

Of Interest to Women.

WOMEN AND WEALTH.

Last week I pointed out that we spend the larger part of our incomes on making life worth while, and that the great problem of education from the economic point of view is to teach people the best things on which to spend, to teach them wisdom and good taste in the choice of things to make life "worth while."

The trouble about women who lavish money on tawdry finery and about men who throw it away on drink, is that they have unenlightened or degraded taste; and until that taste is replaced by something better, you will strive in vain with them.

A curious fact about spending, too, is that the things least worth while from an enlightened view point, cost the most, in money and in other things money represents, the labour and the time, the bodies and the lives of men and women. How many thousands of dollars or pounds may be spent on a rich man's feast where wine flows and rich meats are spread, and the guests go home with ruined digestions and muddled brains?

"At the Devil's booth are all things sold.

Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold!

For a cap and bells our lives we sell.
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking,

'Tis only God may be had for the asking!

No price is set on the lavish summer,
June may be had by the poorest comer."

Poorest, however, only in the possession of gold or silver, or bank notes—there are things that ask no money in exchange, but they are unattainable without the "ready mind," the intellect enlarged, the wider sympathy, the eye trained to appreciate, the soul alive to receive their benefit. Bring the spoiled darling of society out into the woods and wildernesses and not all the sublimity of mountain, not the crystal calmness of lake or tumbling fall of mountain torrent, not "song of bird nor sound of rill," can make up for the absence of admiration and afternoon tea.

There is, however, the other side to be considered—the earning side. The only true basis of wealth is work—in fact only work can produce wealth. There may be hidden store of iron or of gold, there may be forests and fertile lands, but without the labour of man these are nought.

Let us consider then what it is we are spending. It is not gold or silver or paper. It is work, toil of muscle or of brain; and whose toil, ours or another's? Happy is that one who spends with the consciousness of having first earned. Unhappy ultimately, all those who spend the lives and toil of others. It seems to me that one grievous error of this generation (it may not be peculiar to this generation), lies in having its eyes fixed too much on spending and too little on earning. Its war cry is "get what you can," never "do what you can." The working man demands higher and higher wages. How often does he demand of himself higher and higher efficiency, closer attention to duty, more unsparing industry and more unflinching perseverance. Is he satisfied with his best, or just content with "well enough."

The employer rails at the working man for his greed and dishonesty. He will demand higher wages, says the merchant, but he will not give good service. Does the employer consider his own position from that point of view? What service has he rendered to the community commensurate with the comfort and luxury he enjoys. Has he consistently hesitated to take whatever he could get until satisfied that he was rendering a just return?

And the women whose lives are made easy by riches, how often do they stop to consider their worth to the world or the world's estimate of them apart from their possessions.

Parties, holidays, smart clothes, good things to eat, are no less desirable to people because they are out of reach; and on the other hand the girl who cannot have them, who works in a shop or work-room deserves them every whit as much as the girl who spends her time on the tennis-court, the golf links, or sitting in the tea-rooms. The difference between them is often only a superficial one; if there be a deeper distinction it may be in favour of the humbler.

There are three classes of women: Those who earn less than they spend, those who spend, on the whole, what they earn, and those whose earnings is far greater than they ever have the chance to spend. In the same newspaper recently, and almost in the same column, I read a jibe at the women who, complaining at the cost of living (not dressing), nobly resolved never to pay more than £14 for a coat and skirt, £2 10s for a hat, or 42s for a pair of shoes; together with an account of a women's deputation to Members of Parlia-

ment in Sydney. They were mothers of families; they and their children went in rags, they had not blankets to cover them, nor proper food to eat.

The jibe (it was a male jibe), was not quite fair; it over-looked the fact that men are art and part in this thing just as much as women; that they chiefly have created and do perpetuate the system out of which such injustices arise; it over-looked the fact that while men may not want ornate hats or silk and velvet clothing (they used to—it is only fashion that prevents them now) they have other tastes just as expensive. What truly conscientious woman could don a rich evening gown or luxurious fur cloak for which she had done no work, while sister women and little children went in rags? What sober thinking man could buy fine houses and wide lands, or pleasure yachts like floating palaces, while whole families herd in filthy dens and rot together into oblivion? It is custom blinds our eyes and stops our ears and shuts up the fountains of our heart, or we should rise as one to put down the whole sorry, hideous sham and build a new something fair, seemly and wholesome wherein the worker should rejoice in his labour and eat of the fruit of it as the sun went down.

Children's Column.

TOMMY AND THE DWARFS.

Tommy lived with his mother in a cottage on the outskirts of a small town. It was a very pretty place indeed, closed in by hills. Tommy was usually a good little boy, but to-day he had grieved his mother by refusing to do his lessons, he wanted to go out and play with the other boys. His mother would not let him go until he had done them, and he was such a long time with his lessons that night came on before he had finished. It was a very cross little boy who said his prayers at his mother's knees before he got into bed. His mother was glad when she had tucked him in—she knew he was safe there. Tommy was awakened in the night by a very funny noise, and, opening his eyes, he saw a little dwarf standing at the foot of his bed.

"I have come to take you to dwarf land, to show you what we do there," said the dwarf.

Tommy had often wondered what dwarf land was like, and of course, he was glad to have the chance to go now.

The dwarf held out his hand for Tommy to take hold of, and immediately he did so he found himself just as big as the dwarf. They travelled very fast, and soon came to a big hole in the ground. The dwarf led the way down, and when they came to the bottom Tommy saw a lot of dwarfs very busy at work.

"I am going to take you to see some of them at school," said the dwarf.

There was quite a number of different classes, and the dwarfs were very hard at work. Some were having arithmetic lessons, and some compositions, each class was taking a different subject. At length they came to a very dark room.

"We lock anyone in here who does not want to do his lessons, and who has been naughty to his teacher," the dwarf said. "You grieved your mother to-day by refusing to do your lessons, so I am going to keep you here."

Tommy found himself pushed into the room and heard the key turned in the lock. Oh, he was frightened! It was so dark, and there was a lot of mice running about. He started shouting and thumping on the wall, and just then he heard his mother's voice calling him. It was now eight o'clock and time for him to get up. When he got downstairs his mother asked him what he had been shouting for. He told her his dream, and said he would never again refuse to do his lessons, he would try and be a good boy. He was very sorry for having grieved her, and she forgave him.

THE DIGGER'S LETTER BOX.

DAPHNE, NORTH INVERCARGILL.

—We are pleased to receive your story but you have not sent us your name, age, and address. However, blackbirds tell tales sometimes. Your story is very nice and your writing very clear, but be a little more careful with your spelling and punctuation, Daphne. I note the moral of your story is to always try to do good, especially to others, and by so doing you will reap happiness in return.—MATER.

DOT'S ADVENTURE.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

(By "Daphne," North Invercargill.)

Dot was a very kind little girl and she was always very good.

One night she had been especially kind and good and it was a very happy little girl that nurse tucked up in bed at seven o'clock.

The night was very dark, so Dot was

very surprised when she saw a bright light shining in her room. There by her bedside stood a tiny fairy, no bigger than a doll. He jumped up on the bed and saying in a tiny, piping voice, "As you have been very good lately, the Fairy Be-good has sent for you to come to her party to-night. She is our queen."

So saying he waved a tiny wand and Dot became no bigger than himself. He waved it again and her white nightdress turned into a pale, pink robe trimmed with sparkling gems.

In her hair a dazzling ruby shone. Her slippers were of autumn leaves and had pretty, pointed toes.

The fairy then changed one of her shoes into a cradle ship and after bidding Dot get in they both flew through the looking glass and along a winding passage.

"Are we near the ballroom yet?" Dot asked.

"Yes!" said the fairy, "here is the door."

The door was opened by two fairy footmen wearing emerald green silk suits, who bowed till their long pointed hats touched the glass floor, as the two entered.

On a marble throne sat the fairy queen with her long, golden hair falling round her shoulders, and her crown glittering in the rays of the lanterns.

"Well," said Fairy Be-good, "is this little Dot?" and calling to a fairy dressed in a purple satin suit said, "Here take this young lady and give her a dance."

Dot found the fairy very polite and enjoyed her dance very much.

Then she went into the supper room. On the table were chocolate creams, trifles, dew in flower cups and many other delicious things. Dot ate and drank merrily and was quite sorry when she had to get into the cradle-ship again and go back to her own little bedroom.

The fairy changed her back to her proper form. The morning dawned and she got up and thought over her adventure; and no one but the fairies knew of her trip.

DAPHNE.

ETHEL, aged 12, Tisbury.

"Mater" is pleased to hear from you and to receive your story. Your writing is very good but just be a little careful with your spelling. Always carefully read it over after you have written it. You are doing very well but just start with easy stories. Could you tell us anything about your flower garden. "Mater," is very fond of flowers and would like to hear from you again.—"MATER."

THE QUEEN OF EDGELEY.

Maud Edgely was a very beautiful girl; she was only thirteen and was very fair. She had a brother who was heir but he died, and so she was heiress to all he had and her father was very proud of her.

One day she met a poor man who was walking in front of her. She took him home with her and found out who he was. He was a very rich king and was trying to live a poor man but felt it hard and so he took all the poor men and women to live with him. Maud was about twenty then and married him.

One day he was called away on business and he did not like leaving her by herself, so he sent his cousin to stay with her. Her name was Sybil Leighton, and she did not like her cousin-wife being Queen so she thought of a plan and said: "Dear Max,—You have killed me and if it can be so, my spirit shall hover round you." Then she poisoned herself.

When Max Darnell came home he asked Maud where Sybil was. His wife went to see and when she saw her she turned very white and called Max to come and see. After two days they buried Sybil and lived happily afterwards. Max Darnell loved Maud far better now and they lived happily until they died.

TO MUCH TO EXPECT.

He had got into the habit of looking into the cup when it was yellow, and the result of too many whiskies was a deranged digestion. Worried about it, he consulted a doctor.

"Stop drinking!" ordered the medical man, curtly.

"But, doctor," protested the patient. "I can't. I get so thirsty."

"Then," replied the doctor, "whenever you feel thirsty, eat an apple instead of drinking whisky."

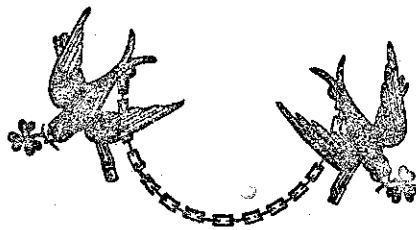
The young man paid his fee and departed. Later on he was talking to a friend about it, and wound up with the comment:—

"Bally rot, I call it! Fancy eating forty apples a day!"

Napoleon's handwriting was so illegible that his letters from Germany to Josephine were at first taken for rough maps of the seat of war.

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The Home.

A NEW WAY OF MAKING PLUM JAM.

The writer has made jam from early plums in the following way, and it was a great success. I hope this recipe will reach readers in time to try it with the late plums.

Wash the plums, and put on to boil with a little water (about two cupfuls to eight pounds of fruit). When the fruit is quite soft, put it through a steamer, beating it well with a wooden spoon to get all the flesh of the plums through. Put the fruit back in the preserving pan, and to every breakfastcupful of pulp put one of sugar. Boil for about half an hour, or until it jellies. If boiling water is poured through the skins and stones, and sugar added, it makes a good drink. This liquid can also be used for making corn-flour moulds. Put it on to boil and add sugar to taste, and a level tablespoonful of cornflour to every breakfastcupful of liquid.

VINEGAR.

To every ten gallons of water allow one and a-half pounds of brown sugar, a quarter of an ounce of bicarbonate of potash and one and a-half quarts of glacial acetic acid. Boil the water and dissolve the sugar in it. When the water is cold, add the acid and potash. This is a white vinegar. It can be coloured by adding Indian soy. A colouring made from burnt sugar answers the purpose just as well as Indian soy.

A smaller quantity may be made the proportions for which are ten quarts of boiling water, six ounces of brown sugar, one and a half breakfastcupful of glacial acetic acid, a teaspoonful (level) of potash. The glacial acetic acid and potash can be obtained at a chemist's. The amount required for the smaller quantity of vinegar will cost about three shillings. This is an excellent table, pickle and preserving vinegar.

WORCESTER SAUCE.

Ingredients.—2lbs of treacle, half an ounce of pepper, half an ounce of powdered mace, half an ounce of cayenne, an ounce of garlic, 1lb of eschalots, two quarts of vinegar, half-cupful of browning.

Method.—Peel the garlic and eschalots and put them through the mincer. Boil all the ingredients together for two hours. Strain and bottle. If using the ordinary brown vinegar the colouring will not be required.

PICKLED MUSHROOMS.

Button mushrooms are the best for pickling. Rub them with a piece of flannel dipped in salt. Set them in a stewpan, with mace, pepper, and salt. Place over the heat, and as the juice comes out shake them well. Let them remain on the stove until the juice is absorbed again. Cover with good vinegar. Give them a simmer, then turn out. When almost cold, put into glass jars, and tie down. They will keep for two years.

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