

dear, it seems an impertinence to cherish a secret desire. Yet deep down there is one, and I have been aware of it for many years. It came into being because I visited the home of a friend, and found there her mother, a woman possessed of all the qualities which seemed most desirable. She was unequalled as a hostess, her poise and charm were to be envied, she knew what to say, and when to say it, and she combined a natural gaiety with strong, unerring good sense, tact, and womanly discretion. I was at the impressionable age, and I was impressed by her good looks, her beautiful white hair, and her manners. The process of growing up which previously had seemed so distasteful to me took a new turn. I began to wish that I too might learn this great secret so that old age would come to me "lovely as a Lapland night." And now you know that my secret desire is to accept life as it comes, and make the best of it, so that I may grow old gracefully.—**Ajax, Oxford.**

I WAS pondering on your question, and how to write that my simple secret desire was that my husband and I should be granted good health, and the opportunity to continue our journey together, and celebrate our golden wedding anniversary. Then I chanced on a quotation from James A. Garfield which seemed so well to explain what I meant, although of course it does not mention good health or golden wedding anniversaries. "You and I are now nearly in middle age, and have not yet become soured and shrivelled by the wear and tear of life. Let us pray to be delivered from that condition where life and Nature have no fresh, sweet sensations for us."—**Laurel, Feilding.**

A GIPSY woman I'd like to be, free and wild, with a caravan red and donkey grey. Nothing to do the whole day long but travel the country roads, and on Nature's beauty feast. I'd like to beg my bread, and in return tell fortunes fair and true, then on my way I'd go. I would gladly exchange my pomp and wealth to travel along with my caravan red and my donkey grey.—**Emily, Havelock North.**

THE big and one and only desire I have is to be free of the cowshed, and nothing to do but my housewifely duties, and my maternal joys. For many years I have taken a man's place on the farm, and not without grudge. The work has been there to do, and the maxims taught me in my youth hold fast: "Do that which is next your hand." However, nothing is done without cost, and I have not been able to do farm work and have babies, which I would adore to do. My only son is an ever-present delight to me, but how I yearn for him to have brothers and sisters. The struggle to gain land has been hard, and often one wonders if the game is worth the candle, and yet there is ever that little

New Year Resolutions.

"ALREADY?" I can hear you ask. Yes, it won't be long now before we are into 1942—two more months. We all make New Year resolutions, even if it is only for the fun of seeing how long they last before we break them.

"WHAT ARE YOUR NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS FOR 1942?"

Yours may win one of the prizes—10/- for first, 5/- for second. Send your resolutions to me before November 20 please.

"MARY,"

C/o "Journal of Agriculture,"
P.O. Box 3004,
Wellington.

Closing date: November 20, 1941.

gleam of light beckoning us onwards. Sometimes I think we will change our vocation, and then over-rides it the thought that nowhere else can children grow so well and truly blessed as on the land. I want lots of them!—**Mother Eve, Waikato.**

LIFE is rather a queer affair, isn't it? Such a mix-up of poverty or wealth; a jumble of emotions, desires, and longings, hopes and fears. We never know what tomorrow will bring forth—what desires will be miraculously answered, or what desires forever withheld. But there is one gift I believe is unsurpassed in value, whether we be rich or poor, famous or obscure. Because I am sure that none of the things life can bestow can be truly enjoyed without sharing, and that hardships and sorrow can be doubly hard without a comrade to understand, my desire is for a perfect companion, perfect at least in my eyes. For no matter what else life granted me, or took away in the capricity of fate, to have someone by me who understood my outlook, because it too was their own, would be to me of value above rubies. Just a perfect understanding

of each other that would make life a tranquil serene thing at heart, amidst all other complexities of ease or hardship. So I cling hopefully and eagerly to the old adage: "Wish wisely and wish well, for what you really wish for will surely come to pass."—**Tigety Boo, Kati Kati.**

Helpful Hannah Says . . .

When you are knitting with a dark-coloured wool, spread a large white handkerchief over your knees. This is a great help to the eyes, especially if you are working in an artificial light.

* * *
If you heat a little too much hot water in your kettle, don't let it get cold on you again. Pour it into the thermos flask, and it will keep hot for hours.

* * *
When washing up egg knives, forks, or plates, soak them for a little while in cold water, and they will then wash quite easily.

* * *
Do you darn your daughter's black stockings at night? Then switch on your electric torch, and use it as a darning. It's a surprising help in darning.

* * *
A teaspoonful of sugar added to the final rinsing water when you are washing a voile frock will restore its original crispness.

* * *
Before greasing your cake tins or trays, warm them in the oven for a few minutes. The grease then spreads evenly, and prevents your cake from sticking to the tin.

* * *
Pour a little water into your ash-trays before using them. This prevents the ash from smoking, and also from blowing round the room if the day is windy.



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