



While The Kettle Boils

Dear Friends,

A friend of mine, a mother of three girls who have just left school, is faced with a very common problem. What are her three girls going to do with their lives? Financially, it is necessary that these girls should now help to keep themselves and give some support toward the upkeep of their home. Of course, we know that marriage is the ultimate aim of every normal girl, but marriages can't be arranged or planned to order, and there is an increasing number of women who don't marry till later in life. So the problem of a career still remains.

Each year, as schools empty out their finished pupils, parents and the girls themselves are faced with the same question. It is a question that the war has influenced. To-day, because of the shortage of men employees, all kinds of new jobs are opening up to women workers. Here is their opportunity to make good and prove themselves. It will be remembered that during the last war, the position was similar: a situation that had

far-reaching effects on the world of women. It is still felt to-day, and the present war conditions will tend to intensify it.

I always think it is rather a thrilling moment for any young girl starting out to make her own way in life. To the young, all life is touched with adventure, and heartbreak and disappointment are vague terms, fortunately not yet realised.

Opportunity to-day abounds. The secret is to recognise that opportunity when it comes knocking on our doors. It goes in so many strange guises—and it needs all our intuition and intelligence to recognise it as the golden finger, pointing the way to success.

I am reminded of a young American girl who passed through a succession of unsatisfactory jobs. She found she knew more about the migrating birds that passed through New York than she did about stenography. As an experiment, she decided to capitalise her knowledge. She began conducting bird walks in Central Park, using the Museum of Natural History as a supplementary classroom. Her work attracted the notice of the Museum scientists, and before long she was on her way to British Guiana, armed with a commission to collect birds for the museum. She had found her niche in life—a career devoted to Nature.

Another young girl obliged, through illness, to spend a year in bed, was given a collection of shells to amuse her. She became so interested that she took up the study of conchology, and finally became head curator at a great museum.

These are just chance coincidences that led to the founding of a life career. The small boy who collects beetles may one day find himself a famous entomologist. There is the true story of a lad, who, driven out of his home by an indignant family with his collection of snakes, lizards, frogs, live flies and moths, went one day to the museum to have his collection of moths identified. The old scientist who inspected them was amazed and delighted to find there a splendid collection of rare species. The lad was offered a job labelling and mounting specimens. To-day, he is a leading authority on herpetology.

What can be accomplished in the Natural History field, can be repeated in every other walk of life. Recognise that opportunity when it comes rapping on your door. It may not call a second time.

Yours cordially,

Cynthia

END CONSTIPATION TO-NIGHT

If you suffer from constipation, take one or two NYAL FIGSEN tablets before retiring. There is no griping pain, no stomach upsets. In the morning Figsen acts . . . thoroughly, effectively, yet so gently and mildly. Except for the pleasant relief Figsen brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. NYAL FIGSEN is a pleasant-tasting, natural laxative that is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/6d. a tin. *The next best thing to Nature . . .*

Nyal Figsen
FOR CONSTIPATION

*Nervous
tension*



brings on

INDIGESTION

Because the digestive organs react at once to nervous upsets, digestion soon breaks down under prolonged nervous tension. Then, after every meal, you get flatulence, heartburn, nervous dyspepsia and all the distressing symptoms of indigestion. In other words—a painful condition arises which can easily develop into serious stomach trouble.

So, if present-day worries have upset your stomach, turn

to De Witt's Antacid Powder for help. You'll get relief at once. De Witt's Antacid Powder acts so quickly and surely because it tackles your stomach trouble in three ways. First it *neutralises* excess acid. Then it *soothes and protects* the inflamed stomach lining. Finally, it actually *helps to digest* your food, and so relieves the weakened stomach.

Start with De Witt's Antacid Powder now and you'll soon be eating what you like and enjoying every meal.

End stomach troubles now
and eat what you like.
Get your sky-blue canister
to-day!

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER

Unequalled for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gastritis and Flatulence. Price, including tax, 2/7.



YOUR GARDEN AND MINE

By Ann Earncliff Brown (No. 60)

EVER since the gale which wrecked haystacks and the hopes of many Canterbury orchardists and gardeners, I've expected a letter from the Garden Lady. You'll perhaps recall her as the grower of outsize cabbages etc. A letter from her is always a pleasure, but I am always afraid that she will forfeit the right to her present title and become merely an exasperated woman using language no Editor of Garden Notes would allow to pass. Fortunately, as that devastating wind shredded my garden crops and tore great limbs from the willows, I was struck speechless. The big branches at least will make good kindling. Most of the twigs and crisped leaves which carpeted every bit of this aching acre are now raked up. Even those sneaky bits which blocked the feed to the lily pond are discovered. The fountain plays again. Since at this moment the rain splashes purposefully down, I am absolved from yesterday's resolutions, and am enjoying a crackling wood fire and my chat with you—a trifle one-sided perhaps, but entirely without any friction. I'm pretty good at making resolutions. Listening to the unrelenting downpour I decide that no "pale cast of thought" could have sicklied o'er my intention to sally beyond the rabbit-netted gate and cut down the blue, mauve, and white lupins that have seeded on my bit of frontage.

As a rule, I manage to cut these lupins back hard shortly after their first blooming, and thus strive to give passers-by a second helping of their beauty. This soaking rain may atone for my neglect and tempt them into an Indian Summer effort.

Formal roadside gardening in the country is not generally indulged in—nor in most cases would it be practicable. Passing stock take toll of wayside beauty. Many a skinny old ewe snatching hungrily at the long flower spikes,

has gone on her way to the boiling down works incongruously decorated—a champion's blue dangling from her gummy, mumbling jaws. At times, too, cattle break or bruise an odd branch, but I find it difficult to be charitable to trippers who stop their cars and pick—not the few blooms that would never be missed and would be gladly spared, but the whole plant torn up by the roots.

No gentle rebuke or suggestion that cutting is kinder has effect on insensitive folk. "It's a public road. They belong to everyone," argued our latest offender. So do the flowers growing outside city gardens—they're on public roads, too. But there are people with whom one doesn't argue.

A spring cleaner of flowering bulbs also beautifying the roadside, was courteously urged by the planter to step inside his gate and gather more and better ones. Her amazing reply, "No thanks, I've got plenty," brought the soft answer: "No?—ah! well, perhaps another time."

However, it pays to keep your town street frontage bright. Nasturtiums or marigolds are flame bright, but less dangerous than tall dry grass that often takes possession. You will never know how nearly your paling fence—so neatly capped in white—was to destruction. My shoe still carries a slight scorch where I stamped out a fire started by some carelessly thrown cigarette butt. I may not pass your way again.

GARDEN WITHOUT SOIL!

Garden-lovers who cannot do heavy work should garden by hydroponics. No soil. Simple chemicals and containers. On verandah, in porch or yard. Exquisite flowers, luscious vegetables, at all seasons. Learn how! Send 1/- for illustrated Magazine giving details of Hydroponics Club Membership to Hydroponics Institute, 119 Lambton Quay, Wellington.