



Hammond was a handy machinist, but he was needed at Ypres. Mrs. Hammond exchanged her needle for a drill.



This is the butcher girl of Sydenham of yore in Merry England. She toils her cart-load of chops and joints without a spill.



"Let your light so shine that it casts its rays to the boys in the trenches." The motto of London's women lamp cleaners.

The wheels of industry, turned by hands once thought fitted only to rock the cradle, run without falter in the lands where the strength and skill of man are employed in exterminating his kind.



One of her sons is buried at Gallipoli; another is "somewhere in France." She helps her husband at his forge.



Sprats must be boxed and shipped, if Englishmen are to eat them. Introducing the modern Mrs. Jack Sprat.



The female bill sticker is no longer an oddity in London. Like her paste, she sticks to the job.