

Of Interest to Women.

ON TRUTHFULNESS.

Truthfulness is a virtue of whose value and rarity we have no doubt. It is fundamentally valuable; without it, we can have no right dealings with our fellows. As the first feat of creation was "Let there be Light," so the first rule of character must be "Let there be Truth."

Unfortunately this virtue is as rare as it is precious. There is hardly a human being, male or female, old or young, that will not ruffle up a protest with vehemence against being called a liar; but there are very few—and those possibly the least protestive—who are really truthful. It is not the thing most folk dislike; they are as a matter of fact so used to fibs and prevarications, and reservations, and equivocations of various degrees, that in nine cases out of ten, they do not realise that they utter them. What they do object to one and all, is the plain name for these things. You must not give them "the lie direct."

Those who have dealings with children and young people, must know how difficult it is to get the truth from a child, and that even among adolescents, truthfulness is comparatively rare, in the case at any rate when confession of wrong-doing is required. The majority of girls from sixteen or seventeen, upwards, are perfectly trustworthy in most matters; they have as a rule a high sense of honour and feel deeply the unfairness of cheating, its shame, and that of all other dishonourable practices. I believe too that the tradition of truthfulness is growing among girls as well as the tradition of fair-play, and the practice of keeping the mind with open doors and windows. Among them, lying, as a moral weakness, is due generally to fear; as among children it undoubtedly is, fear of censure, of scolding, of punishment, of pain.

Thinking over my experience with people of various ages, I am inclined to the opinion that young persons between fifteen and twenty are more generally truthful than either children or grown-ups. They are at the stage when noble sentiments and high ideals make the most powerful appeal; they have in part learned the real nature of punishment as the effect of wrong-doing and if carefully dealt with, may become bravely truthful. Kept under a system of rigid restraint, however, ruled over by an arbitrary authority and threatened with arbitrary punishment for breach of rules which they have never been taught to look upon save as captious restraints upon their liberty, they will develop into prime little deceivers, with an idea that to evade and flout authority is an evidence of genius and high spirit.

Younger children are very often untruthful; because fear is stronger in them and authority less seldom in their case, condescends to explain itself.

Grown-up people are sophisticated and think the smaller kinds of lies quite venial matters. Self-interest with them takes the place of fear. Lack of judgment and accuracy leads them into mis-statements of all kinds, often just as injurious as wilful perversion of the truth. They are unable to see themselves; their acts, their relations to others, clearly or in true proportion. They deceive themselves; they are led away by illusion. How else can one account for the fact that if two persons are at loggerheads over a matter, their accounts of the affair never agree.

And there are some who delight in the half-truth, the coloured statement, the judicious insinuation that sets them in a favourable light while it puts others in the wrong. There are even women who make a constant practice of these arts to gain their ends. I have met some choice specimens and studied them. Very likely there are men who do so too.

The question now arises for us women, many of whom are teachers and most of whom are mothers, how can we train those under our charge to be truthful. I am going to give a few of my ideas, and if yours do not agree, it will be your turn to advise next week.

The normal child is fairly docile and inclined to good; loving, it responds to love; sensitive, it fears shame and rebuke. If some particular child is abnormally wilful, or violent, or prone to mischief, special study and care are required in dealing with it. Above all things constancy is needed. To be severe to-day and lax to-morrow is to invite failure—to press him to come in.

While still too young to understand the true nature of punishment, children need most and especially and altogether, to be watched and led to form good habits. As early as possible, however, they should be taught to understand that wrong-doing is wrong-doing, because it brings ill effects; that to tramp into the house with muddy boots is to make work for tired mothers; that to paddle in the gutter is to spoil boots and bring on colds; that to shout and screech is to ruin the voice, and annoy other people; that to reach for the butter,

eat with one's knife, to be greedy, and ill-tempered are all to make oneself disgusting instead of pleasing to one's companions. I believe that if we were patiently trying to teach our children on these lines instead of just administering promiscuous and unexplained slaps and abuse, we should achieve very different and much better results. Only how can we teach what we have never taken the trouble to understand?

And children should rarely or never be asked whether they have been guilty of wrong-doing. It is to court untruthfulness to ask them such a question, especially when experience has taught them to expect slaps and shakings and abuse, as the result of confession. What more natural than to take refuge in "I didn't do it."

And above all, grown-up people in charge of children should remember that examples goes further than precept. Are you careful to tell the truth always to your children? Do you never get in a passion or a pet before them; do you try always to be just, polite, unselfish, sweet-mannered, quiet as you want your girls and boys to be? When parents and teachers learn to watch themselves first, remembering always the power of example, they will have solved three-quarters of the problem of dealing with the young.

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, Invercargill.

THE REWARD OF KINDNESS.

Many years ago there lived two brothers called Tony and Roger. Tony was a year younger than his brother, Roger. He was loved by everybody, because of his kind and sympathetic nature. Roger was not at all popular. He was far from being kind-natured, and was a good deal of a bully into the bargain.

One afternoon whilst the two brothers were taking a walk by the side of a stream they came across a small, deformed old man sitting on a large stone.

"Good day to you, young gentlemen," he croaked. "I wonder if one of you would care to do me a favour?"

"If it is within our power we shall be delighted," replied Tony.

"You speak for yourself," growled Roger. "Do you think I'm going to waste my time with this old man? We shall be late for tea as it is."

"Please be quiet, Roger," said Tony, then turning to the old man, he added, "What is this favour you ask?"

"I want one of you to carry me across this stream to the castle yonder. I cannot swim myself, and the water is too deep for me to wade. You are both tall, and in the deepest part the water would only reach your waists."

"Why, of course, I'll carry you over," said Tony.

"What! are you going to be silly enough to get your clothes ruined for the sake of carrying out that ugly dwarf's foolish whim?" asked Roger in tones of deep disgust.

"Most certainly I am," replied Tony. "I shall be doing the poor old man a kindness."

"Well, more fool you," said Roger as he walked away, leaving the old man and Tony together.

When Roger had gone Tony hoisted the old man on to his shoulders. "Now, you hold tight," he said, "and we shall soon reach the other side."

"I am, indeed, grateful," replied the dwarf.

Tony then waded into the water, and a few minutes later they were both safely across the stream.

When Tony put the old man down on the ground again a wonderful thing happened. The ugly old dwarf suddenly changed into a handsome young prince.

You can quite imagine what a surprise it was for Tony.

Then the prince explained the mystery. "Many years ago," he said, "a wicked witch cast a spell over me. She changed me into an ugly dwarf and left me on the stone where you found me to-day. The only way in which the spell could be broken was for someone to carry me across the stream to my castle here. I asked many who passed by, but they one and all treated me with contempt, as did your brother, Roger. You, however, listened to my pleadings, and now, thanks to your goodness, I am myself again."

Then Tony spoke. "I am, indeed, glad

to have been able to render your highness this service," he said.

"Yes, and I shall not forget it," replied the prince. "I am a wealthy man, and you shall live with me in my castle, and have everything that money can buy. Had your brother been like you, he would also have reaped the Reward of Kindness."

The Home.

CITRON MELON JAM.

Citron melons, the writer is informed, are round with a white stripe, whilst pie melons are oval shaped.

To every pound of melon allow $\frac{1}{2}$ of a lb of sugar, to a 10lb melon allow 1lb of preserved ginger and one large pineapple. Skin and cut up finely the melon and pineapple, and let it stand in the sugar overnight. Next day boil slowly for about five hours, or till a nice colour. This is a delicious jam, as the melon absorbs the pineapple flavour. Some add lemon rind and juice, but this the writer thinks destroys the pineapple flavour.

PIE MELON JAM.

Peel and cut up the melon finely. Use pound for pound of sugar. Stand the melon in half its weight of sugar over-night. To eleven pounds of melon allow three oranges and two large lemons, or more if liked of both. Remove the pips and cut the fruit up finely and cover with water and let stand over-night. In the morning boil them in the same water for an hour. Strain and add to the melon and boil together for three hours. After one hour's boiling add the remainder of the sugar.

DRESSING FOR OILSKIN.

1.—To one pint of boiled linseed oil add a teaspoonful of white zinc; powder very finely a piece of black lead the size of a walnut, which add to the oil. Keep well stirred while using. Wash the oilskin well with hot water, and dry before using the preparation, which should be well rubbed in with a piece of flannel. Oilskins prepared in this way have the appearance of a piece of kid, and never stick, no matter how folded. 2.—Dissolve over a gentle fire 1oz beeswax in one pint of the best boiled linseed oil, and apply to the coat when cold with a piece of rag. Then hang the coat up to dry. To prevent the parts sticking together when folded, rub the coat when properly dry with pure beeswax, and pass over it a hot iron brush well whilst still warm.

TO CLEAN PAINT.

Damp a clean cloth in hot water, dip it in whitening, and rub the paint until the dirt is removed. Rinse well in clean water, dry with a soft cloth, and polish with a chamois leather. Paint cleaned in this way looks like new, and even the most delicate colours are not injured.

DRY CLEANING GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES.

1.—Take about twopennyworth of fuller's earth; make it into a medium paste with water, then cover the clothes all over with it. When quite dry brush off, and you will find they will be equal in appearance to new. 2.—If light material, first brush them thoroughly, and rub with a clean cloth lightly, after which rub with prepared chalk thickly, and leave them with the chalk to work in. Hang them out in the open air for two days then brush them well, and rub lightly with a clean cloth and press them. For dark garments, use ammonia diluted with water, dry well, and press.

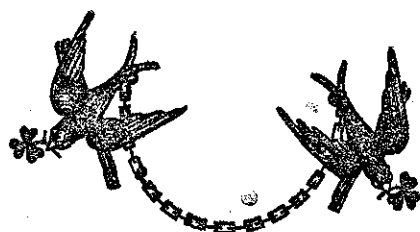
T.B. MEN.

With reference to the announcement recently made by the Defence Department authorising the issue on loan of furniture for shelters of patients suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, the following is the procedure for obtaining the articles:—The patient will forward his application for the furniture to the A.D.M.S. of the district, who will certify that the patient has been provided with a shelter by the Department, and that he has not previously been supplied with the articles. The foregoing application and certificate will be forwarded to the district ordnance officer, who will arrange for supply, and take a receipt (in duplicate) from the patient. One copy of receipt will be forwarded by the ordnance officer to the A.D.M.S., to be placed on the patient's medical file, for reference purposes.

During the war Germany required 2,000,000 pounds of nitric acid daily, for military purposes alone.

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THE COLOSSAL.

Colossal.—That is the name applied to the half-yearly clearing sales engineered by Messrs Price and Bullied, Ltd., Tay street. They have one now in progress, and in passing we might incidentally mention that it will terminate on Saturday of next week, the 31st.

These sales are now so well established in favour with the buyers from town and country alike, that it is not surprising that they have positively assumed "colossal" dimensions. To the ordinary individual uninitiated into the secrets, and we presume there are secrets, of successfully running a cheap sale, the work involved is certainly not apparent. Messrs Price and Bullied's system and method is unquestionably up-to-date. They prepare most thoroughly and display their wares in such a manner that to do business is a matter of the slightest trouble. A review of the various departments and sections will bear this out. While not wishing to unduly lengthen this article it would not be amiss to make some slight reference to the class of goods supplied by Messrs Price and Bullied, Ltd., and the sources from which these same supplies are obtained. The standing instructions to all buyers include, amongst others, the important one of quality. There is a stamp of quality apparent in all stocks selected by the departmental buyers. Now as to the sources of supply, the very best markets at Home and abroad are open to this firm. They have a London representative looking after their interests on the other side of the world, and the colonial manufactured goods are selected from the Dominion's leading mills and factories. Under these conditions it is not therefore surprising that the firm do a large and remunerative business over a wide area of this Dominion, and that when such goods as they stock generally are offered, as in the present instance, at sale prices that "Colossal" sales assume such dimensions.

BIRDIE YARNS.

Birdie always had a cheerful word for a wounded Digger. One morning the bearers were carrying a chap who had come off second-best in an argument with a German bomb, and whose face was hidden by bandages. As he was being carried away the General said, "Well, my man, are you wounded?" "Naw," replied the casualty, "I don't look it, do I? I'm going for a joy-ride."

Between the water-tanks and the entrance to the "sap" was an open space of about 50ft, and "Jacko" had the range to a nicety. Whilst a fatigue party were waiting their turn at the tanks, along came a small party, well ornamented with red tabs and gold braid. The "tabs" lost no time in getting past the danger spot but one, a small chap with a fair moustache and no ornaments, paused to have a gaze round. This indiscretion caused a burly Anzac to roar:—

"Get out of that, you silly—dope! Do yer want a — bullet in your — lump of lead?"—(head).

Birdie turned round with a smile and

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replied: "Thanks, old man; I'll take your advice."

When some thousands of Diggers, 1914 men, were leaving France, General Birdwood came to his car to Brayson Somme to say good-bye. An Aussie corporal asked him for his crossed sword to his shoulder. When the General handed them over the mob rushed him and his badges and buttons before he could get to his car. Just before he went to the Boss Digger. One of the staff went to rub it off, but Birdie stopped him, and smiles, was driven away amidst cheers from the Diggers.