

# THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Girl and Every Country Woman

Editorial and Advertising Offices: Priory Lodge, Orpington, Kent.

## Harvest.



The Last Load.

[J. Linnell. Photo. Mansell.]

## A LAND GIRL'S JOYS.

**H**AVE you ever been woken up by the day itself, and not the noisy rattle of your alarum clock, "the clear day calling through the little leaded panes," by the noisy whispering of the trees against your window, by the sun driving sleep from your eyes, by the kettle waiting to be boiled to make that longed-for cup of tea. Oh, the joy of it, pouring it out in the saucer and drinking it slowly before the struggle with your boots. That is the joy of a perfect Waking-Up.

Then there is the joy of a letter in the morning, the thrill of tearing it open and reading it, then shoving it into your pocket to bring out and read again later on. The joy of cows knee-deep in

buttercups, riding a horse into the pond, holding your hands to a fire; the joy of the wide open spaces and narrow winding lanes, of waking up before it is time, and turning over to sleep again; of sun in the morning when you expected rain; of rain after days of sun; the joy of a kiss, a smile, and someone to talk to; of the April wind in the beech trees rustling the silken foliage, sweeping across the slopes of bluebells and delicate wood anemones, rocking the sleepy-headed cowslips in the growing grass, and in the orchard covering the ground with petals pink and white.

There is the joy of Smelling, from the dear smell of your favourite cow's coat when you lean your



head against her, the smell of your breakfast cooking, of a bit of toast, to the fragrance of a garden in the evening, of lavender, pinks, heavy-headed, bordering the winding paths; of lime trees, a clover field with a moon peeping through; hedges after rain; a haystack heating. And there is the joy of the Love of Animals, the rough lick of a cow, the friendly rub of a horse's nose against your cheek, his whinny of welcome even though part of it is for that skip of chaff and oats under your arm! Has your pet pig never showed you that it wasn't only because you fed him that he cared for you, that there was something about your boots that to him was irresistible, and having his back scratched by you made him give little squeals of delight? And haven't you loved to see his little head peeping over the top of sty when he heard your footsteps and felt all empty inside?

Then there is the joy of your Own Thoughts with "just the winds to hold your hand and the hills to keep your heart." Have you ever ridden a hay turner the day through, alone, perhaps, but for a scuttling rabbit, and the calls of the men in the distance? The field to yourself, you can whistle and sing anything that comes into your head, and think your Own Thoughts, with just the sweet heavy scent of the clover, the sleepy jolt of the turner, the monotonous swish of your horse's tail from side to side. Then you can dream in peace, one long dream after another, through the quivering mid-day heat till the shadows steal out from the hedges, and all the while feel the sun kissing you browner and browner, the wind blowing your hair in whisks round your face and back from your forehead like a caress. And, oh, the joy of that ride home—sleepy, sleepy dreams rocking through your head, the moon blinking through the trees at you—home to the longed-for wash, to the joy of kicking off your boots and slipping on your oldest, most disreputable pair of slippers. Then tea, cup after cup, new potatoes and peas, and the cool wind flapping in the blind, sweet and fresh from the garden.

And, lastly, the joy of a perfect Going to Bed, the snug cuddling down in the clothes, tucking them round so that the draughts won't creep up your back, curling your toes in the hem of your nightgown, opening your eyes for a last look at the moon shining white on the quilt at your feet, then closing them to sleep, sleep and a sweet dream "in the long quiet night."

M. ROBINSON.

P.S.—There really are such heaps of other joys, but I just picked out a few I loved best. I think the joy of a bath is one of my chief joys!

## I Love all Beauteous Things.

I LOVE all beauteous things,  
I seek and adore them;  
God hath no better praise,  
And man in his hasty days  
Is honoured for them.

I, too, will something make,  
And joy in the making;  
Altho' to-morrow it seem  
Like the empty words of a dream  
Remembered on waking.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

("Poems of To-day." SIDGWICK AND JACKSON.)

## Had I a Garden.

HAD I a garden, it should lie  
All smiling to the sun,  
And after bird and butterfly  
Children should romp and run;  
Filling their little laps with flowers,  
The air with shout and song,  
While golden-crests in guelder bowers  
Rippled the whole day long.

Had I a garden, alleys green  
Should lead where none would guess,  
Save lovers, to exchange, unseen,  
Shy whisper and caress.  
For them the nightingale should sing  
Long after it was June,  
And they should kiss and deem it Spring,  
Under the harvest moon.

Had I a garden, claustral yews  
Should shut out railing wind,  
That Poets might on sadness muse  
With a majestic mind;  
With ear attuned and godlike gaze  
Scan Heaven and fathom Hell,  
Then through life's labyrinthine maze  
Chant to us, "All is well!"

Had I a garden, it should grow  
Shelter where feeble feet  
Might loiter long, or wander slow,  
And deem decadence sweet;  
Pausing, might ponder on the past,  
Vague twilight in their eyes,  
Wane calmer, comelier, to the last,  
Then die, as Autumn dies.

[From "The Garden that I Love." By ALFRED AUSTIN.]

O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely smell  
of the earth,  
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power  
of words;  
And the blessed green comely meadows are all  
a-ripple with mirth  
At the noise of the lambs at play and the dear  
wild cry of the birds.

MASEFIELD.

Of Courtesy it is much less  
Than Courage of Heart or Holiness,  
Yet in my walks it seems to me  
That the Grace of God is in Courtesy.  
HILLAIRE BELLOC.

O summer sun, O moving trees!  
O cheerful human noise, O busy glittering street!  
What hours shall Fate in all the future find,  
Or what delights, ever to equal these:  
Only to taste the warmth, the light, the wind,  
Only to be alive, and feel that life is sweet?  
LAURENCE BINYON.

But to have lain and loved the sun,  
Under the shadow of the trees,  
To have been found in unison,  
Once only, with the blessed sun.  
ARTHUR SYMONS.



## Rabbit Keeping.—II.

HAVING prepared your rabbitry and ordered in a fair stock of food (of which I shall treat separately), the next step is to obtain your live stock. Upon the choice of this depends the whole future success of your rabbitry, for if you start with the wrong kind of animals—one of poor strain, or of dubious family history—you might just as well throw all your brand-new hutches into the pond, and breed kittens instead!

January is the best month for a beginner to buy stock, if he wishes to start with a breeding doe or two. This gives them time to settle down in their new quarters before the first mating occurs. Some prefer to buy either does or youngsters in the autumn, as a great many fanciers sell off superfluous stock cheaply then, in order to reduce the cost of winter feeding. However, this latter then falls upon you, and "what with prices as they are" and the time and labour expended before returns begin, in my opinion the initial saving upon capital is not worth while.

If you are choosing a particular sort of pure-bred rabbit, I should advise you to become a member of that particular club from the very beginning. "Fur and Feather," besides giving most valuable general help and advice, is always ready to supply addresses of local rabbit clubs. From notices of shows and winners, and from the advertisements therein, one can get a very good idea of "who's who" in the Bunny world.

**Golden Rule.**—Never buy stock, either pedigree or cross-bred, from an unknown (and therefore unreliable) source, no matter how alluring the advertisement may be. Spend ten shillings or a pound extra on a well-known, long-successful strain, or buy from people whom you know personally to have been successful breeders of rabbits for some years, and whose rabbitry is open to inspection any day, at any hour!

If spotted liver, that curse of the rabbit world, once gains entry among your stock, there is nothing to be done but destroy all those which have been exposed to infection.

My own plan of campaign was as follows:—I started with three does, crosses between Belgian Hare and Flemish Giant. I did not keep a buck the first season, but sent them out to a reliable rabbitry near by. When I felt I was beginning

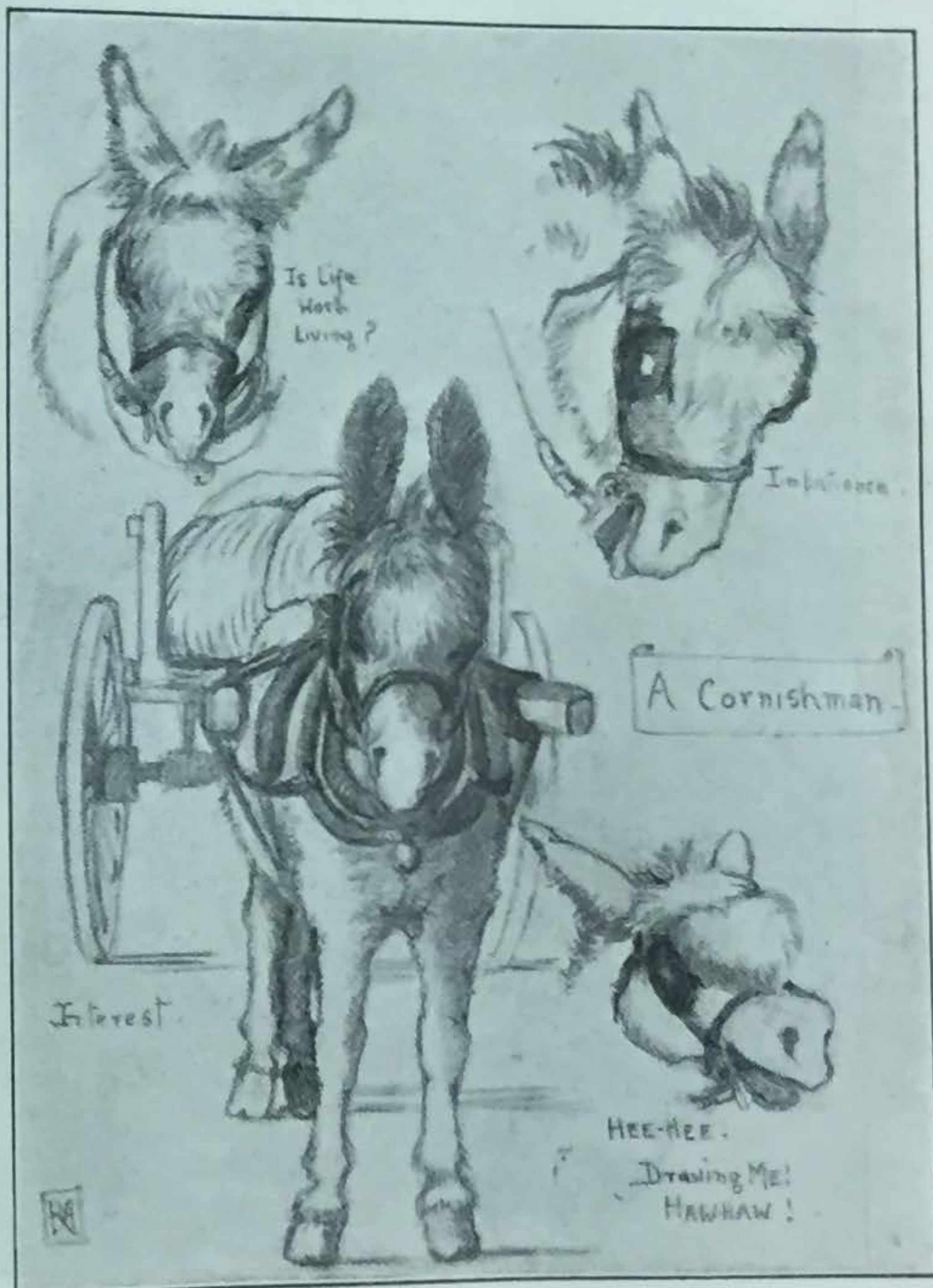
to find my feet, I invested in a fine but anonymous (and therefore fairly cheap) buck, of a well-known local strain.

My rabbitry now being on the way to prove a paying venture, I decided to go in for pure stock as well, and chose the Blue Beveren, as combining fur, flesh, size, economy in food, and good breeding qualities, in a remarkable degree.

Unfortunately, lately I have had to give up my Beverens, as they require great attention and observation, and I am unable to give the necessary time for this.

If you are single-handed and are running your rabbits as a hobby only, not making it the sole business of your life, I should advise you to go in for utility (i.e., table) rabbits only. If you have time for both, then nothing pays so well as working up a good strain, with an eye to showing, in any of the pedigree, fancy breeds, such as English, Dutch, Angora, Beverens, etc.

C. G. B. L.







A roadside cottage garden, Cropthorn-on-Avon, Ware.

[*Gardening Illustrated.*] ]



# Garden Talks.

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

## AUGUST.

### THE HARVEST MONTH IN THE GARDEN.

FLOWERS tell us with ingenuous grace of things splendid and undreamt of. They are the little sisters of the stars, and, like their elders, they shed heavenly light along our dark ways.

August is the principal holiday month of the year, and probably supplies a most severe test to the thoroughness of the gardener's devotion to his work, and yet whenever I think of August and the flowers approaching their beautiful old age, these lovely words of Walt. Whitman's come into my mind:—

"Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full dazzling,

Give me juicy autumnal fruit ripe and red from the orchard,

Give me a field where the unmow'd grass grows,

Give me an arbour, give me the trellis'd grape,

Give me fresh corn and wheat,

Give me serene moving animals teaching content,

Give me nights perfectly quiet as on high plateaus west of the Mississippi, and I looking up at the stars.

Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers where I can walk undisturbed.

Give me for marriage a sweet breath'd woman of whom I shall never tire,

Give me a perfect child—give me away aside from the noise of the world a rural domestic life.

Give me to warble spontaneous song, recluse by myself for my own ears only.

Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again—  
O Nature, your primal sanities!

It is, alas! true that gardens in August are a little "the worse for wear." They are not such a joy as they were, much of their youth and freshness has vanished, and flowers have arrived at a stage when old age has become a possibility.

Plants, just like human beings, have a defined period of youth which passes into middle-age with footsteps tending to drag instead of striking out briskly, and to retain their freshness they need a good deal of care, in August especially, if the season has been dry, otherwise they fade away altogether, and the garden becomes "sere and yellow." Nevertheless, there is no reason, if careful attention is being given, why the August garden should not be full of flowers. There should still be an abundance of tall blooming roses. Sweet Peas will be in full glory, if they have not been allowed to seed. Hollyhocks and penstemons should be at their best, dahlias and chrysanthemums in bloom. In the rock garden, portulacas, campanulas, androsaces, Alpine pinks, lithospermum, primulas, sedums, saxefrags, onosina, and Iceland poppies should still be flowering. Possibly herbaceous borders will not be so gay as they were a month ago, but phloxes, Michaelmas daisies, chrysanthemums, poppies, ox-eyed daisies, snapdragons, gaillardias, sunflowers, evening primroses, potentillas, physalis, rudbeckias, golden rod, and gladioli should be in full bloom.

Flowers should be cut before they begin to fade. One blossom allowed to mature or run to seed exhausts the plant more than many buds—so human this, and so natural.

The flowers dedicated especially to the month of August are:—

Snowball—*Thoughts of Heaven.*

Poppy—*Sleep—Consolation.*

Fuchsia—*Taste.*

Canterbury Bell.—*Gratitude.*

Dahlia—*Instability—pomp.*

Thrift or Sea Pink.—*Be assured of my sympathy.*

Thinking of the dahlia with its rather regrettable character of instability, I have so often found people have quite a wrong idea with regard to flowers and their characters. They are apt to think that flowers and plants are sinless. This is quite wrong. Far from being sinless, plants are human, and they have many, if not all, of the faults and shortcomings of the human race, only not being given the actual power of human speech their faults are not known or recognized; it is only in the close study of their lives that one finds out their personal imperfections, which undoubtedly do exist.

With regard to the work of the month in the *Vegetable Garden* first of all.

BEANS.—Early rows of dwarf French will be getting over, and must be removed at once, as the useless haulm if left robs the ground of much nourishment, which will have to be replaced before another crop can be planted there to the increased expense and labour of the grower.

Runner beans should be bearing well. Keep these closely picked.

CABBAGE.—Make another sowing for Spring use, and see that the first sowing is not being devoured by flea. Dust over every other evening after spraying with a rose can with soot and wood ashes mixed, or any grit to make soot stay on.

CAULIFLOWERS.—The ground between these must be kept well hoed and stirred. They like plenty of moisture and often fail or run quickly up to tiny seed heads if they are allowed to become dry.

CELERY.—Continue earthing-up. Remember always not to pack dry soil at the base of the plant, as it leads at once to "bolting," and celery head when bolted is no good, must be pulled up and cast on the rubbish heap. The soil must be moist for earthing, so give celery trenches a good soaking, not a trickle with the water-can, but a real good soaking, then leave for a few hours for surplus moisture to drain away before earthing-up. Unless these instructions are followed failure is bound to result.

ENDIVE.—A sowing of this salad may now be made if it is liked or required.

LEeks.—These may be earthed up to blanch them, and in the same way as celery should be well watered beforehand.

LETTUCES should be tied up in order to secure a white close heart. Sow for winter; and the only varieties which will really stand the winter



and produce good lettuces are Sutton Ideal and All the Year Round.

ONIONS will show sign of ripening, and towards the end of the month should have tops bent over to complete the maturation. Sow onion, Lemon Rocca at the middle of the month to stand the winter, also a sowing of Tripoli can be made for salad onions.

SPINACH.—Winter Prickly can be sown.

POTATOES.—Lift and store. Keep an eye open for the blight if we have dull, close, muggy weather; give a spray of Bordeaux mixture.

TOMATOES should be colouring well. Weak liquid manure may be given to heavily-laden plants, but always pick all ripe coloured fruits first before feeding, if this is not done the fruits will taste of manure, and this is not at all a nice thing to experience.

#### FRUIT.

GRAPES.—Damp down the houses and close early. In dry weather give good soaking to the border, which will often help to furnish out an otherwise weak crop. Be sure to leave off feeding with manure the very moment grapes begin to colour, otherwise instead of the delicious flavour of the grape the obnoxious flavour of manure water will result. Early vines must be pruned.

PEACHES AND NECTARINES.—Give attention to the trees when the fruit has been cleared off, removing the shoots which have fruited if there is extension wood to take their places; give thorough feedings of manure.

STRAWBERRIES may still be propagated by runners. If a stock of forward plants for forcing have been procured, plant these; take runners out when raised to form a new bed.

SUMMER PRUNING, especially of apple, must be carried forward if not already finished. Cut the new shoots back to six leaves; always cut to a leaf bud pointed outwards.

#### FLOWERS.

BEGONIAS should now be at their best; give good soakings of water in dry weather.

CARNATIONS, outdoors, may be layered into small mounds of soil made round the plants. Make a slit up a joint nearest the ground and embed same in mound secure with wire hook or hairpin.

CRYSANTHEMUMS will still be troublesome as their demands for water are almost insatiable. Look for the buds. The plants are very interesting at this stage, even though they do put a tax on the grower. Give frequent waterings of soot and water alternate with other liquid manures.

CYCLAMEN that are starting growth may be repotted. Be sure to keep well headed. Cyclamen cannot stand sun shining on them even. Keep the foliage sprayed over two or three times a day. Seed may be sown for next year.

GLADIOLI must be staked, and if exhibition spikes are being grown shades may be provided.

HELIOTROPE may be propagated by means of cuttings.

LILIUMS in pots that are pushing their roots should be top dressed, even if it is necessary to fit a zinc collar to the rim to keep the soil in.

PELARGONIUMS will now be moving after their rest, and may have water as needed.

ROSES may still be budded. Teas in bud will flower persistently if the flowers are kept cut.

VALLOVA PURPUREA (The Scarborough Lily) may

be stood in the sun when it has done growing, and this ripening up of the wood will ensure finer blooms.

VERBENA cuttings may be taken, but many growers now prefer to sow seed in January for their season's stock.

August is an ideal month for planting early bulbs, especially those which are to be forced. Among amateurs there is generally a tendency to plant bulbs too late. *Freesias* should be potted up; an earlier batch should have been potted up in July. *Anemones*, *H. apennina*, *A. fulgens*, *A. Orlanda*, and other varieties should be out of the soil as short a time as possible; early planting is well repaid in their case. *Colchicums*, or meadow saffron, often suffer from late planting. They like deep planting; six inches below the surface is not too much for the larger ones.

CHIONODOXAS, known as Glory of the Snow, should be put into the ground early.

FRITILLARIAS are frequently left until they become shrivelled up, and the result is poor.

SNOWDROPS need early planting, and Spring Snowflake should be put into the soil as early as possible.

MADONNA LILIES, *Lilium Candedum*, should also be potted in good time.

LILY OF THE VALLEY retarded crowns and *Narcissus Poeticus*, which make their roots early, should also be potted. All kinds of *Daffodils* and *Hyacinths* can be potted up as soon as they can be had from the dealers.

The bulbs should be put into large pots or boxes, in a compost of loam leaf-mould, and plenty of sand. All must be buried in ashes or cocoanut-fibre for a few weeks.

Just a word this month about seed saving, such a very important matter, especially now, when seed is so expensive. To save one's own seed is so easy and so much more interesting surely to grow one's very own flower children. Seeds are so wonderfully fascinating at all times.

Just a few very useful hints, then, on seed saving.

The pods should be a rich brown, but should not have cracked, then the seed within is sure to be juicy and ripe and stored with nourishment to give strength and food for starting into growth next year. If cracked by the sun heat a great deal of the nourishment stored in the seed will have dried out and the poor little soul will not have food or strength enough within it to start into growth next year. Hence no germination will result.

To dry seed successfully indoors it should be laid in the pods on trays or box-lids in a warm room, but not where sunshine can touch it or dry up the moisture. People make such a mistake drying new seeds in the sun. On dull, rainy, or foggy days it is a good plan then to put the seeds close to the window, and here the sun heat is gained from behind the clouds or mist without fear of scorching.

It is often wiser to gather the pods when slightly browned than to leave them exposed to attacks from birds or too much rain.

Most of the seed pods will crack indoors, but some, such as those of the snapdragon and poppy, must be carefully slit with a knife.

Violet seed should always be kept covered. A little dry silver sand may be mixed with it, and

(Continued on page 185.)



# Poultry Notes.

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

THE poultry-keeper should now be overhauling the adult stock to decide which are to be labelled "surplus" and as such are to be disposed of.

**Pullets for Winter Eggs.**—It is well to remember that full winter egg-baskets and pullets go hand in hand. By this I mean that you measure your supply of winter eggs by the number of pullets in stock when October comes round, such pullets of course to be of correct hatching, viz., March in heavy breeds like the Wyandotte and Rhode I. Red, and April in light varieties—Leghorns, etc. When October arrives I prefer to have pullets and hens in equal numbers, but if you have two or three pullets of the current year's hatching to every hen of the previous season the fuller will be your egg-baskets during the winter months, i.e., from October to March. Many fail to get the elusive winter egg because they rely too much upon aged stock instead of realising the value of the pullet as a layer.

**Taking Stock of Pullets.**—Now is the time to take stock of this year's pullets, i.e., those of correct hatching. If at all short in numbers take no risks, but order now pullets to fill the gap. Select a breeder you know to be reliable in every way, and take delivery of the birds not later than mid-September. It is very important that you should work to a schedule, and my long experience has taught me that all pullets should be in their permanent winter quarters by mid-September. The ideal plan is to place them (and all birds) in their winter laying-houses about the first week in September, at the same time installing the nest-boxes and feeding up the birds for egg-production. They thus have several weeks in which to settle down to their quarters and to start egg-production early in October. If a delayed schedule is permitted early eggs will not be so certain, one reason why I advise a correct start and am against late delivery of pullets. When the latter are placed in a new house and run they need several weeks to settle down.

**Autumn Moulting.**—One must also decide upon the grading up and special treatment of the adult hens. It is idle to overcrowd the growing pullets, and they should have all the housing accommodation and space possible. To let pullets and cockerels run together as a flock up to any age is very bad rearing, because the greedy males will rob the pullets of their share of food, and they must in consequence be backward. And yet it is the pullet that is the more important of the two, being as she is the producer. Where space is limited send to market all surplus males, and next reduce the hens in order to give the pullets every chance. There will be several grades of adult hens, and the owner must decide which ones are to

to be kept throughout the moult, and which are to be cleared. A good slogan to follow is:—"Pullets for eggs and hens for chicks."

**Grading the Adults.**—One's plans will depend upon all the circumstances of the individual. There must be special accommodation for each class of stock, and if housing is short it is by far the wisest plan to grade heavily and keep only the best. The first year of lay is undoubtedly the most profitable, and in their second season the best of the pullets should be bred from. At the end of the second season of laying one should not keep on the hens for egg-production, and all should be disposed of saving any individual that may be termed a "super" and will be invaluable for breeding. Such a "super" may have been a wonderful layer, or may have bred excellent progeny that tested out well. All hens, then, now at the close of their second season of lay should be taken first and their destination settled promptly. As they stop laying they should be marketed, and I am always very anxious not to sell any hens that are full of eggs.

**Last Crop of Eggs.**—Where all the birds have ceased production then dispose of them ere they begin to devour the profits. But keep on a little longer any that are producing eggs so that one can collect a final crop of eggs. The time to dispose of each hen is just as she finishes her last batch of eggs and ere she starts to moult. The owner can tell whether a bird is in lay or not by examining the pelvic bones and by general appearances. For

(Continued on page 186.)



Four-horned African Sheep.

["Farm and Home."]



**To a Friend.**

IN MEMORY OF GREAT DAYS.

JEAN COLMER.

**S**TIFF-BACKED, regimentally,  
 Rank and file,  
 Shoulder to shoulder,  
 Pale in the moonlight,  
 Stand the sheaves trancedly,  
 Dreamily waiting the dawn.  
 Lie close,  
 Silently,  
 Breathlessly,  
 So shall you hear the faint horn  
 Notes of Faëry break on the list'ning air,  
 Distant but clear,  
 Mysteriously,  
 Magically,  
 Proclaiming the hour when all sorrow and care  
 Slips from the shoulders  
 Of poor struggling mortals,  
 Leaving them free,  
 Light-hearted, no longer forlorn,  
 At one with the Spirit of Dawn.

Now shall you see since History began,  
 The Secret of Secrets;  
 Through the sentinel sheaves,  
 Furtively, dancingly,  
 Comes piping, goat-footed God Pan.  
 Legend hath fearfully,  
 You shall die seeing,  
 When Pan comes creeping  
 In the mists of morning;  
 Give ear not distressfully,  
 I know a remedy,  
 Straight from the Source  
 Of Infinite Good;  
 One that shall stand to the journey's end,  
 Steadfastly, lovingly,  
 Turning aside  
 All evil intent,  
 Even the love of a friend.  
 Stand we then lovingly, soul to soul,  
 (Pan goes creeping,  
 Trailing behind him  
 The gossamer mists  
 That bewilder the vision, enshrouding the goal.)  
 This shall abide to the journey's end,  
 Even the love of a friend.

**N.A.L.**

WORCESTER BRANCH.

By kind invitation of the Lady Hindlip (Chairman of the Executive Committee), a very successful General Meeting was held at Hindlip Hall on Saturday, June 19. Two special motor chas-a-bancs brought members out from Worcester, and about 60 were present. They assembled on the lawn, where Lady Hindlip made a short speech, introducing Miss Baker, who kindly came down from Headquarters and gave a very interesting address on the work of the Association. Lady Hindlip then presented membership cards, and afterwards the members took part in competitions in clock golf, ladder croquet, Aunt Sally, and quoits, and enjoyed going round the beautiful gardens of Hindlip Hall. Tea was served in a marquee on the lawn.

The girls were delighted to have an opportunity of meeting each other, and those who had belonged to the Land Army were specially pleased to welcome Miss Hamilton, the late County Secretary, who unexpectedly found that she was able to come down for the meeting.

At 6 o'clock prizes were awarded to the winners of the the competitions, and a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Lady Hindlip for a very pleasant afternoon.



A contrast in fashions. Breeches and smocks versus Ascot frocks.

[“Sunday Pictorial.”]



**OUR NEW SERIAL.****Something that Begins with "T."**

By Kay Cleaver Strahan.

## CHAPTER FOUR.

## CHAPTER TWO.

I know now that Lotta and married brother were dearly kind to me, during the days that came after, but it seemed to me at the time that they were very cruel.

So much I wanted to be prostrated. I wanted to lie quietly in bed, and rest and rest for ever and not think of anything, and not see anything, and not hear anything, and not feel anything at all. But they would not let me. That very night—I am telling this as it seemed to me then—they started quarrelling with me about the baby. Where did I get him? Where did I get him? Over and over they asked that one question, and when I'd answer: "No matter where. I did get him. He is mine," they would persist and beg me to try to think.

I brought out all the answers I had ever heard about where folks got babies, trying to satisfy them: "In a cabbage patch," I'd say. "In a basket at the door. A stork brought him. He came with the doctor." Until at last it occurred to me to tell them the truth, just how I did get him, and I wondered that I had not thought of that before.

So I sat up in bed and told them, and showed them that my ring was gone, and asked them, now would they let me alone?

I heard married brother's voice saying that, of course, the gypsies had stolen him and that they must advertise.

"We are advertised by our loving friends," I thought, and then I sat up in bed again to say: "But please, Lotta dear, don't take his picture with his clothes all off. They are cunning that way but he might not like it when he gets to be a man."

Lotta reassured me and I lay back down in bed and thought how pleasant it was, after all, to be prostrated.

But the pleasures of a prostration were not to be mine. Perhaps I was too young and nerveless; perhaps I did not care deeply enough; I do not know, but in the morning everything was brutally clear and I did not need my baby to teach me how to cry. I needed him then, though, as I need him now to teach me other things—so many other more important things.

I had to consent to the advertising of course, and during those dreadful weeks of uncertainty and waiting the fear of losing my baby almost made me forget to be sorry enough about Henry.

We had waited a month, a month which let me keep Patrick (I named him that for no reason at all except that I liked the name because it had a masculine, upstanding sound), and a month which brought spring. All of that month Lotta was beautifully patient about baby, though I never knew it, until married brother told me one April Sunday morning when Lotta had gone to church.

"Lotta," said married brother, "has been beautifully patient about this baby notion of yours, Phyllis, and I have tried to be, too, but now I am afraid you'll have to make some other arrangements for him."

"Only—," I said, "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean," said married brother, "that we can't have that child here much longer."

"Oh," said I.

"He drives Lotta crazy."

"Oh," said I.

"And scratches up the furniture."

"Oh—baby scratches."

"And carries things about and loses them. Yesterday he—"

"Yes, I know."

"A baby," continued married brother, "completely disorganizes any household. Disrupts. That sort of thing."

"But—supposing—" said I.

"One's own are different," said married brother.

"But he is my own," I said.

"Nonsense," said married brother.

"When do you want us to move?" I quavered.

"Nonsense," said married brother, again, and added: "You are to stay here with us, Phyllis, of course. There is nothing else for you to do. But you'll have to put the baby in a home, or let someone adopt him—something of the kind."

"Nonsense!" said I.

Pat came toiling up the path; with one hand he held his apron up to keep the contents from spilling out and in the other hand he had the garden shears.

"He'll hurt himself with those," I gasped, running to meet him.

"He has cut all our young geranium plants," said married brother.

There was the difference. I took Pat and went to my own room and began to realize things; chiefest realization was that I did not blame Lotta and married brother at all and that I could not allow them to be beautifully patient any longer because it was ruining their dispositions.

I got out paper and pencil and began to take stock of my resources. I had the beginnings of a trousseau: a lot of absurdly elaborate table linen, dresser covers, hemstitched sheets and face towels and hand-hemmed tea towels. I had the materials for several dresses put away for the time when I had been going to "have the dressmaker." I had a monthly income of thirty dollars a month, my share of the "estate." I had Pat. And I had the "The Bone."

The Bone is a piece of land, up high in the Oregon hills, situated, as married brother scornfully says, "fifty miles from nowhere if you take the short cut." We called it "The Bone" because for years and years in father's family there had been contention about it, until the others finally decided it was not worth contending over and gave it to



poor father who had never contended and had never wanted it. When father died he left the Bone to me. I don't know why, but I rather think it was his idea of a joke. I am sure he had never considered the taxes on it, which had to come out of my thirty dollars. Everyone advised me to let the taxes, and the Bone, go. For some reason I had not. So the Bone was still mine and the taxes for the year had been paid.

Besides these resources I had, in the bank, four hundred and eighty-nine dollars and ten cents. That was what remained of the six hundred dollars that fourth cousin Penelope Dell had left me when she died. I had spent the rest of it on my trousseau.

Pat had climbed up on the bed and was playing with father's ivory chessmen. I decided to ask his advice about a plan which had popped into my mind: "Pat," I said, "should you like to go and live on the Bone where thirty dollars a month would be a fortune instead of a pittance and where no one, ever again, could be beautifully patient about you?"

At first he was too busy trying to chew the nose off of one of the knights to attend, but when I finally gained his interest his "Woo-oo!" with the dimple was enthusiastic and then, just to prove to me that he was tired of civilization, he threw the king on the floor and broke his crown.

That afternoon Pat and I went out to inspect the Bone. We got home late the same night, so you see it is not fifty miles from nowhere; it is merely fifty miles from the city, fifty miles all going up, fifty miles closer to heaven. One doesn't think much about heaven, though, up here on the Bone. One doesn't need to. Earth, here, is all glorious enough.

Next day Pat and I bought a tent and a tea-kettle and other useful things, and packed our trunk, and our trousseau and went to live on the Bone, in the tent, until the walrus, the carpenter and I could get our house built. And married brother, and Lotta, and friends of theirs and friends of mine wagged their heads dubiously, dolefully, and tut-tutted their tongues and said: "You can't do it." When the first man planted the first seed his relatives and friends all stood about, I am sure, and wagged their heads and said: "You can't make it grow. Nothing will come of it. You'll have to give it up." But the seed did grow and Pat and I did do it.

The carpenter I hired to help me build our house was not a real carpenter, any more than his fifteen year old son, the walrus, was a real walrus, so, naturally, we did not get a real house built. The worst trouble was that, quite a time before the house was completed, the carpenter changed his mind concerning the suitability of his vocation, and that was natural. I had changed my mind about it as soon as the house was begun. He decided that he wanted to go to work in a hardware store in the city. For weeks his soul yearned towards hardware. Whenever he'd drive a nail he'd stop and think how much more fascinating it would be to sell nails than it was to pound them. It was useless for me to point out to him the beauty and bigness of constructive work. He said he guessed by nature he was not constructive. It was a splendid piece of guesswork. Finally he left, and took the walrus with him and went to his hardware selling, and I finished the building of our house, alone.

It was not fun. It was horny handed hard work, and nearly neighbour came often to observe and jeer, and seldom to help, though I paid him, gladly, whenever he would work with me for a while.

So that was why, when I should have been wearing mourning, I was wearing "Can't Bust 'em" overalls. So that was why, when I should have been crying over a broken heart and a ruined future I was shedding all the tears I had to spare over a smashed thumb or a badly skinned shinbone.

A poet and a philosopher built our fireplace for us. I never did read any of his poetry, never did listen to any of his philosophizing, but he said he was a poet and a philosopher, so I suppose he was. Why he built our fireplace for us I don't know. He came by one day in an automobile and I asked him, please would he see whether he could find a builder of fireplaces, in the city, and send him out to build ours. And he said he built very good fireplaces himself, and would do ours for us, if I liked; and I did like, so he stayed that day and came up from the city other days and built it.

Before it was quite finished he asked me to marry him, and I said no, I couldn't, and I was sorry and thanked him just the same; and he said not to mention it, and went on and finished the fireplace building. Then he went away, before I had paid him for his work, and that was the last I ever did see of him. The fireplace is a very good fireplace. It draws well and never smokes.

That fall one other man asked me to marry him. He was an architect who had come up the mountain to fish in wee river.

Pat was in the house having his nap and I was out under the trees reading when the architect came around the yard from the back of perch-edifice and pointed an accusing long white forefinger at it: "What," he asked, "do you call that?"

"I call it perch-edifice," I answered, "the perch is for fun and the edifice for dignity."

"Very good," he said, "I was afraid that you called it a house."

"Oh, my, no!" I protested.

"It looks," he ruminated, "rather like a river steamboat, and rather like a Chinese pagoda, and rather as if some architect had carried out his client's demands to the letter."

"The navicular effect," I said, "was gained by putting the porch up high, so that it could be in the tree-leaves, and the pagoda management was very simple: I just didn't saw all the boards off. I got tired of sawing."

"You!" he said, and laughed. I think he never did believe that I builded most of perch-edifice by myself.

Later he asked me to marry him. Not later that same day, but later along in the year. And when I told him that I couldn't, that I was sorry, that I thanked him just the same, he was not nearly so pleasant about it as the poet and philosopher had been.

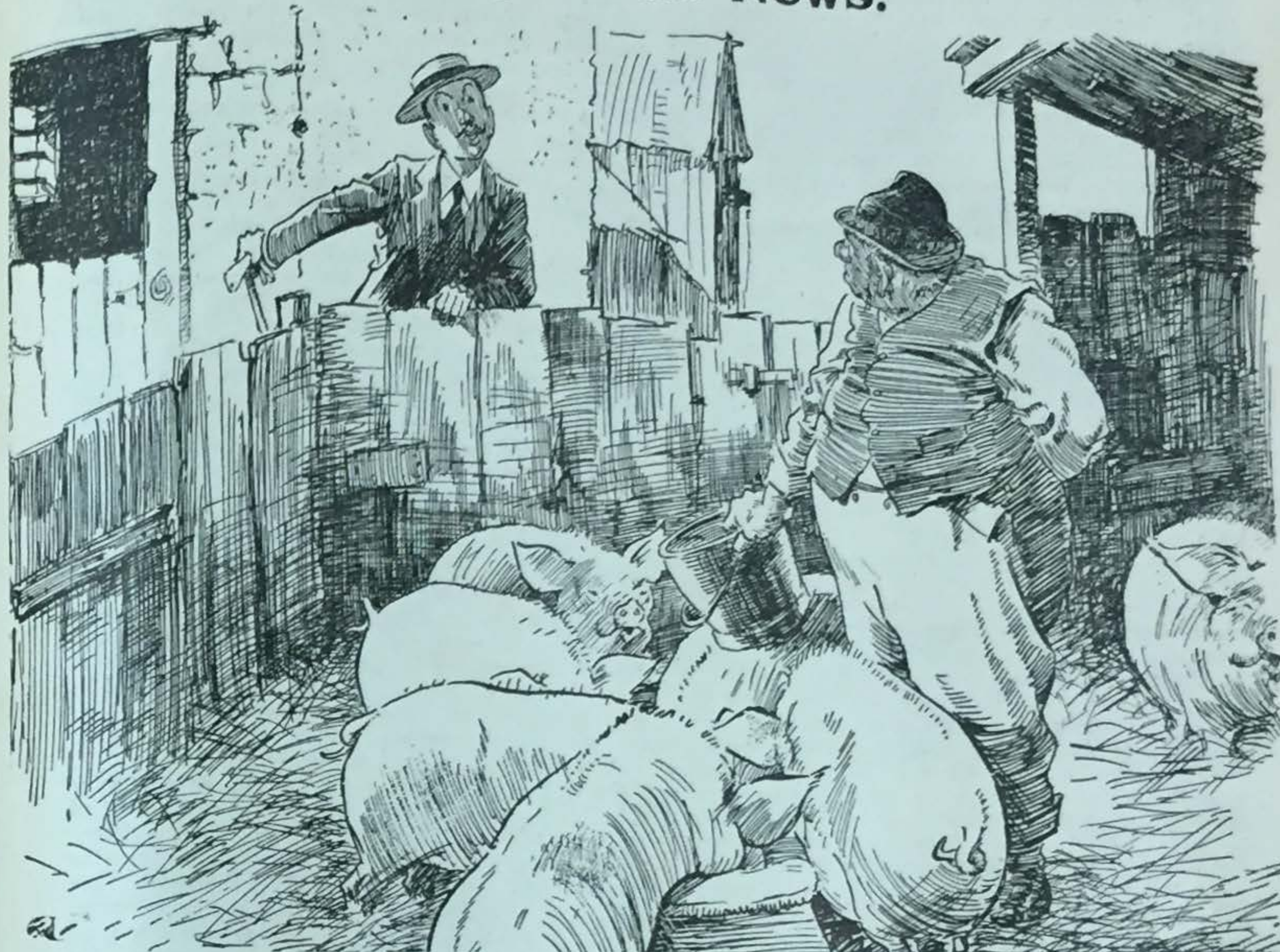
(To be Continued.)

THINE every fancy seems to borrow  
A sunlight from thy childish years,  
Making a golden cloud of sorrow  
A hope-lit rainbow out of tears.

LOWELL.



## Stop-Press News.



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

*Observant Visitor.* "I SAY—EXCUSE ME, BUT YOUR HAT IS KNOCKED IN."

*Farm Hand.* "WHOI, I'VE KNOWN THAT FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEAR."

## Markets and Marketing.

**I**N the matter of livestock destined for the table, the small farmer will make himself acquainted with the various methods of killing and preparation for sale, and also the class of product needed. It is not a difficult matter to gain experience, as plenty of level-headed locals will, for a small fee, kill and prepare a pig or a fowl, and the owner, if uninitiated, will have to learn the gentle art step by step. The novice in killing a pig may use a special gun, or may first stun the animal with a stout blow on the forehead and then stick it. The pig may be forced on to its back or strung up by the hind-leg to the roof of the selected slaughter-house. A narrow knife with a straight eight-inch blade is pushed into the neck to a depth of six inches or so, and turned quickly to one side ere being withdrawn. No food is given for twenty-four hours prior to killing. The carcass can be scalded in water registering a temperature of 185° to 195°, a piece of lime, handful of soft soap, and a little pine-tar being added to the water to remove the scurf. The hairs are scraped

off with a blunt knife and the carcass rinsed in cold water. Some prefer to singe the pig, placing it on a bed of clean straw and lighting the latter. The carcass is turned in the process. Having opened the carcass and removed the interiors, the pig is hung up for eight or nine hours to cool, and then it is cut up. Now the cuts of a pig vary according to the locality, and such is a point that must be ascertained. To pickle the sides, place them in a mixture of 10 lbs. salt, 1 lb. salt-petre, 1 lb. cane sugar (in winter only), 1 lb. dry antiseptic or good preservative powder, and four gallons of water. Allow pickle to stand twenty-four hours, then strain, and nine days will see the sides properly pickled. If dry salted, rub in a mixture of fine common salt to which 2 ozs. of salt-petre has been added, and cover with about half an inch of salt. Turn daily for ten days, then on alternate days up to the twentieth, when wipe off the salt and hang the parts up to drain, and then they can be smoke-dried if desired. Place in light close calico bags and keep in dry,



airy place. Then there will be the smoking of hams to master and the making the most of the internal parts. Lard is produced by three-parts filling a clean saucepan with leaf-fat, and the trimmings of ham, shoulder, and neck, and adding a quart of water or hot lard. Place receptacle over a slow fire, stir well until the cracklings are brown and float, when allow to cool. Strain through muslin cloth. To each 50 lbs. of fat 2 ozs. of baking soda is added to whiten the lard, and continual stirring during cooling process will also help in this direction.

Marketing comes into the question prominently. The pig produce can be sold to butcher, dealer, or salesman, or in market by auction, or to private friends and customers. When taken to market they should be well fed prior to dispatch, carted in a crate, and arrive neither too early nor too late. If the pig is driven make a fast noose in one end of a length of cord to go over the pig's head, pass the cord along the shoulders, holding it there whilst the end is passed under the pig behind the forelegs and carried up to the shoulder and tied. Market pigs clean and give them a wash if necessary. Prior to marketing, use clean bedding, and remember that even dirty feet are a drawback.

London is one of the best markets for porkers, the usual practice being to dress the pigs and send them to a salesman, who, for a small commission, sells the produce and sends cheques promptly. For the fresh and salt pork trade white pigs are preferred, as black animals show traces of black hair in the meat, and the skin on the belly is black. For the bacon pig colour does not count. Weights vary according to the locality, and the market. London and many leading towns ask for porkers of 85 lbs. to 90 lbs. alive, or about 60 lbs. dead, whereas some markets accept them up to 130 live weight. Popular weights for bacon are from 120 to 190 lbs. dead, the Wiltshire bacon trade asking for a lean sizable "side" of 56 to 60 lbs. In the north—Lancashire and Yorkshire—a heavier bacon pig of 220 to 300 lbs. alive is in demand.

#### RABBITS FOR MARKET.

The ideal hatched table rabbit should weigh  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 lbs. alive, making, when dressed, 3. to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., which should be when the rabbit is four months old if of a suitable breed. At Christmas a larger carcass is in greater demand. One can kill by dislocating the neck (as with fowls), or by giving the rabbit a sharp blow with the edge of the right hand or a heavy instrument just behind the ears, the hind-legs of the animal being held in the left hand meanwhile—head downwards. To make the flesh white, a sharp knife is then entered into the neck just below the ear to sever the jugular vein, and to allow the carcass, when hung up, to bleed freely. Make an incision in one of the hind-legs in the hock between bone and tendon, and pass the other foot through the opening, cutting the back of the hock to prevent the foot from slipping through. Draw legs tight and hang up on a beam. Skinning is best done when the carcass is freshly killed, although it can hang in its skin if for home use for a time, in which case paunching is done directly after killing. Pinch up the skin covering the belly and cut it with a knife for about four inches, then with the hand separate the skin from the carcass along the back, sides, and quarters. Having pulled the legs from the skin, draw the latter downwards over the neck and head, cutting through the attachments at ears, eyes, etc. Next remove the entrails,

leaving the liver, heart, lungs, and kidneys intact. Unless shaped and dressed in the Ostend style, the big salesmen prefer to have the rabbits in their skins, and some ask for live delivery. For private customers, and for marketing in Ostend style, the carcass is dressed and minus its skin. The carcasses are placed close together on shelves (equal sizes in each row) with a board on top of them and on this stones or weights. This spreads out the thighs and gives each carcass a plump appearance. The fore-paws are chopped off and the stumps tucked through the first and second ribs, whilst the hind-legs are removed to within an inch or so of the hock the fur being left on the part that remains. The carcasses should be sent to market in boxes with white grease-proof paper top and bottom and between the layers. The carcasses should be packed closely for neatness and to prevent bruising, and in hot weather a piece of white paper that has been soaked in a very weak mixture of permanganate of potash and water, and the liquid squeezed out, can be placed inside each rabbit to keep the interior sweet. Boxes need to be ventilated and slatted tops should be provided, loose corners being packed with clean, soft white paper. Send the produce by passenger train (owner's risk) if the market warrants it, and use printed stick-on labels (not tied-on ones, which may get detached) carrying the producer's name and address of farm. Rabbits sent to the market in their skins in slatted boxes do not need such careful handling as the dressed carcasses. Whiteness of skin is a desideratum. It was in September that the Ostend rabbit used to come over to our markets from Belgium, the best season running from September to May, with trade good throughout the year.

Owing to the shortage of the more expensive skins since 1914, those of the tame rabbit have had an excellent demand, and the furriers have perfected the handling of them. There is no limit to the manufactured articles for which rabbit-skins are used, and they include: imitation seal-bags, hats, bonnets, hand-bags, purses, tobacco-pouches, money-bags, slipper-linings, cloak and coat linings, fur motoring gloves, perambulator rugs, mats, hearth-rugs, foot-warmers, fly-fishing accessories, toy-making, furs, muffs, fur-trimmings, etc. The handy housewife will convert some of the skins into such useful articles as under-waistcoats for "hubby," to keep out the nor'-easter (and remember that when you take to the land you need to discard your dancing shoes and hit upon a suitable outfit), bedroom slippers (fur on the inside), children's muffs, and hat-trimmings, etc. The curing of the skins will depend upon the markets. Some dealers ask for the skins to be merely flayed and air-dried, whilst others demand properly finished skins, and not a few buy skins that have been simply turned inside out and air-dried (hung on a line in the open air for a few days, without being fleshed or stretched). The rougher and "throw-out" skins come in for the making of felt hats, the fur being cut off by machinery and the pelts being handed over to the makers of gelatine, jujubes, glue, and size. Some skins are used in their natural colours, whilst others are dyed. Silver-greys and white are popular natural colours, and all skins should be graded into colours, sizes, and quality. The best prices are realized for the winter skins from November to mid-April.

*A Living from the Land.*  
W. POWELL-OWEN (George Newnes).



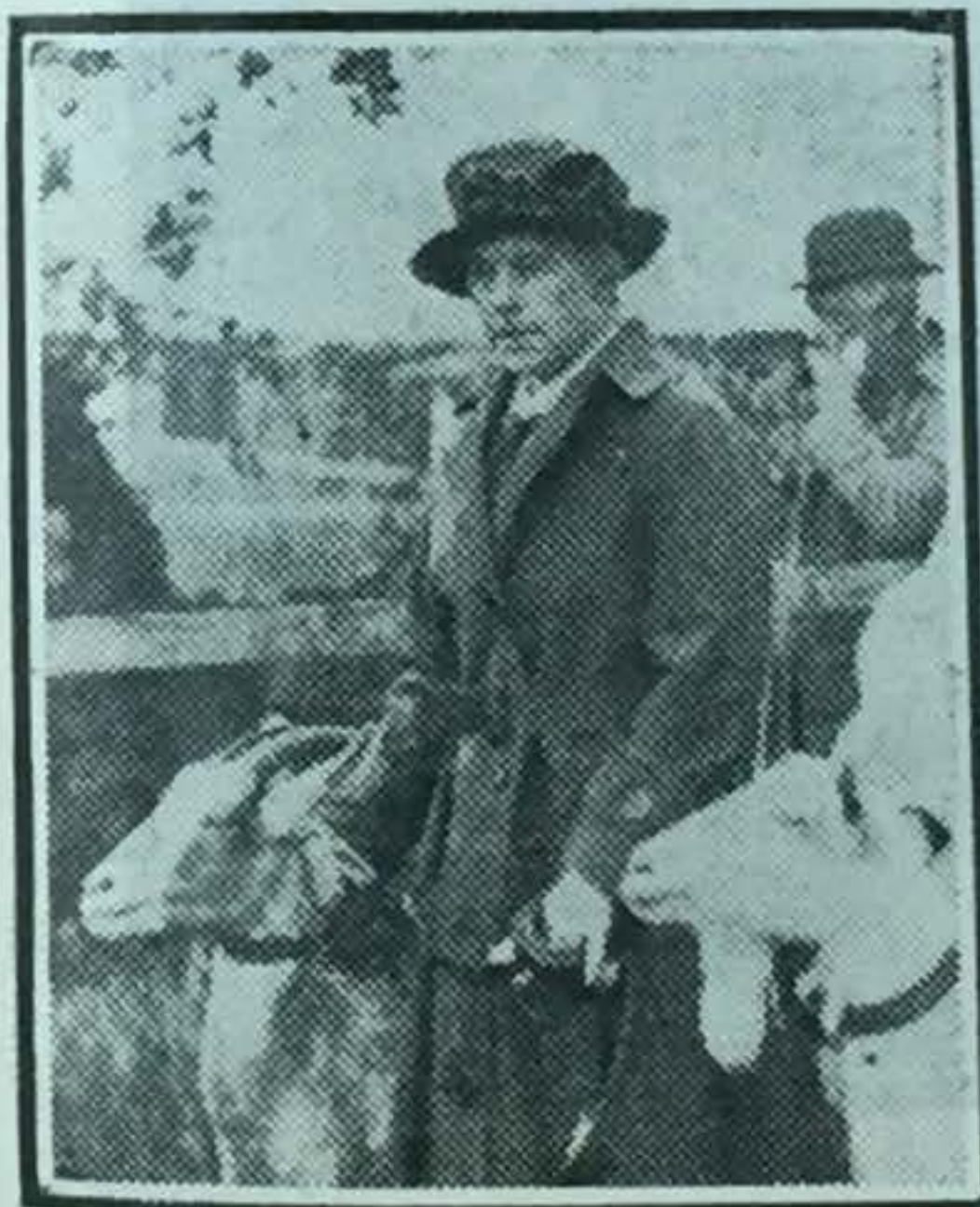
## From France.

**A**S Running Water in a thirsty Land so is good news from a Far Country. You might turn that round, and say that good news in a Far Country is like Running Water. And indeed, a few days ago, came just such a draught of refreshment to me, a sojourner not in a strange land, for how can the plains of Picardy or Flanders be any more strange to us from England? But I was a new-comer amongst a bunch of strange people, though the common bond of our work under the Imperial War Graves Commission made it impossible for anyone to be long lonely.

One of the heads of the Horticultural Branch of the Commission had his Father out here to stay with him, a notable Fruit Farmer in Hampshire. And the good news came in this wise.

We were sheltering from Thunderstorms in between attempts to play Tennis last Sunday afternoon. Our Host, who had built his own Hut, and upholstered it (I wonder could the Institute give him any Tips, or vice versa?) as well as laying down his own excellent Red Rubble Court, was entertaining us with Tea, and Sandwiches, Incidental Music provided by a Gramophone de Luxe, and Glees from the Braver members of the party. There was Talk, too, in between the important business, and the Hampshire Gentleman, who had been a Member of the R.H.S. and held an Honorary appointment under the Board in connection with the Horticultural Section, said, "Why don't you get some Lassies out to do the Cemetery Gardens?" As a matter of fact, it was brought up in the recent debate in the Commons on the work of the Commission, this question of employing women in the Horticultural Branch. So put that in your Pipes o' Nights, girls, if any of you would like to come back again, or perhaps come for the first time to

"This Foreign Field  
That is for ever England."



**Two Prize Winning Goats at  
Darlington.**  
[Topical Press.—"Daily Sketch."]

I am sorry to be so long in coming to the point, but there are so many things about this work that I want to tell you, and that I am sure would interest any Landswoman.

But . . . "Splendid, those Land Army Lassies were," burst forth the Hampshire visitor, with fiery enthusiasm. "Are,



**A Jazz Effect at the Royal Show.** ["Daily Sketch."]

I should say, for I've got two of them still, and I wouldn't part with them for the world. They can do any mortal thing I want; not that one of them isn't a bit smarter than the other. But they're both fine maids. All the time the Land Army was at work in Hampshire, if I asked the Farmers (on my professional rounds) how the Lassies were doing, 'Fine,' they'd say, and there wasn't a Farmer in the County that wouldn't rather have them than men, on most jobs. There was one Field that had a Gang working on it, pretty near all the time, and I never passed that Field without taking off my Hat."

I went back to my Farmhouse Billet, glad indeed to know that the fame of the Land Army, and its successor, the N.A.L., should be noised abroad in this pleasant Land of France, whose women have for countless ages tilled the soil and tended the Beasts, and whose great Maid, the Maid of Domremy and Orleans, Joan, was keeping her Sheep when the Voices came to her, and she "had Pity on the Realm of France"

LOIS VIDAL.

## Pork-Curing Recipe.

**T**HE University of Idaho gives the following recipe for dry-curing pork, applicable to either light or heavy meat:—Mix thoroughly  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lb. salt, 1 oz. saltpetre, 1 oz. red pepper, 1 oz. black pepper. Then add  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. warm syrup or molasses, and mix with the above until it assumes the appearance of sawdust. Apply a liberal coating of the above mixture to all surfaces of the meat, excepting the skin. The meat should then be placed on a table, clean floor, or in a hardwood barrel, after first sprinkling the surface of the table, floor, or barrel with salt. Leave all the meat in cure undisturbed until the heaviest piece has been in for a period of one and a-half days to the pound. Thus if the heaviest ham weighs 20 lb., leave all the meat in cure thirty days. Meats cured in sweet pickle or brine should be consumed within ninety days from date of cure. Meats cured with dry cure may be consumed immediately upon removal from cure, but the flavour improves with age, and the meat is better sixty days after curing. Dry-cured hams have been known to keep three or four years.



## Cattle Foods in General. II.

### Roots.

The so-called "roots" used for feeding cattle and sheep consist of swedes, turnips, mangel-wurzel, potatoes, carrots, and kohlrabi, all of which are extremely valuable for the purpose named.

There is a high percentage of water in them—from 85 to 92 per cent., excepting potatoes, which contain 75 per cent. of water.

The following table represents the chemical composition of roots as given by Wolff:—

	Man- gels.	Swedes	Tur- nips.	Kohl- Rabi.	Pota- toes.	Car- rots.
Water ...	88.0	87.0	92.0	88.2	75.0	85.0
Proteids ...	1.1	1.3	1.1	2.3	2.1	1.4
Fat ...	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.1	0.2	0.2
Carbohydrates ...	9.1	9.5	5.3	6.9	20.7	10.8
Cellulose ...	0.9	1.1	0.8	1.5	1.1	1.7
Salts ...	0.8	1.0	0.7	1.0	0.9	0.9

From the above table it will be seen that apart from the water in roots the principal constituents consist of carbohydrates (starch), in which the potato is particularly rich; hence its feeding value for pigs.

Feeding sheep off growing roots is a common practice, and certainly a good one for various reasons. For cattle five stone of roots per day, and one stone for sheep is sufficient, in addition to other food. Excepting when sheep are grazing them off the land or gnawing the roots where they have been grown, it is customary to give roots spliced or pulped.

Frosted roots should not be given to cattle.

Roots, being poor in nitrogen, must be supplemented by cake or corn in feeding cattle and sheep.

Mangels require keeping for two months after the crop is lifted, in order for the sugar to develop at the expense of the *pectin*—a nitrogen free substance found in roots. Mangels are not much grown in Scotland owing to the shortness of the season.

The leaves of this crop are very useful as a preventive of acorn poisoning in cattle, the latter trouble not being uncommon where oak trees surround the pasture and the season specially favourable for the production of acorns.

Beetroot and parsnips are not much employed for cattle and sheep. In France many cow-keepers use a refuse from the sugar factories for feeding their cattle, and it is derived from the sugar beet.

Cabbages are most excellent for cattle, especially dairy cows. Decayed leaves should be removed.

As a growing crop in France *Green Maize* is largely given to cattle, and its highly-succulent nature is a strong recommendation for its use. It is a crop that might be grown in England where the soil is suitable, and would prove economical.

To the dairyman it is invaluable.

Oats and Maize bruised, or as meal, should form part of the daily ration in cattle-feeding.

The amount, per day, will depend upon circumstances. From two to six pounds should be the average amount.

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

## Cheshire Cheese.

CHESHIRE cheese possesses distinct characteristics, both as regards texture and flavour, for while it is very open-grained it is yet mild, soft, and full in flavour. It is, perhaps, the softest of our hard-pressed varieties. There are three types of Cheshire cheese, known as early ripening, medium ripening, and slow ripening. The cheese may also be coloured or uncoloured. As a general rule, the cheese made on the east side of the county, and chiefly supplied to the Manchester market, is not coloured, while that made on the west is almost all coloured.

In all cases the cheese is made of evening's milk mixed with that of the following morning. The evening's milk is strained into the cheese vat as soon as it is obtained and cooled down to about 70 degs. F., stirring being continued at intervals in order to prevent the cream from rising to the surface. Any cream found on the surface the following morning is skimmed off and mixed with twice its bulk of warm morning's milk. This has the effect of softening the cream, so that it will readily pass through the strainer and mix again with the milk in the vat. To ensure a proper degree of ripeness in the milk before adding the rennet, the best makers use a small amount of "starter," the quantity varying from  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; other and less satisfactory methods are also followed, such as using whey from the previous day's cheese and keeping the evening's milk at a higher temperature; but, whatever ripening agent is used, it must be of first quality, or it will taint the next day's cheese.



Photo by]

[Photopress.

Triplet Calves.

Property of Mr. P. Thorpe, St. Mary, Wisbech.

["Farmer and Stockbreeder."]



So far the treatment of the milk is the same, whether quick, medium, or slow ripening cheese is to be made, but from this stage onwards various slight modifications in the process are necessary to produce the different kinds. As by far the greatest proportion of Cheshire cheese at the present time is made on the medium-ripening system, the process for that make is described first. The modifications required for the other makes will afterwards be pointed out.

After mixing the evening's and morning's milk thoroughly in the vat, colouring matter (Annatto), if required, is added at the rate of 1 dram to every four gallons to six gallons of milk. The temperature should then be raised to 85 degs. F., and, if enough acidity has been produced—namely, 0.17-0.18 per cent. by the acidimeter, and twenty-eight seconds by the rennet test—rennet is added at the rate of 1 dram to every four gallons of milk. The rennet must be diluted with four times its bulk of cold water, and stirred well into the milk for five minutes. About ten to fifteen minutes later, before coagulation begins, the surface of the milk should be lightly stirred, to mix in any cream that may have arisen.

When the curd is sufficiently firm—that is, will split easily over an inserted finger (this will usually be fifty to sixty minutes after adding the rennet)—it may be cut with  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch spaced American knives. The cutting of the curd must be done slowly, as it is tender. It should be carried out, first lengthways with the vertical knife, and then after an interval of five minutes both ways with the horizontal knife, until the pieces are the size of horse beans.

The curd should then be allowed to settle for five minutes, and afterwards stirred for forty to fifty minutes. This stirring must also be done very carefully, as the curd is still very tender. After stirring for about ten minutes the temperature must be gradually raised to 88 degs. F. When stirring has been completed, the curd is allowed to pitch for from thirty to forty-five minutes, and is then drawn to the top of the vat before the whey is drained off. The acidity of the whey at this stage should be 0.15 per cent. by the acidimeter, and the curd should draw  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch threads on the hot iron. This amount of acidity is not perceptible to the taste, and scarcely to the smell. When the whey has been run off, the curd is cut into 3-inch to 4-inch cubes and placed on a cloth on racks in the bottom of the vat. It is kept on the racks for about an hour. During that time it is cut three times at intervals of from fifteen to twenty minutes into 4-inch cubes, the curd meanwhile being covered, but in no way weighted.

When the curd becomes moderately dry, flaky in texture, and the test for acidity gives 0.3 per cent. by the acidimeter and  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch threads draw on the hot iron, the chunks should be broken into large pieces, be piled in a mass, and left covered until the acidity has increased to 0.4 per cent., or  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch threads are drawn. It may then be ground. The milling is done by passing the curd through a close-set curd mill; or, if a coarse one is used, the operation should be performed twice.

Provided the temperature of the milled curd is not more than 80 degs. F., it may be salted at once at the rate of 1 oz. of salt to every 3½ lb. of curd, and, after a thorough mixing, put into the mould. The moulds are usually from 12 inches to 15 inches in diameter, and of sufficient depth to turn out cheeses weighing from 40 lb. to 80 lb. each. The cheese is now put into a cheese oven at a temperature of 75 degs. F. for twenty-four hours, being turned into a dry cloth next morning and evening, no pressure being meanwhile applied. It is then put to press with slight pressure at first, increasing up to 15 cwt. pressure on the fourth morning after making, according to the size of the cheese. A cap is now put on the cheese at each end and a bandage pasted round. It may then be taken to the ripening room (temperature 60 degs. F. in spring and autumn; 58 degs. F. in summer) and turned daily. This cheese should be ready for consumption in six to eight weeks, and will keep as many months without deteriorating in quality. ["Farm and Home."]

## Happy Harvesters

At Harvest time the Landswoman particularly appreciates the advantages of the Liberty Bodice. Rick making, loading the field carts and sheafing, all call for lithe, supple movement and freedom from restraint.

The Liberty Bodice being hygienic, porous, and elastic, is more healthy than corsets, yet gives full and sufficient support.

The Liberty Bodice enables the weight of the garments to be properly distributed, and removes all undue strain.

**"Liberty Bodice"**  
TRADE MARK

(Knitted Fabric)

Short Fitting for Young Ladies and Deep Fitting for Women, also made in 13 sizes for Children. White and Natural Colours.

For prices and particulars send Postcard for free "Liberty Bodice" Book.

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



## Medal for Saving a Dog.

Cambridge Girl's Heroism.

MISS Daisy May Howe, of Cambridge, has been awarded a silver medal for rescuing her Irish terrier, Micky, from a burning outhouse.

The presentation was made by Sir Frederick Banbury at a meeting of the Canine Defence League at Caxton Hall.

The fire occurred in a shed at the back of the White Lodge, Cherryhinton Road, on April 24. Several men who tried to save the dog were driven back by flames and smoke, but Miss Howe rushed through the flames, which severely burned her face and arms, and succeeded in bringing the dog to safety. Some little pigs were burnt to death.

E. DOBSON.



# Everyday Dishes.

## Boiled Mutton.

1 lb. scrag end of neck or breast of mutton, 2 small onions, 2 carrots, 2 turnips, 1 oz. pearl barley, salt.

Clean (peel or scrape) the vegetables, cut the carrots and turnips into quarters, wash the barley, wipe the meat, and joint it if necessary. Have ready a saucepan with boiling water (about a quart), put in the vegetables, barley, and meat, add about a teaspoonful of salt, boil up, and skim. Let the whole simmer gently from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 hour. Remove the scum whilst cooking. Dish up, and put the vegetables round the meat, pour over some of the liquor and serve. The rest of the broth must not be thrown away, but used for soups and gravies.

## Meat Roasted in the Pot.

This way of roasting is especially suitable for small pieces of meat, and is far more economical because of the small quantity of fuel required. Melt one or two ounces of dripping in a pot (earthenware preferred). Brown the meat in this, so as to harden the outside and keep in the juices. Then draw the pot to the side of the fire and let the meat cook slowly with the lid on, basting it frequently. Time required, about 20 minutes to the pound, and 15 minutes over.

## Rabbit Pie.

Cut a small skinned rabbit into neat joints, and lay the pieces in a pie-dish with alternate layers of thin pieces of bacon. Make  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of flaky pastry, or ordinary short crust, and follow the directions for Steak Pie.

## Curry of Cold Meat.

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cooked meat, 1 oz. dripping, 1 onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  sour apple chopped finely, 1 tablespoonful of curry powder, 1 teaspoonful of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of stock or water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of salt. Average cost, 7d.

Mince the onion, fry it brown with the apple in the hot dripping, add the curry powder and flour, stir, and cook for 2 minutes, and add the stock or water. Boil for a few minutes, put in the cold meat, cut into dice, add a little salt, simmer for  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour, and serve with boiled rice. A good breakfast dish may be made by using hard-boiled eggs instead of meat for the curry. Allow one egg for each person. Curry proper should be made with raw meat.

## Steak Pie.

1 lb. beefsteak or skirt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. bacon, salt and pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. flour, 3 or 4 oz. dripping,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of baking powder. Average cost, 1s. 4d.

Put the flour in a basin with a pinch of salt and the baking powder, rub in the dripping. Mix to a firm paste with cold water, or make up as flaky pastry by rubbing in 1 oz. fat, and rolling in the remainder. Place the pie-dish upside down on the paste and cut it  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch larger on all sides, moisten the rim of the dish with water, and put on some strips of paste. Arrange the meat in layers, with thin slices of bacon, or dip each slice in seasoned flour and roll up neatly with a piece of bacon inside, season with salt and pepper, and half fill the dish with water. Wet the edge again, lay on the cover, press down the edges lightly, and trim off the paste. Decorate the pie with leaves, etc., brush over with beaten egg, and bake for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hour.

## Stuffed Heart.

1 sheep's heart, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoonful of soaked bread, 1 teaspoonful chopped sage,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful sweet herbs, salt and pepper, dripping.

Wash and trim the heart, make the sage and onion stuffing, and fill the heart with it. Cover with a greased paper, tie round with string, and bake in a tin in a hot oven for 1 hour. Baste frequently. The heart may also be roasted over the fire in a covered saucepan.

## Bacon and Beans.

Piece of fat bacon (2 or 3 lb.), 1 peck of broad beans (measured in their shells), salt, water, 1 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk and water, 2 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley.

Soak the bacon for an hour in warm water. Cut away any discoloured bits, and take off the rind. Put the bacon into cold water, and bring it to the boil; when it boils, skim it and let it simmer gently, allowing  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to each pound. Shell the beans, put them into boiling water in time to be finished when the bacon is ready, add 1 teaspoonful salt to every 2 quarts of water, and boil till tender. Young beans will take 15 minutes, old ones  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. If dried haricot beans are substituted for fresh ones, cook until tender, between three or four hours, after soaking all night. Make  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of melted butter sauce with the fat, flour, and milk and water, and add the chopped parsley. Serve the bacon on a hot dish, sprinkle over some browned crumbs, put the beans round the bacon, and pour the sauce over.

## Meat Cakes.

$\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cooked meat or sausage meat,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. cold potatoes, 1 oz. dripping, a tablespoonful of milk, pepper and salt. Average cost, 7d.

Mince the meat finely, mash the potatoes or rub through a sieve, moisten with the milk, season with pepper and salt, and mix well together with a small piece of dripping, previously melted. Fill up one or two greased tin moulds, and bake for about 25 minutes; or form the mixture into small round, flat cakes, dip them in flour, brush over with egg or milk, and coat them again with flour, or breadcrumbs if an egg is used. Then fry in hot fat until nicely browned. If sausage meat is used it will require a little longer.

## Meat Patties.

4 oz. beef or mutton, 6 oz. flour, 2 oz. dripping,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful baking powder, salt and pepper. Average cost, 1d. each.

Cut meat into small dice, season with salt and pepper, and moisten with a little water. Put the flour, baking powder, and a pinch of salt into a basin. Rub in the dripping, add enough water to mix to a stiff paste, roll out, cut into rounds, put 6 or more aside for covers. Roll out the trimmings, and stamp out 6 or more linings for the patty-pans, which must be ready greased. Put a dessertspoonful of meat in each, wet edge of paste, pull on the covers, press edges together, and make a hole on the top to let out steam. Decorate with little leaves, etc., made from the scraps of paste left over. Brush over with milk or beaten egg, and bake in a fairly hot oven for about  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour.

C. H. SENN.



**Garden Talks.**—(Continued from Page 174.)

the two harvested together. If packets are not obtainable to store the seeds in, small glass bottles is an excellent plan, used soda mint, or asperin bottles. Each bottle should be neatly labelled. The seeds should not be put up either in packets or bottles on a damp day. The great secret is to keep them dry. If seeds are damp by accident or through excess of moisture in the air, lay them out for a while on clean blotting paper.

I do hope these hints will be useful, and that readers of THE LANDSWOMAN will try saving their own seeds. This month I am going to tell you a little about the life-story, history, and personality of the *Poppy*.

Everyone knows this brilliant flower that sparkles amid the green fields of the old world, where it is regarded as the blossom of a weed and of evil omen, for its colour hints at blood. It became the symbol of death when the son of Tarquinius Superbus asked him what should be done with the people of a conquered city. Tarquin made no verbal reply, but going into the garden he slashed at the heads of the largest poppies, therein commending the massacre of the best and most influential citizens.

When Persephone was stolen by Pluto, her mother, Ceres, began a search for her that led through all Sicily, climbing Ætna to light torches that she might keep on her journey through the night. Unable to restore her child, the gods caused poppies to spring about her feet, and, curious as to their meaning, she knelt to look at them closely. She inhaled their bitter, drowsy breath, and put the seeds into her mouth, and presently the plant bestowed upon her that rest which her poor weary body needed. Poppies are offered to the dead, therefore, with a fine symbolism since they signify sleep. The Saxon name for the plant—*papig*—is said to have reference to the mixing of its seeds with pap administered to children, in order to make them sleep; and as opium is yielded by the flower we have the origin of those soothing syrups that are still administered to the helpless. Growing as it did in the corn, it was dedicated to Ceres by the ancients, who painted her picture with wheat ears and poppies in her hair.

One of its queer names, "*Cracking Rose*," recalls a practice of striking a poppy petal between the hands in order to ascertain whether or no a lover is faithful. If it breaks, it signifies that he is not true, but if it holds together and makes a considerable report, it is a cause for great rejoicing, showing the beloved's faithfulness.

It is said that after the battle of Neerwinden the fields were covered with scarlet poppies, which the people regarded as the spilled blood of the thousands of soldiers who fell there, and of the sign that they were at rest in the garden beyond the vale—a very beautiful idea. I hope the battle fields of France are ablaze with poppies, because it was also looked upon as a sign from God that the loved ones were at rest in His safe keeping.

We also have from India the story that after the massacre of Custer and his men by the Sioux the Indians alleged the appearance on the battle field of a new flower, which they called Custer's heart. It had long hard leaves, curved like a cavalry sabre, and so sharp as to cut the hand that tried to tear them from the ground. The plant was undoubtedly the poppy.

E. R. M.

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What Allotment Holders  
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(Manufactured under  
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"I write to say that I found RITO very satisfactory for the things I tried it on—Marrows, Cucumbers, Beans, and Tomatoes."

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"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 175.)

instance, a bird in full lay has very red head points (comb and wattles and face), while these go pale as laying ceases. Again, on either side of the vent will be found a pelvic bone, and these two bones contract as production ceases and expand as laying commences. In a hen that is laying one should be able to place two fingers at least between these two bones, and only one, or less, if the bird is out of lay. This is a reliable test for pullets that are reddening up to lay, as one can judge how near they are to production.

**Leg Colour and Laying.**—Leg colour is also a guiding factor in yellow-legged breeds, because after a period of heavy laying the yellow pigment is drawn out of the shanks, so that they appear pale and whitish. In examining Wyandottes or Leghorns therefore at this stage I should suspect as out of lay all birds with rich yellow legs, and as being in lay those with whitish or colourless shanks. I should then apply the pelvic bone test to check up my surmise. Having withdrawn for disposal the non-layers we are left with those that are in lay, and these should be placed on liberal rations in order that a final crop of eggs might be obtained. As each hen ceases production and before she starts to moult she should be removed from the flock. The idea is to prevent the habit of feather-dropping from spreading and for the same reason all feathers should be cleared from the house and run daily. There are two further sets of hens, viz., those not yet in their second season of laying.

**Laying of Hens.**—The two classes I have in mind are (1) those hens that are still in full lay, and (2) those that have ceased production and have started to moult; in both cases they are to be kept on another year. I should prefer to take away all hens that have started to moult, and to place them in one flock, so treating them that a quick moult is made possible. Short rations at the beginning will soon send them well into the moult. The reason I suggest a hastened moult is because I require such hens to be over the moult and in lay again by October, then to contribute their quota to the winter egg-baskets. The other hens that are left will be in lay and will be fed liberally for eggs, the idea being to keep them producing instead of moulting. After a late moult they will recommence to lay about December, and benefiting by the rest will make first-class breeding stock, giving strong chicks.

**Hastening the Moult.**—Where space does not permit these plans cannot well be carried out, and the poultry-keeper can separate the early moulters from those in lay or can encourage all to moult. It is not difficult to hasten the moult, and I know no better plan than to omit animal food from the mash and to reduce the rations considerably. The latter will in about a week cause the skin to feel loose and feathers will be dropped. Leave the

**That extra egg.**

It is the extra egg each day that makes all the difference between success and failure. Insist on having Uveco Poultry Food and ensure a bumper egg supply this year. Uveco never fails. It is pure, sound grain, cleaned, cooked and flaked. Nothing added, nothing extracted.

**UVECO****POULTRY FOOD.**

We will send you a  
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feathers in the house and run, because they will spread the habit, and when the moult is well started observe utter cleanliness and increase the rations, finally feeding up for eggs. As the new feathers show through a liberal diet will help their growth. Moulting hens need protection from the elements, and should be confined to their scratching sheds or intensive houses if the wind is bitter or the weather unfavourable. Nothing will hold up moulting birds more than exposure, and one must not let them "stand still."

**Delaying the Moult.**—Where one is desirous of preventing or delaying the moult in the hope of getting eggs feeding must be liberal so that loss of condition will not be met with. Absolute cleanliness must be observed in housing, all stray feathers being removed daily. If any hens in the flock start to moult they should be removed, because they will only spread the habit which the above methods are intended to prevent.

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

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(Late Randolph Meech)



## A Landswoman Reader at the Royal Show, Darlington, June 30.

WHAT a lovely morning dawned for the Royal Show after the rain on the opening day.

I was up in good time that morning, and after taking a hearty breakfast at 6.30 a.m. I set off for a five-mile cycle ride to Thirsk Station, arriving there in good time, and found plenty of farmers, etc., all bound for the Show.

At 7.45 a.m. a special train steamed in, and what a rush to get a seat, with stops at each station, where many people were left on the platform for a later train, as the carriages were already packed. Arriving at Darlington at 9 a.m. I followed the crowd, and passing through the town (which is a clean one) I arrived at the Show-ground.

My first mission was to buy a catalogue and plan of the ground. Being a Fordson tractor driver, I went first to see the machinery and implements. What a din there was with the tractors running and oil-engines working! I spent about two hours among the machinery. I then went to see the Government Union of South Africa Exhibition (the fruits looked very tempting as I was so hot). Next came the Board of Agriculture tent, which was crowded. The land workers' outfits were well worth seeing, and the farmers seemed to be very interested in them. Very various were the remarks passed about the Land Army; one farmer said: "My lass was a good 'un. She would tackle anything, she would." Little did they think that a Land Girl was standing near! Our dear mag. was there, too. By then I was feeling hungry, and my employer had very kindly made arrangements for me to have some refreshments at Thorley's Food Stand. I looked about and found the place, and going in found the gentleman in charge, who said: "I am proud to meet one of the land workers." I then set about in the Land Army style to satisfy the inner man. Thanking him for his kindness and promising to go back for tea, I made my way to the cattle. What a fine lot they were. The place was packed, and oh, it was so hot! I went to see the Welsh cows, and to hear the dear old Welsh tongue made me think I was in Wales.

The goats were next to be visited, and there was a woman tending them; there were fine young ones among them. Sheep came next, and I saw some from a farm where I went to do some tractor ploughing in 1918 in Hampshire.

The pigs were lazy and would not get up, not even when the farmers were prodding them! It was amusing to hear the remarks passed about all the stock there.

I then made my way to the horse ring, and was in time to see the heavy horses parading.

By that time the Duke of York had arrived in the Royal Box, and after seeing the four-in-hand parade I made my way to the dairy produce, and thought how nice the butter and cheese looked.

Leaving there I passed to the cider and perry stand, and then on to the honey; and from there to the forestry exhibition. By that time it was tea-time, so once again I went to rest, for I was beginning to feel fired. After a good tea I went back again to see the milking competition, and I saw several Land Girls among them. Then I strolled back again among the tractors, and stayed there until I had to leave for the station.

## An Apple-Storing Hint.

DESCRIBING his methods of storing apples an American grower says:—"It may interest many to know that when picking apples we take clean flour and sugar barrels, each holding about 2½ bushels, into the orchard and place the apples in them as they are picked. No lining of any sort is used in the barrels, but each apple is inspected to see that it is perfectly sound, and care is taken not to bruise it. When the barrel is full it is placed in a moist cellar with a soil floor, where the temperature does not fall below 35 degs., and the apples keep perfectly, retaining their flavour and firmness. Having tried both methods extensively, that of laying them out singly and piling the fruits thickly together, I have no hesitation in saying I consider the latter method much the better."

## Feeding Problems.

OF the many problems which continually confront the poultry keeper—whether he be the smallest "backyarder" or the expert poultry rearer—that of feeding is the most difficult. There are so many poultry foods from which one can choose, and each one claims such wonderful qualities that the poultry keeper will be wise to choose warily. It is a good policy to buy foods which have an established reputation for good results. In this category Uveco Poultry Food deserves a foremost place. It is one of the largest—if not the largest—selling brands on the market, and on the authority of many thousands of experts it thoroughly deserves the high reputation it enjoys.

The main points which have brought Uveco Poultry Food this success are the following:—

It is pure, sound grain, cleaned and cooked by a special process which makes it very digestible. It is flaked for bulkiness, and is adaptable for both chicks and adult birds. It may also be given either as a dry or a soft food. Uveco saves time, through the simple method of its preparation. It saves worry on account of the excellent results it produces, and, above all, it saves money because it is a practical food at a reasonable price.

## Historical Village Pageant.

Thanks to the kindness of Colonel and Mrs. Tinker, a delightful and successful garden fête, organised by the New Milton Women's Institute, was on Wednesday held in the beautiful grounds of Chewton Glen House. The weather was perfect, and permitted a long and interesting programme, which included a historical pageant, to be carried through with complete success. In addition to lending their charming grounds, Colonel and Mrs. Tinker took the most generous interest in the fête, and as host and hostess were ideal.

## LATE ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Sale, 1 pair Land Army Boots, quite new, size 7, 58.; also pair of leather leggings, brown, buttons, 38.; also corduroy Land Army Breeches, medium size, quite new, 78.—Apply Miss Long, 8, Villiers Road, Southsea.

Lady wanted to share with another the work of an up-to-date poultry farm.—For full particulars write Box C., Editorial Office.

Dairymaid for small dairy and to help in kitchen, also Housemaid, to live in. Mother and daughter or two friends. —State wages required to Estate Office, Sydenham Lew Down, Devon.





DEAR GIRLS,—I think you really are the nicest readers any editor was ever blessed with, for your letters this month have been full of a sympathetic interest in our move—the new house—and particularly in that broody Wyandotte hen! I am sorry to disappoint you, but she deserted her eggs as soon as she arrived at Orpington. Perhaps it was the change of air, or do you think she may have been nervous in case they did not turn out such perfect specimens in the chicken line as those natives of Orpington who live on Mr. Cook's beautiful farm? Anyway, the day after we arrived I found a nest of cold eggs, and discovered Clucky wandering round the estate hunting for worms!

We have a donkey who might have been the model for Ruth Anden's sketches—it is so exactly like her Cornishman. For five years, while the Priory has been unoccupied, Jenny has been grazing and doing nothing, till she seemed almost to have become part of the meadow, so unkempt, and dull, and blowsy she looked; but grooming, mowing the lawn, carrying a small girl all round the meadows, and, most important of all, a daily feed of crushed oats, have combined to make her the prettiest and most self-respecting and, incidentally, the most talkative donkey I have ever come across. Her "haw" is the loudest, just as her "hee" is quite the squeakiest I know—exactly like a saw when it meets a knot in the wood! That mammoth egg has been too much for the old duck, for she hasn't laid since, but we are very disappointed with the ducks' behaviour altogether. We were all looking forward to witnessing their joy at finding themselves on a two-acre lake after putting up all their previous lives with a pond the size of a pocket handkerchief. We anticipated great fun hunting with the boat for the eggs which they would lay on the islands. But they don't like it. Four times during the last few weeks have they been carried bodily over the meadows down to the water, and the next morning always finds them back in the front drive, where they greet in chorus every visitor at the gates!

Miss Robinson's delightful little article on a Land Girl's Joys reminds me of Rupert Brooke's wonderful list of those things he has loved. I should like to quote the whole poem, but here are a few of them:—"The cool kindliness of sheets, that soon smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss of blankets; the benison of hot water; sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring; wet roofs beneath the lamplight; white plates and cups, clean-gleaming, ringed with blue lines; washen stones gay for an hour; the strong crust of friendly bread; brown horse-chestnuts, glossy new; and new peeled sticks," etc.

It is a shame to mutilate his verses in this way, but so many things were common to both that it was difficult to find anything that Miss Robinson had left out! We are tasting so many of these joys in our new home. Every day discovers something

fresh of delight. I don't think I ever realized before the wonderful sweetness of the scent of the limes in bloom. We have an avenue of them, and it was really difficult to tell which of the two was the sweeter—the limes or the honeysuckle which tumbles madly all over the porch.

Before I give some of your letters may I plead once more for the immediate payment of your subscriptions? Some of you were splendid and paid long before July 1; hundreds and hundreds have come in since, but there are still thousands unpaid. If you want your LANDSWOMAN to arrive in September will you send along that postal order this next week, and if not let us have a post card to say so?

\* \* \*

"I so enjoy THE LANDSWOMAN each month, and I am a member of the N.A.L., but am unfortunately cut off from gardening, practically all the year I expect. In March I had a complicated dislocation of my knee and two broken toes; I have been laid up ever since.

"I have had reason to 'Thank God for a Garden,' as I have been spending the month of June in the heart of the country, carried down in the mornings and lying out in a beautiful garden until I was carried up to bed. Alone with Nature it teaches one many things. I loved every inch of that garden, and June seems the month when Nature attains its fullest glory in brilliance of colour, busiest of bird and insect life, and richness of song. After the sleep of winter, the renewed youth of spring, then the triumphant joy of the full attainment of summer. The birds were wonderful in this garden, they seemed to know I could not move, and came up to my couch. I counted twenty-two different kinds, including a pair of Siskins and Mealy Redpoles, which are rare in this district.

\* \* \*

"I went to the Bath and West of England Show and the Reading Show. One of my sows got 'very highly commended' at Reading. I am so pleased."

\* \* \*

"Although not an ex-Land Girl, I look forward to reading every article in the magazine, and should have felt very sorry if any part of it had had to be omitted."

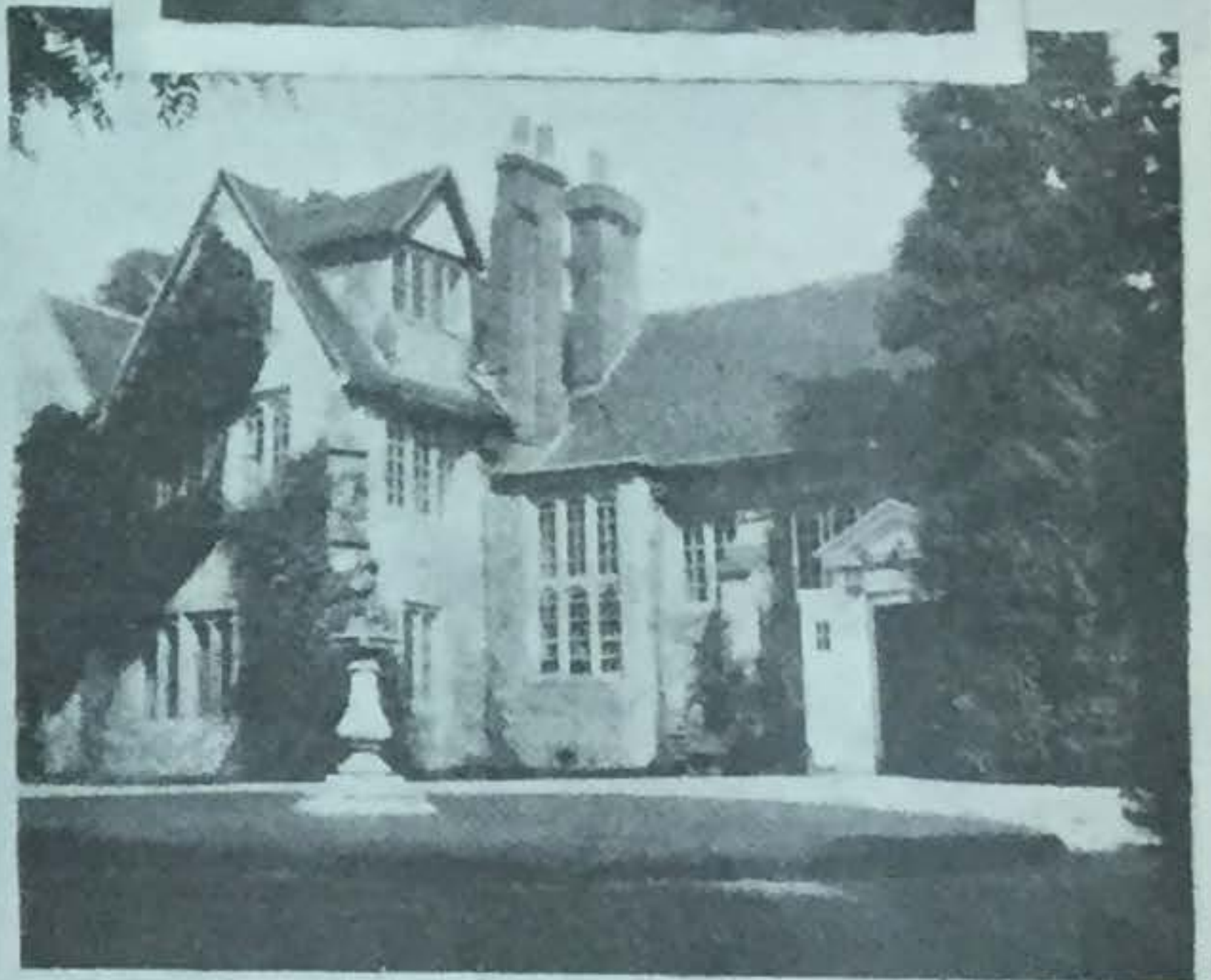
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"On June 18 I visited the Crystal Palace for the first time, and when looking through the programme I noticed 'Women's Section,' and so worried my friend who I was with till I found the place. The first thing that caught my eye was the dear old land uniform. A thrill went right through me, and I felt as if I must shout out and say, 'That's the stuff,' but had to pull myself together and remember where I was."

\* \* \*

"I am sending a snapshot which I took with a No. 1 Brownie of one of our carters with his three







horses. I expect it is rather poor compared with most of those you get, and am afraid the glass was rather dirty when I printed it; hence the scratches. The little church, or rather chapel (dedicated to St. Bartholomew), which you can see above the clothes line is supposed to be one of the six smallest in England; it used to seat sixty, but, alas! worms have got into the chairs, and forty is nearer the mark now. The usual congregation is from eight to ten, rising perhaps to twenty-five on harvest festival. One other rather interesting thing about twenty-five years ago, the church was in ruins, one half being a carpenter's shop and the other a fowl-house, and the goose used to sit under the altar, which is a stone one!"

\* \* \*

"The magazine seems to gain in beauty each month. The garden illustrations are a dream."

\* \* \*

"It is a splendid paper. Long may it live to rejoice our hearts."

\* \* \*

"I am very glad we are to still have our monthly treat. It is three years this week since I joined the Land Army, and I must say they have been three happy years."

\* \* \*

"If there are any girls who find they are unable to pay the increased subscription, will you please let us know in your letter on the Club Page, and I feel sure many of us will be delighted to pay it for them in order that they should not miss the pleasure every month of getting a copy of THE LANDSWOMAN."

## "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.

"We are both greatly relieved and have stopped having dreadful heat-waves now that our magazine is still to be the same to us."

\* \* \*

"I do not know if you answer individual questions, but you are always so kind and ready to help any members of the N.A.L. that I thought I would ask your help. I have the charge of a small dairy, and have been asked by the owners to make Devonshire cream. I cannot seem to get it just right, so would be most grateful if you would send me the correct method. I and my friend, who is working with me, both so much enjoy our own 'mag.' and are so glad you have decided to raise the subscription and not curtail the contents."

A recipe straight from Devonshire was duly sent.

\* \* \*

"I am so glad it is still going on, as we both enjoy it so much. I find the articles on gardening and poultry most useful, and Mr. Powell-Owen has been more than kind in helping me and answering many queries."

\* \* \*

### Sewing Club.

The paper patterns are still very popular, and, as most of you will be drawing extra harvest money this month, and as Christmas is always nearer than we think when it comes to buying presents, and as there is so little time for sewing, it seems to me that it would be a good idea to be thinking out our Christmas presents now, and laying out some of that overtime money in materials. As so many of you have small nieces and baby friends I think patterns of a complete outfit for a tiny girl may be acceptable, so I have chosen that for one of this month's patterns. The set includes a little yoke frock, petticoats, flannel and white, and other small underclothes. You need not make them all, but there will be a chance for embroidering, smocking, fine feather stitching, tucking, and that always nice soft work, buttonholing the scalloped edge of flannel. I have also looked out a good pyjama pattern, so that those of you who prefer these to nighties for winter wear can get the material and start away, and then you will be ready for the first cold nights.

One of our readers writes to tell me that she has made for herself a most attractive jumper of cretonne or printed linen. She took the magyar nightie as a pattern, and the material she chose was one with a design of big flowers and birds, etc. She finished it with a girdle of plaited wool, and it is a great success and much admired by all her friends.

### Shopping Club.

Hats—both panama and felt—underclothes, cameras, materials for skirts, breeches, jumpers, and raincoats have all been dealt with this month—we hope to the satisfaction of our readers. I am very interested in the growing popularity of the Exchange Column. When we started it nearly a year ago I thought it was going to be very useful to our readers, but it is only during the last six months that it has become a means of sale and exchange recognized by all of you. Lately letters come in within a few days of the publication of each issue full of satisfaction and gratitude for this means of selling things you don't want to some reader who does. I was glad to get a letter, too, the other day from a reader who said: "I always read every one of the advertisements because they are so use-



ful," because although I know quite well that most of you read the magazine from cover to cover it is gratifying to hear occasionally from you that the advertisements, which we choose for you with such care, are really appreciated. And remember, too, that the advertisers' opinion of the value of THE LANDSWOMAN depends entirely on what use you make of the advertisements. So don't forget when you are writing for information, samples, prices, etc., to say that you are a LANDSWOMAN reader, it helps the magazine and ensures prompt attention to your queries.

### Competition.

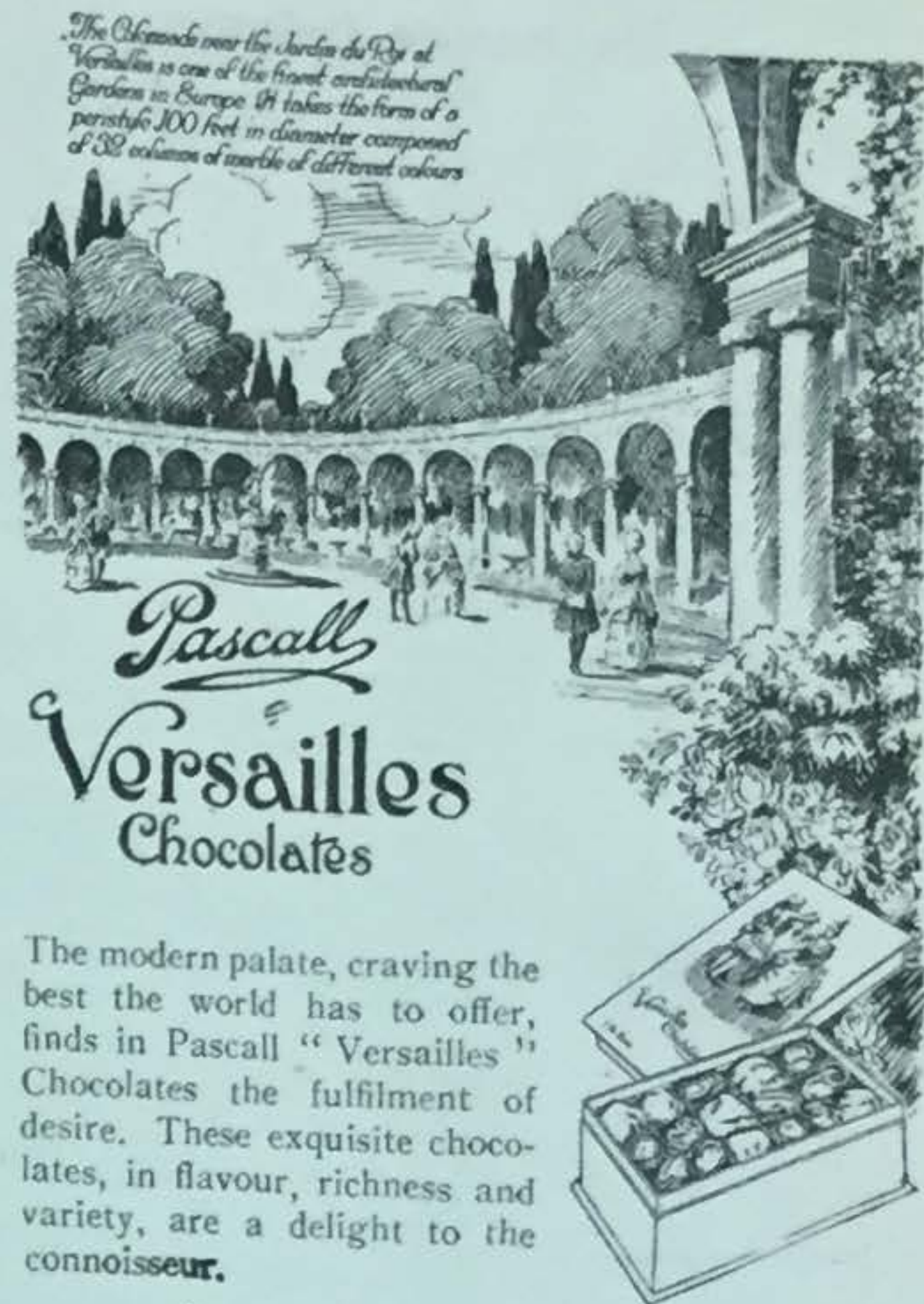
A reader of THE LANDSWOMAN has offered a prize for the best essay on Folk Lore, and she says in her letter to me, "the more fantastic the better." So will you set to work, and as you are so busy just now with the harvest we will allow you till September 8. Essays must be sent to the editorial office before that date marked "Competition." Prizes will also be given for the best illustration of any one of the Land Girl's Joys enumerated in Miss Robinson's article on the first page.

### The Priory.

I hope you won't be disappointed with the Priory now that at last you see the promised photograph. It really is a most restful place, and the garden before the rest of the world is awake has that wonderful peaceful Sunday morning feeling which Walt Whitman wanted when he wrote the line quoted by Miss More this month: "Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers, where I can walk undisturbed." Here on any morning the flowers are silently worshipping God by their beauty and to be in tune with it all you are just compelled to worship too. Do you know that passage of Ruskin's in "A Crown of Wild Olive," where he tries to explain that the house of God is not confined to the church but may be found anywhere and everywhere? I think it will appeal to some of you, so I will quote it in full. He is talking to an audience in the North of England, and among other things he says:—

"You have all got into the habit of calling the church 'the house of God.' I have seen, over the doors of many churches, the legend actually carved: 'This is the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' Now note where that legend comes from, and of what place it was first spoken. A boy leaves his father's house to go on a long journey on foot, to visit his uncle: he has to cross a wild hill desert, just as if one of your own boys had to cross the wolds of Westmorland, to visit an uncle at Carlisle. The second or third day your boy finds himself somewhere between Hawes and Brough, in the midst of the moors, at sunset. It is stony ground, and boggy; he cannot go one foot farther that night. Down he lies, to sleep, on Whernside, where best he may, gathering a few of the stones together to put under his head. So wild the place is, he cannot get anything but stones. And there, lying under the broad night, he has a dream; and he sees a ladder set up on earth, and the top of it reaches to heaven, and the angels of God are ascending and descending upon it. And when he wakes out of his sleep, he says: 'How dreadful is this place; surely this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.' This PLACE, observe; not this church, not this city; not this stone, even, which he puts up for a memorial—the piece of flint on

*The Colonnade over the Jardin du Roi at Versailles is one of the finest architectural Gardens in Europe. It takes the form of a peristyle 100 feet in diameter composed of 32 columns of marble of different colours.*



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which his head had lain. But this place; this windy slope of Whernside; this moorland hollow, torrent-bitten, snow-blighted; this any place where God lets down the ladder. And how are you to know where that will be? Or how are you to determine where it may be, but by being ready for it always? . . . Now you feel as I say this to you—I know you feel—as if I were trying to take away the honour of your churches. Not so; I am trying to prove to you the honour of your houses and your hills; I am trying to show you—not that the church is not sacred—but that the whole earth is."

And Francis Thompson tells the town dwellers that this letting down of the ladder may come to us just as much in the crowded city. Some of you will remember his lines:—

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)  
Cry; and upon thy so sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder,  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,  
Cry—clinging Heaven by the hems;  
And lo, Christ walking on the water  
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

Your sincere friend,  
THE EDITOR.

Jean Cooter, c/o Mrs. Elliott, RR1 Goderich Huron Road, Ontario, Canada, is lonely, and would like letters from England.



## Exchange Column.

1 Blue and White washing Costume, lined, £1; also Black Serge Costume in good condition, £1; length of skirt 38in.—E. M. W., Culver House, Chudleigh, Devon.

For Sale, 1 pair khaki drill Breeches, hard'y worn, 7s. 6d. 1 Jersey, medium size, new, 12s. 6d.—Apply Robinson, 12, Charles Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Ex-L.A.A.S. going abroad wishes to sell khaki serge overcoat, lined, £1 15s.; camel-hair overcoat, very warm, £1; boots (7) new, black, £1; canvas leggings, new, 3s.; nigger velour coat and skirt, medium size, very little worn, cost 10 guineas in January, accept £5; strawberry paisley silk Liberty jumper, nearly new, 25s.; 2A Browne, canvas case and printing frame, 12s. 6d.; daylight developing tank for films 3½in. wide or under, thermometer and directions, 17s. 6d.; Ingersoll watch, Crown model, luminous, 12s. 6d. Approval for postage.—M. G. B., Crowell Farm, Pulbore, Sussex.

Wanted, 2 White Smocks, medium size; also pair of high Field Service Boots, brown, size large four's; all in good condition; state price.—M. L. Miller, 75, Milverton Road, Winchester.

1 pair new Black Boots (size 6's); 1 pair new brown Leather Leggings, large; 1 new Smock, large; 1 pair new Clogs, size 6; 1 pair new Cord Breeches, large; 1 pair second-hand Black Canvas Leggings (large); 1 second-hand Smock, large.—A. Essex, High Street, Minchinhampton, Glos.

For Sale, 1 pair Bedford Cord Breeches, new, small size, 8s. 6d.; 1 pair new Canvas Leggings, brown, medium size, 4s. 6d.; 1 pair canvas leggings, in good condition, 2s.—Apply L. M., Whitehill House, Crayford, Kent.

3 L.A. Smocks, medium size, not worn much, 10s.; 2 pairs Cotton Breeches for sale, never worn. What offers? 1 pair Canvas Leggings, 6s.—S. Henderson, White Hall Farm, Sandon, Royston, Herts.

Has anyone for sale 1 pair of Brown Land Army Boots, size 6?—S., White Hall Farm, Sandon, Royston, Herts.



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For Sale, one pair size 5 Black Land Army Boots, slightly worn, 9s; or exchange for similar pair, size 4. (No toe-cap).—L. K. M., c/o Mrs. Eykyn, Gayton House, Gayton, nr. Blisworth, Northants.

For Sale, good Buck Rabbit, Belgian-Flemish, age about 12 months. What offers?—Apply D. Jones, The Cottage, Withycombe, nr. Exmouth, Devon.

### Posts—Vacant and Wanted.

Wanted, post as Working Pupil on Fruit Farm or Market Garden by lady (26). Would work hard for small salary. Near Sheffield if possible.—K. H., 91, Forest Lane, E.15.

Ex-Land Girl requires post on small Dairy Farm, good milker and stock worker; 2 years' experience. Midland Counties preferred.—L. M. Richardson, 47, Moor Street, Burton-on-Trent.

Wanted by Ex-L.A.A.S., post either in Forestry (planting or nursery work, not felling), or to live with family, assist with garden, poultry, pigs, etc.—Apply H. L., Hafod fawr Uchaf, Festinog.

Wanted by W. Kent, Hon. Sec.—ex-L.A.A.S., to share work of house with another; good wages; uniform worn if liked. Poultry and garden work if desired.—Apply Harrietsham Rectory, Maidstone.

Land Girl wanted immediately, able to milk, feed calves.—State experience, references, and wages, Anderson, The Side Farm, Patterdale, nr. Penrith, Cumberland.

Wanted, a strong, reliable Land Girl, either for cows, or to work a pair of horses; live in.—Apply, stating wages, etc., to W. J. Stacey, Peb'ey Grove, Barlbrough, nr. Chesterfield.

Educated Girl requires post as Dairymaid. 3 years' experience milking, butter making, poultry, care of stock.—Apply Robinson, 12, Charles Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

### NOTICE

The Price of "The Landswoman" is 7d. post free. Orders may be sent to the Editorial Office, Priory Lodge, Orpington, Kent.