

This damsel, who a year ago was perhaps treading a measure of a tea-dance, now does her bit walking the furrows, manipulating the hand sowing-machine. This mechanical contrivance saves seeds and insures even distribution.

Shall we recite in chorus, "Wood-woman, spare that tree," when on our morning walk we are greeted with sights like these? Even if a woman can't drive a nail, if she is Miss Katherine Freeman, shown above, she can lop down a sapling with one blow.

Now it's farm girls, "brown with honest toil."

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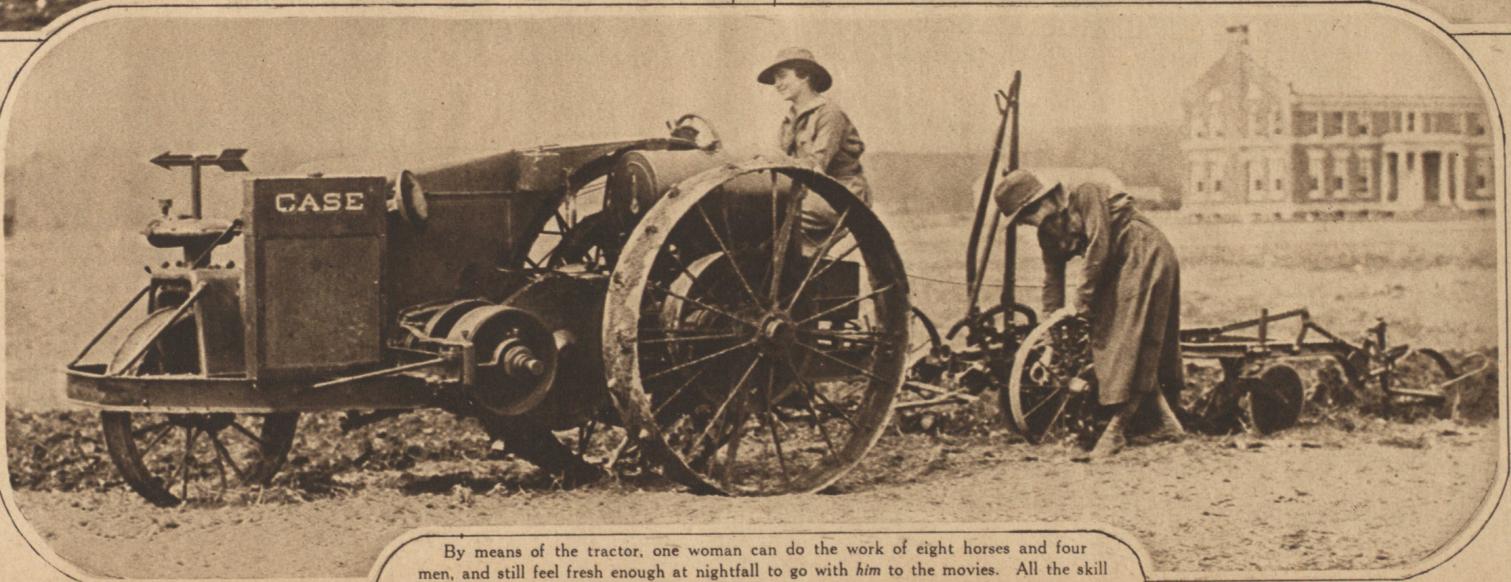
Being fairy god-mother to a brood of chicks is this girl's way of doing her bit. Khaki is always at home among the shells, even if they are only egg-shells.



The estimable Mr. Gray would have to revise his elegy these days, for no longer does the plowman homeward wend his weary way, for if he is the one we think he is, he is taking military training. His sisters and his cousins and his aunts are holding the blade in the furrows in his place.



Like the others on this page, this picture was taken at the N. Y. State School of Agriculture, at Farmingdale, L. I. Miss Freeman, with Miss A. Frazer, is exhibiting professional familiarity with planting machines and other farming machinery of all sorts.



If the ladies have very delicate complexions, so they cannot work in the sun, there is plenty to do in the hot-house. They may tie up tomato plants, or loosen up the soil about them, as above, if they don't mind stray insects.

By means of the tractor, one woman can do the work of eight horses and four men, and still feel fresh enough at nightfall to go with him to the movies. All the skill required is the amount necessary to run the average motor-car—and there is no cranking to do.