

## Of Interest to Women.

## HEALTH, WEALTH, AND HAPPINESS.

## WEALTH.

Words need a deal of explaining sometimes, especially those which, like this one, have acquired secondary or popular meanings or are applicable in more than one direction or domain.

Say "wealth," and what does the average man or woman see? If I say "horse," your memory recalls a variety of animal forms, ranging from the patient draught to the high-stepping racer, but all possessing similar outlines and attributes. What visions does the word "wealth" evoke? Most probably large houses with rich carpets and soft cushions; finely upholstered, shining motor cars, fur coats, jewels, silks, and satins, rich food to eat, and servants to do your work. Or is it a vision of travel, luxurious hotels, new sights and sounds, the pleasurable excitement of novelty and motion? Or, again, a padded chair in a carpeted inner sanctum where sits a potentate like a spider in the centre of his web manipulating the delicate strings of finance and waiting for the flies to "come into his parlour?" That is the kind of wealth anyway that most people are out after and the kind that we are most often by the wisest told doesn't matter.

As a matter of fact, I believe ninety per cent. of us think such wealth rather desirable; we look on at its vagaries with curiosity, interest, perhaps now and then a twinge of envy; but we don't trouble ourselves very much about it because it is out of our reach—that is so long as we are comfortable ourselves and have most things that we really need. Then we can heartily endorse Nietzsche's sage remarks: "For aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. 'Tis no mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean."

Competency has our vote then, and we can eat our dinner in the happy consequences of having earned it without any pang of heart because some one else's meal is more varied and elaborate and served in finer dishes. If we are hungry though and have no food; if we are cold and lack fire or shelter, then are we apt to look fierce and mutter threats against those who lie softly and eat daintily. And if there is a majority among us cold and hungry while a few go fat and warm; and further, if the few are idle while the many toil, then revolution is at hand. And who should wonder at French terrors or Russian terrors or any other kind of horror which sprang out of injustice such as that? If you saw your children starving and our neighbours' children starving by the score and the hundred and the thousand while the pangs of hunger gripped your own belly, and the cold wind whistled through your rags, would you not find the dull red rage of resentment against the unworthy rich rising into a white destroying flame of rebellion and revolution. We New Zealanders have our grievances, but all round, we are are too comfortable to make Bolsheviks or Jacobins of. But comfort is the only reason why we are ohly Liberals or Labourites instead.

Wealth is possession—in its vulgar acceptance it is the possession of much stuff, houses and lands, clothes and carriages, food and furniture. It is more than that, since the possession of more stuff than we can ourselves use, implies the opportunity to command the services of others. The wealthy can hire men and women, and the hiring is the more easy and satisfactory if things are so arranged that they can themselves dictate the terms of the bargain. It is ever disturbing to the mind of wealth to find the hiring insisting on two sides to the business and his the more cogent.

And all this to the modern mind is summed up in the word "money." "A simple invention it was," says Carlyle, "the old-world grazier, sick of lugging his slow ox about the country till he got it bartered for corn or oil, to take a piece of leather and thereon scratch or stamp the mere figure of an ox (pecus), put it in his pocket and call it pecunia, money. Yet hereby did barter grow sale, the leathern money is now golden and paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled; for there are Rothschilds and English National Debts, and who so has sixpence is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men; commands cooks to feed him, philosophers to teach him, kings to mount guard over him—to the length of sixpence."

This kind of wealth, I take it, is not the kind which the old saying wishes us in the triplet. "Health, wealth and happiness." That is the true wealth, of which more anon; but this is the wealth most often and vividly before our minds

and it is worth while to consider it for a time.

True is it that to a man or woman suffering the pinch of want or chafing under the limitations of "straitened means," it sounds like vilest cant to talk of the futility of wealth. None the less is it in reality futile, even from the materialist point of view, "because," to quote Carlyle again, "there is an infinite in man which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the finite. Will the whole finance ministers and upholsterers and confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one shoe-black happy? They cannot accomplish it above an hour or two; for the shoe-black also has a soul quite other than his stomach, and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more and no less, God's infinite universe altogether to himself, therein to enjoy infinitely and fill every wish as it rose. Always there is a black spot in our sunshine—it is even the shadow of ourselves." It is the wealth that is typified by money that a greater than Carlyle said: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God," and again "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Yet the people who listen to these words on Sunday go out to business on Monday more than ever determined to grasp some of that wealth for themselves. Let us next week consider a few facts about this kind of wealth and especially about what is the attitude and relation to it of women.

## Children's Column.

## THE ROSE GARDEN.

## CHARMING STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Rosalie was a very lonely little girl. She had not got even any school-fellows to play with, and how she longed for a little brother or sister. "If you try to be a good girl, Miss Rosalie," her nurse would say, "then perhaps the fairies will send you one."

At last something wonderful really did happen. She awoke, one beautiful moonlight night, to hear a little voice calling her name. She sat up in bed, rubbing her eyes. Then, perched on the bar-rail at the foot of the bed, she saw a tiny little man; he was not more than a foot high, and was clothed from head to foot in shimmering green, while from his shoulders grew a pair of dainty gauzy wings. "Come along," he said, "I am sent to take you to the Fairy Rose Garden. You must be quick," he added, as the little girl jumped out of bed, and began putting on her dressing-gown.

He led her to the corner of the room, where, in the wainscoting, Rosalie saw a tiny door she had never seen before.

"But I can't get through there," she objected, hardly knowing whether she was awake or dreaming.

The fairy laughed and said something—what it was she did not hear, but the next minute she found she was no higher than the little fairy, who opened the door, and led her down a long passage and through another door.

Now Rosalie found herself in the most beautiful garden she had ever seen. Here there grew nothing but roses, of every colour and description, but much larger than ordinary roses.

"Now," said the little fairy, "be quick and choose your baby, because it is nearly morning."

Rosalie was just wondering what he meant when she happened to look more closely at one of the roses. No wonder they were large, for in the heart of every one there lay a dear little baby!

"Oh!" cried Rosalie, "Am I really to choose one to keep?"

She began running from rose to rose, and peeping inside. It was very difficult to choose. Each baby seemed prettier and more lovable than the last.

At length, she found a large creamy rose in which lay a lovely baby boy fast asleep. As Rosalie looked at him he opened his eyes, and held his arms to her with a little gurgle of delight.

"I'll have you, you darling!" exclaimed Rosalie, but as she bent over him she heard a well-known voice saying "come, wake up Miss Rosalie!"

To her surprise, Rosalie found herself back in her own little bed at home. Nurse looking very pleased and excited, was trying to wake her up.

"Miss Rosalie," she said, "be quick and dress. There is something for you to see in your mother's room."

"I know," said Rosalie, as she jumped out of bed, and began to dress as fast as she could. As she did so, she poured forth the story of her wonderful adventure.

"Well, that was a strange dream," said nurse at last.

Rosalie shook her head; she was certain it was not a dream. When she crept into

her mother's room, she was more certain than ever, for there in the bed beside her mother lay the very same baby brother that she had chosen in the Fairy Rose Garden.

So Rosalie was a lonely little girl no longer.

## The Home.

## PICKLING ONIONS AND GHERKINS.

To retain the white colour of onions when pickled proceed as follows:—Pour hot water over the small onions to facilitate the removal of their skins. As they are skinned, place them in strong brine. After twenty-four hours renew the brine and repeat this operation next day. On the following day put the onions in fresh water and heat them to the boiling point stirring frequently. Milk added to the water helps to whiten the onions. Drain well, place the onions in a jar and pour boiling vinegar over them. No spices must be added if the white colour is to be retained. To retain the green colour of gherkins (small cucumbers) let them stand all night in water, to which salt has been added. Drain off the water and replace by vinegar, in which parsley has been steeped for some days. The vinegar is boiled with one ounce of cloves, one ounce of allspice, and a piece of alum the size of a walnut. The boiling vinegar is poured over the gherkins, and the pickles covered with green cabbage leaves. The addition of a few green peppers is a great improvement.

To Clean Serge.—Dump the serge with a sponge and warm water. Then allow it to dry. If now it is well brushed with a soft brush over which a little oil of olives has been dropped, the gloss is entirely removed, and the serge presents a new appearance. 2.—Make a solution of spirit of wine two parts, strong ammonia one part; lay the serge on a bare wood table, then take a piece of old serge or flannel, dip into the ammonia mixture, and apply to the dirty parts, rubbing vigorously. To remove the glossiness, try a teaspoonful of powdered nut-galls in a cupful of hot water, and apply to the serge as before.

Seven Hints for Scrubbing Floors. 1.—Always scrub the way of the grain of the wood. 2.—Have plenty of clean warm water. 3.—Only scrub so far as the arm can reach at a time. Then wash and scrub that part. 4.—Change the water as soon as it is dirty. 5.—Do not use more water than is necessary to clean the boards. 6.—When scrubbed clean, rub the boards well with a clean flannel wrung out of clean water, and then dry with a dry cloth, rubbing the way of the grain. 7.—After scrubbing, wash the brush immediately and hang up to dry, so as to harden the hairs or fibre.

To Remove Mildew from Lace Curtains: 1.—Take 2oz of chloride of lime, pour on it one quart of perfectly boiling water in an earthenware vessel, stirring till dissolved. Then strain through a piece of muslin to remove any lumps that may remain, add three quarts of cold water, and steep the curtains in it for 10 hours. Take out, rinse in cold water, and you will find every spot has disappeared. 2.—One ounce oxalic acid and one ounce of citric acid, dissolved in a pint of new milk. Rub spots till they vanish. Wash at once. 3.—Four ounces soft soap, 4oz. white powdered starch, 2oz. common salt, juice of a lemon. Mix all into a paste with sufficient water, and apply to spots with a sponge. Expose to the air 12 hours, rinse, and, if necessary, repeat operation.

To Stain Floors.—First brush them over with a weak solution of glue and water. When the floor is quite dry, take two ounces of permanganate of potash and dissolve it in half a gallon of boiling water. Brush this over the part to be stained. If the boards are not dark enough give a second coat, and when perfectly dry polish with beeswax and turpentine.

To Preserve French Beans for Winter Use.—In winter, when fresh, green vegetables are almost unobtainable, we may be glad to fall back on those preserved by artificial means. French beans, may be stored as follows:—Gather the pods in the cool of the day, wipe them with a clean cloth, and after putting a layer of salt at the bottom of a stone jar, place a layer of beans over. Then sprinkle in more salt, and continue till the jar is nearly full. Fill up with water and tie down. The brine should be occasionally poured off and renewed. If the beans are taken out, washed in cold water and left to lie in it three or four hours before cooking, their flavour is little inferior to those just gathered from the garden. Plenty of salt must be used.

Kitchen Hints.—How to burn vegetable refuse.—All refuse of the kind ought to be

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burned promptly; sanitation and economy both demand it. An easy method is to break cabbage leaves into small pieces, also peelings and any other refuse. This done, lay it on paper, which roll up tight, and when the kitchen fire is not needed, place the packet sideways on the top of the coals at the back of the grate. The flames will scorch the paper, and it will look almost like coal. The contents will burn steadily and give out no disagreeable odour. Decayed vegetable matter is a great menace to health at all times, more especially so in hot weather. What is more, it attracts flies, which, in their turn are a danger to health.

Cheese Pie.—Pastry (any nice sort), 2lb; milk, three-quarters of a pint; eggs, three; cheese (grated), 4oz; salt, cayenne, nutmeg. Line a deep baking-tin all through with a thin lining of the pastry. Prick the bottom part over with a fork, to prevent it forming blisters. Beat the eggs till a light froth. Mix these with all but a tablespoonful of the cheese, and add to them the milk. Season well, using nutmeg very cautiously—a few grains are sufficient for most people, and some dislike even this amount. Put the pastry-lined tin in a sharp oven, and bake it until the pastry is just crisp. Now pour in the cheese custard. Put back again into a rather slow oven, and bake gently till the custard is set. Then dust the surface over with the remainder of the cheese, and serve hot. Cut out in neat portions as required.

Kitchen (a Hindoo recipe).—Steep a quarter of a pound of dole or split peas for some hours. Take them, with half a pound of rice, and put them into three pints of boiling water; boil it till quite soft. Take a quarter of a pound of butter, slice two or three onions, brown them in the butter, take them out, mix the butter with the dole and rice, heat it, and when served thin the onions over it.

Eggs a la Tripo.—Slice up three large onions, parboil and drain them, then finish cooking them in milk, very slightly salted. When done drain them on a sieve, and make a thick Bechamel sauce with the milk in which the onions have been boiled, and add one gill of thick cream. Season with salt, Cayenne pepper, and grated nutmeg. Slice six hard-boiled eggs and mix with the onions in the sauce, lightly stirring the whole on the fire with a wooden spoon. Place the eggs and onions on a dish surrounded by a border of sippets of toast, and decorate with a layer of chopped parsley over the top and a few spots of anchovy essence, and serve very hot.

Cheese Puffs.—6oz grated cheese, 4oz of flour, 2oz of butter, half a pint of water, 2 whole eggs and one yolk, salt, pepper and cayenne. Put the water and butter into a pan and let them boil fast; add the flour, salt, pepper and cayenne gradually, and stir till it leaves the pan clean; then remove the pan from the fire, stir in the cheese and the egg yolk, beating well together, and add the other eggs one at a time. Have some boiling fat ready then, with two spoons which have been dipped in the fat, drop in small portions of the cheese mixture and fry them light brown. Drain well and serve on a folded napkin.

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## A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID.

(From "Rokeby," Canto III.)

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,  
A weary lot is thine!  
To pull the thorn thy brow to bow,  
And press the rue for wine!  
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
A feather of the blue  
A doublet of the Lincoln green,  
No more of me you knew,  
My Love!  
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,  
The rose is budding fair:  
But she shall bloom in winter snow,  
Ere we two meet again.  
He turn'd his charger as he spoke  
Upon the river shore,  
He gave the bridle-reins a shake;  
Said "Adieu for evermore,  
My Love!  
And, Adieu for evermore."

Sir Walter Scott, "Poetical Works."