

# THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Girl and Every Country Woman

Editorial and Advertising Offices: Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath, S.E.

## Pigs and Prejudice.



The Champion Pig of the Show.

[Farm Life.]

“PIGS is Pigs,” but there are pigs and pigs. One visit to the last Smithfield Show taught me that the ordinary conception of what a pig should be is greatly at fault. Therefore unless you would have your ideals shattered, don't ever go there. I went, and after weighing the matter carefully I am not at all sure that I sha'n't turn vegetarian.

True, it was a wonderful, if somewhat sad, sight, and as I looked at them I felt as though they were condemned men in their cells and that I was gloating over the fact. I do wish I was not so fond of bacon. Black pigs there were, and white, pretty brown Tamsworth with some of their hair nicely Marcelled, and any amount of porkers.

To describe them in detail would be impossible. Enough be it to say that the blacks were like young elephants that had had their trunks amputated and their legs to the knee also; but for the white ones there seemed no really enlightening simile, and I stood before their pens non-plussed.

Of course, they were white, that goes without saying, though each had a pink undershirt which gave him a warm glow and made him look very healthy and debonnaire.

Looking at these “noble animals” I could quite understand why “The Jovial Huntsmen” were unable to identify a pig when they saw one. You may remember that—

“One said it was a fat pig,  
The other, he said, Nay,  
’Tis but a Lunnion Alderman  
Whose claithes they’ve ta’en away.”

And that is not a bad description of the white pigs I saw.

But, talking of pigs, reminds me of Ernest. I first met him last summer when away for a holiday. He was a white pig, and save for a white coat could claim nothing but very distant relationship to either the Long White or the Middle-Whites. There was no blue blood in Ernest, but that didn't worry him much, though I can almost forgive “The Whites” being sniffy about him.

Every man's hand seemed against Ernest, and I was practically his only friend. During my stay on the farm he was in particularly bad odour, for he, in one short week, had eaten alive two fowls, valued

(Continued on Page 65.)



## Dominion.

I WENT beneath the sunny sky  
When all things bowed to June's desire,  
The pansy with its steadfast eye,  
The blue shells on the lupin spire,

The swelling fruit along the boughs,  
The grass grown heady in the rain,  
Dark roses fitted for the brows  
Of queens great kings have sung in vain;

My little cat with tiger bars,  
Bright claws all hidden in content;  
Swift birds that flashed like darkling stars  
Across the cloudy continent;

The wiry-coated fellow curled  
Stump-tailed upon the sunny flags;  
The bees that sacked a coloured world  
Of treasure for their honey-bags.

And all these things seemed very glad,  
The sun, the flowers, the birds on wing,  
The jolly beasts, the furry-clad  
Fat bees, the fruit, and everything.

But gladder than them all was I,  
Who, being man, might gather up  
The joy of all beneath the sky,  
And add their treasure to my cup.

And travel every shining way,  
And laugh with God in God's delight,  
Create a world for every day,  
And store a dream for every night.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

## A Land Girl in London.

DO you know the delightful feeling—after walking along a tiring, dusty road—of finding your feet on fresh green springy turf? If so, you will understand exactly my joy—after a bustling morning's shopping in town—when I suddenly discovered in Buckingham Palace Road, literally within a stone's throw of the King's gardens, a tiny shop window filled with fresh country things—snowdrops and forget-me-nots, brown-shelled eggs, delicious pats of butter and fascinating little cream cheeses, rosy-cheeked apples, chickens, and fresh vegetables, and the window framed in trails of brown-leaved ivy straight from a Devonshire lane. I stood and wondered what angel from heaven had dropped all these gifts, and dropped them so charmingly right in my path. And then I looked up and realised that the angel was a Land Army girl, for there were two of them standing behind the little counter in our dear old comfortable uniform. Of course, I had to go in, and when I introduced myself as THE LANDSWOMAN, the face of one of them lit up, and she reminded me that she was W. P. Salter, a very old correspondent and friend of the magazine. So I told her that other readers would like to know what she was doing, and doing so busily, in London, in land kit; and we found a quiet corner and she told me all about it.

She has been working on the land for five years at all sorts of farm work, and some time ago she took

a post as manager of a small farm in Norfolk. While there she organised and developed quite an extensive hamper trade for vegetables and country produce, and as that was such a success her employer decided to risk the experiment of a shop in London, where such things could be sold fresh to town dwellers. She persuaded Miss Salter to add the management of this to her other work, and in fear and trembling the girl consented. The success of it has taken her breath away! The shop has only been open a month, and they are already so busy that she has scarcely time to breathe. Most of the produce comes from Norfolk, but as the customers increased that supply was soon exhausted, and contributions are now collected from Devon and other counties. At this season of the year when the choice of English fruit and vegetables is so limited the stock has to be reinforced from Covent Garden, where Miss Salter may be found nearly every morning of the week buying her peaches and rare fruit and flowers, and she is delighted with the invariable smiling welcome which she receives from London's great vegetable and flower market.

Every other week-end she runs down to Norfolk to see how they are getting on at the farm, for which she is still responsible. She confided to me that her heart was torn between the two jobs. She didn't know what she would do on a certain day next month, for one of her cows down in Norfolk was to have a calf and she couldn't leave her shop in London to be with her beloved animals! I am going round again soon to see which half of her won!

She tells me that they have done no advertising, all their custom comes through recommendation. It was a bit slow the first few days, but people soon found them out, and now fresh buyers are constantly coming in with, "Mrs. So-and-So told me how delicious your eggs are!" etc. The day when real country butter appeared in the window saw queues of people waiting for their turn to be supplied, and undoubtedly there is something about the shop which is very refreshing to town-worn Londoners. As one customer put it last week, "I don't know *why* it is your shop is so attractive, because after all it's only a fruit and vegetable shop!" I suppose she wouldn't understand if we told her it is because the shop is full of the Land Army spirit.

Four ducks on a pond  
And a green bank beyond,  
A blue sky of spring,  
White clouds on the wing.  
What a little thing  
To remember for years,  
To remember with tears.

WILLIAM ALTRINGHAM.

Be like a bird that, on a bough too frail  
To bear him, gaily sings:—  
He carols, tho' the slender branches fail;  
He knows that he has wings.

VICTOR HUGO.



## Daffodils.

THE Voice of Spring was calling us, a-calling us,  
The Voice of Spring was calling us,  
And oh! we had to go.

Whither we went we knew not, we knew not, and  
we cared not,

Whither we went we knew not,

But we were glad to go

We clambered up the hill-side, the daisy-speckled  
hill-side,

We clambered up the hill-side

And ran into the wood,

And there—oh! there in front of us, all we could see  
in front of us,

Like sunshine spread in front of us,

The daffodillies stood.

The breezes kissed them tenderly, so sweetly, and  
so tenderly,

The breezes kissed them tenderly

As though they were in love.

The daffies courtesied coyly, so shyly and so coyly,  
And hid their faces coyly,

Then raised their lips above

To meet their lovers gaily, so modestly and gaily,  
To meet their lovers gaily

And be no longer shy.

So the breezes sang for gladness, and laughed again  
in gladness,

In happy, joyous gladness,

And tossed the sound on  
high.

And then the little wind-  
flowers, the dainty  
little wind-flowers,

The violets and the wind-  
flowers,

Came trooping by the  
way;

They gathered round the  
daffies, the sunshine-  
golden daffies,

All round about the  
daffies,

In dainty bright array.

And as we saw this wonder,  
this great mysterious  
wonder,

The never-ending wonder  
That all the world calls  
Spring,

We knew that Love is  
beauty, and Joy is  
made by beauty,

And both create more  
Beauty

In one eternal ring.

M. H. L.

We should always keep  
open and free a corner of  
our head in which to make  
room for the opinions of our  
friends. Let us have heart  
and head hospitality.

JOUBERT.

The First Lambs.

## Songs of the Earth.

SPRING is the time of song—everything sings  
and calls to you—calls you to new joy and  
hope and understanding. With the first grey  
streak of dawn the birds begin softly to practise  
their notes. Later in the day their little throats are  
full of the song of love—so sweet and vibrant that  
it seems as though the whole world must pause  
to listen and wonder.

It is not only love-songs they are singing. There  
is one little bird just now—oh, so busy. Her song  
reminds you of a crochet needle darting in and  
out, stopping every now and then to pull through a  
stitch. I fancy she is making the little downy  
jackets for the babies, coming now so soon.

Then there is the bird with the wandering quaver-  
ing little note. Early and late you can hear it—  
now in the woods, now over the meadows, or in  
the top-most branch of some tall tree—ever-seeking  
and questioning, and never seeming to be satisfied.  
If it is looking for a mate it is hard to please.  
But somewhere or other its quest will end. You will  
not hear its song in the summer.

And what of Mother Earth? She is just awaken-  
ing—stirring in her sleep and smiling, as her great  
lover the Sun kisses and calls her to activity. Her  
pulse is quickening with new life. You can almost  
feel its throb beneath the springing grass. Already

(Continued on Page 55.)



[“Daily Sketch” Photo, Alfieri.]



# Poultry Notes.

By W. Powell-Owen, F.B.S.A.

(Member of Council, National Utility Poultry Society.)

**H**OW can I increase my egg-supply? is a question I am often asked. I might reply to many:—"See that all eggs laid are collected." It is not a secret recipe, but if carried into practice every poultry-keeper will in 12 months put more eggs into the basket than would otherwise be the case.

**Choice of Nest-Boxes.**—In the first place eggs are (or should be) laid in the nest-boxes! And yet these are given the least attention by the average poultry-keeper. The nest-boxes must be inviting if they are to be used to the fullest extent, which means that they must attract the layers. I do not object to an orange-box so long as it is converted on sound principles. Most nest-boxes encourage egg-eating, and the latter vice is present, if uncorrected, in most flocks. It is idle to suppose that egg-eating is not present because no egg-shells are left in the house or runs. Egg-eating fowls devour yolk, white and shell, and even clean each other's beaks. My moral is that whatever eggs are eaten are not collected.

**Provide Dark Nests.**—Low nests where birds can watch others when laying—light or open nests where the layer can see to eat any egg that happens to break—will lead up to egg-eating. Start correctly and have the set of boxes about two feet from the top of the floor or litter and at the bottom let there be a perch for the whole length, so that the birds can fly up to it ere entering the nests to lay. Place the nest-boxes, too, in a dark part of the house, so that the interiors are shaded. The ideal nest-box has a hinged wooden front wherein a circular aperture about nine inches in diameter is cut as the entrance. Being hinged at one end and buttoned at the other the door is easily opened for cleaning purposes. Attract the layers to the rear, out of sight of other hens, in the following manner. Three or four inches from the front nail a batten across the floor of the nest-box and put the nesting material beyond the batten. The bird when entering steps on to the wooden part of floor and then over the batten to the laying department. On this principle the nesting material remains intact as the birds cannot pull it out, which is a peculiar and annoying habit.

**Nest-Box Material.**—Egg-eating often starts through the breaking of an egg on the hard floor of the box. The layer samples the contents and the habit spreads. Many a "fussy" hen scrapes aside all litter of the hay or straw kind ere she settles down to lay; consequently the wooden floor is revealed, and an egg, when falling, breaks. It is wise to safeguard this by putting at the bottom of all nests a layer of sawdust or peat moss or chaff, which cannot well be scraped aside. On top of this base can be put the hay or straw. Then you have a nest that is inviting and one that will encourage the hens to take to and use freely.

There is much needless egg-waste, too, through the breakage of eggs, often because they are thin-shelled. An important part of the egg-laying organs is the shelling department, wherein is collected a store of lime. If there is always a good supply there the eggs are shelled rapidly and everything works in clock-like fashion.

**Shelling the Eggs.**—To enable the layer to collect sufficient shell-forming material there must be placed before her always an ample supply of shell. Many poultry-keepers confuse grit with shell; the former merely aids digestion, while the latter ensures the shelling of the eggs, and is consequently a vital ingredient. Oyster shell is by far the best, with cockle shell as the substitute. One can make oyster shell if there is difficulty in procuring the real article. Procure a few oyster shells and place them in a bucket the bottom of which has been covered with a layer of fresh lime. Cover them with lime and then pour over water. Place a board and sack over the container, and leave for several days; then remove the shells and stand them in the open air for a day, when they can be broken up for use.

**Troublesome Over-fat Hens.**—If the layers are allowed to become fat internally they are apt to lay soft-shelled eggs. If the latter do not result in egg-eating there is the needless egg wastage. All fowls need to be kept active and fit, one of the best correctives of over-fat condition. All grain



[“Daily Sketch” Press Service.]

BINDING UP A CHICKEN'S INJURED LEG AT LADY MARCIA BLACK'S POULTRY FARM IN SUSSEX.





Feeding Time.

[Farm and Home.]

given should be buried deeply in the litter which covers the floor of the house or scratching-shed. It is not sufficient merely to scatter the grain over the litter; use a rake to ensure that the birds scratch freely until the last grain is found. The provision of raw greenfood or roots daily is another corrective of internal fat, and at the same time gives a nice rich colour to the yolk. Green food must be provided daily and not spasmodically.

**To Cure Egg-Eaters.**—Once egg-eating starts it is most difficult to check the vice. It is a very wise plan now and then to place a few marked eggs in the nest-boxes, leaving them there for the day to see if they are eaten. Wherever egg-eating is suspected several specially treated eggs should be left in the boxes. Once sampled the culprits will not be very ready to try their own eggs. Blow out the white of an egg, leaving the yolk intact, then inject ammonia. Cover the apertures with stamp-edging and place the egg in the nest-box, or even on the floor of the house.

The old-time plan was to fill an egg with a concoction of mustard, salt, vinegar, and pepper, but after a time the egg-eaters devour such treated eggs with relish.

**Help the Birds.**—Often the egg-supply is a failure because the birds are too fat internally. With rolls of hard fat hindering and preventing the functions of the organs egg-production is retarded. A drastic cure is very desirable, and I usually add a

teaspoonful of Glauber's salt to the hot water used over the mash for each six birds every other day for a week. The hens are made to scratch for all grain fed while they receive an increased amount of raw green food daily. On fine days they are allowed free range where this is possible.

By gently squeezing the abdomen of the fowl with thumb and finger one can readily ascertain the bird's condition. The flesh could feel soft and pliable, whereas it is thick and coarse in an over-fat hen representing the amount of fat lining the abdomen just beneath the skin.

Every day is a birthday, every moment of it is new to us; we are born again, renewed, for fresh work and endeavour.—G. F. WATTS.

**EXHIBITION** and Sale of Work and Country Produce, organised by the Shropshire Federation of Women's Institutes (affiliated to the National Federation), to be held at the Priory Schools, Shrewsbury (by kind permission of the Governors) on Friday and Saturday, April 16 and 17, 1920.

The Exhibition will be opened by The Lady Harlech on April 16, at 12 noon, and by The Lady Berwick on April 17, at 12 noon. Banner and certificates will be presented by The Marchioness of Cambridge at 3 p.m. on Friday, April 16.

Admission.—General public, 1/3; W.I. members showing badge or membership card, 8d.

Hon. Exhibition Secretary: Miss Corbet, 24, Dogpole, Shrewsbury.



# An Old Mare's Tale.



HERE the grim note of tragedy you see;  
 Here the beginning of the end;  
 The passing of the only friend  
 I had upon that pestilential farm,  
 The only one who never wished me harm.  
 Here you can see me watching fearfully  
 Her drooping looks, her tragical demeanour,



She turning away lethargically  
 From all sustenance. Could you but have seen her  
 Your being would have trembled to its roots,  
 Your leaden heart descended to your boots.  
 All panic-stricken then I sallied forth  
 To find the man of bitterness and wrath.

Booted and spurred he came armed with a drench  
 Of formidable aspect,  
 And gave the sufferer that preliminary wrench,  
 Considered so correct  
 In farming circles; she naturally objected,  
 (Just as we thought we'd fixed her).  
 And with a sad smile, silently ejected  
 The nauseating mixture,



Said she "At any rate I'll make them rope me."  
 "They'll have to sweat a bit before they dope me,"

And sweat we did! I like, whate'er betide,  
 To think her dying wish was gratified.





Conquered at last, she could resist no more  
The abhorrent draught, and then, alas, sank swooning  
To the ground, where she lay low amid the straw  
And I beside her, miserably crooning.  
Blinded with sorrow, forth into the sun

I fared to work; my lonely heart all sore  
With grief, when, suddenly, I heard a gun  
Relentlessly explode! Oh, nevermore  
Can I forget what followed, what was said  
There, in the solemn presence of the dead.



Art. 5  
1/2 20.

"Coward!" I shrieked. "Poltroon! You man of  
blood, to dare  
Thus infamously to murder the defenceless mare!"  
Then mark what follows, judge him if you can,  
If he be worthy to be called a man.  
"If you would know the truth of this affair,"  
Says he, frowning, the while his cruel lip twitches,  
"Twas simply more than her old nerves could bear,  
To be looked after by a girl in breeches!"

JEAN COLMER.

SONGS OF THE EARTH.—(Continued from Page 51.)

some of her children have escaped from her warm embrace—little frail flowers, yet so brave and strong to bear, that even the wet and cold and the harsh winds leave them undaunted.

Perhaps the song of the wind is the greatest of all. You can hear it best when it comes in a rush with stinging hail in its wake, beating and buffeting your face. Then its full madness reaches you, and you are caught in a tornado of shrieking discordant sound—tearing its way across until it, too, in its turn, is caught by some other compelling force and lulled into quietness.

To-day I went to call the cows. I stood at the top of the hill-side below which the cattle were grazing. Surrounding me was blue sky; and racing white clouds. So close, they seemed, I could almost reach out to touch them.

Then suddenly, as in Maurice Hewlett's "Pan and the Young Shepherd," the song of the whole earth came to me—calling me—and I ran headlong down the slope, shouting, "World, I am coming—I am coming!"

MARJORIE H. WOOLNETH.

Northdown, Chalfont, St. Peter, Bucks.



## Bees.

### Hints to Beginners.

**A**N inquiry from a neighbour, in the middle of January, as to what colour is preferable for a hive to be painted—I may add that the querist was a lady—led me to ask in return why she wanted to know this, for I was already aware of the fact that she had no bees, though I recalled a catechism which she put me through, on this subject, twelve months ago. She said two new hives had arrived, and I straightway commended my friend's forethought in preparing a home for the bees so well in advance of actual requirements. Request had already been made for "Government bees" from the county expert, and it was distinctly a case of so far so good, so very good.

There are sure to be many beginners in a similar state as my friend here mentioned. The question about colour of hives is easily answered. I always advise not white but a good distinctive light grey. This colour lasts better than white, which shows every mark, and only too soon loses its newness. If the hive be set up on ground not turfed, or on ashes, white shows splash-marks and assumes a dirty-white appearance towards the bottom, which spoils the *tout ensemble*. It is not a bad plan to paint the plinths some colour, such as dark blue or red, but this form of decoration should not be overdone. A hive painted all one colour it is hard to improve upon.

Another point of importance which I would mention to beginners is to be most careful not to accept bees from a district or apiary in which recently there has been any, even slight, disease, or in which prevalence of disease is suspected. This advice also applies to old apparatus. I may at this point introduce a useful hint concerning disinfecting. After the usual washing, scraping, painting with strong disinfectant, etc., leave everything outside for sun, rain, snow, frost, and wind to complete, as I think it will, the operation. Let all appliances being dealt with remain thus exposed to the weather for several weeks. I have seen a hive so exposed, with its different parts scattered about, for quite four months past, and it is reasonable to conclude that the process will be effective.

To return to my friend who is about to begin actual bee-keeping if and when she can get bees. She resides in a country house where there is a spacious garden with a large quantity of fruit-trees both in the garden and in adjoining orchards. She has at present, as her chief reason for commencing, the very laudable desire to increase and improve the fruit. I tell her that, having once begun, she will not rest content with hives of bees for fruit purposes only. It is a very great wonder to me that gardeners seem, as a class, to avoid what they know perfectly well to be the most valuable agent in the indispensable process of fertilisation of fruit blossoms. This lady friend of mine may be instanced as a gentle, living censure of a large number of skilled horticulturists. I know of nothing which "catches on" more surely than bee-keeping. It becomes more and more fascinating, both in its claims upon thought and manipulation. It is at one and the same time a hobby and an industry, making comparatively small demands upon time and money, and proving profitable to mind and body alike.

This is the season of the year to come to a

decision, ye non-beekeepers. Think it over again. Thrust aside foolish and timorous objections about stings, go and visit someone who has bees and encourage him to tell you something about his experiences and doings with his bees. Ask him to help you to start, and take in hand the making of a hive at once. For my part, I shall always be more than pleased to help, from a distance, any enterprising inquirer.

B. R. H., "Gardening Illustrated."

## The Home Curing of Ham.

### Methods and Systems Described.

**C**ONTRARY to the opinions of not a few people there is an art in curing ham. To make a thoroughly good job is to preserve that delicate toothsome flavour, which is so characteristic of the best home-fed meat. There are, of course, many different systems of curing ham, but the following are the most popular in this country:—

#### Wiltshire Method.

When curing in what is known as the "Wiltshire Method" first take three nice firm hams, weighing about 10 lb. each, rub them with common salt to cleanse them thoroughly, lay them in a deep earthenware pan, and repeat the operation twice more at intervals of twenty-four hours, removing the dirty brine at the same time. Then, having prepared a mixture composed of  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. of saltpetre bruised to a rather fine powder, a similar proportion of salt prunella, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of ordinary salt, well sifted together, proceed to rub it into every portion of the hams, put them into a clean pan, and rub daily for three days, storing the vessel in a cool place meanwhile; at the expiration of the prescribed term they should be fairly soft and pliable. Empty 13 lb. of brown moist sugar—ham sugar, as the special kind sold for the purpose is generally called—into a large saucepan, add 100 lb. of salt, and  $6\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of good dark treacle, pour in 8 gallons of water, and boil the liquid for some thirty to forty minutes, skimming frequently until it is absolutely clear. Pour sufficient of the boiling pickle over the hams to completely immerse them, cover the pan closely, set a heavy weight upon the lid to keep it well down, and leave them in it, turning them and rubbing the pickle well into them each morning for three weeks or a month. At the end of this period they will be fit either for eating at once or for smoking, but a green ham, prepared after this recipe, is so delicious that I can cordially recommend it to my readers.

#### A Berkshire Method.

In Berkshire a special method (which has been found most adaptable to local circumstances) is practised. The curer should choose two large, sound hams, weighing, say, 17 lb. or 18 lb. apiece, rub them all over with salt, leave them to drain, repeat the process daily for three days, pouring off the soiled brine on each occasion, then wipe the hams with a clean soft cloth. Make a pickle of 1 lb. of brown moist sugar, 1 lb. of salt, and 2 oz. of pounded saltpetre, rub it thoroughly into every part of the meat, lay the hams in a deep pan, cover them with the mixture, and let them remain in it for three days, the lid of the pan being secured with a weight as described in the

(Continued on Page 64.)





Mrs. Herbert Cole, of San Francisco, riding her pet lion. ["Daily Sketch." The London News Agency.]

A FRIVOLOUS COMMENT.

Mrs. Herbert may ride on a lion,  
It makes really no difference to us

If she ride on the Moon or Orion,  
For we most of us ride on a 'bus!

## Landwork.

(By a Landworker.)

WHEN you come out to the country,  
Fresh from the grime of the town,  
Drinking in all the beauty  
And longing to set it down.

Full of a nameless hunger  
For powers you have not got,  
Longing in vain for something—  
For something—you know not what.

We who know nought of poetry  
We to whom art is barred,  
How can we still this craving  
Save only by working hard?

Heading and tailing turnips  
Or milking a restive cow,  
Shearing, dipping, and marking,  
Or walking behind the plough.

Tired and dirty and happy,  
Close to our natural soil,  
Feasting on wayside beauties,  
And breathing the air of toil.

Far from the smoky cities,  
Far from their hurry and sin,  
Where Nature's arms have opened  
And gathered her children in.



# The Mad Tea-Party.

## (With a New Alice.)

OF course I started in a bad temper which made it worse, but then it is annoying to burst both the buttons off one glove just a minute before you are going out to tea. I didn't seem to have another pair either, except some with tar on them which seemed worse somehow, so as Mother was getting agitated I flew downstairs, and caught her up at the front door.

"I wish you'd try and be a bit more punctual, dear," she remonstrated. "Mrs. Seymour is so particular, and it's so rude to be late."

"Sorry, Mum," I said breathlessly, "but I can't get used to these old clothes now, and my right glove is absolutely buttonless; do you think it matters?"

"Alice!" exclaimed Mother absolutely horrified, "I'd lend you a pair only we haven't time to go back now. My dear child, why didn't you tell me?"

"I've only just burst them," I confessed. "You see, I haven't worn gloves for three years, and my hands have got awfully big."

Mother sighed; I knew she always regretted the fact that I joined the "Land Army." It wasn't her fault that she liked girls who always looked neat and loved going out to tea, and it wasn't my fault that I always got untidy and preferred cowsheds to drawing-rooms. Still, I had renounced the cowsheds now to please Mother, and was prepared to embrace the drawing-rooms.

At least I thought I was prepared, but I evidently wasn't, for I never paid enough attention to a tiger rug in the hall, with the result that as Mother sailed into the drawing-room I sat down very hard on the polished floor.

Mrs. Seymour was most apologetic, and said it was a treacherous thing, and she really must get rid of it, but all the same I saw her look at my feet in some astonishment.

As she looked, I looked too, and I never realised till that minute how very big my feet were, and as I thought about them I wondered however I managed such clumsy things, and which I put forward first when I began to walk, so that when I had to go to meet the lady with a cornfield in her hat I fell over my own feet and got there sooner than I expected.

She said that it was very warm for the time of the year, and I agreed most heartily; I was discovering to my cost that a drawing-room can be very warm indeed.

She then began to talk about a child pianist she had just heard, and wanted to know what I thought of her. I had to confess I had never heard of her, and she looked dreadfully shocked, and murmured something about girls being so busy nowadays.

I took courage at this, and blurted out in a great hurry: "I have been 'on the land' for three years."

If possible she looked even more shocked at this, and said in freezing accents:

"Really, that must have been very nice for you," and turned her back quite decidedly on my offending person.

I was really quite relieved, because I was getting hungry, and had not been able to taste the exciting-

looking thing perched in my saucer, but I had only just taken a very large bite when the lady on my right opened fire.

"Weren't you selling with Mrs. Robertson-Biggs on the Serbian flag day?" she enquired.

The very "farmerish" wife I had taken occupied all my attention, and I found myself unable to answer, but the lady, taking my silence for assent, continued happily:

"Wasn't it delightful of her to give us all tea afterwards? She is such a very charming woman. I suppose you know her daughter Natalie quite well, a very taking girl?"

I swallowed the last morsel, and prepared to disillusion her.

"I am so sorry," I began hurriedly, "I'm afraid I never sold Serbian flags at all, I wasn't here then, I—"

"I beg your pardon," said the lady stiffly, "I can't think how I came to make such a mistake. Of course, I quite understand if you weren't here."

I determined to put the finishing touch.

"I have been on the land for three years," I said quickly.

The result was very different to what I had expected, the lady became quite gracious.

"Really; how very interesting. I must introduce you to my daughter, she is a great gardener, and so keen. Dulcie, dear, this lady has been working on the land for three years. I am sure you will find a great deal to say to her."

I found myself seated next to a very odd-looking girl, whose clothes all looked as if they were falling off her. She stared at me very hard, and as she said nothing, I imagined it was my duty to start the conversation.

"I hear you are very fond of gardening" I started. "Have you a garden of your own?"

"Oh, just a little patch," she replied. "It must be fun to be on a farm though. I always thought I'd like to do that, but somehow I never did, and it seems hardly worth while now that the war is over. Have you given it up?"

"For a time at any rate," I said, beginning to feel at home. "But, you know, I just love it, and I'd hate to give it up all together, besides, I—"

Dulcie interrupted languidly:

"I suppose you drive pigs to market and all that?" she enquired.

"Yes," I said feebly.

"And wear breeches? That must be fun. And don't you mind cows? And I think to have short hair like yours must be lovely."

I began to feel a bit dazed, but I hung on to the last remark. "Oh, I love my hair short," I began, "in the morning, you know, when you're—"

"Oh, yes, ripping," said Dulcie, "and where did you live? Did you have good meals?"

"We lived with one of the men. Of course, the meals were plain, but when you're working you get—"

"Oh, I'm sure you do. I suppose you never met

(Continued on Page 65.)





[Farm Life.—Alfieri.]

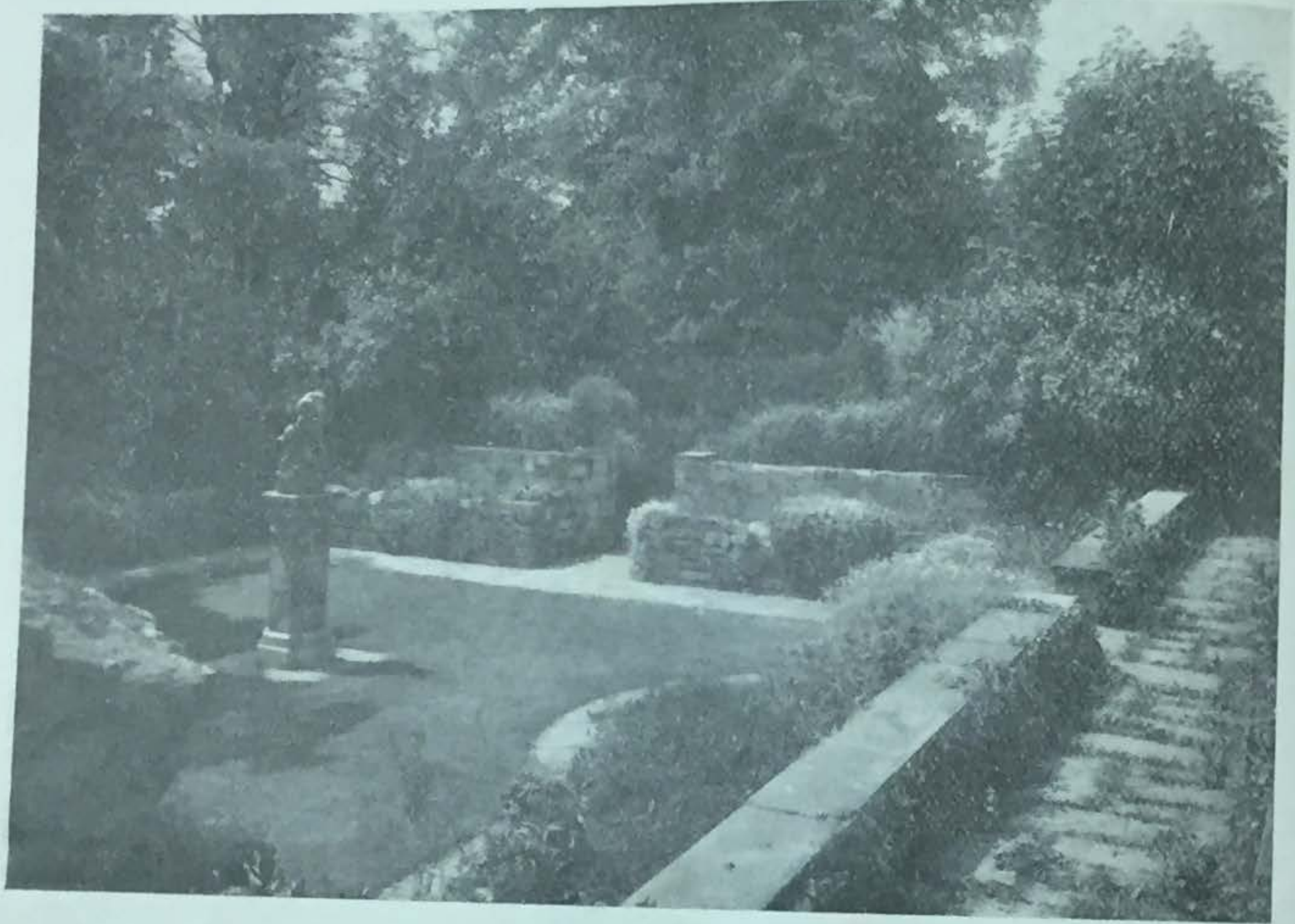
Carrying On with the Snow on the Ground.



# Garden Talks.

By Miss Elsa More, F.R.H.S., Principal of the College of Gardening, Glyne, Sussex.

I SHOULD like to explain to the readers of THE LANDSWOMAN that these Garden Talks I have been asked to give each month are written really for the amateur gardener; they are meant to help those who can only grow their plants outdoors, without the help of being able first to rear their seedlings in the warmth and shelter of a greenhouse. I also hope it will inspire all those who have even the smallest garden plot to make the very most of it—not only with the joy and beauty of flowers, but with the useful help of small vegetables and salads—so full of health-giving qualities when fresh cut from the home garden. I am always willing to answer any questions on garden difficulties.



A Favourite Corner in the Editor's Garden.

## MARCH.

### "THE DAWN OF SPRING."

Spring is stealing out of the South; we have to wait yet a little longer, but it is very near. Encouraged by the stimulus of the opening flowers round us, we long to provide for a display which will carry us gaily through the summer to the autumn, and, as far as Jack Frost will allow us, right on into the winter months—and remember this can be accomplished on even the smallest piece of ground.

\*"A garden is a lovesome thing, Godwot,

Rose plot,

Fringed pool,

Ferned grot—

The veriest school

Of Peace; and yet the fool

Contends that God is not—

Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?

Nay, but I have a sign,

'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

(\* From "My Garden," one of the collected Poems of T. E. Brown.)

Each month of the year has its own special flowers, just as each month has for the children born within that month a special birthstone. The flowers for March are—

Blackthorn—*meaning difficulty.*

Coltsfoot—*justice shall be done.*

Daffodil—*chivalry.*

Celandine—*future joy.*

Strong o'er the upland sweeps the wind.

To man and beast awhile unkind,

It bids us seek the sheltered grove—

In search of blossoms that we love,

There, holding up his pointed spears,

Knight Daffodil again appears,

And, clustering on banks of green,

The pretty Celandine is seen.

Come sleet or snow, or cloudy sky,

The snowy Blackthorn meets the eye,

And Coltsfoot, stern of purpose, pleads

His due reward for upright deeds.

Now Nature's colours are gold and white,

But, oh, how lovely is the sight.



Some horticulturists speak of March as the great seed-sowing month, especially for hardy annuals. Surely we must have a care. Blindly to follow such advice may lead to the loss of many seeds, and the waste of much time. The right moment for seed-sowing out-of-doors depends on the soil, the situation, and, above all, the locality of the garden. Many things can be done in a sheltered garden with a South aspect, which cannot be attempted on an exposed wind-swept piece of land facing North.

Try and realise something that perhaps you have never thought of before—the Humanity of Plant Life—the pulse of life which throbs in the heart of each tiny seed. It would be madness to sow should March be a cold month with a treacherous East wind blowing every day—much better to wait until the weather is a little warmer—the seed will germinate quicker. On the other hand, much can be ventured in a sheltered garden—or with the help of a cold frame, or a greenhouse, or conservatory. Seeds of all kinds of hardy annuals, and many vegetables, can be sown in boxes covered with a little fine soil; and again on the top of that place a piece of glass covered with a sheet of brown paper; this will help the seed to germinate quickly. The covering must be lifted every day, and the soil underneath kept moist. Directly any sign of the little seeds pushing their way up through the soil is noticed, remove the glass and paper immediately, as to remain in the dark will weaken the seedlings tremendously. Give the little plants all the light and air possible, keep the soil just moist—not too wet—bring them up sturdy citizens of the plant kingdom, and when the weather changes they will be ready to plant outside into their permanent quarters. If the weather is frosty always cover the boxes at night with a piece of paper—newspaper will do—this will prevent the seedlings from being killed by frost.

Supposing you have no glass or place to rear your seedlings—outside in the garden there is plenty to be done. The herbaceous borders, which are the principal feature of modern flower gardens, need much attention. All dead growth from last season (if not already cut down) must be at once removed and burnt. Any plants you want to increase may be dug up, the roots divided and replanted.

Rockerries may have attention; plants can be divided, new plants bought and planted; try if possible to buy plants that will bloom at different seasons of the year, so that you will always have some flowers in bloom, some bit of joy to welcome you. And in planting—do plant in clumps; the old-fashioned way of planting in lines (so many inches from plant to plant, making the few you have stretch as long a distance as possible) is so terrible. A mass of bloom is much more attractive. If you only have six wallflowers, or six geraniums, or six forget-me-nots, plant them in a clump all in one place.

**BEDDING PLANTS.**—Cuttings may now be inserted of lobelias, geraniums, and others.

**CREEPERS.**—Wall creepers may be looked over and pruned.

**EVERGREENS.**—Early in the month is a good time to transplant evergreens, but it should not be done when cold, dry winds are blowing. Prune overgrown plants into shape.

**FERNS.**—Those who have ferns in the house, and want them to continue fit and green, should re-pot them now. Use a compost containing a good proportion of peat. Remove any sour soil or dead roots

from the ball before putting the plants into their new pots.

**IVY** may now be cut in, as with growth soon starting actively the bareness will be corrected very quickly.

**PANSIES AND VIOLAS** should be planted at the end of the month; they will do much better than if the planting is deferred until May.

**SHRUBS** may be planted, unless weather and soil are dry.

**ROSES** may be planted, but leave the pruning of dwarf trees until end of month or first week in April.

**SWEET PEAS.**—Make a sowing outdoors in clumps, or rows if you prefer.

**FRUIT.**—Those who have peach or apricot trees on their walls must protect the blossom from birds and frost—a little muslin, fish net, or tiffany will do splendidly. Keep a look-out for birds picking at any fruit buds.

Early in the month top-dress **LAWNS** with soot, or any chemical manure.

Plant **GLADIOLUS** at the end of the month.

#### VEGETABLES.

**JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE**s may be planted, allowing one foot between the sets and one yard between the rows.

**POTATOES** may be planted, putting in late sorts about the middle of the month.

**RHUBARB AND SEAKALE** may be forced in the open ground if you have any. Cover the crowns with boxes, or straw.

**SHALLOTS** should be planted at the beginning of the month, not quite covering them. The rows should be one foot apart, and you can make a sowing of *Victoria* spinach between the rows.

Before I tell you what you may *sow outdoors*, just a word *about sowing*. If you sow seed you must look after it. Quite useless to sow and then leave the plot for days, never going near it, because you think the seed will not come up for a while. You must visit your seed plots every day, otherwise birds and mice will help themselves freely to the seeds, because in each seed there is a store of appetising food, and, especially in the early Spring when there is little else to eat, birds will soon clear away all your seed. To prevent this, protect your plots either with netting or black cotton. After you have sown and covered with soil, dust some soot mixed with a little road grit or ashes over the whole plot. This makes the soil distasteful and keeps away slugs and other pests. After sowing peas or beans, always bait and set a few household mouse traps on the plots; this costs little and is an excellent plan. Visit and re-set the mouse traps every day; you will be surprised what a number of enemies you catch this way.

*You may sow outdoors, weather permitting—*

**BROAD BEANS**, early longpod, in drills 3 to 4 inches deep.

**CARROTS**, short horn—always dust a little soot and wood ash or grit into the drills.

**PARSNIPS**—in rows 18 inches apart. This crop must not have a freshly-manured piece of land.

**PEAS.**—Sow 3 inches deep; make a sowing of spinach or radishes between the rows.

**TURNIPS.**—Sow *Milan* early in the month, choosing a moist, cool spot.

**SALADINGS.**—Even in the smallest of garden plots a sowing of **LETTUCES**—“All the Year Round” or “Early Market”—can be made. Also **RADISHES**; these *must* be protected from birds.



## THE LANDSWOMAN

A splendid device for sowing early lettuces: Take one of those large glass shades such as are used for hanging up over an ordinary gas-jet to prevent the gas smoke dirtying the ceiling. Choose a sunny piece of garden, and fork up a little bed the size of the miniature "bell-glass." Sow a pinch of seed thereon, and cover with a little fine soil. Water well, and then put the "bell-glass" over. Slip a bit of sacking or cloth over the glass at night if it is frosty.

Last, but not least, your CABBAGE BED must have attention. The plants you now have from the sowing made at the end of the summer should be quite big by now. Hoe between the rows, and prick up the ground round each plant with a small fork. Buy a little nitrate or soda or sulphate of ammonia; at the rate of one ounce per square yard, sprinkle a little round each plant, being careful to keep it off the leaves; then just lightly fork it in. If you cannot get nitrate, soot is better than nothing.

It has become generally forgotten that the man in the moon was sent there because of his predilection for cabbage. His longings for this fragrant vegetable had become so keen that one evening he could resist them no longer, and, having no cabbages of his own, he stole one from his neighbour. Such conduct is not uncommon, but this particular evening happened to be the 24th of December, and he who would steal cabbages on Christmas Eve is worthy to be translated. He was. Comes a child in white, riding, who says, "Since you will rob on this holy night, let you and your basket go to the moon." Whisk! He was lifted beyond all temptation, and where all who see may offer him as an object lesson to youth.

But there is yet another legend concerning the cabbage:—

Lycurgus, prince of Thrace, having destroyed the vines in Dionysius's vineyard, was bound to a vine as punishment, and he lamented his lost liberty so earnestly that his tears had substance and took root as cabbages, in which is symbolized the old belief that the cabbage is an enemy of the grape and will cure intoxication. Indeed, the cabbage has been held as an enemy of all other plants because it draws to itself the fatness of the earth and starves its neighbours. It was so sacred a plant, despite its stupefying properties and its smell when cooking or decaying, that the Ionians swore their oaths upon it; and fairies travel on the stalks, as witches do on broomsticks.

E. R. M.

## YOUR GROUND NEEDS NUTRITION

Denial of this means poverty of results. If "Canary Guano" is applied (an easy task) you will be amazed at the prodigious and prolific results. All vegetable and fruit crop at their heaviest. Flowers bloom in greater profusion, and lawns become rich with verdure. Quality too, is vastly improved if



## CANARY GUANO

be used. This wonderful concentrated fertilizer can be obtained from Seedsmen in cartons 1/- each; bags 2/6, 5/-, 10/-, 20/-, and 30/- each, or direct from the makers. Write to-day for FREE "Canary Guano" booklet which contains expert advice on all gardening subjects. Chemical Union Limited, IPSWICH.

## SUTTON'S

collections of

VEGETABLE and  
FLOWER SEEDSA liberal supply of  
the finest varieties.

From 7/- to £1 1s.

Particulars on Application.

SEED CATALOGUE FREE.

SUTTON & SONS,  
The King's Seedsmen, READING.

The RITO Smile.

What Allotment Holders  
and Gardeners say about(Manufactured under  
Royal Letters Patent).**RITO**

(The Energiser for Soil Bacteria).

36, Bedford Street, Woburn, Beds.

"I write to say that I found RITO very satisfactory for the things I tried it on—Marrows, Cucumbers, Beans, and Tomatoes." (Signed) A. MANN.

"Berydene," West Wycombe Road,  
High Wycombe, Bucks.

"Having used your RITO on Flowers, Fruit, and Vegetables for two seasons with the very best results, I have great pleasure in recommending it. My crop of Potatoes, Onions, Runner Beans, etc., are the best I have ever had. I have quite made up my mind to buy again next year. I do not forget to tell my friends about RITO."

(Signed) ARTHUR ASHLEY SIMPSON

RITO can be obtained from all Seedsmen, Florists, Corn Dealers, Stores, etc., at the following prices—1 cwt., 19/6; 56lb., 10/-; 28lb., 5/9; 14lb., 3/3; 7lb., 1/9. Also in 1/- cartons and 2d. packets. In case of difficulty send your order direct to The Molassine Co., Ltd., 511, Tunnel Avenue, Greenwich, S.E.10, in which case carriage will be extra, as follows:—On 56lb., 1/-; 28lb., 14lb., and 7lb., 9d. When sending orders direct please send cash with order.

**RITO suits everything that grows.**



# National Association of Landswomen.

Patroness: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY.

## Association News.

### HONORARY SECRETARIES OF COUNTY BRANCHES.

*Bedford.*—Not appointed.  
*Berks.*—Miss Maureen Kendall, 34, St. Anne's Road, Caversham, Reading.  
*Bucks.*—Mrs. Roberts, Stonecroft, Aylesbury.  
*Cambridge.*—Not appointed; (acting) Mrs. Vinter, 10, Trinity Street, Cambridge.  
*Cheshire.*—Miss Griffiths, c/o Major Legh, Adlington Hall, Macclesfield.  
*Cumberland.*—Miss Andrews, Ackworth School, near Pontefract.  
*Cornwall.*—Mrs. Curtis, The Butts, St. Newlyn East.  
*Derby.*—Miss Donald, Midland Agricultural College, Kingston, Derby.  
*Devon.*—Miss B. Smyth Richards, Filleigh Lodge, South Molton.  
*Durham.*—Miss Maud Marshall, Bishops Close, Spennymoor.  
*Essex.*—Miss O. Tritton, Lyons Hall, Great Leighs, Chelmsford.  
*Gloucester.*—Miss Ackers, Huntley Manor, Gloucester.  
*Hants.*—Mrs. Chambers, 2, Mews Hill, St. James's Terrace, Winchester.  
*Hereford.*—Mrs. Nicholson, Glenthorn, Whitecross, Hereford.  
*Hertford.*—Miss Barlow, Stanstead Abbots, Ware.  
*Hunts.*—Miss Margaret King, 68, High Street, Huntingdon.  
*Isle of Ely.*—Mrs. Barker, 57, Wisbech Road, March.  
*East Kent.*—Mrs. Sidney Truscott, Westbere, Canterbury.  
*Leicester.*—Miss Nugee, 1, St. Martin's, Leicester.  
*Lincs., Holland.*—Miss Walton, Fleet Fen, Gedney Hill, near Wisbech.  
*Lincs., Kesteven.*—Miss Tickler, Withern, Alford.  
*Lincs., Lindsey.*—Miss Tickler, Withern, Alford.  
*Middlesex.*—Mrs. Freeborn, Bradbys, Harrow-on-the-Hill.  
*Norfolk.*—Miss Burgess, 3, St. Stephen's Road, Norwich.  
*Northampton.*—Miss Grindon, Olney, Bucks.  
*Northumberland.*—(Acting) Miss Walker, Hawxly Hall, Acklington.  
*Notts.*—Miss A. S. Gordon, 4, East Circus Street, Nottingham.  
*Oxford.*—Miss Ashurst, Waterstock, Wheatley, Oxon.  
*Rutland.*—Mrs. Sills, 1, Coldoverton Road, Oakham.  
*Somerset.*—Miss Slessor, Curvalion, Chreech St. Michael, Taunton.  
*Staffs.*—(Temp.) Miss Nightingale, 11, Market Street, Stafford.  
*Suffolk East.*—Miss Dudley Scott, Montague House, Beccles.  
*Suffolk West.*—Mrs. Liveing, 1, St. Mary's Square, Bury St. Edmunds.  
*Surrey.*—Miss Bunford Samuel, Marlow House, Kingston-on-Thames.  
*Sussex East.*—Miss M. Champion, Mountfield House, Lewes.

*Sussex West.*—Miss Margaret Hannah, 1, North Wall, Chichester.  
*Warwick and Birmingham.*—Mrs. Croft, 12, Northgate Street, Warwick.  
*Westmorland.*—See Cumberland.  
*Wilts.*—Miss A. B. Cross, 50, Hulse Road, Salisbury (acting).  
*Worcester.*—Miss Walpole Simmonds, Shire Hall, Worcester.  
*North Riding.*—Miss D. Pease, Middleton Lodge, Middle-Tyas, R.S.O.  
*Anglesey.*—Miss Nicholl Jones, Penrhos, Llangefin.  
*Carmarthen.*—Hon. Sec. of Women's Sub-Committee, Miss E. M. Picton, Truscot, Llandilo.  
*Carnarvon.*—Mrs. Marks, Maesgyn, Abbey Road, Llandudno.  
*Flint.*—Miss E. M. Leech, Cartref, Dyserth, North Wales.  
*Glamorgan.*—Acting Sec., Miss Leake, Cwrtyrall, near Cardiff.  
*Montgomery.*—Miss L. Luxmore, Coed Tref, Meifod, Llansantffraid.  
*Monmouth.*—Miss Prys, Flanover, Abergavenny.  
*Pembroke.*—Miss Beatrice Chambers, Glyn-y-niel, Fishguard.

### MIDDLESEX AND LONDON BRANCH OF THE N.A.L.

The inaugural meeting was held at the Blue Triangle Club, 12, Grosvenor Place, on Tuesday, February 24. There were present about 50 or 60. A Provisional Committee was elected, consisting of seven L.A.A.S. (past and present), Lady Margaret Boscawen, Mrs. Hurtsman, and Mrs. Freeborn (ex-Welfare Officer) as hon. secretary.

The first Executive Committee will meet on March 10, at 5, St. James's Square, kindly lent by the Countess of Strafford, to arrange the further details of the constitution of this branch.

Up to the present about 100 members have filled in the application forms. After the business of the evening there was dancing and general merriment till about 10.30.

DERBY.—87 members.

*Chairman.*—Mrs. R. Bennett, Higher Cliff, Strines, Stockport.  
*Hon. Treasurer.*—Miss Burton, Trent Cottage, Long Eaton.  
*Hon. Secretary.*—Miss Donald, Midland Agricultural College, Kingston, Derby.

[The Editor will be glad to insert any N.A.L. news.]

You must lie out in the sunlight and rain of the divine love, quiet and unoccupied with anything but it, until in its April weather, the seeds of life that are in your soul—seeds of the deeper purpose, the diviner knowledge—begin of themselves to move and germinate.—H. B. BINNS.



## Rabbit Breeding.\*

THE objects of this leaflet are to give reasons why rabbits should be kept by everyone who has the necessary and very simple means of rearing them, and to show how the keeping of rabbits may be economically and successfully carried on by amateurs who have had no previous experience in rearing them.

As indicating the amount of food which may be produced by rearing rabbits for the table, it may be mentioned that the total weight of the progeny produced in the two breeding seasons by a healthy doe mated with a healthy buck is not less than 1 cwt. Furthermore, it should be borne in mind that rabbit flesh at the present time is a particularly valuable food, because of its richness in nitrogenous or flesh-forming substances.

The only drawback to rabbit flesh as an article of food lies in the relatively small quantity of fat which it contains. For this reason the best course than can be followed by all who are able to adopt it is to combine rabbit keeping with pig keeping, for the fat provided by the one animal supplements the nitrogenous food supplied by the other. Rabbit flesh and bacon together will supply a meal as rich in food as is beef or mutton. For example, 3 lb. of rabbit flesh and 1 lb. of bacon would provide more nitrogenous and fatty food than is provided by 4 lb. of beef.

One of the greatest advantages of rabbit keeping is its small cost. Of all the food-producing domestic animals the rabbit is the one which thrives on the simplest food, and during seven months of the year its food should cost nothing beyond the trouble of collecting it. In winter the cost of the food of an adult rabbit, even where all of it has to be bought, should not exceed 3d. per week.

No one need be deterred from keeping rabbits by lack of expert knowledge, for by following the advice here given any amateur should be able to rear rabbits for the table. The amateur should begin with youngsters, for the breeding of rabbits profitably requires great care, and should not be undertaken until experience in feeding has been gained.

**BREEDS OF TABLE RABBITS.**—The breeds which are to be classed as table rabbits are:—Flemish Giant, Belgian Hare, Silvers, English, Blue Beveren, Black and Tan, Himalayan, Imperial, Japanese, Havana, Polish, and Dutch.

Angoras, which are also classed among the utility breeds, are chiefly reared for their valuable "wool," which forms in France the raw material of an important home industry.

There is no "best breed" of table rabbit.

The best table rabbits are those which produce the greatest amount of meat in the shortest time at the lowest cost, and therefore the "points" of a first class table rabbit are:—

1. Hardiness of constitution.
2. Prolificness. (This does not mean so much the production of large litters as the ability to rear a large number of strong and healthy young.)
3. Early maturity (quick growers).
4. Economic feeding (quick growers and small eaters).
5. Compact body.
6. Small bones.
7. Minimum of offal in "dressing" for the market.

(To be Continued.)

\* Board of Agriculture Leaflet.

## Home Curing of Ham.—(Continued from page 56.)

preceding recipe. Next take 2 pints of the best Orleans vinegar, pour it over them, turn them daily for twenty-eight days, rubbing the pickle well into them every time and changing their position, and keeping them tightly covered between whiles. After the full month has elapsed, lift the hams out of the pan, drain them, and dry them by rubbing with bran. If they are to be smoked, these hams must be suspended at a sufficient distance from the fire to avoid melting the fat, and consequently rendering them hard and tough. In the subsequent boiling they require gentle and gradual cooking, and special care must be exercised lest they should get overdone.

### Yorkshire Way.

Cleanse the hams by two separate rubbings with salt, allowing a twelve-hours' interval between, then wipe them; mix together 1½ lb. of coarse sugar, 1 lb. of ordinary salt, 8 oz. of bay salt, 2 oz. of bruised saltpetre, and the same quantity of white pepper, cover the hams with these ingredients, rub them well into the meat morning by morning for three days, and turn the hams daily.

### East Anglian Way.

Select two hams of about 11 lb. each, rub them with common salt, hang them up by the bone to drain, and repeat the process after the lapse of twenty-four hours. Mix 2 lb. of brown moist sugar, 1½ lb. of salt, 2 oz. of crushed saltpetre, and ¼ pint of refined vinegar, rub the meat thoroughly with the preparation, and turn the hams at regular intervals of forty-eight hours for thirty days before sending them to be smoked over a wood fire for at least three weeks.

I have been assured by those who have proved the experiment for themselves, that an admixture of ordinary household soda answers the same purpose as is effected by employing saltpetre alone, and does not involve a risk of hardening the fibre of the lean of a ham, a defect which, alas, is often found to exist when the meat comes to be carved. The method of curing hams on this principle is as follows: Take a ham weighing about 14 lb.; cleanse it in the usual manner, and allow it to drain. Lay it in the salting pan, and cover with a mixture made by sifting together 1½ oz. of pounded saltpetre, 1½ oz. of coarsely-powdered soda, and the usual proportion of common salt, and keep the vessel containing it closely covered. Turn the ham daily, rub the pickle well into it, and proceed thus for twenty-five days.

All attempts at curing depend to a great extent for success upon the preparation of the meat. It must be thoroughly cleansed in the first instance, not only because the idea of commencing to work without doing so is abhorrent, but also because this preliminary prevents it from turning, and from possessing a disagreeably powerful flavour. The salting-pan should occupy a corner in a cool larder, and in no circumstances should the lid be suffered to remain off, except when the contents are undergoing their matutinal treatment.—"Farm and Home."

## Demobbed.

There was a young lady who sobbed:  
"From the L.A.A.S. I'm demobbed."

When they pitied her pain

She could only explain:

"Could I only be also de-bobbed!"





**Wedding of a Herts. Land Army Welfare Officer.**

[*"Daily Mirror." Illustrated Press Agency.*]

THE MAD TEA-PARTY.—(Continued from Page 58.)  
my cousin, Anne Masters, she gardens somewhere?"

"I'm afraid I haven't. You see, we——"

"Of course, I quite understand," Dulcie rose.

"I think I see my mother moving. I'm so glad to have met you."

I felt I should like a nice long rest, but Mother made me take her chair next to Mrs. Seymour.

"I hear you can make butter," began Mrs. Seymour. "So nice, but I do want to ask you about ours. It's very good butter, but my cook says that it's no good for puddings, can you explain that?"

"I'm afraid I can't," I gasped. "I know nothing about cooking, I'm afraid."

"No?" said Mrs. Seymour. "Oh, I thought all girls learnt that nowadays. Still, your work must be very interesting, I'm sure. I always like a dairy, it smells so nice."

"Mother," I said, as we walked slowly home. "I'm afraid I'll never shine in society. Would you mind very much if I went back to Haynes?"

"Oh, Alice!" protested Mother, "it's such a pity to bury yourself in the country, and you really know a lot about farming now, there's nothing new for you to learn at Haynes."

"There are always pigs to drive to market, and all that," I said meekly. MARGARET YOUNG.

PIGS AND PREJUDICE.—(Continued from Page 49.)

by the farmer's wife at ten shillings each, and had overturned a milk pail. Although most affectionately disposed, his enemies criticised even this gentle habit. I'll admit that he did catch you rather low when he trotted to meet you. But those who are afraid of using their boot on a pig should not blame the pig. A gentle hint like this was immediately taken by Ernest.

Well, Christmas is over and the fate of prince and peasant pig has long ago been sealed, for at that season "Pigs is Pigs," and no matter how blue the blood, nothing short of the Food Controller's Orders can save him.

BERYL M. HARMAN.



## Cookery Column.

### VEGETABLE CURRIES.

#### Curried Broad Beans.

Shell 1 quart of broad beans, and boil them in plenty of slightly salted water till tender (boil fast all the time). Drain the beans and remove the skin whilst hot. Plunge 4 ripe tomatoes into boiling water for a moment, skim them, cut them into slices, and toss them in butter in a sauté-pan; season with salt and pepper, and moisten with a small quantity of curry sauce. Dress these neatly on a dish surrounded by a border of plainly boiled rice, pile the broad beans in the centre, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley, and a good pinch of Paprika pepper. Stand the dish in a hot oven for a few minutes, and send to table at once.

#### Curried Celery Fritters.

Two heads of white celery,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint thick Béchamel or other good white sauce, 1 dessertspoonful Mulligatawny or curry paste, frying batter, fine salt, 1 teaspoonful curry powder, vegetable stock, and vegetable fat for frying.

Wash and clean the celery, cut it into 2-inch pieces, and cook till tender in stock or salted water. Drain the pieces on a sieve. When cold toss them in the white sauce, previously mixed with the curry paste. The pieces must be thoroughly coated with sauce. Dip each piece of celery into frying batter, drop into hot fat, and fry to a golden colour. Drain on a cloth or paper, sprinkle with fine salt mixed with a little curry powder (just enough to colour it), dish up on a folded napkin and send to table immediately.

NOTE.—Asparagus, cucumber, or marrow may be cooked in the same manner.

#### Carrots à l'Indienne.

Braise  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of prepared young carrots, and let them get cold. Prepare a pint of rich curry sauce and slice two hard-boiled eggs. Put carrots with the sliced egg in a stew-pan with the curry sauce, and allow them to get thoroughly hot. Arrange a neat border of nicely boiled rice in a dish, garnish with strips of red and green chillies, and fill up the centre with the carrot and curry mixture. Serve hot.

#### Curried Mushrooms.

Peel  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of button mushrooms, remove the stems, then wash and drain them, and season with salt and pepper. Melt about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of butter in a stew-pan, and fry the mushrooms in this for a few minutes. Pour off the fat, and add sufficient curry sauce to barely cover the mushrooms. Cook slowly for about 15 minutes longer. Dress them on slices of crisp toast placed on a dish, pour the sauce round the dish, and send to table with a plate of plainly cooked rice.

#### Curried Spinach.

Pick and wash 2 lb. of spinach, and cook it with very little water till tender; drain it in a colander so as to extract the water, then rub it through a fine sieve. Fry a level dessertspoonful of curry powder in an ounce of butter, add a teaspoonful of finely minced onions, and stir in the spinach puree. Sprinkle a dessertspoonful of flour over the spinach, and incorporate this with two tablespoonfuls of cream and two tablespoonfuls of curry sauce. Let

the whole cook slowly for about 15 minutes; if found too thick at the end of this time add a little milk. Dish up in pyramidal form on a round dish. Garnish with some boiled rice as for an ordinary curry, and serve.

#### Curried Haricots and Eggs.

One pint of cooked haricot beans, 2 hard-boiled eggs,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of butter, 2 small onions,  $\frac{1}{2}$  a sour apple, 1 tablespoonful of ground rice, 1 dessertspoonful of curry powder, 1 tablespoonful of curry paste, 1 tablespoonful of grated cocoanut, juice of a lemon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint vegetable stock, 1 gill Marmite gravy, and seasoning.

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the chopped onions and apple, fry lightly for a few minutes; add the rice, curry paste and curry powder. Cook for 5 minutes. Now stir in the stock and gravy by degrees, and let the whole boil until a smooth sauce is obtained. The lemon juice, nuts and seasoning go in next. Chop the eggs, mix the haricots, and make the whole thoroughly hot in the sauce. Serve in a border of well-cooked rice, garnished with cut lemon and parsley.

#### Curried Potatoes.

Cut into neat slices 12 cold boiled potatoes. Mince finely a small onion, and fry it in 2 oz. of butter in a sauté-pan. Add the potatoes, season with salt, dredge well with curry powder, moisten with a gill of curry sauce and a gill of stock and the juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, shake the pan well over the fire, and let it stew for 15 minutes; then dish up, and serve hot.—C. H. SENN, "Meals Without Meat."



## Healthy and Happy

The Land Girl who values her health and happiness wears the "Liberty Bodice." She knows that its comfort is the result of its correct design—she appreciates the support without constraint that it gives—she likes its hygienic, porous and pliable material.

# "Liberty Bodice"

TRADE MARK

Knitted Fabric enables the weight of the garments to be properly distributed, and removes all undue strain. For Young Ladies and Women (deep-fitting) Made in 13 sizes for Children. For prices and particulars write for free "Liberty Bodice" Book.

"LIBERTY BODICE" FACTORY (Dept. 40).  
MARKET HARBOROUGH.



# THE IDEAL SLEEPING BAG.

For Camping and Sleeping Out.



*Extremely light and can be easily rolled up.*

*A Perco Down Sleeping Bag affords the finest possible comfort and protection and keeps the body temperature always at the same level, affords hygienic ventilation, and is completely moth and vermin proof.*

Write for Full Particulars to Dept. 22.

Telephone:  
North  
771.

**PERCO**  
LTD

Telegrams:  
Percoshape,  
Hox, London.

12/14, Underwood Street, London, N.1.

## Exchange Column.

Who will exchange a pair of brown L.A. boots for black.; size six.—D. G., Coedmadoc, Bethesda.

High brown farm boots for sale, size 4; good condition, £1.—A. K., 5, Samuel Street, Stepney, E.

For Sale.—One dog kennel, good condition, zinc roof, 30/-; one dog basket suitable for fox terrier, 6/-; one pair thick black brogue shoes, size 5½, only worn four times, 28/-.—S. M. H., Redlands, near Tonbridge.

For Sale.—Sittings of Eggs, 10/- dozen, first cross from pure bred birds—White Orpington-Leghorns (Cam Barron); White Orpington-Light Sussex (Rev. Crawshaw). Would also exchange sitting for pure bred Flemish Giant Doe, age about 6 months. Sittings of Ducks Eggs, 10/- dozen, Fawn and White Indian Runners.—Miss M. F. Dodgson, Sunny Cliff, Morte Hoe, North Devon.

Ex-L.A.A.S. wants a copy of THE LANDSWOMAN, January, 1918, issue.—Write D. H., The Cottage, Rumfold Farm, near Farnham, Surrey.

Aberdeen or Welsh Bitch Puppy wanted, 4 to 6 months old. Also sittings of Bantam eggs.—D. M. V., Bourne Mill Cottage, Hadlow, near Tonbridge.

For Sale.—Quarter-plate Stand Camera, "Pecto" make; holders to take 8 plates complete in case; excellent lens, 30/-. Also 6 nurses' aprons—2 never worn, 4 washed once—and 4 stiff belts; waist 27 inches, length of skirt 37 inches, 12/-.—Miss Ingilby, St. Francis House, The Ferry, Woolwich, S.E.

White Wyandotte Eggs for hatching; splendid

laying strain; unfertiles replaced, 12/6 dozen; reduction on two dozen or more.—Eileen Kinder, Kirby Bedon Rectory, Norwich.

For Sale.—Pair High Field Boots, brown; good make and condition; size 5; 27/6.—L. Thompson, Hawkwell, Reigate Road, Reigate.

## TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SANTON BRIDGE L.A.A.S. CLUB.

*Copy of Letter from*

THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' FAMILIES ASSOCIATION,  
23, Queen Anne's Gate,  
Westminster, S.W. 1.

January 19, 1920.

DEAR MISS LOWTHORPE-LUTWIDGE,

Your mother has written enclosing cheque for £17, the results of a small Concert and Village Dance organised by you and the Land Girls at Irton during your holidays, for which I enclose an official receipt.

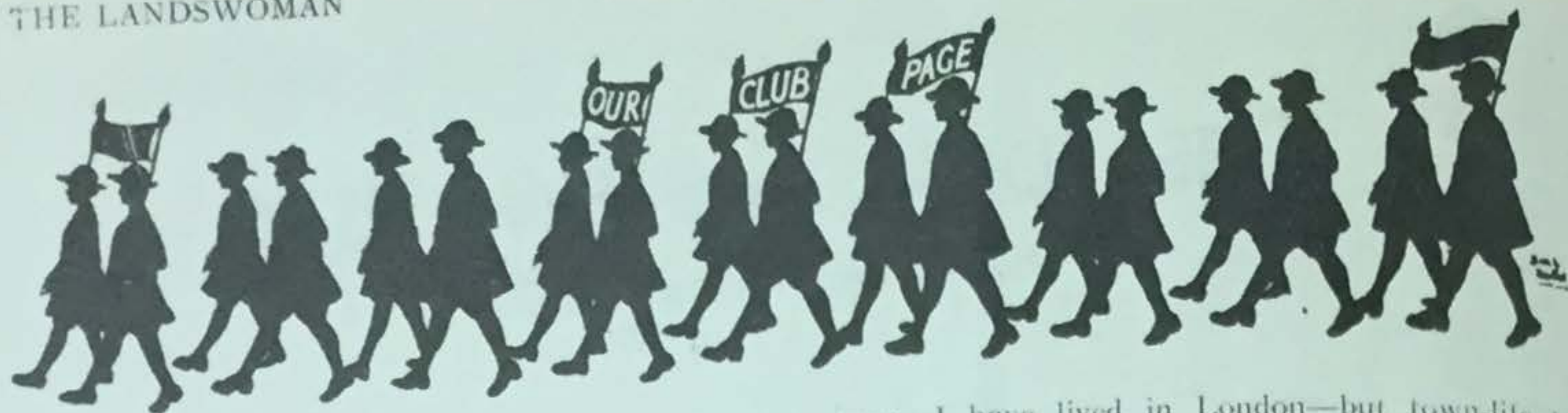
I send you our very grateful thanks for, and appreciation of, your kind interest, and that of the Land Girls' work, to whom I hope you will convey same.

Yours truly,

(Signed) JAMES GILDEA.

We should always keep open and free a corner of our head in which to make room for the opinions of our friends. Let us have heart and head hospitality.—JOURBERT.





DEAR GIRLS,—March is here again, that most exciting month of Spring—exciting because you never know what is going to happen—and the harder the March winds blow the more welcome are the early Spring flowers, and those wonderful first warm days, which play hide and seek with the South-West wind all through this mad month. Of course, I don't say all through this mad month. Of course, I don't say such nice things about March when we have a heavy fall of snow which sits on the top of the daffodils and breaks down all their stems, however sturdy they be. You can't appreciate March except in the spirit of George Borrow—"Life is sweet, brother, . . . there's likewise a wind on the heath."

#### Correspondence Club.

It is some time since I quoted your letters to me, and as I know you love to read them—and more especially because they are so much worth reading—I have selected quite a number this month.

"I really don't know what is the matter with me. I must be losing my memory or else my head is turning into a turnip, but I forgot absolutely to send in my subscription for THE LANDSWOMAN. Am enclosing it, and please don't write and tell me you haven't one left, or I shall be so disappointed—think I shall cry. To-day I posted you a small box of snowdrops; I daresay you have had lots sent you as they are earlier down south, but I wanted you to have a bunch from Lincolnshire. The weather is lovely; I enjoy every minute of the days. There's Spring in every nook and corner, and the people all spoil it by saying, 'Oh, yes, it's very nice now, but we shall pay for it later on.' I think it's so horrid of them. I believe in enjoying each day as it comes, and being thankful."

\* \* \*

"The last two days have been almost like Spring here—birds were starting, in a kind of hushed whisper, to sing—just as though they were trying the new notes for the songs that are to be. Somehow we all feel much brighter when the Spring arrives. Do you like the Spring best? I do. It seems—well, I can't quite explain—it really is just lovely, after the long dark days of winter."

\* \* \*

"Unbelievable as it may seem to you, I have been in the Land Army for two years without ever coming into contact with THE LANDSWOMAN, until five minutes ago I received one by post very mysteriously from some unknown person. Well, I want to make up for what I have missed, and shall be glad if you will let me know as soon as possible how much it will be necessary for me to send for the whole of the back numbers up to and including January, 1920, together with the binding covers necessary for them."

\* \* \*

"I have recently had my two sisters for a weekend. They do not understand why I've taken so much to the farm-work and country. If I tried to explain I could not, for I was born and educated in

a town—I have lived in London—but town-life to me seems no longer kind."

\* \* \*

Here is one from America:—"I would be so glad to be instrumental in strengthening the bond between English and American women, for we are sadly in need of it. Even now Pro-Germanism is playing a strong part in this country and had much to do with defeating the League of Nations in the Senate. I am so glad you are going to continue THE LANDSWOMAN. It is filled with sentiment and a genuine love of the land as well as being 'full of ginger,' as we Americans say, and it must be a real force and inspiration to the workers. I love it, and the fine strong beautiful young women whose photos appear in each number. New Year's greetings to THE LANDSWOMAN and all the Land Army."

\* \* \*

"Oh, yes; fifteen months of happiness I had 'on the Land' at Sidecup—quite near Blackheath—but I am now home again in London and working in an office in the City. I suppose I am only one of hundreds of Land Girls back again in town, and I often wonder if they miss the life as much as I do. Sometimes I feel I simply cannot be stifled indoors all day. What I shall be like during the summer I dread to think. I must endeavour to get into the country then as much as possible. Of course, had it not been for reasons at home, I should never have left the land—my employer wanted me to stay—but in the circumstances I have to be content. Nevertheless, I know I had the happiest time of my life in the dear old Land Army."

\* \* \*

"... I am ever so happy here with Mr. Humphreys, and I thought perhaps you would like to know that I've already started my entertainments in the village for the winter, but this time, with the help of Miss Humphreys, I've got together a small committee and we intend to open the village hall, twice every week for the men. Mr. Humphrey and I are getting coffee, etc., for them each night, and also either a social or whist drive or a dance every fortnight. As we had no funds, having sent all to St. Dunstan's last year, we had a concert last Friday, and after all expenses were paid we find we have just over £5 in hand—isn't that splendid? I think it is lovely to think we are going to have a rally for all the Land Girls, and I am delighted that Mr. Humphreys is keeping me on with him. I should hate civvie life now—there is nothing at the end of it. . . ."

\* \* \*

A V.A.D. writes:—"Until the other day, when I received a copy of THE LANDSWOMAN, and some very interesting leaflets describing the deeds of bravery and endurance done by so many of you, I had only a small notion of what your work had been. I just felt thrilled to know of all those things! What



splendid deeds of bravery were done—and done, too, by girls who formerly had little been accustomed to such work. And what fine, patient work must have been done that one did not read of! I have always been rather timid with animals I was not familiar with—especially cows—and to me it is perfectly wonderful to read how you tackled infuriated bulls, runaway horses, and other terrors. If only we V.A.D.s had realised what you were doing I think it would have helped us in our work, hard and trying as it many times was. On Armistice Day a Tommy who had been severely wounded came up to me and said, 'Nurse, I want to shake hands with you. You've helped to win the war.' And he did shake hands right heartily. I think he might have justly said and done the same to any of my fellow war-workers of the Land Army."

\* \* \*

"The adventure of 'the donkey and me' will perhaps in the years to come be remembered as one of the most amusing anecdotes out of the many that could be recorded of our farming days. It happened on Friday, March 15, 1918. Molly and I went to the farm and began our daily task of pumping the cattle's water. When we had nearly finished, our master told us that we were to go over to B—to catch the donkey, which one of us was to take back to the farm. Meanwhile the other one was to take his horse to be shod. Accordingly we proceeded to our master's house and caught the donkey. I hung on like grim death and somehow we slipped the halter on. All went well till our master's dog, Sandy, came barking, and biting the donkey's heels. It had fallen to me to lead it, and Molly had the horse. Part of the way we could go together till I turned down a rough track to the farm. Well, when this blessed animal bit the donkey's heels the beggar came to a stop. I coaxed it and smacked it, but all to no avail. My master came out of his gate to the rescue, when suddenly the donkey bolted. You can guess I didn't see charging along at an awful pace with it, so I tugged to try and stop it. This I did, but, woe betide, the beggar came to an abrupt halt! All this time Molly was having a good laugh at me! Well, after that it would either canter or stand still. In 15 minutes I got two hundred yards! Molly tried going in front with her horse, or coming behind. At last she decided to go on, leaving me with the awful Sandy. She suggested I should go back of B—and return the dog, but I thought of 'If we go forward we die, if we go backward we die, better go forward and die!' For I knew that once I got back I should never get out of the gates again! The next ten minutes I spent in turning round and round. A lady kindly fetched me a stick, a little girl tried to retain Sandy, but he promptly bit her! At last a farmer came and re-arranged the halter for me, and then I got on better."

\* \* \*

I have had a book sent to me to read, entitled "Down on the Farm." It is written by Vera D. Dart, and published by George Allen & Unwin, and, like all accounts of land experience, it makes very interesting reading. But somehow it lacks altogether that spirit of joy which we know so well in the Land Army, and forgets entirely that—to take Emerson's words quite literally—

"In the mud and scum of things  
There alway, alway, something sings."

I wonder why it is that all those land girls who

Most of the ailments that may attack your baby arise from improper feeding, and it is important that mothers should understand that baby will thrive best if fed in the natural way—at the breast. This will not be so difficult of accomplishment if the prospective mother includes in her daily food a bowlful of Neave's Health Diet.

But there are very many cases when the baby cannot be breast-fed, and then an important decision has to be made—"Which food shall we give our baby?"

It is nearly a century since Neave's Food was first made, and the remarkable way in which delicate and ill-nourished children have thriven on it has caused its fame to extend throughout the world. Neave's Food is widely endorsed by the medical profession as the best alternative to mother's milk.

**FREE SAMPLE** will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO. (Dept. 103), FORDINGBRIDGE

Babies thrive on

# Neave's Food

Sold everywhere in **16 & 39** Tins.  
Also **6d.** Packets.

have that deep sense of the great joy of open-air life are silent about it, except when it leaks out in streaks of sheer poetry in their occasional letters to me. I have never read any book by a land girl—and there are many of them—excepting always those delightful articles by Miss Wilkinson which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*—which does not take a pleasure almost in recording the difficulties of life on the land, forgetting, except incidentally, its wonderful compensations. Every sort of work for men or women has its drawbacks, but in what other occupation will you find that deep-down feeling of satisfaction, that bursting desire to sing your heart out, which comes from working in the open fields or among the animals. A noted professor once said: "I feel there is within me a being that remains folded up and that has never been unpacked," and I often think that land work has unfolded that something within many women, so that they have found themselves and wondered why they never before saw things with the eyes which perfect health and perfect happiness have given to them.

Of course it depends so utterly on whether or not you love the life. Point of view is everything, and it is impossible to see beauty and happiness all round you if you are not happy yourself. Undoubtedly, the right point of view for a land girl is that of Walt Whitman: "And I will show that whatever happens to anybody, it may be turned to beautiful results." I certainly hope that others who read this book, who know nothing about the Land Army or the work it has done, will not take Miss Dart's point of view in this connection without finding out more about it.



**The Sewing Club.**

We have been allotted a space for the display of our LANDSWOMAN baskets in the British Industries Fair, the great Trade Exhibition at the Crystal Palace which is being so splendidly organised by the Board of Trade. Buyers from all over the world will visit that exhibition to see what they can buy from England; and it seemed to me that it would be a very good thing that they should see what our land girls can do, in addition to their work on the farms. THE LANDSWOMAN stand is painted THE LANDSWOMAN colour, and, as all the other stands are white, it is conspicuous even though it is in an out-of-the-way corner. When it is decked out with our Sewing Club baskets in all the colours of the rainbow, with great bunches of buttercups (artificial ones, I am afraid) tied on the front posts, and great clumps of daffodils standing in blue bowls on its bright green floor, I think you will agree that it will bring into that dry-as-dust collection of townsfolk a real breath of country air. We know what the London buyers think of our baskets, but it will be interesting to see how they strike overseas and foreign buyers. I will tell you what they say about them—provided, of course, that they say nice things—in the April issue of THE LANDSWOMAN.

**The Association.**

The N.A.L. is making great strides and one hears of lots of counties with well over 200 members. Many counties have their membership cards printed and I was delighted with the East Kent one, with its splendid advertisement of THE LANDSWOMAN. There are, however, still numbers of girls who want to join who don't know how to set about it, and I am constantly getting letters asking for information. In order that no one—or (at any rate) no reader of THE LANDSWOMAN—may have any excuse for not becoming a member of the N.A.L., we have printed in this number a list of all the county secretaries, with their addresses. The Association can only be really great when it represents every woman interested in agriculture or horticulture. Until then it cannot speak with that all-powerful voice which will one day fill the countryside. And so you who have not yet sent in your names, will you hasten the coming of that great day by joining at once, for you would not like to be left out of this wonderful comradeship of the great out-of-doors, this binding together of all country women.

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

P.S.—In our anxiety not to miss out any LANDSWOMAN reader, I find we have sent duplicate copies of the January and February numbers to several people. If any of you have received more than one I shall be glad if you will pass on the February number to a likely new subscriber, but please send back the January number, as that issue is sold out and we have none left.

Some of you will remember that in 1918 we raised some money towards the endowment of a Land Worker's Bed at the Garrett Anderson Hospital, Foston Road. More money is urgently needed for this purpose, and the secretary will be very glad to receive donations.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three—all they have now, all they ever had, and all they expect to have.—ANON.

**Posts—Vacant and Wanted.****WANTED.**

Ex-L.A.A.S. requires work on a farm with a view to getting experience with stock.—Write: A. S., 53H, Grimsworth Road, Wandsworth Road, S.W.

Ex-L.A.A.S., good milker, good cook, willing to do dairy work; desires a place where another servant is kept.—A. H., Flaxley Cottage, Flax Bourton, Bristol.

Wanted, a place as dairymaid and cheese maker.—A. M., 15, Kelvinside.

Post as under-gardener wanted, near Brighton; two years' experience.—V. A., 7, Compton Avenue, Brighton.

Milker requires post; disengaged end of March. Milk round not objected to; near Harrow if possible.—V. H., 65, Forest Road, Loughton, Essex.

Landworker seeks post, any farm work.—H. Hutt, 67, Turnpike Lane, Hornsey.

Lady Gardeners, Farm Workers, Poultry Keepers, Coachmen, Chauffeurs, etc., can be supplied. Special registry at Miss Dymphna Smith's office, 231, Ebury Street, S.W., for ex-war workers and others. (Ladies requiring posts should also apply.)

Ex-L.A.A.S., trained in milking and dairy work, seeks post, not too far from London.—F. H., 89, Knollys Road, Streatham.

Young married woman, husband in the Navy, who has had four years' experience of farm work, including milking, calf-rearing, etc., seeks post. Comfortable home more essential than high salary.—E. K. Mattocks, 61, Upper Cliff Road, Gorleston-on-Sea, Great Yarmouth.

Ex-forage girl wants work on a farm, in our out. Disengaged now.—A. I., 551, King's Road, Fulham.

# BARKERS

## FAMOUS FOR FARM OUTFITS



Orders by Post attended to at once. Money returned if goods not approved.

SUITS & OILSKINS  
ALWAYS in STOCK.  
PRICE LIST FREE  
ON APPLICATION.

**EXAMPLE OF VALUE.**

Breeches (as Sketch) in  
Fawn Twill, Button at  
Sides, laced at knee, good  
shape & finish per pair **8/11**  
26in. waist

JOHN BARKER and Comp., LTD.,  
High Street, Kensington, W.8.



## POSTS—WANTED AND VACANT.—(Continued.)

## WANTED.

Land Worker seeks post. Two years' experience in milking, cleaning, and feeding stock. West Riding Yorks preferred, but not essential.—A.1, 18, Hastings Place, Marshfields, Bradford.

Ex-L.A.A.S. requires post as Under-gardener.—E. B., 3, Brook Terrace, Chase Road, Southgate, N. 4.

Ex-L.A.A.S. requires post; 12 months' experience, horses, milking, stock-rearing.—H. H., 66, Crabtree Road, Brookfields, Birmingham.

Ex-Land Girl requires post; gardening or farm work; terms by agreement.—B. T., 9, Wilne Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.

Ex-Land Army girl requires work on farm in or near East Kent; milker, used to horses and general farm work; excellent references.—W. A., 266, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill, S.E. 23.

## VACANT.

Gentleman wants, about March 10, capable servant for small Sussex farm; four in family; help given. Satisfactory wages offered for satisfactory woman. Reply (letter only) stating experience, capabilities, and wages asked.—R. B., 104, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

Captain Taylor, North Aston Manor, Beddington, Oxon, is often in need of a thatcher. He would be glad to get into touch with an ex-L.A.A.S. who could work for him when required.

Land Girl wanted.—Must be good milker and used to dairy work.—F. Aldridge, Parsonage Farm, Abbots Langley, Herts.

Wanted, for the first week in April, two thoroughly capable Women, one to undertake the Cooking and one the Parlour work, for Reedens School of Gardening, Sussex.—Apply Principal.

Wanted, Cook-General, 2 in family; quiet place; house-parlourmaid kept.—H., 19, Westgate Terrace, Redcliffe Square, London, S.W. 10.

Wanted, Cook-General and H.-Parlourmaid. Wages £30 and £28. Good references required. 4 in family. Good home.—Apply Mrs. White, Caerlaverock, Bickley, Kent.

Cook and two Housemaids wanted for April in a Girls' School. Good references essential. Holidays, with board wages.—Apply Miss Taylor, Moreton House, Dunstable.

House-Parlourmaid wanted. Good wages and comfortable home to trustworthy person; no objection to middle-age; small family, no children, regular hours.—Mrs. B., 147, Auckland Road, Upper Norwood, London.

Required, for small non-basement house in good part of Hampstead, near 'buses and Tube, a House-Parlourmaid and Housemaid. Five in family. Good wages and outings; friends or sisters not objected to; good references essential.—Write, stating age, experience, wages, to Mrs. Montgomery, Campbell, 15, The Park, Hampstead, N.W. 3.

Capable General required. Plain cooking; 4 in family; help given; good home; wages £40-£45; liberal outings.—Write Mrs. Languth, Dinder, Winchmore Hill, N. 21.

Cook-General wanted, March 15, age 25 to 35; wages £30. Housemaid (ex Land Girl) kept; separate bedroom; every consideration.—Write fully, giving previous experience, to Mrs. Young, 71, Church Road, Richmond, London, S.W.



**INSURANCE  
for  
WOMEN**

Send for this Interesting Booklet.

Dealing clearly and simply with the benefits of insurance from the woman's standpoint; explaining lucidly a subject which hitherto has been men's interest chiefly, but which modern conditions have now made of vital importance to women also.

Address: Women's Section,  
Manager: Mrs. Marjorie R. Verden.

**EAGLE STAR & DOMINIONS**  
BRITISH INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

79, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W. 1.

**ASSETS EXCEED £17,000,000.**

Wanted, Working Cook Housekeeper and Parlourmaid. Two in family; small house; very comfortable home; good wages.—Mrs. Eugene White, Vicar's Moor Lane, Winchmore Hill, N. 21.

General Maid wanted. Good wages and outings. Help given by daily maid and charwoman. Good home.—Mellings, 414, Clapham Road, London, S.W.

Mrs. Cattell, Leek Wootton, Warwick, requires an ex-L.A.A.S. for domestic work.

Wanted for Mundham House, Loddon, Norfolk, for March 25: Good Cook-general and House Parlourmaid.—Mrs. Eardley Todd, 2, Portland Terrace, Richmond, Surrey.

Sir Charles Fielding, late Director-General of Food Production, writes to "The Times":—

"To produce from our own land the £600,000,000 of soil products we imported in 1919, we need that four important factors should be settled once for all:—

"(1) The Government and people of the country must realise that agriculture must be organised so as to produce our own food, if for no other reason than to prevent the nation starving. (2) Town dwellers must be got to realise that what is paid for home-produced food all comes back to the workers of the town and country, whereas nothing comes into the British workmen's pockets from food purchased abroad. (3) Let us bring back into work 250,000 women and release 500,000 able-bodied men from unproductive work and unemployment. (4) The State must guarantee to the farmers that for ten years they will receive their cost of production, plus a reasonable profit."



## Farms and Gardens, Ltd.

THE shop, 1, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1, known as "Farm and Gardens, Ltd.," has recently been opened for the sale of all home-grown produce direct to the public at producer's prices. The enterprise is largely the work of Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson, who for some years past have been controlling two large fruit and flower farms in South Hampshire; the larger of these known as the "Warsash Fruit Company, Ltd.," of which Mrs. Atkinson is managing director, and it has been in existence for many years. During the whole of the war the staff on these gardens was very much depleted, as every man under 50 joined the forces. The assistance of The Women's Land Army was most valuable, and one of the girls is still retained on the farm. Nearly all the ground during 1915-16-17 was devoted to the growing of very large quantities of vegetables for the troops under Government contract.

At the conclusion of hostilities the men began to rejoin the farm, and the Board of Agriculture invited the Company to give training to two ex-officers under the Government training scheme. These gentlemen commenced their training in April 1919, and since then the Company has furnished a house for them as a club, and is now training 12 ex-officers and taking 6 more. A thorough and comprehensive training is given in fruit-growing, market gardening both under glass and in the open. A course of book-keeping and office routine is also



### The Hands and their Care.

There is no need for anyone's hands to suffer from the cold. The skin can be kept in perfect condition—soft, smooth, white—merely by consistently using Pomeroy Safâda. This preparation, which made thousands of friends before the war, is again very much at your service. There is nothing to equal it for keeping the hands in good condition.

In bottles,  
2/-; Tubes  
(cream) 1/6  
Of Chemists,  
Etc., every-  
where.

# Pomeroy Safâda

Booklet—  
"Hands and  
their Care"  
post free from  
Mrs Pomeroy,  
Ltd., 29, Old  
Bond Street,  
London, W.1.



# Marmite

is a concentrated Food Extract, delicious in flavour, with the maximum vitamin element.

**MARMITE** is incomparably superior in case of malnutrition to any other Food extract.

**MARMITE** is the epitome of strength and owing to its special stimulating properties it is more easily digested and more completely assimilated than any other preparation.

**MARMITE** imparts strength and flavour if mixed with other foods. It makes a success of any soup, stew, sauce, or gravy.



Obtainable from all the leading  
Stores and Grocers throughout  
the country.

Sole Manufacturers:

**The Marmite Food Extract Co., Ltd.,**  
59, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3,

given, together with packing, grading, fruit-bottling, and jam-making. At the conclusion of the period of training those officers who wish to take a post under the Company's scheme of control of large private places are sent out as sub-agents and are visited from time to time by Mr. or Mrs. Atkinson.

The produce from the gardens under the Company's control is sent for sale to 1, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1, and the scheme is entirely co-operative. The scheme has proved such a success that the opening of further shops is under consideration, and will probably become an accomplished fact in the near future. Mrs. Atkinson, who is the head of the Agency Department and is also controlling the branch at 1, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1, has been a keen horticulturist for over 20 years. During the time she has been managing director of the Warsash Fruit Co., a large number of medals have been taken at shows both in London and the provinces for all varieties of fruit and flowers.

Life is a constant sunrise, which death cannot interrupt any more than the night can swallow up the sun.—G. MACDONALD.

\*\* The Editor regrets that in the February issue the Lancs. Good Service ribbon lists appeared under the heading "Cheshire."

## NOTICE

The Subscription to "The Landswoman" for six months is 2/- post free. Orders may be sent to the Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath.