



Statics.

OUR four-year-old had been indulging in an orgy of apple-eating owing to the close proximity of the orchard to the house. She was now suffering for her greed, but wished to disguise the actual cause of the "ache." She thought hard when questioned upon her woe-begone appearance and then said: "I think I've got static, Mummy."—"Sue."

All the Same.

HOW thoughtlessly town folk speak of us country bumpkins. "I couldn't live in the country," one recently said, "everything seems the same all the time. Even the people are all the same." I wondered if she really could think such a thing. None of them seem the same to me.

The postmistress is my nearest neighbour. Where in town could one find a postal official like her? She gives out the mail any hour of the day or night, and as long as she is awake, answers a telephone ring too. Often she saves us a walk by letting us know if there is no mail, or hurries us up by telling us there is a letter from Flo or Bill or some other absent one. All our correspondents are known to her. It is a treat to see her radiant smile as she hands us our expected letters and parcels, and I am sure she is just as disappointed as we are when there is nothing to give us.

Then there are the Gregson's, the only "well-off" people here. They employ share milkers and milk a hundred cows, but will not allow the share milkers to take either milk or butter for their own use, nor do they do so themselves. And why? Because there is a very large family at the share milkers, and only a small one at the Gregson's table; and the share milkers would be getting more than their half of butter fat! So each family takes what it needs and it is accounted for and paid for each month. The share milkers are far more popular than the "boss."

The McPhersons are very "poor, proud and particular." They keep sheep. Their table is, of necessity, very frugal, but they always have flowers and serviettes. The neighbours do not feel at home there, though all agree they are as nice as possible. They send their girls to boarding school, and everyone wonders how they do it.

Then there is old Thomson, the post-splitter. He takes no notice of his farm beyond splitting posts on it. He has supplied almost every settler between here and the line, and takes great pride in pointing out his posts in the fences. You would think his own place would be beautifully fenced, but it has the most tumble-down imaginable.

We have several typical "Mums" and "Dads," each different in his or her own way, but all alike in some respects—all hard-working, cheerful, hospitable and dependable, the backbone of the country.—"Becky."

CONTRIBUTIONS of original matter of general interest to women and the home, if possible, but not essentially, associated with radio, electrical equipment or home-craft in the widest field, are invited for this page. Space rates. All matter must be brief and in ink, on one side only. Name or nom de plume. Contributors must claim payment for matter published by forwarding at the end of each month clipping, together with date of publication, to our Accountant. Address contributions, "The Editor," Box 1032, Wellington.

Jones and the Jap.

THE other day, I met my neighbour Jones. "By Jove, old man," he said, "I've bought a wireless set—a corking one." I let him ramble on.

A week later, I saw Jones again. "Well," I said cheerfully, "How's the Radio?" "Not too good," he said sadly. "Brown's set is just the same as mine and he can get that Japanese station and I can't." "Cheer up," I replied, "we all get these setbacks."

Next time I saw Jones, he looked sadder than ever. "Got that Jap yet?" I enquired. "—the Jap" he said fiercely. "Yes I got the blighter. Sat up till two the other morning, and when I got him the fool was broadcasting in Japanese." —H. B. Lamont.



... GREETINGS. ...

*What greeting shall I send you
As I think of you to-day?
For the wish that I would wish you
Goes beyond what I can say,
Yet unspoken thoughts are Heavenward—
In the silence as we pray.*

*I will breathe my intercessions
Before God's Altar Throne;
And the best that I can wish you
Shall be told to Him alone;
And the best thought I can send you
Is from Him and not my own.*

*And your name shall be remembered
In the Blessed Presence there;
Where remembrances are Sacred
And each memory holds a Prayer;
And where loving thoughts shall leave you
In a Loving Father's care.*

—"Jedin."

Venom!

SMALL things sometimes hamper the installation of electricity. Personal pique even plays its part. One of the most amusing cases in that direction of which I have heard comes from a South Island town. The power authority placed its account with one bank, but the manager of a rival institution considered for certain reasons that he should have been favoured. During his managership in that town, therefore, he refused to use electricity, and would not have an installation made. The extraordinary spectacle was therefore presented of a leading bank using oil, while all other premises in the main street were brilliantly lit with electricity. On the first day of his successor's reign, however, the electricians were at work.—Olive.

The Pound of Flesh.

ARGUMENTS sometimes develop between electricity consumers and their power authorities concerning charges. One such recently cropped up in a rural district. Fierce and long was the dispute, the farmer contending that the charges were unduly high, and the power authority too exacting in its demand. The secretary, however, stood firm and refused all compromise. In reality, however, his heart was soft, and it came as a distinct shock to him to eventually receive a cheque from the irate consumer made out to "Shylock"! The cheque was duly honoured.—E.G.S.

Our Street.

OURS is a charming street. It is shaped like the crescent of a young moon. From the top one fairly slithers down to the middle, and if one's home is at the far end of it one has to do a little mountaineering. A happy street for strong young feet—eager feet—winged feet—but not for tired old feet. Just now the summer girl goldenly dawdles about it—but yesterday I glimpsed autumn, her serene-eyed sister brownly flitting through it. All the folk in our street are garden lovers. Roses—roses—all about it. A fragrant rainbow of colour—bewitching beauties of the late summer.

In "our" street cuddly kiddies peer at one over the gates as one passes by. Many share their quaint little secrets with me. Yesterday, one chubby thing told me a lovely secret. Her pussy cat had laid four dear little kittens in daddy's hat.

His best one too, she added proudly. Now I hope that little bird won't tell her that I've told you. Facing my window is a great grassy paddock. Clumps of macrocarpa adorn one end of it. On windy days they wave their long sable arms to the skies above them like demented spirits. At evening the fires of sunset shine through them. Then their branches appear like the harpstrings of angels.

Yes, mine is a charming street, shaped like the crescent of a young moon. Laughter and beauty blossom along its winding way. I'm glad I live in "our" street.—Helen G.