

Life and the sorrows, too. Then charm—charming faces, happy smiles, thoughtful ways, lovely pictures on the walls, bowls of bright and sweet-scented flowers. Yes, these are what make a house into a home—comfort, love, charm. Simple, commonplace words, yet what a world of meaning they convey.—**A.M.D., Inglewood.**

THE answer is Love, when we really believe that:

"Home means ever giving without a thought or price,
Of love and joy and laughter, and willing sacrifice."

Not elegant carpets or labour-saving devices can make a home. I've seen a home in a little slab-boarded bush hut. Ruled over? Yes—with the dictatorship of Love. A mother there, who believed she must live a life worth while for her children, looking up, to see. No day so long, no task so hard, but she had a half-hour at bedtime to spend with the bairns she loved, when she spoke to them of God's love, of her faith in them, kissed them hurts better, and told them of brave deeds.

Was my answer Love? Well, Mother and Love go together, hand in hand. It is only when the mother realises that "The best that thou canst be
Is the service asked of thee."

that a home in the true sense of the word can be founded. Three things to remember to make a house into a home: Look up, laugh, and love.—**Fay, Kaipara.**

THERE is one great need, and I think in youth it is even stronger than in older people, and that is a home should be a place where we can express some of our own personality, and have some freedom. It is this compelling desire to express herself, to be free, that makes Joan go off to her little back bed-sitting-room so happily, rather than stay in the family circle, where she feels that she is smothered. Young Tom, for the same reason, makes a home of his rough little whare with its glowing stove, its roaring, tinny, old radio, its door ever open to give a rough-and-ready welcome to his pals. Given our dear ones about us, a little freedom to live our own lives, any place, be it high or lowly, becomes home, the dearest spot on earth to us, a place to be hallowed by memory, a lodestone to draw us back again, if needs be, from the very ends of the earth.—**Kowhai, Mangatānoka.**

HOME is a place where one can completely relax, and live as God meant human beings to do. We must have warmth in our hearts, and blazing fires in our fireplaces, comfy chairs, cushions that no one is afraid to use, a few good ornaments, and, yes, I know it is old-fashioned, but I love a few portraits of those friends who have

What Makes a Successful Marriage?

I WONDER how many a girl, when she says "Yes" to the man of her dreams when he pops the question, pauses even for a fleeting second to think of the great step she is taking? In the gay whirl of love and romance, she is sure that life with him must be a glorious adventure, but sadly, and only too frequently, we find that some years later these two, who once were so confident that they would face the future together until death parted them, have come to a stage where they feel they must part. Yet what tragedy could be greater than the breaking of these precious ties?

"WHAT DO YOU CONSIDER THE SECRET OF A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE?"

Perhaps your ideas will help to keep some home together, help to solve the problem for some unhappy folk who feel that life is nothing more than disillusionment. So send me your entries, before August 20th.

Two prizes will be awarded: First 10/-, and second 5/-.

"MARY,"

C/o "Journal of Agriculture,"

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† Closing date: August 20th, 1941.

shared my home, and vice versa.—**Scotch Lass, Southland.**

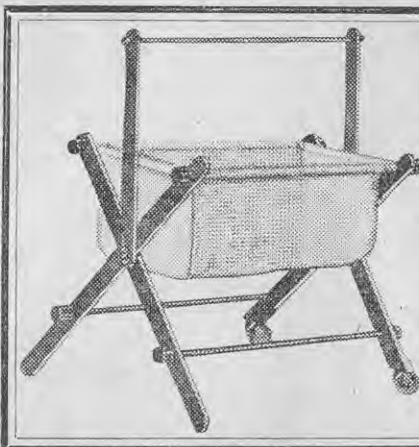
MANY little stones are needed to make up a mosaic, and just such a mosaic of different reasons is a woman's love for her home. Foremost, I believe, is the feeling Ann Bridge, the author of "Illyrian Spring," expresses so beautifully in the same book, her heroine praying for her children: "I'll love and cherish them, whatever they are, because they're mine"—and we can draw our home into the same circle: it is so very dear to us, because

it is so very much our own. More than that, it is our creation, we make it what it is. Do we ever cease to work in order to make it more beautiful?"—**Heidi, Kati Kati.**

BEING the mother of young children, to me a home as opposed to a house is a place where I can take my children visiting, and the hostess does not mind if little fingers touch things, or if crumbs are spilled at afternoon tea time. Of course, one should not allow one's children to meddle with things, but it is unnatural for little children to sit still, and the friend who welcomes my children into her home has a real home. It is the spirit of the lady of the house that makes a home a place of quiet pleasure, of comfort, rest, and real enjoyment to those who live in it.—**Makarau, Kaipapakapa.**

I MUST confess that I am sentimental enough to believe that home is where the heart is, and for that reason it is because "someone" dwells in this house, that makes it home to me. The "someone" who shares my joys and sorrows is interested in my work and play, and to whom I am the first person.—**Laurel, Feilding.**

AS I unlocked the back door the other day, after a trip to town, I thought, "That's it." That is how I could tell I was home, even if I was blindfolded. It was a smell. Some may say, "Fancy her house being smelly!" But aren't all houses smelly, and all different? You know that mixture of soap and polish, the cooking of breakfasts and dinners and teas, of pickles, jams, and fruits in the cupboard, that seem to combine with the warm sunlit air in the kitchen. Too, in my kitchen, I have a sound. The boiling water tap of the electric hot water service rumbles and grumbles away, and it seems so companionable. And when I open the kitchen door into the other rooms, there is still a smell, but this time of sweet flowers—at present daphne and violets.—**F.S., Levin.**



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