

Mary's "At Home"

HERE is how I solved my problem of amusing the kiddies when they are tired of their toys, and getting a little bit cross. I put them into their bathing suits, provided, of course, that the day is warm, equip them with an old paint brush and a bucket of water, and let them "paint the house." They just love doing this, and many a time they have painted the house twice in a day! Try it next time you want something for them to do.—**Pigtails, Wellington.**

I HAD a surprise this week when a parcel of fine sturdy tomato plants arrived unexpectedly from one of my sisters, and now that frosts have abated if not gone for good I'll have a great time growing these plants in fervent hopes for a bumper crop this coming autumn, for we all must needs "grow for Victory," apart from the good derived from our very own gardens. These succulent green peas, tender carrots, etc., all have a thrill of their own. I do love to hear of those city folk who with only a patch of ground available that is no larger than my kitchen in some cases are valiantly growing a little succession of crops. Not for them the acres of potatoes we can put in, but even that short row followed by another has pride of place. May I conclude by quoting a vegetable catalogue? "'Tis only when we have tended them that vegetables have things to tell us," and "A mass of flowers in a quiet garden is like a tonic to hearts that have grown tired."—**Roundabout, King Country.**

JUST finished reading "Wuthering Heights," by Emily Bronte, and how I have enjoyed it! Did you see the film, Mary? I did, and enjoyed it immensely, but the enjoyment of the film had nothing on the enjoyment of reading such a fine book. I just buried my head in it from start to finish, and nothing was done until I had read the last page. It is amazing to me that one who led a life as sheltered as Emily Bronte could have ever conceived a story so gripping and so realistic as this. When Emily Bronte died she was only thirty, and it makes me wonder what genius her pen would have produced had she lived for some years longer. I am not going to tell you the story of the book, for I hope you will be able to procure a copy to read for yourself—if you have not already done so, Mary—I can recommend it to you, and I am sure you will not be disappointed.—**Shortbread, Waikato.**

I HAVE been experimenting with flower decorations, and although my garden is only a humble one, and has not a great variety of flowers, I

have surprised myself at the results I have obtained from flower decorations. In one corner of my room I have a flat copper dish filled with nasturtiums, and although the sun is not shining, my room is full of sunshine. I have found copper dishes of the greatest help in flower decorations. On the small table beside my bed I have a

basket of pink geraniums—do you remember the old-fashioned sort that climb all over seaside cottages? My basket is a low one with a tall handle, and the flowers I arranged in a shallow bowl. They would not stand up at first, so I put a layer of sand in the bottom of the bowl, and they did anything I wished them to do! Now they are climbing gracefully round the tall handle of my basket, and looking a picture. All my jugs take turns at becoming vases, and what fascinating arrangements can be made as the seasons pass—pink japonica in my black



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