

THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Girl and Every Country Woman

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



Cattle Show in Ruined Ypres.

[Alfieri.—"Daily Sketch."]

Peasants driving their flocks through the ruined streets. The generous help of the British farmers has enabled them to start again.

Roses.

THE rose grows everywhere. She enters into every walk of life. We read of her in the Bible—the Rose of Sharon, a rose plant that grew in Jericho. The Greeks, the Romans, were all lovers of the rose. Cleopatra had the floor covered with them a foot and a half in thickness, and Nero is said to have spent at one feast nearly £30,000 in roses. In their joy and in their sorrows the rose was their favourite flower. They made wine from roses, conserves from roses, perfumes, oils, and medicine from roses, pastels, pastes, syrups, lozenges, and cordials. The flower was served at table either as cress and parsley are used to-day, as a garnish, or as a salad. Gourmets used quince preserves flavoured with rose as a quip to their meat. There was a rose vinegar made of sour wine in which flowers had been macerated. There were rose soufflés for the ladies, there was a delicious drink of rose liqueur, and to this day rose fritters

are served by the Chinese on their New Year. Its part in history is still told in rites and tributes, for in London the custom holds of laying the City Sword on a bed of rose leaves on Michaelmas Day, a memory of the "Wars of the Roses." The rose figures in the earliest times in art, poetry, and traditions of the people, and has its place in the Legends of the Saints. It is the Rosary by which piety still numbers its prayers and aves—such a fitting emblem to employ when in prayer to God.

Born in the East, it has been diffused, like the sunlight, over all the world. It is found in every quarter of the globe, on glaciers, in deserts, on mountains, in marshes, in forests, in valleys, on plains, and on the sands of the sea. The Esquimaux adorn their hair and raiment of deer and seal skin with the beautiful blossoms of the *Rose Nitida*, which grows abundantly under their stunted

shrubs. The Creoles of Georgia twine white flowers of *Rosa Loevigata* among their sable locks, plucking them from the climbing roses which attach themselves to the garden trees of the forest. The parched shores of the Gulf of Bengal are covered during the spring with a beautiful white rose, found also in China and Nepal, while in vast thickets of the beautiful *Rosa sempervirens* the tigers of Bengal hide and lay in wait for their prey. In Iceland, so Bortand tells us, a place so sterile in vegetation that in some parts the natives are compelled to feed their horses and cattle on dried fish, we find the *Rosa rubiginosa*, with its pale, solitary, cup-shaped flowers; and most wonderful of all, actually in Lapland, blooming, almost under the snows of that severe climate, the natives seeking mosses and lichens for their reindeer, find *Rosa majalis* and, I think, *Rosa embelba*. The *Rosa majalis* is a very brilliant colour and of sweet perfume, and she also enlivens the dreariness of Norway and Sweden and Denmark.

If you stop and think a moment how wonderful it is that she should bloom everywhere, in every kind of climate—Rose of the World,—there is no excuse for not having a rose in any garden, however tiny. And the perfume, how wonderful it is. And every rose is different, each individual has her own most exquisite scent.

Roses are often pictured on the brows and in the hands of saints who suffered martyrdom for the Church, and it is recorded of St. Vincent that the bed on which he died was formed of them. At Toulouse the love of the French for roses was always shown in the award of one of these flowers for the best poem offered at a public reading. Among the Romans were sybarites who slept on beds stuffed with rose petals, and we hear of one afflicted youth who could not sleep because a petal had been crumpled. Imagine Rome on a feast day, when the shrines and triumphal arches were garlanded with roses, when chariots were gay with them, when senators and generals did not disdain to carry bouquets of them in their hands. People were not content unless roses swam in the Falernian wine, their petals giving fragrance to the drink.

So common was the practice of strewing roses over graves that the cemetery is still called "The Rose Garden" in parts of Switzerland.

The flower is sculptured on the tombs of girls in Turkey, where it is believed the rose came from Mahomet, the tradition being that when he made his journey from heaven the sweat that fell from his forehead bloomed from the earth as white roses.

In Persia the nightingale begins to sing when the roses blow, for so the bird tells his love for the flower, and at dawn, overcome by weariness and by the perfume, he falls to the earth beneath the bush. When Allah made the rose the Queen of Flowers instead of the white and sleepy lotus, the impassioned nightingale, flying towards the perfume, thrust one of the thorns against his breast, and so spilling his blood over the petals, changed them to red, and even now the Persian tells you that he presses against a thorn that he may be kept awake all night to worship and to sing. And as he sings, the rose responsive bursts from bud to bloom.

One of the legends of the Crucifixion names the rose briar, or dog rose, as the plant chosen for the Crown of Thorns.

The medicinal use of roses goes as far back as the known history of the plant. But I must not tell you more, although I have not told half there is to tell about the rose.

Olton Pools.

By

JOHN DRINKWATER.

NOW June walks on the waters,
And the cuckoo's last enchantment
Passes from Olton Pools.

Now dawn comes to my window
Breathing midsummer roses,
And scythes are wet with dew.

Is it not strange for ever
That, bowered in this wonder,
Man keeps a jealous heart? . . .

That June and the June waters,
And birds and dawn-lit roses,
Are gospels in the wind,

Fading upon the deserts,
Poor pilgrim revelations? . . .
Hist . . . over Olton Pools!

("Olton Pools." Sidgwick and Jackson.)

An Old Sussex Sheep-Shearing Song.

HERE the rosebuds in June and the violets are
blowing,
The small birds they warble from every green
bough;

Here's the pink and the lily,
And the daffadowndilly,

To adorn and perfume the sweet meadows in June.
'Tis all before the plough the fat oxen go slow,
But the lad and the lasses to the sheep-shearing go.

Our shepherds rejoice in their fine heavy fleece,
And frisky young lambs, which their flocks do
increase;

Each lad takes his lass
All on the green grass,

Here stands our brown jug, and 'tis filled with good
ale,

Our table, our table, shall increase and not fail;
We'll joke and we'll sing,
And dance in a ring,

When the sheep-shearing's over and the harvest
draws nigh,

We'll prepare for the fields, our strength for to try;
We'll reap and we'll mow,

We'll plough and we'll sow;

Oh, the pink and the lily, etc.

The Daisies.

BLISS CARMEN.

OVER the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,

The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
And all of their saying was, "Earth, it is well!"
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art
good!"

("The Open Road." Methuen.)

The Joys of the Land Girl.



Poultry Notes.

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

JUNE is the month when one can begin to count the early-hatched pullets and to form an opinion as to the prospects of next winter's egg supply.

Schedule of Hatching.—Our climate is a very odd one, and by no means favourable to laying hens. If we are to defeat it we must keep to scheduled hatching, and thus face facts. Every poultry-keeper is after winter eggs, and after the pullet which will commence to lay in October and continue throughout and beyond the six winter months. The ideal pullet to do this is the one hatched in March of heavy breeds, like the Wyandotte, Rhode Island Red, etc., and in April of light or non-sitting varieties, like the Leghorn, Minorca, etc., and as near the middle of each month as possible. There is no way of circumventing such facts! If you hatch early you will find the birds in lay in late summer, and after yielding a few eggs they will rest and come into lay again about December. If you hatch too late it will be December or January ere the "first egg" arrives.

Winter-egg Prospects.—With this as your formula you will be able to sum up your prospects for next winter by way of egg-production. If you tell me you have only April-hatched heavy-breed pullets, then I must break the news gently that it will be November ere your first egg is collected. If, on the other hand, you say that three-quarters of your heavy-breed pullets are March hatched, then I shall praise your efforts and congratulate you in advance, because you should secure full winter egg-baskets. It will be a good plan for each reader to go carefully over the early broods and see how many pullets Dame Fortune has presented you with. If you are short there is only one way out, and that is to order some March-hatched heavy-breed pullets or April light-breed ones for delivery in early September next. These will fill the gap and put your schedule right.

Late-hatched Pullets.—There is one very serious mistake poultry-keepers make upon finding themselves short of the correctly-hatched pullets. They extend the hatching season, and when October comes round find themselves with a surfeit of late birds from which eggs can only come late. One must be fair on the pullets, and not expect early eggs from

late-hatched stock. I am not against the hatching out of late pullets so long as you are first of all sure of sufficient early birds. In that case these later birds will fill the gaps, but starting to lay late. If, then, you do continue hatching beyond the approved season, realize that you have not thereby solved the early-winter-egg problem. To do this you must make up the shortage by buying in early-hatched pullets before next October sets in.

Into Winter Quarters.—There is nothing like scheduled operations where poultry are concerned. All this year's pullets should be placed in their winter quarters about the first week in September, or by Mid-September at latest, for the very reason that this allows them to settle down and to commence laying in October. If, as so many do, you place the pullets in their winter laying houses in October, then they will take several weeks to settle down and to get accustomed to their new surroundings ere laying starts. If you put them in their winter quarters earlier they will settle down too quickly and lay too early. And the danger of September laying is that after producing a few eggs the pullets will go into a false moult and not restart laying till December. You will see, therefore, that the onus falls upon the shoulders of the owner from the shell right up to the laying stage.

The Growing Stock.—Having obtained plenty of early-hatched pullets, you must rear them on common-sense lines. They must be pushed along all the time, or they will fail at the finish. For instance, you must help the schedule by getting the pullets large or matured enough for laying by the time October comes along. And by so doing you will obtain the large eggs as well as number. One way of adding stature to growing pullets is in separating the sexes directly they can be ascertained. If you are running cockerels and pullets together, you may be quite certain the pullets are not getting sufficient food; the cockerels will see that they have more than their due share of food, and will be robbing the pullets all the time. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place; take away the cockerels early, and keep

(Continued on Page 138.)



A Nice Flock.

["Farm and Home."]

Rabbit Keeping.—I.

LAND Workers who are settling permanently on the land would do wisely to keep bunny well to the fore among their small live stock. Rabbit breeding as a hobby is easy, interesting, and—what is more to the point—lucrative.

In order to be successful, the chief quality that one must possess is that of common sense—that most uncommon of all gifts! One must also possess a methodical mind and tireless patience; moreover, a sense of humour would not be amiss, to carry one over “hard times” or the bits of ill-luck that are liable to occur in the experience of any fancier, no matter how skilled or zealous he may be.

My advice to a beginner is to start in a very small way, laying out only quite a modest sum, and gain your experience as you go. There are plenty of good text-books on the rabbit, but there is nothing like practical work for teaching one; the books can always be there for reference.

In speaking about hutches, I always differentiate sharply between *breeding* and *fattening* hutches. To my mind the former are seldom, if ever, roomy enough. The average size, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet, should be doubled in order to give a doe space enough for exercise, and to allow the youngsters to leap and frolic and thus develop their limbs well and keep in good condition.

On the other hand, fattening hutches are better if small, as too much exercise will tend to diminish weight in proportion to bulk. But here, too, there should be no cramping or overcrowding.

For utility purposes, I prefer several small hutches each with one occupant, to a large general pen, as in the latter the weakest go to the wall and thus come on much more slowly in the matter of weight.

Each hutch should have a hay-rack (made of wire netting) and a firmly fixed trough or bowl for water.

Choose a corner farthest from the hay-rack, cut a hole and groove, or several holes, in the floor close to the back wall, dust the floor round with disinfecting power, scatter sawdust upon it, and the latrine is ready. No self-respecting rabbit will forget itself in its own nest or even feeding-corner if it has been properly housed and tended from birth. Why, even the pig, that much-maligned Ishmael among animals, has naturally a perfectly correct attitude in these little matters whenever he is given half a chance, as my friend of Gallops Homestead can testify!

My nicest hutch has three compartments—nursery, parlour, and dining-room—all greatly appreciated by a pure-bred Blue Beveren. The parlour is always immaculate, nursery floor ditto, and I have only to remove the sawdust and droppings every other day, a job of about two to three minutes only.

In spite of the dearness of timber, I am convinced that it pays one in the long run to house the stock roomily and cosily from the first. If you haven't the space or the timber—don't keep rabbits!

For the nest, bracken or small dried leaves are best, as the doe is liable to eat up hay or straw. Straw is very binding, and often most injurious if eaten in excess.

Put felt (tarred and sanded) over the roof, outside, and cover the whole stack of hutches with galvanized iron (corrugated) sheeting. Creosote the inside once a year. Whitewash the inner walls and

ceiling every two or three months down to 6 inches from the floors, which should be scrubbed and re-creosoted after each new litter.

An S.S.E. aspect is the best, but due south will do if sunblinds are used in mid-summer.

C. G. B. L.



How She came to [Alfieri.—
Wilton Fair. “Daily Sketch.”]

To a CHURL, who would not be GLAD again.

UNSEAL the little chambers of your heart,
And let God's air and sunlight garnish them.
The treasures you have cloistered there so close
Will lose the crystal of their lucency
If deep and dimly they are prisoned.
Now does the earth drink Peace—clean winds arise
That sweeten all the long-tormented land.
Will you alone be coward, hoard your wealth
For fear the Dogs of Peace may ravish it?
Open afresh those doors, and bring you forth
All your fair store of offerings, and light
Anew the festal fires of eucharist.
Why should you grudge your little homely gifts?
Hid in a napkin they will utterly
Confound themselves. Here in the dear wide airs
They will shine steadily. Laugh, sing again,
Love the old books, crave new ones, on tip-toe
Chase life in all its fulness once again.
Be not a hoarder but a spendthrift. So
Argues a comely thanksgiving. Dear Lord,
What I have lost I gave not. . . . Now I give
By quickening all joy within my heart,
Adorning each of Thy most blessed days
With beauty from the store Thou gavest me;
A sacrifice of gladness—willingly,
In adoration of the majesty
That has made worlds and war, slumber and
children's cries,
My part in love and laughter will I bear.

LOIS VIDAL.

Garden Talks.

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

JUNE.

ROSE TIME.

What can the world produce equal to the June Rose? The common briar, the commonest of all, offer a flower which, whether in itself or the moment of its appearance at the function of all sweet summer things, or its history and associations, is not to be approached by anything a millionaire could purchase.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

JUNE—that most glorious of all our months, June—is rose time, and the Rose is Love, as P. M. James speaks of her:—

There's a Rose looking in at the window,
In every condition of life,
In days of content and enjoyment,
In hours of bitterness rife.

Where'er there's the smile of a true wife,
As bright as a beam from above,
'Tis the Rose looking in at the window
And filling the dwelling with Love.

There are other flowers dedicated to the month of June:—

LILY.—Purity.

BUTTERCUP.—Riches, and Heart of Gold.

MYOSOTIS.—Forget-me-not.

HONEYSUCKLE.—Generosity.

Could any flowers be more beautiful or fragrant than those whose birthday is in the month of June?

June is perhaps the most enjoyable month of the whole year in the garden. Vegetation seems to spring forward—the frosts are generally over—the wind has tired itself out. The plants that have been kept back perhaps all the spring are at last set free, and away they bound into growth, quite full of life and joy.

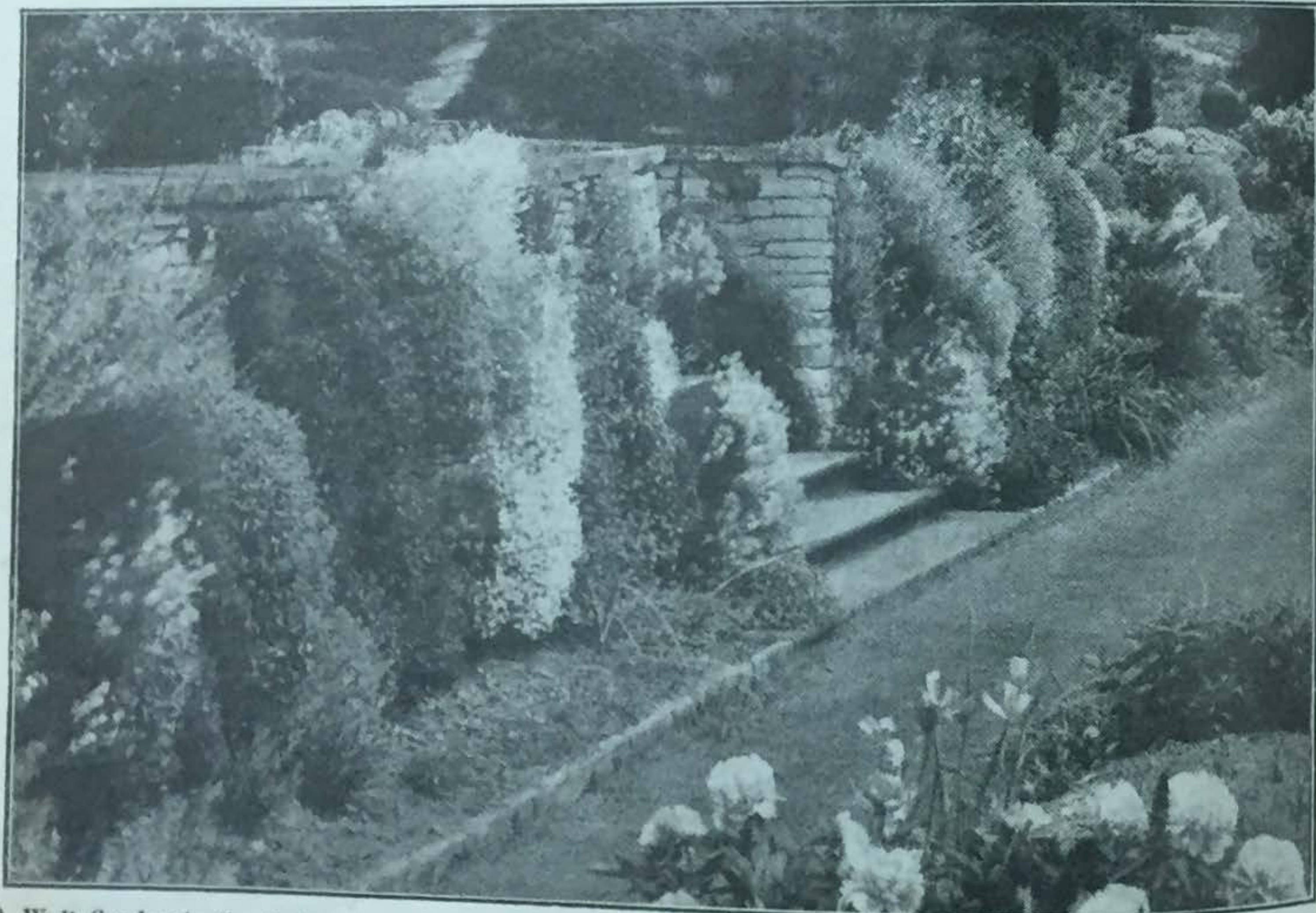
Practically all the digging, manuring, turfing, planting, and sowing has been done, and yet gardeners are busier than ever.

Some plants want watering, others staking, others thinning, strawberries mulching, gooseberries netting.

The lawns keep the gardener always busy: mowing, rolling, cutting the grass edges.

People who have gardens should try and live in them during the following months. Let them work, eat, read—yes, and even sleep—there.

Why should not those who make beautiful gardens, filling them with lovely flowers and delicious odours, sleep in them? Think of breathing the delicious air of a June garden at night, when all the night flowers are awake, filling the air with their wonderful perfume; and think of waking with the dawn flowers just starting their work. Night air is much better and healthier than day air; we gar-



A Wall Garden in the Cotswolds.

[“Gardening Illustrated.”]

deners know that, because of the beneficial influence it has upon our plants; and if it helps them, most assuredly it will benefit us.

But first of all, to take the work for the month. The golden rule is to keep the plants growing steadily, in a nice healthy condition, with good green foliage, free from fly or any pests.

VEGETABLES.

ASPARAGUS.—Cutting must now cease for the season.

BEANS.—A last sowing may be made of dwarf French. A sowing may also be made of runners. Watch for black fly in broadbeans, and pinch out tops when flowers begin to set.

BET.—Young plants should be protected from birds—they love the beet foliage, and will utterly destroy whole crops.

CARROTS may still be sown. Beware of fly.

CELERY may now be planted, watering and shading from sun a few days after planting.

CUCUMBERS.—Continual attention to those in frames. **RIDGE CUES** may be planted out.

LETTUCES AND RADDISH.—Sow a little every week or ten days to keep up the supply.

ONIONS.—These should be thinned if large bulbs are wanted.

PEAS.—Main crop varieties coming into bearing should have soaking of liquid manures.

POTATOES.—Continue earthing up as required.

TOMATOES may be planted out against walls, fences, or stakes. Dig the ground deeply, *but do not manure it.*

MARROWS may be planted either in manure pits or mounds, or on banks, or on the level.

WINTER GREENS.—These are most important, and should be planted out in showery weather. Get them well established (if possible) before July comes. Plant sprouts, kale, and broccoli 2½ feet apart; 2 feet will suffice for savoy. The ground should have been well manured.

FRUIT.

GOOSEBERRIES should now be abundant; gather all the biggest first—*always* leave smaller ones to grow and become larger, this keeps up a continuous picking.

MELONS may be fertilised to ensure a good set of fruit. It is desirable to set all fruits together so as to have them all swelling and receiving same treatment, otherwise it is hopeless to attempt melon-growing.

PEACHES and **PLUMS** must be thinned.

STRAWBERRIES showing fruit must be covered in netting to keep off birds. Strawberry **RUNNERS** should be removed early in the month, so as to throw all strength into the fruit, but they may be allowed to come on again later.

FLOWERS.

ARUM LILIES may be planted out.

TUBEROUS BEGONIAS may now be planted in beds. They should be well watered.

CANNAS may be planted in flower-beds.

CARNATIONS may be planted in beds, allowing 1½ feet each way; those in houses require great care and attention.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS must have their final potting.

DAHLIAS may still be planted, and if given generous treatment will flower well. Keep a look-out for earwigs.

(Continued on Page 137.)

The Piggery in Early Summer.

HOW TO COMBAT MILK FEVER.

AMONGST the problems which face the pig-keeper in the early summer is the evil of milk fever. It is an annoying and highly discouraging disease. The pig-keeper may have been faultless in his management of the in-pig sow, taking every care to guard her against cold and unsuitable foods. The litter may have been strong and numerous, and yet the milk fever comes along and spoils the whole outlook, often rendering it necessary to hand-rear the youngsters.

Some sows are prone to milk fever, but that does not mean that the trouble may not attack, for the first time, aged animals who have never had such an experience before. As a general rule however, it is those heavy milking sows, carrying a good bit of condition, which are specially addicted to milk fever. This is pronouncedly the case where animals have short legs and long udders, with teats touching the ground. Such sows should always be carefully watched after they have farrowed, for in milk fever as in most other diseases, the trouble is always much more stoutly opposed to cure when it has been neglected or let run on too long. A sow suffering from milk fever will display an unwonted listlessness, a weakly condition, and an almost total loss of appetite. She will also be badly constipated, lying on her chest, and showing a distinctly unmotherly disregard for her young, who will find it next to impossible to secure milk from her teats.

Prompt action should be taken where such symptoms are manifested. The pig-keeper should try to get as much milk away from the glands as possible, and then foment with warm water; dry the parts, and then rub in some camphorated oil twice daily. Give a dose of aperient medicine, such as castor oil, Epsom salts, or 15 to 30 gr. of calomel. If the sow is not eating, the calomel may be mixed with some grease or treacle and smeared on the tongue and lips. Let the sow out in a grass paddock for exercise, and feed her on sloppy laxative food and a good allowance of greenstuff. If not eating do not attempt to drench her with gruel, etc., as abstinence from food or short commons is the best thing for her. Sows rarely die from this disease, but the milk does not come in properly, so one has to hand-rear the pigs.

Piglings require to be fed for the first few days about every two hours, giving only a small quantity at a time. The youngsters soon become accustomed to being fed out of a baby's feeding-bottle. A good mixture which nearly approximates sow's milk is made of warm cow's milk 1½ pints, two raw eggs, and one to two teaspoonsful of sugar. If it causes diarrhoea use less sugar, or if constipation increase it. Sow's milk is twice as rich as cow's milk, having total solids 17.63 per cent., which includes 6.44 of fat, 6.09 albumen, 4.04 sugar, 1.06 salts.

Sows which are running out are not often attacked, but fat, short-legged animals which are kept in small styes are more liable. If the udder is noticed to be very big, then one should relieve it of the milk and give the sow a dose of aperient medicine and keep her short of food till she farrows.

—“Farm and Home.”

National Association of Landswomen.

Patroness: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY.

Association News.

MEMBERS of the National Association of Landswomen will be pleased to hear that Dame Meriel Talbot, Lady Denman (the chairman of the National Federation of Women's Institutes), and Lady Sandwich have consented to become vice-presidents of the Association.

It was hoped that it would be possible to give the present membership of the Association in this month's issue of the journal, but not more than half the secretaries have answered the list of questions that was sent to them.

Various schemes for health insurance have been under consideration by the committee for some time, and the committee has now agreed to recommend one special scheme. There are a few details to be worked out, and then particulars will be sent to the county branches for consideration and approval. If the majority of the branches approve, then the scheme will be adopted, and could be put into operation before the end of the year. Unless the county committee meets regularly each month, secretaries should be prepared to summon a special meeting in the month of June to consider this scheme, which will reach the counties before the beginning of the month.

The N.A.L. committee feels very strongly that many questions are arising which should be decided by the branches themselves, and it has, therefore, determined to call the annual council meeting in

October rather than wait till the full year is accomplished in December.

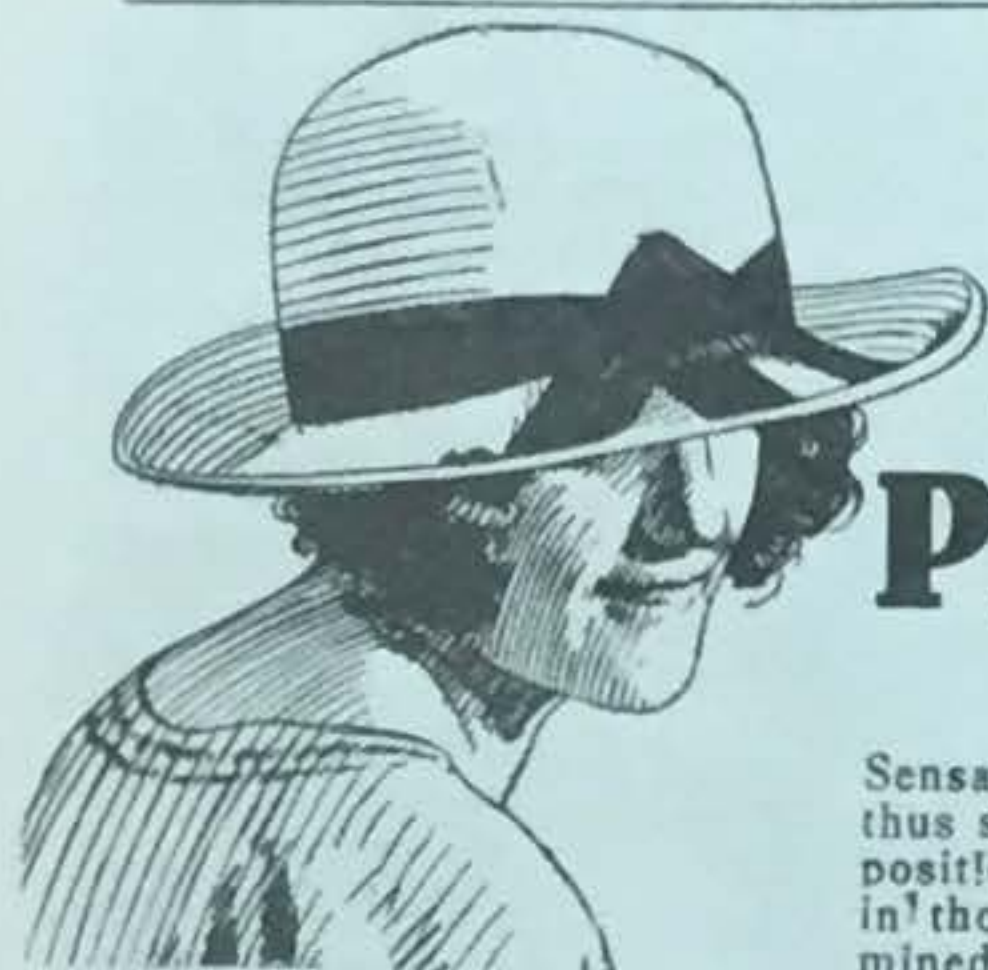
It has now been agreed that a weekly clearing sheet should be issued. It will be posted to the secretaries of the county branches every Monday. All notifications of vacancies or applications for posts must reach the office by Saturday if they are to be included in the next week's sheet. They will be entered for two weeks unless a notice is sent to say that the vacancy is filled or the applicant placed. After two weeks they will not be entered again unless a further notification is sent, stating that the vacancy is not filled or the applicant placed. Full particulars should be given and the name (initials only will be printed in the sheet) of the employer or of the applicant for work, but not the address.

West Kent Branch.

West Kent reports a membership of 190, and the roll is still increasing. There is plenty of farm and garden work available, and the Secretary will be glad to have application for the same.

There are sixteen area secretaries, four of whom are old Land Army members, who are working with great zeal in their areas.

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



No. 94

In reading this advertisement we would respectfully remind you that the proprietors of the Landswoman would not permit its insertion unless they were satisfied with its perfect *bona fides*; hence you may rely upon the genuineness of our offer of

A GUINEA real Otanto PANAMA HAT

FOR 11/6 Carriage Paid.

Sensational as this offer is, and enormous as the amount thus saved to every purchaser, it is a purely business proposition. The hat we are offering at 11/6 would be sold in thousands of shops at One Guinea, but we are determined to do something towards putting an end to the inflated prices that are being charged for hats, and every purchaser of one is not only saving money for herself, but helping to cut the vicious circle of constantly rising prices.

WE GUARANTEE that every hat is manufactured from the

FINEST DEAD WHITE HOODS TRIMMED WITH BLACK RIBBON ALL READY TO WEAR, and we undertake to return the money if the hats are not strictly in accordance with this guarantee.

There are Four Shapes, and Ladies can have either by quoting the number on illustration. The hats will be dispatched directly from the factory.

Orders and remittance, crossed Lloyds Bank, Oxford Street, must be sent to

THE GENERAL UTILITY CO.

(Dept. LW), 100, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.
(Mail Order Business only at London address).

Illustrated Catalogue of wonderful Bargains in Ladies' and Children's Spring and Summer Hats post free on application.



No. 92



No. 95



No. 93

OUR NEW SERIAL.**Something that Begins with "T."****By Kay Cleaver Strahan.**

CHAPTER ONE.

WHEN I told all of my family this morning at breakfast that I was going to use the ledger, going to write a story in it, the announcement at first met with flattering approval. That is one of the dear joys about all of my family; so often I am approved of.

"But what," questioned all of my family, "is the story going to be about?"

As yet I had not given much thought to that particular part of it. "It will be a very little story," I parried.

"In that great big book," objected all of my family.

The trouble is that the book is big, as thick as my two thumbs and as large as a bread board. Lotta gave it to me the last time I was in the city. She said she thought I might like it to keep lists in, or recipes, or something useful. She did not want it herself, she explained, because she did not care for writing. I was going to refuse it, but I minded my manners in time, remembered it was polite to take things when folks tried to give them, and brought it home with me. Since then it has been troubling, insisting upon being used. I poke it away in obscure places. It emerges in a few weeks, flaunting its immaculate blankness, suggesting pressed flowers, a scrap-book, a diary, any number of uses just silly enough to be tempting. Last night we, the ledger and I, compromised on this story idea. "Not a diary, mind you," I told it, "because diaries are silly things. Just a story about us."

"Well—" so I answered all of my family's objections—"it is going to be about us, mostly, and we are not very big, so I think the story can't be."

"About us?" questioned all of my family, sceptically.

"And perch-edifice, and the trees, and the sky—much about the sky—and nearly neighbour, and Mr. Miser and—other things," I finished lamely.

"Maybe," said all of my family, "maybe you can make some kind of story about that"—I could not tell whether the accent on the pronoun was a contemptuous accent or a complimentary accent—"but

if you do it'll be mostly description, and I hate description."

I looked coldly on all of my family. Our biggest quarrels have ever been about our variances in literary tastes. I dote on description, and all of my family knows it.

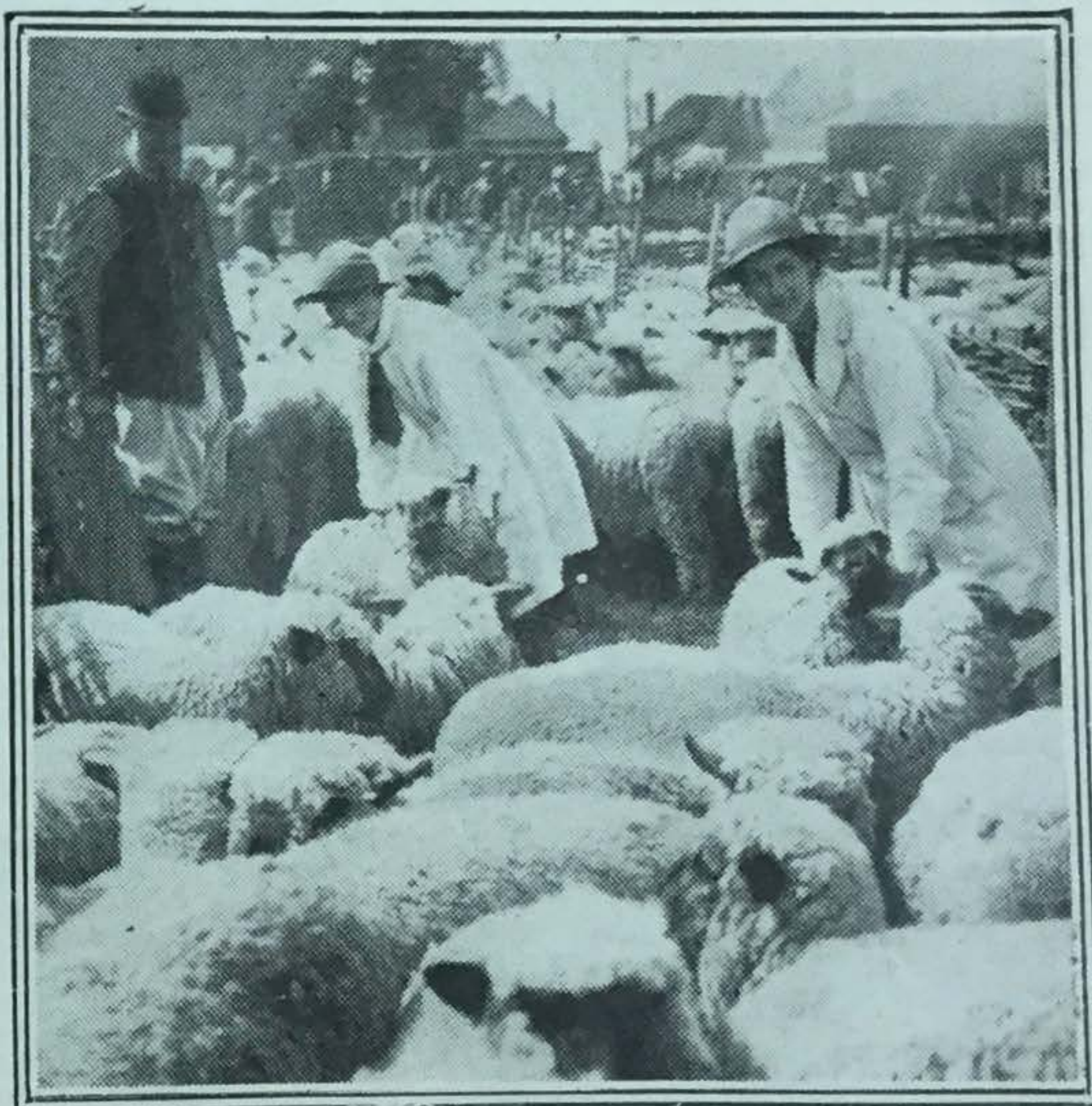
He squirmed and helped himself to the jam; he smiled at me, that little coaxing friendly smile with the dimple. I was nonchalant, unobserving, offended.

"See here, old sport," broke out all of my family, "why not make it about Indians and pirates and—"

"Peccary!"

"Oh—calling names," reproached all of my family.

"We've had Indians and pirates"—I spoke with passion—"here in perch-edifice until I'm fairly sick of 'em, all of 'em, them and theirs. And I have never complained. Old Red Roister has growled about this room until the very cracks are stuck full of his voice and I've never objected. And now, when I want a story of my own, a girl story, with



Wilton Sheep Fair.

The old-time drover always carried a stick, but the land girl seems to manage very well without one.

[Alfieri—"Daily Sketch."]

descriptions, you—you go and try to spoil everything."

"Not everything," objected all of my family, his nose quite wrinkled up with worry, "not everything, old sport."

"I want a description story, a girl story," I persisted.

All of my family slid down from his chair and came over to me. "Put her here," he said, extending his hand. I put her there and we squeezed hands hard and knew that we were at peace. That is our nearest approach to sentiment, our handshake, in the daytime. Sometimes at twilight we do, as all of my family expresses it, "spoon some," but that is at twilight, the special time made gray on purpose by God for folks to love in.

"I'll wash up the dishes," said all of my family.

"But," I objected, "we washed up last night. We'll have plenty of cups and things for luncheon and dinner, and maybe, if we squeeze, for to-morrow's breakfast. So why?"

"I just thought maybe."

What he just thought maybe, he did not say. But I think he just thought maybe, since I seemed to be in such a mood for girls, I wanted to be a regular girl and wash up after each meal, and be tidy and all that sort of thing. He was mistaken.

He walked across the room and took his cap from the peg. "Well"—with a splendid assumption of carelessness—"so-long, see you later."

I hate to be left out of things. All of my family and I have always taken our morning adventure together and now, just because of the girl story, he was going off alone.

"I needn't," I hinted, "begin right away on that story, not first thing this morning."

"It might have been a bear's track," suggested all of my family, wistfully.

No matter that we each knew, quite positively, that it was a track of one of nearly neighbour's cows. No matter at all. Quite truly, as all of my family had said, it might have been a bear's track.

I took my cap from the peg. "Let's hunt," I said.

For nearly a mile we tramped down the trail, side by side and in silence. We don't care much about chitter-chatter, talk for talk's sake, all of my family and I. We don't like to disturb the trees in their conversations, because we know they must be saying such old important things; we don't like to disturb our wee river in its song because it sings so gladly, so much better than either of us can sing, and we like to listen, and it would seem rude to interrupt. It is such an accomplished wee river, our river, making up music all the time, right out of its mind, and never missing a note. Sometimes, early in the spring, we suspect that it is singing grand opera; just to show off, because it thinks that neither of us knows one thing about grand opera. We don't. But we won't let that smarty wee river know, so we stand by its side and talk loudly of literature. Like this:

"A?" say I.

"Anatole France," says all of my family.

"B?" says all of my family.

"Bernard Shaw," say I.

"C?" say I.

All of my family hesitates. "Cooper" says he,

but I nudge him, quickly, because I am afraid Cooper isn't nearly high-brow enough.

"You mean," I suggest, "Benvenuto Cellini?"

And so we go on until we are sure wee river is sufficiently impressed by our knowledge, and then we usually giggle some because we know wee river is a gossip and will tell the trees along the way, and the lake away down there when she reaches it, "Fearfully clever folks, up there on the mountain."

"But you said," spoke all of my family, suddenly—we had been tramping and saying nothing, you remember—"but you said, 'Oh, I am so glad, it is a boy!'"

Desperately I wanted to stop and hug my family, tight hug, and kiss the worry wrinkle out of his nose; but it was a bright blue morning, blazing with sunshine, and how he would disapprove of such an action, so I dare not. Instead:

"Of course, old man. And I was glad. Always have been glad. Supposing it had been a girl! Fancy! A girl in perch-edifice!"

"Only," said all of my family, though the wrinkle was erasing itself a bit, "you are a girl, Phyl."

"Not a girly-girl," I protested.

"No."

"And two girls," said I, "think how mad it would make nearly neighbour if two girls were living in perch-edifice."

All of my family thought, and tittered, and I tittered, and, then, right there, we found the bear's track and got quite silly-thrilly with excitement, and cut us two splendid guns from the alder trees and stalked that bear for miles and miles. He got away from us though, wily fellow, and perhaps we didn't much care, for he might have been the father of a family. One can never tell about things of that sort.

For luncheon we had hotcakes and huckleberry jam, and after that, for convention's sake, we had lessons. We don't like 'em, lessons, all of my family and I, but we have to have 'em, else the school board will catch us some day, and eat us alive—oh, no, I was thinking of the bear—and argue with us and arrest us and all manner of disagreeables that begin with "a."

Many times we have considered this question but, sometimes we forget, so: "I don't see any sense," said all of my family, this afternoon, in the midst of Geography, "in me learning the capitals of all the states and their locations. You," accusingly, "don't know 'em."

"Oregon, Salem, Willamette River," I boasted.

"Our own state," deprecated all of my family, "but you look in the Geography to hear me say the others."

"I used to know them," I defended, "I had to learn them."

"I don't see any sense," reiterated all of my family, "in learning things and then going and forgetting them."

"But," I objected, "if you tracked that argument down to the very tail end, then you'd never learn anything for fear you might forget it."

"Wisdom?" questioned all of my family. He labours, hopefully, under the impression that some time I am going to say something wise.

"No, just a say-so."

"It kind'a sounds like wisdom," he persisted.

Continued on page 139.

Facts About the Milch Goat.

By J. T. Bird.

WHY the goat has made such headway in this country of recent years is because of its being a milk-producer. Abroad the goat fulfils other purposes as well, but here milk-production stands supreme.

The goat is so particularly useful as a milk-producer because it can be kept by many people unable to provide either food or accommodation for a cow. It is an animal that is not difficult to manage, and it produces good milk at a cheap rate, and butter and cheese, too, if required. In fact, the well-known title, "the poor man's cow," is both apt and fitting.

Goats, like cows, vary as regards milk yield. A really first-class goat may yield a gallon a day, but in the case of the ordinary decent animal three pints is probably somewhere about the average. As the milk is much richer than that of the cow, however, it goes further, bulk for bulk.

The milch goat should be housed by night all the year round, and by day, too, in the winter. From May to September inclusive the animal may run out upon turf or other grazing or browsing, but should be given protection from heavy rain. Goats are frequently tethered when out-of-doors, but tethering is not necessary except to prevent the animals getting into mischief. If there is no outdoor accommodation available it should be known to everyone, that the animals do well entirely housed and hand-fed the year round.

From now on a goat will milk well upon plenty of greenstuff, a pound of sound oats, or other suitable concentrated food, daily, and a little good hay in the rack if she will eat it. She should be milked morning and night with the regularity of clockwork, and care should be taken to strip clean. Unless this latter point be carefully attended to the result will be that the milk yield will gradually sink in quantity.

The milk should be removed from the goat-stable as soon as drawn, and should be strained right away. It may then be utilised after the manner of that of the cow.

The milch goat should be groomed every day, and a convenient time for the undertaking is directly after milking in the morning. Care should be taken to see that the quarters are kept clean, dry, and comfortable. The daily allowance of concentrated food should be divided into two portions, giving the one in the morning the other at night, when beginning to milk. Assuming that the animal is being run out by day she may be taken out in the morning directly after being milked, bringing in again to milk at night, and then taking out again until dusk. For use during the night a little hay in the rack is good, but some goats refuse hay when greenstuff is plentiful, in which case cut greenstuff may be given instead.

The more variety in the matter of greenstuff which can be provided for the milch goat the better will she milk, but introduce a fresh sort of greenstuff gradually to begin with. A good catch crop for goats in summer is mustard, cut when just beginning to flower.

[*"Farm and Home."*]

The roses live on dew and sunshine direct from heaven. Why should not we?—PERSIAN SCRIPTURES.

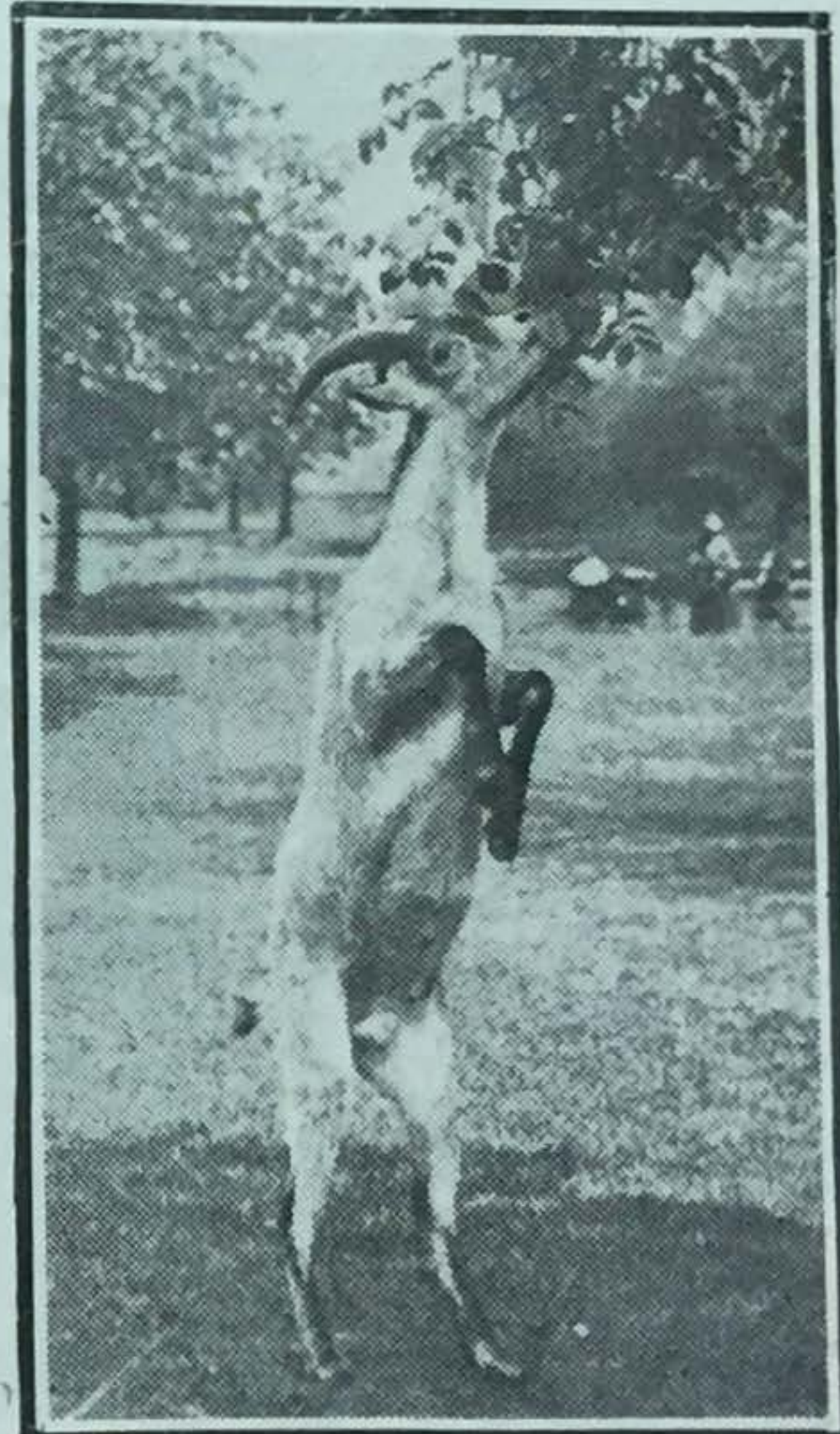
Bees.

Manipulation.

WITH the month of June close at hand, all beekeepers will have to bear in mind the need of proper manipulation if the bees are not to be enraged by the carelessness of the operator. The setting of the bees into bad temper has, as its effect, not only the likelihood of stings to the manipulator, but also the certainty of considerable interference with the industry of the hive. After bees have been seriously disturbed, not only will it be found that a large amount of food has been consumed beyond the normal quantity, but also several days' interference will have been caused in ordinary foraging operations—in fact, the whole routine of a hive is harassed and overturned by careless and improper manipulation. All this means loss of honey, and possibly loss of brood. It may mean, further, loss of temper and loss of patience to the owner through no fault of the bees.

A few simple notes, therefore, on manipulation of bees may be welcomed. When I write or speak on this branch of bee-keeping I always give the four C's, which are, I claim, the "open sesame" to successful and pleasurable bee-keeping. They are Care, Consideration for the bees, Common sense, and Confidence.

CARE presupposes forethought and gentleness. It is most essential to think beforehand, in detail, of what is about to be done.



Billy Helps Himself.

[*"Daily Sketch."*]

Roughness, anger, or hurry are sure invitations to the evil spirit of failure and mishap. Lift off the different covers, including the roof, without undue shaking or jolting of the hive. Replace such things as quilts or feeders or crates without crushing so much as one single bee if possible. Supposing by accident I badly crush a bee, my practice is to kill it off promptly and fling it away before the other bees get knowledge of their fellow's wounding, for which they will instantly wish to exact due and full reparation.

CONSIDERATION FOR THE BEES refers to such important matters as opening a hive only at seasonable times and on seasonable days. Chilly and damp days are bad, and thundery weather is to be avoided. Times when bees are busy, and are flying freely, may be taken to be safe for dealing with their home.

COMMON SENSE IN BEE MANIPULATION means just all that the words convey. Never imagine that bee-keeping is a sort of magic or legerdemain, though I admit that "driving" may give, and often has given, that impression to an onlooker. In operating with bees do what seems rational. For instance, however often you have worked your bees without being stung, or however immune you may appear to be, do not tempt Providence by leaving your veil off, or by not carefully tucking it in, away from the flesh. It is common sense to take precautions, which include many points such as this, as well as operating from the back or side of the hive, being clean, and free from honey, etc., having a carbolic cloth or smoker at hand, or both. It is the purest common sense, too, to rehearse the operation beforehand, at any rate, in your mind, and to have everything required ready and at hand before manipulation commences.

CONFIDENCE is a great and valuable asset to the successful bee-keeper, but confidence does not mean bravado. For instance, no successful bee-keeper would think of "carrying on" if the bees showed signs of calculated and persistent ill-temper and aggression. He would close up the hive, gracefully and gently retire from the field of operations, and leave the work projected, or in hand, to be done or completed at a more suitable time. Bees at those times when they resent a visit for manipulation have an aggravating way of finding out vulnerable points, such as a sleeve badly tied up, or not tied at all. An imprisoned bee is not only a local peril, but she has a sort of instinct by which she conveys her distress to her compatriots—a sort of wireless "S.O.S." signal goes out which speedily brings up rescuers from the four points of the compass. Kill an imprisoned bee if you cannot release her at once. Never let timidity in any degree

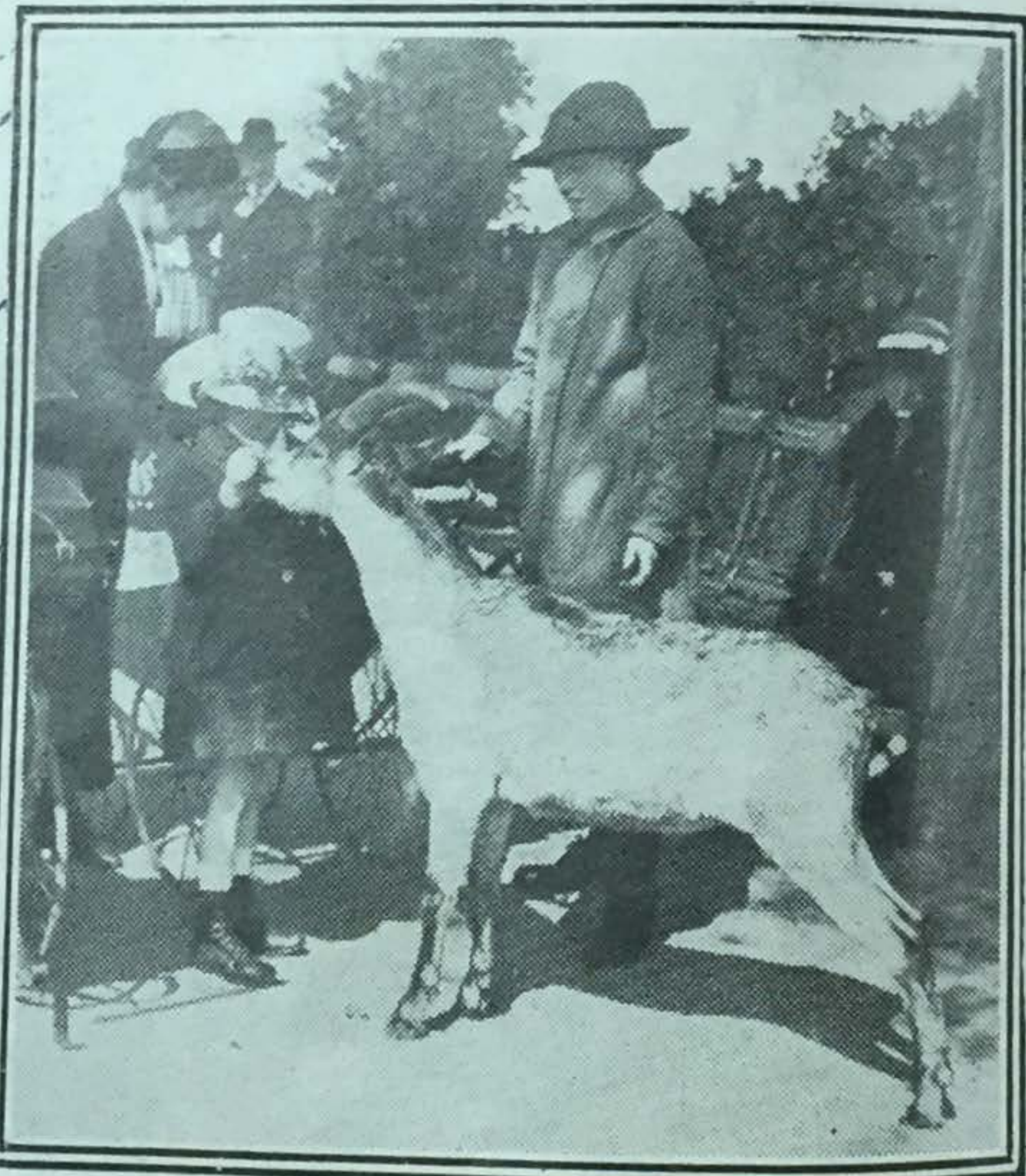
gain an admittance into your management of bees. Be confident and determined, but not blustering or obstinate. Timidity causes uncertainty and hesitancy in one's actions. It brings in its train unsteadiness and nervousness in holding apparatus, etc. It may even cause the bee-keeper to hit out at a bee which is displaying an undesirable inquisitiveness. To attack bees in this way has the same effect as a stray shot in a disaffected crowd of people.

To handle bees and manage them easily is quite simple if only bee-owners will adopt such principles as these I have given to-day. To be afraid of bees is pure nonsense, provided reasonable precautions are taken.

Current work should include stimulative feeding and the application of supers in good time—as soon as it appears as if a good honey flow has commenced. The additional room which supers provide is a good deterrent to natural swarming. Throw the hive entrances wide open when nectar is plentiful. Abundance of nectar betokens an end of the robbing danger.

B. R. H.
[*"Gardening Illustrated."*]

There are people who would do great acts of love, but because they wait for great opportunities life passes and the acts of love are not done at all—
F. W. ROBERTSON.



Begging tit-bits from the children in Hyde Park.

[*"Daily Sketch."*]

Cattle Foods in General.

IT is of the utmost importance for the stock breeder to have a knowledge of the various foods employed in the raising and feeding of cattle, sheep, and pigs, and this quite irrespective of those selected by the farmer for the particular purpose. Roots and cake are the mainstay in the feeding of fattening cattle; cake and corn for sheep, whilst pigs derive the greatest benefit from meal and potatoes.

Supplementary to these, during the spring and summer, are the various grasses and clovers, and in the winter straw. Cattle cake is in great demand both for dairy and feeding cattle, likewise for sheep.

Cotton cake, linseed cake, and mixed cattle cake are those chiefly used by farmers.

Cotton Cake is the residue left after grinding out the oil from cotton-plant seeds.

Cake manufactured from the Egyptian cotton seed is the best, but that from Bombay is in great demand. It is spoken of as *decorticated* when the outer shell, with its attaching fibre, has been removed, the kernel alone being pressed into cake, in contradistinction to the *undecorticated* cotton cake, in which the whole seed is crushed in mills, the meal steamed in kettles, and the oil expressed by hydraulic presses.

Egyptian cake is a richer and better cake than Bombay cotton cake. Too much Bombay cake, in virtue of the large amount of husk and wool that it contains, is not good for cattle, especially young stock. It is too irritating and liable to lead to impaction in the stomach.

Apart from this, cotton cake is equally valuable for feeding and for its manurial properties. Decorticated cake is the most nitrogenous of all the foods used on the farm, 96 per cent. consisting of true albuminoids.

For economical use it is expedient to mix the cake with bran or maize, but, as previously stated, it is not suitable for calves or young stock. Undecorticated cotton cake is very good for dairy cattle, as it gives the butter a white and firm appearance.

For maturing beasts, 2 to 3 lb. of cotton cake, plus other foods, may be regarded as the daily ration. It is a most excellent plan to give one-half of cotton cake and the other half linseed cake.

When cattle are on grazing land, it will be found that cotton cake has more feeding value than during the finishing off stages of fattening indoors.

Linseed Cake.—For all classes of stock, young or old, "in" or "out" of health, linseed cake is invaluable. This cake represents the residue from the crushing of linseed for the oil. A large proportion of the linseed cake sold in Great Britain is manufactured in that country.

Cake made from Russian linseed yields the highest percentage of albuminoids.

Linseed is the seed of the flax plant, and grows in France, Finland, Russia, India, South America, North America, etc. The Indian seed commands the highest price, owing to the high percentage of oil it yields. For sheep 1 lb. of this cake daily does very well, and for cattle from 4 to 8 lb. per day.

Dairy cows should be given linseed cake sparingly, otherwise it makes the butter greasy and soft.

The main value of the cake rests upon the oil it contains. It has no starch in it, but is rich in mucilage.

For hide-bound cattle and those which are poor



Her Pets.

[Alfieri—"Daily Sketch."]

and unthrifty, without any apparent cause, linseed cake and linseed porridge are the best foods that can be given.

Soya Bean Cake.—This cake is made from the bean of the Soya plant, cultivated in China and Japan. It is occasionally used to take the place of decorticated cotton cake, and is very rich in albuminous compounds. Both the cake and meal have sometimes given rise to poisoning, due to the presence of Rangoon and Java beans, therefore it should be given sparingly at first. This cake is chiefly used for dairy cattle.

Bran.—This is one of the chief "offals" of wheat, and consists of the outer skin of the seed. Bran has 56 per cent. of soluble carbohydrates in it, and when given in the form of a mash has laxative properties.

It is rich in phosphoric acid, hence its manurial value is considerable. Good bran should have a pleasant odour, and leave a mealy mark when rolled in the palms of the hands. Bran differs remarkably in quality. Much of it is old and useless, more fitted for poultice purposes than anything else. The finest bran alone should be bought.

Brewers' Grains.—These are the refuse during brewing operations. They contain a large proportion of water. One bushel per day is quite sufficient for a dairy cow. Sometimes brewers' grains are dried, thus preventing decomposition, so common in the moist state.

—"Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs." By F. T. BARTON, M.R.C.V.S. Jarrolds.

Dealing with Kicking Cows.

KICKING is a vice which is not indicated by the general appearance. It may be that the animal kicks out when anyone goes near her, or she may only give a kick now and then when being milked, or when a calf is put to her to suckle. A regular kicker can safely be said to do it from sheer vice and a desire to be as disagreeable as possible.

When the kicking is only occasional there will probably be some reason for it, and it is well to look around and see if the reason can be found and remedied. Sore teats may be the cause. One has only to reflect how sore a small scratch on the finger can be to appreciate the pain a cow must suffer when a sore teat is being pressed and squeezed during milking. In a case like this the kicking is only in self-defence, and if means are taken to get the cracks healed up the kicking will cease when the pain is gone.

Nervous, irritable cows sometimes kick just to relieve their feelings. Such animals require kind and gentle treatment, or they will become habitual kickers. It is a good plan to give a little food that they are particularly fond of at milking time, in order to distract their attention. If they still refuse to stand quietly there is nothing left for it but to hobble them in some way. It is often enough just to fasten up one of the hind legs with a stake placed under the hock. Most milkers have their own method of dealing with a kicking cow, but no harsh treatment must be allowed at any time, for it will only make matters worse. It is sometimes a great temptation to give a tiresome animal a blow with some heavy implement, but it is far better to resist the temptation and use gentler methods. Cows which cannot be induced to give up their kicking habits are best fattened up and sent to the butcher, for they are not worth the time which must be spent on them every day during milking. ["Farm and Home."]

The Wind from the North.

A BREEZE sweeps over the meadows
That is cool, and clean, and strong;
For it's coming straight from the distant North,
And it whispers to me a song—
A song that tells of the mountains—
Of the open, windy downs—
Of the rocky, splashing rivers,
And the quaint, old, grey-walled towns.
It whispers, too, of the forests—
Of swaying pine-tree, tall—
Of the tossing, restless ocean,
And the seamew's plaintive call.
Of winding, climbing, grey old roads—
Of purple heather's glow—
Of white-walled houses, standing high,
And fragrant winds that blow—
Of heights, and deep, deep valleys—
Of space, and gales, and light—
Of grey, dim mists, that wreath the hills—
Of magic, starry night.
And I sigh, as I look on the Southland,
Tho' the South is fair to see,
For the North is where my heart still clings
And still in the North would be.
Heart of my heart, in the North!

DORIS A. HELSBY.

Spraying.

Potatoes.

THE PREVENTION OF "BLIGHT" BY SPRAYING.—The object of spraying potatoes is to prevent the outbreak and spread of "blight," and in order to do this it is necessary to use a substance which, whilst not harmful to the potato plant, prevents the fungus which causes "blight" from penetrating into the tissues of the leaves. The substance, if it is to be effective, must not only have this property but also must be capable of adhering firmly to the leaf.

It is important to realise that spraying is to be regarded as a means of prevention rather than as a cure, for when this is realised it becomes apparent first, that spraying must be done in good time, and second, that if heavy rains have washed the spraying material from the leaves, the operation of spraying must be repeated. This is the more important because in wet seasons the fungus finds conditions favourable for its rapid multiplication, so that if wet weather follows the spraying it is doubly important to continue the operation, and even to spray a third time. Some of the most successful large growers of potatoes no longer rely on spraying only once or twice, but make a practice of spraying as often as weather conditions make repetition of spraying necessary.

In short, spraying must not be regarded as an infallible preventive of "blight." It is not. *Spraying should rather be regarded as a measure of insurance*: as a means of enabling the plant to tide over a time during which it is specially liable to infection, and if by reason of spraying this dangerous time is successfully passed, the work of tuber-formation goes on instead of being checked, as would be the case if the disease got a hold on the plant. Hence the yield is increased, and the proportion of sound tubers is larger than would be obtained from a crop the tops of which have been attacked by disease.

Later on, if the disease declares itself in the tops when tuber formation is approaching completion, and when, owing to the large growth of the haulm, spraying is no longer possible, removal of the tops will help to prevent the fungus from infecting the tubers in the ground.

The accumulated evidence of many years justifies the conclusion that the cost of insurance by spraying in an average season is amply repaid by the greater yield of healthy tubers.

APPLICATION OF THE SPRAYING MIXTURE: KNAPSACK SPRAYING MACHINES.—For small areas Burgundy and Bordeaux mixtures are best applied by means of a knapsack machine, which must be provided with a nozzle that throws a fine misty spray. The person spraying should aim at covering the under surface as well as the upper surface of the leaves, as both sides are liable to infection. It is a mistake to apply too much fluid. On no account should the plants be "washed." All that is required is that, after spraying, the thinnest possible covering of the fungicide should be spread evenly on the leaves; this is best done by maintaining a high pressure in the spraying machine.

For the first spraying, about 120 gallons of the fungicide per acre, or $\frac{3}{4}$ gallon per rod, pole, or perch should be used, and for the second spraying, about 160 gallons per acre or one gallon per rod, pole, or perch.

If a knapsack machine is not available, a syringe fitted with a nozzle which throws a mist-like spray may be used on small plots. Large fields of potatoes on the other hand should be sprayed by a horse-drawn machine. All spraying machines should be kept in good condition by oiling frequently the important working parts, and by careful washing out after use.

Fruit.

The chief pests of fruit trees are insects and low forms of plant life known as fungi. In addition to these, mosses and lichen, which grow on the bark, also do damage by harbouring insect pests.

CLEANSING WASHES.—In order to get rid of the moss and lichen, which accumulate on tree trunks and serve as harbouring places for insect pests, a *Cleansing Wash* must be used either in the winter or early spring. Cleansing Washes also serve to destroy certain insect and fungus pests.

Another practice which helps to reduce the ravages of insect pests is the systematic gathering of damaged and fallen fruit. Many pests feed inside the fruit, causing it to fall prematurely; this fruit should be collected and, if not fit for human consumption, should be either given to pigs, thrown on a bonfire, or buried so deeply that the grubs are killed.

INSECT PESTS.—The insect pests which attack fruit trees are of two kinds:—

1. Biting Insects, which eat the solid parts of the plants, as, for example, the leaves, using their jaws to bite off their food.
2. Sucking Insects, which make punctures in the surface of the soft plant tissue and suck the sap through a trunk or proboscis. Sucking insects have no biting jaws.

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This distinction between biting and sucking insects is important from the practical point of view. Biting insects may be destroyed if the fruit tree which they attack is sprayed with an "internal poison insecticide." Such a spray fluid, on drying, leaves a film of poison on the surface of the leaves. The biting insect sooner or later eats the poison thus deposited and is destroyed. Insecticides used as internal poisons are often quite harmless to the insects they are intended to destroy unless they are actually eaten. This point is worth mentioning, owing to the fact that those using these internal poison washes are often surprised when they find the insect pest is not killed by immersing it completely in the poisonous solution.

For sucking insects "internal poison washes" are useless. These pests feed on the sap of the plant, and are, therefore, not affected when the surface of the leaf is poisoned. As a result a spray fluid of the "contact insecticide" type is necessary. Such washes can only kill by actual contact with the insect. This is achieved by poisoning them through their breathing pores or by enveloping them in a substance which prevents them from breathing or moving.

As a general rule, therefore, when biting insects such as Caterpillars or Beetles are causing damage, an "internal poison insecticide" should be used, but when the attack is due to sucking insects, such as Aphides (green-fly), a "contact insecticide" is required.

FUNGUS PESTS.—The two most effective measures in preventing fungus attacks on fruit trees are (1) the pruning out of dead or dying twigs and branches, and (2) spraying with a suitable fungicide. The

importance of pruning lies in the fact that many of the fungi which attack fruit trees make their way into the tissues of the twigs and branches. When they have penetrated into these tissues they cannot be reached or destroyed by spraying, hence the only remedy is to cut out and burn the diseased portions, taking care to cut back to healthy wood. If this is not done the fungus continues to live, and by producing spores it may spread to other parts of the same tree or to other trees near by. These spores or fungus seeds are produced at certain times of the year on the surface of the diseased twigs, branches, or leaves. If the fungicide is applied at the right time, many spores on the point of germinating will be killed outright; moreover, the spray fluid on drying forms a thin film of poison on the plant, which is then protected from any fungus spores which may fall upon it and begin to grow.

INSECTICIDES.—These washes have already been divided into "internal poison" and "contact" insecticides:—

(a) *Internal Poisons.*—Washes of this type act by poisoning the insects' food and are used for all the leaf-eating pests. Arsenate of Lead, in paste form, is recommended. The formula is:—Lead Arsenate paste, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; water, 10 gallons.

This wash should be applied in a fine spray. The object should be to wet all the leaves without drenching them, so that when the leaves have dried they will be covered uniformly with poison.

Full details for making this wash are given on the jar containing the paste.

(b) *Contact Insecticides.*—These spray-fluids kill insects, not by poisoning their food but by contact with their bodies. To attain this, the washes should be applied with as much force as possible and with a coarse spray.

A wash containing Nicotine is advised. Although expensive, it is the most effective contact poison. It also has considerable value against young Caterpillars.

Soap should be added, not only for its insecticidal properties but chiefly because it causes the wash to "run" on the leaves instead of remaining in drops.

Fungicides.—Bordeaux Mixture or Lime-Sulphur (Summer Strength) are recommended. Burgundy Mixture—the usual potato spray-fluid—made from

Copper Sulphate and Washing Soda—should not be used, as it often causes scorching.

Fungicides should always be applied as preventives rather than as remedies. Attacks by fungi develop rapidly, and appear to a greater or less extent each year according to weather conditions, and when once a disease is rampant, it is difficult to check and control. The best means to prevent an attack is by covering the vulnerable parts of the tree—the leaves, fruit, and young wood—with a fungicide, and in this way prevent the development of the disease.

To obtain this protective covering, the fungicide should be applied as a very fine spray. Spraying should cease as soon as the leaves begin to drip.

It is usual to give one or two applications of the fungicide, but in cases where a bad attack is expected three applications are required. The first application should usually take place as soon as the petals have fallen and the remaining applications at intervals of three weeks.

Ministry of Agriculture Leaflets.

A Home Made Fly Spray.

FLIES cause considerable annoyance to dairy cows when grazing, and not only does the irritation caused by the flies tend to lower milk production, but the restlessness of the cows is a frequent cause of inefficient milking. A good fly spray can be made from $4\frac{1}{2}$ quarts coal-tar dip, $4\frac{1}{2}$ quarts fish oil, 3 quarts coal oil, 3 quarts whale oil, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts oil of tar. Dissolve 3 lb. laundry soap in water, add the ingredients of the spray, and bring the whole up to 30 gallons with lukewarm soft water. This spray will keep off the flies and prevent the coats of the animals becoming harsh.

Spray the Cows.

The cows should be sprayed twice a day—in the morning after milking and in the afternoon when in the byre for feed. With a portable cart, made from a half-barrel by attaching wheels and a spray pump and nozzle, two men can spray forty cows in five minutes.

FOR THE BEST WORK

Write for full Particulars and
Catalogues (R7, Spraying;
B9, Limewashing) to

Sole Agents:

COOPER, PEGLER
& CO., LTD.,

24/26,
Christopher St.,
Finsbury Sq.,
London,
E.C.2.

SPRAYING : :
LIMEWASHING

VEMOREL
"ECLAIR"
MACHINES.

Models IN STOCK for Every Requirement.

GARDEN TALKS.—(Continued from Page 127.)

FERNS.—Pot seedlings, syringe stems of tree ferns. **FORGET-ME-NOTS** may be sown out of doors. **FUCHSIAS** may be topped again.

LAWNS may be mown regularly.

PELARGONIUMS going out of bloom must be kept dry in order to make them rest.

GREENHOUSES should be syringed twice a day.

ROSES.—Mulch with manure if possible; keep a sharp look for green fly. It was remarked once by a very great rose-grower that, "He who would have beautiful roses in his garden must have beautiful roses in his heart; he must love them well and always."

For the practical part well, the cultivation must wait until the autumn, because in June it is too late to do anything to care for and tend the rose during flowering time, and I think it better to wait and tell you all about the planting and pruning when the time comes; but, nevertheless, there are one or two useful hints for rose culture in June.

A great secret of success with roses, especially in the month of June, is the frequent use of the hoe. Hoe the beds, if possible, once a week to the depth of two or three inches, and be careful to keep the dead roses picked off; this is very important. Syringe, if possible, in the cool of the evening, and give thorough soakings of water, to which a little soot should be added, two or three times a week, according to the weather. Always cut roses, never pull at the tree. O! dreadfully cruel practice, that pulling of flowers causes untold suffering and pain. Just think if we had to have a limb amputated, should we like to have it first broken off by cruel, strong fingers and then pulled, or the skin peeled a good way along until it came off readily? Terrible! Well, flowers feel just like that; pulling any flower does a great deal of harm. If possible, always cut to a bud pointing outwards.

And Christina Rossetti says:—

O happy rose, red rose, that bloometh lonely
Where there are none to gather while they love thee;
Thou art perfumed by thine own fragrance only,
Resting like incense round thee and above thee,
Thou hearest nought save some pure stream that flows.
O happy rose.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION, JULY-DECEMBER, 3/6, IS NOW DUE.

CHEESEMAKING is the best use for SURPLUS MILK.

Every drop should be saved until you have one gallon or as much as 50 Gallons. It does not matter if you have to keep it a few days. You can turn it into the highest grade Cheese—practically unobtainable at the Grocers—All you require



extra to your household utensils is a "FARMERS' FRIEND" CHEESE MOULD and PRESS, and the booklet of Cheesemaking instructions sent with each one. This will teach the most inexperienced to make high-class cheese first time. The "Farmers' Friend" is instant in action and continues working while you sleep.

Sizes and Prices Post free:—

1-4 lbs., 16/-; 2-6 lbs., 18/6;

3-10 lbs., 23/6; 4-14 lbs., 29/6.

We have hundreds of unsolicited testimonials. Send for list of Dairy Utensils to—J. SIMPSON & SONS, OTLEY, YORKS. Please Mention Paper.

THE DIABOLO

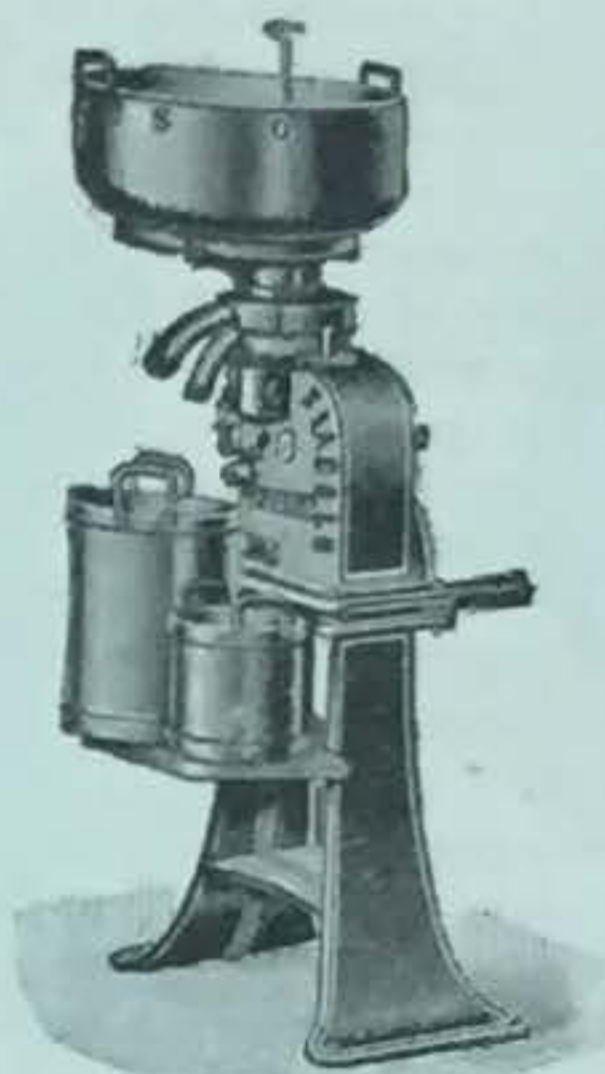
CREAM SEPARATOR

THE WORLD'S BEST.

OVER A MILLION AND A HALF IN USE.

HAVE
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WRITE
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SENT
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GUARAN-
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TEN
YEARS.

No. 2 "Diablo," with Stand.

R. J. FULLWOOD & BLAND

31/35, Beviden Street, Hoxton, LONDON, N.



The RITO Smile.

What Allotment Holder
and Gardeners say about

RITO

(Manufactured under
Royal Letters Patent).

36, Bedford Street, Woburn, Beds.

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

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

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

(Signed) ARTHUR ASHLEY SIMPSON.

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

RITO suits everything that grows.

Poultry Notes.*(Continued from Page 124.)*

them in a flock away from the pullets. Next, concentrate on getting the latter along. What is more, cockerels bully and "hurdle-jump" over the pullets, and such can only be but a detriment to their rapid development.

Feeding the Youngsters.—With the mates out of the way, be sure and use plenty of troughs for the soft food, so that each can have its full share without being jostled. Most poultry-keepers fail to get the best rearing results through a shortage of troughs. The latter should, too, be kept scrupulously clean, as should all drinking vessels and containers. Keep the appetites keen, because the growing pullets must enjoy all they are provided with. Do not leave mash before them to go sour or to turn the birds off their food; do not leave mash over to get stale and turn sour. Let the birds have just what they clear up quickly and comfortably, and no more; what they can devour in, say, ten minutes or so. In like manner, avoid sameness of feeding, because this quickly causes loss of appetite; let them have plenty of variety, and they will relish it.

Shade for Growing Pullets.—Many poultry-keepers are under the impression that the sun's rays are beneficial to young chickens... so they are, but there is no reason why one should go to the extreme. To allow growing pullets to run out in the open field without an atom of shade is to court trouble. Take advantage of any shade provided by bushes, fruit trees, or a hedge, wherever growing pullets are concerned. That is why an orchard makes an ideal rearing-ground, and we must not forget the fact that, apart from providing shade, trees attract insects and grubs, which the chickens need and benefit by having. If a small spinney is handy, such will make a happy hunting-ground for the chickens, as will an ordinary hedge-row. Place the house near a hedge or belt of trees for the reasons stated above, so that the youngsters can enjoy the environment. But keep the house clear of overhanging trees, because of the damp.

Shelter for Chickens.—Having provided shade from the sun's rays, be sure and keep the drinking water out of the sun, as sun-heated water is harmful. And provide shelter from bitterly cold winds. The trees or bushes will do this, but failing such advantages, have attached to the house a scratching shed wherein the youngsters can go for a scratch in the litter and be out of the way of cold winds. If wire-netting runs are used I prefer to board them up a little from the bottom on exposed sides in order to protect the inmates from the bitter elements and unfavourable ground winds.

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

6 GOOD REASONS why every landswoman should use **UVECO POULTRY FOOD**

- I. It is a natural food—sound grain, thoroughly cooked and flaked to make bulky.
- II. In UVECO there are no unhealthy stimulants—no irritating spices.
- III. Every atom of UVECO is digested and assimilated. No waste whatever.
- IV. UVECO is suitable for day-old chicks and mature stock alike.
- V. It needs no preparation—always ready for use. Think what that means.
- VI. UVECO is more widely used than any other branded food.

WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE

Sufficient to feed 4 birds for one meal, post paid on receipt of your own and your usual dealer's name and address. Address UVECO CEREALS LTD., 25 Brunswick Street, Liverpool.

UVECO

POULTRY FOOD

Causes of Bad Flavours in Milk.

ACCORDING to reliable authorities any or many of the following causes may be responsible for bad flavours:—

1. Milking in unclean stables.
2. Cow's udder and teats in an unclean condition at milking time.
3. Foods that impart volatile flavours, such as turnips, onions, cabbages, spoiled and fermented feeds, etc.
4. Separating the milk in an unsuitable place, where there is a lack of pure air and ventilation.
5. Improperly-cleaned separators and milking utensils.
6. Keeping the cream or butter-fat at too warm a temperature and in poorly-constructed, ill-ventilated storage.
7. Impure water, cows drinking from stagnant ponds or the seepage from barn yards.

A study of these seven causes reveals the fact that practically all of them are under the control of the farmer or dairyman.—"Farm and Home."

FOR WELL MADE INCUBATORS & ALL POULTRY APPLIANCES

SEND FOR FULL LIST POST FREE FROM

THE WESSEX SHIPBUILDING AND MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.
Hamworthy Junction, Poole, Dorset. (Late Randolph Meech).

SOMETHING THAT BEGINS WITH "T."—(Continued from Page 130.)

"Then," said I, running back to the path of our original argument, "there is college to think of, old scout." I suppose I sighed, for his nose wrinkled worriedly.

"See here," he said, after a moment's deep consideration, "I've been thinking. If I just naturally didn't learn any of these old things, I just naturally wouldn't know enough to go to college and I just naturally couldn't go. Then we could just stay here in perch-edifice, 'cause I guess that 'ud fix the old school board and everybody so's they wouldn't bother us."

"All right," I agreed cheerfully, closing the geography, "let's then. Let's grow up in deepest ignorance. It'll be more fun and easier too, and before long we'll be saying, 'have went,' and, 'has came,' as nearly neighbour does. Come," I started to get my cap—"let's adventure. As you say, there isn't any real use in learning things and having ideals and ambitions."

All of my family looked doubtfully at me. No—I was evidently in earnest. I had taken my cap from the peg. He reached for the geography and opened it. "I'm certainly s'prised at you," he said.

"Oh, come on," I urged, "it will be much more fun."

"No. Can't."

"Why?"

"I don't know why"—irritably—"only we just can't. Massachusetts, Philadelphia, Massachusetts Bay."

And so, after a while our lessons were finished and we went out to play. The year is doing March now and, as all players know, March is the most fun of all the months. It is so chuck full of discoveries, here in Oregon: fuzzy yellow white whiskers on all the pussywillows; scarlet tips on the hazel trees; bright calico pink currant blossoms just peeking through; love-time and birth-time in the world.

We thought of that for a while as we walked along and the ground sudge-squdged under our feet. We passed nearly neighbour's place, and his clover fields were sleek and green and the path to his house was bordered with bright crocus flowers, spruce and fine, like two long lines of children marching into school. Our own crocus flowers are not out yet, little laggards, and we have tended them so carefully; too carefully, perhaps.

All day to-day the sky has been light blue, the colour of white kittens' eyes, and the furriest, fleeci-est clouds have been drifting about in it, so we had a perfect right to hope for a sunset. But, just before sunset time, a great bed of clouds with gray blankets spread out in the west, and the sun, lazy sun, jumped right into it and went to sleep without troubling to send a single colour into the sky. It was disappointing. All of my family and I were rather sulky about it for a while.

And now it is night-time in the world and another day has been used up. I hate to see them go. I am greedy about them. I wish I might hoard them, as people say Mr. Miser hoards his money, so that if a day came which I couldn't love I might say: "No, thank you, to-day in this month, I don't care for you. I am going to take that day away back in March and use it in your stead."

(To be Continued.)

Better Wear

TRADE MARK

Land Workers know —the value of— Scottish Footwear



FOR work on the land, for security against damp and wet ground, Scottish Footwear has no superior.

"Better Wear" Boots and Shoes are ideal for land work. They represent the high water mark of perfection. Made in our own factory in Dundee by highly skilled labour and made from the very best selection of upper and sole leather. The upper leather, which is mainly of Kip, is curried and finished at a local tan work and is admitted in the trade to be the finest quality in the country.

The catalogue we issue free is the most comprehensive footwear price list published in Britain and consists of 112 pages all packed full of particulars of dependable footwear for every purpose at very reasonable prices.

E1381 as illustrated is a magnificent boot for hard wear. Uppers are of our own unsurpassed full Kip leather, pliable and waterproof. Soles nailed or smooth sparables as shown; iron heel rings; soles double material and of very solid hard-wearing leather, fastened by the standard screwing method. This is a boot that will give long wear at the roughest work and will stand lots of repairing as its foundations are good.

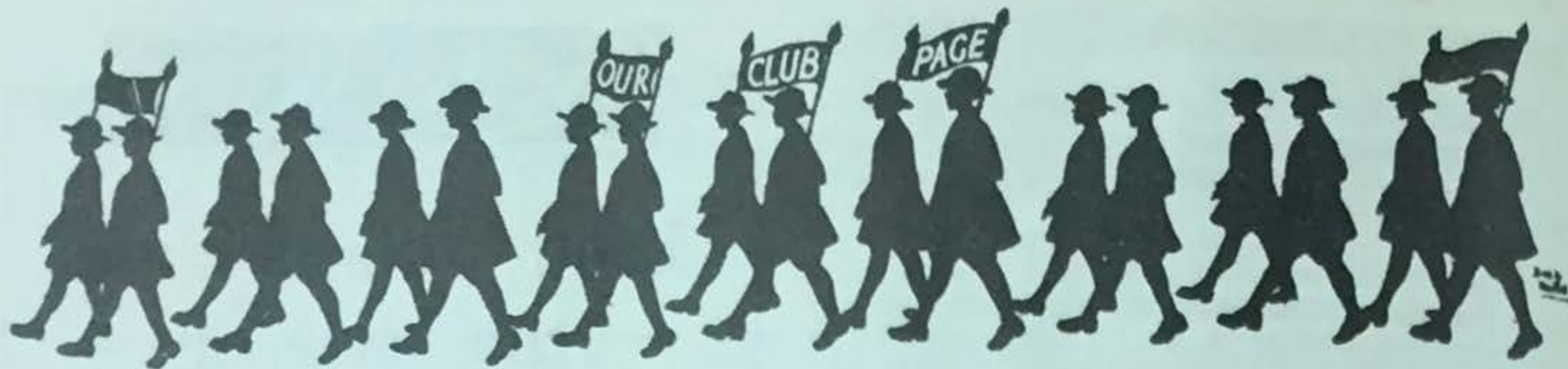
Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 . . . 22/6
Size 8 23/6

E1290. A strong work shoe made of Chrome leather. Leg unlined; back and strong counter lined. Made with sparables in sole and iron heel rings. Of same reliable materials as the boot described above.

Sizes 2 to 7, price 21/-; Size 8, 22/-

See our catalogue for prices of Scottish Brogues—the genuine original Brogue shoe.

Wm. PATTERSON & SONS
L93, Overgate, DUNDEE



DEAR GIRLS,—You have decided the fate of THE LANDSWOMAN with no uncertain voice. It seems that you can't do without a page of it! Postcards and letters have poured in for the last three weeks, and up to the present we have only had one vote in favour of reducing the size of the paper instead of increasing the price. In case some of the doubters shall think I am exaggerating, here are a few of the letters, not by any means the most superlative:—

"Don't blight our young lives by reducing the size of THE LANDSWOMAN. By all means let us have to pay double, for honestly it is worth that for your splendid letter alone. When my 'mag.' arrives I nearly always break a rule and read it at breakfast time, and read aloud your letter, for if I passed it on for the others to read I shouldn't get a look in anywhere!"

"I am writing to say even if our mag. should cost 1s. we must have it, and even more. I don't think we could ever pay too much for our 'old mag.'! We should be lost without it.

"After I have come in from work and things have not been as well as they could have been, my good landlady brings my letters, and the first to catch my eye each month is my 'mag.'! And what a topping Club Page we have. How could we do without seeing those wee nigger girls marching along heading our page?"

"I myself think that THE LANDSWOMAN is just like a good tonic, it does 'buck one up.'"

"May I say for the 'love of Mike' put the price up rather than we shall lose anything by such a trifle as 1d. a week extra? I'm sure the other readers will say the same, and if they don't, why, then, they don't deserve to get it."

"I do so much hope that it will be able to continue its present size, because to those of us who are in the towns it is one of our blessings! When town gets more than I can bear I cut out all lectures and everything and go to Kew and feast on green trees and flowers.

"When I can't have even that, there always remains THE LANDSWOMAN, which always breathes of the joys of out-of-doors.

"If it comes to a question of cutting down THE LANDSWOMAN, couldn't those

of us who could afford the extra subscription also pay towards the subscription of those of us who can't? I personally would be glad to pay the extra on ten subscriptions if it would be any help."

"Please put the price of THE LANDSWOMAN up, and whatever you do don't cheat us out of our Club Page Letter."

"I'm sending you this card to say The double price I'll gladly pay. The mag. is cheap at any price, Because it is so very nice."

"Don't, please, don't reduce it. Why, it is not half big enough now; and how can we manage without our Club Page? That is the page I turn to first. You see, dear Editor, you say such very nice things to us (and about us) on that page, and it makes us all feel that we know you personally when you talk to us in that way each month. How you can call that page unnecessary I do not know; and think how we should miss those delightful verses and quotations that are scattered through the pages.

"I may tell you that I am not the only member of my family who enjoys our 'mag.,' as I send it first to my sister, who is a nurse in a Birmingham hospital, and then to my brother, who is stationed in India.

"Sis says it is like a breath of pure country air to read it, and my brother says that by the time he and his mates have finished with it it is quite unreadable, and they one and all look forward to it."



A Tube Rush.

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

"We would rather pay up. Long life to THE LANDSWOMAN!"

"I vote at once for the higher price. I should just hate to think of our 'mag.' without its jolly little sketches, verses, etc., especially those contributed by land girls; and to think that your Club Page and letter might be knocked out—well, it would seem that that—which makes our 'mag.' different to other 'mags'—the real personal element would have gone. It simply can't be done."

"Ever since I can remember I have loved all outdoor work, and had I not already been engaged in work of national importance should have joined the lucky land girls and gloated in the work and wallowed in the mud and glorious smell of earth."

"I first heard of THE LANDSWOMAN magazine from a land girl, and now I am as proud of it as she was, and am truly grateful to her. And I for one shall be heartily sorry if the majority is on the side of a pictureless and verseless magazine. The pictures are a beauty and a joy, the verses a help and inspiration. I could not write a verse to save my soul, but other people's verses are more than appreciated, because perhaps of my own lacking in the gift."

"It will be a great joy to send the extra money, and I sincerely hope that the majority will feel the same and make a special effort to keep our dear old 'mag.' as it is now."

"Can't spare one word of THE LANDSWOMAN. Am willing to pay extra for present size."

"I would willingly pay the extra price for our LANDSWOMAN mag. rather than have it reduced in size."

"And I'll promise to send in my 3s. 6d. before July 1."

"I should like to say that I for one don't wish to see THE LANDSWOMAN reduced by even one word. I would much rather the price doubled. Hoping all other readers will be of the same opinion as myself."

So that is settled, and your subscription for the next six months will be 3s. 6d., which will be due before July 1. And will you forgive us if we don't send you a receipt unless you enclose a half-penny stamp for it? We will certainly let you know if your postal order does not arrive, and sending out the receipts in January cost us over £20, an expense we are anxious to avoid this time.

Your letters and post cards have all brought such sweet messages that the Editor has had a very warm feeling in her heart all this month, for which she thanks you from the bottom of it. Certainly we should have been bitterly sorry if the wicked rise in the cost of production and paper had forced us to leave out all those little personal touches which make our magazine different from any other.

I am sure you will all like to know—if you don't already—that our late chief has been made a Dame Commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. She asks me to tell you that when she received the news that the King had decided to bestow this honour upon her she felt that it had been won by the Land Army for the very fine service they had rendered to the country during the great

Pascall Versailles Chocolates

A richness, a purity, a flavour, that all the time and every time comes as a surprise and a delight. A sheer joy to the connoisseur! Of Confectioners everywhere.

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

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

war. Dame Meriel Talbot wishes every L.A.A.S. to know that she is proud, and always will be proud, to carry this honour on their behalf.

M. Denning, Marigold Cottage, Howich Lane, Howich, Preston, Lancs., is lonely and would like letters.

Sewing Club.

The overall pattern offered in the May number has been very popular, and we have had ever so many grateful letters. I hope if any of you have any trouble in making it up that you won't forget I am here to help you. Various suggestions have been made for the pattern most wanted for this month, and as the vote seems to be about equal for cami-coms, and a summer frock we have decided to offer both. We are not giving illustrations of them because pictures cost such a lot of money nowadays, but I have chosen them very carefully. Post free 7½d., as before, and don't forget to give your measurements. I was hunting round the shops the other day for cotton materials for frocks, and it seems to me that the only one which has remained more or less at a reasonable price is zephyr. I bought several lengths of check zephyr at 1s. 6d. per yard, and for cool summer everyday frocks it is hard to beat.

I feel that we cannot continue to steal—as we do month after month—interesting little bits of agricultural information from those excellent weekly papers *Farm and Home* and *Gardening Illustrated* without recording our thanks. After all, we can pay them no greater compliment than to say that if their information were not of the best we should certainly not borrow it for THE LANDSWOMAN.

Our Advertisements.

It is always a great pleasure to me to draw your attention to the advertisements in *THE LANDSWOMAN*. We have very high ideals about this most important section of the magazine. We have invariably tried to obtain for *THE LANDSWOMAN* only such advertisements as shall be of real use to our readers. We contend that it is only by so doing we ensure the advertiser a good return for his confidence in us; and we go further, for we think that the first essential of all advertisements in any paper is that they shall be as useful to the readers as the editorial pages. If that feeling were universal the public would have much greater faith in advertisements in general, and we should succeed in getting rid of those advertisements which are obvious frauds and only bring disappointment and disillusion. We rely on our readers to help us in this by mentioning *THE LANDSWOMAN* when writing to advertisers, and by making full use of the advertisements in the magazine, which we have chosen for them with such care.

The most essential item of a land girl's outfit is her boots, and we are therefore constantly looking out for good strong boots at a not too high price. For this reason we have always asked for the Mayflowa advertisement, and we have always got it, and many of us have proved over and over again the worth of this make of boot. We have now discovered in Scotland a land boot, made by Pattersons, at the low price of 22s. 6d., which we know is good value, and will be very acceptable to many of our readers. I am the proud possessor of a pair of Messrs. Patterson's rubber thigh boots, which fit right up to the hip and are absolutely

waterproof. I am sure they would be most useful to some of our readers working in the Thames Valley, who have, during the winter, to wade through swampy ground to their work.

I have many times been told by advertising experts that it is impossible to combine in one paper advertisements of agricultural machinery and equipment with those of a purely feminine character. Now it seems to me that if you want to help women who are working on the land you *must* have both these kinds of advertisements, and at last by dint of very hard work you will see that we are bringing round the advertiser to our point of view. I was much encouraged the other day by a firm who wrote saying they wished to advertise in *THE LANDSWOMAN* as one of their customers had bought a new machine of theirs, "because it is recommended by my land girl."

When I went to the Dairy Show last year one of the exhibits that pleased me most was that of the Autocleer drinking trough. Everyone knows that animals should have perfectly clean water to drink if we are to have perfectly clean milk. This ideal state of things has been made possible by Messrs. Harris & Underhill, and I hope you will all write for their Leaflet No. 42, which explains how it is done. The action of an animal drinking at the trough sets the water flowing; when the animal ceases to drink the water stops flowing after it has cleared the surface of any saliva, chaff, etc., that may have been deposited. We all realize nowadays the vast importance of spraying. Our article in this issue on that subject will explain why, and the advertisement of the Vermorel Eclair Spraying Machine will tell how to do it. Even advertisers are beginning to realize that the dairy is the right place for a woman, and the "Farmers' Friend" cheese mould and press will interest all dairymaids, no less than the cream separator which we read about last month. However keen we as women are on our land work we are equally keen on our soft hands. Some people think that the two things are incompatible, but the whitest, softest hands I ever "shook" with belonged to a really hard working land girl, and I think that the Pomeroy treatment was responsible. You may say that I am not faithful to my advertising ideals by finding space for such useless things as sweets. If you do, I don't agree. Good sweets are essential, but they *must* be good. Pascall's chocolates are the best I know, and can be obtained everywhere, and Clarnico caramels are simply delicious. Besides, don't forget that a land girl looks after chickens and ducks at the Clarnico factory in the heart of London.

It is unnecessary for me to explain the obvious usefulness to the land girl of the Liberty Bodice. You can't work on the land unless your muscles have perfect freedom; and I should be disappointed if I thought that any of you had omitted to send to 79, Pall Mall, for that interesting little book on Insurance for Women, for we all grow old some time, even though we work out of doors. Poultry lovers should certainly find out about the equipment offered by the Wessex Shipbuilding Co., and I have always found that Uveco is quite one of the nicest foods for fowls, or you wouldn't find it advertised in *THE LANDSWOMAN*. Of course, now that we are going to live at Orpington we are more than ever interested in Mr. William H. Cook's wonderful poultry

"Poultry Keeping"



to-day can be made a Pleasure and Profitable—so many start with the wrong strains, unsuitable for their specific requirements, and adopt the wrong methods of housing and feeding,

whereas the thousands who have our Special Layers and our Houses are the "Successful Poultry Keepers," and are never without eggs.

Our "Beginners' Intensive Outfits," with six Pullets, Food, etc.—as exhibited at Olympia and in 1913—provide every householder with New Laid EGGS.

We supply reliable Eggs for Sitting, Day-old Chicks, Pullets, Ducks, Breeding Pens, Special Foods, Appliances; in fact, we can plan, erect and supply a Complete Poultry Farm, as we have done for many of our clients.

VISITORS ARE INVITED to view the Largest Poultry Farm in the World only 12 miles from London. "How to Keep Poultry Successfully" is a valuable Booklet, free to all Readers of the "Landswoman."

WILLIAM H. COOK, Ltd.,
"Cook's Poultry Farm," ORPINGTON, Kent.

try farm there. It is truly a most delightful place, and I shall be only too pleased to deliver to him, personally, any of your orders. By the way, the farm adjoins Orpington station, and visitors are always welcome, only don't forget when you do come to come just a mile further on and call on me at the Priory.

I am sorry not to keep my promise and give you a photograph of the Priory this month, but I can't find one nice enough, so I am waiting until we are really there and can have one taken specially for THE LANDSWOMAN. Of course, there have been all the usual inevitable delays, and we don't expect to get settled in till the end of June.

Our New Serial.

I do so hope that you will all read "Something That Begins with T." It is an American book which I read some months ago, since which time I have been trying all I know how to get the serial rights for THE LANDSWOMAN. An opening chapter is always a little dull and vague, but when you get into the book, I am sure you will find delights on every page, just as I did. It might have been written specially for THE LANDSWOMAN, for it is full of that spirit of adoration of God in our love for all the beautiful things He has made, that bursting joy in the great out-of-doors which bubbles over so often in our own magazine. It was most beautifully expressed in that charming quotation from E. P. Powell which headed Miss More's Garden Talk last month, and I came across the other day a delightful instance of this idea in a child. She is only a little girl, and she was saying her evening prayers aloud, and when she reached "For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory," her attention seemed to wander. Her mother asked her what she was thinking about, and she explained that that sentence in the Lord's Prayer always reminded her of the glory of a certain corner of the garden, which just now is such a blaze of many-coloured May, tulips, yellow alyssum, purple aubretia, and pink saxifrages that it almost makes you hold your breath at the wonder of it. How the Spring flowers do shout their praise to heaven by their beauty, and so should we. I always like Hood's description of Ruth standing in the ripe corn:—

Thus she stood amid the stooks,

Praising God with sweetest looks.

That is one way in which we all praise Him, for none of us would dare to mar the beauty of His handiwork by cross looks and sour tempers of our own making. Some of you will notice that a little poem by Bliss Carmen appears this month for the second time in THE LANDSWOMAN. I make no apology. We cannot say too often, "Earth, it is well. Life, thou art good." I could write an endless letter to you on this theme, but your letters have taken up such a lot of room this month that I will leave it to Richard Jefferies, that wonderful open-air poet, to explain far better than I can what we all feel about it. He had been joyfully climbing a hill, and he says:—"By the time I had reached the summit I had entirely forgotten the petty circumstances and the annoyances of existence. I felt myself, myself. . . I was utterly alone with the sun and the earth. Lying down on the grass, I spoke in my soul to the earth, the sun, the air, and the distant sea far beyond sight. . . Then I addressed the sun, desiring the soul equivalent of his light and brilliance, his endurance and unwearied

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race. I turned to the blue heaven over, gazing into its depth, inhaling its exquisite colour and sweetness. The rich blue of the unattainable flower of the sky drew my soul towards it, and there it rested, for pure colour is rest of heart. By all these I prayed; I felt an emotion of the soul beyond all definition; prayer is a puny thing to it, and the word is a rude sign to the feeling, but I know no other."

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR.

Exchange Column.

For Sale, 1 tea-cloth with (raised) crochet edging, measuring 1 yard sq. Price £5 5s. 1 cloth with triangles and narrow lace, measuring 2 ft. 2 ins. sq. Price £2 10s.—Apply F. J. G., 53, Maas Road, Northfield, Birmingham.

For Sale, young Bugargars, yellow 10s. each, green 7s. 6d. Aviary reared. Young canaries in July, aviary reared.

For Sale, brown homespun costume, length skirt 33 ins., waist 25 ins. £2 2s. or nearest offer.

Dark Grey Meltonian Habit, good as new, safety apron, skirt length 43 ins., skirt waist 36 ins., coat 38 ins., waistcoat 31 ins. Made "Ross," Exeter. £8 8s. or nearest offer.

Sewing Machine, "Champion of England," just done up as good as new. £5 5s. or nearest offer. All goods sent on approval if carriage paid.—(Miss) D. M. Vacher, Bourne Mill Cottage, Hadlow, nr. Tonbridge, Kent.

For Sale.—One pair Black Leather Leggings, new, 4s. 6d., medium; 1 pair Black Canvas Leggings, once worn, 2s. 6d., medium; 3 pairs Brown Leggings, in good condition, clean, 1s. 6d. per pair.—F. Cartwright, Buglegate, Lincombe, nr. Stourport.

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Five Smocks in good condition, Raincoat, pair Canvas top Leggings, small size £1 the lot—or exchange for pair rabbits—M. K., 41, Falkner Street, Liverpool.