

Of Interest to Women.

HAPPINESS.

Who wants to be happy? Everyone—and what do they think to be or do when they are happy?

By the look of the word, "happy," is much the same as "lucky," "fortunate," being in the pleasant case of those to whom things happen according to their desire. It is the opposite of hapless. Only we have transferred the word to the state of satisfaction arising in that case. "He won't be happy till he gets it," says the famous advertisement and shows us the baby clutching out after Pear's soap. Stern philosophers and fierce religionists have bidden us beware of happiness, desist from its pursuit and seek something else which perhaps they call blessedness instead. Others have advised us to seek happiness, but it is just of the nature of happiness that it won't be sought. It comes by the way and often where least expected.

For the teachers of the former doctrine, they are only telling us to give up the quest for one kind of satisfaction and to endeavour after another. It may be a great pleasure to eat candy but a time comes when there is greater satisfaction in giving it away.

Man's nature ascends from the physical through the emotional and the mental to the spiritual. For those who live on the ground floor it is happiness to be warmed and fed and to lie softly; for those that want a higher stand and wider outlook, other gifts must come, other satisfaction be achieved.

What does the average girl want to make her happy? Pretty clothes to set off a pretty face and form, sport, parties, admiration, excitement, love. It all depends on the girl. Some manage along and very cheerfully on little of this kind of thing. Few of us are troubled with a gnawing hunger for what is quite out of our welkin, which is at once our blessing and our curse. If we were, the novelists would get hold of it and write books about us; and because we are not we seldom improve much in the course of a life time.

And the grown women? The married ones are sometimes too busy to be either happy or unhappy, and others are just placidly content with the round of pleasant comfortable things that make up their pleasant, comfortable, commonplace existences. This ordinary happiness is incompatible with sheer physical discomfort. It isn't strong enough to triumph over a toothache, or cold feet, much less a hunger-ache or the grief of a wound.

And on the other hand, no physical satisfaction can avail against emotional or mental suffering. Of what use is a new frock when you are crossed in love, or a good dinner when you have lost your best friend. One step higher, no emotional satisfaction can deaden the pangs of remorse, or earthly love detain in flowery chains the soul that "is restless till it find rest in God."

Happiness resolved into its elements is like sunlight spread out into the spectrum. Above the rich crimson of the lower sensuous nature, glow the clear yellow and green of a higher element and above all flashes the vivid blue and violet of the spiritual life.

Most people, provided they are not physically miserable, are happy in a contented negative kind of way. Only a few possess the secret of an intense fire of inward strength and joy that burns up all lower and weaker things and makes them the material to illuminate its path. To the saint and martyr, I verily believe, agony and death are as nothing. Did not those who looked upon Stephen see his face as the face of an angel?

And there is a certain type of strong vital joy and zest of living, a strength of spirit independent of all temporary things or able to gain the victory over them, that goes on its way conquering and to conquer, shedding light and spiritual healing when ever it comes. The secret of it is achievement. It is the goal of character, it springs from union with the greater strength outside.

To find oneself appreciated is a great source of satisfaction; perhaps we may go further and say of happiness. That is why girls get such a contented look when they acquire a lover; and why, conceited people are seldom unhappy—they are always so entirely appreciative of themselves.

The truest kind of happiness, one that is independent of accidents, of marriage or singleness, of age or youth is independence of spirit; but it must allowed its freedom. It must have scope to work and feel no fetters on its limbs.

"How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill."

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who has his life from rumours freed,
Whose consequence is his strong retreat
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall,
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

And much the same might be said of the "happy woman."

Children's Column.

MATER'S LETTER BOX.

Mater invites children to send in stories for this column, or correspondence which will be replied to through these columns. All matter to be clearly written in ink and on one side of the paper only. Name, age, and address must always be given, and correspondence directed to "Mater," care of Editor, "The Digger," Box 310.

HOW DICKIE SAVED CHRISTMAS.

By Natalie Joan.

(Concluded from Last Week.)

The car had never gone so fast before, and it was so nice not to have someone holding on behind. The lady told him which way to go, and they had soon left the town behind, and were making for the country. There was no one in the way, but, of course, motorists always sound their horns in any case, and I wonder what the country people in bed in their houses thought when they heard a car going by in the middle of the night. I expect they thought it was some doctor who had been called out to see someone who was not well. They climbed a high hill, and there on the top a sorry sight met their eyes. The great chariot was lying on one side; one reindeer was standing, very much tangled up in the harness, and the other, poor thing, was down on its knees. Toys of every kind were scattered all over the snow, and a little farther on a poor old figure dressed in red was lying face downwards, not moving at all.

In a moment Dick saw that this was a very serious case. "It will take some time," he said, and the holly-berry-lady, who seemed to be a most useful person, said quickly "Then I had better hurry back to the world and make the children sleep one hour later than on any other morning."

"That's a good plan," said Dickie, "a good deal can be done in one extra hour," and as the holly-berry-lady hurried away he set to work. He found that Father Christmas had a very bad leg, a very bad arm, and a horrid cut on his head. However, there were no bones broken, and he was soon busily cutting off pieces of lint and damping it with "Pond's," and bandaging the dear old man, who was very brave, but dreadfully worried about the stockings.

"Now see if you can stand up, sir," said Dickie, when he had at last finished the arm and leg.

Father Christmas struggled to his feet, and to his delight he found he could walk quite well and use his arm, and when the nice old white head had also been bandaged, he set to work to collect the hundreds of toys, which, as they had luckily fallen on the snow, were not broken.

Dickie now hurried off to the reindeer, and this took longer, for it did not quite understand when Dickie said, "Now let's see if you can walk, old fellow." However, presently it felt better and got up, and after that was the business of untangling the harness.

Dickie had never worked so hard in all his life, but Father Christmas was now able to help, and in a few minutes more he had mounted the chariot and he smiled down and said, "I may be in time after all! Thank you, Dr. Dick."

Dickie sprang into his car, and together they raced along the road in the moonlight, and the chariot flew on when Dickie stopped at his house. Father Christmas stood up and waved his whip, and the holly-berry-lady came running to Dickie and said, "I dropped some more sleepy sand into their eyes. Now I must go and help with the stockings," and she smiled a fairy's smile at him and said "Good-night. Good-night!"

Well! Dickie's father had some very grand patients, but it was quite sure he had none so grand as this! Why, Father

Christmas was known always and everywhere. Supposing he had perished out there on the snow what would the world have said?

Dickie crept quickly upstairs and tumbled into bed. Of course, his stockings was still hanging limp and thin on the post, but, oh! Dickie was so tired he almost didn't care. In one minute he was asleep. But when he woke up very late the next morning he knew that everything was all right, after all, for his stocking simply bulged with presents, and there were some big parcels, too, and on one of them was written:

"For the boy who saved Christmas."

The Home.

SOAP.

Take 6lb of fat free from salt, 2 gallons cold water, 1lb caustic soda, ½ lb resin. Put the fat and cold water into a kerosene tin, and stand it on the fire until the fat has dissolved, then add the caustic soda a spoonful at a time, stirring all the while. Then add the resin, which has been previously ground into a powder. Let the whole boil for an hour and twenty minutes, very slowly. Have a kerosene tin from which one side has been cut out, ready for use, and pour the soap mixture into it. Allow it to stand over night. Next morning it will slip out by simply turning the tin upside down. Cut it into bars, and put it away for a month, by which time it will have become quite hard and yellow.

HARD SOAP FOR CLEANING METALS

1.—Rotten-stone, ½ lb; American potash, 1oz; tripoli powder, 1oz; sulphuric acid, 30 drops. Mix into a stiff dough with thick liquid gum arabic cut into blocks, and set aside to harden. To use, wet a cloth and apply a small portion of the soap. Polish with a leather. 2.—Mix rotten-stone, soft soap, and oil of turpentine to the consistency of stiff putty. The rotten-stone should be powdered very fine and sifted. When a sufficient quantity is made of it, let it stand till hard, then cut off a piece the size required and mix with water.

TO PRESERVE WOOD THAT IS BECOMING ROTTEN.

1.—Take boiled linseed oil, add to this finely powdered and sifted charcoal till it reaches the consistency of paint. Then for every pound add 4oz. of terebene; give the wood two or three coats, using as ordinary paint. Strain before use. 2.—For rotten or dry wood, take 12 gallons of water, and to this add 3lb of chloride of zinc, stir well, and apply with a white-wash brush. This is a cure for dry rot only.

TO PREVENT A FEATHER BED BECOMING KNOTTY.

1.—This may be done by taking the feathers from the tick, and carefully sorting them over, picking out the largest feathers. These should be trimmed with a pair of scissors from the quills. When this has been done, boil some water in the kitchen copper, and, when boiled, drain it from the copper and wipe the inside with a clean cloth. Then nearly fill the copper with feathers; place on the lid and let the feathers remain until the copper is quite cold, stirring them two or three times with a stick. Repeat this until the whole of the feathers have been dressed. 2.—Mix a pound of quicklime with one gallon of cold water. When the lime has sunk to the bottom, the feathers having been carefully picked over, must be put in a large tub, and the clear lime water poured over them. Stir well, until they sink; let them remain for four days, then wash well in clean cold water. Dry by laying on fine mesh nets, so that the feathers fall through; turn them about to dry. Well shake and beat them, and they will then be ready for use.

CRICKET TRIOLETS.

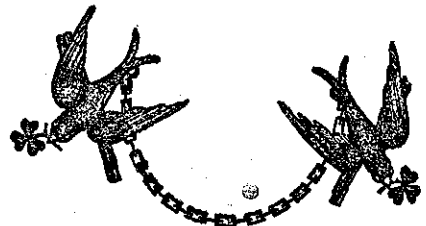
I ran for a catch,
With the sun in my eyes, sir;
Being sure at a "snatch,"
I ran for a catch;
Now I wear a black patch,
And a nose such a size, sir!
I ran for a catch,
With the sun in my eyes, sir.

I stepped in to drive.
And the umpire said "Out, sir!"
Being last to arrive,
I stepped in to drive,
For we wanted but five,
And had made them, no doubt, sir;
But I stepped in to drive,
And the umpire said "Out, sir!"

Coulson Kernahan, "The Poets and the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century."

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THE PUBLIC.

(An Improvisation on a Theme).

The fellow who said, "The public be damned!"
Showed remarkable self-restraint.

The public is by far the worst influence
A Democracy has to contend with.
It is forever going on excursions
On trains I have to ride on;
And it always takes its lunch
And its sticky children, which howl and howl

Until their fuzzy heads get purple and lumpy;
Or, if they are older, smear their faces
With melting chocolate or bananas or bread crumbs,
To the entire satisfaction of the Public,
Sprawling close by, perspiring parentally.
Wherever the Public goes it takes its children,
And they are always the same,
Only worse.

Sometimes I get mixed up with the Public;
And then people try to Educate me,
And Save me from Damnation,
And Direct my Welfare
And make me Happy.
People have been doing these things for the Public for years,
And the Public is just as Dumb, just as Ignorant,
Just as Damnable as ever.

The Public infests the streets and the parks and the theatres;
It manages to get in almost Everywhere,
And it loves to Flock Together.
It walks on my feet in the Subway;
It whistles vile music off-key into my ear;
It chews loud gum which smells—not to Heaven;
It invariably misses the Point
And laughs perseveringly in the wrong place;
It likes Its Amusements slapstick, whether they are Comic or Tragic;
And since It is the Great Source of Money,
Everybody tries to cater to Its Taste.
And It hasn't any.

Sometimes I think of joining the Bolsheviks
And helping them to wipe out the Bourgeoisie,
Which, I understand, is much the same as the Public.
After that had been done, of course,
We could execute the Bolsheviks.

—Edward Hope.

In Japan, tea is practically a religion. There are special ceremonies in connection with it, and special buildings in which it is drunk.

The "Blackboy" is a grass tree which grows in Australia to a height of ten feet. It contains a gum which has recently been made to give tar, tarpaulin dressings, lacquers, steam-pipe lagging, paint, stains, carbolic acid, motor spirit, alcohol, coke, and polish—a veritable chemical store in a weed.

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