

## THE STONE GARDEN

*My next-door neighbour, Mrs. Jones,  
Has got a garden full of stones:  
A crazy path, a lily pond,  
A rockery, and just beyond,  
A sundial with a strange device  
Which Mrs. Jones thinks rather nice.*

*My next-door neighbour, Mrs. Jones,  
Puts little plants between the stones.  
They are so delicate and small,  
They don't mean anything at all.  
I can't think how she gets them in,  
Unless she plants them with a pin.*

*My next-door neighbour, Mrs. Jones,  
Once asked me in to see her stones.  
We stood and talked about a flower  
For quite a quarter of an hour.  
"Where is this lovely thing?" I cried.  
"You're standing on it," she replied.*

—from "Green Fingers"

By Roy Arkell

## "Ninety Years' Toil"

Not only for religionists, but for those of us who derive inspiration from stories of steadfastness of purpose, the book "Through Ninety Years," by F. W. Williams (Whitcombe & Tombs, Ltd.) should appeal.

It is the barest record, compiled from endless careful notes, diaries and letters, of those who were responsible for the earliest Missionary work in our country. And — like all bare records, it tells a romantic story.

The period covered is from the landing of William Williams in 1826 to the death of his son, William Leonard Williams, in 1916. The Missionary's ability had, in those days, to cover a wide field of activities. He is not only spiritual adviser, physician and instructor, but printer, dairy farmer, stonemason and plasterer. He turns boat-builder and visits Sydney across the treacherous Tasman, in his craft. A printing machine is ordered from England, and many parts are missing. These are supplied in local wood and stone, and the printing proceeds.

In the spreading of his Gospel he is assisted by both the vanity and the superstition of the native. Some men are held captive, but are restored to their tribe by the Missionaries. One boasts of his knowledge of a new God, and — and when he comes unscathed out of battle — gets many converts.

But preaching is not, apparently, without its disappointments. In one part: "We have greatly to lament over the rising generation; with all our endeavours we seem to get no hold over them." But then: "Some have been recovered from the snares of the devil who had been led captive by him at his will."

Alas, we are a graceless lot!

## The Car Age

Great Britain demands a mental development equal to that of the average child of twelve for would-be car-drivers. Calculations show that there are several hundred thousand adults who don't come up to this standard. The mere pedestrian takes his life in his hands.

## "Party Girl"

The party was going with a swing, and, as a great treat, seven-year-old Betty had been allowed to stay up late.

As the evening wore on she became very quiet and finally her weary voice was heard piping up, "I think I'd like to go to bed now, Mummy. I'm tired of this night life."

## THE CLOCK AND DECORATION

Those who love old clocks — and I know one or two who find collecting them a fascinating game — will like this example exhibited in the Loans Collection of the Women's Section at the Centennial Exhibition.

There's no doubt about it, there's something extraordinarily friendly about the long pendulum, chains and weights, the large open face and the noisy "workings" of such old fellows. The even tick, the mellow strike, no doubt companioned many a long hour for our pioneer ancestors. Waiting in those days was so often for an extreme of good or ill.

All the colours — hand-painted design in amber reds and yellows on a cream ground are mellowed now to beauty. The cream is parchment. The reds are rust.

Many modern housewives — even among those who appreciate its value and its beauty — would relegate this old specimen to a spare room, or even an old cupboard, rather than attempt to get a modern room in line with its character.

In such a difficulty it is wise to make the article the dominant feature, the motif, about which the decoration of the room is built up. In this case the clock could be placed alone on a narrow wall space, such as a recessed end between fireplace and window, taking the place of a picture. Nothing should be allowed to interrupt the line of its slender length. Below it, perhaps, a bowl of mixed flowers massed on a low table. Wall colours: parchment, grey. Cushions, hangings, etc.: ambers, rust, grey and cream.

## Home Doctor

We all, I think, are familiar with the evidence of adenoids in the child — the short, undeveloped nose with its thickening bridge, the mouth-breathing and the snoring at night. No child is able to do himself justice either in work or play if this condition exists, and it is wise to face up at once to the operation or treatment that will remove it.

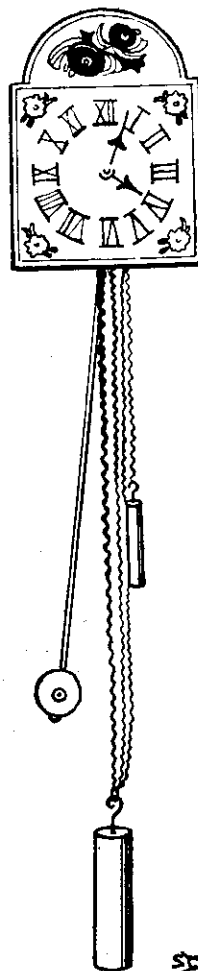
Occasionally adenoids are present at birth or there is an hereditary tendency to develop them, though the usual age is between three and twelve. It is possible also for them to shrivel and disappear later. Unless the child's health and mental brightness is being seriously affected, an operation, which is always a shock to the nervous system, should be avoided.

## Aching Ears

Whether or not it is because our islands are draughty places is hard to say, but our children do seem to suffer over-much from ear-ache, don't they? Generally it is not very serious — a chill, perhaps, or a natural part of tooth-producing — and warmth, either with hot water bag carefully wrapped or hot fomentations, is the only thing to be done.

An inflamed drum is one thing, but mastoid, an affection of the middle ear or cavities in the bone behind, is a different matter, and a doctor should be consulted at the first indication of this. There is usually a discharge of yellowish fluid. Wax, of course, is normal.

An important rule is never to block with cotton wool.



## WHILE THE KETTLE BOILS

Dear Friends,

To-day the sun is shining — and from my window the sea is a warm sapphire. My thoughts go to mountain tramps, fishing on some quiet lake — or lazing on a sun-warmed beach. Which leads one to think of holidays. Let's talk of holidays!

As Christmas approaches our thoughts turn wistfully in that direction. Those of us who are lucky enough to "wangle" our annual leave to coincide with Christmas should start to do some practical thinking. It is all very well to dream of sun-warmed beaches and mountain-tops etched against the sky, but we've got to get down to earth if we are really going to enjoy that vacation.

Of course, the choice of place is the first consideration — and a very important one at that. A few years back I was accustomed to spending a three weeks' annual holiday at the same farmhouse. It became finally just a very pleasant habit, and one that I was loath to break. However, there came a time when my usual arrangements were upset, and I was obliged to choose a new holiday spot — this time by the beach. I can still remember the thrill of that holiday — the sense of fresh discovery — of new and adventurous living. At the same time it taught me a lesson.

Don't stick to the same old spot — just because it has become a pleasant habit. There are new and lovely spots waiting to be discovered, and you are missing something if you fail to seek them out. There you are with two whole blessed weeks on your hands. Make them worth-while; a memory that you can look back on with happiness and pleasure.

I remember hearing a story about Charles Frohman, the famous theatrical producer. Holidays did not often come his way, but when he felt fagged out and in need of a trip to the country, he would read up the trains and take the trip in his imagination. He was once discovered in his office eating ice-cream and studying a Railway Guide. When questioned, he explained that he was imagining he was in Cornwall — with the sea breezes blowing on his face!

We are more fortunate than even the famous but hard-worked Mr. Frohman. For we can make our holidays a delightful reality. So now for the all important question — clothes. If you wish to avoid a headache, make out a list of all the things you need a few weeks beforehand — and don't be afraid to use the blue pencil when you come to read it over. A lot of unnecessary clothes mean extra luggage and extra bother. You'll enjoy your holiday much more if you stick to a few simple essentials. Bathing togs, of course, a couple of linen frocks, slacks and a jumper for chilly days, a wool sports coat and pull-on felt hat for motoring. In the evenings all you need are a couple of those lovely cool print frocks that, with their long sweeping skirts, puffed sleeves, and narrow velvet ribbon tied around the waist, give that light festal effect we all desire for the evenings. If you anticipate a formal occasion, an extra evening frock can be included. Cut shoes and hats down to a minimum — they are so much excess baggage!

Next week I am going to talk to you about the latest bathing suits and one or two other things that might prove helpful to you for your coming holiday.

Till then,

Yours cordially,

*Cynthia*