

believe. If I did I should lose faith in social order, and justice, and, supreme point, faith in myself as a helpful, intelligent unit of society.—**Bart, Otorahanga.**

**A**FTER dipping into your section, I felt exactly as if I'd been introduced to a new friend. And that will be something more to look forward to each month.

"The world is so full of a number of things

I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

I am always glad to add to my goodly number of things. Thank you, Mary. I love the homely, friendly atmosphere of your pages, and am looking forward to further acquaintance.—**Lifuka, Nelson.**

**T**HE pen-name "Unhappy Jack" should not convey to you a glum-countenanced type of individual. Jack is not that. He tries to be cheery, and helpful to others, as opportunity offers. He is a farmer—mostly sheep, on high country, where in winter the snow off mantles hill and dale. His nearest neighbours are respectively five and two miles away. Therefore, in the wide open spaces, his thoughts meander at times in literary and poetical lines. The "Journal," being a farmer's paper, is read by sheep men, cow men, pig men, as well as the tillers of the soil. These men on the land can generally take a turn indoors to equal the average housewife. Therefore, it should not surprise you greatly to know that many of these men have a warm corner in their oft rugged hearts for Mary.—**Unhappy Jack, Gisborne.**

**A**T our local W.D. meeting, members are asked to give their version of what women are doing in the world today. It is amazing how many dif-

ferent people are mentioned, and what wonderful work is being done by some women. Among the most notable women mentioned are the Queen, various members of the Royal Family, Mrs. Roosevelt, a woman who makes all the little white pieces in our airmen's caps, and of course the wonderful women of England. Don't you think it is a very interesting idea?—**Bettina, Frankton Junction.**

**T**WO young boys living near us decided to give their father a Bible for a birthday present, so putting their savings together, they purchased a beautiful copy. Then came the time for consideration—what would they write inside it? They decided to look through their father's books, and see what was written in them. Next morning, when father sat down to breakfast, there was the Bible, and on opening it, he found the inscription, "To Daddy, with the author's compliments."—**Polly, Poolburn.**

**J**UST recently I came across this in Arthur Mee's "Talks to Boys." Speaking of good books he says: "A man is known by his books, as truly as by his looks, for a man is what his mind is, and books are makers of minds. You will find it worth while to read with a pencil at hand and mark the thoughts that strike you. It is only men who pretend to love books who are afraid to mark them." They are lovely thoughts, and you see now why I value your messages—when I read them there are plenty of pencil marks. I love my books, and in my bookshelves there are old and new favourites.—**Peggy, Pleasant Point.**

**Y**OU touched a specially appreciative spot when you spoke of adventure in arranging flowers. But I take up one small challenge—I think pewter is dull in comparison with brass or copper. And you can't polish pewter. But marigolds in brass—lovely! Speaking of that subject, when I was in Timaru recently, I was taken to see St. Mary's Church. It has a most enchanting interior, but especially I noticed the arrangement of the flowers. Instead of tall vases, that carry the eye upwards, there were six shallow, graduated brass bowls with claw feet, filled with scarlet massed geraniums. Such a change! I once had to fill our church vases, at a time when flowers were very scarce. All I could get was the ornamental broom, but I cut very long, slender sprays. It is usual to have a very massed effect for that purpose, but I had to achieve the reverse, somewhat doubtfully, in my own mind. Imagine my surprised delight to see the tracery of shadow, delicate as lace, thrown on the cream hangings by the two candles.—**London Lass, Wellington.**

**A** WELL-KNOWN bishop set out one night to attend a children's party. "Don't announce me," he said to the

servant. Leaving his hat and coat downstairs, he quietly opened the drawing-room door, where the buzz of voices announced the presence of company. Dropping on hands and knees he entered, making queer noises like the neighing of a horse. Aware of a sudden silence he looked up, and found the guests assembled for a dinner party—the children's party was next door!—**Fuss, Otarehua.**

**W**OULD Bididi-Jan mind me commenting on her theory that everything is mapped out for us from birth? The psychologists, you know, wouldn't agree with you, Bididi-Jan. They say, "Man is a choosing animal," and he can intervene purposely in the course of events with intelligent foresight of ends. Progress comes like this, they say; we think, then we act, but our action and its results cause us to modify our succeeding thoughts, which in turn cause us to modify our next fact, and so on to the end. And, of course, in our thinking we are (or should be) influenced by the future as well as the past. And, of course, too, our lives are so immersed in the lives of others that we receive both the good and the bad consequences of their respective actions as well.

I don't know whether accidents never happen, but at any rate some lessons are out of all proportion. Would you say a child was meant to be born in the slums, Bididi-Jan? For if the rule holds good for one, shouldn't it hold good for all? Are not bad conditions the result of our individual and collective will power to do better? I like to think rather that very little in this world is meant to be as it is, and the obstacle in our path of progress is our lack of that energy of desire. Now don't all fall upon me in vehement disagreement. Of course I realise that we are handed out certain materials and have to make the best pattern we can out of these. But what I'm trying to say is that the material is life, and the pattern has infinite possibilities. So firmly I believe "Man is a choosing animal." What do you all think?—**Kaleidoscope, Four Peaks.**

**DELAYS are DANGEROUS**  
**EFFECT That POLICY**  
 with the  
**GOVERNMENT LIFE**  
**TO-DAY**