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THE RETICENCE OF THE DEAD.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Although I have been sweetly comforted
By messages that came to me from
Space
Ament the life of that transcendent
place,
Yet, when the utmost has been done
and said,
There is a strange reserve about the
dead—
A reticence whose cause I can but trace
To our own lack of comprehending grace
Our failure to attain the paths they
freed.
Freed from both Time and Space, those
beings live
When speech needs but the vehicle of
thought
To tell all kindred souls what they
should know.
But when we call, they come to us and
give
Some portions of those truths which we
have sought,
Then, sudden, wrapped in reticence,
they go.

II.

Our atmosphere, our language—all is
dense
To those unfettered souls in ether clad
Our clumsy ways of speech to them sad.
So long has grown their vision, so
intense,
So wide their knowledge of Death's re-
compense,
They wonder why small proofs should
make us glad,
Forgetting that vast sorrow we have
had
In loss of them—and in their reticence.
O my dear dead! You have been kind—
so kind,
Bringing to my poor broken heart the
proof
Of Life Eternal. Now show me the way
To that high realm where thought is
unconfined,
And soul from soul no longer stands
aloof.
There is so much—so much for us to
say!

MUSIC AND MACARONI.

"And you have really met the famous
Italian composer?" said a young woman to
a musician to whom she had been intro-
duced at a dinner-party, and with whom
she had been discussing music.

"Yes," said the musician. "I met him
once."

"How very romantic! And will you
please tell me what he had to say?"

"Well, he didn't have much to say. He
was eating macaroni at the time, and you
know that doesn't help conversation!"

Of Interest to Women.

DOMESTIC TRAINING.

Women who take up domestic work
need training, and they get it of a kind.
They get it in the first place, in their
own homes, where naturally they learn
more or less to do things as their mothers
did them, and to do what their mothers
did, no more and sometimes less. Is the
home a good home, with conveniences
and refinements, the girl will understand,
use, and require these; if on the other
hand it is a slovenly or squalid or ill-
managed house, half-furnished and more
than half dirty, the women who come
from it to make homes of their own or
to help in the house-keeping of others
can hardly be expected to be models. En-
vironment is a very large factor in train-
ing, and while superior intelligence
and aptitude may surmount the obstacles
and supply the deficiencies of an unfavour-
able early environment, it is doubtful,
very doubtful whether the same can be
said of the average person.

Can any woman then expect raw girls
from poor homes to know by instinct how
to set an elaborate meal or do fine laundry
work or cooking, or even appreciate the
degree of cleanliness required in a decent
household? Those interested in social wel-
fare have got past the stage of expecting
competent house-management from per-
sons with no training or worse than no
training in the arts and crafts required
for such competence.

Then in New Zealand, as in some other
countries, an attempt is made to supply
the training in the schools. It is a good
idea, but to my mind, badly carried out.
The training is begun too early in some
departments; it is at once over-ambitious
and inadequate; and we have not enough
of the right kind of places in which to
carry it on.

I am sure that children should be taught
very early to sew, knit and crochet, use-
ful arts that require in the muscles of
hand and arm a dexterity to be acquired
only by early practice. The early teach-
ing of these things is on the same basis
as the teaching of music, swimming, and
gymnastics. Long practice is required to
form the reflex action, unconscious because
habitual.

Cookery I maintain need not be learned
before the age of sixteen, nor laundry
work. Dressmaking and the use of the
sewing-machine too could be taken at a
much later stage than hand-sewing; and
the aesthetics of house management should
be a final stage, reached at the age of
about eighteen. In a properly elaborated
system, however, with proper facilities
order and cleanliness, with the care for
beauty, should be inculcated from the
earliest, by training in habit, by the ex-
ample of surroundings, resulting in a
taste for these things, an eye for them
and a distaste for all disorder, dirt and
ugliness.

In all girls' schools there should be
some means and facility for teaching all
these things, sewing and the making of
all kinds of simple garments, plain-cook-
ing laundry work, the best methods of
cleaning with a study of labour-saving
household management and the aesthetics
of house-building, furnishing and decora-
tion. I would add also elementary hy-
giene and first aid. The training should
be given in stages at suitable periods in
the girl's education, and being of a prac-
tical nature, would serve as a relief from
abstract studies. It would bring to light
much capability that is now lost or ob-
scure and it would revolutionise the world
of domestic labour. Soon, instead of the
present outcry for domestic workers, we
should have competent girls, willing to
take up the work—under decent conditions
of wage and status—instead of the hoary
jest about "young wife's pudding," we
should rejoice in model homes.

I would not make any branch of phys-
ical or chemical science a part of this
domestic training; let these things be
learned in their place, which is the labora-
tory and not the kitchen, and let the
students be taught to apply their science
where it is needed.

All girls of course do not wish to go
in for domestic work, and to make domes-
tic compulsory for all, is to put a heavy
handicap on those who are working for
other ends—literary or artistic for in-
stance—in comparison with boys, unless
some practical study is made compulsory
for the latter also. I would make all boys
go through an equivalent course in hy-
giene and first aid (equally necessary for
them) in military drill and in agriculture
or horticulture. If the women are to keep
model houses, let the men be taught to
keep model gardens, no home is complete
without both.

We are a long way from realising this
scheme. Our Technical Colleges have
good classes, but these are not sufficient.
What is really needed is the domestic
science hostel, where a complete practical
training is possible. I should like to see
the present kind of Technical College and

secondary school give way to domestic
hostels separate from, but in organic con-
nection with model trade schools and with
horticulture and agricultural institutes,
all working in co-operation with the gram-
mar schools which aim at the training of
the mind, the memory, the judgment, the
aesthetic perceptions, the sympathies,
which endeavour, in a word to expand or
unfold to the utmost the power to think
justly and to feel rightly.

Let us aim at a training that will put
ideals into our children's minds and cap-
abilities into their hands and we shall be
working systematically towards our goal
of a good home the foundation of a true
commonwealth.

Children's Column.

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.

Of course you've heard of Goldilocks,
and of the dreadful fright she had. She
lost herself in a deep wood, and just
when she was nearly mad with fear and
terror at each sound, a darling little house
she found.

"Oh, I'll run in!" said Goldilocks. "I'm
sure nice people must live there, who'll
let me rest after my fright. I'm nearly
drooping with despair." Rat-tat!—she tap-
ped upon the door. Rat-tat-tat-tat.—
she tapped once more.

"This is most strange," thought Goldi-
locks. "There can't be anyone inside." She
pulled the latch, and at her touch
the cottage-door flew wide open, and
there she saw a table spread.

"Hurrah! I'm hungry!" Goldie said.
I'm not quite sure that Goldilocks was
really very good, for oh, she tasted all
the porridge, and she finished one plate
up you know! Then tried the cottage
chairs, did she, and broke the smallest,
'twas so wee!

And then, little Miss Goldilocks, she
hurried to the bedroom fast, and lay on
the three beds in turn, until she went to
sleep at last, upon the smallest of the
three; and how she slept and slept did
she!

She dreamed so deep, did Goldilocks,
that when the Three Bears came home,
she never moved nor woke; she never even
knew they'd come, until she woke with a
loud cry, and saw the Three Bears stand-
ing by!

"Oh, dearie me!" shrieked Goldilocks.
"These Bears will eat me, I'm quite
sure!" she didn't listen when they spoke,
but screamed and screamed and screamed
once more. And through the window-
pane she leapt, and through the woods she
ran and wept!

"Well, really, if Miss Goldilocks had
listened!" said the Father Bear. "She
doesn't know," the mother said. "It can't
be that she doesn't care!" "Will she come
back?" the Small Bear cried. And then
Three Bears stood still and sighed.

But what became of Goldilocks? She
wandered, wandered all the night. But
when at last the morning came, she had
recovered from her fright. "I really was
not quite polite," said Goldie; "and
that was not right!"

"It was not right!" said Goldilocks,
to eat their food and run away! I should
have thanked the Three Bears first. I
was most silly yesterday! I'll go straight
back, and I won't mind, for somehow I
think they looked so kind!"

Alas, alas, for Goldilocks! The way was
very hard to seek. The tree-roots bruised
and scratched her legs, the bushes brush-
ed against her cheek. "But I must find
the way," she said; "I'm sure they'll be
expecting me!"

"We'll help you, darling Goldilocks,"
the Bees and Butterflies all cried. "We'll
guide your steps, dear Goldilocks, and
take you through the forest wide. We'll
take you safe there, never fear. We're
glad you're going, Goldie dear!"

So on and on went Goldilocks, until at
last her frock all torn, her hair all tangled
and her hands both scratched, and feeling
so forlorn, she came upon the Three
Bears' House, and felt as frightened as a
mouse.

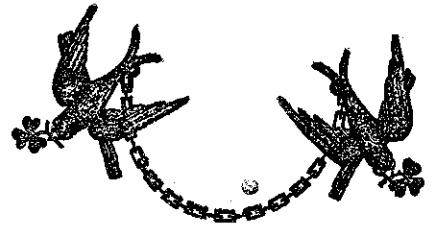
"But I'll go in!" said Goldilocks, "and
tell them that I'm sorry for—!" She
couldn't say another word, for all the
Three Bears from the door came smiling
out and called "She's here! She's come
again, has Goldie dear!"

"I'm much ashamed," said Goldilocks,
"for I was really very rude. I ran away,
and never stayed to thank you for your
lovely food. And I'm afraid I broke your
chair!" she said and kissed the little bear.

Oh, what a shock for Goldilocks! She
gave a cry of wild surprise. The Bears
were changed at her soft kiss, and there
she saw before her eyes a handsome
Prince, a King, a Queen, a Castle where
the house had been!

"Come with me, Princess Goldilocks!"
the Prince exclaimed, and took her hand.
He led her through the Castle-gate. "You
are Princess of Fairyland. We were be-
witched my love," said he. "But your
sweet kiss has set us free!"

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CHILDREN'S LAND.

Say, have you heard of the Children's
land,
Over the misty sea,
Reached by the moon-fairies' silver road
Hidden from you and me?

Teeth cannot ache in the Children's
land,
Bedtime is quite unknown,
No one has heard of the lesson hour,
Schoolbooks are never known.

Over the sea in the Children's Land
Pathways are velvet moss,
Knees never bruise there and hands
don't soil
No one is ever cross.

There all the butterflies kiss your cheeks
Fingers can reach the sky,
If you shall fall in the sparkling stream
Still you may keep quite dry.

Say, do you know why this land can
boast
Thousands of children's joys?
Grown-ups are never admitted there,
Only the girls and boys.

—Florence E. Lea.

AN INTERLUDE.

(Palestine, 1918.)

She was more than passing dirty, and
the infant that she nursed
Showed no sign that he had ever been
totally immersed;
But I've always held a baby was a
pleasant sight to see,
So I smiled upon the youngster, and
the youngster smiled at me.
Smiled and flung his little hands out,
peradventure pointing at
The buttons on my tunic or the badge
upon my hat,
Even possibly desiring, as one who
shares a joke,
To call mamma's attention to that funny
looking bloke.
She looked and caught me smiling, and
she burst into a flow
Of vociferous narration in a tongue I
did not know.
No phrase that I could recognise, no
word that I could "place,"
But I think I caught her meaning from
the look upon her face.
Yes, I'm sure she told the story that
was old in Noah's days,
Of her clever little baby and its clever
little ways,
And gave an alien stranger all the
plain, unvarnished truth
Of his first attempt to toddle, how he
cut his earliest tooth.
I knew just when she mentioned—
I could tell it from her tone—
How already he showed symptoms of
"a strong will of his own,"
And how plainly he was destined a pro-
digy to be
At the art of begging backsheesh (the
local industry.)
She held him out toward me with a
gesture full of pride;
She was more than passing dirty—she
was not undignified.
Oh, I grant you it is seldom that the
perfect son occurs,
But from Palestine to Paris every moth-
er knows it's hers.

The Home.

AFTERNOON TEA RECIPES.

Crescent Rolls.—Delicious little crescent
rolls are made by mixing three-quarters of
a pound of flour with a teaspoonful of
baking-powder, a pinch of salt, and a
breakfast-cupful of sour milk. When the
mixture is well blended, work in a small
piece of butter. Divide the dough into
three portions, knead it, roll out half an
inch thick and as round as possible.
Divide into four portions, and, taking
the point of the triangle, roll out and
press the ends together to form the cre-
cent, brush over with milk, and bake in
a brisk oven for fifteen minutes.

Cheese Scones.—Take one egg, one cup
milk, half cup warm water, one heaped
cup flour, quarter cup crumbled cheese,
saltspoon salt, one and a-half teaspoons
baking powder. Mix all together. The bat-
ter should be thin enough to drop from the
spoon, but not too thin. Bake in patty
pans, and split and butter while hot.
These scones are simply delicious if served
hot for lunch or afternoon tea.

Scotch Wafers.—One cupful of fine
oatmeal, one cupful of rolled oats, two
cupfuls of flour, quarter cupful of sugar,
a teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoon-
ful of soda, quarter cupful of butter or
lard, and half a cupful of hot water. Meth-
od: mix the first named six ingredi-
ents. Melt the shortening and add
to first mixture. Toss the whole on
to a floured board and roll out as thinly
as possible. Shape with a cutter, or with
a sharp knife, and cut the paste into
strips. Bake on a buttered sheet in a
slow oven.

Cheese Biscuits.—Four ounces of flour,
2oz margarine, 2oz grated cheese, pepper,
salt, cayenne, water. Rub the margarine
into the flour. Add the grated cheese and
seasonings. Mix to a stiff paste with cold
water. Knead lightly, roll out thinly,
prick well, and cut into rounds. Place
on a greased tin, and bake in a quick
oven for seven to ten minutes.

Oatcakes.—During the winter oatcakes
are specially popular. Mix together half a
pound of medium oatmeal, quarter of a
pound of flour, and a teaspoonful each of
salt and baking-powder. Rub in three
ounces of margarine, and add enough cold
water to make a stiff dough. Knead
lightly on a floured board, roll out a quar-
ter of an inch thick, and cut into rounds.
Bake on a greased tin about twenty
minutes in quite a moderate oven.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Every time a room is turned out all the
furniture should be rubbed over with a
damp wash-leather. This prevents finger-
marks, and the furniture needs very little
cleaning with polish. Brass articles may
be treated in the same way, only these
should be afterwards polished with a
warm duster. For paint and enamelled
surfaces all that is required is a damp
wash-leather.

To prevent match marks on a painted
surface, dip a piece of flannel in liquid
vaseline, and with it go over the surface
rubbing it hard. A second rubbing with
a dry piece of flannel completes the job.
A thoughtless person may strike a match
there all day and neither get a light nor
make a mark.