

# THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Girl and Every Country Woman

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[From a painting by Corot.]

Sumer is i-cumen in,  
Loud sing, cuccu!  
Groweth seed and bloweth mede,  
And springeth the wood nu.  
Sing cuccu, cuccu.

Ewe bleateth after lamb,  
Loweth after calf cu,  
Bulluc starteth, bucke darteth,  
Merri sing, cuccu,  
Cuccu, cuccu!

ANON.—13th Century.



# Garden Talks.

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

MAY.

"THE BIRTH OF SUMMER."

*I kiss God's finger-tip in the spring-flower; I feel His presence in the morning's glory. With the Persian, I kiss my hand to Him in a star. My head rests on His breast in a knoll of violets and clover; not on it, but on Him. Not—It is beautiful, but He is beautiful. I know Him. I love Him.—E. P. POWELL.*

MAY is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful months of the year—all the poets have written their odes or their sonnets or verses to the month of May—but to my mind there are none so beautiful as those written by Alfred Noyes. Here is a verse or two from his "Call of the Spring":—

Come, choose your road and away my lad,  
Come, choose your road and away—  
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown  
As it dips to the dazzling day.  
It's a long white road for the weary,  
But it rolls through the heart of the May.  
But the call that you hear this day my lad  
Is the Spring's old bugle of mirth,  
When the year's green fire in a soul's desire  
Is brought like a rose to the birth.  
And knights ride out to adventure  
As the flowers break out of the earth.  
Come, choose your road and away, away,  
We'll follow the gypsy sun;  
For it's soon too soon to the end of the day,  
And the day is well begun;  
And the road rolls on through the heart of the May,  
And there's never a May but one.

The flowers dedicated to the month of May are:—  
Cowslip—*Pensiveness*, and *Keys to unlock Heaven's doors*.

Hyacinth—*Constancy and Sadness*.

Hawthorn—*Hope*.

Arum Lily—*Reserve—the Road to Prosperity*.

Lily of Valley—*Return of Happiness—Steps to Heaven*.

Tulip—*Fame—Pixie's cradle*.

May is a month of development; everywhere the foliage is soft and tender with the bloom of youth. Everything is moving rapidly, and there is a joyful promise of a happy gardening year.

Those who are up with the lark—as every gardener should be—will delight in the delicious invigorating air full of sweet smells. They will revel in the beds of peonies, May-flowering tulips, and early roses—looking like happy children just waked up from sleep, their little faces all wet with the morning dew—Nature's bath for all her flower children—so wonderful how particular Nature is as to the cleanliness of all her plant children. They start their day refreshed with their baths of dew, and at night, after those long hours of real hard work, breathing in the carbon from the air through their leaves and converting it into sugar, starches, oils, resins, fats, and innumerable other things, not only for the building up of their own bodies, but for the food and maintenance of all human and animal

life—tired out with the ceaseless work of the day, the dew again falls, bathing their weary limbs and sending them refreshed to their sleep, like happy clean children. Longfellow, who so wonderfully grasped and understood, as few people have, the humanity of plant life, says:—

In all places then, and in all seasons.

Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings; Teaching us by most persuasive reasons

How akin they are to human things.

Gardeners, however, must not sit with folded hands musing on the poets they love so well. May is one of the busiest months of the year—ceaseless work for us, as well as for our plants. We must not relax our efforts in the slightest degree, lest we lose such advantage as we have gained during the previous months. For truly, to come down very much to the earth, earthy—or perhaps we might in this case say "slimy"—the full garden is the slug's opportunity. He comes forth ravenous, with his house on his back—or without, no matter—not only do the slugs and the snails come, but they seem to bring with them veritable armies of enemies, all eager for the fray, and lusting to destroy.

The green aphid comes, the American blight, and the bean dolphin, caterpillars, grubs, and maggots of various descriptions, all advance, armed with their deadly weapons. The mouse comes, and also the mole, and the rat comes forth just after daybreak, and again at dusk, the evening rabbit, and, of course, the everlasting sparrow. To have some idea how to cope with these terrible pests is really most important. May is quite one of the worst months for slugs particularly. Our plants must live, and their enemies multiply very rapidly, therefore not a stone must be left unturned to attack and destroy them before they have time to increase. I have had whole crops utterly ruined before now, so I know well the danger.

Fruit trees and vegetation may be sprayed with a quassia and soft-soap wash, because this is safe and non-poisonous. Soak 1 lb. of quassia chips in cold water for three hours, and boil for twelve hours in a gallon of water. Strain out the chips, add 10 oz. of soft-soap and enough water to make 10 gallons of the mixture. Syringe the crops with a fine spray.

Roses should be hand-picked, also lavender, and other shrubs, because these are likely to become infected with this horrible cuckoo spit—or spittle fly—and insecticides are of no use. A very simple method is to brush off the froth, being careful that the little bright-green insect goes with it, into a mug containing either boiling water or a strong mixture of salt and water; or the insect, which is always to be found inside the froth, may be taken out with a palate or putty knife, and squashed on a palate or flat piece of wood held in the left hand. Remember, a few spittle flies will soon weaken the strongest plant, as they suck out from the stem all the food the plant is making to support its own body.

Sanitas and lime may be used for suppressing slugs; or I prefer soot—soot mixed with ashes—soot alone is no good, but mixed with grit becomes very effective, as the slug cannot bear the prickliness on its smooth slimy body. Throw this mixture over the



plants early, while they are still wet with dew, and again in the evening after tea when the night dews are beginning to fall.

Vapoute or Sterole will reduce wire-worm and leather jackets; they should be pricked into the soil, or placed underneath the plants before planting as they are both of them gases, and it is the fumes which rise up from them that utterly destroy insect pests. Of course, where there are only trees and flowers to be considered, the poisonous sprays, XL-All, Abol, Paris Green, and Bordeaux Mixture are quite the best and most effective means of destroying all pests, but these must not be used on, or near, any edible vegetation.

having little or no garden will find these boxes a great source of joy. Be sure the boxes are painted; this is necessary to keep out damp and preserve the wood from decay. See to it that there are good holes at the bottom to allow for drainage. Be careful as to the soil put in these boxes. This soil should consist of two parts fairly good garden mould; two parts leaf mould, or decayed leaves from autumn falling will do; a handful of soot; a good sprinkling of Rito—be sure to get this, it is such wonderful stuff—; a little coarse sand, or, better still, go out into the road and sweep up a little road grit—this is most excellent—mix this compost thoroughly. When filling the boxes be sure to put some stones



Iris.

[“Gardening Illustrated.”]

*The Bean Dolphin* appears in the tips; remedy—picking off the tips.

*Caterpillars on Greens*.—Hand-picking or dusting with soot and ashes.

*Celery Maggot* attacks the leaves; dusting with soot and ashes while wet with dew is the best remedy.

It is impossible to enumerate all the diseases and pests that will most likely appear in May, but my advice is to take remedies at once, not to leave it until the plant is almost destroyed or so weakened by the attack that it will take weeks to recover.

May is also the “bedding-out” month. Window-boxes should also receive attention, and these can be made so pretty and attractive with a little care and thought. Just a word about window-boxes, as those

or broken bricks or crocks over the holes, then a layer of decayed leaves, or moss, or any rough fibrous material; then fill up with the compost to about two inches of the top, to allow room for watering, or addition of a little more soil; then press firmly about plants. Now windows facing north are practically sunless; for them hardy ferns, creeping jenny, periwinkles, calceolarias, and musk will be best.

An eastern window gets, of course, the morning sun, and in it fuchsias will flourish, dwarf nasturtiums, sweet-scented tobacco plants, godetias, canary creepers; also violas and pansies.

In a window facing west, ivy-leaved geraniums, pelargoniums, marguerites, petunias, lobelias, and *tropædium lobbianum* will look lovely during the summer.



## THE LANDSWOMAN

In a window with a *south* aspect, stocks, asters, mignonette, zonal pelargoniums, nasturtiums, heliotrope, annual chrysanthemums, and French marigolds will provide a revel of joy and colour.

## VEGETABLES.

DWARF FRENCH BEANS may be sown in succession; thin early sowing to 6 or 8 inches apart.

SCARLET RUNNERS may be sown towards the end of the month.

BEEF.—Sowings of long sorts may be made.

CARROTS.—Sown in succession all through the month; thin earlier sowing; look out for carrot maggot.

CELERY.—Trenches should be prepared for the first batch of plants. Make them 1 foot wide and deep and work in a dressing of manure.

CUCUMBERS may be planted in houses and plants for outdoor use should be nearly ready to plant out.

HERBS.—Mint and thyme may now be divided and replanted.

ONIONS.—Dust with soot or spray to keep off the maggot.

PEAS.—Sow an early sort for tall crop. You can sow continually all through the month. Early sowings will now require sticking. Always earth up the peas before sticking—this is most important. Let the two rows of sticks stand 9 inches apart and they should be about that distance away from each other in their rows; put the sticks in firmly, after a shower, or thorough watering, when the ground is fairly soft.

POTATOES.—Begin to earth up when plants are 5 inches high; plant greens between rows to come in for winter cutting when potatoes are lifted.

LETTUCE.—Sow continual small sowings on any border.

SPINACH.—Sow continually throughout the month.

RADISH.—Sow continual small sowings of these.

TOMATOES must have regular attention as to water; they must not suffer from lack of root watering, but never spray tomatoes overhead.

WINTER GREENS should be thinned, and nursery beds made, setting plants out 3 to 4 inches apart.

## FRUIT

APPLES which have set their fruit should be examined, and at the first trace of maggot should be sprayed. Give a dusting of artificial manure, canary guano, for instance.

DAMSONS and PLUMS.—These are very apt to run off through the combined effects of cold winds and aphides. Spray with the quassia water.

GOOSEBERRIES and CURRANTS should now be swelling their fruit, and a mulching of manure will do them a lot of good. Look out for caterpillars, they will strip and destroy whole trees.

GRAPES should be thinned.

MELONS must be fertilised by hand or fruit will not swell.

STRAWBERRIES should now have a mulching of strawy manure or clean straw. Plants in pots which have finished fruiting should be stood outdoors.

## FLOWERS.

ANNUALS may still be sown.

ARABESSES, AUBRETIAS, and FORGET-ME-NOTS may be sown out of doors for Spring.

ARUM LILIES may be divided and planted, or stood over on their sides to rest.

AZALEAS and CAMELLIAS may be re-potted after flowering—the former in peat, the latter in peat and loam.

BEDDING PLANTS may be put out; calceolarias, geraniums, lobelias, and verbenas late in the month. Water them in if the weather is dry.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.—These need most careful attention; they must be potted early, those to flower indoors. Be sure to give them plenty of water and keep them well sprayed. Look out for the May bud, and break.

CANTERBURY BELLS, SWEET WILLIAMS, and WALL-FLOWERS should be sown. Sow thinly; thin plants out, and prick off 4 inches apart in nursery beds.

COLEUSES may be propagated by means of cuttings.

DAHLIAS, if strong, may be put out about the third week in May in rich soil, and they should be well watered in.

POLYANTHUSES and PRIMULAS may be sown in a prepared plot out of door and if old plants are lifted, divided, and replanted, will bloom beautifully the following Spring.

SWEET PEAS which are 4 inches high should have twiggy sticks placed to them for support. They should be watered in dry weather and have a mulching of manure. Sow again for late flowering.

VIOLAS will now be in full bloom. Never let the flowers remain to fade, but pick them off; myriads of others will push up to succeed them.

I have been wondering what flower to choose\* this month—there are so many. I thought perhaps Cowslip, my favourite of all flowers—

The timorous cowslips one by one  
Trembling, chilly, a-tip-toe stand  
On little hillocks and knolls alone,  
Watchful pickets that wave a hand  
For signal sure that the snow is gone.

But I think perhaps the TULIP has a more exciting history. How beautiful are the belts of May-flowering tulips. The lovely Clara Butt varieties are perhaps the most lovely of all. I should advise, if you really want to grow good tulips, to get the bulbs direct from Holland. I am not a believer in home-grown bulbs. They never get the proper amount of harvesting—the weather is too uncertain. Plant these bulbs in November, and plant 3 or 4 inches deep. Just before they flower in April, when the buds are visible, sprinkle a little Canary Guano around each bulb and lightly prick it in with a small fork, being careful not to injure the plant.

Turkey has made the tulip the subject of an annual festival; and, indeed, the sight of a great tulip garden, glowing like stained glass, is worth going far to see. In the Spring we wait that uprush of colour from the earth, and when the snows are gone, and earth and sky soften with the first rains, we think of the season-myth of Isis, hurrying to help the Horus as he lay wounded on the battlefield. It was a bleak and wintry plain where the god had fallen, fertilizing its yet unbreathing life with his blood, but as she knelt beside him and vented her tears, each drop rose from the earth again, a flower—a beautiful tulip flower.

The Persian swain gives a tulip [it is the Persian turban (turban) that named it] to his beloved to signify that his love flames like its colour, and his heart is charred to a coal by its ferocity, just as the flower's base shows black.

Gerarde observes the plant more reverently for he maintains that it is the "lily of the field" that toils not neither spins.

(Continued on Page 113.)



# Poultry Notes.

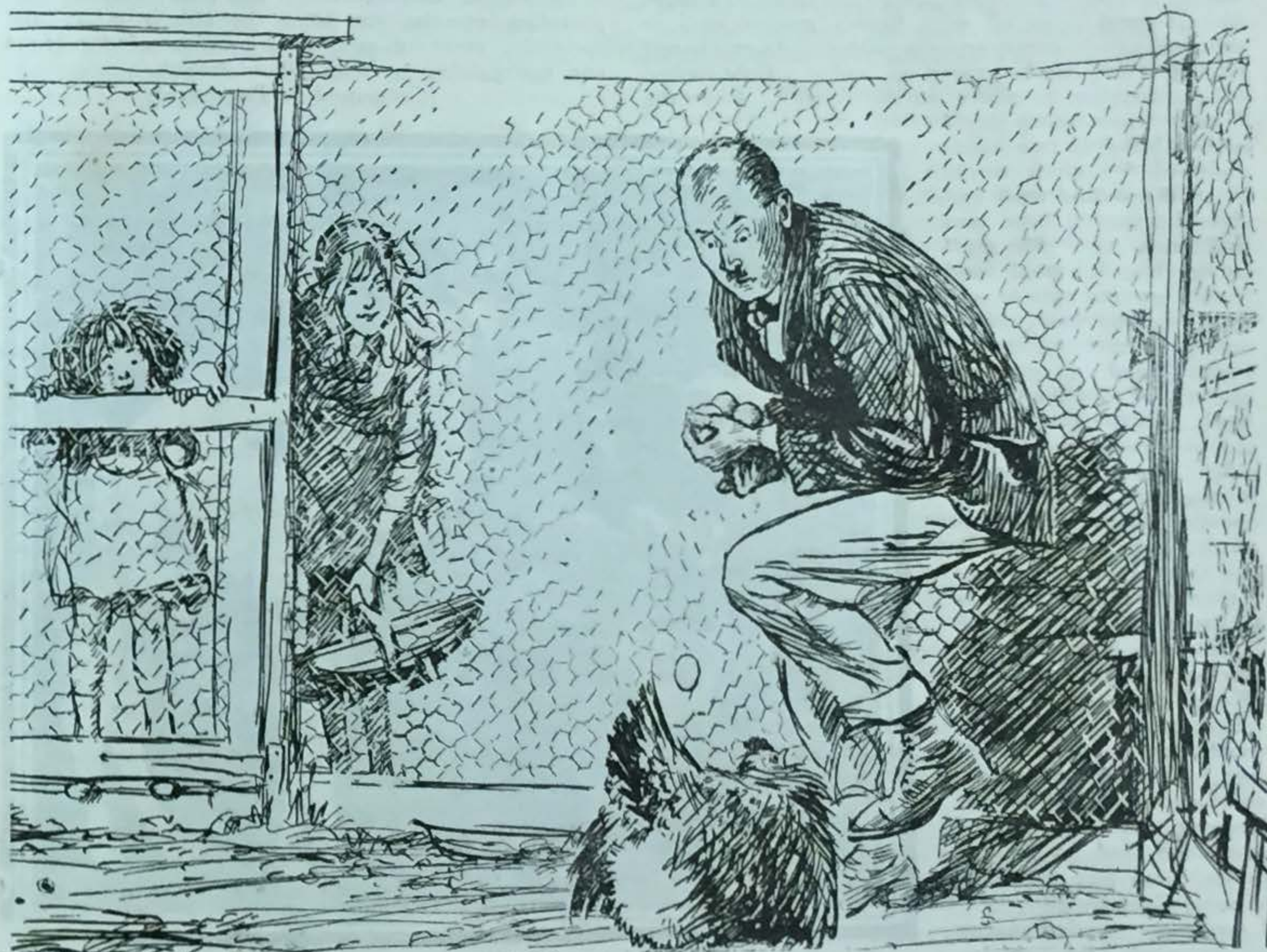
By W. Powell-Owen, F.B.S.A.

**M**ANY wonder why it is that the woman poultry-keeper makes a great success of chicken-rearing; but surely the reasons are superficial. Does she not apply common-sense methods of feeding and attend minutely to all the little details?

*Successful Chicken-Rearing.*—Only careful attention to all the little details can bring success to chicken-rearing efforts. The young chick is so fragile that it needs to be treated as if it were a little baby. Rough treatment only means heavy mortality which many are apt to point to with pride and exclaim, "My law is the survival of the fittest." I am not with them in entirety because drastic rules will see you with a handful only of chicks left out of a large brood. First of all, I believe in weeding out the weaklings because sooner or later these must die even with the most careful attention. At hatching-time any deformed or weak chicks I prefer to kill as my own rendering of the law of "the survival of the fittest." After that I try to rear every one, knowing fully well that I must lose a few by accidents and otherwise. Still, I try to keep mortality as low as possible by common-sense methods.

*Do Not Overfeed Chicks.*—The first lesson to learn is not to feed chicks too early after hatching. Nature provides food for the chick in the remainder of the yolk absorbed into the body just before the little one emerges from the shell. Roughly speaking, that yolk provides food for quite 36 to 48 hours after hatching-out time, and the first meal should not be given until 36 or 48 hours after the first chick is out. If you feed too early the yolk within the chick fails to be absorbed, and in the end diarrhoea sets in and the chick dies. Very unwise is it, too, to overtax the digestive system during the first week by providing indigestible foodstuffs, for instance, peas, beans, maize (in excess), clover meal and the like. If you do the same ill results follow, in that the process of absorbing the yolk into the digestive system stops and death ensues. Unless this yolk is given a chance to "melt away" you will not save the chick. This is the reason why so many chicks hatching out before their time fail to survive beyond the first week or so.

*Counting Your Chicks.*—It is rather unwise to count the chicks even that hatch out. I start my counting from the second week because most of



CHORUS OF CHILDREN (TO PARENT, LATE LIEUT.-COL., R.F.A., D.S.O., M.C. AND BAR): "Don't be frightened, Daddy; she'll only peck your legs."

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them surviving the "early period seem to get on. Any chick seems to survive the first few days, no matter how weak. Perhaps one might count with greater certainty from the third or fourth week. My point, however, is that just because ninety chicks hatch out from 100 eggs incubated you may not say with certainty on the first day "what a wonderful brood." The onus is upon the chicken-rearer to provide easily digested foodstuffs during the first week in order not to overtax the intricate digestive system and to allow the unabsorbed yolk within the chick to disappear. The first meal, if it can be called such, should consist of fine gritty bird sand placed before the chicks upon a board; tap the latter to attract the little ones. The sand should be given 36 or 48 hours after the first chick gets out of its shell, and it should be followed by an easily-digested mash. Personally I still prefer the old-time system of feeding egg-and-breadcrumbs.

**Egg-and-Breadcrumb Diet.**—Many boil the eggs hard, but perhaps it is better to beat them up raw and use in that state, being more digestible. Save all the infertile eggs from the incubator or broodies and use them up for the chicks. Stale bread can next be grated up, and the whole moistened with warm milk and dried off with fine Sussex ground oats or fine oatmeal. Let it be when prepared rather crumbly and on the dry side. This can be the ration for the first two days, being given every two hours. On the third day one can change the mash to scalded biscuit meal dried off with Sussex ground oats or oatmeal, with bread crumbs added. As a change toasted crusts can be grated up, and if a little melted fat or dripping be added all the better. From the third to the seventh day I like to bring in two meals daily of dry chick seeds. From the second week one should bring in bran and middlings to "fill up," using biscuit meal and Sussex ground oats or oatmeal as the basis alternately, thereby ensuring variety and a pleasant change. From the second week, too, one should provide mash and seeds (small chick grains) alternately throughout the day. Finely chopped greenfood, except of the coarse cabbage kind, can then be introduced.

**Greenfood for Chicks.**—Chopped-up onions make a splendid ingredient for chicks' rations, and ward off many ails. Other useful greenfoods are chickweed, young nettles, lettuce, mustard and cress, sprouted oats and the like. Keep to young succulent greenfood, and be sure to mince it up nice and fine to avoid digestive disorders. I prefer not to give coarse scraps until the chicks are well on their feet and, say, a month old, when boiled minced scraps,

vegetables, etc., can be utilised. Animal food in the form of fish or meat-meal should be provided from the third or fourth week, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the whole mash by weight may be the amount commenced with. I prefer to be using about 5 per cent. when the youngsters are three months old, and 10 per cent. when they are six months of age. But I prefer to jump up gradually in the following order:  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , 5,  $7\frac{1}{2}$ , and finally 10 per cent., and when one is changing over from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 per cent. a good plan is to give them on alternate days until the latter is given daily.

**Keep Chicks Active.**—The greenfood can be given as a separate meal in a trough, and sometimes can be added to the mash as a change. You must select a good sample of dry chick seeds and preferably one free from indigestible highly-coloured peas and beans, which to-day are of doubtful feeding value. Kibbled wheat and groats (hulled oats), oatmeal, canary seed, buckwheat, dari, hemp seed and linseed are the ingredients to use, but in these days it pays to use a ready mixture if it is free from peas and beans and the hundred and one odd poisonous wild seeds. You must keep chicks active and fit, and you will rake all seeds into the litter to make them scratch for every grain. If a foster-mother is in use the floor of the sleeping compartment should have a two-inch depth of granulated peat moss litter, and there should be a depth of four inches or so in the second compartment of the foster-mother. By providing exercise you keep the chicks active and sprightly, ensuring proper circulation of the blood and maintaining a clean bill of health.

(Continued on Page 114.)



["Daily Sketch." Photo. Ian Smith, Edinburgh.]

"Births.—On March 9, at the Zoo, Edinburgh, to Mr. and Mrs. Camel—a son." Isn't he like his mother?



# National Association of Landswomen.

Patroness: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY.

## Association News.

THE N.A.L. has made considerable strides during the month of March. Lord Selborne has very kindly consented to become its President, and it has been fortunate enough to secure as Hon. Treasurer Mr. C. Adeane, the Chairman of the Royal Agricultural Society. Both Lord Lee and Lord Ernle have expressed their willingness to become Vice-Presidents, and several other agriculturalists—men and women—are being asked to give their support to the N.A.L. by acting as Vice-Presidents. A special copy of the Propaganda leaflet is being prepared with an attractive wood cut at the head and a list of the officers and vice-presidents below. This will be sent out in London with an appeal letter for funds signed by the President and Treasurer. The Committee feels that it is important to raise a considerable fund for work at headquarters and to keep it as a reserve that can be drawn upon in case of emergencies. The appeal will not be made in the counties, as this would interfere with funds being raised for county branches. Later the counties will be able to have a certain number of these special leaflets for their own use. The wording is the same as on the Propaganda leaflet already distributed, but it will be printed on better paper.

The membership card and the wheatsheaf metal badge are being prepared and, it is hoped, will soon be ready. They will be sold to the branches, but it has been decided after all not to ask the Ministry of Agriculture for the stock of armlets as it was felt that these were really given for war service and should not be used now.

Resolutions have been passed both by the Committee of the N.A.L. and the National Federation of Women's Institutes urging the county branches of the National Association of Landswomen and the county Federation of Women's Institutes to co-operate with each other in every way possible, and it is hoped that in the future the two bodies will be able to work together very closely.

As is already known to the branches, the Committee has sent a letter to all county councils asking that the county branches of the N.A.L. should be consulted when women are being chosen to sit on the new County Agricultural Committees. The N.F.W.I. has also sent a letter urging that the County Federations should be consulted. Both bodies feel that it is of the utmost importance that women should be adequately represented on all Committees and Sub-Committees, and strongly advise the county branches to press the matter in every way possible.

The N.A.L. Committee has been considering the question of sick benefit and co-operation with various Friendly Societies. The question is a vitally important one, and bristles with difficulties, and the Committee has been unable to come to a definite conclusion as yet, and has determined to have an all-day sitting next month to reconsider the whole question.

The Committee has also decided that when members are transferred from one county to another the transferring county shall keep whatever subscription has been paid by the member, though not, of

course, sums that have been paid into a Savings Bank or Sick Benefit Fund. A great many of the counties have made this rule for themselves, and the Committee feels that this being the case there should be one general rule, as if the same rule applies everywhere it works out quite fairly in the end.

Most of the county branches have undertaken to assist their members to find suitable employment, and some of them are charging fees when employment is found. The Committee recommends that wherever fees are charged 5s. should be asked from the employer when a suitable employee has been found for him, but that the members themselves should not be charged a fee, though it would be perfectly fair if any county liked to charge 1s. to cover expenses of postage in connection with placing, as in many cases a great many letters have to be written before a suitable post is found.

A letter is now being sent to the branches asking for detailed information with regard to fund arrangements, special benefits, etc., and also asking the present membership of each branch; so it should be possible to give the total membership of the Association in the next issue of THE LANDSWOMAN.

### Staffordshire Branch.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Staffordshire Branch of the N.A.L. was held in Stafford on February 21, when a Selection Board was appointed to consider applications for membership of the Association.

There are now 246 members in the county. They are asked to note that the second quarter's subscription is now due.

Many orders for outfits have been executed. Samples of each article for sale may be seen at 11, Market Street, Stafford.

Donations and subscriptions amounting to over £105 have been received. This sum includes a grant of £10 from the Staffordshire Branch of the Farmers' Union.

An Employment Register has now been set up. Members are placed in work free of charge; employers are charged a booking-fee of 4s. per worker.

The Women's Agricultural Sub-Committee are making arrangements with farmers to give a six weeks' training in farm work to suitable candidates. Lessons in thatching are also being arranged. Further particulars will be given on enquiry. Two members of the N.A.L. (Ex-L.A.A.S.) are entering for examinations in connection with the award of County Council scholarships in dairy work at Kingston College.

The Staffordshire County sheet of THE LANDSWOMAN is now being published monthly by the Women's Agricultural Sub-Committee. The objects of this paper are two-fold: to link together all women interested in the promotion of rural development, and to be a means of self-expression to women living in rural areas. A large part of its pages is therefore devoted to the Women's Institute Move-



ment in the county and to the Staffordshire Branch of the National Association of Landswomen. The circulation at present is 500, each member of the N.A.L. receiving a free copy, and the remainder being distributed among the 27 Women's Institutes.

A most successful whist drive has been held at Bednall with the result that £6 6s. was handed in to the county funds by the local Secretary, Miss Alsop. Other entertainments are being organized in Rochester and Penn.

Under the auspices of the Women's Agricultural Sub-Committee the nucleus of what is hoped will develop into a town and country club has been formed in Stafford, to which all members of the N.A.L. are welcome.

E. NIGHTINGALE,

Hon. Secretary.

11, Market Street, Stafford.

#### Derbyshire.

One of our members sends a little account of a concert:—

"There being four of us ex Land Army girls in the village, we thought we would give an entertainment before our number is reduced by half, which unfortunately is shortly happening. The entertainment was in the schoolroom, admittance being 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d., and £3 14s. 6d. was sent up to the 'Save the Children' Fund as a result. The programme consisted of songs and recitations, chiefly humorous, and a play written especially for the four by one of our number. The latter we had already performed successfully at a supper given by the village to welcome its returned soldiers, land girls also being invited."

Our Treasurer, Miss Burton, has resigned, and Miss May Gatton, Holly Bank, Repton, Derby, has taken her place.

C. DONALD,

Hon. Sec.

#### Norfolk.

President.—Lady Suffield.

Secretary.—Miss Burgess, 25, Prince of Wales Road, Norwich.

Within the last few days a Council meeting of the Norfolk branch has been held at the Shirehall, at which it was unanimously decided to give farmers and workers who are members of the Association the opportunity to register their requirements without payment of an extra fee; and it was further decided to ask headquarters to make an appeal for the reduction of rail fares in the case of seasonal workers. The Council hope that all who are in any way interested in agriculture, or who have associations with country life will interest themselves in the Association by exercising their local influences in furtherance of its aims. The terms of membership—4s. a year paid in advance, or 1d. a week, paid quarterly in advance—are certainly not burdensome.

#### Cambridgeshire Branch.

The Organizing Secretary is Mrs. Crole, who will be at the office, 10, Trinity Street, Cambridge (present address), on Fridays from 11 to 4 o'clock; and on Saturdays from 10 to 5 o'clock.

The Hon. Secretary is Mrs. Vinter, Great Shelford, Cambridge.

All Association News will be inserted if received before the 12th of the month.

## The "Only Child."

"WHAT? An 'only one'? I always feel sorry for 'only ones,' somehow."

"Why?" I demanded.

"Oh! I don't know. All right when they're grown up, perhaps, but when they're small—no one to talk to—no one to play with—so lonely."

Lonely! No one to play with?

I turned my thoughts back, and tried to pierce the grey and gold veil that hangs between me and my childhood, not so many years distant, after all. And, as the veil rolled back, I looked, and beheld—

Lonely? What child could be lonely in a land peopled with fairies, and with all the gay company of fable and myth? It is the "only one," the "lonely child," who sees the fairies dance, who watches Titania glide through the woods, and who finds the laughing face of the water-nymph flashing up through the dark surface of the pool in the rocks. She it is who roams the woods with Rosalind, and who lies in wait for wealthy travellers with gallant Robin Hood. Who can be lonely with a blue sky, and dew-laden grass, with a wind blowing straight across the meadows, and the whole world to conquer, in company with Galahad and Percivale, and all the rest of the knights of the Table Round?

Who is it who walks hand-in-hand with Peter Pan? Who is it who finds the toadstool on which the elfin king sat, just last night, and beside which lies the very cup from which he drank—a tiny harebell? Who, but the "only one"?

It is for the "only one" that the sun-setting throws his beams across a pine-wood, and turns each stately tree into a golden-clad warrior marching into battle; for her that the fir-tree at the gate rears its dark head against the blue sky, with that indescribable "something" that brings a restless, wistful longing.

Who but an "only child" ever played with the moonbeams, ever saw the gossamer out of which the next court dress of the fairy-queen will be made, or heard in the roar of the wind the footsteps of the goblin-elves, as they tramped to war?

A desire to play "Red Indians" goes unsatisfied, perhaps, but what a splendid compensation to be wrecked on "Treasure Island" in company with Jim Hawkins, from the ill-fated "Hispaniola." Or to tramp the hills with Alan Breck Stewart, and David Balfour!

And that apparently lonely walk by the river is not solitary, for on the island do not "four grey walls and four grey towers" arise, and do you not know for certain that this is the very river over which the Lady of Shalott looked forth to see Sir Lancelot "ride among the barley sheaves"?

It is a world of fairies, dazzling, brilliant!

And, at the close of day, who that was not an "only one" was ever lulled to sleep by the low, soft voice of the Lady of Night in her trailing mantle of stars?

All these dear, familiar friends have left me long since. They waved "good-bye" one January day, from the gate of an old grey farmhouse, deep within the hills, for with the world of grown-ups they have no concern.



# The Fairy in the Backyard.

**Y**OU who live near Kensington Gardens are used to fairies.

When they skate down on a shaft of sunlight and perch on the rim of your blue porridge bowl you simply crow with laughter and jab at them with the sugar spoon, which, as I am always telling you, is not ladylike.

You are never surprised to awaken in the morning to find your very best teddy bear dragged across to the nursery window, for you know—don't you, my dear?—who has been playing in the moonlight while you were asleep. To have Puck and Peaseblossom on your visiting list kills the sense of wonder. . . .

But listen to the strange miracle that has happened far from Wonderland, where they don't believe in fairies—to be exact, in a hen-scratched backyard in that dull district with the splendid Oriental name of the Elephant and Castle.

It is not a nice backyard. Even the scraggy ginger cat who philosophises on the dust-bin knows that. People in the trains that pass by every minute carry away an impression of a backyard which nobody loves; a stamped-down patch of barren earth, haunted by disillusioned Buff Oringtons, and containing revelations in the form of washing flapping on a line.

But last night there came to this drab wilderness a silver fairy, with the spirit of eternal beauty shining in her eyes. She was so completely perfect in every line of her swift, glad grace, that it almost hurt to look at her.

Perhaps she had lost her way in the dark; perhaps she had come because children live in the house where it is always washing day.

That must be so, because these children awakened and felt that something wonderful had come to their window in the night.

They peeped through and saw the Silver Fairy, all spangles and white light, standing right in the centre of the hen-scratched yard, just as the Fairy Queen stands in the centre of the pantomime stage.

And they were almost frightened, and could only hold hands and say: "Oh, isn't she beautiful?" because, you see they had never heard of Peter and Wendy, and didn't believe in fairies.

This morning she was still there with her crown of blossoms touched by the early sun and her feet in a white mist. The ginger cat's evil heart was softened as he gazed at her.

The children approached her, big-eyed and silent. Such things do not happen often in these backyards. A few of the spangles fell from her dress, and they picked them up in their grubby hands and took them to school just to prove to others that it was true.

The morning sun turned the Silvery Fairy into a glittering thing of wonder. All the people within eyeshot looked at her and loved her. Some wished that she had come to them.

Mrs. Brown, hanging out the washing two doors away, said, with speech impeded by a mouthful of pegs:—

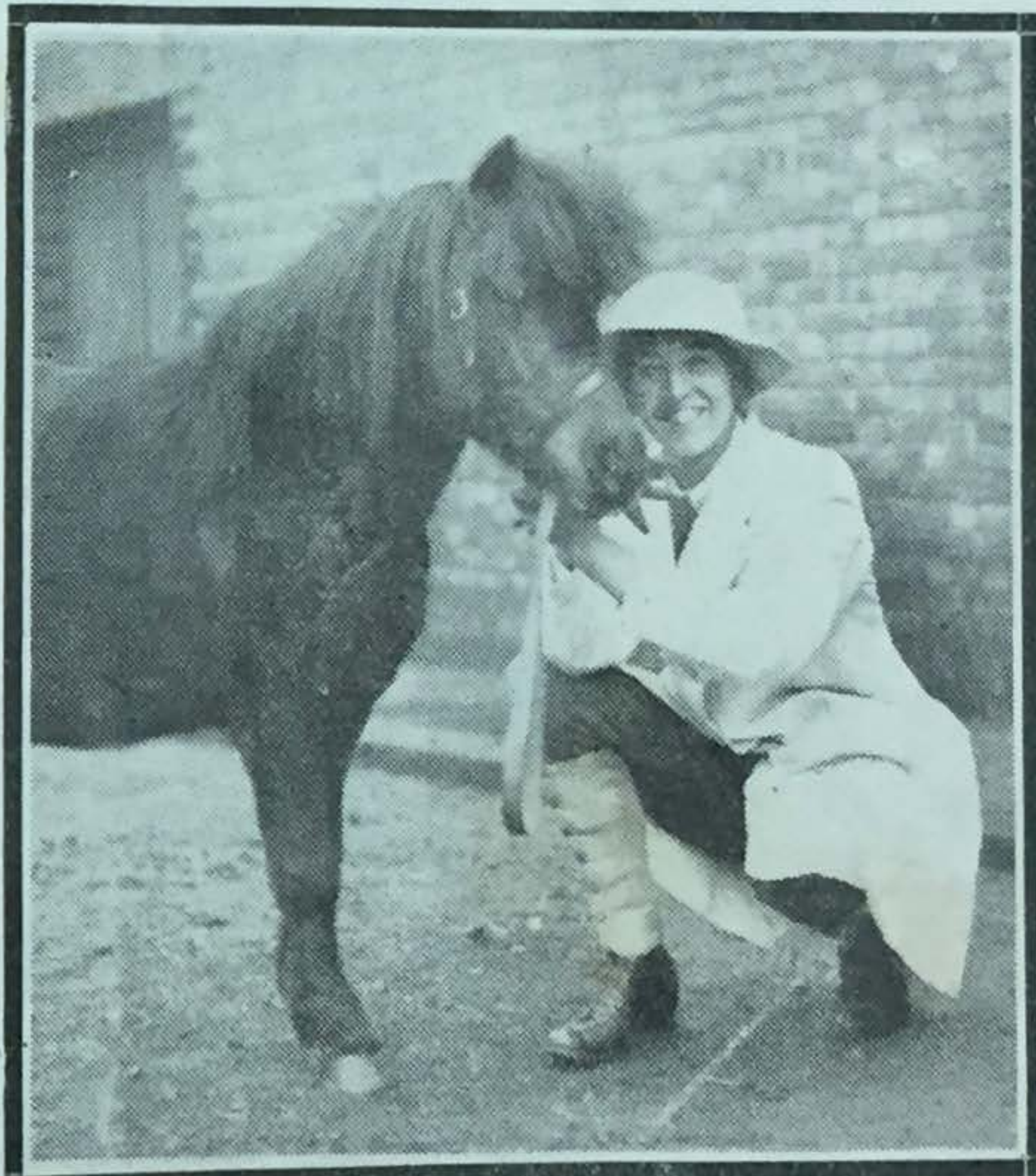
"That pear tree in Mrs. Robinson's gardening ain't half out early this spring!"

H. V. M. in the "*Evening Standard*."

## My Garden.

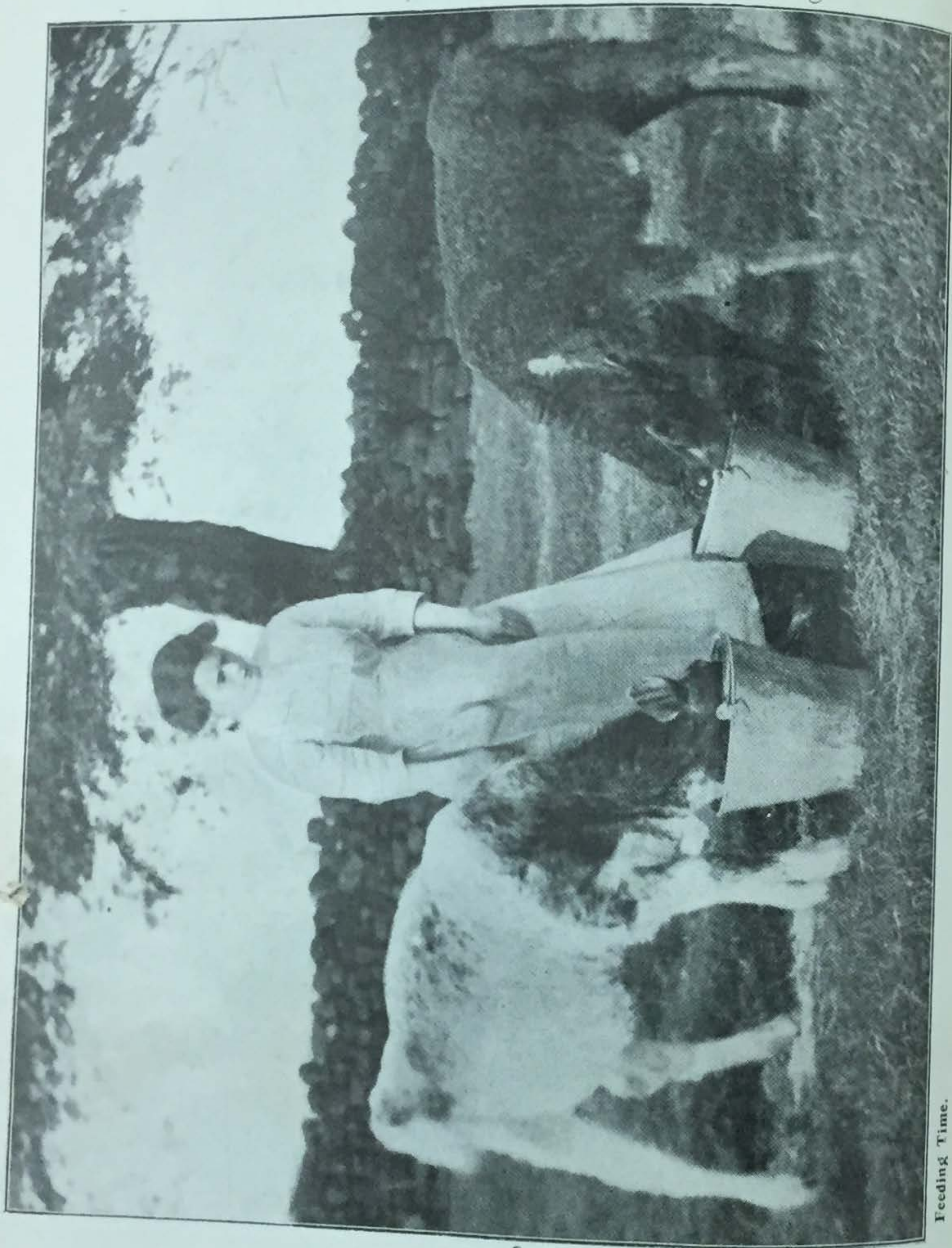
**S**UPPOSE I had a garden,  
And I'd nothing else to do—  
I'd grow sweet-peas, and roses,  
And Madonna-lilies, too.  
I'd have carnations, fragrant pinks,  
And daffodils in spring,  
Tall hollyhocks, and dainty stocks,  
And—some of everything!  
But when it came to close of day  
Out in the fading light  
O what a long, long, time 't would take  
To kiss each one good-night!

D. A. H.



Miss Violet Johnson, with Mr. R. W. R. Mackenzie's Shetland pony, Bertha of Blackcombe, winner of first prize and championship at the Pony Show. —"*Daily Sketch*."





["Farm and Home"]

Feeding Time.



## Women's Influence on Agricultural Life.

At the meeting of the Gloucestershire Chamber of Agriculture held at Gloucester, Mrs. W. Pearce Ellis introduced for discussion the subject of "The Influence of Woman on Agricultural Life." In doing so, the speaker said the woman in agriculture lived closer to nature than the town woman; the seasons were marked for her—not by the latest fashions in the shop windows, but by the nesting birds, the bursting buds, the early blossoms, the fruit-time, the gold of the autumn leaf, the winter's rime and snow. The "glass" meant to her the barometer—the weather-glass—not the looking glass, and often she forgot personal adornment in looking after the beauties and fulness of life around her, and in doing her modest bit in her garden to cultivate those beauties. Women had proved their strength in war-time, and women who had now got a vote in the affairs of their country had come, as it were, to a new stage in their lives, and were waiting for a lead, and every true woman—every woman worth her salt, no matter how capable, how clever or self-reliant she might be, looked to a man to give her that lead. The woman in agricultural life had not the advantage of newspapers, picture shows, and daily intercourse with others on the questions of the day, and she might become narrow and fogged in her views. She realised that she needed enlightenment, and in fact asked for it. In agricultural life there were fewer outside distractions, out far greater hardships and much greater calls for self-sacrifice. In older days the women in agricultural life were quite expected to be rather "moss-grown"; to-day they must—and she thought they did—keep fairly abreast of the woman who had far greater advantages. All this knowledge spelt one thing—power, and Societies like the Chamber of Agriculture needed to be awake at a time like this to divert that power as far as agricultural life was concerned, in the best channels. She appealed for the gathering together of the great forces of women's influence in agricultural life, with an endeavour, last but not least, to revive the rare old virtue of neighbourliness, which was, alas, fast dying out; and further to discuss with them the problems which interested all men and all women alike—let them get a grip of those things which matter, so that they might know how to use their influence for the betterment of the world.

In the course of the discussion which followed, Lord Bledisloe said he looked forward to the time when there would be a far more genuine sympathy between every class in their villages in England and Wales than had existed for the past forty years. But that sympathy must not be confined to the farming class or to people belonging to one denomination or another. It must be a mutual sympathy creating a communal ideal and activity between all sections of the rural community, if it was to be a live force and the public at large were to benefit.

## Pigs as Ploughmen.

GOOD FOR THE BACON AND GOOD FOR THE LAND.

CAN England be reclaimed by pigs? Reclamation by this agency is proceeding apace in Hampshire, and the example is about to be followed in some waste and useless woods in Essex.

The method, first practised on a big scale and in a scientific manner by Mr. S. F. Edge, is to run a great number of pigs wild. In their search for food they will plough up the ground and nose it into a cultivable shape. This is the latest "unearned increment" of the experiments.

The pigs are given small shelters, but for the rest are left out in all sorts of weathers; and, like the Spartan babies, flourish under the open life. Mr. Edge has special bacon pigs and special ham pigs; and their pride of caste is such that none is sold unless it measures exactly so much along the back and so much round the waist.

### NEW FOREST PLAN.

But most varieties of pig may be run wild in any rough woodland (as has been done in the New Forest for centuries) and can be in some sort trained to reclaim it. That is, they cultivate it and manure it and themselves do better than when carefully housed and tended. Such is the contention of the innovators.

A suggestion which may be adopted in the new extension of this system is to plant the common Jerusalem artichoke in the woods. It grows as well there as in the garden, is almost ineradicable, and is a favourite food of animals, both in tuber and stalk.

—"Daily Mail."

## The Profitable Years of a Cow.

INSTANCES OF AGE AND USEFULNESS.

IT has been stated, after the keeping of careful records, that the average actual life of a cow is eight years. The possible productive life of a cow is twenty years. The writer's best cow is the thirteenth calf of her dam. An Ayrshire cow once gave in the writer's presence 13 quarts of milk in one day with her thirteenth calf, and at the time she was too old for age to be indicated by her horns.

### A Cause of Loss.

A Jersey cow dropped her best calf, now a cow, when she was 10 years old. Now, what a loss there is in wearing out a cow at eight years old. A cow properly cared for is then at her prime, and may compare with a man 40 years old. At such an age a man has 20 years of vigorous, useful life at least before him, and by husbanding his powers 10 years more may be added. A cow may just as well add six years more to her eight, and will beyond doubt if she is well used, and still yield a better profit to her owner than a four-year-old cow. Thus the productive life of a cow may be actually doubled by good care and usage. But how is this lengthened period of usefulness to be gained?

### Obtaining Longevity.

In the first place, longevity is an hereditary characteristic, and careful selection and breeding are required to secure it. Then, constitutional vigour favours it. This is secured through breeding and early training. The sound, healthy calf must be well cared for, well fed, and when she becomes a cow the training and care must be continued and the cow's vital forces well nourished and husbanded. It pays better to preserve a good cow than to rear a second one; and if one lives 16 years, and has 12 productive years, she will have been worth more to her owner in the end than two cows eight years old would have been.



## Oundle Wood.

THE woods that circle Oundle stand  
 So very tall and stiff and grand,  
 You never would suppose that they  
 Belonged to elf and sprite and fay,  
 But so it is. Each ferny glen  
 Is full of little faery men,  
 And everywhere a bluebell rings,  
 And everywhere a throstle sings,  
 Their elfin houses may be seen.  
 They are so very small and green  
 That you could very often pass  
 Them by completely in the grass.  
 The walls are green, the roof is red,  
 With golden chimneys overhead.  
 There is a knocker on the door,  
 And flower carpets on the floor,  
 And every stair is brighter far,  
 Than marigold and crocus are,  
 And when it's dark, within the porch  
 They light a tiny glow-worm torch,  
 To frighten bats with leather wings,  
 And ghosts and other evil things.  
 But later, when the moon is bright,  
 And stars are burning in the night  
 And little owls with saucer eyes  
 Disturb the forest with their cries,  
 The faery folk, with song and shout,  
 From every door come rushing out  
 To dance upon the dewy grass.  
 A many-coloured cloud, they pass  
 Like streamers of enchanted mist  
 All daffodil and amethyst.

C. H.

## Reverie

A LITTLE blue stream runs at the foot of a dell;  
 the steep banks are carpeted with bluebells and  
 daffodils.

Harebells grow on the edges of the stream, and  
 bend over to see their own reflection.

The tall trees rear their stately heads high over-  
 head, and their trunks are brown and half-covered  
 with ivy.

Shadow and sunshine chase each other quickly  
 through the glade, and the wind sighs softly, carrying  
 a perfume of fresh-cut grass.

The brook babbles and murmurs as it flows over  
 its rocky bed.

Little brown-eyed rabbits and squirrels peep at one  
 another from the long grass, and between the tree  
 trunks.

There is the hum of myriads of insects in the air,  
 and the call of numerous birds is heard, while gaily-  
 coloured butterflies dart to and fro.

There is a mystery over all . . . . . And in  
 the glade a dreamer walked. And there he found  
 his God.

D. A. H.

Fears bravely met and conquered so deepen the  
 capacity for joy in one that the rivers of pleasure are  
 abrim already while yet the skies are grey.—MAR-  
 GARET McMILLAN.

It is a joy to do something that shall not only  
 touch the present but shall reach forward to the  
 future.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

There needs but little to encourage beauty in the  
 soul, but little to awaken the slumbering angels.—  
 MAETERLINCK.



## Success with Sheep.

THE real secret of  
 rapid and successful  
 sheep feeding is not in a  
 limited period of stuffing  
 cake, corn, and roots, but  
 in the gradual and con-  
 tinuous growth from birth  
 onwards. It is the series  
 of checks which lambs re-  
 ceive during their early  
 life which throw them  
 back and delay their  
 rapid fattening. Lambs  
 thrive much better on  
 arable land than on pas-  
 ture land, and yet it is  
 the exception, and not the  
 rule, to grow any other  
 crops except swedes and  
 common turnips for the  
 sheep. If a little fore-  
 thought is exercised it is  
 quite possible that pro-  
 vision could be made to  
 keep the sheep on the  
 arable land for the greater  
 part of their lives. It  
 would make an astonish-  
 ing difference to their  
 health and development.—  
 "Farm and Home."



## A Letter from a L.A.A.S. in Saskatchewan.

I thought you might like to know that I have arrived safely here and think it is just fine. I arrived in Montreal on November 18, and was three days in the train getting up here. The scenery up the St. Lawrence river was fine and the weather lovely just at that time—bright sunshine and blue sky, not too cold either. I engaged a sleeping berth on the train and was very comfortable. The trains out here are huge, very different from those in England, but very comfortable with every convenience for a long journey. I arrived in Bounty on November 21, where my brother met me, and we drove home to his farm, two and half miles out on the prairie, in his sleigh, and believe me I was thankful to be here at last.

Farming out here is very different from farming in England. Saskatchewan is the greatest wheat-growing province in Canada. One man out here farms 320 acres without any help, except at harvest time, when he generally hires a man to stook the grain. The reason that man can work so much land himself is because the farmers here use implements which cover a lot of ground, working from four to six horses. For instance, a man with six horses can harrow 40 acres a day. Also with a 20-spout drill and four horses he can sow 20 acres a day! One man with six horses on a two-furrow gang plough can average five acres a day. The same with a binder, working four horses on an 8-foot binder, 20 acres a day. As the land is cut into quarter sections, that is 160 acres, being half a mile square, a farmer makes less turns in a day, as it is half a mile from one end to the other.

One thing that struck me was the size of the horses. After seeing the huge cart-horses in England, the horses here looked very small, but I found that there was a reason for it, the farmers desiring speed more than weight.

I live away out on the prairie and it is grand. We have glorious sunrises and sunsets, and the moonlight nights are wonderful. We also see the Northern Lights very often, which are a great sight. I hope to be able to help my brother quite a lot in the Spring and Summer. He is working 320 acres and also rents 160 acres of raw prairie for hay. So you see we shall have plenty of work to do.

We have had it fairly cold, 38 below Zero at one time, but just now we are having a warm spell, 10 above Zero it has been lately. I do not find it too cold here, it seems more of a surface cold and does not penetrate like the damp of England so

often does, as it is such a very dry atmosphere in Canada.

I was so pleased to receive the November LANDSWOMAN and am looking forward to the Christmas issue. In the November number I see you are forming a National Association of Landswomen, and as I would like to be a member, being an ex-L.A.A.S., I enclose one dollar, which I hope will cover my membership subscription for one year; if not, you must let me know how much I owe.

If you think this letter would interest the readers of THE LANDSWOMAN, perhaps you would send it to the Editor.

A city child was enjoying his first glimpse of pastoral life. On a little stool he sat beside the farmer's wife, who was plucking a chicken.

He watched the operation gravely for some time. Then he spoke.

"Do yer take off their clothes every night, lidy?"

—"Farm and Home."

Lord Lee, who is one of the foremost authorities in this country on poultry rearing, remarked recently that the man who kept a dozen or so chickens in his back garden frequently had a lot to contend against, in proof of which he cited the following anecdote:—

"What are you planting in that hole?" asked one man of his neighbour.

"Just replanting some of my seeds, that's all," was the reply.

"Seeds!" exclaimed the first one. "It looks like one of my hens!"

"It is one of your hens," replied the digger. "The seeds are inside."





# Cottage Recipes.

## Stewed Beef and Savoury Balls.

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. lean beef, 1 small onion, carrot and turnip, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 oz. dripping, pepper and salt, 1 pint water.

Melt the dripping in a saucepan, peel and slice the onion, brown it in the dripping, shake in the flour, and brown that also. Then add the water, meat, and vegetables, cut into pieces, and the pepper and salt. Simmer slowly for about 2 hours.

## Savoury Balls.

3 tablespoonfuls flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful parsley,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful herbs, 1 oz. suet, pepper and salt.

Chop the suet, parsley and herbs, and mix them all together with the flour and seasoning. Add sufficient cold water to make a stiff paste. Divide it into eight pieces, roll each into a small ball, roll lightly in flour, and cook for  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour in the stew.

## Stewed Rabbit.

1 rabbit, 4 slices bacon, 1 onion, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 pint of water, salt and pepper to taste.

Wash, wipe, and dry the rabbit after cutting it into pieces. Heat the saucepan and fry the bacon. Put it on a plate. Fry the onion. Mix together the flour, pepper and salt, and roll the pieces of rabbit in this mixture. Fry them in the bacon fat. When brown, remove and add the rest of the flour, brown it a little, season, and add the water. Boil up, stir well, and put in the meat. Simmer gently for about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Re-heat bacon, and serve. Savoury balls may also be served with this stew.

## Steak Pudding.

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. flour, 4 oz. suet,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of baking powder, 1 gill cold water, 1 lb. pieces of steak, salt and pepper.

Cut the meat into thin slices and dip into a little seasoned flour on a plate. Roll up, with a piece of fat inside. Chop the suet finely, mix with the flour a pinch of salt and the baking powder. Make into a stiff paste with cold water, roll out and line a pudding basin, keeping back one-third for the top, lay in the pieces of meat, and season. Pour in a little water, moisten the edges, and cover the top with paste. Tie up with a cloth, and boil or steam from 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

## Sea Pie.

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. lean beef or scraps, 1 small turnip, 1 carrot, 1 onion, 2 potatoes, 5 oz. flour, 2 oz. suet,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful baking powder, pepper and salt.

Wash and peel the potatoes, peel the onion and turnip, scrape the carrot, cut all into slices, and cut the meat into small pieces. Put the meat and vegetables in alternate layers in a saucepan, and allow to simmer gently with a little water. Mix the flour with the baking powder and a pinch of salt. Skin and chop the suet finely, add enough water to work into a stiff paste. Turn out on a floured board, roll out to the size of the saucepan lid, and put on the top of the stew. Cook slowly for about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  hour in all. When done, pass the knife round the edge of the saucepan to loosen the crust. Cut it in four pieces, take up and put on a plate. Put the meat and vegetables on a dish, lay the crust on top, and serve.

## Baked Pig's Fry (Poor Man's Goose).

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. pig's fry,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. potatoes, 1 onion, a few sage leaves,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water, 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Average cost, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Cut up the fry, peel and chop the onion, put the meat into a pie-dish, sprinkle thickly with the onion, parsley and sage, season with salt and pepper. Slice the potatoes and lay them on the top, put a few pieces of dripping over, fill up the dish with stock or water, and bake in a moderate oven for about 1 hour.

NOTE.—Any cold meat may also be used up in this way, especially cold pork.

## Liver and Bacon.

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. liver, 4 rashers of fat bacon, 1 tablespoonful of flour, pepper, salt, and a little fat. Average cost, 8d.

Wash the liver, dry it, and cut into rather thick slices. Mix the flour on a plate with one teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper, and dip each piece of liver in this. Cut each rasher of bacon into three or four pieces, fry till crisp in the frying-pan, take out and keep hot on a dish. Add a little fat, if necessary, to the bacon fat. When hot, put in the liver and fry quickly for about 10 minutes, to a nice brown, then put the liver on a hot dish. Stir the remainder of the flour into the pan containing the fat, brown it nicely, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of boiling water, and pour it over the liver. Arrange the bacon round the dish. Serve hot.

## Cornish Pasties.

3 oz. meat, cooked or uncooked, 1 potato, 1 onion, 1 tablespoonful of water, pepper and salt. For the paste,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful baking powder, 3 oz. dripping, water to mix. Average cost, 1d. each.

Cut the meat, onion, and potato into small dice, and mix with the pepper, salt, and water on a plate. Rub the dripping into the flour, add a pinch of salt and the baking powder, and mix to a firm paste with a little cold water. Roll it out on a board, cut out some rounds, place a portion of the meat and vegetables on each, wet the edges and pinch together firmly, so that the join comes at the top. Work the edges between the fingers to form a kind of frill. Brush over with a little egg or milk. Place on a greased baking tin, and bake in a hot oven for  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour. Cornish pasties proper are made with raw meat and vegetables.

## Cottage Pie.

1 lb. cold potatoes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cold meat, 1 small onion, 1 oz. dripping, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 tablespoonful salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tablespoonful pepper, a little water. Average cost, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Mash the potatoes finely with a fork, mix in a little seasoning and a tablespoonful of milk. Mince the meat, removing all fat, bone, and gristle. Melt the dripping in a saucepan, chop the onion, and fry it in the hot fat. Add the flour, and brown nicely. Add about a gill of water and stir till it boils. Then season, and add the minced meat to the gravy, and heat through. Put the meat and gravy at the bottom of a pie-dish. Pile over the mashed potatoes, keeping them high in the centre to represent a thatched roof. Smooth over, and then score the surface with a fork. Sprinkle over some small pieces of dripping, and brown in a quick oven.



## About Young Pigs.

WHEN we get a sudden snap of severe weather following a mild spell, pig owners often have considerable trouble with their little pigs, and coughs, colds, and digestive derangements are generally among the least serious of the various ailments occasioned. Grinding the teeth is a very common symptom, and this in most cases denotes digestive troubles, and is sometimes the forerunner of fits. A good plan then is to mince with their food some linseed tea and a dessertspoonful of cattle cod liver oil once a day, as this often has excellent results. See that the food is not too watery, and if the pigs get thirsty let them have a drink of clear water or linseed tea made weak. Sometimes the food or house waste appear to be slightly sour or acid, and when this is the case two or three table-spoonful of lime-water per head added to the food will prove highly beneficial. A quarter of a pound daily per head of horse meat, butcher's offal, etc., is good. Small quantities of highly-nutritious and easily-digested food of this description seem to pull young pigs together and to give tone to the system, especially if their ordinary food is bulky and rather poor in quality.—*"Farm and Home."*

If I knew you and you knew me,  
And both of us could clearly see,  
And with an inner sight divine  
The meaning of your heart—and mine,  
I'm sure that we would differ less  
And clasp our hands in friendliness.

ANON.



## Unfettered Ease

That glorious feeling of unfettered ease is only experienced by the land girl who wears the Liberty Bodice. She appreciates the natural freedom these hygienic, pliable and porous garments give her. Supple yet firm, untrammelled yet sufficiently supported, she finds her work a health giving pleasure.

**"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, etc., send for free "Liberty Bodice" Book.

'Liberty Bodice' Factory (Dept. 40) Market Harborough.

## IF YOU WANT BABY TO GROW UP

into a hardy, vigorous child you must make sure you are feeding him properly. Baby should be fed at the breast if possible—and this will always be made easier if the expectant mother will prepare herself by including in one of her daily meals a bowlful of Neave's Health Diet.

But when Baby has to be put on the bottle, extra care must be taken in the choice of the food. Neave's Food has nearly a century's reputation, and many eminent doctors express the opinion that it is the best alternative to mother's milk.

Dr. ———, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S. (Edin.), L.F.P.S. (Glas.), etc., Leeds, writes:—  
"Your Neave's Food is suiting our youngster admirably, for which we are very thankful. She was not doing well on cow's milk and water alone."

Babies thrive on

**Neave's Food**  
The SAFE Food

Sold everywhere in 1/8 & 4/2 Tins.  
Also 6d. Packets.

I HAVE ploughed my last long furrow in the patient friendly soil,  
I have brought home both my horses now they've done their long day's toil,  
I have made them beds of yellow straw, and given them sweet hay,  
And I've brushed their silky coats, and put the harness all away.  
For the sun has gently sunk behind the dark rim of the world,  
And already in the west the stars their banners have unfurled:  
The peace of evening reigns supreme, the labourer's benison,  
And another day is over, and another day's work done.

When I plough the last long furrow in my sojourn on this earth,  
Looking back over the years long past to see them at their worth,  
When I stand upon the edge of time and face the unknown way,  
God grant I may have finished work just as I have to-day.  
For I would stand with all complete at peaceful even-tide,  
With stars to light my pathway up on that long unknown ride—  
That when from out the hour-glass of life the sand has run  
I may be able to look back and say "My work is done."

G. M. S.



# The Importance of a Good Cream Separator.

THE old adage, that "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," can be aptly applied to modern farming conditions as "The hand that turns the separator rules the farm."

It is a well-known fact that in most farms the onerous burden of seeing that the cows are properly milked, the milk well separated, etc., is taken

is a special feature in the construction of this particular separator which we would like to bring to your notice. The advice in question consists of the patent "Diabolo" bowl, which is quite distinct from all other separators. The bowl is, as you know, so as to speak, "The heart of the separator." Unless the bowl, in which the separating takes place, is scientifically constructed, the separator will neither work satisfactorily nor give you the quantity of butter you ought to get from your milk, however well enamelled or polished it may otherwise be.

The old-fashioned separators are constructed on a principle of conical discs in the bowl. Now, every time after a separator has been used the bowl has to be cleaned, and it consequently follows that if the bowl takes a long time to clean, this means a great expenditure of time spread over the whole year. In the separator bowls just mentioned the conical discs have all to be detached, cleaned separately, and then put together again during which procedure they are easily liable to loss or damage. With the "Diabolo" separator bowl this is quite

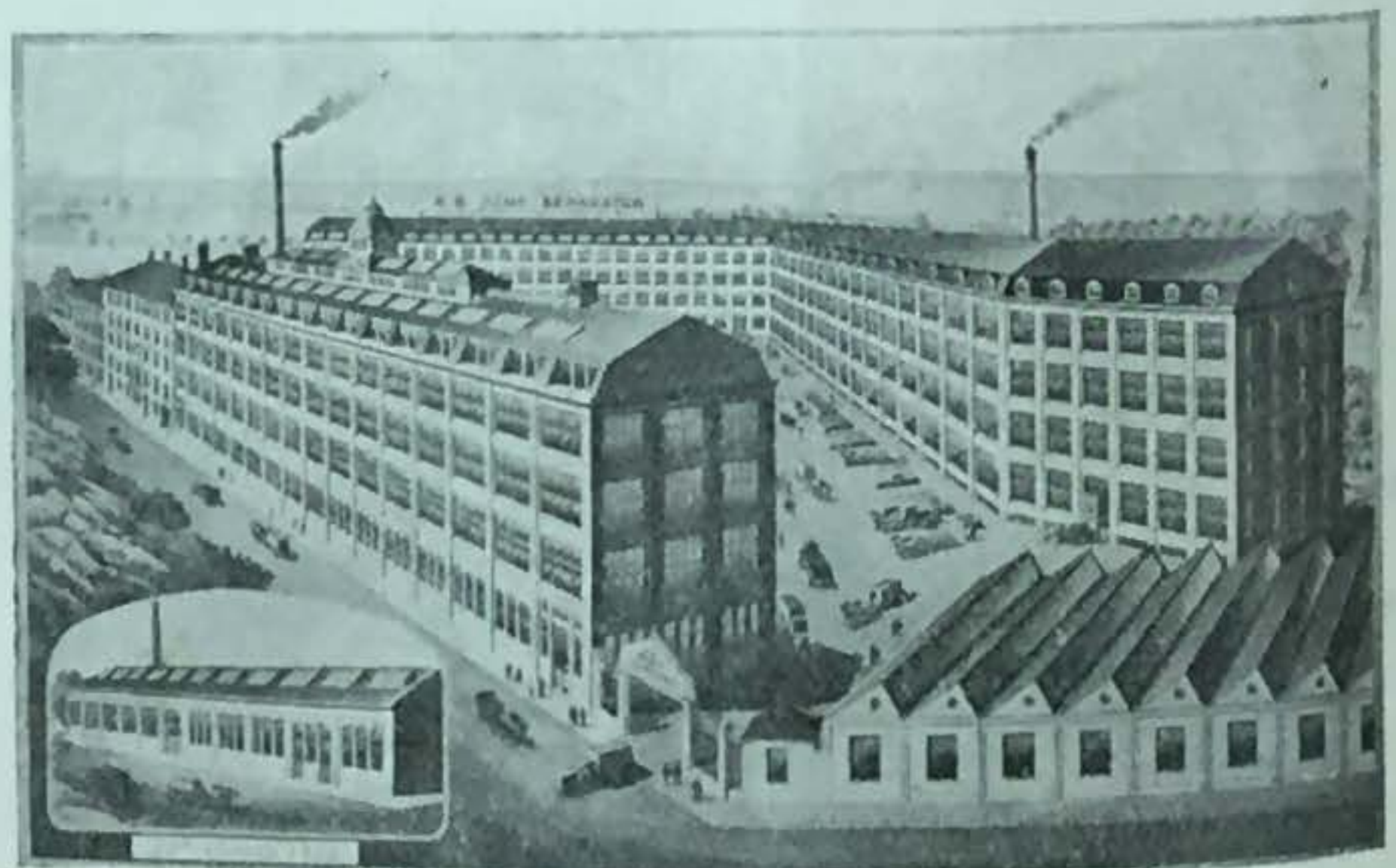
different; the separator discs are all strung together on a steel ring just like a key ring, and all you need to do is to rinse them in water, as shown in the illustration, and hang them up in a warm place to dry.

By the kind permission of Messrs. R. J. Fullwood & Bland, we are able to reproduce an illustration of the works in which "Diabolo" separators are made.

charge of by the women-folk, and with their natural liking for cleanliness, it is self-evident that a cream separator which combines all the qualities of clean skimming, reliability, and durability with simplicity, as far as cleaning is concerned, appeals with a special force to the housewife.

There are, of course, many kinds of separators, good, bad, and indifferent, and just as "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," a really satisfactory separator has first to make good in actual use before you can reckon on its being universally recommended. It is too late to start examining your separator after you have received it, and in view of the increasingly important part played by the cream separator in rational dairying conditions, we like our readers to know the various qualifications of all the best makes.

The "Diabolo" cream separator, which is sold by Messrs. R. J. Fullwood & Bland, 31 to 35, Bevis Street, London, N., is made at one of the largest and best-organized cream separator works in the world, and there



The Factory Behind the Diabolo.



## GARDEN TALKS.—(Continued from Page 100.)

That was a curious chapter in the history of popular *rages* which is disclosed in the "Tulip Mania" of Holland in the 17th Century. Rare strains were sold for nearly as much, during that excitement, as we have since paid for new varieties of chrysanthemums—as much as two thousand five hundred guilders was given. Some indication of the extravagance of growers and speculators may be found in Dumas's tale of "The Black Tulip." Government finally stopped speculation in tulips after the bulb of the Viceroy had been sold for four thousand three hundred and three guilders.

But the real life and personality of the tulip we get from Devon. The Pixies, having no other cradles for their children, put them at night in the blown tulips, to be cradled by the winds. A woman who had gone into her garden with a lantern and found the tiny babes asleep in the flowers was so delighted that she planted lots more tulips at once, and soon there were cradles enough for all the fairy people round about, and she would steal out in the moonlight to watch the wee creatures folded away in the satin cups and swinging in the perfumed breeze.

The fairies, watchful, but seeing that she wished them well, rewarded her goodness by causing the tulips to take on bright colours, and smell sweet, like the rose. Hence that beautiful red and orange tulip that smells sweeter than any and will only grow to perfection in the cottage gardens of Devon. The fairies blessed the woman and her cottage so that she had luck and happiness as long as she lived. When the woman died, however, a worldling occupied her cottage: a hard, money-making man, one of whose first acts was to destroy the garden as of no use, and plant parsley where the tulip flowers had bloomed. This roused the anger of the little people, and every night, when it fell dark, they would troop out of the wood and dance on the vegetables, and tear and hack at their roots, and throw dust into their blossoms so that nothing thrived on that land for years—and the parsley leaves grew fringed and ragged as you see them now.

But the grave where the woman was buried they kept green and fair. At the head nodded a cluster of beautiful tulips, gorgeous in colour, sweet of smell, and these bloomed long after all other flowers had faded. I am quite sure the fairies put their babies to bed in the tulips in my garden—they are so very tall and beautiful. I wonder if they do in yours.

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

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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.

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"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.

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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., 531, 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.**



## Poultry Notes.

(Continued from page 102.)

**Leg Troubles Start.**—On no account must chicks be on solid surfaces or leg weakness will follow. I like to keep chicks under cover for a week to see them well on their legs, and then in fine weather to let them run out on to Mother Earth, given suitable outer elements. Chaff can be used as a litter, also dry earth or sawdust, but one has difficulty in finding so good and lasting a litter as peat moss; despite its initial cost you get value for money in the long run. If you do rear your chicks indoors, then try to let them out after a week or two ere leg trouble sets in. Apart from solid floors one can experience leg weakness if the temperature is too high and if the flooring, as with sand and earth, gets warm. The heavier the breed and the quicker leg troubles set in. But until the chicks get on they should not be entirely on free range. Rather provide each foster-mother with a small outer "attached" run wherein the grass can be kept short.

**Short Grass Desirable.**—It is undesirable to let young chicks run out in long wet grass, and I prefer to keep the latter cut short around the coops and fosters. Also short grass paths some four feet wide can be cut, radiating from the coop or foster-mother, each linked up here and there with similar "cross" paths. If there is an attached short-grass run or enclosure the chicks can be kept in until the sun has arrived and dried up the moisture on the long grass in the field. With regard to the number of meals I prefer to adopt the "little and often" plan combined with "early and late" feeding. If you rear extensively and can give the chicks a late feed by lamplight all the better, as you will see them as a result simply romp along. After a few late-night visits the chicks will soon get to know what they are expected to do and will enjoy the late scratch feed of seeds.

**Number of Meals Daily.**—As a rough schedule I may suggest the following for the feeding of chickens:—Every two hours for the first week, five times daily for the next three weeks, four meals per diem till three months, and then three feeds daily. Feed only what can be eaten up quickly and with relish, as you keep the appetites keen by so doing. And nine-tenths of the battle of successfully feeding chickens lies in seeing that they come up "hungry" for each meal. In addition aid digestion by keeping a receptacle of small chick grit always before them.

**NOTICE.**—Mr. Powell-Owen is willing to answer any individual queries. These must be accompanied by a stamped envelope.

## Books to Read.

A new edition has just been published by Jarrold's of that interesting reference book for all stock breeders, "Cattle Sheep, and Pigs," by F. T. Barton, M.R.C.V.S. It costs a guinea, but the information which it contains, together with the photographs of all the principal breeds of cattle, are well worth the money. In order to give you some idea of its value we have reprinted a most useful chapter on "Poisonous Plants for Cattle."

## Some Poisonous Plants for Cattle.

**YEW POISONING.**—The yew is a perennial shrub or small tree used for ornamental purposes, but frequently found interspersed amongst the foliage of garden hedgerows, especially those surrounding villas. It is a plant bearing small, dark, lance-shaped leaves, much lighter on their under surface. The leaves are arranged in alternating rows upon the front, sides, and backs of the branches, the latter spreading out in a horizontal direction. From experiments conducted at the London Veterinary College, it appears that the plant does not always act as a poison to animals, a fact which has led to the supposition that the poisonous material, of whatever nature that be, is unequally distributed throughout the plant.

**Symptoms.**—Death may occur so rapidly that there is little time to make any accurate observation of the symptoms. Pain in the belly, coldness of body and limbs, with a running down pulse, are amongst the most important symptoms observed. Evidence of the animal having partaken of the plant is proof positive of the cause of the illness.

**Treatment.**—Very little can be done. A powerful stimulant such as half a pint of brandy may be given, along with a pint and a half of linseed oil, and half this quantity of castor oil.

**THE DEADLY NIGHTSHADE.**—Very little need be said with reference to this, because it is uncommon to hear of cattle or sheep being poisoned with this plant. The nightshade belongs to the same family as the potato, tomato, and bittersweet, yielding extract of belladonna, and an extremely powerful active principle known as "atropine." The plant bears tubular drooping, dusky brown flowers, with small black berries (at first green) as the fruit. It flowers about August. It is fairly common in some localities.

Cases of sheep having been poisoned by bittersweet have been recorded.

**The Symptoms are.**—Dilated (widened) pupils, relaxation of the anus, slowness of the pulse, and coldness of the body surface.

**Treatment.**—A stimulant and purgative as in yew poisoning.

**THE FOXGLOVE.**—This is a very common plant, growing on banksides, walls, hedgerows, and woods. Its leaves are very poisonous.\* The flowers are familiar almost to everyone, while the leaves are mostly borne close to the ground. They are soft and much lighter upon their under surface. When eaten they produce excessive urination and slowing of the pulse. Cattle have been poisoned through a careless gardener cutting down the plants and throwing them over the hedge where a neighbour had a head of cattle pastured. Nearly all the animals died in consequence.

**Treatment.**—Either removal of plants, or the animal from the pasturage where such grow. The medical treatment comprises the use of an oily purgative, followed by small doses of carbonate of ammonia (half-ounce doses) every three hours, given in a pint of tepid water.

**ACONITE, MONKSHOOD, AND WOLFSBANE.**—This plant is common in cottage and villa gardens. It bears

\* These leaves have been mistaken for those of the cattle comfrey, to which they bear a slight resemblance.



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Can Stand in Damp Grass, or Even in Water.**

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long groups of blue-hooded flowers. The leaves are very much cut up. It is exceedingly poisonous. Slowness of the pulse, and gulping-like movements of the throat have been observed. Stimulants must be given.

**THE HEMLOCKS.**—The water hemlock and dropwort, spotted hemlock and fool's parsley, are the poisonous plants in this family. The leaf stalks have a sheath at their bases. The flowers are arranged in a radiate manner (compound umbels), the outer flowers being the largest. The water dropwort is very common in dykes. Its stem is grooved. The spotted hemlock is equally common. Its stem is spotted (maculate), growing several feet in height. It is hollow, and has a mouse-like odour.

**Symptoms.**—Swelling of the head, saliva from the mouth, very high temperature of body—probably 107 deg. Fahr.—either diarrhoea or constipation, breathing with difficulty, staggering, and falling to the ground. After death the carcass emits a most abominable odour.

**Treatment.**—A quart of linseed oil and half a pint of brandy may be given to an ox. Foment belly, oatmeal gruel, etc. Repeat brandy in half-doses every two hours.

—“Cattle, Sheep and Pigs,” by F. T. BARTON, M.R.C.V.S. [Jarrolds].

## Nova Scotia.

DEAR EDITOR,

She was a Land Girl, and she felt that England was too small for her, after her country needed her

no more. So, vaguely hearing of a job in Nova Scotia—through one of these kindly societies in London—forth she fared, braving the terrors of the unknown—a second and greater Christopher Columbus! She arrived in the fall, just in time to help pick the late apples. And then the winter came. Such a winter! Blizzards and snow and winds that cut one like a hundred knives. But she survived it—milking, feeding, and watering the stock, with occasional journeys to the woods for timber. And then the blessed spring. Such sunshine, blue skies, and finches singing, that the winter seemed a bitter memory far behind. What though the roads be muddy! What though the heifers escape and lead her, cursing, over ploughed fields, through roaring torrents, down rocky gorges! Spring is in the air. No longer snow and sunshine and blue shadows; but brown fields, brown trees—innumerable shades of brown—and over all the brilliant sky, with white clouds racing fast before the wind. People stare at her in wonder—the woman who dares to do man's work, where trusty men are hard to find, and labour still is scarce. Those mighty boots! That strength of arm! And she is dubbed the farmerette!

And, Editor, all this—the true tale of my wandering—because some kindly friend sent me a copy of THE LANDSWOMAN, causing me many chuckles, and waking memories fragrant as an English spring.

JEAN K. HOGARTH.

Aylesford, Nova Scotia.  
April 4, 1920.





Wanting is—what?  
Summer redundant,  
Blueness abundant,  
—Where is the blot?—BROWNING.

DEAR GIRLS.—Your letters first:—

"What joy your last number of THE LANDSWOMAN brought. Oh, dear! I do get into such hot water when that comes along, because no one can induce me to talk, or do a single thing until I have read every word of it. I simply love all the sweet little poems you find to reprint in 'our mag.' When I was an instructress (I used to have charge of hostel as well) it was a comfort to me the day that brought the 'mags' along, because there used to be quietude that evening when the girls came home from work. They were all so anxious to read 'their mag.' that hardly a word could be heard."

"April does seem miserable, doesn't she? Cries nearly all day long. I think she will soon get used to 1920, and will try and cheer up in a few days."

"My friend and I do so much want a spell of dryness, because on fine nights we sleep in the garden."

"Have you ever slept out? It is lovely, provided one doesn't grudge a few hours less sleep. It is quite impossible to go to dreamland immediately with such exciting incidents as shooting stars and moving ceilings going on. The cherry blossom is wonderful this year. Every time I see the trees so sweetly dressed in white I think it must be for the birds' weddings, and the pink almond trees are the bridesmaids."

"I never appreciated THE LANDSWOMAN so much as I do now; I thought a great deal of it in England, but now I am in Canada it seems impossible for me to tell you how eagerly I look forward to receiving it. There is only one thing that I don't like about getting them, that is it makes me so want to be back again on the farm amongst the dear old animals, etc."

"I am writing to let you know that I have succeeded in getting a situation, and am starting next Wednesday morning, and I must send all my thanks to you for putting advertisement in THE LANDSWOMAN for me."

"What an extra nice one it is this month; the three little lambs are fine. I do like the gardening page, too, besides everything else in the book."

"I am the only girl working here on this farm now, and I have nearly worked here five years, but I am ever so happy and love my work; in fact, I have never done anything else only land work. Sometimes I get a bit 'fed up,' in the winter when you have to work out in the pouring rain and get covered with mud, but it would break my heart to leave it. But when the day's work is over, and

we are homeward bound, you forget how wet and muddy you are, and think of the joys of the morrow, and probably an extra 'bob' at the end of the week for 'working that there wet day, gal,' as the farmer terms it."

I am afraid you may think that the letters which I have printed are rather all on one note—appreciation of THE LANDSWOMAN. But you will forgive me when I tell you that it is only because I know how much you do appreciate the little magazine that I have the courage to write to you what I have to say this month.

We are once again faced with a great rise in the cost of the production of THE LANDSWOMAN. This time it is the paper which has gone up in price. It has been rising for the last three months, and I had hoped that we had reached the top and that we could struggle on at our present rate, but unfortunately this is not so, and something will have to be done. There are two ways of doing it, and I must leave you to decide which one we shall take. At the half-year commencing with the July issue either we must reduce THE LANDSWOMAN to half its present size or we must double the price. I have fought hard against it, but there is no alternative, and so I ask you to help me. Will you, each one of you, send me a postcard saying which of these two ways seems to you the best? We will abide by the decision of the majority. Of course, as you know, it is difficult enough at present to find room for all we have to say to each other every month. If the paper is only 12 pages instead of 24 we shall have to cut out all unnecessary things like our Club Page letter, pictures, verses, etc., and confine ourselves to the articles really useful to us in our work.

But on the other hand I know how very difficult it is for some of you to spare extra pennies, and I should hate to think that the price of THE LANDSWOMAN hit hardest those who probably love the magazine best and need it most. So I leave it to you; and if you think it will be better to have less for the same money, then I will see to it that that little shall be the very best, but if you feel that it is worth an extra 3d. a week, then we will go on doing our utmost to make it worthy of your high opinion. If you agree to the higher price there is one concession we can make, I think, to subscribers: we will charge no extra for our double Christmas number. Your subscription for the second half-year, provided we don't have to pay extra for postage, will be 3s. 6d. instead of 2s., and these subscriptions will be due before July 1. Do you think it will be too optimistic of me to hope that they may be paid before that date? I think you will be surprised to hear that some lazy—or shall we say thoughtless?—readers of THE LANDSWOMAN have been receiving their magazine every month in 1920 and have not

NOTICE.—All letters to the Editor requiring an answer must be accompanied by a stamped envelope.



yet paid a penny for it. If they only knew how they add to our difficulties up here at the office I am sure they would be the first to pay up. And really our difficulties are rather great. I often think that if it weren't for the fact that every bit of work in connection with THE LANDSWOMAN—except the actual printing of the paper—is voluntary work, we should have given up long ago. Love for a job takes one over many more stiles than pay for it. But there is one of our difficulties which hits you too, some of you, and I should like you to know how very much we appreciate your patience and kindness, when, either your magazine never arrives at all, or else you get two or four or six, or—as one reader did this month—nine copies in mistake!

In the good old Land Army days all we had to do when the magazines arrived from the printers was to send them off in large parcels to the County Secretary, who very kindly sent them on to all the girls in her county. Then came demobilization, and we were faced with the almost impossible task of getting out a complete list of subscribers. Lists poured in from the counties, and were copied into a big book by a clerk—a very dear person indeed, but whose writing, especially when she was in a hurry, conveyed simply *nothing* either to herself or anyone else. If you only knew of the hours we have spent pouring over the addresses she has written out, and with the help of maps and classified directories endeavouring to find out what she meant those addresses to be. We have even gone so far as to take the book back to her, but she can't help, for she has forgotten what her various abbreviations, which she used in the tremendous rush of that last month at headquarters, were intended to represent.

Then again some counties sent in the correct lists, some sent in old ones, and in order that not one of our readers should be left out we have sent copies, rather at random perhaps, to every name on every list; and when you realise that there are 6,000 or 7,000 of those names you will, I know, sympathise with us and forgive us when we make mistakes. After much sorting and revising I think we have got fairly straight now, but if any girl is getting more than she ought, or knows of anyone who is getting none at all, it will be kind if she will send a postcard to say so. And may I ask when you send in your subscriptions for the next half-year that you will PRINT your names and addresses. Hand-writings vary so, specially when written in lead pencil!

#### Change of Address.

Before our next issue of THE LANDSWOMAN is published we shall have changed our address. One of my little dreams which, since I have had anything to do with land girls, has become really urgent, is at last to come true, and we have found a new home where I can have a cow and a pig and a chicken, and an extra cottage for some land girls, so that we can all work together, sometimes out of doors and sometimes at our basket industry. Of course, it makes it nicer that we shall decorate our baskets in a lovely old sixteenth-century room with oak beams a foot square, and that in our spare time we shall paddle about in a punt on a lake where Queen Elizabeth paddled about too, though perhaps not in the same rickety old punt. And in my new garden there is to be a corner entirely devoted to THE LANDSWOMAN, and there shall be found only plants sent by LANDSWOMAN readers, wild flowers and cultivated, each one bearing the name of one of my letter friends. And

JAMES PASCALL, LTD., LONDON, S.E.

(Try also Pascall "Bitter-Sweets" Chocolates).

then when I am old and have bobby curls I can sit there in my bathchair and think of all the jolly letters we used to write to each other in the dear old LANDSWOMAN days, and of my pride and joy to be Editor of such a delightful paper, for even more delightful readers! I will try and give you a photograph of The Priory, Orpington, on this page next month, but *don't* address your letters there until I tell you.

#### Shopping Club.

One of our readers in a remote country village heard of the wonderful quality and value of the Government linen, which has been offered to the general public lately in such large quantities. She wrote to ask us to send her patterns, and she was so pleased with them that we have purchased for her over £3 worth of this material in various qualities. We have had a variety of shopping jobs this month, and it always amuses me when I think over all the different sorts of things we have bought for you since the Shopping Club first started. Anything from a cake to a ventriloquist's false throat, or a four-guinea watch to dainty ribboned undies!

We have been asked to sell hair which has been bobbed, and in the same post have come requests for remedies for all sorts of ills, for folk who can't sleep and for those who sleep too long, especially in the mornings! We have bought—I hope to the satisfaction of the final recipient—wedding, birthday, and Christmas presents, and I shall always remember one faithful reader who trusted us to buy a *very* special present for mother, and how anxious we were, literally holding our breath, till we heard that mother was "simply delighted with it." So I begin to think that when we set ourselves the task of making life



on the land, far away from shops, a little bit more possible to the modern girl, by offering our help in this way, we have not altogether failed. And I want you to know that it is the very greatest pleasure to us to feel that we are useful in this way.

By the way, one of the office staff bought a pair of Mayflowa black brogues the other day, which you will find illustrated on the second page of this issue, and they are simply excellent value.

#### Sewing Club.

I have often been asked to give in THE LANDSWOMAN a pattern of an overall similar to our Land Army one, so that those of you who are clever with your needle may make your own overalls in other colours than white, colours more suitable for ordinary farm work. While the Land Army existed with its uniform regulations this was not easy, but I think you will welcome the sketch of the overall which our artist has drawn and which you can all make for yourselves if you apply for the paper pattern. This can be obtained from the editorial office, and costs only 7d. post free. If any of you have difficulty in cutting it out, or in obtaining the material you require, write to me, and I will help you. It has occurred to me that really reliable paper patterns would be useful to a great many of you; so will you let me have suggestions as to the sort of thing you want most? Is it to be undies, or summer blouses, for next month? Just say which and you shall have it. Don't forget, when sending for the pattern, to give your measurements, as it will be available in different sizes. The overall would be very useful made up in brown, blue, or green linen, or even in what the drapers call Nurses' cloth, which is a material something like the drill of which the Land Army overalls are made and which does not crease so easily as pure linen.



Allow  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 48 inch material to make up this land-worker's overall. The pattern comprises eight portions, these being the front, back, sleeve, front facing, collar, cuff, pocket, and belt. Lay up the pattern on the material as shown in the diagram, take care of the cuttings which are required to make the collar, cuffs, pocket, and belt. Stitch the centre front pleat about four inches down from the neck. Firmly stitch all seams, and outline the edges of front, revers, collar, pocket, belt, and cuffs, with one or more rows of machining. The hem at the lower edge is about 2 inches deep.

#### A New Book about the Land Army.

It always interests me that the land girl and her work seem to be such a popular subject for fiction. I may be mistaken, but I have not heard of any books the whole action of which depended on the work of the W.A.A.C.S. or W.R.N.S., but we have had several land girls as heroines, and at one time I used to see every morning in the railway carriage nine other people poring over the joys and sorrows of a land girl, in the serial of one of our most popular daily picture papers. Perhaps it is because the surroundings of her life and work lend themselves more easily to the weaving of romance, the soaring lark in the early morn and the moon over the harvest field sort of thing. Anyway, there it is, and the latest Land Army novel is Mrs. Humphrey Ward's last book, "Harvest" (Collins, 7s. 6d.). Honestly, I don't think much of the book as a novel, but I certainly was very much interested that, in spite of all the rather highly-flavoured romance of the story, the fact that strikes you most while reading it, and remains with you afterwards is the supreme satisfaction which comes from working out of doors.

Rachel, the heroine, has had a rotten time out in Canada, a time she wants to forget, and she does forget it in the joy of farm work which leaves her no time to think of other things. She feels it is quite impossible that she shall ever be happy again, but she is happy, abundantly happy, in giving out all her young health and strength to gather in the harvest.

So many of us, more particularly during the war, have discovered the wonderful nerve-soothing influence of land work, and even though we are not all numbered among those happy folk who spend their whole time out of doors, we know that when our nerves are in ribbons, so much so that we feel we could scream when anyone slams a door, or crunches toast audibly at breakfast, that there is no better cure than to take Kipling's advice to get out into the garden and "dig till you gently perspire."

And then you will find  
That the sun and the wind,  
And the djin of the Garden too,  
Have lifted that hump,  
That horrible hump,  
The hump that is black and blue.

I get it as well as you  
If I haven't enough to do.  
We all get hump  
Camelius hump,  
The hump that is black and blue.

Still, it really is a great tribute to the success of land work as a career for women, that one of our most observant women novelists should have discovered, what we all know so well, that it is a cure for all ills, the one occupation where perfect health and happiness are sure. I think you will be interested to read Mrs. Humphrey Ward's description of a procession at one of our old Land Army rallies. Here it is:—

"All Millesborough, indeed, was in the streets to look at the procession, and the crowd was swelled by scores of cadets from a neighbouring camp, who were good-heartedly keeping the route, and giving a military air to the show. But the flower-decked waggons were the centre of interest. The first in



the line was really a brilliant performance. It was an old waggon of Napoleonic days, lent by a farmer, whose forbears had rented the same farm since William and Mary. Every spoke of the wheels blazed with red geraniums; there was a fringe of heather along the edge of the cart, while vegetables, huge marrows, turnips, carrots, and onions dangled from its sides, and the people inside sat under a nodding canopy of tall and splendid wheat, mixed with feathery barley. But the passengers were perhaps the most attractive thing about it. They were four old women in lilac sunbonnets. They were all over seventy, and they had all worked bravely in the harvest. The crowd cheered them vociferously, and they sat, looking timidly out on the scene with smiling eyes and tremulous lips, their grey hair blowing about their wrinkled, wholesome faces.

"Meanwhile the speaking was beginning from the first cart. A land girl who had played a rousing part in the recruiting campaign of the early summer was speaking in a high voice, clearly heard by the crowd. She was tall and pretty, and spoke without a sign of hesitation or self-consciousness. She gloried in the harvest, in the splendid news from the war, in the growth of the Woman's Land Army. 'We've just been proud to do our bit at home while our boys have been fighting over there. It's hard work, but we love it! It's cold work often, but we love it! The horses and the cows and the pigs—they're naughty often, but they're nice. Yes, the—ers, too. It's the beasts and the fields and the open air we love.'"

Your sincere friend, THE EDITOR.

The Editor wants an Ex-L.A.A.S. as housemaid. Haymaking as well as housework. Uniform provided.—Write, stating wages required, Editorial Office, Stone Field, Kidbrook Grove, Blackheath.

## Exchange Column.

### For Sale.

Four white Smocks, medium size, good condition, for sale £1 the lot.—E. Robertson, Shoreham, Sevenoaks, Kent.

Dark brown heavy wool coat, in excellent condition and a great bargain; £1. Will be sent on approval.—M. N., St. Osyth, near Colchester, Essex.

For Sale, dark grey Meltonian cloth habit, good as new; safety apron skirt, length 43in., skirt waist 36in., bust coat 38in., waist coat 31in. Made Ross, Exeter; £8 8s. Brown homespun costume, length skirt 33in., waist 25in., £2 2s. Dark green overcoat, length 52in., £3 3s. Dark green woolen golf jersey, £1 5s. Sewing machine, "Champion of England," just done up as good as new, £5 5s. All goods sent on approval if postage paid.—(Miss) D. M. Vacher, Bourne Mill Cottage, Hadlow, near Tonbridge, Kent.

For Sale, young "Bujarygato," aviary reared, green, 7s. 6d. each; yellow, 10s. each.—(Miss) D. M. Vacher, Bourne Mill Cottage, Hadlow, near Tonbridge, Kent.

For Sale, 1 pair ladies' strong black shoes, size 6, Nil Simile make. What offers?—Box B., Editorial Office.

For Sale, 2 pairs brown gardening boots, size 7. One nearly new. What offers?—Miss Gundry, St. Ann's Cottage, Staines.

Several pairs Breeches for sale, cord and cotton; 3 pairs never worn.—Haines, Orchard Cottage, Middleton Road, N.E.8.

Land Army boots for sale. Box calf. Entirely new. Size 6.—Banner, Bosbury Farm Settlement, near Ledbury, Hereford.

For Sale.—Shortly expected from the printers, a booklet called "Group Leader Days," and containing five papers on incidents in the life of a Group Leader. 2s. per copy; autographed copies 2s. 6d. Postage 3d. Order now of Gertrude O. Cooke, Penketh School, Warrington.

For Sale, number 2 Brownie in case, perfect condition, price 7s. 6d. Two strong twill overalls, size women's, hardly worn, 2s. 6d. each.—Apply Miss Robinson, Lodge Farm, Castle Acre, Swaffham.

For Sale, 3 pairs of clogs, never worn, 2 pairs size 5, one pair size 4. 4s. per pair.—Apply Miss L. McCann, Whitehill House, Crayford, Kent.

## MOTHERHOOD BENEFITS.

WRITE to the Women's Section of the "British Dominions" for Free Booklet containing particulars of the new Motherhood Policy which provides (a) an income for life on reaching a certain age, (b) a sum payable at birth of each child up to five in number, (c) a sum payable in the event of death within one month of birth of a child.

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1 pair black farm boots, large 5, 12s. 6d.; riding boots, small 6, and trees, 14s.; smart khaki ride astride coat, 40s., cost £8 8s., bargain; No. 1 Brownie camera, with view-finder, 9s., almost new—Charlotte Watkin, 131, St. George's Road, S.W.1.

For Sale, pair of brown high boots, 13in., good condition, only worn six times, size 5; 22s.—A. Scarott, Manor Farm Dairy, Bishopstoke, Eastleigh, Hants.

For Sale, 2 (new) pairs corduroy breeches, large, from L. Army outfit, 11s. pair. 1 woollen jersey, 10s.; or the lot 30s.—E. G., 53, Maas Road, Northfield, Birmingham.

### Rabbits.

AT STUD, Pure Angora Buck "Ainstable Prince," white, winner and V.H.C. at Romsey Club Shows, 1919, and V.H.C. Workington Open Show, April 6th last; reduced fees for Landswomen's does.—Apply Doherty, Heather Glen, Ainstable, Cumberland.

### Miscellaneous.

Can anyone recommend a farm run by women where lady can be received as paying guest for three or four weeks? Willing to assist with outdoor work. Charges must be moderate. Hampshire preferred.—E. A. L., 76, Argyle Road, West Ealing, W.13.

Gentlewoman with practical farming experience, desiring small partnership with another on mixed farm. Midland Counties preferred.—Box K., Editorial Office.

Wanted by widow land girl, small house in country (any part of South of England) with garden and orchard, with a view to poultry farming; could buy same if suitable. Would any land girl knowing of such a house to let after September, kindly communicate with Box A., Editorial Office.

Landgirl wanted to assist with poultry, pigs, and gardening. Must be bright and companionable.—R. B. T., Talafor, Pwllheli, N. Wales.

Wanted a Landgirl, good milker, willing to assist mistress indoors. No family. Young maid kept. Farm 150 acres. Good opportunity for learning farming, including accounts.—Mrs. L., Church Farm, Monk Bretton, nr. Barnsley.