



THE

Good Neighbour

BY MARY

From Me To You

MARY MARIE, in her essay this month, wrote: "My very small daughter, when asked what made an empty house into a home, said 'Put some curtains up, Mummy.' 'But it would still be empty,' I said. 'Well, you go there, Mummy, then it would be all right.'"

What a glorious thing it is to be a mother—have you ever stopped to realise it? Perhaps not, for you are too busy looking after the thousand and one wants of your family. Every thing you do, whether big or small, is a labour of love, and you seek no reward richer than sonny running to you with a sore finger and asking you to kiss it better.

Home is no home without a mother. She is the centre of the household, the pivot on which everything and everyone depends for smooth running. She may be tired, but never too tired to mend those socks that will be needed in the morning; she may be downhearted, but never so downhearted that she is not waiting to welcome the family with a smile.

Somebody there — that is you, Mother. Somebody waiting, eager to welcome them in from the night, ready to hear our adventures of the day, happy to laugh at our jokes, or to join in our sorrows.

I know that amongst my readers to-day there is many a sorrowing mother. My heart goes out to every one of you who is the mother of

boys overseas, for although there is some consolation to be derived from that poem of Milton's wherein he tells us that "they also serve who only stand and wait," it is nevertheless a very trying time. But it is up to you, Mother, to keep the fires blazing on the home front, the fires of courage and cheerfulness, for it is to you that the family is looking for the strength that it needs so much to-day.

Every mother these days is a hero, and this mother—like so many others I know—as she goes through

her ordinary, everyday tasks—is fighting for victory in just as noble a manner as the son who will so soon be serving 'neath distant skies.

"Purity has brought you grace,
Kindness is your daily guide,
Love has glorified your face,
What you touch is sanctified."

So, mothers of sons and daughters who are overseas, keep smiling, and keep going.

Mary

Mary's "At Home"

WE certainly hear of some unusual punishments in our primary schools of today! When I attended school it was the usual thing to write, say, five hundred lines if you were caught having a chat to your neighbour. But here is a more modern method of punishment. The children of a certain school have to find, say, fifty worms for two or three spelling mistakes, and next morning present them to the headmaster. If the worms are forgotten when teacher requires them, then the number to be found is doubled. The catch seems to be the goldfish in the pond in the school grounds—for they have to be fed, and that is where the worms go to! It's a novel way of getting the fish fed, isn't it? I know one child who got her worms collected in a tin for the teacher, but was

never asked for them, so the poor worms stayed in the tin for weeks!—**Crakey, Nelson.**

I DON'T see how anyone can find life on a farm humdrum. There is always something to be done, and in spare time there is always knitting for the boys overseas. And any of these boys will always welcome a letter. They always say they can't get enough, so think of the joy you are bringing them by just dropping a line—write about the little things that happen at home, how the crops are getting on, and they'll like it far better than any long-drawn-out epistle about what the heads of the country are doing. And when you are making up a parcel, have you ever made a fruit cake in a