshire has been working at a receiving depot where pedigree cattle are kept for a few weeks to receive their final grooming and polishing before they are shipped to Buenos Ayres, where they fetch a very high price indeed. Hereford bulls in particular, with their handsome shaggy coats, look all the better for these attentions to their toilet, and they are very beautiful creatures who pose for their photograph before they are loaded on to the ship.

This Cheshire girl helps the men sometimes with the branding of the beasts, and many an exciting chase has she had after a bull—who, though he came along quite happily, as soon as she caught sight of his fellow victim in the stocks, would make his escape as quickly as possible.

Moresby Snow King, whose photograph, together with that of his L.A.A.S. attendant, is seen above, is a prize shorthorn bull belonging



Pedigree British Freisian Bull, "Crawley Premier," and Margaret Starkey, L.A.A.S.

to Mr. Watson, Millom Castle, Cumberland, and he is the particular charge and pet of Maud Bosomworth, of that county.

We heard at the Green Agricultural Show, where he took the first prize, that one day Snow King broke loose and defied the efforts of three men to recapture him. Maud went to the field and called him, whereupon he came up like a lamb, saying with his soft brown eyes: "Don't scold me, dear mistress; you know I am only young and frisky." His colour—pure white—makes it difficult to keep him clean, and his toilet is a source of worry and annoyance to him. "Why will my mistress be so particular?" he reflects in his baby mind; "soapy water is a thing I do not like in my eyes. Even a caress does not recompense me for the horrible flavour of carbolic soap!"

White Gift, whose portrait also adorns this article, is in charge of Ivy Haines, of Wilts. He is, of course, white too, and needs washing, but he seems to like it, and his special joy is the walk after his bath for drying purposes.

A Land Army Girl in Bucks calved, reared and led into the sale ring at six weeks old a young bull which was sold for 2,700 guineas, not a bad record for a girl who until years before had never even thought of bulls without hoping that a stile was near over which to make her escape!

Stories of bulls are numerous among our girls, and the increasing fear of the general public of anything in the form of a bull is illustrated by the following story:

"Among the forty calves I reared last winter are five young bulls—and this is the story of the dreadful damage wrought by them one day last spring. The farmer had bought the feed of a small paddock belonging to a lady at the other side of the town, and assisted by the foreman I took my bull-calves thither.

"A day or two later the farmer went away, and during his absence a note came one morning from Mrs. H. demanding the instant removal of the five dangerous bulls from her garden.

"She declared that they had broken through the fence, trampled all over her garden—knocked down the greenhouse! and chased every one who went near them to chase them back again. We were very much astonished, as they were the quietest creatures you can imagine. They would follow me anywhere, come when I called them, and suck my hands and my smock as much as I would let them.

"However, they were fetched back to the farm, and the foreman went up to inspect the frightful havoc they were said to have committed. All he

could discover was a small piece of post that had been knocked down."

Perhaps in concluding this little record of Land Girls and their bulls, it may interest our readers to hear that Peggy Fisher, of East Sussex, who so recently pluckily rescued a man who was being gored by an angry bull (her method was to kick the bull's nose till he was obliged to retire), has just been married to the man whom she saved from such a cruel death. Doubtless he feels that she may be equally useful in some other of life's little difficulties! The wedding was a real Land Army one, and the farmer, who was the employer of both bride and bridegroom, provided a right royal feast for all the L.A.A.S. who formed the guard of honour at this "Bull" wedding.

The bride elect was fetched from her village billet in a waggon drawn by six horses, each ridden by a postillion in a white smock; and up to the very last moment she was polishing her already beautifully polished boots.

The Land

IN other living tongues the Land is "She";
Nor, surely, neuter in the English heart:
Feminine, feminine, motherly, maidenly—
Grammar apart.

And so the Land girls are appropriate,
In work as once in sport; about the flocks,
The herds, the sheds, as keen as once of late
About a fox.

These laughter-loving girls keep their old vow;
They love their open air afresh, again.
Dear once for hockey, field and sun are now
Dear for the grain.

ALICE MEYNELL.

Migracious

THE non-migrating birds, you know,
They fret about the swallows so.
"Why ever need they go so far?
Why aren't they happy where they are?
Suppose these terrible migrations—
This wintering with other nations—
This gadding over land and sea
Should lower their vitality?
And then suppose they miss their way,
And don't they think they'd better stay?"
This flatters but does not convince
The gallant-hearted swallows, since
It seems with them an *idle fixe*
To fly and fly for weeks and weeks.
But still they think it very kind
That all the other birds should mind.
The swallows tell them not to fuss;
They say, "You leave it all to us.
We've done this thing a time or two,
And, love you, we shall see it through."
But no, the kindly little birds
Are not to be put off with words.
They ponder as they lie awake
What things the swallows ought to take.
And, when one day they heard them cry,
"You mustn't trouble, by-the-by,
To cut us sandwiches,
because
We cannot hold them in
our claws;
We want to travel very
light,"
The little birds were
plunged in night.
For they had planned
delicious things,
Tomatoes cut in little
rings,
With cress and egg and
caviare,
Because the swallows
flew so far.
And now to let them
wander wide
With only what they'd
got inside!
From dusk to dawn they
thought and thought,
And with the dawn they
up'd and wrought.
On every telegraphic
post,
Both inland and along
the coasts,
They balanced upon
little pegs
Row after row of hard-
boiled eggs;
All ready shelled—in sun
and rain
They gleam like cups of
porcelain
(You must have often
seen them there
And doubtless wondered
what they were).
The other birds arranged
these rows

To tempt each swallow as it goes,
To take a bite, a tiny sup,
To keep his little courage up.
And then they telegraphed to know
If they might trust in Clemenceau
To organise and finance
A sister scheme for use in France,
And got the Spaniards to prepare
Food at their castles in the air.
The trouble was that no one knew
Exactly where the swallows flew;
For swallows do not raise the topic
Of where they sojourn—just some tropic.
They never would confess it quite
Even to dear old Gilbert White.
So much for inland strategy;
What of the salt estranging sea?
They went to Beatty. Such a man
Might hit upon a useful plan.
He begged them not to give up hope:
An omelette on the periscope,
He thought, would be the very thing
To catch the swallow on the wing.
"My submarines shall form a chain
From Dover to the tropic main,
And poke up light repasts, with fruit
At intervals along the route."

"Beatty for ever!" cried the birds

In gratitude too deep
for words.
They feel that they can
sit at ease,
Since every swallow
should be please,
May tell himself as on
he wends,
"I am remembered by
my friends."

(By special permission of the
Proprietors of "Punch.")

Two Views of Things

NOTHING'S as nice
as the hope—
Springtime, or ring-
time or feast:
Love can be shrew that
would preach to a
Pope;
May has a wind in the
east,
My dear—
Always a wind in the
east.

Nothing's as bad as
might be—
Christmas or age or
cigars:
Clouds have got linings
of silver, to see,
Night has a lining of
stars,

My dear—
Always a lining of stars.
PATRICK CHALMERS.



Under the Mistletoe.

The Dairy Show

SEVENTEEN Land Army women took part in a milking competition at the Dairy Show—held at the Agricultural Hall in London. On the actual day it was one breathless rush and nervous strain from 5 a.m., when we scrambled into our clothes at the Hostel where we had spent the night, until we had finished our tea, which we could hardly eat for excitement, at 6 p.m., when we heard the final results read out to us.

The hour for the first competition was so early that we—coming as we did from all the home counties—were obliged to travel to London the night before. We all put up for the night at a Hostel near Westminster Bridge, and at 5 a.m. on Friday, October 24th, a lorry came to take us along to Islington. We called at Covent Garden on our way just to collect scarlet carnations for our button holes, which the Editor insisted we must have, so that we might be looking our very smartest when we faced the judges, and so we did. Pure white smocks, sun bonnets of the same colour, spotless swabs, scarlet button holes and smiling faces pink with excitement, combined to make a very brave show for the Land Army on this memorable occasion. We were terrified that we were going to be disqualified there and then when we were told that we ought to have brought our own stools, but friendly cowmen in the Hall lent us some of theirs and we started. It was nervous work. Of course none of us knew the cows, and we each, one and all, wondered how our particular one would behave. Some were brutes and some were darlings, and I was sorry for two or three of the girls who were given fidgety cows who wouldn't keep still. One girl was getting on splendidly till her cow put his foot in the milk pail and then she gave up hope!

The end came at last and we all trooped in to breakfast. It was good and we enjoyed it—but we wanted badly to know the results of our efforts; and just as we were finishing, the Editor, who is also the Chief Welfare Officer of the Land Army,



The Competitors.

Alfieri.

informed us that she had the list of winners in her pocket, where it had been safely hidden all through the meal! Nine of us were selected to milk again, in the afternoon, and the rest of the 17 went off in pairs to console each other with the thought that it is impossible for everyone to win a prize.

We were not due to meet again till 4.15 p.m., so for the rest of the day, some of us wandered round that wonderful show, some rushed off to meet friends in London, and a few of us sent wires to our farmers to let them know how we were getting on. [I heard of one farmer who was judging that day—at an ordinary Land Army test—and every now and then he was heard to mumble to himself, "I wonder how ——— is getting on, I wonder."—Editor.]

The afternoon milking was much more nervous work than the morning had been, because, although we had got accustomed to the judges and the cows, the crowds of people who gathered round the ropes to watch the competition made us all feel horribly nervous. The excitement, too, was intense—for so close was the contest that the two first girls had to milk again, and even then I heard afterwards that there were only six points between the first girl and the last. It was out of the question to expect us to eat anything at tea time: we just gulped down cups of tea, always with an eye on the door for the messenger who was to bring the decision of those judges. At last the news came—brought by Miss MacQueen herself, who told us that the judges were so pleased with the class that they had given *everyone* a prize! A first, second, three thirds, three fourths and a fifth. So in the end we all went home happy.

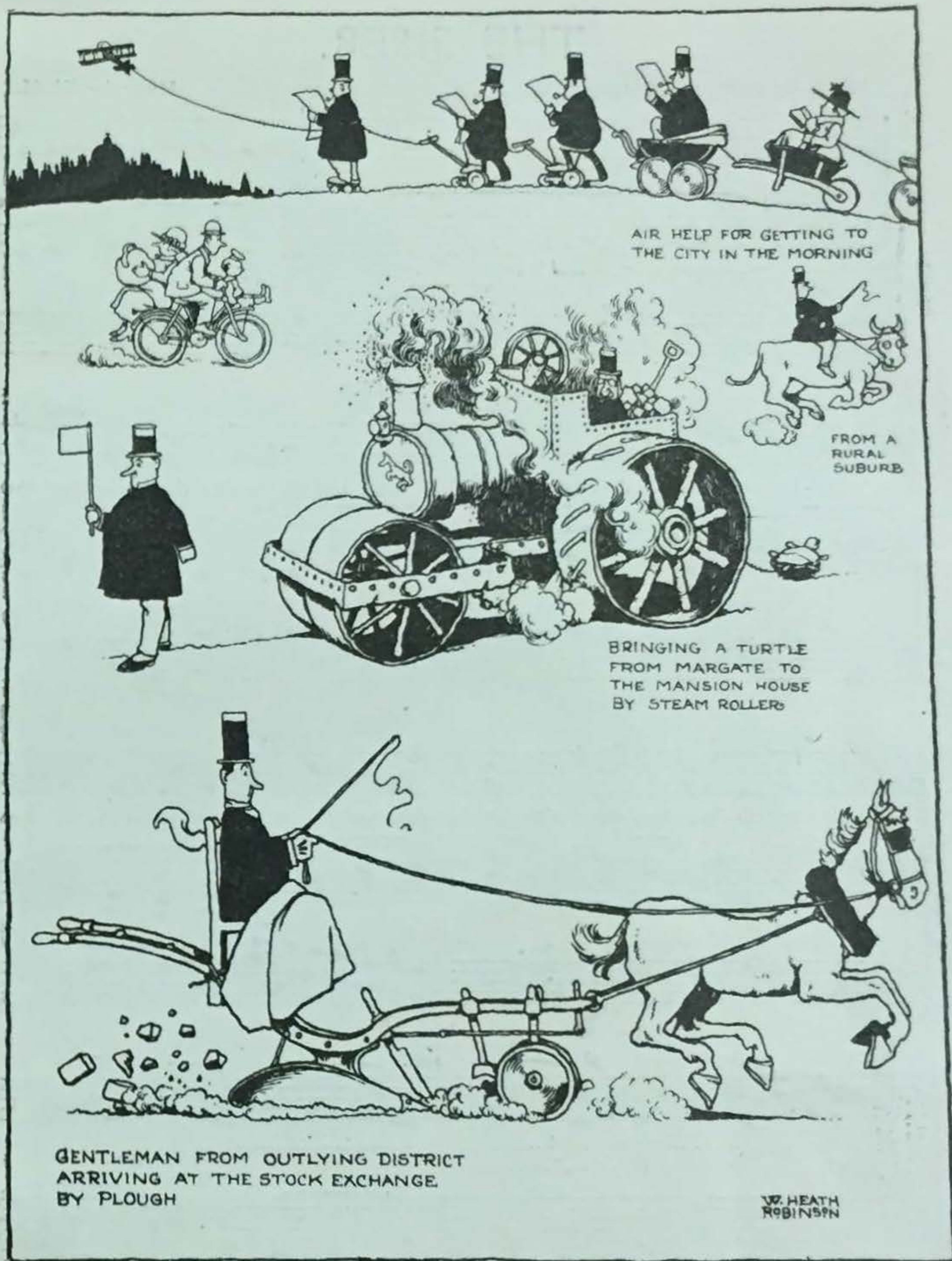


Ready for the Fray

Daily Sketch.

Have you joined the National Association of Landswomen?

See Page 298.



In case of another Railway Strike

The Bystander

THE PIPER.

Words by PATRICK CHALMERS.

Music by W. M.

VOICE. *p* Last night in the wood an old

PIANO. *mf* *p*

pi - per went by, And he twit-tered a tune on his reeds, (his reeds,) And the

cres.

pla - nets, to hear him, stood still in the sky, And the wood-flow'rs a - woke on the

dim.

dim.

meads :..... Ah !.....
(Or—"oo," or whistling.)

p *rall.* *a tempo.*

p *rall.* *mf a tempo.*

THE PIPER.

The moon float - ed up, like a

bub - ble of gold, And the wood was all sil - ver and jade; (and jade;) She'd

heard of the pi - per, by field and by fold, Since she was a

slip of a maid :..... Ah!.....

p

cres.

cres.

p

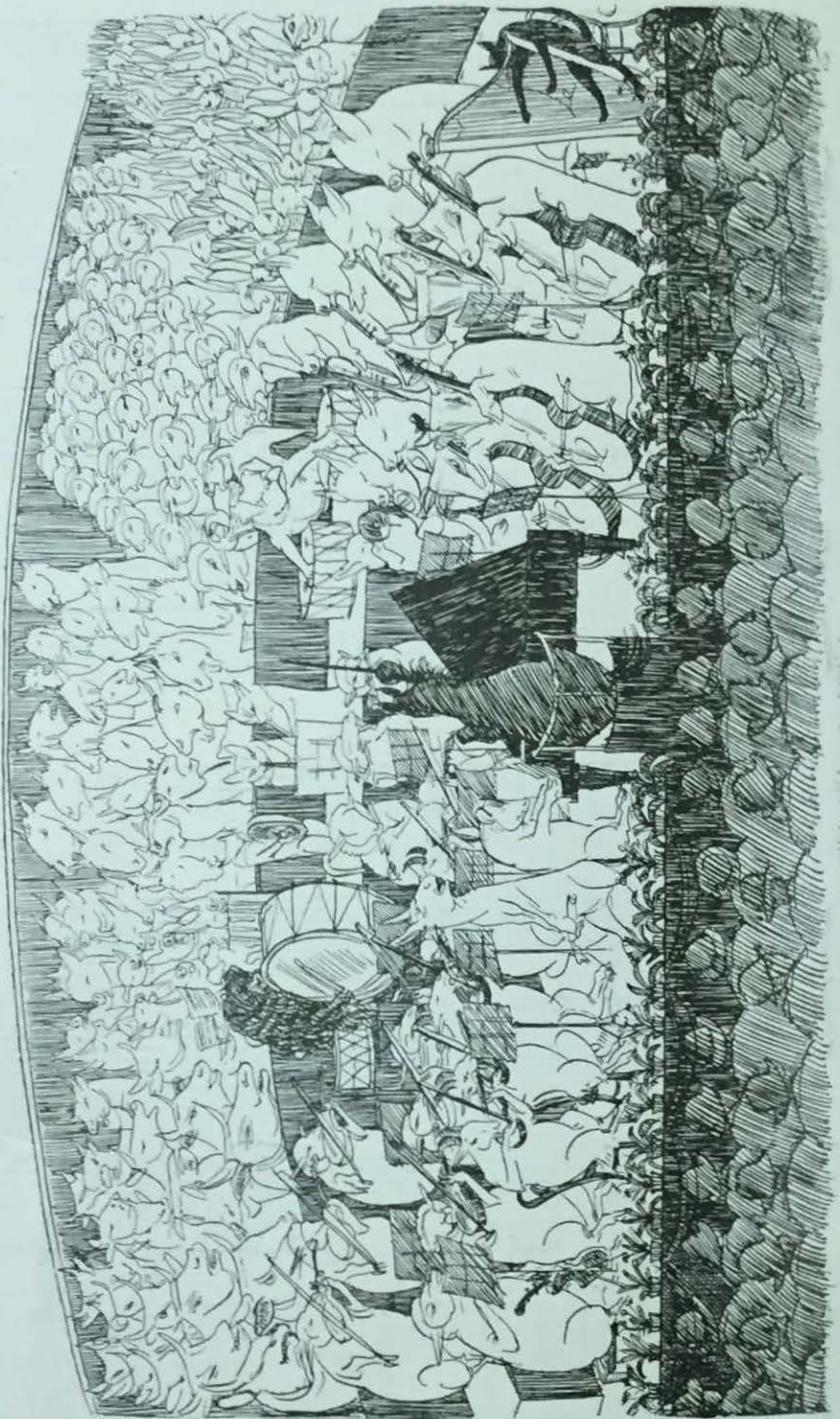
p

a tempo.

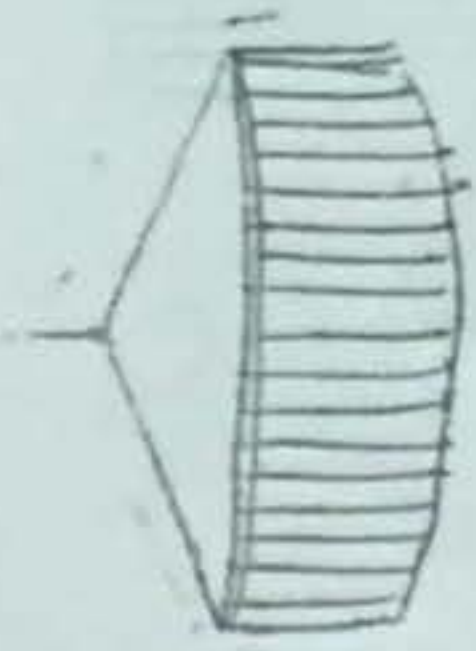
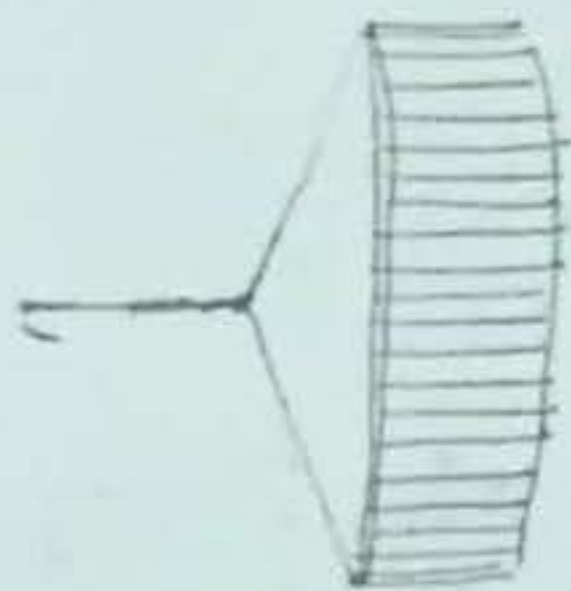
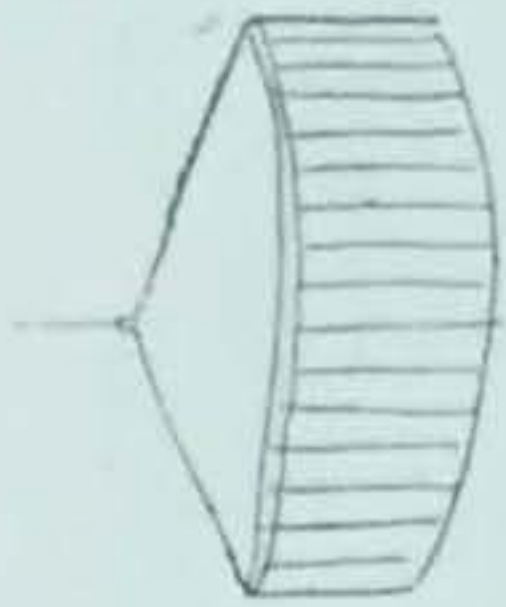
rall.

rall.

mf a tempo.



The Land Army Christmas Concert.



THE PIPER.

With his thin lit - tle pi - ping he went as he

p

came, With a thin lit - tle e - cho be - hind; (be - hind;) But the

cres.

cres.

tune of the pi - per had ne - ver a name: 'Twas the Earth and the Stars and the

f

Deliberately.

f

Wind: Ah !

p

p

First Prize Story.

"All's Well That Ends Well"

SYLVIA jumped out of the train as soon as it came to a standstill, her eyes roving round the platform in search of her boss, who should have been on the same train, and then, not seeing him, she gave up her ticket and crossed the road to the inn where they had put up that morning. Still no sign of him! All was fog and darkness, while from within the stable came the rattle of a halter chain, as if a horse had turned at the sound of long-expected footsteps.

"That's funny!" thought Sylvia. "We put him in the loose-box; we didn't tie him up. All right, darling; your missus is coming in a minute."

She crossed again to the station to ask the lad who had taken the tickets whether her boss had been on the last train, knowing that he was too well-known a figure to have escaped notice.

"No, he had not," said the lad, adding, after the facetious manner of his kind, "You do look nice in them breeches, duckie! Will you give 'em me when you're done with 'em?"

"Can't promise!" returned Sylvia laughingly, for she always took such advances in good part, while by no means encouraging them. "Afraid they wouldn't be much use by that time! Thank you; good night!" and she crossed the road again, digesting the fact that she would have to drive a young horse, with a scarcely completed education, four miles along narrow country lanes, with their deep ditches, and in a fog that became thicker every minute.

It was not for nothing, however, that she had been two years on the land, besides being of a fearless and sensible disposition, and the spice of adventure in it appealed to her rather than otherwise.

The day's proceedings had been as follows:—The "boss" had taken her out for the day, as her home happened to be in the same town, some eighteen miles away, in which an annual horse show, to which he always went, was held. Sylvia had not had a day off since before haymaking and now the corn was in, and in a week's time they would be busier than ever in the potatoes, and she had fairly jumped for joy when he had suggested that it would be a good opportunity for her to go home for the day. He would come out by the last train, as he intended going to see his sister and her first-born at a farm outside the town.

"I could mare" had a shoe off, so Sylvia had been told to "fetch that boy of hers in and make him look pretty." This was the young horse, the affection existing between him and Sylvia being the standing joke of the farm.

"Your boy'd be jealous right enough if he could see ye now," the boss had remarked one day, standing unnoticed in the stable doorway while Sylvia petted and talked to the colt and kissed him on the nose. She had blushed at being caught indulging in such foolishness, but, laughing as usual, said that Black Beauty was all the boy she had ever had or wanted so far, and "her boy" he had remained.

"It's cupboard love on his part, I'm afraid," she said, "but even that's better than nothing," and certainly there was not much she could not do with him. He was a glossy, dappled black, with a white star, so of course Black Beauty was the only possible name for him, and he had a long tail, another recommendation in Sylvia's eyes, though not in her employer's, who told her with some scorn that the farmer who bred him never docked his foals.

"Hope I meet him, then!" was Sylvia's prompt rejoinder.

Black Beauty had no vice in him, to complete the description, but, being a freshly-broken four-year-old, could scarcely be described as steady at the time of our story.

To return to Sylvia in the yard: she knew that the boss had purposely paid for the putting-up before leaving in the morning, and she happened to have matches on her, so there was no need to trouble anyone at the house. She lit the lamps and took one of them to the stable. The fog seemed to have penetrated there also, and the old lamp, smoked within and muddy without, gave but a dim light, but in one of the stalls was a black horse with a long tail.

"I wonder why they moved you out of the box, old boy?" she asked him, busy harnessing, and talking aloud as usual. "Did your missus go away and leave you all day in this nasty old stable?" and then, in surprise, "Well, you *are* a lamb to-night! Keep it up, darling, and we'll soon be home."

She led him out of the yard, climbed in, and off they started, the colt, to her further surprise, going as steadily as if he had been the old mare herself. Sylvia was beginning to pride herself on her management of horses when they came to the cross-roads about half-way home. She had let the reins loose, to see whether he knew his way, but apparently he did not, and turned without hesitation in the opposite direction. What was more, he refused point-blank to be turned towards home, and even when Sylvia got out and turned his head he was round again as soon as she was back in the float. Out she got again and took one of the lamps to investigate. Nothing on the road to frighten him, nothing wrong with the harness—she stopped short, with an

expressive "Well, I'm blest!" For this was not "her boy," it was not even a boy in fact! She stood aghast, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry, but ending in laughter, as usual, while old Peggy, who was no other than Black Beauty's own mother, began cropping grass, to show that, as far as she was concerned, the discussion was at an end. She had had a strange, heavy bit put in her mouth, strange harness, a strange, heavy float instead of the rubber-tired dogcart she should by rights have been drawing, and here, as a crowning indignity, she was being asked by a stranger—a *girl*!—to turn her head away from home at an hour when all civilised horses were safely in their own fields or stables! It was too much to ask, and Peggy had no intention of yielding.

While Sylvia was cudgelling her brains to know what to do, a horse's trot sounded, and even in the distance she recognised Black Beauty's long, easy stride. Nearer it came, while she stood in the road with the lamp. The driver pulled up, and Sylvia saw that he was a young man and a total stranger, but, too full of apologies for any other consideration, she cried:

"Oh, I say, I've taken your horse! I am sorry. I've disgraced the Land Army, I'm afraid!" she added, with mock tragedy that ended in laughter.

"It's all right!" said the other, laughing too, as he got down, but as the lamps on the dogcart (polished and shining ones these!) fell on his face Sylvia saw that, in spite of the smile, it was very pale.

"I say," she began hesitatingly, "is anything wrong? He didn't throw you out or anything?"

"It's all right," said the other again; "only I've been rottenly crooked up lately, and I think this fog and those ditches were a bit too suggestive of some nights I spent in France. He's been a bit awkward; he's only a young one, isn't he?"

"I am sorry!" cried Sylvia again.

"Well, let's remedy matters."

By the time they had unharnessed and reharnessed they were in fits of laughter.

"Here, this is your collar!"

"Sure?"

"You've got my bridle!"

"That's not your horse, is it?"

"Of course it is!"

"Well, you're putting him between my shafts, aren't you?"

When at last they were both quite sure that they had got their own horses, harness, and vehicles they might have known each other for years, and Sylvia had learned some of her new acquaintance's history.

He had been discharged as totally unfit for the army after gas and shell-shock, and advised to lead an open-air life, so was learning farming, "or trying to," he added.

"Yes, and it's not as easy as you'd think, is it?" said Sylvia. "And so you're with the farmer I want to meet because he doesn't believe in docking? How funny the way things have happened!"

"Yes; his son was under me out there and we were great pals, so when I wrote to tell him the verdict he wrote to his father to ask if he would have me as a pupil, and I've been there two months now. It's answered too, by Jove! I shall soon be all right, I do believe, and I thought life was never going to be worth living again."

"It's *the* life!" agreed Sylvia, and then, "I say, we must be off! I don't know what they'll be thinking at the farm, or at your place!"

"Sure you'll be all right?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes!" said Sylvia. "There's no more ditches—at least, not many," she added hopefully.

They climbed in, neither remembering till the last moment to ask each other's names, and in the difficulty of holding back impatient horses neither hearing the surname.

"Philip!" mused Sylvia. "I rather like that name; it suits him."

Philip was thinking the same thing of Sylvia.

Black Beauty behaved more or less rationally for the rest of the way with the familiar voice behind him, and Sylvia soon had his wants minutely attended to and was being waited on herself by the anxious woman down in the kitchen, telling her foolish story between sips of hot milk and more laughter, and finally leaving her clothes in a heap and sleeping the sleep of those whose day begins at 5.30.

The boss turned up next morning, with an injured explanation. His sister's clock had been wrong, as usual, while she swore it was right, so he missed a tram and then the train, and had to spend the night there. "And that little brat didn't half squall all night!" he ended up.

Philip called to inquire after Sylvia the following Sunday afternoon. The atmosphere indoors savouring too much of Sunday dinner for her liking, she had followed her frequent

Continued on page 303



A WALLIS MILLS 1919

Goat Enthusiast (to friend who is giving a helping hand): "Tether it here when you've finished what you're doing."

[Reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."]

Song of the Root Cleaner

M ANGELS here and mangels there,
Swedes and mangels everywhere;
Roots as far as the eye can see,
And who's to clean 'em all?
Why—me!

Give me a cleaver as sharp as a razor,
The sort that you'd use for the jolly old Kaiser,
And even the stoutest mangel quails

When I cut off their heads
And cut off their tails,
And throw them down brutally, cheek by cheek,
What do I care if they whimper and squeak?

Chop! Hack!

Chop! Hack!

"Will this work of destruction never cease?"

No fear! I'm on this job by the "piece!"

Chorus—Mangels here, etc.

You should set this to some rollicking air of your own.

JEAN COLMER.

Pigs I Have Known

II.—"Our Joe."



I EMPTIED the last barrowful from the last sty, mopped my brow, and then turned to Mrs. K.

"What about Joe?" quoth I, trying to look casual.

A tense pause, Mrs. K. and I looking fixedly into one another's eyes. Then she stamped her foot, and waved both arms.

"Let's have 'im out! He's got to go—drat 'im!"

"Our Joe" is a magnificent new large black boar, who has evidently never been petted in his life, also never driven. Go into his sty and tickle his ears, and who so meek and mild as he? He slowly topples over on his side, smiling ecstatically.

But let him out, and he becomes a very demon of mischief and insubordination. He breaks everything he comes across, bursts into other people's styes, and charges at everyone who attempts to coerce him back into his cell!

Now, an order had come down that "—" (his pedigree title being about five miles long, we called him "Our Joe")—that blank was to be exercised daily.

The first morning, with the cheerfulness born of ignorance, we let him out, and he sauntered through the yard on to the road, we fondly imagining that we were driving him!

"Turn him down the road!"

"All right," I called, and advanced, stick in hand, towards Joe, who watched me with wicked little glints in his eye.

"How fierce he looks!"

"Garrn! Garrn!" snarled Mrs. K.

Our Joe grazed.

Mrs. K. strode up with her best "I'm-not-going-to-stand-any-nonsense" manner, and—whack! went her stick on his side. He turned, threw up his head, and went for her.

We scattered to a safe distance and then held a council of war.

"Stick's too short."

"And too brittle."

"What about stones?"

"And clods?"

"Come on; let's collect ammunition!"

Our Joe grazed. When various missiles hurtled through the air towards him, he merely looked up, surprised, as who should say: "What one earth are those women making such a fuss about?"

A carter came along and gave us ironical advice.

A mason brought me a long pole, at which the enemy only sneered.

Finally, this Homeric combat ended in a draw. Joe, at his own convenience, sauntered back to his sty, and was shut in by two purple, enraged females.

After several days of fruitless tussle, we struck and refused to let him out again.

Which brings me to this particular morning in question. It was a lovely day, and in a moment of weakness I said that fatal word:—

"What about Joe?"

Firmly repeating, "He's got to go—drat 'im!" Mrs. K. strode to the sty and opened it, carefully swinging the door back upon herself I noticed.

Joe emerged and came towards me. I hurried into the barn to look for something that, presumably, I had forgotten.

"Come on!" she called after me; "drive 'im out of the yard."

"Come on!" I gibed ferociously; "drive him out of the yard!"

A pause.

To make a long story short, Joe remained in the yard all day, practically holding up the work, and defying bailiff and head stockman alike.

About a week later, being sorry for him, I weakly let him out during my dinner-hour. Armed with a stick, I got up on to the straw in the barn to enjoy my lunch and forty winks.

Now, a door in the barn, fitted with only one loose, sliding bolt, led into a yard inhabited by about eighteen sows, and a boar of whom Joe would have made short work had he come across him! Suddenly, in marches Joe!

I sit up, my heart in my mouth, the door looks so flimsy! He goes straight for it, gives it a knock, then raises himself and—slides back the bolt!

Horror of horrors! In another moment he would have been in that yard! Seizing my cudgel, I floundered down the straw, yelling:

"Garrn! Garrn!"

He rushed at me, thought better of it, suddenly stopped, turned, and marched off to his sty with an air of outraged innocence.

When Mrs. K. returned and heard the tale from a limp and trembling Land Worker, she just said:—"Never again!" a sentiment which I heartily echoed.

Shortly afterwards I was transferred to another part of the estate, and the last I heard of him was to the effect that "Our Joe" was to be sold, no one being able to manage him.

C. G. B. L.

The Charge of the Ladder Brigade

HALF a mile, half a mile, half a mile onwards,
Into the valley of pear trees

Strode the six Land Girls.

Ladders carried shoulder high,

They lacked the breath to reason why,

Only determined to do or die—

Into the orchard shadows—into the stinging nettles,

Plunged the six Land Girls.

Half an inch, half an inch, half an inch upwards

Through the tangle of branches

Pushed the six Land Girls.

Was the ladder firmly set?

Must they go up higher yet,

For the choicest pears to get?

Leaving the earth below them—nearly to heaven above them.

Climbed the six Land Girls.

Hazels to right of them, hazels to left of them, hazels in front of them

Swing in the breeze.

Stormed by the pears that fell,

Dodging the wasps as well,

All through the live-long day,

While the scorching sun held sway,

Picked the six Land Girls.

Come, friends, and come, neighbours.

Words by A. M. LLOYD.

Music by M. E. HICK.



1. Come, friends, and come, neighbours, from far and from near, And
 2. The shep-herds ran quickly to Beth-le-hem's shed, And
 3. Come, kneel, like the shepherds, come, praise and a-dore, For
 4. We praise Thee, Lord Je-sus! All glo-ry to Thee, All

hear of the joy of the first Christmas morn, When
 lo! in the man-ger, 'mid hay and 'mid straw, There
 that love-ly Babe is the Lord from on high, Who
 ma-jes-ty, hon-our, and pow-er di-vine. Our

an-gels sang sweetly for shep-herds to hear How
 lay, with His mo-ther, in that hum-ble bed, The
 left all His glo-ry,—and ev-en did more—For
 mighty Re-deem-er, re-joic-ing, we see The

Je-sus our Lord in a man-ger was born.
 love-li-est Babe that the world ev-er saw,
 you and for me on the Cross came to die.
 crown of all king-doms is ev-er-more Thine.



'Mummy, I can't understand about that cow. When I tried to milk it just now, there wasn't any in it.'

[Reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch,"]

A Farmer's Tribute to the Land Army

WHAT made our lives endurable when war,
with all its woes,
Was devastating countries, over-run by bitter foes
Who tried their best to beat us by their frightful
hammer blows?

The cheerful girls who came out on the land.

Who kept us from repining then, while working
morn till night,
We heard the big guns booming, although far away
from sight,
Across the German Ocean (so called but not by
right)?

The smiling girls assisting on the land.

The girls who sang like skylarks when the sky was
clear and blue,
The girls who to their sailors' or their soldiers' love
were true,
The girls who helped to win the war as only girls
could do,

The willing girls who plodded on the land.

The girls who fed the pigs, attended calves or milked
the cows,

The girls who worked with horses, driving harrows,
rolls or ploughs,

The girls who, always peaceful, never joined in any
rows,

The jolly girls who toiled upon the land.

The girls who kept on plodding, to assist as maidens
should,

To do the needful work that might ensure their
country's good.

The man who fails to praise them must have brains
like rotten wood,

Unlike the brains of girls who tilled the land.

In after years, when grandmothers these maidens
have become,

They may inform the grandchildren (of whom they
must have some)

How in the crucial days of yore, they made the farm
work hum,

Those girls who helped to save their native land.

ANON.

Rosalind of the Farmyard

By Mary Pakington

There is no fee on this piece, but permission to act it must be obtained from the author, Hon. Mary Pakington, Waresley Court, near Kidderminster.

CHARACTERS.

ROSALIND } Cousins, working on a farm.
CELIA }
ORLANDO No relation.
TIME.—The Present.
SCENE.—The most picturesque bit of the farm.

*On the left in the foreground is an upturned beech trunk.
[Enter CELIA from R., with a pitchfork and an armful of straw. She wears a sunbonnet, apron, and cotton dress. Her attention is caught by an inscription cut into the tree trunk, and she drops the bundle of straw.]*

CEL. Rosalind! Rosy! Just come here and look.

[Enter ROSALIND L., "a pretty youth," in Land-worker's smock and gaiters.]

ROS. Hullo! What's the matter now?

CEL. Oh, my dear, he's been at it again! It's the tree trunk this time.

ROS. He? Who? Oh, don't tell me he's been and got loose again!

CEL. I should just think he has—and left his handiwork behind him, too.

ROS. *[reading inscription]*. "To—the—only—Rosalind." But you don't mean to say that that was done by the little black pig!

CEL. The little black pig! *[Sits down on the tree trunk in fits of laughter.]* Oh, poor dear Orlando—what would he say!

ROS. Well, you never told me who you were talking about—and once for all, Celia, I will not have Captain l'Estrange called Orlando. Why, I've only met him five times—

CEL. But if you're Rosalind and I'm Celia—

ROS. Celia isn't your proper name. It's only I who call you Celia.

CEL. Well, it's only I who call Captain l'Estrange "Orlando": you needn't.

ROS. He'd no business to call me Rosalind, anyway.

CEL. He didn't. He only carved you.

ROS. That's worse. I prefer to be called Miss—by him.

CEL. To the only Miss Rosalind. Hum! It would spoil it rather, wouldn't it? It would sound as if there might be a Mrs. Rosalind, you see.

ROS. Celia, how dare you—

CEL. My dear, I wasn't thinking of you.

ROS. You're talking perfect nonsense. And anyway I haven't time to waste on any—

CEL. Little black pig.

ROS. Silly old tree trunk! I'm going. *[Marches up R.]*

CEL. Where are you going in such a hurry, darling?

ROS. To get the rest of the potatoes up, dear.

CEL. They're done; I finished them this morning early.

ROS. I don't care; I'll do them again. *[Exit R.]*

CEL. Huffy! *[Studying inscription.]* "To the only Rosalind." "To the only Celia." Somehow it doesn't sound so nice.

[Enter ORLANDO L. As might be expected, he is "rather point device" in his accoutrements, although at the same time he suggests an open-air life.]

ORL. *[bowing]*. Good morning. You are Miss Celia, I believe?

CEL. However did you know that?

ORL. Why, you live with Rosalind, don't you?

CEL. Rosalind! Well, upon my word, you're cool!

ORL. Ah! I'm afraid that's only because I haven't done any work to-day. Allow me. *[Takes sunbonnet with which she is fanning herself and fans her sedulously.]*

CEL. Cool! Coolness isn't the word for it!

ORL. I'm so glad. It's a terribly hot day, isn't it!

CEL. Yes—and I'm on my way to litter down the pigs, if you want to know. I've no time to waste in being fanned. Good morning.

ORL. Oh!—good morning. *[CELIA walks up L.]* *[Gazing ecstatically at tree trunk.]* "To the only Rosalind"—the one and only Rosalind! *[CELIA returns hastily.]* Can I do anything for you, Miss Celia? *[Is taking the bundle of straw from her. She flings it at him pettishly.]*

CEL. You—you'd no business to speak of my cousin in that perfectly disgraceful way!

ORL. *[picking straw out of his hair]*. Ah! I thought that would fetch you back.

CEL. You—you—you're a pig! *[Stamps her foot.]*

ORL. Then I've clearly the first claim on your attention. Seriously though, Miss Celia, I shouldn't have ventured to call you back if I hadn't wanted your help so badly.

CEL. My help!

ORL. Yes, yours. If you'll only give me a chance of stating my case without being smothered under half a ton of straw—

CEL. You brought it on yourself.

ORL. I beg your pardon; you threw it at me.

CEL. Oh, you're too tiresome for anything. Say what you've got to say in three words, and let me go.

ORL. Well, then, I want to begin by making a confession—

CEL. I said—three words—

ORL. Thank you for reminding me. *[Quite simply and seriously]* I love Rosalind.

CEL. Captain l'Estrange, how dare you—

ORL. You only gave me three words to say it in—and I've said it.

CEL. If that was all you wanted to say—

ORL. It isn't—quite. I've come up here on three separate occasions with the intention of proposing to her.

CEL. Proposing!

ORL. And I've never been able to get within a dozen fields of her. Well, I've come up this morning to try again. I've tried Sunday and I've tried Monday—

CEL. Cattle market.

ORL. And I've tried Tuesday—

CEL. Vegetable market.

ORL. So now I've decided to stake everything on Wednesday. Miss Celia, I appeal to you. Isn't it possible to get even a quiet half hour—

CEL. A quiet half hour! In the middle of the day! You don't know much about the ways of a farm, do you?

ORL. Oh, I know nothing at all about the farm. I only thought—

CEL. Why, just look at the life Rosalind leads! Up at four, milking at five, breakfasting at six, hoeing at seven—

ORL. Haymaking at eight, potato-digging at nine, milking again at ten—what?

CEL. Your ignorance is simply—devastating!

ORL. Never mind my ignorance. Just one little half hour—that's all I ask. *[ROSALIND is heard off R. whistling.]* I say! I can't let her see me in this state! I leave it to you, partner. *[Escapes hastily L.]*

[ROSALIND saunters in R.]

ROS. Wonders will never cease! Nothing whatever doing for the next half hour! *[Sitting down on tree trunk.]* Don't for goodness' sake talk to me, Celia. I'm going to sleep.

CEL. You won't have much chance of doing that, my dear. He's just been up this way.

ROS. *[jumping up]*. He! Who do you mean?

CEL. Oh, sit down, Rosy. *[Teasingly.]* It's only the little black pig.

ROS. Orlando!

CEL. Captain l'Estrange, if you please. I'm glad you recognised his portrait. Yes, he came in here as cool as you like, and asked for—what do you think? A quiet half hour alone with you. I suppose you can't possibly guess what he wants to say?

ROS. No, I can't, and what's more, I'm not going to allow him to say anything of the sort! *[Springs up.]*

CEL. Do you mean to say you don't even want—

ROS. No, I don't! And I won't have it either—so there!

CEL. Well, I've often heard of people not wanting to get engaged; but I never yet heard of a girl who didn't even want to be proposed to.

ROS. Then you've heard of her now. Look here, Celia, you know perfectly well that you and I came down here to help out old Mr. Boys—

CEL. He's rather an old dear, though he is a gentleman farmer. Well, what of that?

ROS. He's been awfully good to me, and I told him I'd stick to my job and see it through till he got his son back—that's all.

CEL. I really don't see why you should. It isn't as if we'd promised—

ROS. As a matter of fact I *did* promise.

CEL. Promise what?

ROS. Don't laugh—and don't tell anyone, will you? I promised faithfully not to get engaged as long as I remained on the farm.

CEL. Well, of all the extraordinary things! He never asked me to promise that!

ROS. So you see, I've given my word. It's quite reasonable too. I came down to do my bit, and a girl with a fiancé hanging about a farm is no earthly use.

CEL. But you could refuse him.

ROS. And waste half an hour! I daresay!

CEL. Well, you can say what you like about doing your bit, but from what I can see, Captain l'Estrange has every intention of doing his bit this morning.

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The Various Breeds of Pigs*

WHILST the cottager may not have any particular desire to possess any of the pure-bred sorts, it is not out of place in a short article like the present to give a brief description of the principal varieties kept in the British Isles. All have been derived from a common stock—viz., the wild hog—and their present individualities are the result of selection in mating through a long series of generations, as proved by the fertility of the different varieties.

About thirty years since, a Society of Pig Breeders was formed to secure the registration of pedigree pigs, and to draw up a standard of points for each breed, consequently all the different breeds have their scale of points.

Particular counties have conferred the titles, and in one of the instances this has arisen from the name of the town—e.g., Tamworth. In Staffordshire, Leicestershire, and adjacent counties, there existed about a quarter of a century since an old-fashioned dark chestnut or mahogany-coloured pig, the characteristics of which were improved by selection, so much so that these pigs became recognised as a distinct breed by the National Pig Breeders' Association—an Association which has done such good work towards the improvement of all breeds of pigs—under the title of the Tamworth.

The names of the breeds are as follows:

Large White Yorkshire.	Middle White Yorks.
Large Black Pig.	The Suffolk.
Lincolnshire Curly Coated.	Gloucester Old Spots.
The Berkshire.	Tamworths.

In addition to the foregoing, Small White, Small Black, and Shetland Pigs (Essex) are sometimes spoken of. The two first named are really diminutive specimens of the larger breeds bearing the same names.

Taking the different varieties in the order named we shall give a brief account of each, as follows:—

THE LARGE WHITE YORKSHIRE.

This is a very popular breed and one that usually comes out in fairly strong force at the principal agricultural shows, and is particularly suitable for those who wish to produce big pigs for sale, soon after they are weaned. They are free breeders; litters of a dozen or more are quite common. Apart from this there is no denying the fact that the Large White sow makes a splendid cross, more especially with a Berkshire boar, and the Middle White boar. The former will produce porkers weighing from 5 to 10 stone, and the latter from 12 to 18 or 20 stone when mature. It is sometimes crossed with the Tamworth, the progeny being hardy and good foragers.

There are some very fine herds of Large White pigs, and if the cottager is anxious to possess a gilt of this excellent breed he should consult one of the live-stock year books, or the announcements of some journal devoted to agriculture and live stock. From the author's knowledge of this variety he has every confidence in recommending it to those who wish to breed pigs for early sale.

The Large White, as the name implies, is pure white, and the presence of any blue spots upon the skin are indicative of impurity of breed, a remark which is equally applicable to black hair, a coarse skin, and pendulous ears—the last two being common faults. To be typical, a pig of this breed should be long, level, and broad in all proportions, have a wide and deep chest, short straight legs, well-sprung ribs, a thick flank well let down, deep sides, broad and full hams, but not thick in the shoulders. The ears should be moderately long and thin, and the skin covered by fine long hair, with the tail set well up.

THE MIDDLE WHITE YORKSHIRE.

Somewhat or other the writer seems to hold a brief for this breed, and if asked to nominate the most popular variety of pig, either pure or mixed, it certainly would be the variety now under consideration. Pigs of this breed will weigh, at seven or eight months old, 200 to 250 pounds.

There is no necessity to spin a yarn about it. The Middle White Yorkshire is, like the fox terrier, impossible to be put in the wrong place.

As a bacon pig or as a porker it can hold its own against all comers, whilst for soundness of constitution, quick growth and early maturity, it is, as previously stated, second to none.

It is a cottager's pig either pure or mixed—*par excellence*. In size it strikes the happy medium between the Large White and the Small White Yorkshires. Some Middle White pigs show blue spots on the skin, due to other blood having been introduced at some period.

So far as points are concerned, this breed is a replica of the larger variety last referred to. For prolificacy, docility, early maturity, and fine quality of flesh, the breed is unsurpassed.

The sow and the boar cross well with the Berkshire, the Wessex, the Tamworth, or the Suffolk. For the production of five to ten-stone porkers, the cross first named is a most excellent

one, but the progeny are not as hardy as when the Tamworth cross has been used. Another good cross is with the Large Black pig. For the production of pigs true to type, a sow and a boar of the same breed should be selected.

At the majority of the agricultural shows this breed is generally in good force, whilst at the Annual Dairy Show in London it is always well represented, and rightly so, being the *pivotal pig* of the pig industry, as it produces the finest market-pigs in less time than any other breed.

THE SMALL WHITE PIG.

It is hardly necessary to say anything about this variety of Yorkshire pig, being a Tom Thumb type of the two foregoing breeds. Unless anyone wished to keep dwarf specimens of the pigs from the county of broad acres, the Small White Yorkshire is never in much demand. Both the pork and bacon are very sweet, but the pigs are too small for general utility purposes.

THE LARGE BLACK PIG.

This breed is highly esteemed by pig-breeders, more particularly in the west of England, and the society bearing the same name has done a great deal for this variety of pig. It is well represented at most of the shows, more especially at the Bath and West of England Agricultural Show, likewise at the Royal, etc. It does better in the south and west of England than in a northern or cold climate.

For prolificacy, quick growth, and good temper, it is difficult to find any breed to supersede these pigs. It is a breed which corresponds to the Large White Yorkshire, and the greatest weights are attained by these two varieties. There is really very little difference in the daily gain when feeding experiments are conducted.

As the name implies, the colour is black, skin soft and covered with straight and silky hair.

In general conformation the Large Black pig should correspond to the Large White variety.

This is a breed that can be highly recommended for those who intend to go in for pig-keeping on a liberal scale, and where quick-growing large pigs are required.

THE SMALL BLACK PIG.

This variety corresponds to the Small White Yorkshire, and, like the latter, has never attained any marked degree of popularity. For small porkers they are quite good, but for the cottager the writer cannot recommend them as being a profitable variety to keep.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE CURLY COATED.

This is a very hardy breed and one that makes a fairly good cross with the Middle White Yorks. for the production of pigs where the climate is cold. In the north of Scotland the Lincoln Curly does very well, either pure-bred or mixed. For the improvement of constitutional stamina in any particular breed, the Lincoln can with advantage be employed. The thick skin and the profuse curly hair are indicative of the virility of the breed. Being an eastern county variety, it follows that hardihood is an essential quality, but unfortunately this is said to be associated with a somewhat coarse quality of the bacon and pork. A good deal depends upon the feeding, the rapidity of growth, and the age at which the pigs are killed.

Pig keepers who have a predilection for this breed will not share the view with regard to coarseness of flesh; nevertheless we speak with an unbiassed opinion, believing what has been stated is true. The sows are prolific and the piglings usually strong growers. Naturally pigs of this breed are highly esteemed in their own county, but as a pig suitable for the cottager, the writer's opinion is that they are inferior to the Middle White Yorks, or first cross from the same. Whenever curly hair is present on a pig it may be accepted as fairly good positive evidence that the animal has some of the blood of the Lincolnshire breed in it. Not that it is any worse for this, in fact it may be all the better for it; why should it not be? In general points the Lincolnshire Curly corresponds to the Yorkshire pigs.

THE BERKSHIRE.

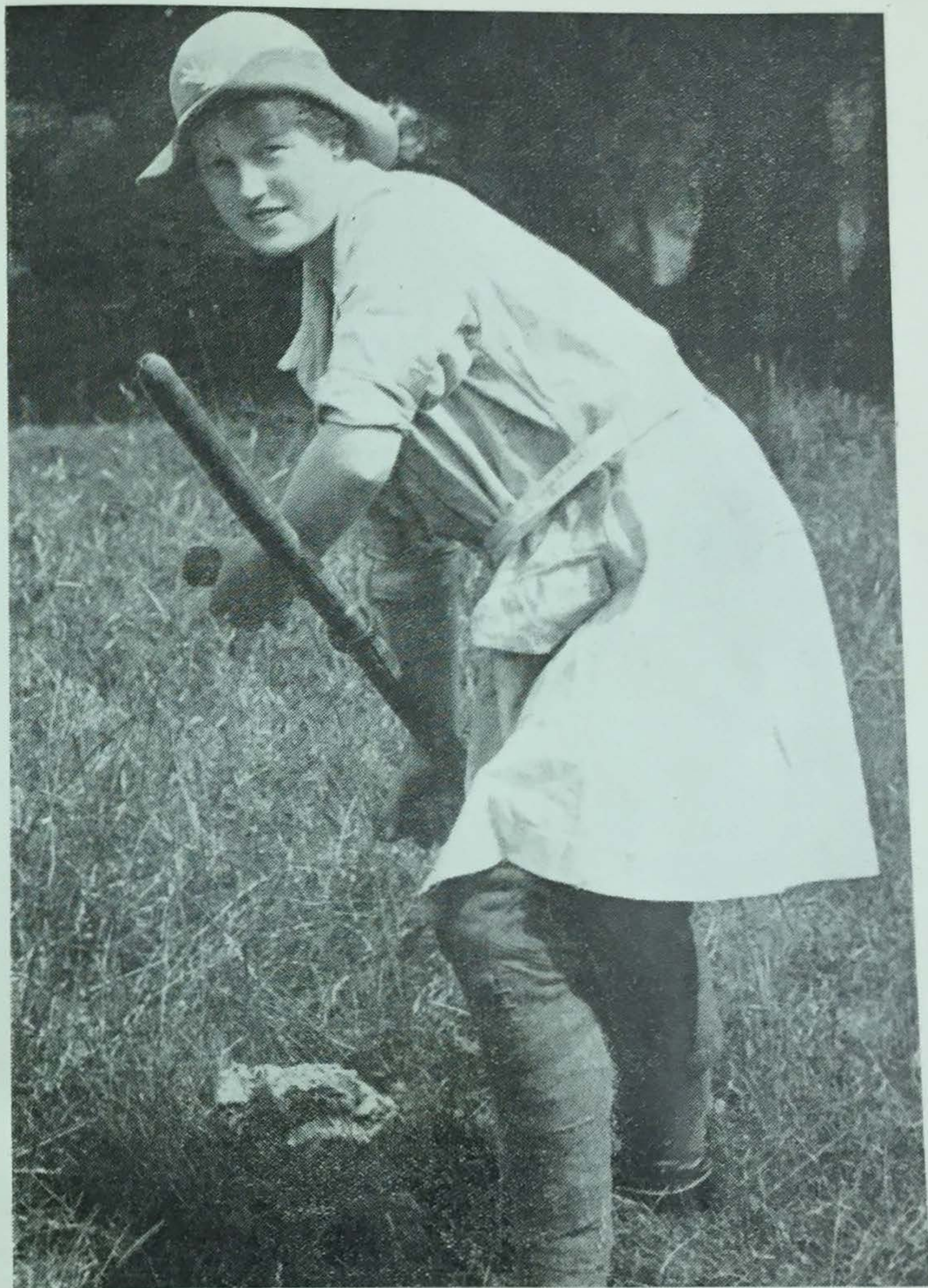
The only rival to this breed is the Middle White Yorkshire, and it is just a toss up as to which is the more popular variety. All things considered, the Berkshire is perhaps of more compact build, and is a particularly suitable breed to keep where the climate is fairly warm.

For the north of Scotland and cold latitudes the Berkshire cannot be recommended, some of the other varieties thriving very much better.

It is a breed very suitable for the cottager, and, if there is a small patch of grazing available, a most economical one to keep. The sows commonly produce from five to eight at a litter, and they are generally very good mothers.

It is a black-skinned breed, with a blaze on the face; white feet and white hair on the tip of the tail—true Berkshire characteristics.

* *The Cottager's Pig.* By F. Townend Barton, M.R.C.V.S. Jarrold & Sons. By special permission.



Farewell Rally of the Land Army

Drapers Hall, London

Nov. 27th, 1919, at 5.30 p.m.

PRESENTATION

OF THE

Distinguished Service Bars
of the Woman's Land Army

BY

Her Royal Highness PRINCESS MARY

SUPPER 7.15 p.m.

CONCERT . 8.30 p.m.

MORRIS DANCE	MIDDLESEX L.A.A.S.
SONGS	...	{ (a) "Coming thro' the Rye "	}	Miss JENNIE KIMMOND		
		{ (b) "Robin Adair "	}	L.A.A.S.		
VIOLIN SOLO	
SONG	Mr. FRANK CUTLER
DANCE WITH MOUTH-ORGAN	{	Miss PAINTER	{	Cumberland
ACCOMPANIMENT				Miss SULLIVAN		
				Miss FOSTER		
SONG	Miss DONALDSON
DANCE	"Spring Song"	Miss ENRIDGE, Worcs.	L.A.A.S.	
SONG	Miss DOROTHY WEBSTER
RECITATION	...	{ "The Song of England "	}	Mrs. PETER GREGG		
		(Alfred Noyes)				
VENTRILOQUIST						
MORRIS DANCE	MIDDLESEX L.A.A.S.
SONG	Miss DONALDSON
SONG	Mr. FRANK CUTLER
SONG	Miss PAPWORTH
CLOG DANCE	Miss A. DENT
SONG	Miss KIMMOND

GOD SAVE THE KING



The Homesick Cow



[Hopkins, Daily Sketch.]

This cow, which was sold to a farmer six miles away from her home, found her way back five months later, entered her old stall, and an hour afterwards gave birth to a calf.

Rosalind of the Farmyard—Continued from page 280.

ROS. Tell him I'm engaged.

CEL. What!

ROS. No, no, don't tell him that. Tell him—tell him I've gone to lie down in my room.

CEL. Poor dear old Mr. Boys! Only three farm hands and one of them lying down in the middle of the morning! Besides I've told Ori—Captain what's his name—that you're fearfully busy. Rosy, you simply must find some work to do.

ROS. Well, I can't make work when there isn't any.

CEL. Oh, lots of people manage to do that all right. Quick! I hear him coming. You'll have to invent something.

ROS. He'll find me out.

CEL. He won't. He's a townsman, you can see, and he knows nothing whatever about farming. He told me so.

[ROSALIND stands irresolute. ORLANDO enters from L., immaculate once more.]

ROS. [coldly]. Oh! Good morning, Captain P'Estrange.

ORL. Good morning. May I venture to hope that I find you at leisure for a few minutes?

ROS. Oh, dear no! Not yet. You see I haven't quite finished milking.

ORL. Milking! But isn't it a bit early—

ROS. Early! Why, we start at six o'clock in the morning.

ORL. Yes, I know—Miss Celia told me. I meant the afternoon's milking.

ROS. Oh, we go on all day at intervals, don't we, Celia?

[CELIA turns away to hide her merriment.]

ORL. Oh! I suppose you—have—er—a lot of cows?

CEL. Only six.

[ROSALIND tries to hush her up.]

ORL. I didn't know six cows took such a long time to milk.

ROS. Well, you see, when we've only a few, we have to milk the same cows over and over again to make up the quantity.

[CELIA chokes, and effaces herself.]

ORL. I see. . . Yes, I never thought of that.

ROS. I'm so sorry I can't stay. Good morning.

[Gives him her hand and goes off R. ORLANDO looks at his own hand thoughtfully.]

CEL. What's the matter? Suffering from "Landworker's grip"?

ORL. Nothing. I didn't know cows were such earthy creatures—that's all.

CEL. Oh, but that was getting up the potatoes. [Checks herself.]

ORL. I say! She must be jolly clever to do both at the same time. But I've always heard that women were more intelligent than men on a farm. [Glances at tree trunk.] May I—?

CEL. [making room for him]. Oh, certainly. [He sits.] You won't mind if I leave you, will you?

ORL. More cows?

CEL. It's the pigs. I've got to goad 'em to them—

ORL. Oh, by all means give the piggi-wigs their due. I'll wait here for your cousin if I may.

CEL. [dismayed]. No, no—you mustn't wait—you mustn't think of waiting—

ORL. I really don't quite see why if I choose to wait—

CEL. Oh, yes, yes. I didn't mean that. I only meant—the pigs are waiting. . . I mean—the pigs won't wait. [Exit hastily L.]

[A peculiar low whistle is heard off R. ORLANDO responds to it on the same note.]

ROS. [off]. Darling!

ORL. [in stage whisper]. Yes—dear?

ROS. Has the creature gone yet?

ORL. [the same]. Yes—hooked it.

[ROSALIND enters with a bundle of straw, and stands dismayed.]

ROS. How—how dare you?

ORL. How dare I what?

ROS. You told me he—you—were gone—

ORL. I beg your pardon; you only said, "Is the creature gone." I thought you might be alluding to your cousin.

ROS. Nothing of the kind. [Hastily.] Yes, yes, of course I didn't mean you.

ORL. Then it was awfully good of you to come back.
 ROS. I didn't expect to find you here—and you know it, perfectly well. Oh, I think you're detestable!
 ORL. I'm so sorry. I'm afraid I couldn't resist the temptation of getting a word with you. . . [As she is silent.] I hope the cows have been good?
 ROS. It isn't milking time yet.
 ORL. Oh!
 ROS. I—I only went to see.
 ORL. Of course. "There's no clock here in the forest."
 ROS. [loftily]. Thank you; I have a wrist watch. Please excuse me—I'm going to litter the pigs down now.
 ORL. Miss Celia has gone to do that, I believe. Do you always work in pairs?
 ROS. Always. It's much the best way.
 ORL. [thoughtfully]. Yes, I've often thought it's the best way—to work in pairs, and to let the man do the heavy work.
 ROS. I'm much obliged—but I haven't time to teach an unskilled labourer, thank you! [Marches out L.]
 ORL. I brought that on myself. Now why in the world don't I go after her and make her take it back?
 [Gazes in direction of ROSALIND'S retreat.]
 CEL. [returning R.]. Well, Captain l'Estrange, have you had your quiet half hour yet? Where's Rosalind?
 ORL. [gloomily]. Gone to help you with the pigs.
 CEL. To help me! Why, we never do that sort of thing together!
 ORL. Except on a busy morning like this.
 CEL. Eh? Oh, yes! It is a busy morning, isn't it?
 ORL. I'm so glad you haven't used up all your straw. Do you think you could lend me a little?
 CEL. Whatever for?
 ORL. Nothing. I thought I might go and make friends with the pigs—that's all. Nice homely creatures. [Going L.]
 CEL. You may try if you like. You won't find Rosalind there.
 ORL. [returning]. Then she didn't go to help you after all?
 CEL. [confused]. Yes, yes, she did . . . at least she meant to—
 ORL. Perhaps she lost her way?
 CEL. Perhaps so. She—she's rather vague.
 ORL. Everything on this farm seems to be conducted rather vaguely, if you'll excuse my saying so. Well—I must e'en try another beat. [Going R.]
 CEL. Where are you going now?
 ORL. I was thinking of looking up the cowsheds.
 CEL. Following her about! Coward!
 ORL. Cow-herd, did you say? Yes, I might take that up, now you mention it
 [Exit R., leaving CELIA raging. ROSALIND peeps in from L.]
 ROS. Celia, is he gone yet?
 CEL. Yes—to hunt for you. [As ROSALIND enters.] My dear, you'll never shake that man off; he's a perfect burr.
 ROS. An active burr—a burr on the hunt! Ugh! [Throwing herself down.] I'll tell you what, Celia, I'm getting sick to death of being chivvied about the place like this, milking impossible cows—
 CEL. And visiting improbable pigs. He certainly is wonderfully persevering. It almost seems a pity— [Pauses.]
 ROS. What seems a pity?
 CEL. That you hate him quite so much, dear.
 ROS. I never said I hated him.
 CEL. Oh, if you really like him—
 ROS. I don't. I think he's a cad and a bounder, and I daresay he's a bit of a liar as well—and I don't know anything about him—and I never want to set eyes on him again—but I don't go any farther than that.
 CEL. Personally I should have thought you couldn't go much farther.
 ROS. [Springing up]. I can though! And what's more, I'm going now.
 CEL. Going where?
 ROS. To the town. I shall walk all the way, and I shan't be back till long after Captain—
 CEL. My dear, that's no bon! He'll track you down at once.
 ROS. Then, for goodness' sake, tell me what I am to do!
 [Throws herself down along the tree trunk.]
 CEL. I can't think how it is, Rosy, but you do look most awfully attractive in that dress. It doesn't suit me a little bit.
 ROS. [Starting up]. My dear, I've hit upon it at last! Look here, if he turns up again, just detain him a minute or two till I come back, there's a darling.
 CEL. Detain him! What on earth—
 ROS. Hush! I'm going to beard the lion myself this time. [Exit L. ORLANDO re-enters R.]
 CEL. I told you you wouldn't find her in the cowsheds.
 ORL. No; I saw her handiwork though. They're jolly well kept.
 CEL. Yes. Rosalind's quite good at mucking out. That's the part you wouldn't like.

ORL. I seem to be rather an incongruous person altogether.
 CEL. You are!
 ORL. Oh, by the way, I came back to tell you that I found the gate of the upper field left open. I ventured to shut it.
 CEL. Very good of you, I'm sure. But how do you know it wasn't meant to be left open?
 ORL. It never used—hem—of course, it was only a guess.
 CEL. It's those children of Farmer William's again. They're always getting in.
 ORL. Oh, I didn't think for a moment that you or your cousin would have been guilty of such carelessness.
 CEL. Well, upon my word! You talk as if the place belonged to you! Carelessness indeed! Just listen to the man!
 ORL. I don't seem very happy in my choice of words to-day. Perhaps I'd better not talk at all?
 CEL. I think you'd certainly better not.
 [She sits down on one end of the tree trunk, facing to the back. ORLANDO sits down on the other end facing the audience. There is a pause. Each turns as if about to speak, and checks themselves.]
 CEL. You really are delightful company, you know.
 ORL. How odd! It's just what I was thinking about you, Miss Celia.
 CEL. I'd rather you didn't think about me at all, please.
 ORL. Perhaps you'd rather I thought about Rosalind instead?
 CEL. Rosalind! [Springs up indignantly. ROSALIND enters L.]. Rosalind!—
 [ROSALIND signs to her to keep quiet, and advances mischievously towards ORLANDO, who has his back to her. She is dressed in the dirtiest of overalls and most ancient of felt hats and has her skirts full of swedes, apparently just pulled up. She sits down near ORLANDO.]
 ROS. [to CELIA]. Catch, Celia! [Throws her a swede.] [To ORLANDO.] I say, would you like to share a turnip?
 ORL. [turns round and has the surprise of his life]. Swedes, aren't they?
 ROS. My mistake! I thought you wouldn't know the difference. [Moves a little closer. ORLANDO moves a little away.] My good man, I've only been topping swedes.
 ORL. Topping swedes! Oh—ah!—yes—they are rather topping, aren't they?
 ROS. Glad you appreciate our country produce. Have one? [Throws a swede at him. He catches it gingerly.] Don't you like them? But perhaps you've never eaten one?
 ORL. I—er—should prefer them rather cleaner.
 ROS. Oh, but these are new-laid—I mean fresh cut. . . . Come on, Celia, help me to slice them.
 CEL. [suddenly rising to the game]. I don't see why we two women should do all the dirty work.
 ROS. Dirty! D'you call this dirty? But I'm sure Captain l'Estrange will be delighted to help us. Won't you, Captain l'Estrange?
 ORL. I should love to help you if you'll make Miss Celia do her share. She hasn't been doing any work at all for the last twenty minutes, and she assures me you're driven like a nigger.
 CEL. You—you worm!
 ORL. The worm is turning, you see.
 ROS. Oh, come on, you two. Don't quarrel. [To ORLANDO] Here, wait a moment, I'll give you a pinafore. [Throws him a horrible piece of sacking, which he spreads distastefully over his knees.] Now then—one—two—three—hold tight!
 [Empties a shower of swedes over him.]
 ORL. Thank you very much. I'm sure that relieved your feelings.
 ROS. My feelings!
 ORL. I fancied you might have some sort of grudge against me, you know.
 ROS. My dear man, I wasn't thinking of you. We're much too busy for that, aren't we, Celia. Come—bustle up! I've no time to lose if you have.
 ORL. Tell me what to do, please, and I'll do it.
 ROS. Do? Why, slice the jolly old swedes, of course. Here's a knife. [As he hacks at one delicately.] No, no, not like that! Take the thing in both hands, man—it won't bite you. That's better. Celia, old thing, where's the bucket?
 CEL. Down by the pigs. It doesn't matter. This'll do just as well.
 [Throws portions of swede into ORLANDO'S hat, which he has deposited on the ground.]
 ROS. Good egg! [To ORLANDO.] I say, you don't mind, do you?
 ORL. Not at all, thank you—Audrey. [Slices diligently. ROSALIND beckons CELIA aside.]
 ROS. No luck! I thought that would finish him—and just look at him!
 CEL. He can't keep it up. I give him another—half minute. [Looks at her watch.] Time!
 ORL. What for?
 CEL. [approaching him]. Aren't you getting rather tired of this, Captain l'Estrange?

Continued on page 306

"England Expects—"

SACKED—sacked for being a fool, a weakling, and a coward! That was what the farmer had called her, and that was what she believed herself to be.

She hid her head under the bedclothes in utter misery. "Yes, that's what you are, Irene Temple," she told herself; "you're a fool—think of all the silly things you've done. You're a weakling—can't even lift a scuttle of turnips, and you're a coward—you whose father won the V.C., and died facing fearful odds—can't even meet a cow unafraid, and daren't go out alone after dark." It was this last terrible, and not altogether just, accusation against herself that hurt her most.

Irene was nervous, certainly, but she was not a coward. Mr. Pearson, her employer, did not realise this, but thought her a "funk" and "useless."

To-day the inevitable crisis had come. She had confessed herself both unable and afraid to feed the stock alone. It was early in March and the lambing season was in full swing. The farmer, who was short of labour, was attending to the sheep himself, and could not spare time to act as beastman as well; and, in his annoyance, he had said things which were not true and which he did not mean. In the end he had told her that she was no use to him, and the sooner she left the farm the better he would be pleased.

She had no cause to regret the parting. The work was far beyond her strength, and the cold and agony she could hardly endure. But what troubled her was the slur she had brought on the Land Army, for she knew well enough that Mr. Pearson judged the whole army by her exceedingly low standard, and that he would not fail to spread the information that "them Land girls is no good."

Irene had gone to bed early to avoid a painful intercourse with the farmer, and to try to get warm, for it was bitterly cold.

Outside the wind was rising and it was beginning to snow.

Presently she heard the farmer come in and speak to his wife. Her door was open and she could plainly hear what was said. "One of the lambs has got out of the cart shed somehow," he was saying, "and it's snowing that hard you can't see nothing for it."

Irene heard no more, the words had given her an idea. Here was a chance to do something for the honour of the glorious army she had disgraced. She would go out and find that lamb; she would show everyone the stuff that Land girls were made of!

To many people it would have been merely an incident in the day's work, but to Irene it was a terrible ordeal, and only her resolution to make good and her intense sympathy for the helpless little creature she was going to rescue made her face it. Huddling on her clothes, she ran down stairs, tip-toed past the kitchen door, and out into the yard.

A perfect barrage of snow and wind met her, but she battled bravely forward towards the cart shed. She was too busy contending with the elements for loneliness to find a place, and soon managed to feel her way among the familiar buildings to her goal. It was as the farmer had said; blinding snow all around her, and a black moonless sky above, made it impossible for Irene to see anything, and though she groped all over in the region of the cart shed the lamb was nowhere to be found: "Perhaps," she thought, "it has got through the gate into the field; I'll get over and see." With considerable difficulty she climbed the gate and commenced her search again, calling softly and making little bleating noises in the hopes that the lamb would answer her, but only the howling of the wind made reply, and she wandered on, hunting and calling in vain.

She had stopped calling now; somehow the sound of her own voice, small as it was amidst the tempest, startled her, and she wandered on rather aimlessly, the only thought in her heart being: "I must not be a coward; I must not go back!"

She tried to picture her father making his last gallant stand against the foe, and choking down a sob she whispered: "Oh, Daddy, Daddy! I am so unworthy of you!" Then, biting her lips, she pressed on.

At last she came to a gate and paused. "This must lead into the seven acre," she said aloud. "The lamb would never come so far, I must go back."

She was turning to go when a feeble bleat reached her ears, and stooping down with a cry of joy her hands touched a small, cold something that was huddled at her feet. Very tenderly she lifted the little wanderer and placed it beneath her mackintosh. Then she turned and struck out towards the centre of the field.

If only the blizzard could have ceased, and the black clouds lifted for a few moments, Irene would have seen that she had wandered round in a ring, and had come back to the gate by which she had entered the field; but, as it was, little dreaming of what she was doing, she turned and walked away from the friendly shelter of the farm out into the snow and the night.

For a time she plodded on, confident that she would soon find the gate into the yard.

Now that she had accomplished her errand, and the lamb was safely tucked beneath her coat, the cold seemed to make itself felt with double intensity, and she was growing tired too, for the

deep snow made walking difficult; but she floundered on expecting every second to come to the gate.

Ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, half an hour, passed and still she stumbled on, pausing every now and then to peer around her.

The storm was abating now, but it was still very dark, and she could not make out anything. Horrible doubts began to come into her mind: was she on the right track after all? If so, why had she not come to the gate long ago?

At last came the awful realisation that she was lost, and suddenly the night seemed very dark and thought of self refused to be banished any longer. For a long time Irene stood helplessly still while the terrors of the situation dawned on her. Then she began to call for help, but there was no one to hear her, and she was too numb with cold to make the exertion for long. She went on walking again first in this direction, then in that, in the hopes she would find some familiar land mark to guide her.

The lamb seemed a fearful weight now, but she could not put it down after all she had suffered to save it; besides, that would have been a coward's act.

Some famous words of Lord Nelson's flashed through her mind. Her father had quoted them when she had asked him if she might join the Land Army.

"May you, child," he had said, "may you? You not only may but must, for 'England expects that every man will do his duty.' It was her duty to carry that lamb while she had life and when that failed they would die together."

For hours she staggered on.

The storm had ceased now, and the faint phosphorescent light off the snow made it just possible for her to make out that she was near the hedge and a ray of hope crept into her heart, for she knew it she had only strength to follow it she must, sooner or later, come to the gate.

She had lost all feeling in her feet and hand, and the desire for sleep became almost torture.

Then came the gate.

The deep snow prevented it opening, but she managed to drag herself painfully on to the top rail, but the climb was more than she could stand in her exhausted condition, and falling to the ground she lay still, too spent to rise.

Then drowsiness overpowered her and she slept.

The following morning Mr. Pearson was late to his work. With the devotion shown by all shepherds and stockmen at such times he had been out constantly to his sheep during the night and had overslept himself in consequence.

The morning was very calm and still a sharp frost had set in.

The sun was rising behind the hills turning all the world to a dazzling whiteness, as for the twentieth time the farmer left the ninety and nine to search for the one that was astray.

There was something awful in the thought of any living thing being exposed to the mercy of such a storm, and it troubled the big man, whose heart was far softer than he led people to suppose. As he did so he tripped over something, and, turning, kicked the snow off the object to see what it was. Next instant, with a grunt of surprise and dismay, he had flung himself on his knees beside Irene.

"Temple," he gasped, "are you dead?" There was no reply, and with a vague idea that he ought to feel her heart he tore open her mackintosh, to find hidden beneath it a small bundle of wet wool that still breathed.

Gently he loosed the stiff cold fingers that still clasped it, and wrapped the lost lamb in his own coat.

Then he rose and reverently took off his hat, for another good shepherd had laid down her life for the sheep; the fool, the weakling, the coward had made good at last.

PHYLLIS PEASE.

For All the Roses on the Tree . . .

By Agnes Grozier Herbertson.

FOR all the roses on the tree,
There's not a petal now to see;
For all the sweet scents on the air,
There's not a fragrance anywhere;

For all the sun that lit the skies
There's not a ray to cheer the eyes;
The bare trees whisper of the snow,
And north winds through the garden blow.

Then will I banish from my mind
Remembrances of things more kind:
The Summer's tranquil sunlit hour,
The rose-trees bright with many a flower,

The fragrant wind's reluctant noise;
And, stripping from my heart soft joys,
Give to the day its sterner vow:
The courage of the naked bough.

—From the *Daily Chronicle*.

Harrods FARM OUTFITS

Smart, yet business-like in appearance, these garments are highly practical, being designed intelligently and made soundly to withstand hard wear and the vagaries of our climate. There are no finer values in London.



COAT AND BREECHES

(F.O. 382) In strong Khaki Drill. Three sizes. Usual price 21/9 **15/9**
Special Price ...

COAT AND SKIRT

(E.O. 339) on right. In Mole Corduroy, with 2 large flap pockets in Coat. Stocked in two sizes:
Skirt, 26 in. waist; Coat, 36 in. bust.
Skirt, 29 in. waist; Coat, 38 in. bust.
Either Size **57/6**
Price

HARRODS LTD

BIB TROUSERS

(F.O. 368) Made in Khaki, Navy, or Tan Drill. For work in the garage or on the farm... Price **5/11**



KHAKI JEAN SMOCK

(F.O. 427) Excellent Cloth, in three sizes, small, medium and large. **7/11**
36 in., 38 in. long ...

COMBINED OUTFIT

(F.O. 417) on left. In strong showerproof Drill, consisting of Coat, Skirt and Breeches 26 in. and 29 in. waist ... **29/6**
Also in Mole **57/6**
Corduroy ...

LONDON SW1

IMPORTANT

TO ALL WOMEN LANDWORKERS

Now that Demobilisation is imminent, we feel it a fitting tribute to your splendid work to safeguard your interests in every possible way. Our aim, therefore, is to form a National Association of Landswomen—an efficient and conscientious body of workers. “Unity is strength,” and we want a membership of at least 8,000.

Membership Subscription, 1d. per week, payable quarterly in advance.

Our aims and objects are :

- A. Advancement of agricultural efficiency among women.
- S. Social and recreative benefits.
- S. Settlement on the land at Home.
- O. Or Overseas.
- C. Clothing, uniform, and boots, purchased in bulk, and sold at rates within the reach of all.
- I. Individual and collective effort to uphold goodwill between employer and employee, and the prevention of hardship and unfair treatment.
- A. Advice as to conditions and possibilities of employment in agriculture and horticulture.
- T. Training facilities in all branches of agriculture and horticulture.
- I. Institutions or hostels for those who have no homes to go to in times of sickness, temporary disablement, or unemployment, for which purpose special subscriptions will be raised.
- O. Opportunity for raising the status of the worker.
- N. National comradeship of women landworkers both at Home and Overseas.

This is *your* concern.

Every member has a voice in her own interests.

The Association is self-governing and self-supporting.

We are out to do our best in your interests. Join for your own benefit and that of your fellow-workers. You will have the County Branch to assist you locally, and the Central Council at Headquarters backing you all the time.

Give in your name without delay to your County Secretary.



DEAR GIRLS,—I wished you A Merry Christmas on the first page of this wonderful Christmas Number of your wonderful Magazine, but I say it again, and I should like to shout it to you, for my heart is just bursting with the wish—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYBODY.

I wonder if you all realise that this is the twenty-fourth number of THE LANDSWOMAN—that we are two years old. People talk sometimes about being “skittish as a two-year-old”—are we skittish? Anyway, we just bubble over with happiness when we talk to each other once a month in our Magazine, don't we? I expect it is because we are all so pleased to hear from everybody once again after four long weeks of silence. I am luckier than some of you, because I have your letters to cheer me up day by day, and however deep in the blues I am feeling there is always at least one letter in THE LANDSWOMAN post which lifts me out into the open again, where the sun is shining. Suppose you were an editor—wouldn't you feel cheered if you got letters like these? :—

“I was busy sewing when the postman knocked last evening, and when I inquired if there was anything for me, was told there was a paper looking like THE LANDSWOMAN. I immediately made a rush for it, and commenced devouring the news, starting from the first page and reading straight through, thus putting aside the chemise I am making. My one fault to find with it is either the month doesn't go fast enough, or rather it ought to come oftener. I guess many who find it a true friend besides instructor think the same.”

“I would like to tell you how much I appreciate THE LANDSWOMAN, and so also does my friend, Bertha Brookes. It seems to get better every month. I lent a copy the other day to an elderly friend who is going in for herb growing, and she is delighted with it. ‘Packed with interest,’ is what she says about it—and that is just what we find.”



A Fireside Chat.

[Daily Graphic, Alfieri]

“Please don't demobilise THE LANDSWOMAN, will you?—as we couldn't possibly do without it.”

“I hear that the Land Army is going to be demobilised; I do so hope that our treasured magazine will not depart from us, even though we may be only a few thousand strong in the future.”

“But what girl (unless she has some urgent reason) could give up land work at present? It seems awful to think of a time when one would have no cows to go after in the beautiful misty mornings, a time when one could not feel the clean frosty wind blowing across one's face when working in the fields. There are so many nice parts of farm work which recompense for all the hard jobs one gets that it is quite worth while to carry on. Last week, lime-washing the cowstall, I almost decided to give up ‘this beastly farm work’; this week, harrowing with the dearest and best cart-horse that was ever born, I think I'll stick it till I'm a hundred. What marvellous colours there are in the autumn blackberry foliage! and I believe the colourings of an autumn sunset are lovelier than at any other time of year. But everything seems lovely in the country, from the old hen who knocks about the yard to the furthest purple-topped sward in the far corner of the field.”

“I will do my best to get some more subscribers, as I want THE LANDSWOMAN to go on for ever.”

“I'm just writing to tell you how very, very sorry I am that the W.L.A. is to be demobbed in November. I'm sure all the girls have been most proud to feel they belonged to the Land Army, and if they feel like me about it there must be a great deal of regret in the hearts of the Lassies. However, I suppose all good things have an end, so we must grin and bear it, and be content with carrying on by ourselves. But won't it seem strange at first, specially to have no County Offices or anything. And the County Officers will be missed fearfully, for they have been most kind and considerate.”

“What a nice encouraging letter to us all Miss Tallot's was. I intend to put it, with my armlet and badges, etc., in a frame when I am finished, and keep them like the Victorian ladies kept their samplers.”

“I liked the thought you gave us when you said God brought us the gifts instead of sending them. When one thinks of it like that it seems to bring Him so near to one's life. I was thinking the other morning what a grand thing sight was when I saw the sun rising behind a bank of clouds, a ball of red; and all the clouds were tipped with red too—it was a magnificent sight. I think somehow one can realise God more in the country among the animals and out in the fields.”

“If only you knew how I long to return every time I hear the threshing machine working. I feel I want to be there; I simply love threshing and all the work. People can't—even father can't—understand what I see in farm life. I only know that I love it, and it is second nature to me.”

“We found a sheltered place in which to eat our lunch, and then sat and watched the ever-changing landscapes as here and there the sun would break through the clouds, brightening up a patch of tawny bracken, or a pile of rocks looking in the distance like some strange building. Here and there one could see some of the wild Dartmoor ponies grazing, some of them with rough coats, matching the bracken in colour, so that they were hardly noticeable. Then across the hills, up and down, past the Yarners woods in gorgeous autumn colouring, where I saw a little squirrel leap up to a branch of a tree and scamper off, down, down, down through the brown bracken and faded heather to a road we could see in the distance.”

“Every month the Magazine seems to be more interesting than the last, although every number seems perfection. I do love reading the little bits you quote out of the girls' letters when I am alone so much, and never see another Land girl month in, month out. I don't think even you can realise how refreshing it is to know that there are others sharing the same thoughts and enjoying and being thankful to God for the beautiful, happy, honest life which He has given us as our lot.”

You remember the charming little picture of the kittens in the November LANDSWOMAN making the best of their reduced ration. Here is a letter which gives the other side of the story:

"... We have six cats at the farm, and while the first cow is being milked they all sit in a little group just behind her hind legs, gradually drawing nearer and nearer as they begin to think it's time you finished. When you empty your milk into the empty pails they set their front feet on the edge and balance. Sometimes the smallest falls in in its greed. What is left goes to Ilford, but they have the first helping. ..."

I always love to hear all about your adventures, exciting or otherwise, which so often crop up in the course of your work. Here is one which will amuse you all, I think:

"My friend and I had quite an exciting time a few days ago. One of our young heifers had strayed away with someone else's beast and gone nine or ten miles away from home, so the boss sent us to fetch it back. We had to borrow a pig float and bring it home in that.

"The float, we discovered, was much the worse for wear, the shafts being very weak and patched.

"We had a lovely joy ride there; people looked very amused at us, careering along in a float.

"We arrived at the farm, and inquired at the house where we should find our lost one. After a lot of knocking at the door, and voices within—'You go; no, I'm not, you must'—a head finally appeared, but the owner didn't know anything about it. As I was coming from the door I heard a voice say: 'It's all right—she's gone.' Our boss told us that these people object to girls in breeches.

"After looking round the fields we found the wanderer and drove her into the crevyard, and managed to get a halter on her; my friend got the float against the door and we started to load up. The pony refused to stand, so my friend had to hold her, whilst I coaxed Topsy in vain to get into the float. One of the old farm hands came along, and said, 'You're not going to take her in that—she'll never go in.' So we informed him we had had a bigger one in before. 'Ah, well,' he said, 'they say them Land gals can do things, and you're going to try to do what many a man wouldn't take on.' However, he never offered to help, but a lad came along, and we soon had Topsy securely in and tied up. The ride back was a dream. We scarcely dare let the pony trot for fear the float would tumble to pieces; and Topsy objected to the ride, and tried to get out, but we arrived home safe after a really enjoyable afternoon."

I know how pleased you will all be to hear that some of the D.S.B.'s who have earned their decorations by their unselfish devotion to their animals are to be given also the medal or the certificate of Merit of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Altogether 10 are to be rewarded in this way. I am sure you will agree that some of the girls who have nursed sick animals at great personal risk deserve all the praise we can give them. Here is a letter from an amateur "vet.," as she calls herself:

"I still love cows, and here I am the amateur farm vet. It is very funny to think of all the patients I have had. First of all, a heifer cut her foot very badly with glass, and it all festered, etc. This was just before I came, and when I saw it I immediately volunteered my services as 'nurse.' She might have contracted blood



At a Welsh Camp.

poisoning, but with the aid of linseed, potato, bread and oil poulticing, and by rubbing in vaseline and keeping it well bound up we saved her, and she is now quite well and giving lots of milk.

"Then I have a mare with fistulous withers, and have to bathe her every morning. She is a dear, and always whinnies to me out in the field, and I feel quite elated and whinney back!

"My latest patients are six calves with ringworm. Much as I love 'my family' they are not very beautiful, but I am feeding them on all the best cake, mangolds and hay that can be got, yet they will stay so thin. We are afraid to drench them for push, as the ringworms are so catching. Anyhow, I shall persevere with good feeding, and they will come fat in time.

"At present I have a heifer with a bad wound, where she jumped over some stakes, and caught one up between her leg and her hock, and made a terrible hash of it. She is very refractory and ungrateful at present, but I am trying to teach her her manners. As an example, when I went to get her in with her calf she came for me full pelt and knocked me over, and she can 'pick a fly's eye out,' as the dairyman says, meaning she picks abominably.

"Just one more patient—a cow with very warty teats. I use a caustic pencil on them and then rub them with petroleum jelly; but it needs a lot of care and patience. However, if the desired end is attained, the means do not matter so much.

"Miss Brooke came out the other day, and said you would love my patients; I would love you to see them too.

"THE LANDSWOMAN is more scrumptious than ever, and I thank you ever so much for the nice things you said about that poor thing that was so sarcastic about land work. I expect she is some aged frump that wears blue spectacles and crinolines and high-necked blouses, etc., and thinks only of being correct and prim. Of course, we are awfully sorry for her; doubtless it is a hopeless case!

"I hope to go to Australia either in December or January, but if THE LANDSWOMAN continues I shall always want a copy. It is the jolliest little mag. ever invented, and I look forward to mine more each month."

I know I have said it before, but I can't help telling you again how grateful I am to you all, everyone of you, for the really wonderful way in which you have helped me to keep THE LANDSWOMAN going all this time. Without your inspiration and sympathy the task would have been an impossible one; as it is, it has been nothing but a joyful service, and I thank you with all my heart for giving me the chance to know you all so well, for we are all very good letter friends, and for responding so spontaneously to any efforts which I have made to make THE LANDSWOMAN acceptable to you.

Now, will you all help us to carry on? It will not be easy now that the Land Army is demobilised. There will be none of those faithful County Officers to remind us that our subscription is due, which they have done so regularly—not once only, but two or three times. If THE LANDSWOMAN really means anything at all to us, we must remember that it is our pleasure as well as our duty to work for it. To get new subscribers—thousands of them. Do you know that if we had fifty thousand subscribers to the Magazine we should be able to reduce the price to 2d., or even 1d.? Apart from all its thousands of other readers, if each of you girls who are remaining on the land after demobilisation were to get ten new readers you could raise the circulation by fifty thousand at once! Will you try? I think if you really love THE LANDSWOMAN as you say you do you will. Send the names and addresses, together with 2s., the six months' subscription post free, to the Editorial Office as soon as you can, so that we may know how many extra ones we shall have to print for the January issue.

THE ASSOCIATION.—Every Land girl I have met lately is just madly keen about the Association

of Landswomen, and ever so many landworkers who have not been able to join the Land Army itself are delighted that at last, through the Association, they will be bound together in one big family with all of us who are interested in land work. I did hear that one county alone intends to get 1,000 members. I should like each of you to ask yourselves: "Is that my county?—and if not, why not? Is it my fault—have I done my best? Have I asked everybody I know to join, and not only asked them, but put before them so well the advantages of joining the Association that they not only say yes, but are *keen* to say yes—so keen that they will bring new life and new ideas with them that shall help the Association to become really great?" Will you talk about it to all your friends? Every time you say, "A Merry Christmas," will you add: "Have you heard about our wonderful Association?" And if you will tell them about it in that merry Christmas spirit, the real spirit of all joyous outdoor workers, they will, I know, just hurry to become members.

Because, you know, it is going to be a wonderful thing, and we *should* like all our friends to share it, shouldn't we? And think what a lot of new friends we shall make—friends, because we shall all be working for the same ideal, all travelling towards the same goal—a happy and contented countryside, overflowing with that joy which comes from helping to make things grow, and with that perfect satisfaction which comes from honest hard work well done.

SEWING CLUB.—I went into a big London store the other day and, wandering through the departments, I came across a crowd of people all gazing in admiration at a central display of some sort. There was such a crush that I could not see at first what it was that was attracting so much attention, until my eye caught a large notice suspended over the table which said: "Made by the Landworkers of Britain." And then I knew that it was *your* baskets that were the cause of all the excitement. I wish you had been there to hear what they said; but I can at least assure you that the remarks were all complimentary.

We have now got several new shapes specially designed to hold boxes of chocolates, and we have been asked to design and make complete window displays for some of the leading confectioners. One particularly effective scheme with black baskets decorated with large bunches of mixed fruits is promised for next week, and will, I hope, be a great success. People refuse to believe that the beautiful little fruits are made by girls who spend all their time working with their hands on rough land work. I love telling them that, in spite of our breeches and the hard work, we still retain all our ability for definitely feminine arts. Good needlewomen are still wanted for making the fruits, particularly those who could make a certain number regularly every week for the next four weeks.

One of the LANDSWOMAN baskets is to be presented to Princess Mary on November 27th. You will hear all about it in the January number.

If any of you are busy making civilian clothes don't forget to appeal to me if you want help.

SHOPPING CLUB.—I told you some time ago that I had found some khaki shirt material at 1s. 10d. per yard, 30 inches wide. I was buying

some only this week for one of you, and I was really very pleased with it. For warm working shirts it is hard to beat at the price.

I hope you will be interested in that very helpful little article in this issue—"Various Breeds of Pigs." It is taken from that handy little book, *A Cottager's Pig*, of which you will find a notice on another page. I was talking to a L.A.A.S. who looks after hundreds of pigs, and I told her about this book. She was one of those who thinks she knows all there is to know about those animals, but when I tackled her on the breeds she found she knew very little indeed, and I hope she will be better informed when she has read this article. The book costs 2s. 6d., and if you cannot obtain it locally just let me know, and I will send you a copy.

When I was at the Dairy Show I was very interested in a new drinking trough for cattle which was displayed there. By using this form of trough every animal has perfectly clean water to drink, and knowing so well how keen you girls are on perfect cleanliness among your animals I feel sure you will be interested in the Autocleer Patent Watering Trough.

COMPETITIONS.—A farmer who has always taken a great interest in our magazine wishes to offer two prizes for the best ploughing photographs, both horse and tractor. The competition will be open till next March, so you will have plenty of time, and I hope we shall have some excellent photos sent in.

Prizes will be offered this month for the best Limerick which has the National Association of Landswomen for its subject.

We are going to press a few days before our great Land Army Farewell Party, when Her Royal Highness Princess Mary has graciously consented to present the D.S.B.'s to those girls to whom they have been awarded. How I wish you could all come; but I think you will agree that a party with more than 7,000 guests would need a hall larger than we can find, even in London. So we have been obliged to limit our invitations to two L.A.A.S. from each county, who will be chosen for their long service. The programme of the whole proceedings will be found right in the middle of this Christmas Number, but a full account of all that *did* happen will appear in the January issue.

The Master and Wardens of the Drapers' Company have very kindly invited us all to supper after the meeting, and we are all so pleased because our Princess has graciously promised to stay to supper with us, and perhaps to be present at the concert after supper. This is the first time that such a thing has happened, and we feel very proud that the Land Army is to be honoured in this way. And to those of you who will not be there I would say, don't think you are forgotten; we shall all be thinking about you, and wishing you were with us to share the glorious time which I am sure we shall have.

Once again—A Merry Christmas to Everybody.
Your sincere friend, THE EDITOR.

NOTICE.

Six-month subscriptions for 1920 should be sent at once to The Editor, Stone Field, [Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E.3.

First Prize Verses.

"Cats"

By A Victim.

I HAD a beauteous garden,
An Eden, small and fair,
Wherein did grow sweet plants and herbs
And flowers rich and rare.
And I loved that small, wee urban plot
Till so-called fate destroyed the lot.

For in the merrie springtime
I tended it with care,
And it grew apace and prospered—
A gladsome, wee affair.
But a cat of colours strange and various
Ate a whole row of calceolarias.

But I would not be disheartened,
So I bought a lot more seed,
And watered it with diligence,
Which it seemed to me to need.
Then my neighbour's big black Siamese
Abolished all my best sweet peas.

Still I worked away in patience
And not without all hope,
For I never find it any use
About spilt milk to mope,
Until two horrible blue Persians
Buried my choice Tom Thumb nasturtiums.

With hope all gone I still worked on,
But a dull and deep despair
Blighted my soul; the next blow fell,
I scarcely seem to care—
A once white Manx of moderate bigness
Killed my nemophila insignis.

I ceased to care for plants and flowers.
But all was not yet o'er:
The last and most unkindest cut
Of all was still in store—
A tabby Tom, with one white sock
Slept in my sweet night-scented stock,
And I found that a clump of dead montbretias
Was all that escaped the confounded creatures.

{The Challenge

WHAT brought me to these labours,
To these hard but happy hours?
Not the sounds and feel of spring-time,
Not the scents of growing flowers.

It was not the summer's radiance
As it sang its glad refrain,
Neither was it tinted autumn
With its stores of golden grain.

But the winter sung its war-song
In the blinding snow and sleet,
And the tempest hurled the gauntlet
At my half-reluctant feet.

'Twas a war-cry, not a summons,
'Twas a challenge, not a call,
And I rose and answered fiercely,
"I will conquer, or I fall!"

"All's Well That Ends Well."—Continued from page 284.

custom of taking book and writing-block out of doors in search of a retreat, and this Sunday had climbed a ladder left against the hay-barn and nestled down near the edge of the stack, at peace with all the world, too contented to do anything but drink in the beauty of her beloved country in its coat of many colours, dreaming in the sunshine and mist of a perfect October day. She gazed on and on till her eyes filled with tears at its very loveliness and the intensity of her affection for it. How quiet it was! The worthy couple indoors would, she knew, be almost or quite asleep by this time, one each side the fire. The children had just set off down the road for Sunday school, and she was the only living soul about till a cyclist came into sight. Sylvia watched him idly, and not till he slowed down uncertainly and finally dismounted did she recognise her new friend. She hurried down the ladder, vaulted the stackyard fence, and ran, arriving breathless just in time to prevent him ringing the front-door bell.

"Don't ring if it's only me you wanted!" she exclaimed, in the ungrammatical, natural eager fashion that characterised her. "They're asleep, and it's nothing short of sacrilege to wake the poor dears on a Sunday afternoon."

"It was you, certainly," said Philip. He was looking better, and his blue eyes laughed back into her grey ones, and she decided that she had not been mistaken in the darkness, but that she liked him even better now she saw him by daylight.

And as Sylvia shook back her hair, which was "bobbed," and dark and curly, from her little sunburnt face, rosy with running, Philip was not slow in coming to a similar conclusion.

She took him over the farm, comparing notes, telling him the names of her calves, hearing about his family and his experiences, discovering that they possessed a common ambition—namely, a small holding—and the afternoon went by with extraordinary pleasantness. As neither had heard the other's surname they called each other Sylvia and Philip.

"Aren't we naughty!" said the former. . . .

Sylvia is very busy in these days; her thimble is seldom off her finger in her spare time, unless she is crocheting. Books and music come in for scant attention, while her writing-pads last longer than of old. She thinks no shame even of stowing her embroidery or whatever work she is doing into her smock pocket on a Sunday afternoon, so as not to shock the good folk indoors, and taking it out again when safely installed beside Philip in the saddle-room.

For Philip comes every Sunday now, and, if he has anything very important to say, on week-day evenings as well, and the saddle-room is Sylvia's castle, where she entertains him right royally.

The idea came to her one wet day when she was whitewashing it, and with customary energy she set to work in spare moments to transform it, till the result more than satisfied even her fastidious taste.

A little pot of green paint expended on the window, cleaned inside and out, and the mantelpiece, a yard of green casement cloth made a curtain to match; floor swilled till the long-lost red of the bricks reappeared; covers of Sylvia's past writing pads—cats, dogs, and horses—nailed up on the walls; the old fireplace cleaned up and permission obtained to light a fire whenever she liked so long as she only used wood; a milking-stool each side the fire, and the firelight twinkling on the harness brasses—what more could anyone desire?

How Sylvia and Philip will remember those times! In a little cupboard he helped her make, Sylvia keeps biscuits, apples, chestnuts, or anything else she can get hold of, with two cups and a tin of cocoa, and they boil a little leaking kettle on the fire, and enjoy themselves like the two children they are. Philip never takes his eyes off the little figure opposite him, sewing so diligently, and Sylvia knows without looking up that he moves surreptitiously nearer sometimes. She sews demurely to tease him, but when she thinks it is time she smiles mischievously, gets up and draws the green curtain, and they sit side by side in the firelight and build castles in the air.

R. A.

"England"

By "Judy."

O! beautiful isle! Set like a gem
By God amidst the azure seas.
Can ought on earth compare with all thy charms?
Can other lands their rivals show to these?

Thy rugged cliffs and wooded hills;
Thy sparkling lakes and shady dells;
Those heath-clad moors that seem to stretch to Heav'n;
The sun-lit sea, the downlands and the fells.

Did some Enchanter, wise and kind,
Weave over thee his magic spell?
But no! We know that thou wast made by God,
For His good pleasure and He loves thee well.



3 Prince. Joey. A "Landswoman" Reader
Two Wilts L.A.A.S. in the Tropics.
One of Our Readers My Calves.
and Her Pal My Favourite Horse.
Another L.A. Wedding
A West Kent Threshing Gang.

Various Breeds of Pigs—Continued from page 290.

The legs should be short, set well apart, and the hams deep, thick, and run well up the back.

The neck ought to be short and broad, and the jaw full, but not heavy.

The back should be absolutely level, moderately long, broad across the loins, and, at its junction with the croup or hams, thick.

The well-sprung ribs, the deep sides, the broad face (well dished between the eyes), the medium-sized ears, together with the supple skin and fine hair, constitute the essential features of a well-bred Berkshire pig.

Both the bacon and the pork are of fine quality in the grain, consequently there is always a ready market for the Berkshire either as a carcass or in its live state. They are good thrivers, grow well, but not rapidly, and attain a size very popular in the market.

Moreover the Berkshire is in great demand for cross-breeding purposes, and mates very well indeed with the Middle White Yorks, the Tamworth, the Large White, and the Lincolnshire Curly. Any tendency towards softness of constitution in the Berkshire can be adjusted by the last-named cross, or with the Tamworth. For a gentleman's establishment (where it is desirable to keep a few pigs for family use), the writer has every confidence in recommending this breed, more especially where, as previously stated, there is facility for grazing, as the pigs will then be able to obtain quite half their living. Apart from this we feel bound to say that the Berkshire is truly entitled to be called *the rich man's pig and the poor man's pig*, and seldom will it disappoint either, provided that it is kept under proper conditions.

The Berkshire will cross well with several breeds. Personally the writer prefers to cross a Middle White boar with a Berkshire sow, and the result is a one-cross bred pig of the finest quality; quick to mature, yielding either bacon or pork, having a good proportion of lean meat, with fineness of bone and offal. Pigs of this class will weigh when eight or nine months old, from 200 to 260 pounds, resulting in the production of a carcass of the finest pork obtainable. One of the reasons why Berkshires do so very well is because they are usually very good-tempered, have good appetites, and rest and sleep well, all of which are important factors in pig breeding.

GLoucester Old Spots and the Suffolk Pigs.

The Gloucester Old Spots is a breed of pigs said to be indigenous to the county, and one that has during these last few

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being a practical treatise
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years undergone a degree of revival, various herds of them being scattered in different parts of the country.

They are quite a useful variety, and held in high esteem by those who are supporters of the breed.

There is now a stud-book for the registration of pedigrees, so that a more systematic system of breeding can be maintained.

It is a white-skinned variety, with black patches, markings, or spots upon it.

Regularity of spotting is considered one of the chief essential points, so far as markings are concerned.

Like the rest of the breeds, the Gloucester Old Spots are a manufactured article, possibly with crossing the Yorks and the Large Black, and subsequently using the pigs of this alliance (portraying the greatest degree of regularity of markings), until a fixed type was obtained, and claimed by the county pig-breeders under its present title.

The title "*Gloucester Old Spots*" confers on the breed the necessary degree of antiquity so far as piggy lore is concerned.

These pigs are hardy, good growers, docile, and the sows make excellent mothers. Both the bacon and pork are said to be of first-class quality and in good demand in the markets, either in the live state or in the carcass.

The Suffolk pig is popular in the county from whence it hails, but it possesses nothing remarkable or distinctive beyond its black colour, though some Suffolks are white. It is a good breed, and makes a porker of very marketable size, so that butchers are fond of these pigs. When fat a Suffolk pig will weigh about 165 lb.

They are hardy, quick growers, whilst the bacon and pork are of first-class quality.

THE TAMWORTH.

It is quite an easy matter to recognise this breed of pig either as the pure-bred animal, or one that contains some Tamworth blood in it.

The sandy or golden red hair on the flesh-coloured skin is very characteristic. The snout is long and straight, and the ears large and erect. There should be no black hairs or black spots on the skin, nor yet drooping ears—all faults so far as purity of breed is concerned.

The Tamworth is a hardy breed of pig; a good forager, and thrives very well under the so-called store conditions—never an economical process. It has been largely employed for cross-breeding, especially to strengthen the Berkshires, and can often be advantageously used with other breeds—e.g., the Yorkshire and the Suffolk.

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Rosalind of the Farmyard—Continued from page 295.

ORL. Pretty well. I shan't do more than another hour or two, I expect. [CELIA retires baffled.]

ROS. [aside to CELIA]. I thought the first sight of me would have done it, but he doesn't seem to mind a bit.

CEL. If I were you, I'd give him his chance and get it over. You've only got to refuse him.

ROS. Yes, I know; I'm not afraid of him.

CEL. What on earth are you afraid of, then?

ROS. Myself. [As CELIA stares at her.] I—I might accept him instead.

CEL. [reproachfully]. Rosy!

ROS. [aloud]. What ho, Angelina! [Coming forward and surveying ORLANDO critically]. I suppose you flatter yourself that you're doing a good day's work?

ORL. Not at all. I flatter myself that I'm saving two idle young women from dirtying their fingers.

ROS. Oh, pray don't let us detain you. As a matter of fact you're not doing the job particularly well, you know.

ORL. I assure you I should be delighted to get up and go away at once—but, unfortunately—I've no hat.

CEL. ROS. [together]. Oh, if that's all—[They make a simultaneous grab for the hat and produce a ludicrously battered and dirty object.] Here it is!

ORL. Thank you, but I can't very well wear it into town.

CEL. It's no worse than the rest of you. You and Rosalind are a perfect match.

ORL. [bowing]. That's my only consolation.

ROS. [hastily]. Well, I'm sure old Mr. Boys would lend you a hat if you were to go and ask him.

ORL. Excuse me—but Miss Celia has spoilt my hat for me, and I think the least she can do under the circumstances is to go and get me another.

CEL. Oh, I'll go with pleasure—

ROS. Celia! You're not going—do you hear? I shall go myself.

ORL. Do you know, I think Miss Celia will go.

CEL. [hesitating]. Of course, I don't mind going, but—

ROS. Very well; we'll both go together.

[Links her arm in CELIA'S, but finds ORLANDO unexpectedly confronting her.]

ORL. Look here, Miss Rosalind, I always suspected that you might have your faults—but I never thought meanness was one of them.

ROS. Meanness!

ORL. Meanness isn't the word for it! First you put me into an impossible position in order to get me off the scene, and when you find I stick it, you coolly propose to walk away, and leave time in the lurch. But I'm not going to be left in the lurch his time.

ROS. Not going! Celia, just listen to the man!

ORL. [quieter and quieter]. Miss Celia can leave us, I think you're going to do the listening this time.

ROS. Celia, don't you dare—

CEL. Yes, yes—I'd better go. I—I haven't done a stroke of work for the last half hour.

ROS. Coward!

ORL. That's better! Shall we sit down! [After a moment's hesitation ROSALIND follows him to the tree trunk. They sit.] Now then, Miss Rosalind, perhaps you'll explain why you're treating me like some sort of a—hem—tame wild beast?

ROS. You look rather like one, don't you?

ORL. And what do you think you look like?

ROS. I don't care—not one little bit!

ORL. Well, then, I do. Rosalind, I've cared—rather more than a little bit—ever since the first day I saw you. Won't you give me a chance to show it?

ROS. If you mean to show it by following me about everywhere against my will—

ORL. Marry me, Rosalind, and I'll promise never to follow you about again. [As she starts up.] Oh, I say—I didn't mean that. I only meant—I should be always on the spot, you know—

ROS. That's exactly it! And how do you imagine I'm going to get through my work with you always on the spot? It simply can't be done!

ORL. Oh, hang the work!

ROS. I've promised old Mr. Boys to stick to it, and I mean to keep my promise.

ORL. Oh, if that's all that stands in the way—

ROS. Well, then, it isn't. I've never cared for anybody like that—

ORL. Good!

ROS. And, what's more, I'm absolutely certain I never shall.

ORL. But—

ROS. Oh, do, for goodness' sake, let me go and get on with my job.

[CELIA rushes in from L.] CEL. Rosy, Rosy, come quick! The pedigree bull's got out—Chinaman. He's somewhere close round here—

ROS. Good gracious! Someone must have left that gate open. Where did you see him? Which way did he go?

[Picks up pitchfork.] CEL. [pointing off R.]. That way I think. Oh, hurry up, do! [Exit ROSALIND R. As ORLANDO is preparing to follow her.] No, no, try the other side. You'll get a chance of heading him off between you. [Calling after him.] And mind what you're about! He's as fierce as they make them!

[Exit ORLANDO L. CELIA peers anxiously round her, then gets down behind the tree-trunk and camouflages herself with straw. A moment or two later ROSALIND returns R., dressed as at beginning of play. CELIA peers out cautiously.]

ROS. Bravo, Celia, you came in in the nick of time with that cock-and-bull story! My dear, he'd actually proposed to me.

CEL. [distracted]. The bull? Oh, what are you talking about? Which way did he go? Did you see him?

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CEL. But I am frightened. Rosy, you don't think—he couldn't be coming this way, could he?

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CEL. [jumping up]. Captain l'Estrange! But I'm not talking about him; I'm talking about the bull.

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ROS. No, no, Captain—

CEL. This way . . . no, that way. . . . Rosy, you aren't going after him?

ROS. I'm going to stop him before Chinaman has a chance of killing him.

CEL. But Chinaman—he's loose—

ROS. Hang Chinaman! [Exit at full speed L.]

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as an early morning soft warm feed, mixed to a crumbly moist consistency. This—a cooked food containing "Meat-Fibrine"—is stimulating, warming, and easily digested, and its quickness in assimilation makes its growth-increasing properties almost immediately effective.

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Please mention THE LANDSWOMAN when writing to Advertisers.

CEL. Oh, dear, oh, dear! Now Chinaman will go for them both!

[Hears something approaching and takes cover hastily. ORLANDO enters R., coat and hat off, in a torn and dishevelled condition.]

CEL. *[springing up]* Oh, there you are! Thank goodness you're safe! She's just gone after you.

ORL. It's all right; I got Chinaman back into the field. Had the deuce of a bother though—

CEL. That beast's not safe—I told you he wasn't. . . . Oh! your arm's bleeding—frightfully!

ORL. Stupid of me! The beast made a rush . . . it's not work for girls—that.

CEL. Oh, Rosalind wouldn't have turned a hair; you ought to have left it to her. Oh, dear, oh, dear! I'm not a bit of good at first aid. Ought I to suck it, or apply artificial what-d'you-call it?

ORL. An ordinary handkerchief would be more to the point.

CEL. *[producing hers]* Will this do? I'm certain I ought to be holding your arm up—or is it down . . . ?

ORL. For goodness' sake, don't hold anything! Sorry, but I can do it better myself. . . . *[Applies bandage.]*

[Enter ROSALIND L.]

CEL. I do wish you'd leave it to Rosalind; she's passed all her First Aid exams—

ORL. *[rising]* Thanks; I'm quite all right. I think I'll be getting down to the house, if you'll excuse me.

CEL. Down to the house! *[Breaking off.]* Why, look at Rosalind! *[ROSALIND has collapsed upon the tree trunk.]* Rosy, Rosy, whatever's the matter?

ORL. *[beside her, full of solicitude]* My dearest girl, what is it? Look up—speak to me—let me get you—

ROS. No, no—it's nothing. Oh, are you sure you're not hurt?

ORL. Not a bit of it! The brute hardly touched me.

CEL. Fibber!

ROS. You ought to have left it to me; it was my job.

ORL. I did it, though. Chinaman's shut up all right.

ROS. I simply hate to think of your taking the risk—

ORL. Risk! Stuff and nonsense! It was twice as risky for you.

ROS. Oh, no; I've been on the farm two years—

ORL. And I've been on a farm—all my life.

ROS. CEL. *[together]* You!

ORL. Barring some recent fighting in France.

CEL. Then you mean to tell me you were only bluffing when you said—

ORL. I said I knew nothing whatever about the farm. I don't. I've been away from it for more than ten years, and my father's made a lot of changes.

ROS. But—but old Mr. Boys—

ORL. Old Mr. Boys is my father. *[As they exclaim.]* I thought you knew. I took on the other name for the Devon property.

CEL. Then you're the son who—

ORL. Exactly! I've come back to take Miss Rosalind's place. I thought perhaps she bore me a grudge for it.

CEL. *[linking her arm in her cousin's]* Rosy, do you understand? Our job here's at an end.

ROS. Yes, I understand. My job's at an end.

ORL. Of course, you're released from any obligation you're under to stay with old Mr. Boys.

ROS. Yes, I quite see that, thank you. Perhaps you'll settle it up for me with Mr. Boys. *[Prepares to go.]*

ORL. One moment! *[She turns.]* That being the case, may I ask whether you are prepared to accept another engagement—on the same farm?

QUICK CURTAIN.

[The Curtain rises again, showing a tableau after the manner of "As You Like It"—CELIA joining the hands of ROSALIND and ORLANDO with hearty goodwill.]

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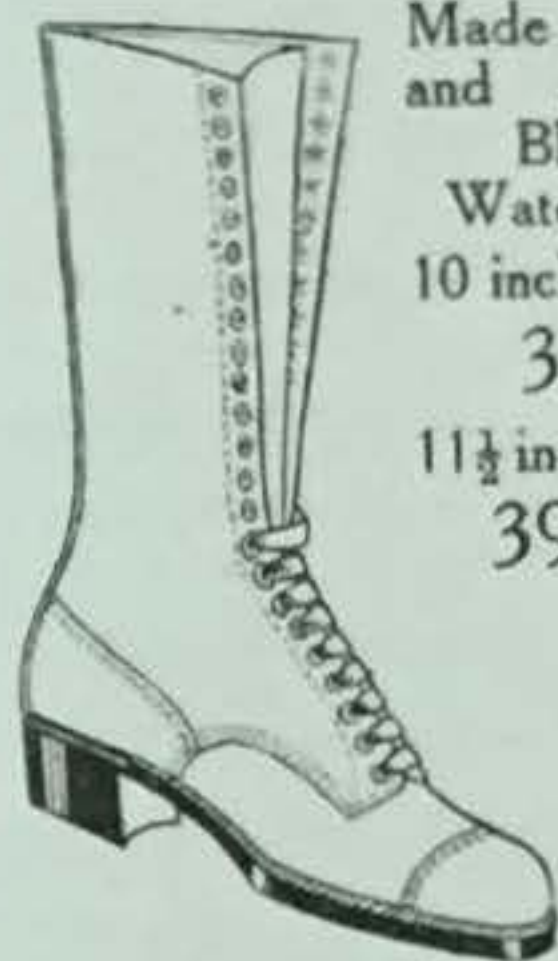
The grass hanging with wet, hedges dripping, and the ground cold and sodden with rain, all tell of the need of a strong waterproof boot. If wet penetrates the boot, cold feet will be the result, but keep the feet dry, and a comfortable glow will infuse the whole system.

These boots are made like our Officers' Super Field Service Boots, which were first favourites with our officers on active service.

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Made in Tan and also in Black.

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37/6

11½ inches high

39/11

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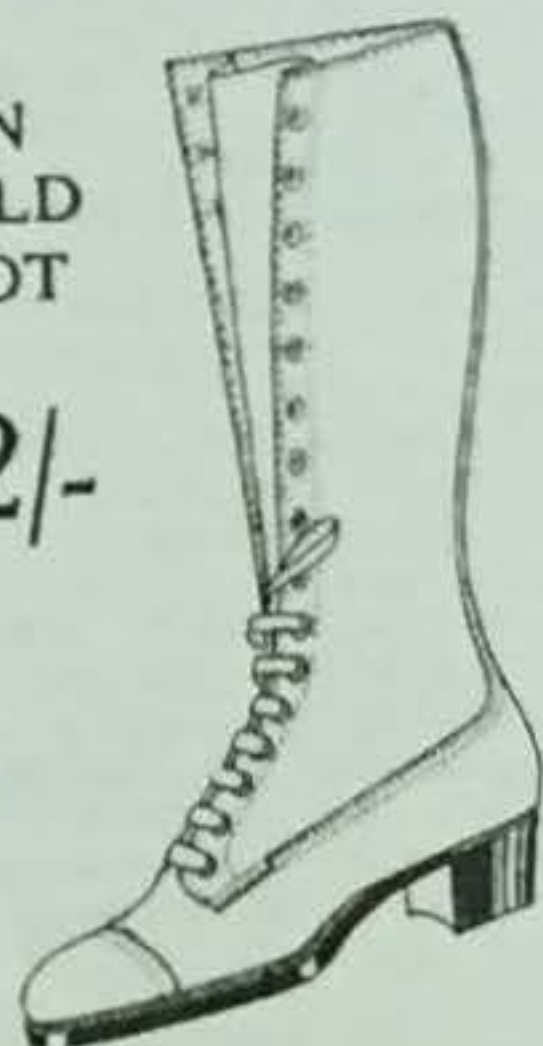
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THE GIRL WHO LIVED IN THE WOODS

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

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE WATERS OF REFRESHMENT.

THE day after the Judge's return Cecilia began to try her strength in short walks about the garden.

After a while she went out and wandered toward the big house. All the times she had gone along that little path came back to her. The cold winter days when she had tramped through the snow, the wet spring days when the ground was soggy. She thought of the games she had played with herself on the verandah.

"What a child I must have been then, Omar!"

The big house looked deserted, its doors and windows all hospitably open. She climbed up to the studio, with a sudden longing to see her unfinished work. It was a far climb, and she had to sit down twice and rest. When finally she reached the workshop she sank down on the couch, worn out.

Nothing had been touched there, everything was as she had left it—her apron on the floor, her brushes and palette on the table. She sat a long while looking at her uncompleted work, in a sort of languid way, as if she were an outsider. She felt none of the throb and pulse of creative force within her, none of the old longing to be up and at it again. A vague feeling of wonder came over her that she had done this thing.

"I think I shall never want to paint any more, Omar," she assured him.

She stretched out on the couch, her head on her crossed arms, and studied her work. Omar lay at her feet and waited. Art bored him. Through the open windows the sun streamed in, and the late summer sounds of locust and cricket filled the air drowsily. The pictured hosts on the decorative frieze grew fainter and fainter to Cecilia's eyes, and finally disappeared altogether.

Half an hour later the Judge, who had given up the trip to town at the last moment, came out of his study and met Omar on the way downstairs from the studio. The Judge had spent an unprofitable hour in trying to read a legal treatise, and had given it up.

"Where have you been, Omar?" he asked, glancing up at the studio stairs. Omar went on down and the Judge paused before he followed him. He had never been in the studio since Cecilia left; he could not bear the thought of the place without her, but to-day he felt an impulse to go up. Perhaps up there he could summon the old, the vanished Cecilia.

He marched up, and got well into the middle of the room before he saw her there asleep. He turned to go away, changed his mind, and sat down on a step of the ladder that led up to the trestle. He sat where he could see her face clearly, and he gazed at it a long time, wondering if this could be the passionate boyish creature he had found here a few months before.

The girl before him was in the first bloom of early womanhood, when the chrysalis of girlishness, "like the winter garments of repentance," has been cast into the fire of spring. The long, sinuous lines of her figure were revealed by the white gown she wore. Her face, which a few months ago was startling in its look of excitability, had been smoothed out and softened. These weeks of tender care and devotion had brought an expression of gentleness that was very sweet.

She was beautiful, this girl-woman, the Judge thought. Her hair curled so softly back from her brow, and the fever had left her skin white, tinged with faint pink. Her lips were parted in a half-smile. The Judge dropped his face on his hands and sat so for awhile. Then he rose to go.

"I'd better get away," he whispered to himself.

At the sound of his moving Cecilia opened her eyes. She did not speak or move, she lay still and looked at him, as he stood and looked down at her. Finally, she could bear it no longer, and turned her head away from him.

"I have come up for the first time since you went away," he said.

"Why did you come to-day?"

"I came because the old Cecilia, who came up here to paint, belonged to me. She was a part of my life. I thought perhaps I might summon her back. The new Cecilia belongs to —"

"You miss the old Cecilia?"

"More than I can say."

There was silence between them for several minutes.

"I shall never finish it," she said, indicating the frieze.

"Somehow I should not want you to finish it now."

"Why not?"

"Oh, well, possibly Saxton will not want you to paint," he replied evasively.

"Saxton, Saxton, always Saxton," she muttered.

"What did you say about Saxton?" he said, not understanding.

"What is there to say about him? I never can get away from him, and when he goes away for a day, and I think I am free, you all of you din his name in my ears."

She rose angrily, and the Judge stared in amazement.

"Why are you so determined to make me marry him? What have I done, that I must be disposed of to somebody? I am just as much myself as ever, just as able to make my own way and live my own life. Why do you all insist on giving me to Saxton?"

"Cecilia, I thought —" began the Judge.

"What difference does it make what I want? You, none of you consider me at all. Here is a man who loves me, and marry him I must, willy-nilly."

"Cecilia, what are you saying?"

"I am saying that I cannot stay here any longer, that you are all forcing me to go away. I understand how you feel about me. I don't see how you could feel any other way about Giron's daughter."

"What has Giron to do with it?"

"He has everything to do with it, hasn't he? He has changed everything between us."

"Giron? Between you and me? What do you mean?"

"After what he did, after the revelations that day in court! I understood why you went away the day I came back to the Lodge. I knew you wanted me to see that things could never be the same again —"

The Judge stopped her, his face white with feeling.

"You mean to say that you thought I went away because of Giron? You mean that you did not understand why I could not be here when you came?"

"But I did understand, and I knew you were right."

"Cecilia Carné, I went away to give Saxton his chance."

"To give Saxton—his—chance?" she repeated dully.

"He loved you so, and I thought you had grown to care for him."

"You went away because —"

"Because I loved you so that I could not bear to be here and see your happiness."

She faced him, her eyes blazing.

"And you helped try to marry me to him. You have made me endure the agony of this week."

"I thought you wanted him. I wanted only your happiness."

"And you never would have told me—you would have stood by and let me marry him?"

"My dear, you are twenty-five years old and I am forty-five. What have I to offer a girl?"

"You have the Kingdom of Heaven to offer her, in your love!"

"Cecilia, Cecilia, are you telling me that you would listen? Are you bound to Saxton now?"

"I have never been bound to him. I have told him again and again that it could never be, that I do not love him. He understands."

The Judge put his two hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes.

"Cecilia Carné, from the first moment I saw you, you have been the very vein of my heart!"

She tried to speak, to answer him, but she could not. Her hands crept to his shoulders, clasped behind his head. He kissed her hair, her brow, her lips, her eyes.

"Cecilia, Cecilia, is it true that life holds this wonderful thing for me?" he whispered.

"Say for us, Judge Peter! I love you so! I love you so! All this long dreadful week I have thought I should die unless I could tell you how I love you."

"Beloved, and I have spent the week trying to steel myself to the thought of you as another man's wife."

"Blind, blind Peter! How could you have looked at me and not known? Why, even Omar knew."

"Dear old Omar! he sent me to you." And he told her of the meeting on the stairs and how Omar had sent him to the studio.

"We will make a wonderful studio up here, heart's dearest, because I found both my Cecílias here, the old and the new."

"And both Cecílias love you, love you! You have to love me, Judge Peter, because I am a thing of your making. Do you remember what you said once about love being like a pool, where all the world could come and be healed? 'The waters of refreshment,' you called it."

He kissed her for reply.

"I remember I resented the idea, because I thought it belittled Love and made it commonplace."



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"And now, beloved?"

"Now, I want to share this glory with all the world, as I would a sunrise, a mirage, a comet. Miracles are for the many, not the elect."

"Love is the greatest teacher of them all," said Judge Peter, tenderly.

After a long time they went downstairs, and the Judge telephoned to Anne that Cecilia was to take lunch at the big house, and asked her to join them. She begged off on plea of some special duties, and warned him not to let Cecilia get too tired. When he came back his face was beaming.

"She can't come!" he said triumphantly.

Cecilia laughed gaily.

"Inhospitable man!"

"I need one day to get used to this 'wonderfulness,' one day with you, Cecilia."

They lunched together merrily; at least food was put before them. They were too absorbed in one another to notice. They spent the afternoon in glorious dreams for the future, and then wandered over to the Lodge to invite everybody to dinner at the Judges.

"Of course we'll come," Anne said. "It's a shame Saxton can't be here. He's got to stay in town; he's sending Bobby out with Richard. How much better you do look, Judge," she said, suddenly struck by the new look of youth and vigour.

"I feel so well, so content with the world! I am just about Bobby's age!"

"It is wonderful what Hillcrest does for people. You looked a million years old when you went to French Lick."

The Judge laughed and left her. She ran up to Cecilia's door, but there came no answer to her tap; and when she peeped in, she heard Cecilia's regular breathing, so she backed gently out. The minute the door closed the sleeper sat up, and waived her a kiss.

"I could not have kept it from you, you old darling, if you had come in; and we do so want it a surprise for dinner."

She bounced back on her pillow and tried to rest, but her eyes were wide open, and her lips were curved in a continual smile. When she came down later, dressed for dinner, Anne stared at her.

"Cecilia Carné, you look like another woman. What have you done to yourself?"

"What's the matter with me?"

"You've looked so sad lately, and now you look so blooming and so happy!"

"Life at the Lodge, dear."

Richard and Anne led the way, arm in arm, and Cecilia and Bobby and Omar followed.

"Cecilia, I suppose you won't be able to eat a mouthful because Saxton isn't here," Richard teased her.

"Richard, I won't have you make fun of him, dear old thing."

"Dear old thing—did you hear that, Anne? He's staying in town because she's been abusing him; and now she's sorry."

"Biddle says you're doin' to mawwy Gwavey; an' I said no, you was doin' to marry me an' Omar."

Their shout of laughter brought the Judge to the steps.

"Isn't he stunning?" Anne asked.

"What a cheerful party I have!" he called to them.

"We are probably the most cheerful, egotistical, stuck-on-ourselves-and-each-other set of idiots this side of Crazy Crags!" Richard answered.

"Where is Cwazy Cwags?"

"The home of the loony, my son, the bailiwick of the half-wits."

They chaffed and they laughed until dinner was announced, and each one privately decided that the others were all at their best. Cecilia was the merriest of them all, and Bobby nearly threw them into hysterics with an account of his day in town.

When the coffee was served and the servants had left the room, the Judge turned toward Cecilia and she nodded to him, blushing vividly.

"Dear good friends of mine," their host began, "I have a secret, a wonderful secret, which I want you to share with me. It is one I cannot keep, and yet I find it difficult to tell. The most delightful thing is going to happen at Hillcrest!"

"Judge, you are not in love?" cried Anne.

"There you have it in a nutshell. I am most utterly in love, and I am loved. I ask you to my wedding, here and now."

"Do we know the lady, Judge? Who is she?" Richard asked.

"Who is she? Who should she be, but Cecilia?"

"Cecilia?" came the astonished chorus.

Cecilia went and stood beside him.

"I've always loved him, but I found out only to-day that he had always loved me."

"But Saxton?" said tenderhearted Anne.

"Saxton knows. I told him I loved somebody else. He has been so fine about it, dear old Saxton!"

"It is so much too good to be true that I can't believe it!" Richard said.

"To think I didn't see it!" Anne lamented.

Bobby slid off his chair and went to Cecilia.

"Is de Judge doin' to marry my 'fwaidd lady?"

"Not the 'fwaidd lady any more, boy; you must find a new name for me."

"What name?"

"Mrs. Judge Peter!" she blushed, and joined in the laugh.

It was indeed a cheerful party that went back to the Lodge late that night. Richard carried Bobby, who had stayed up by special dispensation; Anne walked with her arm across her husband's shoulders; Cecilia and the Judge brought up the rear. The whole procession was lighted on its way by the "Inconstant moon."

Cecilia whispered something to the Judge and he laughed gaily. She smiled up at him.

"Who is this big boy Peter that I am going to marry?" He leaned over and kissed her.

"The waters of refreshment and the fountain of youth are one, beloved."

"They must be held in the hollowed hand of God!" Cecilia answered him.

THE END.

Eggs

EGGS WITH MUSHROOMS.

POACH the required number of eggs, trim each neatly, and place on squares or rounds of fried or toasted bread. Pour over each a tablespoonful of white sauce, mixed with finely chopped preserved mushrooms. Dish up and serve hot.

EGGS WITH SHRIMP CREAM.

Poach the required number of eggs, trim them or stamp out and place each on a round of toasted buttered bread. Dish up and pour over each a rich white sauce, mixed with shrimp paste, and a few drops of anchovy essence.

STUFFED EGGS, TARTARE SAUCE.

Take 4 hard-boiled eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce butter, 2 raw yolks, 1 teaspoonful tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoonful chili vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful malt vinegar, 2 teaspoonfuls anchovy essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful Worcester sauce, 1 gill salad oil, 1 teaspoonful chopped gherkins, 1 teaspoonful chopped capers, seasoning round fried croûtons.

Mix the yolks with the butter, anchovy, Worcester sauce, and season the mixtures carefully. Replace the mixture in the halves of the eggs, and make them stand by cutting off a little from the bottom to make them flat. Stand each half-egg on a crouton, and pour a spoonful of Tartare sauce over each. Serve with salad arranged round.

FRICASSEE OF EGGS.

Take 6 hard-boiled eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint bechamel or other good white sauce, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, potato croûtes for garnish.

Cut the eggs into rather thick slices and place them into a saucepan containing the white sauce, add the seasoning and cook very gently for 10 minutes, taking care that the contents of the pan do not burn. Dish up neatly, surround the base of the dish with small fried potato croûtes, and serve.

FRIED EGGS ON RICE CROUTES.

Wash 4 oz. of Patna rice and cook it in seasoned stock till tender; it must be reduced to a fairly firm texture and seasoned rather liberally with paprika. Spread it on a greased dish and set to cool. Stamp out six or more rounds by means of a paste cutter, then egg and crumb them, and fry the rounds of rice in clarified butter. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter in a frying pan or large omelet pan, break in six fresh eggs, season with salt and pepper, and fry till just set. Then cut out the eggs with a paste cutter and place each with parsley and serve. The rice croûtes can be baked crisp in the oven if liked.

EGG AND HAM TIT-BITS.

Line ten or twelve tartlet moulds, with puff paste trimmings or plain paste crust, fill these with the following preparation:—

Mince four ounces of cooked ham and three hard-boiled eggs finely. Mix with three yolks of raw eggs a little cream, and season with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg. Fill up moulds and bake the patties in a moderately hot oven, dish up and serve with some piquante or tomato sauce.

EGGS A L'ORLY.

These are egg fritters prepared by dipping—i.e., coating neatly—poached eggs, well trimmed and drained into a frying batter. Then drop each carefully into hot fat and fry to a golden colour, drain on a cloth or paper. Dish up and serve with a well-seasoned tomato sauce.

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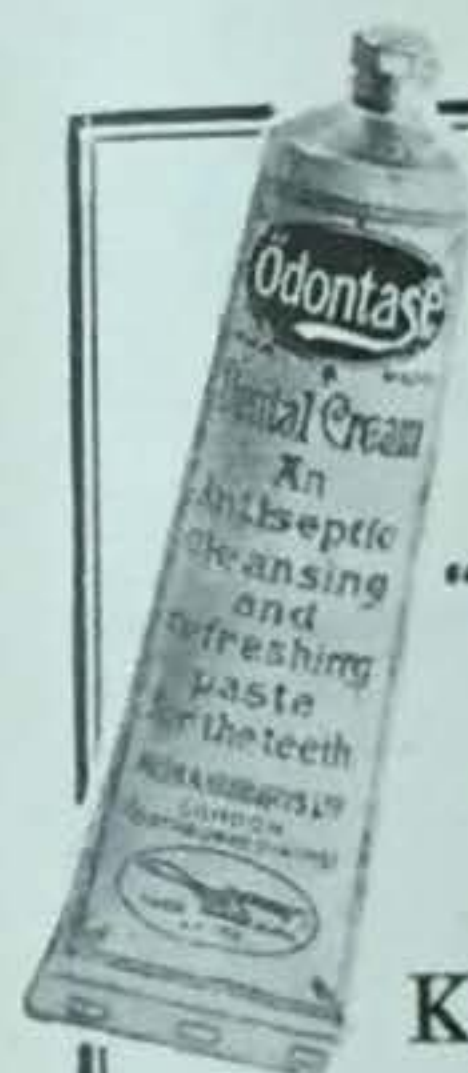


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The Cow Girl—Why and how she is superior to the Cowman By a Country Woman

WOMAN'S wonderful "way" with the cow is almost historical, yet, marvellous to relate, there are still people about who view with wonder the revival of this time-honoured occupation and woman's natural aptitude for it; and when I went to the Dairy Show I could only find just one woman in charge of the "beasties," as distinguished from the milkmaids.

Everybody knows of the "maiden all forlorn who milked the cow with the crumpled horn." Now, if this maiden hadn't had a wonderful "way" with cows she certainly would never have tackled a cow with a crumpled horn.

Crumpled horns do not add to the friendly appearance of cows, even though they may not signify bad temper. The crumpled effect may be due to worry, but on that point I am not at all sure.

There is no man contemporary to the aforesaid maiden, whose reputation in dealing with cows has lived to our generation. It is, therefore, pretty plain that women are the people for cows.

WOMEN LEAD: MEN FOLLOW.

Many women were employed as cow girls during the war, and these often took over entirely a man's work. One herd, under the care of a man and afterwards under a woman, I particularly remember. The man's and woman's methods were entirely different, as the following will show.

Every day the cows were driven about a quarter of a mile along a country lane to graze in some fields there. The man, in his time, always drove the cows before him, and, with a herd of about twenty animals, invariably managed to create a Wild West atmosphere. He would shout, crack odd ones over the hindquarters, and quite upset the peace of the countryside in his efforts to get them to the promised land. If a motor met the cows, you could rely on half a dozen going up the banks at the side of the road, and on several suddenly deciding to go home.

Poorman! I used to pity him; he certainly never spared himself—nor the cows either, come to that!

When it was mooted that a woman might take over his job, he shook his head sadly and said it wasn't a woman's job getting cows along a lane like that with "all them motors and things about. Now, if it was only milking—well, now you're talking."

But the woman came, and proved successful from every point of view.

THE MISSING STICK.

Imagine my surprise when one day I saw the cows coming along the lane, with the woman in front of them, and—wonder of wonders—she was not carrying the cowman's usual insignia—a stick.

With her at the head of them, the cows would pass "motors and other things" and if they did

take any notice of them, it was only with a bored expression.

There is, indeed, a great deal in the woman's way.

Again, the man, when it was necessary to drive the cows home, would beat the top of the gate with his stick and shout "Coop, coop!" and make so much commotion that at times one felt quite annoyed with the cows for not "jumping to it."

THE FRIENDLY COW HERD.

Here also the woman's methods were different. She would stand on the second bar of the gate and call one of the cows by name. Immediately all of the cows would make for the gate and follow her sedately home. Note that the woman led the cows; but the man always drove them.

It is interesting to relate that this herd was nearly doubled during the war, but there was never more than one woman in attendance when they changed fields.

Yes, there must be more in a woman's way than meets the eye. Perhaps it is that they don't hustle about like men and take things more quietly, or it may be that the average farm hand's notion that he is not getting on with his work unless he is shouting puts the cows' backs up and makes them obstinate. Very few farm hands had been in the Army prior to the war, so the Army cannot be held responsible for the objectionable habit of making the welkin ring when you make up your mind to do a little work.

Cows that are hustled or agitated do not give as much or as good milk. Women never hustle cows. When did you ever see a man walking about with his arm round a cow's neck? But my friendly cow girl used to! The cows loved her.

In India they are far ahead of us in the matter of cow girls. I don't suppose we shall ever take special care to select beauties for the business, as they do. Our cow girls usually get their beauty after they become cow girls. In India it is different—beauty opens the door to this occupation.

B.M.H. (*Daily News*).



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West Riding

Florence Hughes, Violet Turner.

Potato Picking at Chartley Park Farm, Staffs

TEN smiling faces greet me as I turn the corner of the stables.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith!" comes the chorus.

"Good morning, all; where is Alice?" I ask.

Gone to fetch the horses out is the reply.

There is a tramp of hoofs, and, ducking beneath the lintel of the stable door, mounted on Grey Dick, comes my missing lamb, and in groups of threes and fours we trail off across the park and the day begins. Very soon the "digger" is whirling clouds of fine soil into the air, and the white potatoes, with their pink markings are being piled in baskets and carried to the "hogs" dotted here and there along the field.

Before very long some one strikes up a song ("Where the Black-eyed Susans Grow" is a great favourite), and there is a shout of laughter as someone overbalances and tumbles into a hamper.

When 12 o'clock sounds there is a great scramble, everyone tries to secure a horse on which to return to the farm, the men, the rightful waggoners, go off shrugging their huge shoulders, while their chargers fly down the grassy roads of the park, laden sometimes with one, sometimes with two landswomen with flapping overalls and gradually slipping back hair.

Then comes a picturesque episode, all horses, men, and girls go down to the watering place, and while the horses drink, hands are washed, amid much splashing and laughter, dried on handkerchiefs, and by wafting in the air, and—Oh! how quiet! everyone is busy. Tongues and teeth have too much to do to talk. But wait a bit! By and by there comes a hum of talk, then a regular orchestra of humming as someone tries to teach someone else the Maxima or a new Tango step. They plod laboriously up and down the stable with grave faces down bent and everyone is deeply interested until—"Oh! my toe! You clumsy thing!" and a howl of derisive laughter from the onlookers.

"Time!" calls a voice at the door, and there is another dart for horses. Once on the field and merry tongues and quick fingers are busy again until the sun begins to drop in the west.

At five a long sigh and a great deal of covering up of skips, etc., and another nine tons of potatoes are ready for the market.

"Good-night, all!" and across the rolling country side, where bracken is golden brown, and mists look like friendly ghosts coming to meet us, go pairs of white overall-clad figures, still laughing, but not so noisily now. Stand a minute and watch them; someone is singing "When you come to the end of a Perfect Day."

"Good-night, all!"

PHYLLIS M. SMITH.

THE LANDSWOMAN

Herefordshire

THE efficiency test for L.A.A.S. girls of the county arranged for October 7th, had to be postponed owing to the railway strike, but, fortunately, Miss Howard, Technical Inspector, was able to come down the following week for four days. The milking test commenced Tuesday, October 14th, at Garmons Home Farm, by kind permission of Sir John Cotterell. Lady Evelyn Cotterell, Mrs. Clowes, and Miss Cotterell were present. Later in the afternoon Miss Howard went to Mr. Turner's of Byford, who was good enough to lend some cows to continue the test there.

Wednesday and Thursday, October 15th and 16th, were devoted to both horsework and milking. Mr. Clutterbuck, of Causeway Farm, made all arrangements and very generously placed the whole of his valuable milch cows on his Hinton Farm at the disposal of the milkers. Mr. Andrews, of Bullingham, and Mr. Clutterbuck consented to act as honorary examiners. Mr. Millicamp, of Pool Farm, lent the horse and cart for the horsework test, and Mr. Millicamp very kindly invited the company present to tea, which the girls from a distance particularly appreciated.

The last test was held on Friday, October 17th, at Mr. Barnett's, of Wall Hills, Ledbury, where no trouble had been spared to have everything in readiness for the Inspectors' arrival. The tests, in consequence, passed off very successfully.

The horse test consisted of grooming, gearing, putting the horse in the cart, taking it round through gateways, backing the cart, letting the horse out, and taking him to the stables to unseat.

For the milking test the girls had to milk two cows. After the practical work was finished each girl was questioned privately. The results were as follows:—

	Milking. per cent.	Horsework. per cent.
Hilda Grainger	96	did not enter.
Esme Roberts	90	94
Miss Child	—	97
Doris Pattinson	75	92
Frances Trigg	95	86
Annie Badham	—	94
Emily Hatton	90	—
Jessica Ward	95	90
Minnie Lunt	93	—
Florence Ketland	—	89
E. M. Diggings	82	—
C. Darroll	85	—
H. Jameson	80	—
M. Kay	87	—
A. McLeay	89	—
Dolly Bird	85	78
Teresa Speake	84	—
Edith Jones	83	—
Margaret Wargent	—	88
Margaret Evans	81	85
Florence Herdman	82	—
Miss Surridge	89	—
Doris Jones	83	—
Nellie Harding	82	—
Nellie Watkins	89	78
Mary Ann Lee	—	78
Bridget Conolley	85	86
Elizabeth Simpson	88	—

M. M. MORRISON, W.O.

There was an animated scene at the L.A.A.S. Club, Hereford on October 11th, when about 100 girls met to do honour and make a presentation to Miss Maddison, our late C.O.S., on the occasion of her marriage the following Tuesday. By 4 o'clock all had assembled in the club room, beautifully decorated for the occasion, anxiously awaiting Miss Maddison's arrival to greet her with a hearty cheer. A dainty tea provided by her opened the proceedings, during which piano and violin selections were played by Miss Cooke and Miss Weller. Afterwards the presentation was made at the hands of Miss Wargent (Group Leader and Miss Abercrombie on behalf of the girls and the staff. The presents consisted of two Sheffield plate tea trays, suitably inscribed, and a framed illuminated address inscribed as follows: "Presented to Miss Maddison with the accompanying silver trays upon the occasion of her marriage, with hearty good wishes of the Herefordshire L.A.A.S. girls and staff." The illuminated address contained the names of the subscribers.

Then Mrs. Bayne, who had come down from London purposely to speak to the girls, gave Good Service Badges to the following: Daisy Board, Emily Bishop, Hilda Biggs, Miss Child, Evelyn R. Davies, Nellie Edwards, Jane Davies, Beatrice M. Goode, Annie D. Griggs, Emily Greenhalgh, Annie Heywood, Nellie Harding, Stella King, Violet Lindsell, Dorothy Page, Christina Patchell, Martha Powell, Martina Roberts, Ada Robinson, Nellie Sheldon, Emily Shannon, Dulcie Wargent, Patricia Wargent, Annie McLeay, Lily Jones, and afterwards addressed the girls at some length in reference to demobilisation.

Landswoman Exchange Column

Land Army Ties and Hatbands still available. Jean Hewitt has been obliged to raise the price of the ties to 2s., as they require more silk than the hatbands.—J. H., Kilnbank, Seathwaite, Broughton-in-Furness.

Binding Covers for 1919 ready now.—Apply to THE LANDSWOMAN Office.

Two khaki flannel shirts for sale. Cost £2 2s. each, will sell for 15s. each. Collar 13 inches.—C. R., 24 Buckingham Palace Mansions.

Wanted, black coney seal muff; second-hand might do. Price not more than £1. Approval.—Address, L.A.A.S., College Farm, S. Cross, Harleston, Norfolk.

Wanted, second-hand field boots, any colour, size 7.—E. Farley, Tathall End, Hanslope, Bucks.

Wanted, 16 odd numbers of *Punch*, second-hand; half price offered. List on application.

Wanted to exchange, magneto, nearly new, offered for second-hand watch or clock (working order).—Apply, K. Lodge, Haford Farm, Festiniog.

Wanted, for Christmas, two of your very best turkeys, ready dressed for table, 15-18 lb. each.—L.B., Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath.

Miss Talbot would like to have an ex-Land Army girl as cook.—Write M.L.T., Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E.3.

Ex-L.A. girl wanted as companion-governess to little girl; no teaching except music; good needlewoman essential.—Box H., Editorial Office.

Wanted, bright young girl as nurse to 3 children, 4 months to 6 years; good wages and comfortable home.—I. P. Loen, Marlborough, Wilts.

Lady, lecturing and working own small holding, wishes to meet with active gentlewoman willing to undertake work of her cottage in return for board, also care of rabbits and poultry during occasional absence. One fond of animals preferred. Attractive neighbourhood.—Miss Foster, Poplar Hall, Hawkhurst, Kent.

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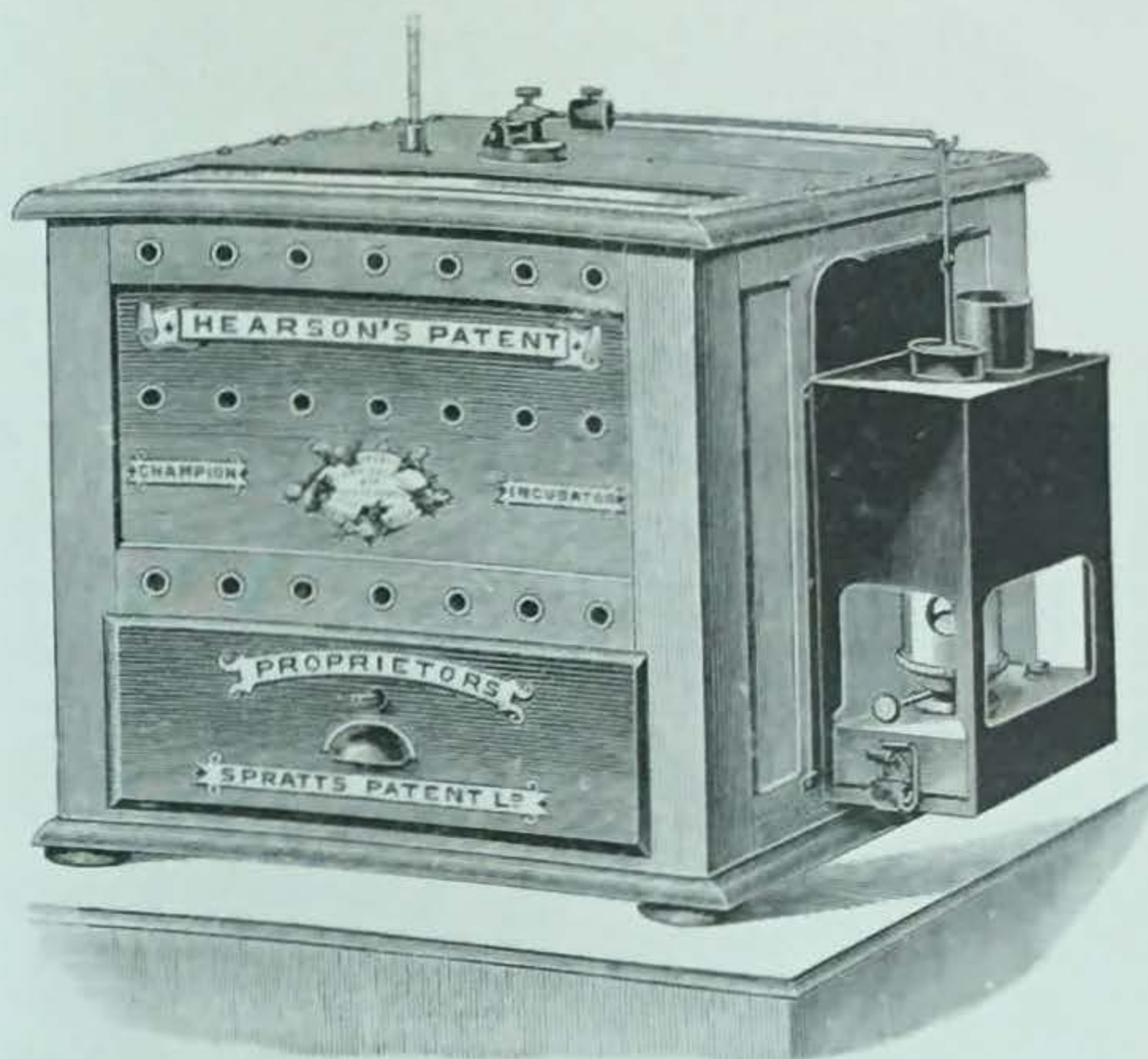
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Drawing by Fred Pegram

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