



Like Magic!

IRONING
made safer!
easier! faster!

Smooth out your ironing problems with a MORPHY-RICHARDS AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC IRON! At the turn of a dial, this amazing iron gives the right heat for every fabric, and maintains it automatically. Switches itself off if growing too hot—on again if too cool. Saves power. Lessens fatigue. Eliminates all wrist cramp and strain.

See this marvellous iron at leading Radio and Electrical Dealers throughout N.Z. Heavily chromed sole plate, with extra ironing surface, gives smooth action and long life. Fully guaranteed for 12 months, and available in three charming, modern colours—Pastel Green, Pastel Blue, and Ivory. Also in a chromium finish.

N.Z. Distributors: Russell Import Co., Ltd., P.O. Box 102, Wellington.

MORPHY-RICHARDS
Automatic
ELECTRIC IRON

MAKES "LIGHT" WORK OF IRONING.



You're getting
THIN ON TOP!...

... better do something about it... before it gets too late. Now's the time to use Silvikrin. Silvikrin checks falling hair and dandruff. For SEVERE FALLING HAIR and Dandruff, try *Pure Silvikrin* — the concentrated hair food. But for GENERAL CARE of the Hair — Silvikrin Lotion is recommended. It keeps your scalp in good condition... your hair lustrous and glossy. It's a double-purpose lotion.

Silvikrin
FOR HEALTHY HAIR

Sold by all chemists, stores and hairdressers.



Made for Drugs Ltd., 145 Sydney Road, London, N.10, England. 707

SHORT STORY

(continued from previous page)

She gave the doll up at once to Ruhi and said, "I come back to the doll!"

Ruhi took her out although she didn't appear to need much taking. Indeed it almost seemed that she could see as she made confidently for the door and the steep steps beyond. And as I watched the small brown fingers feeling sensitively over the door. I realised that the thing stabbing me most sharply about her blindness was this trust in the world about her.

[N]o time she was back. On her own.

She felt her way eagerly through the door, her face lifted upward and her eyes flashing from side to side. She said clearly in my direction, "I come back to the doll!"

But the sun was outside and we had not had sun like this for weeks, and it seemed to me like flying in the face of God not to send the little ones into the sun when it came. I felt the necessity of a decision coming on me. Then suddenly the decision was there ready-made. I said, giving her the doll, "Take the doll outside, Kata, and bring it back when you come inside again."

It was stimulating the way the child understood and obeyed at once everything that I said. The way she accepted every decree without question or resentment was a change for me, dealing constantly as I do with little new ones; with their inhibitions of shyness and the crowding conflicting impressions dulling their responses to me. . . . In a normal child I would have put down such unquestioning obedience to bullying parents. But Kata's mother and father were easy-going and gentle. I thought, perhaps, it is because her widest area of impression, her sight, is closed, that her response is so absolute. She became gently hilarious with herself during the second half of the morn-

ing, maintaining a stream of laughter and chatter. She put the doll to bed: she took it out. She took off its bonnet: she put it on herself. She tucked the doll in again: she sang to it: she arranged its pillows tenderly, pushed the bed to and fro like a pram. And all the time her hands fixed and patted feverishly and sensitively, and all the time her face turned upward, always upward, her eyes seeming to follow something wonderful above.

I paused many times during the noisy business of teaching little ones to watch her: to watch her eyes and marvel at her hands and to say once or twice,

"Softer, Kata. I can't hear the other children."

And each time the crowing voice dropped immediately.

Indeed she seemed to be so much at ease that I thought perhaps she could

stand the unfamiliarity of a desk, so I myself took her from the chair before the fire that had been her own spot during the morning and guided her to a desk, feeling that she could also stand the strangeness of my touch, being apparently already at peace with my voice. Again her trust in me hurt. No hesitation; just complete and wondering acceptance. Her bare brown feet turned instantly at my lightest touch on her shoulder and felt round the corner of the desk. And when, with the gentlest pressure on her shoulders I said "Sit down, Kata," she sat down as confidently as though she had known there was a seat there and had often sat on it.

Then lunch time came and what should happen but that Ruhi should snatch the doll from her to put it away.

"That's mine!"

Scores of brown eyes turned on her at the urgency in her voice, yet her face was still uplifted, her eyes still chasing the darting things above. I myself felt her pain sharply enough until I realised that she was still sitting there, unable to pursue the thief or even to look in her direction. Then I couldn't bear it. I tried to speak in the level voice I always keep for excited children, but found myself shouting, "Give it back! She doesn't know you are only putting it away!"

Ruhi skipped lightly back across the room and replaced the doll in Kata's arms, and I said, with overdone gentleness, "We are just putting the doll away for lunch time, Kata. When you come back you can have it again."

"I come back to the doll!" she said, confidently, as big Wharepa and the others came in to take her home to the pa for lunch.

SHE did come back and we placed the doll in her arms again. But I was so busy during the first half of the afternoon that I hardly noticed her. Although I can't say that concerned her. When I called all the new ones to me for a first reading lesson and had to leave her out she was engrossed in stroking the surface of the desk. And again when we were playing an impromptu game of things that could fly,

(continued on next page)