

THE LANDSWOMAN

The Journal of the Land Girl and Every Country Woman

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



The Smock. An old countryman
at Westerham Horse Show, 1920.

[Sport and General—
[“Daily Sketch.”]]

October.

Aftermaths of pleasant
green

Bind the earth in emer-
ald bands;

Pouring golden in be-
tween,

Tides of harvest flood
the lands.

Let the wain roll home
with laughter,

The piper pipe,

And let the girls come
dancing after,

For once again the
earth is ripe.

JOHN DAVIDSON.
(Ballads and Songs. John Lane).

Folk Lore.

FOLK Lore is, as it were, a mosaic—scattered fragments of curious beliefs, old customs, and narratives, handed down by tradition from generation to generation—priceless relics of an unrecorded past. They are unrecognized in history, and not supported by the prevailing religion or established law. To some they may appear little better than the drivellings of antiquated crones, but in all may be found touches of loving nature, humour, and the poetical element. In studying the various branches, we never know how, in the veriest trifle, we may hit upon the key to some serious historical problem. It is often the only possible means of penetrating to the prehistoric past of nations. Here, in Great Britain, we form an amalgam of several distinct races, and each has contributed something to the common stock of folk lore, the significance of which is recognized by the eminent antiquary, Wright, who says from them we trace "the early formation of nations, their identity or analogy; their changes, as well as the inner texture of the national character, more deeply than in any other circumstance, even in language itself."

Man's earliest attempted explanation of the natural phenomena surrounding and affecting him, generally constitutes the mythology of such a tribe; in folk lore this superstition is represented in the first place by the belief that mountains, rivers, etc., are the abode of spirits, and demand victims. In the present-day emblematical sacrifice in Kingsteignton, Devon, we see the survival of an ancient Pagan custom. There, on Whit Monday, a lamb is decorated, and led round the village, demanding money. It is killed and roasted on Tuesday, and its meat sold in slices. At a remote period this village suffered from dearth of water; after sacrificing a lamb, water sprang up at Rydon.

All over England there are various kinds of Harvest offerings; we give a Cornish example. When the last field of wheat is cut, the oldest man goes round and collects a bundle of the finest ears, which is called "the neck." He holds it up, and the rest stand in a circle, and take off their hats three times; then one of the young men gets the "neck," and runs to the farm house, where the dairymaid stands with a pail of water. If he succeeds in getting into the house he may lawfully claim a kiss from her, but otherwise he is soured with the contents of the bucket.

The early worship of trees and plants leaves us with many superstitious beliefs. In Chinese, Hindu, Persian, and Arabian classics, trees take a conspicuous place; also in Assyrian and Babylonian sculpture. In India, among the aboriginal tribes, we find belief in, and sacrifice to, tree deities. General worship of both Celts and Teutons had its seat in the forest. The creaking of furniture, to-day, is an omen of ill-luck.

In every part of the globe it is shown that animal worship has been prevalent; transmigration of souls into animals forms the basis of Brahmin philosophy; it has been also a European belief. In our own land there are many stories of witches turning into wolves, hares, and black dogs; hence it is unlucky for either to cross our path. In Devon, transformed witches roam the moors at night in the shape of black dogs; two of them once entered an inn and drank cider; when the landlord shot a silver button

over their heads they instantly became two old hags. On the great granite rock of Tyr on the River Plym, the Wild Huntsman is said to be seen with his fire-breathing witchhounds, hunting human souls, one is passing when his horn is heard at night over the moors.

We have many birds and animals of ill or good luck; we take one instance in a folk rhyme of the magpie:

"One for sorrow; two for mirth;
Three for a wedding; four for a birth."

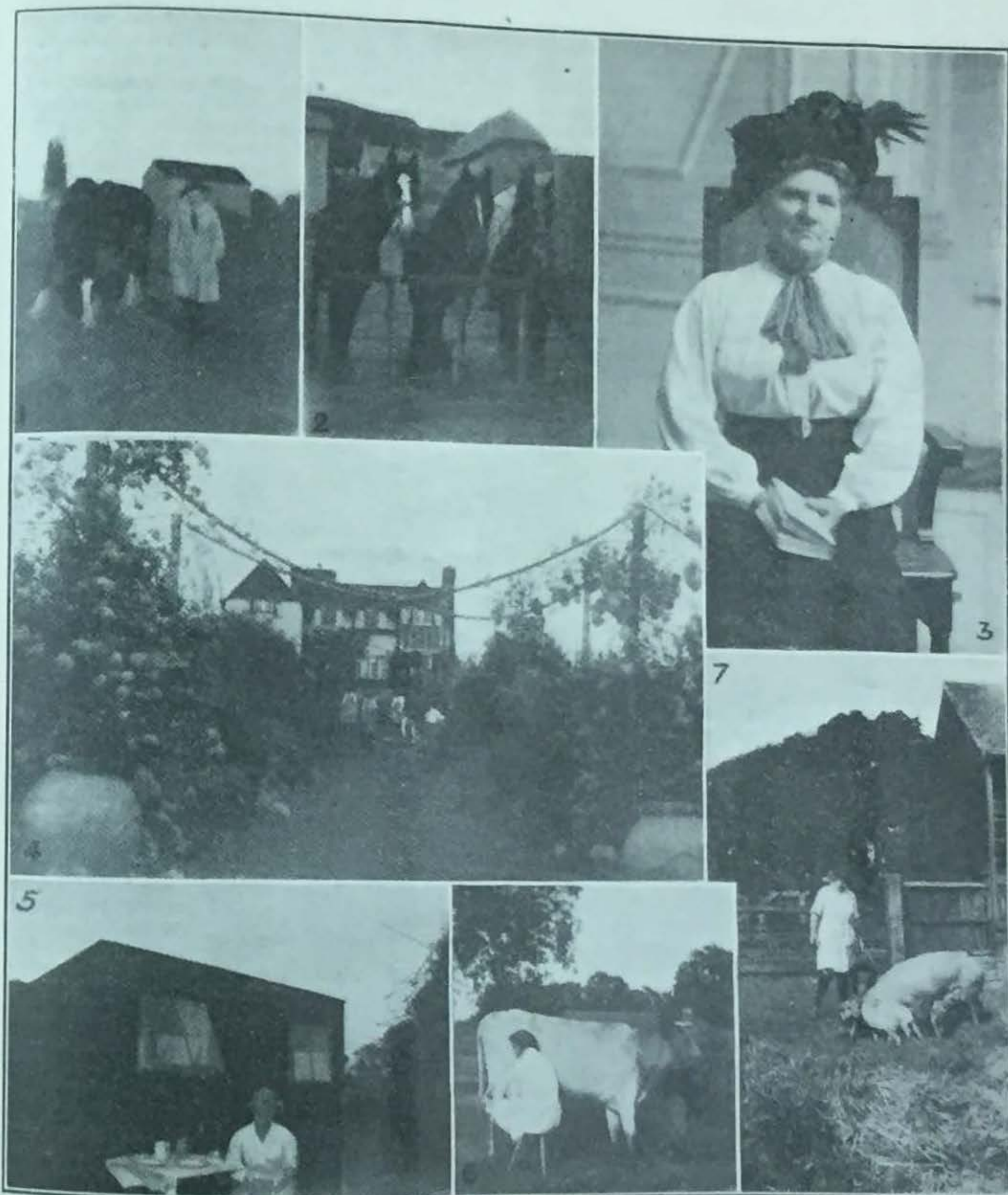
There are numerous fantastic folk tales in connection with death and the future life, while many beliefs form a system of religious philosophy, uniting in one unbroken line the savage fetish-worshipper and the civilized Christian. In Brittany, Ankou, the God of Death drives a wain with a creaking axle at night; it halts at a door, the spirit passes, and the Ankou moves on. We have the same idea in Yorkshire and Devonshire only there the coachman is headless. In Gloucestershire the windows are thrown open at the moment of death to let the soul pass to the sky. The Esquimaux believe the Northern Lights to be the spirits of the dead dancing about the Polar Circle, guarding treasure which the present generation are too wicked to possess. There are legends in Yorkshire that the stars are human souls; but those of unbaptized children become will-o'-the-wisps. Falling stars are the souls coming down from above to new-born babies. The Ancients thought that the rainbow was a bridge by which souls passed from earth to an abode above the clouds, and the Milky Way was the road of souls. It is unlucky at the present day to point at either. In connection with nature there are many weather proverbs; perhaps one of the commonest is: "Rain before seven, fine before eleven." Much of popular wisdom is preserved in these old proverbs, rhymes, and riddles.

Folk lore contains manifold old customs; the Church has retained many traditional observances in connection with various festivals, and special local customs supply their ancient history to us to-day, such as the Godiva procession at Coventry. We get a more fantastic folk tale from the Lake of Inchiquin, which is said to have been a populous city, sunk under the lake for the wickedness of its king. Once in every seven years, at midnight, he emerges on a white charger, and rides round the circuit of the lake. When the silver hoofs of his steed are worn out, the curse will be removed, and the city appear in all its splendour.

We still have several ancient symbolical acts at marriage. The throwing of rice or confetti as the bridal pair leave the church is an emblem of long life and plenty. The Romans threw nuts, which betokened abundance; and the Celts specially hazel nuts, which are their symbol of life. The casting of an old shoe signified the surrender of authority by the father to the husband. A harsher way in Germany was for the husband to tread hard on the bride's new shoe, to show her he was to be the master. In the Psalms occurs the expression "Over Edom have I cast out my shoe"—Jehovah extending His authority over Edom. The custom of firing guns is a relic of times when brides were carried

(Continued on Page 239.)

Some of Our Readers at Home and Abroad.



(1) Jean Cooter in Canada. (2) My three pals. (3) A reader of the "Landswoman" still a land worker at 70. (4) Miss Elsa More and some of her students at Glynde. (5) D. Newman and her hut. (6) Milking Lilac. (7) A happy family.

Garden Talks.

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

OCTOBER.

FALLEN leaves everywhere and bedraggled flowers warn us that the beauty and charm of our gardens is slowly disappearing and vegetation gradually entering into its long period of rest; and yet the words so often spoken, one must die to be beautiful, are true surely of the world of Nature. Autumn is to me far and away my favourite time of year. I love it. These thoughts from Walt Whitman:—

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

Give me the juicy autumnal fruit ripe and red from the orchard."

Or as William Herbert Carruth says:—

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky,
The ripe, red tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden rod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

The fall of the leaves—how amazing that is, not one single leaf falling before its time, before its work is done, that work of providing nourishment and a thick winter coat for the little new spring leaf which is there all the time at the point where the old leaf breaks as it falls; how hard it has worked all summer long, breathing in the carbon from the air and converting it into food, not so much for itself but for the building of this new leaf bud which is to take its place when Springtime comes. Then

the fallen leaves, nothing ever wasted; these as they decay become richer than ever in plant foods, especially the leaves of the beech and the oak. These should all be carefully swept up every day and put into a heap, there allowed to rot, and bye-and-bye to form leaf mould, which is one of the most essential ingredients in the mixing of soils for the greenhouse and garden work. The flowers dedicated to this month are:—

Sunflower.—*Pride.*

Marigold.—*Grief.*

Sweet Pea.—*Departure.*

Michaelmas Daisy.—*Farewell.*

In October we begin again to build up a fresh foundation for the coming year. A few odd tasks have first to be cleared away, and then we start once more to prepare for our next year's crops. We take a portion of Mother Earth under our influence, and by the exercise of our own personal handiwork we can double its productiveness. Do, I beg of you who are gardeners, realize that the success of our next year's crops—in fact, the success of our whole garden—depends upon the sort of foundation we are preparing now.

Now for the more serious work in the October garden:—

VEGETABLES.

BEET AND CARROTS may be lifted and stored for winter use. Have a care when lifting beetroot; do it with a fork, don't put the fork too near the beet, an injury will cause bleeding; always wring off the tops of the beetroot with a twist of your hand, *never cut them off.*

Go through your carrots carefully, do not store any eaten or unsound ones.

CELERY.—Keep earthing up when necessary. Keep an eye open for the maggot, and continue to dust with soot.

LEEKs may have a final dressing.

LETTUCES.—Plant in frames for winter if not already done, also on a sheltered border where they can be protected from frost.

SPROUTS.—Keep dead leaves off Brussels sprouts and all winter greens. Go round your patches regularly once a week.

(Continued on page 232.)



Cutting a field of oats in Arran.

["Farm and Home."]

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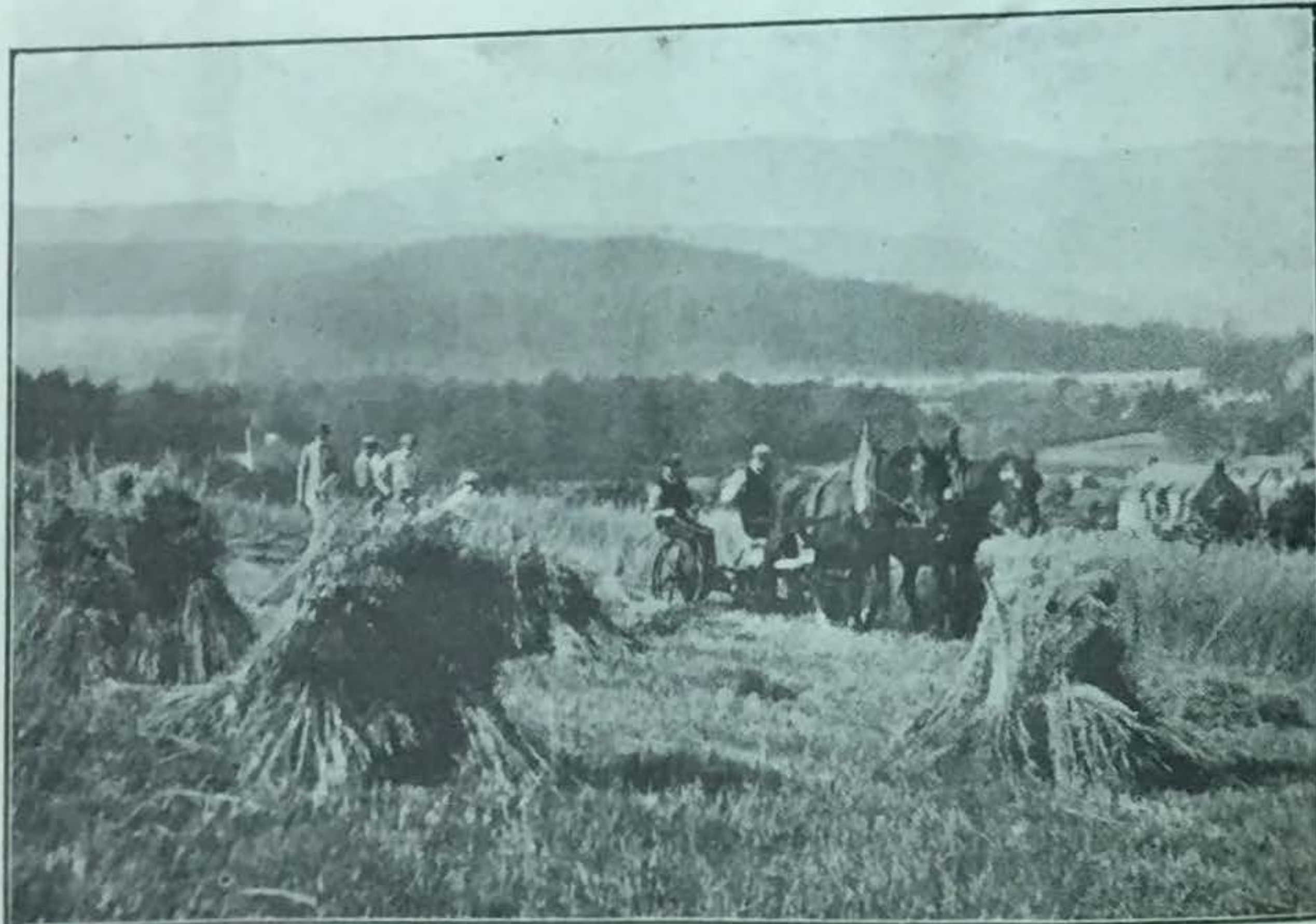
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(Continued on page 232.)



Cutting a field of oats in Arran.

["Farm and Home."]

Poultry Notes.

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

OCTOBER sees the commencement of the winter-egg season, when egg-production brings in the greatest returns.

Elusive Winter Eggs.—The reason why prices will always remain high during these months is that the winter egg is elusive. And it will continue to be so while poultry-keepers persist in hatching out their pullets late year after year and while management of the layers is not on the soundest lines. There are far too many poultry-keepers who still follow the farmer's methods, believing that you have but to throw down a handful of grain for each bird per diem and then to collect the eggs. I have never met a person who secured plenty of winter eggs by lazy-bed methods; but I have known thousands to fail by such methods. This climate of ours is all against winter-egg production, and for the latter time pullets of the right quality. These must be placed in winter quarters to my schedule, and then you must feed and tend them wisely.

Cheap Feeding Inadvisable.—I would like to advise all my readers not to be misled by those who recommend cheap feeding. To get eggs in plenty you must feed for them—both wisely and well. Food given to laying stock has (1) to maintain them, (2) to help them fight the elements, (3) to repair tissue, feather, etc., (4) to keep the blood in order and in circulation, (5) to remedy deterioration due to egg-laying, and (6) to make eggs. You will see therefore that what Nature places last we endeavour to put first on the list. All I can say therefore is, that if you need eggs in plenty you must feed for them. The idea is general that potatoes and middlings make a good laying mash, and not a few honestly believe that boiled banana skins, lemon peel, and a dash of bran will do.

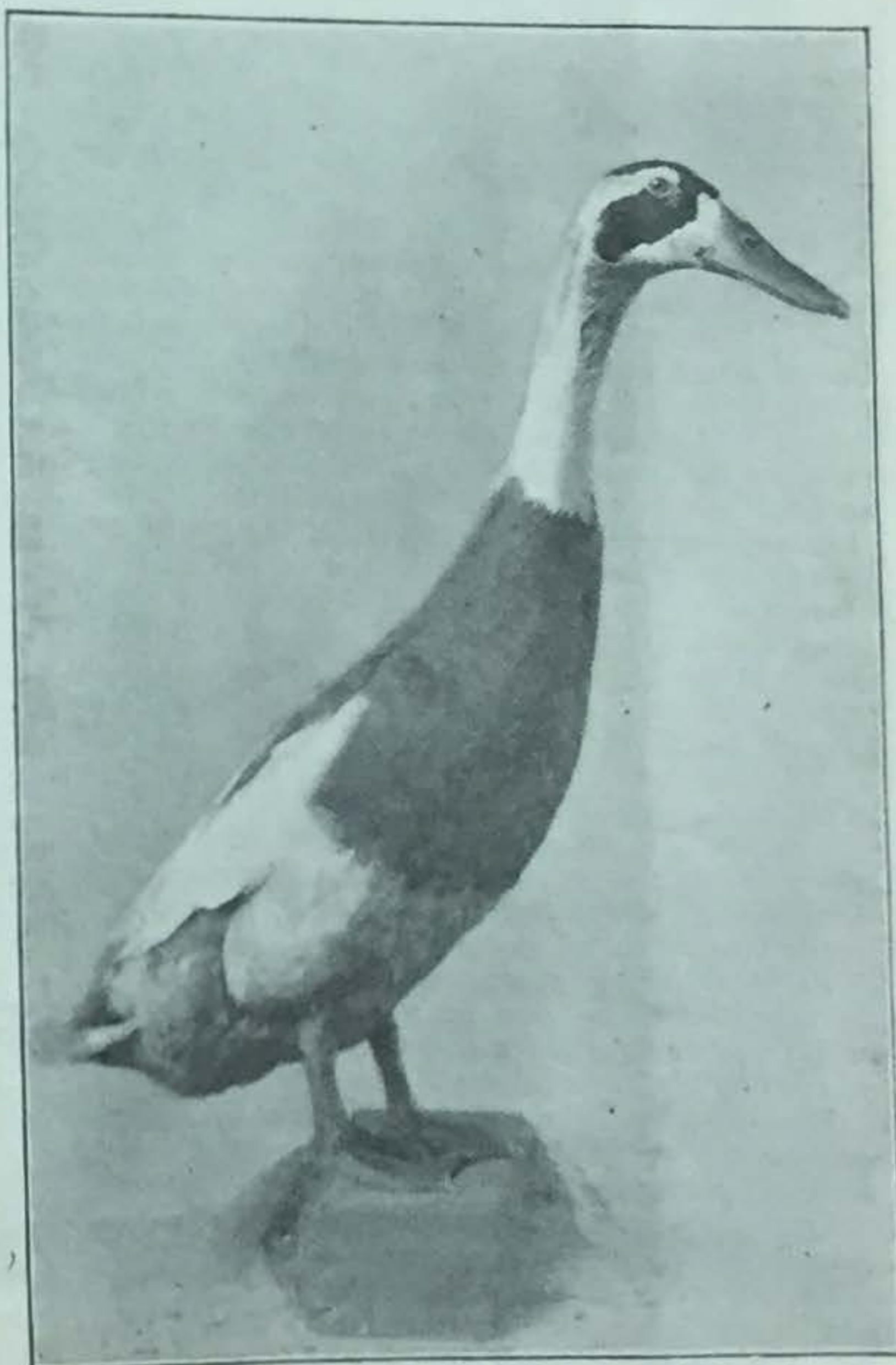
Planning the Mash.—It is all a question of aim. Some poultry-keepers are content with one egg weekly per bird on cheap feeding, whereas my aim is as high as four eggs weekly per bird on good feeding. Getting my four eggs I can set one aside for feeding, another for labour, and still have a balance to put into the "profit" basket. The first essential ingredient of a mash is a "basis," and there must be some body or feeding value in it. Bear in mind that bran and middlings (or sharps) are but fill-up ingredients and you will understand my wish to have a good "basis" as a stand-by. Meals suitable for use as foundation ingredients are expensive, and that is why they are not used as much as they should be. I consider Sussex ground oats as an ideal basis of mash, and as a change biscuit-meal. It is not expensive to use either in the long run.

Value of Foodstuffs.—Egg-production calls for a wholesome mash—one that the fowls can enjoy and from which they can extract sufficient nourishment to repair frameworks and organs, to maintain the birds and to

make the eggs they lay. Withhold the essential ingredients by producing a mash which merely maintains the layers but goes no further and you fail to persuade the birds to deliver the eggs. You need sound-quality ingredients also, so that from a minimum amount you can extract maximum value. In other words, you do not want to use low-grade or indigestible ingredients. The Sussex ground oats should be a fine meal and not full of oat-husks, and in consequence indigestible.

Palatability Counts.—Mashes must be so planned and variety so carefully adopted in feeding methods that the layers can enjoy all meals provided. To get the most eggs from the layers the latter must heartily enjoy their food, a vital point all poultry-keepers should bear in mind. To my readers I say, "Keep the layers feeding well, and make them enjoy all food given to the full. Sameness of feeding will do much to make the layers lose their appetites, and variety is the keynote to successful feed-

(Continued on Page 234.)



A Fine Indian Runner Duck.

["Farm and Home."]

Euston Prattler.

EUSTON PRATTLER was a pedigree Red Pol bull.

Of his adventures at Euston, the village of his youth, we knew nothing: but his haughty eye gave us to understand that he was used to better surroundings than those we had provided for him.

This we took in good part. It was impossible not to feel that he had done us a great honour in taking up his residence on our farm.

A small card attached to the door of his stall testified to his excellent parentage. It also added, for the benefit of the sceptical, the number of gallons of milk his admirable mother had produced in one year.

Prattler thought the notice most convincing: the most scatter-brained female who ever crossed his yard in thin shoes could not fail to be impressed.

Pain, however, thought differently: he was an ambitious man.

"Nothing is too good for that bull, he declared enthusiastically; and went out to buy, borrow, or steal the red badge of honour which Prattler was fated never to win. And when we went to see the bull led the next morning, the first prize ribbon was fluttering complacently on his door, fully six weeks before the show!

Prattler looked upon his daily toilet as only right and fitting. Surely it was only his due that two strong men should work for an hour to increase his personal attractions.

No matter that Pain was mopping his heated brow, or that the water was slowly soaking through Brown's strong boots: Prattler's coat was as softest satin, and the finest head of hair in the village could not compare with his well-brushed tail.

The show grew nearer and nearer: and as the number of days of waiting grew shorter Prattler's toilet grew more prolonged. Pain was not content with merely washing his hoofs until they looked like polished ivory; he began to file them into the required shape and smartness. And he was so long over the brushing and curling of his charge's tail that Prattler, moving uneasily from side to side, came to the conclusion that there is a limit to the time spent on a gentleman's toilet, and that Pain was exceeding that limit.

Pain also took Prattler for a walk every evening. This was a very dignified affair.

Pain, in a clean white coat, screwed the end of the pole into the copper ring in Prattler's nose, and invited him to step through the yard, out into the sandy lane which led to the village.

Prattler graciously accepted his invitation, for it is poor fun to be shut in a dark stall all day; and he often longed for the sun, even at the risk of spoiling his beautiful coat.

Having strutted through the village and duly impressed the visitors, Prattler, with great dignity, returned and retired for the night.

This was repeated every evening, for several weeks before the show.

The great day arrived at last, when Prattler, with one or two other inferior species of his race, was put into the cattle truck which was to take them to the great show.

The first night at the show was spent by Prattler in great discomfort. Not even the soothingly

familiar voice of Pain could make up for his cramped quarters, and for the piercing bellows of his rivals, so near at hand.

When the fateful day at last dawned, Prattler was tired and unhappy, and quite unprepared to meet the gaze of the admiring public who were fast filling the grounds. Exhausted by his restless night, and the very lengthy toilet of which he had been the victim that morning, the bull was led into the ring in no very pleasant frame of mind. However, it was balm to his shattered nerves that he was without hesitation placed at the head of the line. His drooping spirits began to revive. He cast his haughty eye pityingly on the bulls behind him, and tossed his head proudly, so that the sun might gleam more brightly on his copper ring.

Then the summons came for him to be led into the centre of the ring, so that the judges might look at him from every angle. He stood there proudly, his head held high: he knew that he had nothing to fear from their scrutiny. But the judges seemed undecided, and conferred together in low tones for so long that Prattler grew impatient.

The men did not know their business if they could have any doubts as to his superiority over those other bulls. He shifted his feet uneasily, and disclosing his one defect, decided his fate.

Fuming inwardly, but outwardly as proud as ever, Prattler took his place third in the line.

It was altogether Pain's fault, he reflected, that he should have that little kink in his otherwise perfect back. Pain could not have exerted himself sufficiently; Pain had most certainly failed in his duty.

The next day Prattler returned home, without the pomp and glory that his admirers had planned for him.

The red ribbon was taken down and the inferior one pinned in its place.

For the first time Prattler was glad of the enveloping darkness of his stall.

He had failed, and he felt he could never hold up his head again.

The cows, coming in for milking, sent him a friendly greeting, but no answering call came from behind the closed doors. Staring him in the face was the name of his illustrious father: his mother's "gallons" seemed more than they had ever been before.

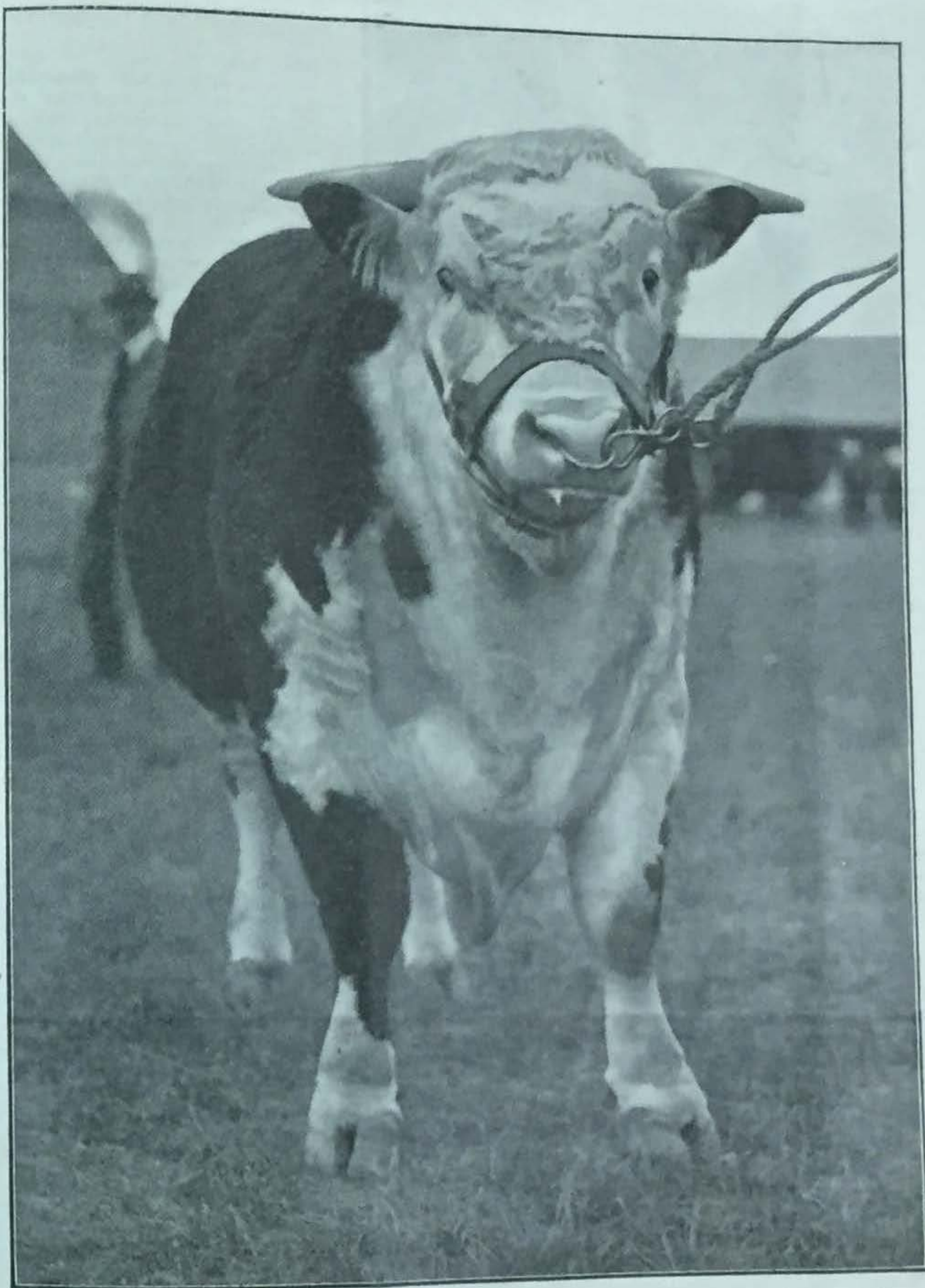
With a groan Prattler turned his face to the wall.

Let any task be undertaken as a thing not possible to be evaded, and it will soon come to be performed with alacrity and cheerfulness. The habit of application becomes easy in time, like any other habit.

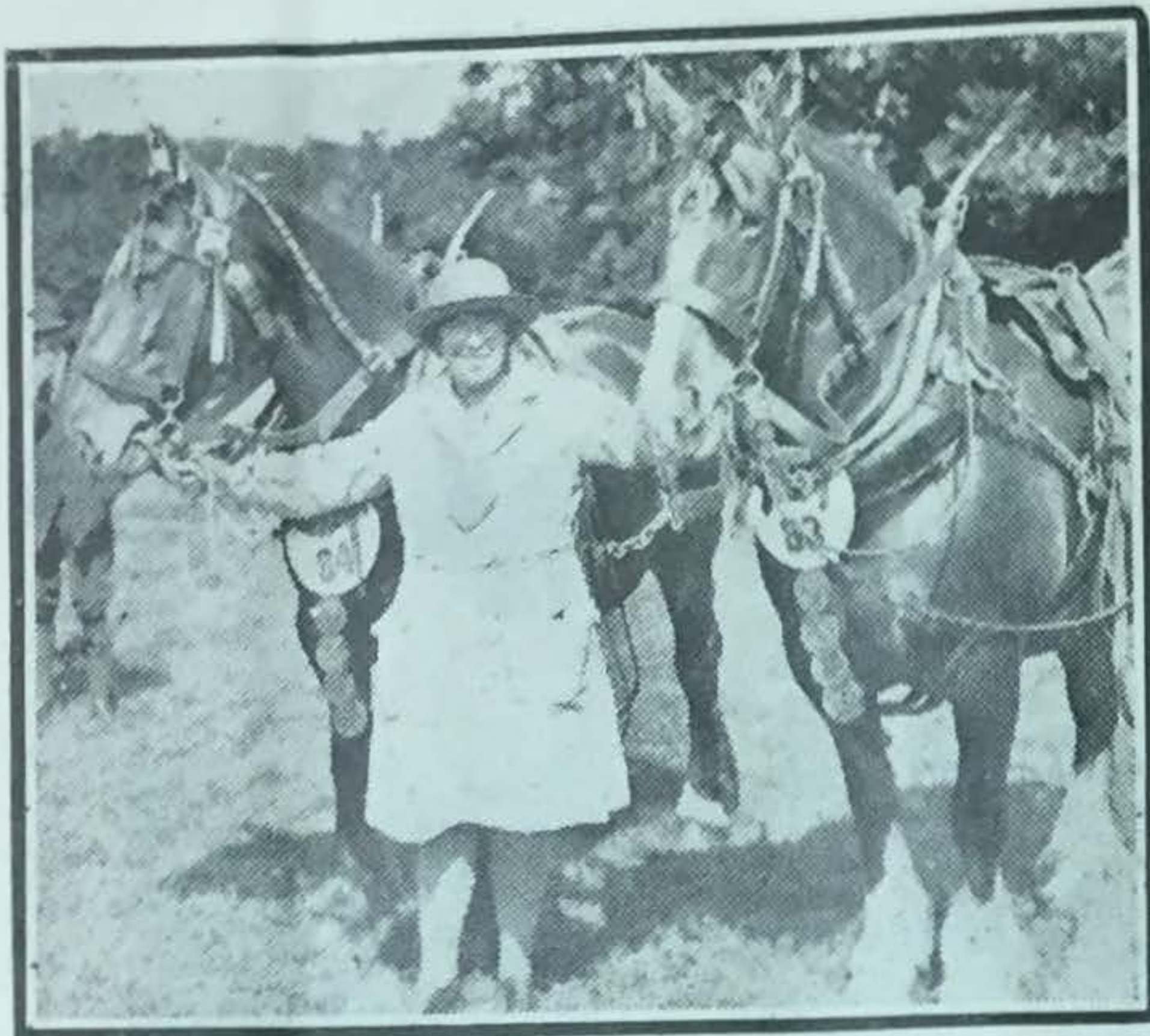
It is not accident, then, that helps a man in the world so much as purpose and persistent industry.—SMILES.

In every work that he began . . . he did it with all his heart and prospered.—ii. CHRONICLES xxxi. 21.

Impossible is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools.—NAPOLEON.



["Farm and Home."]



It took Miss Gelliard seven hours to bring her horses to the show ground, and then she won nothing—but still smiled.

["Daily Sketch."]

A Land Girl's Advice to Beginners.

HELLO, you there, you new recruits! and welcome to the farms.
Put on your strongest hob-nailed boots, and bare those snowy arms.
They have to struggle, fight and work, who venture to begin,
The joy of it comes afterwards—to those of us who win!

You may feel nervous of the stock, but don't give way to funk,
Uphold the honour of your smock, and show your British spunk.
And if the milking-ache amounts to something more than pain,
Well, make belief it doesn't hurt—it's useless to complain.

Remember that the working men have muscles made of steel,
They cannot always realise, then, exactly how you feel.
But when you first come on the farm, I'll tell you what to do,
Make friends with all the older hands, and they will see you through.

The farmer's wife's a busy soul, the farmers often bluff,
The lads are cheeky on the whole, the older men are rough.
But warmer hearts and truer friends are hard indeed to find,
So if they try you now and then, I pray you never mind!

Don't rush at work, you bantam-cock! as terriers rush a rat,

You'll only fag yourself—or crock—and what's the good of that?
A fussy, hustling, useless girl the farmers cannot bide,
Be punctual, pleasant, keen to learn, and don't show any side.

Don't brag, or swear, or ape the man, as some have done before,
But play the woman all you can—just that and nothing more.
Don't shirk the disagreeable jobs which are the cowman's share,
But think wherever suff'ring is, the woman's place is there.

Be punctual on a Winter's dawn, despite the frost and snow,
As when a joyous Summer morn sets all the fields aglow.
Be brave to face the bitter wind, the rain and snow and sleet,
And brave to carry on your work in shadeless summer heat.

Don't scorn your work, however mean, or dirty, hard, and dull,
But tell yourself "I might have been a sewage man in Hull."
Be smart, but don't be dandified; above all, never "lace,"
And don't go sticking chemist's stuff in plasters on your face.

And put the stock before your ease—your friends of fold and stall—
For they are of "the least of these," and you their all in all.
But don't you think your blooming self a heroine or saint,
Altho' you've seen your duty through, because, my girl, you ain't!

P. P.



Tethered Cows in Denmark.

["Agricultural Gazette."]

Something that Begins with "T."

By Kay Cleaver Strahan.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

Oh, but I did have fun in the city! Enjoying every bit of it from the "canned goods" to the nice young man; from the library to Lotta; from the department stores to the dentist; from my tiled bath at the hotel to the pleasant, smutty-faced Italian who sold me prunes. All of it, every bit, did I enjoy, but most of all I enjoyed the fact that I did not have to live there. And I am quite sure that no one felt sorry for me because, first thing I knew, I was feeling sorry for everyone with a large impudent sense of superiority which may not have been at all pretty but which was very comfortable to carry about, especially when one's clothes were dowdy.

If anyone had told me (I think I caught that expression from Lotta, but it does very well right here), if anyone had told me last Wednesday morning, as I was walking to the station, that I should be forced to stay in the city three whole days and a piece of another one, I am sure I should have sat me down by the roadside and howled. But no one did tell me, so I enjoyed my train ride, thinking how much I should enjoy my train ride home next day.

And at the hotel where I always go I engaged a more expensive room than I had a right to afford for more than one night. That was nice, because I had the room, you see, and since the extra stay was forced upon me I didn't have to feel extravagant, I could feel "put upon."

I never stay with Lotta and married brother when I go to the city. I don't approve of visiting. They don't approve of me.

It was the dentist who decided that I should have to stay over. Always, when I go to the city I go to see the dentist. I tell myself that I go because of my teeth. Myself tells me that I go because his offices are on the twentieth floor. There is truth in the teeth, and truth in the twentieth floor, and all of my family would call it "an even break." But I do delight in looking out of those high-up windows down at the scurrying ant folks below. I know of nothing that can make one feel so lazily, languidly unimportant as looking out of twentieth-storey windows. I regard those windows as a spree. I would not allow myself to look out of them every day, if I could. My dentist hasn't any chin, and he roaches his hair and uses perfumed soap, but just the same I am sure that he must be a very strong-minded person to be able to indulge in those windows each day and remain a proper professional man instead of turning into a hobo.

After I had left the dentist's I was still under the influence of my spree—a "hold over" is, I believe, the proper term—I felt that I needed a mental Bromo Seltzer, so I climbed on a street car and rode out into the suburbs to see Lotta.

Life, for Lotta, is chuck full of tremendously important things, though I think the lenses in her eyeglasses are made from the same material that they use in the making of microscopes. She can't see very far with them, in fact she can't see much further than the tip of her nose with them, so it isn't any wonder at all that the things which do

come close enough for her to see should loom very large. But, after all, who am I to be slurring Lotta for a microscopic vision? All of my world is bounded by the Bone and filled with perch-edifice and Pat and me. I suppose my quarrel with Lotta amounts to the fact that the things which come under her microscope are not the same things which come under mine. If she chooses to say that the view from perch-edifice is like a postal card when I think it is like Paradise, why, truly, she knows more of postal cards than I can know of Paradise.

Lotta greeted me with a big warm kiss and said I was so clever at fixing over hats,—that was a fixed over hat, wasn't it?—and I should shorten my skirt, they were wearing them very short and full this year, and for me to come right out into the kitchen—gas stove—nicest young man—asbestos finished—looked just like new—right next door.

At least that was how it seemed to me. I was dull about it. It took me some several minutes to get the asbestos finish, and the gas stove, and the nice young man who lived next door separated and then get them all together again. Straightened out it goes like this:

Next door there lived a nice young man whose business in life was selling an asbestos finish for gas stoves which made gas stoves look exactly like new. He had given Lotta a fruit jar full of the regenerating liquid. She had just finished applying it to her gas stove. She showed me the gas stove, right then, and challenged me to say that it did not look like new. I couldn't. It did.

That evening she showed me the nice young man and challenged me to say that he was not nice. I couldn't. He was. Very nice. There was not a thing about him, from his dark tan hair to his light tan shoes, which wasn't nice and which didn't look like new.

We played Five Hundred, conscientiously, carefully and politely for two hours. Then we played the phonograph, politely, carefully and conscientiously, laughing at Harry Lauder, looking sorrowful over "I Hear You Calling Me" and "The Rosary," for another hour.

During the evening the nice young man asked me whether I had read Harold Bell Wright's latest novel, and when I said that I had not he apologized for me very nicely and said that it must be hard to get books out in the country. He went on to say, though not in the least arrogantly, that he, himself, read all the good books that came out.

"Good?" I questioned meekly.

"Oh, yes, indeed," he said.

During the evening the nice young man asked me whether I preferred Mary Pickford or Marguerite Clark, and when I said that I loved each of them, he answered: "Yet people should have preferences, don't you think?"

"Only," said I, "why?"

"Now I don't know—" said married brother.

"Well, anyhow, we won't argue about it," said Lotta.

During the evening the nice young man asked me what I did out in the country. They all, always, right straight through the button list, rich man,

poor man, beggar man and the rest of them, ask me what I do out in the country.

"Play, mostly," I answered.

And when he discovered that I did not mean I played a musical instrument: "But of course you are joking about that," he apologized for me again, nicely.

"And work—"

"There must be a lot of work to do," approvingly.

"There might be," I replied, "if we did it, but we don't." He looked as if he were composing another apology, so I went on, quickly, "And read—"

"Then," said the nice young man, eagerly, "you do read? And what, may I ask, is your favourite book?"

I remembered his opinions concerning preferences, and I wanted to be agreeable, so: "Well," I answered, with a degree of honesty at least, "it is sort of an even break between 'Walden,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' and the Bible. Not counting Browning's poems as a book. One can't lump poems so."

"I have never read—" began the nice young man, and then, hastily, "that is—the Bible of course, Sunday School. My people are Presbyterians—"

"Oh, don't," interrupted Lotta, "don't let's get talking about books and religions and things."

That night back at the hotel I wrote to Pat:

"Dear: I'll have to stay over until Saturday on account of the dentist. But don't worry about me. I am having a regular heck of a time. People are lots of fun. Yours, Phyl."

Friday his answer came:

"Dear Phyl: I'm sorry about the dentist. I am glad you are having a heck of a time. So am I, so don't worry about me either. Mr. Miser has two new black pigs. They are lots of fun. Yours, Pat."

CHAPTER EIGHT.

Now that I am home again in perch-edifice with Pat and the big trees and a full larder and an utterly contented ego, it does seem silly to waste time telling of my city adventures. Down there they seemed vividly interesting; up here the very trees turn up their twigs at them and quote, as did Mrs. Hawksbee, "'Ha-ow pahltry!'"

About everything except my departure from the city they have done that; but when I described my departure to them I listened hard and away up in their tip-tops I was positive I heard snickers, whisper and rather solemn, but sure enough snickers. So I have decided that if it was silly enough for the trees to snicker about it must be silly enough to record.

The morning was blowsey and blowey, and I arrived at the station blowsed and blown, my arms full of bundles and my mind full of just one thing, the delight of getting back to the Bone. So when the nice young man suddenly confronted me, trig and neat and all in brown, tapering a bit at each end, the only thought my silly mind could think was how very much he did resemble a brand new cigar.

He raised his hat elaborately and darted off to return in an instant with a largish loosely wrapped parcel in his hand: "I brought this for you," he said, and I fancied that he winked, very slightly. Then, before I had time to express surprise or gratitude or any of the proper emotions, he pulled the loose wrappings apart and showed me what he had brought, for me. It was a large brown bottle, labelled:

"OLD DOWN HOME BRAND
PURE
WHISKY"

My first feeling (of course my sense of humour deserted me entirely) was one of pure shock. I doubted my senses. The nice young man! Next I found myself being priggishly, formally offended.

"Thank you," I managed icily, "but of course I can't accept—such a thing, not possibly."

"But," he stammered, still proffering the bottle, "I—I—thought you'd like it."

I was furious. Like it! What right had that offensive person to go about thinking that I liked "Old Down Home Brand, Pure Whisky?"

"You have been mistaken," I said, "I don't like it."

"But," he persisted, "have you ever tried this kind?"

Away down deep in me, somewhere, my sense of humour began to struggle weakly, but I repressed it. "This," I said to it, "is not a joke. Insult. Odious. Other men who want to be pleasant to other girls bring candy and flowers, things of that sort. But he— He must be tough." I looked especially to see. He didn't look tough. He still looked nice and as good as new, but fearfully embarrassed and unhappy and uncertain. I felt a little sorry for him. Maybe he just did not know any better. Maybe his people,—though it did seem scarcely tenable, suitable,—besides being Presbyterians had been in the liquor business. Perhaps he had been associated with it since childhood, giving it away as presents. Maybe he meant to be kind.

"You see," I explained, "I—don't drink."

"Don't drink!" he echoed with an astonishment that was the epitome of insult.

I turned and started to walk towards the train. He followed me. I turned again. "Really—" I began.

His face was fairly knotted with perplexity. "It ain't meant to drink!" he said. "Stove polish! Or, more rightly, a neat, durable, sanitary, asbestos finish."

The train was beginning to move. I snatched the bottle from his hands: "Oh," I gasped, "I—I thought. I mean I do thank you. But— You see— Lotta's was in a fruit jar. I thought—fruit jars—" I called my last words to him from the platform.

"She furnished the fruit jar," he called back, pettishly, grievously; "the ladies *always* furnish the jars. I didn't have a jar. I didn't—"

I found my seat in the car and began to laugh. Perhaps in all the world there is a more embarrassing sensation than that one feels when one is laughing quite alone and in public; but I don't know what it is. I tried to stop laughing. I could not. The more I sought to repress my giggles the more loudly they snickered out and burst, explosively. The large lady, sitting next to me, gave me not the slightest reason to suppose that my giggles and I were anything but wholly obnoxious to her. At last she could stand it no longer:

"You seem," she said, "to be very much amused."

"I am," I answered. It did feel like a fearfully obvious reply, but I couldn't think of another.

"You seem to be," she repeated, emphasizing the "seem," unnecessarily.

"Oh, but I *am*," I insisted.

(Continued on page 235.)



Cutting and Tying Turnip Seed.

[Sport & General.—"Farm Life,"

Folk Lore in Our Village.

Second Prize Essay. I

OUR village is a little nest of grey, tumble-down cottages, clustered round a sturdy old Norman church—of gay patches of garden—dilapidated inns—quaint persons, quaint ways, and quaint things. In our village the Spirit of the Past still rests undisturbed, though the enemy, Change, hovers on the outskirts and every now and then threatens an invasion.

It has such dear, silly old notions—this Spirit. The queerest of them emanate from the almshouses—little hovels bordering the churchyard which would horrify a sanitary inspector, but rejoice the heart of an artist—with their crumbling walls almost leaning over the grass-grown graves, and with tall white lilies standing sentinel at the doorways, like guardians of the dead.

In these little sanctuaries you may learn the cure for all ills. Corns on the feet must be treated with ivy leaves gathered from the tombstones by moon-

light, and steeped in vinegar. For a weak spine or aching back, snails are collected, boiled, and the liquid used as a lotion. There are many other such remedies, equally strange and terrifying, and all are affirmed to be infallible. Perhaps, with the perfect faith of the old Spirit, they are so.

Dear to the heart of our village are the festival days, which, each in due season, are observed with many a rite and ceremony. The first of May is a day to be remembered. Very early, before the dawn, the Spirit is abroad—making merry with the cuckoo, and the flowers, and the children—for it is on this day that she annually renews her youth. The village is roused from slumber by the sound of voices singing the May song—a chant peculiar to the district, handed down by word of mouth through many generations. Clad in white, and garlanded and laden with flowers, the children go from door to door singing the monotonous old ditty, with its incongruous words:—

"This begins the merry month of May, the spring-time of the year,
And now we've come unto your house to taste
of your strong beer.
And if you have got no strong beer, we'll be
content with small,
We'll take the goodwill of your house and return
God thanks for all.
We have been travelling this long night, and
part of this long day,
And now we come unto your house to bring you
a branch of may.
A branch of may we have brought you, and at
your door doth stand,
It's well budded out and it's well spread about
by the works of our Lord's hand.

* * * * *

Our song is done, we must be gone, no longer
can we stay.

God bless you all, both great and small, and we
wish you a happy May."

Later in the day the Morris dancers gather, with
jingling bells round ankle and knee. Then hey and
away goes the Spirit—footing it merrily,
until the moon comes up and gives the
warning that—

"Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man happy, healthy, and
wise."

But the May-day festivities fade into
insignificance as compared with those
that take place at the end of December.
With the old Spirit, Christmas is
Christmas—no small matter to be passed
over with a single day of feasting, but
a season lasting over many days. A
week before Christmas Day the mum-
mers begin their round—for they have
many miles of country to traverse before
they have paid every house a visit.
There is something mysterious and
awe-inspiring in this visit of the mum-
mers. They come, some dark night
when you are not expecting them, and
with a muffled knock at the back door
make their presence known. The kit-
chen must then be made ready—tables
and chairs pushed back, and the family
gathered round the walls. Then the
play commences. The story is involved,
and not very clear either to the beholders
or the performers themselves, for the
annals have become slightly confused
as the years have passed by. The main
points, however, are faithfully adhered
to. One by one the characters are
introduced, and rush into the kitchen
from the outer darkness, brilliantly and
fearsomely apparessed. There is a soldier,
and a sailor, and a duel—with much
flash of sword play. One of the com-
batants is mortally wounded, and
brought to life again by the doctor. All
this in the twinkling of an eye. Then,
somehow or other, Father Christmas,
with red cloak, beard, Christmas tree,
cotton-wool snow and all, makes his
appearance in the mêlée and becomes the
centre of attraction. Finally come
songs—innumerable songs, with hearty
choruses—until the hoarseness of the

party brings the entertainment to a close, and the
performers are regaled with mince pies, and a drink
of "something to keep the cold out."

So, with the advent of the mummers, we realize
that Christmas has really come round again once
more, and we hasten along our preparations. After
all, Christmas only comes once a year . . .

It is strange that at all seasons religious worship
and revelry are inextricably mingled. On Ascension
Day it is the custom for a fair to make its appear-
ance and take up its stand round the village pump—
a real Old English fair, with hurdy-gurdys, round-
abouts, and ginger-bread stalls. The reason for
celebrating the holy day in this fashion no one can
tell you. It is buried far back in the obscurity of
the Past, and the old Spirit has long ago lost the
clue to the puzzle.

So Time jogs on—touching us very lightly and
gently, with only such disturbing elements as occa-
sionally filter through from the outer world. For our
village is a forgotten chapter in the book of England,
which, alas, will one day be looked up, revised, up-
rooted—and spoilt.

MARJORIE WOOLNETH.



The Modern "Pigman."

["Agricultural Gazette."]



King Goat and his Valet.

[Alfieri.—"Daily Sketch."]

Useful Facts About Goats.

The Art of Selling.

By J. T. BIRD.

WHERE goats are bred it means that from time to time there will be a surplus stock to dispose of, otherwise overcrowding would result. The established goat-keeper knows how to market to the best advantage, but the more or less inexperienced individual will find a hint or two useful.

Catch the Market at its Best.

Although goats can be disposed of at any season certain classes of goats sell better at some seasons than others, so that when thinking of selling endeavour should be made to catch the market at its best. Unweaned kids sell best at from May to August inclusive, or, in other words, whilst there is plenty of milk about. Weaned kids, which term includes animals up to a year old, also sell well during such season and during April as well. Goatlings, which are animals between one and two years old, sell well in the spring, and when a mating age has been reached also sell well during September and October.

Goats in Full Milk.

Goats in full milk are in good demand at any season, but the keenest demand is, naturally, in the winter, when milk is at its scarcest. Because

of this it is advisable, when it can be managed, to contrive that a nanny intended for sale in the future be timed to kid in the winter, and the earlier in the winter the better. The demand for common males is so poor that it is not worth catering for, and, if reared at all, the best plan with such animals is to castrate whilst quite young and fatten, sooner or later, for killing. Or such animals, in limited number, may be reared and trained for draught purposes, the best season for the selling of draught goats being in the summer. Females should never be utilized as draught animals.

Procuring "Sale Condition."

When a goat is intended for sale it should be got into fit condition by proper attention. It should be well fed and looked after, it should be handled well and properly so as to be quiet and good to manage, and it should be kept clean and comfortable, and well and judiciously groomed every day, so that its coat may be clean and bright and as good an appearance as possible be presented. A good appearance catches the eye of the would-be purchaser, and helps materially in the selling.

["Farm and Home."]

Symptoms of Swarming.

SWARMING is marked by the most remarkable exhibitions of instinct in the life of a colony. We know that by the time the season is far enough advanced for swarming to take place that all the bees from the season before have come to the end of their lives, and although the queen bee may be the same one who went into winter quarters, the course of events is the same even if a young queen of the season's rearing be the hive mother. Here it may be said that with a young queen swarm control is easier in actual practice, the point that we wish to make being that the process of swarming is in no way dependent upon the previous history of the colony. It may never have swarmed before, or it may have swarmed several times the previous season, but still, the preparations are made in exactly the same way, and the swarm issues and behaves as all swarms do, and can be controlled in the same manner.

The Cause of Swarming.

A strong colony of bees built up very rapidly in the spring. From the time when they come out of their winter quarters, until the first flowers begin to yield honey, the bees raise thousands of young ones, the process of which consumes the remainder of the stores of honey laid by during the previous season. When the honey begins to come in in any quantity the bees are beginning to feel rather crowded, and it is this crowded condition that constitutes the most obvious stimulus to swarming. The amount of ventilation possible, depending upon the size of the entrance, is also a factor in the case, but the subject is not thoroughly understood, and



No. 1.—Method of securing an awkwardly situated swarm of bees. [*"Gardening Illustrated."*]



No. 2.—Hiving the swarm.

[*"Gardening Illustrated."*]

bees will swarm, or will refrain from swarming at times in quite an incomprehensible manner.

An Interesting Process.

The actual process is interesting. The bees begin by starting queen-cells at various places in the hive. These cells are the same as those made to supersede a laying queen, but are more numerous, and are built over worker larvæ or eggs. About eight or ten days after the cells have been started a swarm may be expected, and for a few days previous to its emergence the normal activities of the hive are to a large extent suspended. The bees "loaf," as bee-keepers say, and if the weather is at all warm they hang outside in great bunches. The queen quits laying eggs, so that she may be the better able to endure the long flight to her new home, and the bees send out scouts to search out a new place for the swarm to begin their housekeeping. It may be a hollow tree, a cleft in rocks, the chimney of a vacant house, or some such place, but there is no doubt that the scouts identify it, for the swarm always flies straight to its new home. A neighbour of ours last season found a number of bees exploring a drain that was placed to carry the water from a sleeping porch, and sure enough two days later a large swarm arrived and took possession. A near-by bee-keeper smoked them out and hived them before they had made themselves too much at home.

How the Swarm Behaves.

Finally, upon a warm day, usually in the morning, a mass of bees rushes violently out of the hive, and after circling wildly in the air for a time they cluster on the branch of a tree, or a post, or any convenient place. The queen is usually amongst the last to leave, and her presence is necessary before the swarm will continue on its way. If, by any chance, she gets lost, the bees will return to the hive from which they came. This fact is made use

(Continued on page 234.)

Bulbs.

October has been termed the great bulb month. But in these days most gardeners will have potted up their indoor bulbs long ago. Bulbs should be planted outdoors in October, not later, if they are wanted for the early spring. Crocuses, especially, should be planted as early as possible. When planting bulbs on grass plots, edge of lawns, just throw a handful down here and there. They fall then into very natural groups. Make a hole with the dibber under each bulb and fill in first with a little soil, then put the bulb about an inch and a-half to two inches from the surface, not any deeper, cover with a little more soil, just closing the hole.

Have you ever tried growing crocuses in glasses like hyacinths? They do splendidly that way. When choosing glasses those that are of dark colours, or opaque, should be given the preference over clear glasses, as the roots will keep healthy much longer than they do when exposed to full light. Soft water is best for bulbs in glasses. One or two lumps of charcoal should be placed in each receptacle. This helps to keep the water sweet. The base of the bulb need not come in actual contact with the water, but must be close enough only to allow a thin piece of notepaper to be placed between it and the water. When the bulbs are in position the glasses should be put in a dark cupboard. There they may remain until they have made ample root growth. It is not desirable to change the water unless it become objectionable, as the roots may be seriously damaged in the process. If it be imperative to change,

have fresh water and charcoal immediately at hand. Withdraw the roots, turn out the stagnant water, thoroughly rinse the receptacle, and put in the fresh supplies as quickly as possible, being careful to allow no draught on the roots.

Crocus bulbs may also be grown in empty Bovril bottles, and it is a great joy for children to have an array of them in nurseries or schoolrooms. You have no idea how charming they look, the deep yellow crocus coming out of the brown Bovril bottle; they also look lovely in window-boxes mixed with that lovely little blue *Scilla Siberica*. If people only knew how beautiful they could make their homes, especially the children's quarters, just with a little thought and trouble. E. R. M.

The Cow's Ears.

LORD Chaplin is not the only agriculturist who has had to confess ignorance concerning the location of a cow's ears.

Some time ago the problem came before the American House of Representatives during a discussion on a Bill dealing with the teaching of agriculture in rural schools. The measure was receiving what the New York Press called "a hard sledding," from members who posed as agricultural experts, when a Mr. Braschler, the sponsor for the Bill, rose and offered to drop it if any one of its opponents could tell him whether a cow's ears were in front of or behind its horns.

There was no response from the experts, who were so disorganised by the simple query that the measure went through without a division. And Mr. Braschler apparently didn't know, for he never enlightened his fellow members.

(*"Daily Chronicle."*)

Irish Cures.

The following are home cures greatly believed in by the Irish peasantry:—

If a child has the whooping cough, two women take the child to a donkey's stable, a woman standing on each side of the donkey, passing the child to one another under and over the donkey three times. The child then feeds the donkey with oats.

If a child has a sore throat of any description it is taken to the pigs' sty and put in with the pigs for a while, when the sore throat disappears.

Zoo gi'e me the sky,
An' the air an' the zun,
An' a huome in the dell wher the water da run,
An' there let me live an' die.

WILLIAM BARNES.

Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over mellow,
Drops in a silent Autumn night.

TENNYSON.

Their gardens, banked with roses and with lilies—
Those sweet aristocrats of all the flowers—
Where the Springtime mints her gold in daffodillies,
And Autumn coins her marigolds in showers—
And all the hours are toilless as the lilies.

MADISON CAWEIN.

Suppleness & Strength

TAMING the Earth takes it out of the land girl; only when clad with the Liberty Bodice does she realize the strength its hygienic and porous material imparts to her. She knows the comfort of support without restraint, and works with unconscious reliance on its soft clinging fibres.

Liberty Bodice
TRADE MARK

(Knitted Fabric)

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

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



Garden Talks.—(Continued from Page 220.)

FRUIT.

Gathering is the principal task out-of-doors, and just a word about this. Do be careful when gathering apples or pears, but particularly apples—do not pull the fruit off the trees, if you do you are liable to take next year's fruit bud with you, and then what will happen? Lift up the fruit carefully, and if it won't come off easily leave it until next day. Your next year's fruit crop can be ruined by careless gathering. Always have some soft material, hay or woodwool, at the bottom of the trugs you are picking into, and do not overcrowd your trugs, fruit so easily bruises. Store carefully in their kinds, and go through your fruit sheds every day, taking away any unsound fruit at once. Keep your sheds an even temperature, admitting plenty of air, but not damp. Apple growing is one of my chief hobbies, and I know the success of the Ragged fruit has depended entirely upon the faithful adherence to these small but important details, and to the discipline and orderliness maintained in the fruit sheds during the coming season.

GRAPE VINES from which the fruit has been cleared may now have the laterals shortened to half their length. Earlier vines may be hard pruned.

STRAWBERRIES in pots for next year's forcing should be stacked on their sides facing north.

This is the month for grease-banding fruit trees to catch the female codlin-moth which does so much damage. A Ragged we have found, a preparation called *Tanglefoot*, much the best thing, nothing could ever escape its sticky clutches.

FLOWERS.

BEGONIAS should be lifted and dried off, and the tubers stored in sawdust or sand to keep them safe from frosts and mice.

CALCEOLARIAS may still be propagated by cuttings.

CALADIUMS may now gradually go to rest, but a little water should be given.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS may be got into the houses as soon as possible, giving them full air at first. Should mildew appear, dust with flowers of sulphur.

Keep a sharp look-out for earwigs. To hunt by means of a lantern after tea when it is just dark is the only satisfactory way of catching these abominably cruel pests.

DAHLIAS should be lifted when blackened by frost and stored for winter.

GLOXINIAS may be gradually dried off.

BULBS may still be boxed, or potted up and plunged for a week or two in ashes.

PÆONIES may be planted in deep rich soil.

ROSES may be struck from cuttings.

VIOLETS, if not already lifted from outdoors, may be planted in frames, on a compost made up of nice rich soil; pack round the frames *outside* with manure to keep them nice and warm. Keep the lights off for at least two weeks after lifting from outdoors, unless there is a frost, then cover at night and take off during the day.

Top-dress lawns with four ounces of bone meal per square yard and a thin layer of sifted decayed manure. Sweep the surface over once a week to distribute worm casts, and then give a good rolling. Lawn infested with moss should be well raked over to detach the moss; sweep this off, then apply four

Better Wear

TRADE MARK.



LADIES' LAND BOOTS

42/- & 45/-

Made in black and dark tan "Nugo" calf in Derby shape, with unlined leg, of strong yet pliable material which lies softly to the foot. This boot is guaranteed thoroughly watertight and trustworthy for the roughest service. The soles are made double thickness, with the undersole in one piece right along to the heel. Stitched welts give the boot added strength and appearance. For all ladies who are working on the land, or as post-women, railway workers, etc., the boot is invaluable.

In Full Sizes only: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

No. E1212, 42/-, Black.

No. E1211, 45/-, Brown.

Size 8, 1/- more. All post free.

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of Scottish Footwear.

Wm. PATTERSON & SONS
L93, Overgate, DUNDEE

ounces of ground lime per square yard to kill the remaining moss.

Sever carnation layers from the parent plants, and plant singly in three-inch pots. Store in cold frame till March and plant out.

Lift lobelia cardinalis, plant in pots, and store in a cold frame. This plant is liable to rot in winter unless treated as above.

The flower I have chosen for this month is the marigold, being one of the month's chosen flowers. Strange that so bright a flower should mean grief, but this is more or less on account of its origin. The marigold, like other yellow flowers, has an expression of light, "The Bride of the Sun," "The Golden Flower," yet, strangely enough, it has often been chosen to express jealousy. Such quaint names it has been known by; here are a few of them:—Death flower, cow bloom, bull flower, pool flower, care, horse blob, water dragon, drunkard, publican-and-sinner, yolk of egg, Mary bud, shining herb, left-hand-iron, this latter name came from Provence, where it was suggested by the likeness of the open blossoms to a shield. The marigold is useful in homœopathy, both leaves and flowers yielding a tincture in the treatment of cuts and wounds, but the flowers have to be dried very carefully. I believe also that the dead flower heads are often used in France to flavour soup and stews, but I should think the flavour would be rather potent. The Greek name, *Katathos*, or *cup*, from which its botanic name of *Caltha* is derived, may indicate that the Greeks had their own story of its origin, which is this:—A maid, *Caltha*, fell in love with the sun god, so deep in love that she lived only to see him. She would remain out in the fields all night that she might meet the first glance of his flashing eye. So consuming was her love that she wasted away until she had become only a thing of spirit, rising from the earth and losing herself in the rays that shone about the being of her adoration. And where she had long stood the first marigold appeared, its form and colour recalling the sun, and on its petals a drop that might have been dew or a tear of happiness that the maid had at last been gathered into the arms of her beloved.

E. R. M.

Late Advertisements.

I pair brown boots, size 4, worn twice, 25s., and pair brown leather leggings 6s. A pair of black boots, size 4, 22s., can be sent on approval if postage paid.—Perry, Manor House, Burstow, near Horley, Surrey.

Miss M. Dodgson, Sunny Cliff, Morte Hoe, N. Devon, has for sale a few White Leghorn cockerels. These birds are closely related to prize winning birds in Harper Adams and N.U.P.S. Laying Tests of 1917 and 1918. They will make fine birds for any breeding pen. White Angora and Flemish Giant rabbits also for sale. All pure bred stock.

For Sale, new corduroy breeches, medium size, or would exchange for khaki mackintosh, small size.—Y. H., Oseley Farm Dairy, Hatch End, Middlesex.

For Sale, canvas leggings (medium), 5s.; brown leather leggings (second-hand), 3s.; jersey, 8s.; jersey (second-hand), 4s. 6d. Stamped and addressed envelope for a reply.—Apply (Miss) P. Todd, Kettlebaston Rectory, Ipswich, Suffolk.

For Sale, 1 dozen pure-bred R.L. Red Cockerels, hatched March, 1920; 15s. each. 1 pure-bred Blue Bevrans doe rabbit, 8 months old; 10s. including carriage. Also several half-bred blue Bevrans, from 6 weeks old; 2s. 6d. each. No. 0 Brownie Camera, nearly new, cost 17s. 6d., will take 10s. 6d.—D. Leechman, "Woodhouse," Brimpton, Berks.

Ex-L.A.A.S. requires orders for wool crochet work. Brushed wool hats and scarves. Also baby garments. Terms moderate.—Apply F. Glover, 53, Maas Road, Northfield, Birmingham.

Trained Rams Lead Sheep to Slaughter.

"Judas Iscariot of the Stockyards" Is Name Applied to Leaders.

CHICAGO.—If it weren't for "Mike and Jim," you'd have a hard time getting those delicious mutton chops for breakfast. No, "Mike and Jim" aren't human beings. They're just a pair of trained rams that lead sheep to slaughter in Chicago stockyards.

Cattle and hogs at the "yards" have drivers, who emit noises, both threatening and conciliatory— young men who follow the animals to the killing floor and back up their noises with the cracking of long whips.

But not so sheep and lambs. These have no drivers, for they refuse to be driven. But they can be led— by one of their kind—and that's where "Mike and Jim" come in.

Every time a bunch of sheep are to start for shackling pens and killing floor, "Mike and Jim" are trotted out. They meet the herd, bow gracefully, right-around-face and lead their new-made friends over the "bridge of sighs" to the shackling pens.

Out at the sheep killing department they refer to "Mike and Jim" as "pets." That's because they are so well trained. They escort one herd of sheep, then go back for some more. Pets? That's what some people call them. Others say they're the Judas Iscariots of the stockyards.

MOTHERHOOD BENEFITS.

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

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Poultry Notes.—(Continued from Page 221.)

ing, but there must not be constant changes or egg-production will be interfered with and our objective missed. I prefer to ring gentle changes on the foundation ingredients, sometimes using Sussex ground oats, sometimes biscuit-meal in its place, and often equal parts of each to the two.

Adopt Variety in Feeding.—As regards what I consider to be a good winter-egg mash for layers, I may mention the following mixture:—Bran, 2 lb.; middlings, 4 lb.; Sussex ground oats, 6 lb.; boiled mixed greenfood, 2 or 3 lb.; fish-meal, 1½ lb. Such is a mash that will obtain eggs in plenty, and the middlings should be used to dry off the whole. When I need to vary it I withhold the 6 lb. of Sussex ground oats and introduce 6 lb. of biscuit-meal, which will need to be scalded with boiling water. Another pleasing change would be 3 lb. of Sussex ground oats and 3 lb. of biscuit-meal. When you change the ingredients in this way you will be carrying out a gentle and not a total alteration. But do not have a change every day; use the same mash for a minimum period of a week. Therein lies the art of keeping up the appetite, and another important point is so to serve up the mashes that they are a palatable whole—neither stodgy nor sloppy, but a crumbly whole.

Mashes Layers Enjoy.—Many declare that there lies an exact art in preparing the mashes, but it is a simple matter. The main thing is to get the desired consistency, so that when it is ready for feeding it can be squeezed into balls which break readily when held in the air and when the open fingers are pressed gently through the ball. In like manner when each ball of mash is dropped from a reasonable height on to a hard surface it should crumble to pieces. When preparing mash one common failing is to make it too sloppy, a sign that more drying-off meal is needed. Another fault is to make it too dry, pointing to the need for more liquor to be added. This dry state is often the result of imperfect mixing, and one should be careful to see that every particle is properly mixed up.

Mixing the Mashes.—To save labour the poultry-keeper can mix up sufficient quantity of meals in the proportions mentioned to last a week or, say, taking from the general store the amount needed per diem. A large bath makes a capital receptacle in which to mix the wet mashes. Having placed therein the dry meals, be sure and blend them thoroughly with the hands. Next pour in the hot liquor and stir well with a wooden spoon. Push all the dry meals to the left of the bath, and at the right end commence adding moisture and dry off bit by bit until the whole is ready. Spoon up the meals from the bottom or the chances will be that the mash given to the last flock of birds will be rather dry and floury, in a word—unpalatable.

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

Rabbit Keeping.—IV.

LET us now consider the question of breeding. Here, again, each beginner must learn more or less by experience, though a few broad rules may be laid down.

1. Golden rule: Breed by selection. Always

choose for mating those animals which are in prime condition, quick growers, with no blemish, and, above all, with no records of sickness in the past.

2. Never breed from stock younger than eight months old.

3. In the case of pure-breds, choose for breeding those individuals that come nearest up to the recognized standard of perfection, in weight, shape, size, colour, etc.

4. Always approach the doe to the buck, never the buck to the doe.

A good plan is to provide facilities to enable the pair to become accustomed to each other beforehand. A simple way of doing this is to place both hutches facing each other, but not exactly opposite; they must be so placed that only a small portion of the wire-netting front of one is exactly opposite the corresponding part in the other hutch. Their lengths thus overlap, so to speak.

My experience is that it is far more difficult to ascertain whether a doe is in season or not in the case of pure-breds than it is in the case of crosses. In fact, far more time and attention must be given to the former all along the line.

Some breeders, in order to be on the safe side, mate a doe, then have her served again, and even a third time, at intervals of only a few days. Personally I think it a mistake. It is useless if the doe did not miss on the first occasion, and if she did miss, it would surely be better to wait till she is once more in season.

A visit of, roughly, two minutes, or two "falls" is all that is necessary, things being as they should.

The doe will litter down on the 28th or 29th day after service. Clean out and disinfect the whole hutch two days before the family is due. Give her a handful of soft hay (*not* straw) to make a nest with, and keep a liberal supply in her rack. Keep her quiet, well fed and pleased; give her succulent little dainties, special tit-bits, milk, plenty of fresh, clean water.

On the second day after kindling, shut her off from the litter while she is feeding. Examine the nest carefully, parting the down by means of two pliant twigs, and remove corpses, if any.

The less you handle the nest with your fingers, the better for their mamma's nerves.

Allow a pure-bred doe to raise only four or five. Bring up the rest on a foster-mother. A utility doe should be able to raise eight, or even nine.

Directly they are old enough to be judged as to size, sort them out carefully and knock the weaker brethren on the head (failing a foster-mother), as these are never worth their keep, and the whole family will flourish better without them. Wean at the end of seven weeks.

The doe should be mated again when the litter is four weeks old. This will give her a good week's rest alone before her next family comes along.

Mate pure does three times, table rabbits four times, between early spring and late autumn. Give all does several months' rest during the winter.

The stud buck should not be used more than three times a week, and upon alternate days if possible. He should be in prime condition, more lean than plump, clean, well-groomed, healthy and contented. It is most important that he should have plenty of exercise, be kept free from draughts, and be fed with great judgment.

C. G. B. L.

Something that Begins with "T."—(Continued from Page 226.)

"You seem to be."

"I—" I stopped. After all conversations of that sort must end sometime. I looked up at her. She was looking at my lap. I looked at my lap. Completely uncovered, "Old Down Home Brand, Pure Whisky," confronted me and, of course, damned me in the eyes of the large lady.

I had an almost irrepressible desire to remark: "To the pure all things are pure." It would have been so splendidly silly. But I realized instantly that I had been too silly, far too silly, as it was. Now I must be proper and practical.

"Have you a gas stove?" I inquired.

She moved as if to pick up her satchel.

"Because," I went on hurriedly, "this bottle is filled with stove polish or, more rightly, a neat, durable, sanitary finish for gas stoves. It does, really, make them look as good as new. And I haven't a gas stove, not up at my house, so I'd be very glad to give you this." I picked the bottle up and shook it invitingly. "You can put it in a fruit jar when you get it home," I urged.

She looked at the bottle and me with suspicion.

I could feel myself looking guilty.

"It is very nice stove polish," I urged.

She shook the bottle, looked at it, uncorked it, and smelled of the contents. "Well," she said, recorking it in a decisive manner, "well, I suppose I might as well take it since it is no good to you."

She spoke as if nothing in the big world would be of any good to me; nothing, from stove polish to Christian counsel. But perhaps, I consoled myself, that was merely her unfortunate habit of emphasis. What did it matter? What did anything at all matter? I was going home where everything was good to me. And maybe all of my family would be waiting at the train, and maybe his face would be one wide grin, with the dimple, and maybe he'd say:

"Old scout, it's been rotten without you!"

And that is just what did happen, all of it; and Heaven is just at the end of the littlest trail and the city is a million miles away.

(To be continued.)

Symptoms of Swarming.—(Contd. from Page 230.)

of in some of the plans for dealing with swarming, and by clipping the queen's wings, the loss of a swarm is avoided. It is a notable and beautiful sight to see a swarm emerge, and for a few moments the air seems to be full of bees with flashing wings, whilst the sound can be heard at a considerable distance. Our own bees are located quite a little distance from the house, yet we have been on some occasions apprised of the swarm by hearing the loud humming from indoors.

A swarm of bees is usually very good-tempered, due to the individual bees having filled themselves with honey in preparation for the migration—a condition in which bees seldom use their stings. We have handled swarms by taking the masses of bees in the bare hand and placing them in a hive. Shaking them in front will, however, usually accomplish the desired end, and the bees will soon be hard at work gathering honey.—H. W. SANDERS, in American "Gardener's Chronicle."

A Land Girl in Canada.

AFTER a delightful little ten-day trip we arrived safely at Halifax. "We" signifies two ex-Service girls, my pal, who was a W.R.A.F., and "your humble," who was nothing more or less than a full-fledged Land Girl. As we stood waiting for the train we both began to feel just a wee bit homesick. "Oh, to be at Waterloo!" sighed Wraf, while I, to cheer her up, hummed "There's no place like home." When we awoke next morning (we'd been going all night) we admired the scenery. "But it looks pretty cold out there," Wraf commented. And it sure did with snow lying thick among the pines and the great rivers frozen a foot thick. But that was back in March, now it's August, and hot enough to be "too" hot. Wraf is getting on famously as a stenographer in Toronto, and I am enjoying life fine as a "Farmerette," or "Hired Girl." These are the names Land Girls have to stagger under out here. Farming out here is altogether different, and to my mind far pleasanter than English methods; only it is a lot harder, and there is no eight-hour day. There aren't any Canadian girls working like our Land Army. The only girls that work on the farms at all are the farmers' daughters, and the majority of these either become school teachers or work in the city. I had the hardest job imaginable making my first employer understand that I could really work in all weathers. He used to look on me as the nth wonder of the world for working in the rain. I'd just like him to see some of the little English Land Girls I have known working in all weathers. Of course, one feels a bit silly at first, for they have a different method out here for almost everything. I miss one good old friend—the "Dung Cart" is practically unknown. A light wagon and pair of horses abreast are used instead, and in the winter a pair of heavy sleighs. The harness is much lighter, the collar consisting of a "sweat pad" and light leather collar. Hames with leather traces and just a light sort of pad on the horse's back. The team horses are of a smaller breed than English horses. Every farmer has a team, and also a light horse for the buggy and cutter. The buggy is a light conveyance greatly used by all those who do not own a car, but most farmers boast a "Ford." The cutter or sleigh is practically the only method of conveyance when the snow gets deep.

The chief crop out here is corn, or, as we call it, maize. They chop it and feed both cows and horses on it in the winter. They store it in a round concrete building called a "Silo." There is another variety called "Sweet Corn," and I've just been introduced to it, and only wish some of you had too. It's just top-hole. As soon as the corn gets ripe some farmer will have a "Corn Roast," and you go, and all you get to eat is boiled corn. You just grab the cobs in your hands and munch away. "I was greatly amused first time (but now I don't have time to be). They grow wheat and oats, and barley and lots of sweet clover, but roots don't do so well as in England. They can also grow tomatoes, cucumbers, and melons out in the open field. Nearly all the cattle are dehorned. This is on account of so many wire fences; they get hung up. I have not seen one hedge round a field yet. The most distinguished breed of cow is the Holstein or Dutch cow. Most farmers with over ten cows have a

(Continued on Page 230.)



DEAR GIRLS,—Your letters first.

"Every month when the magazine arrives I mean to write to you and tell you how I love it, and what a joy it is, and at last I have plucked up courage. These summer months it has been more precious than ever, and I nearly weep when it arrives, because it tells so much of the work I should be doing. Perhaps you will be interested to hear that I am going to Reading Agricultural College in October, to take the Dairy Diploma course there. During the war and right up to last January I was working on a lovely farm near Oxford, and had a great time, but had to leave then because my mother was ill. When my friend and I first were sent there by the L.A. Office the farmer would hardly take us, because he knew (?) we would be no good; so we set to to change his opinion, and we did!"

* * *

"I thought you might like to know how we are getting on with the harvest. So far we have done splendidly. The weather has been dry all this week, and we have made a good show. We have eight oat stacks up, two small barley, and one wheat, a second wheat started. I was on the binder three days last week; we finished all the cutting last Friday night, now we are able to have all horses for carting. All the corn is carted home, the stacks are all built in the stackyard quite near the farm. I heard from home this morning, and they are finished there. We shall be quite a fortnight yet, even if the weather is good. It hasn't been any too warm here; I'm not nearly so brown as I was last year."

* * *

"Isn't it a pure delight to spend one's time in the great and wonderful out-of-doors? Some of the poems and prose in our mag. just express my feelings to the very letter. I do wish I had the gift of putting my thoughts into words of similar beauty, but it's something to feel it, isn't it? for that's what many people don't do."

* * *

"Please forgive me not writing before, but I am always busy. When it's not housework it's sewing or knitting. Thank you for sending the patterns; I have not used either yet, but I do like the dress pattern, and hope to make myself a dress by next summer. I don't think we shall want many more summer frocks this year, as it's quite cold here to-day. Harvest is begun here, and how I long to go out in the fields, especially first thing in the mornings, when the sun is shining so gloriously; but on my half-days I get into the fields, but I'm only allowed on the footpaths now instead of helping with a load. Still, I'm thankful I can live in the country, and not be roasted in town. We have a common here, and just now

it's covered with those dainty little hare-bells; I always bring some home when I go for a walk up there."

* * *

"Since I started having THE LANDSWOMAN I have been meaning to write to you to say how very much I like it, and look forward to its coming every month. Perhaps it is rather late to say how glad I am that you have not reduced it in any way. I always enjoy the quotations you put in, out-of-door poetry is always so fine, and the other girls' letters are so interesting.

"I have been very glad to see articles on goats lately—goats are my speciality; just now I am in charge of twenty-nine—a great many, but nevertheless they are most entertaining and a very great pleasure."

* * *

"I sent for a pair of Patterson's boots which were advertised in the June mag., and they are wearing splendidly."

* * *

"Thanks so much for letter received this morning. Guess you'll be glad when I'm gone and can't worry you to do my shopping. If you only know how grateful I am—well, never mind.

"Am ever so busy at the farm. We have just finished haying, and are now mangold, swede, and turnip hoeing hard; also have three acres of cabbage to plant out during this next three weeks, then we start harvest! and to crown everything our head carter is ill, and I have a sow, calf, this year's colt, a yearling and a two-year-old (the Boss is handling the latter, but I get the feeding to do), all to get ready for a show, and the sow's coat and skin will not come clean in spite of all the oiling and scrubbing every day, it's quite distressing, but, there, I've still a fortnight to peg away at it, and hope for the best. She is a dear, sweet thing, doesn't mind what I do to her, and talks in her grunt and squeak language the whole time I'm washing her, but she has great objections to strangers entering her bungalow, and follows round at their heels smacking her lips as though she would like a chunk, and then gives a very satisfied grunt when the door has closed on the intruder."

* * *

"Well, dear Editor, now I am writing I must tell you about my two pet lambs. They were born in the spring, and we had to kill their mother; poor thing, she was a sweet sheep. I took a liking to these two lambs. When they were born, though, I said they were the two ugliest lambs I had ever seen. By their names, Funny Face and Rabbit Face, you would think they are still ugly, but they are the sweetest lambs. I used to take them

with me to every field I worked in, and how I used to get into trouble! But still I kept taking them. I must say how well behaved they are, while I feed one the other stands quietly by my side, so you see I have taught them good manners."

* * *

"We have been so busy at the farm just lately, owing to the inclement weather, that we have scarcely had time to turn round. I have kept on intending to write for so long, and especially when the fate of THE LANDSWOMAN hung in the balance, but at last I find time. I am so pleased that it was settled as it was. I was terribly anxious in case you should find it necessary to reduce the size of the 'jolly little mag.' I love it. I gladly send 3s. 6d. I cannot describe how I look forward to it, and as soon as it arrives everything else fades from my mind. My farmer, who hates anyone to read at the table, just has to grunt on in vain, for I simply won't wait until after tea."

* * *

I have had a letter also from our friend Mr. Powell-Owen, who tells me very good news. For the first time in the history of the Dairy Show, which takes place next month, there are to be special Utility Poultry classes, and our poultry expert has been selected to be the judge for these classes. I am sure every reader of THE LANDSWOMAN will feel the reflected glory of this honour which has been shown to our gifted contributor.

Sewing Club.

I have abandoned the attempt to choose a pattern every month which I think will suit everybody. It took such a lot of choosing, and it seems to me far simpler for you to write and tell me what sort of pattern you want, and for me to send you down suitable designs from which you can make your own choice. Will you understand, then, that I can get you almost any pattern for 9d. post free, and all you have to do is to give me some idea of the sort of thing you want. With the long winter evenings coming along

so quickly now we shall all be thinking of needle-work, either making our own garments or getting an early start with Christmas presents. In either case don't forget I am here to help if you want me.

Shopping Club.

Ever since we announced that we had helped to fit up one of our readers with a hut of her own we have had endless enquiries from those of you who would like to do the same, and we are now doing our best to persuade some of the firms who supply these things to advertise them in our own magazine, so that you may all have an equal chance of seeing what they are like. D. N. has sent us a photograph of her tiny little home, and she certainly looks very cosy and happy.

My clogs from Pattersons are a great success. They are longer than the usual clog, coming half-way up the leg, they have rubbers on the soles and heels, so that they are not clumpy, and they are lined with felt and as warm as toast. If you want to avoid chilblains this winter I advise you to try them.

Competitions.

I suppose you have all been so busy with the harvest that there has been no time for such frivolous things as competitions, because there have not been many entries for the two set in the August number. However, the quality has been exceptionally good, and I am sure you will agree that the prize-winning essays and drawing are quite worthy of our magazine. I think it is time that we gave our poets a chance once again, and it seems to me



"...the joy of kicking off your boots and slipping on your oldest, most disreputable pair of slippers."

Prize Drawing.

that some of those Land Girl's Joys from the August number would make excellent subjects for Limericks. I want to have lots and lots of entries, so will you all have a shot at it, and don't be shy about sending up the results of your efforts. I always have thought that some of those Limericks you wrote in the early days of THE LANDSWOMAN were quite excellent. Do you remember the one about the pig?

A girl trained in Land Army ways
Cleaned a pig-sty—oh! quite beyond praise—
The pig now demands
Scented soap for his hands,
And a powder-puff, curlers, and stays.

And that other one:—

There was a young girl with a stutter,
Whose speech was too utterly utter,
Till she started to talk
Of por-por-por-pork,
And the making of butt-butt-butt-butter!

Geese.

Michaelmas, of course, reminds us of geese. It has always been a wish of mine to keep geese, but it was not until we came to The Priory that we have had sufficient grass to give them a free range. Here they can wander all over the meadows, and I am more than ever mystified at our general use of the term goose—or silly goose. Anything more supercilious than the airs and graces of my geese would be difficult to find, and I would give a great deal if, knowing myself a "goose," I could put on those superior and dignified manners which seem to be the ordinary behaviour of geese! Records of roast goose on Michaelmas Day are found as far back as Queen Elizabeth's reign. The probable reason for this custom is simply that it was a great festival and that geese happen to be plentiful at this season—but various other reasons are assigned. There was a popular saying: "If you eat goose on Michaelmas Day you will never want money all the year round!"—which, if one really believed in it, would be reason enough for roast goose on September 29. Certainly it was the custom for tenants when paying their rent on that quarter day to add a present of a fat goose. Gascoigne's Posies (1575) has the following verse:—

And when the tenants come to paie their quarter's
rent,
They bring some fowle at Midsummer, a dish of fish
in Lent,
At Christmase a capon, at Michaelmasse a goose,
And somewhat else at New-yeres tide, for feare
their lease flie loose.

Evidently landlords needed almost as careful handling in those days as now!

Step-Saving.

We are hearing a great deal in England lately about the American craze for time and labour saving devices, efficiency experts and the like. I have been reading a book from the other side of the water on household engineering, and although a great deal of it goes to extremes, yet it shows there is truth in the fact that there is always a slow and a quick way of doing your job. The slow way is accomplished by the hands alone; it becomes a quick way when the head directs the

hands. It is extraordinary how often some of the nicest and seemingly most sensible people go the farthest way round to do the simplest job. By doing a job quickly I don't in any way mean scamping the work. If it is quickly and well done it is obviously efficiently done—and there is very real satisfaction in that feeling that you are efficient. In the book to which I referred there is a special chapter devoted to the calculation of how many steps a maid takes in the kitchen in the process of washing-up the breakfast dishes, and the writer convinces you in the end that the ordinary way of carrying out this everyday job involves the taking of ten times as many steps as if it were done on the improved American "efficiency" system. There is a great deal to be said for doing your job on a system, though I know a man who runs system to death—makes a fetish of it, till in the end the whole job is system and nothing else. But have you ever tried systemizing your work and seeing how much time you can save? It is absorbingly interesting and excellent in every way, because you are always trying to go one better than last time—which means continual improvement and keeps you up to scratch. Certain jobs are purely mechanical, and therefore the more machine-like our movements in doing them, the better they will be done. Take the simple job of sticking stamps on a thousand envelopes. The girl who doesn't think tears each stamp off the sheet, carefully licks it, then picks up the envelope, adjusts the stamp, puts the envelope down on the table, presses the stamp all round with her finger, picks up the envelope again and places it on the pile with the others. Seven movements in all. The efficient stamper tears her sheet of stamps into strips, runs each strip over the wetting-pad, then with one hand lays the stamp on the envelope, while with the other she dabs it down, at the same time tearing it off the strip, and thus reducing the number of movements to three. Three movements to each is quite enough when you are stamping 5,000 copies of THE LANDSWOMAN! The same method may be applied to land work. I remember seeing a cinema film showing Land Girls planting cabbages—that almost most monotonous of land jobs—and planting them to time. As far as I remember there were five movements: one, two, steps between the plants; three, plunging the dibber into the earth; four, dropping the plant into the hole; five, pressing down the earth. I can imagine the counting of those movements helping enormously to ease the monotony of that job. You get so interested in making a point of becoming a machine and keeping exactly to time. I know, because I tried it the other day. I bicycled up a mile and a-quarter of fairly steep hill—I had never been able to stick it out before—simply by counting my pedal strokes. I became so absorbed in calculating if I should reach the top in 500 strokes that I forgot all about aching legs and back and puffing wind, and arrived at the top triumphant in 498. It is difficult to believe until you have tried it, but it is really quite true. I remember thinking when I saw that cabbage-planting film that to make the whole thing perfect there ought to be a band playing in each field! There would be really nothing new in this suggestion, for Dr. Johnson tells us in his tour of the Hebrides, "The

strokes of the sickle were timed by the modulation of the Harvest Song, in which all their voices were united. They accompany, in the Highlands, every action which can be done in equal time with an appropriated strain, which has, they say, not much meaning, but its effects are regularity and cheerfulness."

But, joking apart, it is a subject well worth thinking about, always remembering that your "step saving," as the Americans call it, must on no account affect the quality of your work, except to make it better, which, if you go about it in the right spirit, it certainly will. If we are keen on our job there is nothing we hate so much as muddle and muddlers, and after all, no one need be a muddler, if only she will put her head as well as her hands and heart into her work. And even for those who consider themselves efficient it is well worth trying, if for no other reason than that it makes the most insignificant job absorbingly interesting. You get into the way of always trying to beat your record—quite as much fun as beating bogey at golf.

Your sincere friend,
THE EDITOR.

P.S.—We have received several subscriptions with no name and address. Will the senders kindly let us know where we are to send their magazines?

Folk Lore.—(Continued from Page 218.)

away by their lovers and savage tribes attempted bride-capture.

Witchcraft, leechcraft, magic, and divination form a wide field of folk lore, into which we will not penetrate, except just to touch on the first, which might be described as the worship of the Devil as opposed to the worship of God. A horse-shoe counteracts the effects of witchcraft; a hot iron put into the cream expels the witch from the churn; and the form of a Cross in dough prevents the bread being bewitched.

An essay on folk lore would not be complete without a passing glimpse at the fairies, pixies and gnomes so idealised by children, which carries us into that fascinating world of fairy tale and nursery rhyme. For instance, the Cinderella, Puss in Boots, and Hop o' My Thumb type are the cherished beliefs of childhood. In Dorset a hole must be poked in empty eggshells, or else the fairies will get into them and sail out to sea, where they turn into black elves and wreck the ships. The pixies must always be treated with fairness; two servants at Tavistock put a bucket of clean water in the chimney corner every night, and the pixies dropped in silver coins. One night they forgot, and left the bucket empty and dirty. Remembering in the night, one girl suggested going down, but the other said she did not believe it was the pixies who gave the money. So to punish her the little people made her lame for seven years, at the end of which time she was to be cured by a herb growing on Dartmoor.

Thus we see that folk lore throws its poetry and imagination over an every-day prosaic life, apart altogether from its intrinsic value as a study of "the comparison and identification of the survivals of archaic beliefs, customs, and traditions in modern ages," which might otherwise be lost in the mists of antiquity.

S. P. (First Prize Essay).

THE LANDSWOMAN



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Also try Pascall "Creme de Menthe" (Non-Alcoholic) 1/6 & 2/10 Tins

A Land Girl in Canada.—(Continued from Page 235.)
milking machine. There is a model farm near us with 100 pure-bred Holsteins. By pressing a button they can cause the iron hoops to fix round their head, and then they milk them two at a time by electricity. The girls who have anything to do with potatoes can thank their lucky stars they don't get the potato bug. They are a perfect pest here, eating off all the leaves. Some people spray, others arm themselves with a stick and a kettle and knock them off and then boil them. Rumour has it that a potato bug knows where you are going to put potatoes before you do, and lies in wait. Talking about bugs, there is a big brown fellow called a "June" bug, and to hear them buzzing at night you would think there was an aerodrome in the vicinity.

They have fine barns out here. The stables and cow byre are built underneath, and on top you put grain and hay; in fact, everything you can. They call cows "Bosses," but they are precisely the same as the English specimens.

Lots of farmers out here have no womenfolk, and they just have to cook and wash for themselves. It must be rather a hard life.

Well, I think this is all I can say now, except just to wish every plucky L.A.A.S. the best of luck, and also our dinkie magazine. My boss takes quite an interest in it, and that is rather condescending of a Canadian to take interest in anything that's English. If any other girls are coming out and want to know anything I will willingly supply the information if within my power.

JEAN COOTER, "FARMERETTE."

Posts—Vacant and Wanted.**Vacant.**

Mother and daughter or 2 friends wanted as domesticated helps in farm house.—Apply Mrs. Morris, Handy Cross Farm, High Wycombe.

Land Girl wanted to do single man's work on a gentleman's small place, principally gardening.—Lyon, The Firs, Appledere, Kent.

Land Girl wanted, milk, cool, feed calves, etc. Good lodgings in village; good references essential.—Apply E. Hearle, Little Washbourne, Tewkesbury.

Wanted by a Dairy Farmer (bachelor), Herts., respectable middle-aged housekeeper; must be willing to milk when required. Strong boy or girl not objected to. Good home close to a town; easy distance from London. References required.—Box K, Landswoman Office.

Landswoman, as good plain cook to lady and gentleman in Hereford and take entire charge of pony. Rider, experienced driver. Little gardening.—D. M., Editorial Office.

Reliable worker to serve a small milk round (horse and cart); must be good milker and able to drive, wash dairy utensils, etc. Send copies references.—Briers, Potters Bar, Middlesex.

Poultry Girl wanted to look after poultry; some training required and knowledge of incubator and foster mother work. She will have to help with cows.—Apply, by letter, to Hon. Mrs. G. Campbell, Market House, Brackley, Northants.

Wanted.

Ex-Land Girl requires situation as "milker"; knowledge of all farm work; good reference.—Apply E. Chapple, c/o Mrs. Englefield, New Road, Sandhurst, Berks.

Secretarial work, private or otherwise, required by Ex-Land Army officer.—E. Robertson, Shoreham, nr. Sevenoaks, Kent.

Young Girl desires situation to assist with poultry or dairy-work, partially experienced, willing to learn.—F. C., Red Lion, Frogmore Street, Tring, Herts.

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

Land Girl seeks outdoor employment; 3½ years' experience in milk selling and general farm work. Disengaged now.—Marlow, Moor Farm, Loughborough.

E. M. J., 10, Oakleigh Terrace, St. Michaels Road, Paynton, wants any sort of farm work. Devon if possible.

Young Lady desires post as Secretary-Dairymaid; shorthand, typewriting; experienced milker and landworker; references. Furnished cottage preferred; ex-L.A.A.S. friend would join if services required.—C/o Editor, Landswoman.

2 Ex-Land Girls, friends, very respectable, seek situations on gentleman's farm together, near Liverpool preferred. One as gardener, the other as general farm hand, good milker and calf rearer. Used to pedigree cattle.—N. Blythe, 4, Lane Ends, Weeton, near Kirkham, Lancs.

Exchange Column.

For Sale, pair L.A. boots, new, black, size small 7. No reasonable offer refused.—E. N., Odberron Cottages, Henley in Arden.

For Sale, 1 pair waterproof breeches (large), 8s. 6d.; 1 new white L.A. smock (medium), 5s.; 1 new brown L.A. smock (medium), 7s. 6d. Also bottle green velour cloth coat, £3 3s. Approval for postage.—Apply Docker, 13, Westfield, Selby, Yorks.

1 pair (black) boots, re-soled, 12s. 6d., size 7; 2 drill smocks, part worn, 4s. each.—S., The Vein, Copford, Colchester.

Canvas Leggings (not worn), 1 black and 1 khaki pair, 3s. each pair; 1 black Land Army oilskin, small size, 12s. 6d. Only worn once. 1 L.A. mackintosh, new, large size, 15s.—S. Henderson, White Hall Farm, Sandon, Royston, Herts.

Length of real Harris Tweed for skirt, brown and mauve Lovat mixture. Cost £1 8s., will sell for £1. Pattern sent for stamped addressed envelope. Also pair of pre-war brown leather Lotus shoes, nearly new, low heels, narrow toes, size small 6, price 12s. 6d. Approval for postage. Also new Land Army mackintosh, small size, 15s.—Ingeley, the Editorial Office.

D. Newman is still willing to do any sort of knitting.—Terms on application to D. N., care of Mrs. Skells, Sand Bank, Wisbech St. Mary, Cambs.

Socks for Land Girls, 5s. per pair, postage and wool included.—Apply Miss D. Hamilton, 23, Norham Road, Oxford.

For Sale, 4 L.A. Overalls, 3s. each; 2 pairs corduroy breeches, nearly new, 8s. each; 1 pair black leather leggings, 7s. 6d. All medium size. Also well-bred Dutch Doe (highly commended), 15s.—B. C., Vainona, Riverfield Road, Staines.

Gab. Breeches for sale, worn twice; London tailor, well cut, medium size, £4 10s.—H. McNamara's, Middleton Road, Dalston, London.

1 pair Army boots (not Land Army) for sale; never worn, heavy soles, well studded, size 7. Price 25s.—K. M. T., Grange Mount, Studley.

Wanted High-top Boots, black or brown, size 4.—I. H., Kennick House, Penryn, Cornwall.

A small hostel for ladies is shortly to be started near Farnham, Surrey.—Full information from N. F. H. Mossburn, Churt, Farnham, Surrey.

3 nearly new L.A. smocks, medium size, 4s. each; 1 pair khaki hand-knitted stockings, 3s. 6d.; 1 pair black 3-strapped court shoes, size 5, worn twice, 25s. Approval for postage.—E. M. H., 24, West Street, Buckingham.

For Sale, 2 pairs breeches, 10s. a pair, never worn; 1 mackintosh 15s., only worn once.—L. C. Tregye, Perrduwell, Cornwall.

For Sale, 1 pair medium corduroy breeches, nearly new, 7s. 6d.—E. Robertson, Shoreham, Kent.

Pair of patent leather Court shoes, gilt buckle, size 6½, worn once, cost £4 4s., will take £3 3s. Gilt miniature powder box and glass 1s. 6d.; 2 watches (1 Ingersoll) 2s. 6d. each. Maroon leather bag-purse, cost 40s., will take 7s. 6d. All postage extra.—Ruddell Todd, Coaley, Coaley Poultry Farm, Coaley, Gloucestershire.

Ex-L.A.A.S. has pair smart nigger walking shoes (not brogues), narrow fitting, fives, for sale. Cost £3 3s.; worn once. Obligated to wear surgical shoes now. Will accept 55s. Appro. if 1s. postage sent to Miss Wood, Balquhiddie, Sandown, I.W.



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