

# Contrary Mary

By ADELAIDE R. KEMP

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Bubby rubbed his shoes on the scrapper until his feet burned before entering Miss Bassett's immaculate kitchen with his strawberries. She was famed for being the neatest housekeeper in Westbury. Microbes hurried by her door, but never entered, and it would have seemed a sacrilege to have carried dust into that spotless domain.

"Come in, Robert," she called in her firm, clear voice. Here again she was different. Nobody else ever called him by the name his godfathers and godmothers had given him, unless indeed it was father at certain unforgettable times when he desired an interview in the woodshed. He looked with admiring eyes on the spotless floor and shining stove, while Miss Bassett emptied the luscious fruit into a big yellow bowl. Still he thought fondly of the old kitchen at home, and the couch sagged by many a jolly ride on its springs with Tiger, the ancient family cat. Also in the corner was the pleasant table full of father's farm journals and mother's big work basket, generally yawning with his stockings full of darned holes.

"Mary is going to have a larger garden than usual this year, isn't she?" asked Miss Bassett as she counted the money into Bubby's hand out of her tidy apron pocket.

Buddy did not answer for a moment. He wondered if she noticed his grimy knuckles. Mary had warned him before he left home to scrub up.

"Yes," he finally said in answer to her question. "She wants to raise enough vegetables to run a lot for mother, besides all she sells. She pays me commission, too," he added proudly.

Miss Bassett smiled. "Mary's a smart girl and a pretty one, and I believe likes her summer farming better than teaching in the winter."

Bubby liked to hear his sister praised, and his estimation of Miss Bassett rose, especially when she returned from the pantry with two sugared doughnuts.

They had not had anything as unworldly as that for several months at home.

He told Mary of his conversation with Miss Bassett on his return. Mary



Patience Was Rewarded.

smiled dreamily, although there was a sad expression in her blue eyes that had been there quite often of late. She took the money that Bubby gave her and left a shining nickel in his hand, not even noticing the dirt, much to her young brother's wonderment. True, she did prefer the freedom of the out of door life to the closed schoolroom. Yet last winter had been very happy in more ways than one in the distant town where she had taught, especially after she had met Ted Winthrop at the club dance. The admiration had been apparently mutual, and many pleasant evenings were spent together. Mary fast lost her heart to the strapping young fellow. All went well until one evening the course of the conversation turned to the subject of women taking men's places in various occupations. Ted, not knowing Mary's particular hobby, spoke rather warmly against girls trying to farm. Mary, like all the other members of her family, was intensely patriotic and very proud of her older brother John, who had been there many months in France leaving his girls' heads (another Mary, by the way), at home with them. So her spark of temper came to the surface and she spoke some things to her lasting regret. However, the deed was done, for she left immediately and she did not hear from or see him again. So this summer was not such a happy one as those previous had been, for down in her heart there was always an aching spot.

However, the warm days came, and Mary's energy and patience were rewarded by successful crops, which not only swelled her bank account, but helped very materially to fill her mother's store closet in the cellar. Bubby, too, showed such business ability that his socks came quite fast and ver-

spent for lollypops or fish hooks or whatever else he deemed necessary at the time for his own welfare. Unfortunately he awoke one morning to find he had developed a fine case of mumps overnight. This meant ten days' imprisonment at the least. He tried to play the glad game and feel thankful they had not put in an appearance the week before when the circus was in town. Still, he drew a sigh as he saw Mary, trimly dressed in white, go down the road with a basket of peas on her arm to deliver to Miss Bassett herself. Alas, it was Saturday, too, the day she always made sugared doughnuts, many of which Bubby had sampled. Mary, with no idea of her young brother's regrets or sighs, walked along the shady road, her mind busy with thoughts of other things.

Indeed, so occupied was she that it was with surprise that she found herself so soon in front of Miss Bassett's quaint old-fashioned farmhouse. Not standing in quite as much awe of the spotless kitchen as Bubby, she entered quickly and was fairly in the room before she noticed a khaki-clad figure sitting in the little rocker by the window.

"This is my nephew, Ted Winthrop, Mary," said Miss Bassett with a proud smile. "He expects to be in France soon."

The figure by the window rose quickly while Mary, murmuring some intelligible remark about having met him before, dropped her basket and fled, much to Miss Bassett's astonishment. Soberly heading the road, she hurried home—and up to her room, there to speedily change her light frock for a khaki skirt and stout little garden shoes and then out to her beloved garden. Her mind was in a whirl. Ted Winthrop was Miss Bassett's nephew and he was going to France soon.

She hardly knew whether she was picking peas or beans. She heard nothing until a tall figure stepped up to her side and strong arms held her close while Ted's dear familiar voice whispered in her ear. "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?"

Explanations, although unnecessary, were soon made, for he had lost no time in carrying out his beloved project to join the boys "over there." Mary offered her most laudable apologies for her thoughtless words and was quickly forgotten.

Bubby gazing out of the window, was somewhat surprised to say the least when his sister came up the path with a tall soldier's arm about her waist and her pretty face covered with blushes. When the family had somewhat recovered from their own astonishment Bubby took Tiger under his arm and went out on the old couch. He had read a good many of his father's papers and was somewhat of a philosopher in his own small way.

"I suppose Ted's all right," he said, addressing his old family friend, "and we'll have another service dog in the window beside John's. At the same time it's things like that, Tige, that cause the shortage of farm labor."

**Let It Be About the Marines.**

There was a time when the marines were called by soldiers and sailors. That time was passed long ago, and many know it.

By their gallant conduct in the June fighting in and about Chateau Thierry, Meuse and Nivern, the men of the Marine Corps baffled America through and through. Their victory at Cantigny was especially important, as it drove the German hordes back from the munitions factories and stores which the French had established there, and the taking of which would have been a tremendous advantage to the Germans.

"Semper fidelis" ("always faithful") is the motto of the corps, and "First to Fight" is their slogan. And we are certain that no member of this justly honored branch of the service will mind if we add to our praise of its gallantry the remark that it gives America the more pleasure because it is not exceptional, but typical of the courage and faithfulness that distinguish them.

**Stamps for Holy Land.**

The holy land has become a stamp-issuing country, according to Boys' Life magazine. For use by persons employing the mail system which the British, represented by the Egyptian expeditionary force, have established, a franking label of special design has been put forth. The letters E, E, F appear at the top and at the bottom, the words "one piastre" are at the left, in English, and at the right in Arabic; in the center appear the words "postage paid," once in each language; and the figure 1 is in each corner, either in English or Arabic. The stamp has appeared in ultramarine and in dark blue, and has been surcharged with a new value, 5 millieme, which is half of one piastre. Thus three varieties already have appeared, and we may expect others.

**Soldiers at House Parties.**

Not to minimize the thought at all, there is another value in inviting soldiers. Everywhere men are scarce, we heard of a house party not long ago where it was found that of ten men invited only three could come. The other seven were in uniform, but in camps too great a distance from New York. The lady who was giving the party appealed to the officer in charge of one of the Long Island camps. "If you agree to take the men chosen by drawing lots you may have them," he said. Among the men was a boy from Italy, who had just taken out his first naturalization papers, a Jap, a Hindoo. The Italian sang. The Jap did magic. The Hindoo told "fortunes." The American boys were dancing partners.—New York Globe.

## The Scrap Book

### HE WAS ON FLOOR TO STAY

Besore's Hops for Lively Pugilistic Bout Spoiled by Fighter's Unpromising Announcement.

Two fishermen were going to settle their differences in the boxing ring. A "five" had been put up, and a desperate encounter was promised, but the result was disappointing.

The more willing combatant had all the best of it from the start, and the other fellow would, seemingly, have been counted out in the second round if the timekeeper hadn't cut it unduly short. The latter had counted on an interesting performance, and he meant to keep the curtain up for fully half an hour, if possible.

But early in the third round, at the first punch the unwilling fisherman dropped and lay as one dead.

The timekeeper counted the seconds on a lengthening scale. The pause between "five" and "six" was long and significant. When he got to "seven" he leaned down and shouted in the ear of the recumbent figure.

"Another quarter of a minute ebbed away ere he belated 'eight.'"

The fallen pugilist, who had been lying with his back towards the timekeeper, turned slowly round and said: "You can count a thousand if you like—but I shan't get up."

**Parrots as Air Sentinels.**

An English writer has made some interesting studies of the behavior of certain animals under war conditions. From him we learn that parrots were employed as sentinels at the Eiffel tower in Paris. They could be rolled upon to give warning of an approaching aircraft at least twenty minutes before it could be seen by the naked eye. These birds, however, grew "horrid" after a while and ceased to be dependable. Phossionts, too, were wont to give warning at night when an airplane approached, screaming and chattering noisily. It is also stated that hares, partridges and pheasants were often observed near the front-line trenches in search of food, which they got if the rats didn't see it first. It would seem that war has had no effect on them.

**Preserving Stonehenge.**

Antiquaries have felt some concern at the use of Salisbury plain, in England, by the English authorities as a camp and training ground during the war. In spite of the good will of the war office and of the "Tomnies," the prehistoric remains of Stonehenge and of Old Sarum have met with more or less damage. The news that an able archaeologist and competent military instructor has been appointed to watch over the antiquarian treasures of the plain is, therefore, oil on troubled waters.

In these days when ancient monuments of rare beauty and world-wide interest are arbitrarily included within the war zones of the continent, too much care cannot be bestowed on the preservation of those that remain elsewhere.

**Indian Braves to Go to War.**

Yakima Indians in the state of Washington are waiving all claims for deferred classification, and are asking to be taken in the earliest draft and given an opportunity, as soon as possible, to enter active service at the front. Indians of many other tribes, up to a few years ago called savage, are taking a like course. All this is pleasing, in the first place, because it proves that the Indians are loyal to the United States, its institutions, and its flag, and, in the second place, because the conduct of these warriors in battle is certain to be such as to show the Prussians with whom they may be brought into contact that there is a vast difference between bravery and brutality.

**Chances in an Air Raid.**

When an airplane flies over a city, dropping bombs indiscriminately, it is natural to consider a certain area within a definite radius of the bombs' explosive force as dangerous. A writer in a French periodical has recently given some figures that tend to show the comparative destruction of life wrought by these aerial missiles; and he comes to the conclusion that density of buildings and population increases the effectiveness of bombs dropped at random. Consequently he asserts, the dangers are twice as great in Paris as in London. In open spaces, he figures from actual statistics, the chance of danger is one in 150,000, while in a well-built house it is but one in fifty millions.

**Strategy of Fliers.**

"My strategy depends entirely on my will," declares the "ace of aces," Lieutenant Fonck, in an interview with *News*. "I have published in France, and printed by soldiers in France, 'and I put my will in operation to maintain tranquillity in my mind and body!'"

**Criticisms.**

"How do you like the way Biggins plays the ukulele?"

"It isn't loud enough," replied Miss Daylene.

"Not loud enough?"

"Not loud enough to drown his singing!"

## GUILTLESS OF ANY DECEIT

Horse Dealer's Advertisement Had Contained Nothing but the Absolutely Plain, Unvarnished Truth.

There was fire in the eye of the man who led the sad-eyed horse as he sought out the dealer.

"Look here!" he said, "I don't want this horse you've sold me. It balks; I can't get it to go over the bridge."

"That's the reason I sold him," said the dealer, calmly.

"The angry purchaser pinched himself to make sure that he was awake."



"No doubt," he said, sarcastically, when at last he could trust himself to speak; "but allow me to tell you that you've sold the animal under false pretenses, and I'll—"

"False pretenses be jiggered!" said the dealer. "Didn't I advertise: 'Owner wishes to sell for no other reason than he wants to get out of the town?'"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, that's why I sold him. He never would take me out of the town. P'raps he will you—if you're patient. No time to argue. Good day."

## THEIR RICHES.

A wee little house, on a poor little road, with a little back yard behind it. A far from the avenue, stately and broad.

And Molly is waitress, and laundress and cook.

And Tom lends a hand when he's able; The furniture's plain, and the carpets are cheap.

And there's little to put on the table. In fact, they are poor, as the world reckons up.

And there's little laid up—and yet, maybe. These two may be worth a round million or more.

If you put a fair price on the baby: Charles Irwin Junkin, in People's Home Journal.

**Mail Service in China.**

In a little more than twenty years China has built up a national postal system which is one of the best and cheapest in the world. Since there are only about 6,300 miles of railway for carrying mail in China, a big part of the transportation is done on boat lines aggregating 21,000 miles, and by courier lines which total 143,000 miles. Snow sleds, wheelbarrows, carts, pack animals, rafts boats and bicycles are all employed in this remarkable system. Today, in the large cities, there are as many as 12 mail deliveries daily. A letter for local delivery requires a stamp worth one-half cent, American money, and for domestic delivery a stamp worth a cent and one-half American money. In 1905 76,000,000 pieces of mail were handled, while in 1916 the number was 850,000,000.

**Three Years' Drought.**

It has always been thought that Australia had the unenviable credit of suffering from the longest drought. However, the Gilbert and Ellice Islands are suffering under a drought that has now lasted nearly three years. It is said that the very heat which rises from the parched land ascends sufficiently high to vaporize showers long before they can reach the earth.

The last long drought which the islands experienced was some thirty years ago, when the mortality was very high owing to the fact that there was then no systematized method of storing water.

**Air Mail Expense.**

The first report of the comparative cost of the operation and maintenance of the United States air mail service shows that the airplanes used in this service have broken all records for economy of gas consumption.

The total of all operating expenses of nine airplanes, covering flights aggregating 7,234 miles, was \$3,682. The total consumption of gas, representing 113 hours and 8 minutes in flying, was 1,377 gallons, which is \$32.50 an hour, something more than 50 cents a mile. The total cost of gas was \$405 in flying 7,234 miles.

**Not Necessary.**

At a certain military tribunal the chairman said to a conscientious objector:

"Suppose the Germans were to come and attack your wife, and you not fight?"

"No sir, I would not."

"What? You would not protect your wife?"

"Look 'ere, guv'nor," said the man pathetically, "do you know my wife?"

—Pearson's Weekly.

**Alarmed the Judge.**

Three hundred love letters were exhibited in a breach of promise case recently heard in Dublin. The man had written more than three hundred letters, all very long and full of affection. When counsel said he would read the letters Mr. Justice Pigg, somewhat alarmed, inquired, "Surely you are not going to read three hundred of them?" So counsel said he would read only a selection.

**Peanut Flour.**

A baking company in Gainesville, Fla., has put bread on the market which is made from peanut cake left after the extraction of the oil.

**Others Do Not Count.**

"Why do they call Germany the fatherland?"

"Out of compliment to me and my mother," replied the crown prince.

—The Kaiser our father?

## HERE'S ANOTHER FROG STORY

New Yorker's Experience Seems to Corroborate Tale Told by the Kaiser's Press Agent.

This is the time of the year when fish stories are permissible, so the Kaiser's press agent cannot be blamed for pulling that one about the frogs croaking in such deafening fashion that they enabled the Germans to bring up their batteries without being discovered by the allies. Hank Newman, who invented the famous "snapper" elixir, partly bears out the statement made by the Hun war correspondent. He knows all the habits of the Johnny Crapauds and he declares that they can make some noise when they begin to croak. "I don't know anything about those bloodthirsty frogs of the Chemin des Dames; however," explained Mr. Newman. "But down in Oxone Park, where I live, there is a frog pond, and hundreds of them live a quiet, peaceful life. In fact, the frogs down my way are musical, for they lull the native to sleep. There is one big fellow, however, who has a high pitched voice. I named him Caruso because he warbles louder than any in the flock. For some time Caruso and me were quite chummy. As soon as he heard my alarm clock go off at five in the morning, he would come to my window and sing a roundelay, which indicated that he was hungry. That was when I had daylight work. Now I'm on nights and don't get to bed until three in the morning. And for the past three weeks Caruso and his entire chorus made sleep impossible for me, so I found it necessary to move far from the frog pond."—New York Sun.

## JUST SIMPLE COMMON SENSE

Really Nothing to Be Alarmed About When Speaker Uses Pretentious Word "Psychology."

One way to get an audience nowadays is to call the subject of one's talk "psychology." A Harvard professor recently amazed a convention of clothing manufacturers and dealers by delivering an address upon this topic in which he laid down several principles about the effect of clothing upon the wearer, and the surprise of his hearers was due to the discovery that what the learned man had dignified by a long word was nothing more than what more commonly passes for common sense. A good many of the things he said were already known to them. If they had stopped to think when he placed them under the head of psychology they sat up and took notice, says the Oregonian.

He said, for example, that the well-dressed man is 10 per cent more efficient than the poorly dressed man. He said that clothes that do not fit present the wearer from doing his best. Cleanliness promotes self-respect. Self-respect is contagious, like confidence. The man who does not think well of himself is unlikely to win the good opinion of others. Comfortable clothing, made of good material, well brushed, was the foundation of the super-hated business man, and they believed him, because their own experience showed his statements to be true.

**Hapless Claribel's Encounter.**

The sun was slowly sinking in the usual place, Claribel Skippenhop, over whose youthful head scarce thirty-seven summers had lightly flown, sat in a regulation-size hammock, idly swinging her foot to the tune of "Keep the Home Fires Squirring," played on a tin-tinted bagpipe 42 miles away.

Suddenly a thought seized her. She tried to scream and break its hold. She succeeded in both. Probably one and fifteen eight-hundredths of a cubic second was allowed to elapse between her scream and the time the thought was covering at her feet.

"Avant!" she cried. "Don't you know this is my thoughtless day? Now, do you see, I'll have a headache."

Then she went back to swing her foot and the hammock.

**First-Hand Earthquake News.**

A volcanologist of the Carnegie Geophysical laboratory reports that he has nearly perfected apparatus for recording upon wax cylinders the subterranean sounds of earthquakes, says the Scientific American. The ordinary commercial cylinders are unsuitable for the delicate work, and accordingly the laboratory has secured a supply of cylinders of the old, pure wax type. The microphone used in this connection has also been greatly improved and a perfect little portable field outfit weighing less than a pound has been evolved.

**Naughty Mamma's Boy.**

My husband, who is at Camp Sherman, wrote home and told us this joke the boys played on a "mamma's boy" who was the goat of the whole company. One night while he was over to the Y. M. C. A. they fixed up the head of his cot with sticks and tied a string to them, then waited until he got sound asleep and pulled the strings, out came the sticks and down went the bed. He nearly exploded he was so mad and my husband said had you been listening you could have heard him swearing clear home.—Chicago Tribune.

**All in Some Day.**

One day at a Southern camp one of the negro soldiers was showing me a service pin with three stars which he always carried in his pocket. I asked him who the relatives were and he replied: "One is for 'massie' on the other two is for 'ma brudders; one is going to enlist on the other is in the next draft.'"—Exchange.

## LAND ARMY PROVES NEED

Starts State Drive for Millions Supporting Members.

## CONFERENCE BIG SUCCESS

Testimony at Albany Meeting Proves Practical Value of Young Women as Farm Laborers.

Albany.—New York State has suddenly awakened to the fact that in spite of the draft, in spite of the call of men to munition works and shipbuilding plants, and the consequent shortage of farm labor, it can increase its production of crops. The plan which has been worked out for the employment of young women on the farms, which has the endorsement of both the federal and state authorities, has proved itself a thoroughly practical success in New York State this season.

The U.S.-State-Confederation of the New York State Women's Land Army, held here on August 20-21, clinched this fact. The farmers of the state were shown that there is already organized a force of short-time labor willing and eager to jump into overall and perform all the tasks required of unskilled farm workers.

The employment of women on farms has passed the experimental stage. Evidence was produced at the conference to show that wherever they have been employed they have made good and that altogether they have saved thousands of dollars' worth of crops.

**Need of Membership Drive.**

Mrs. Thomas F. Burgess, president of the New York State Women's Land Army, outlined plans to put the New York farmettes still more firmly on the map as food producers. She stated that where the army now has 40 units or camps of girl workers in the state, it must establish 200, meeting the needs of every agricultural section. She declared that every unit must be adequately supplied with auto trucks to take the girls to and from work, thus saving time that might be spent in cultivating crops.

To give this enlargement of the army the necessary financial and moral support, the New York army is starting a drive for one million sustaining members, with the expectation of completing that quota by October 1. Mrs. Charles S. Whitman, wife of Governor Whitman, has accepted the honorary chairmanship of the State Membership Drive Committee and H. H. Beecher, first vice president of the New York Telephone Company, will be the active chairman.

"The farmers of the state," said Mrs. Burgess, "must let us know in advance how many girls they can employ so we can make our plans accordingly and establish our units where they will be most needed."

Though the Land Army movement is little more than a year old it has made tremendous progress, according to Dr. Ida Ogilvie of Bernard College, dean of the staff of the Women's Land Army. Dr. Ogilvie, who was one of the speakers at the convention, frequently referred to as the Mother of the movement. Dr. Ogilvie traced the growth of the army from the summer of 1917, when the Bedford camp was established with no support from anyone else.

Dr. Ogilvie in her address stated that the work showed that only about 2 per cent of the applicants were turned down because of physical unfitness. It requires two years of "hardening" before about 4 per cent of those who are accepted are ready for the real farm labor, but the remaining number adjust themselves almost immediately to their new and arduous occupation.

**College Girls as Farmers.**

Studies in the scientific efficiency of the unit system are being carried out at the Wellesley College Training Camp for Land Army Supporters, and were described by Miss Edith Dick, manager of the camp.

"The methods we are working out at Wellesley," she said, "will enable the farmer to pick up his telephone and send out an S. O. S. call for farmettes to plough his fields or pick his berries or get in his hay and have the call answered at once by an efficient army of trained and bodied women workers, who will have their own portable houses and tents tent with them, set up the same with military precision, provide their own management their household white laundry, and have their own food and fuel."

The men speakers at the convention emphasized the fact that women on the farm have become a necessary which the farmer must utilize, or go out of business. John G. Curtiss, Farm Bureau manager for Westchester county, stated that the movement is the greatest boon that has ever come to the farmer. Arthur W. Lawrence, food administrator for Westchester county, warned the state farmers that they had better get in line now and make known the number of women workers they can employ next year.

Mrs. Margaretta Neale, director of the Women's Division, United States Employment Service, has particularly commended the Land Army camp because they maintain a standard of health for women workers and advise their activities.

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