

## Domestic Bliss

I know two farmers, A and B. Who both are married happily. Yet each is quite, quite satisfied. HIS only is the perfect bride.

I thought I would investigate These perfect wives, and imitate Their virtues so that I might be Also a wife of such degree.

So accidentally (or it seemed) Upon these wives so much esteemed I called and found them, if you please. As different as chalk from cheese.

The twelve-stone wife of Farmer A Had just come in from forking hay To mix to-morrow's batch of bread 'Ere she went to the milking shed.

But in poor Mrs. B I viewed A helpless wisp of womanhood, A-lying reading on a couch While B cooked tea without a frown.

Domestic don'ts! From what I see, That which suits A will not suit B. So wives, if you perfection plan Just do what pleases your own man!

—Newmoon.

your home—let comfort come first." A little bit of untidiness is worth it in the long run—for a happy husband is a far better possession than an extremely tidy one.—Lifuka.

**DON'T** confide your domestic troubles to your neighbours.

Don't ridicule or nag your husband before others. That includes the children.

Don't argue about trifles. Life's too short, and happiness too precious. Do what you want with a laugh, and he will scarcely remember his own disapproval.

Don't neglect the niceties of your home, or the personal attractiveness of yourself.

Don't worry him with religious talk. Set a good example and hope for the best.

Don't allow your health, or his, to slip, if it is at all in your power to prevent it.

Don't forget a sense of humour oils the domestic wheels, and praise is nectar to any man. Laugh at his pet joke, for the umpteenth time, though it be as tame as the family cat.

Don't expect him to be a paragon. Pick up his papers, pipe, pants and socks, and regard it as good waist-reducing exercise.

Don't forget to extend to him, and expect from him, the little everyday courtesies you would both extend to outsiders.

Above all, don't forget that saw, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," and feed, feed, feed the brute. He will put up with almost anything for the sake of that, to him, the most important part of his anatomy, his stomach.—Nek Wah.

**MUCH** has been written and more has been said about "Perfect wives," "How to be happy though married," "Making a success of marriage," and the like. It is hard to dogmatise on such a subject, as what is one man's meat is so often another man's poison.

An aspirant to literary fame once won a valuable essay prize on "Man" with a three-word essay, viz.: "Feed the Brute!" She was not far wrong in her method of keeping him well and happy. Digestive troubles account for 99 per cent. of this world's ills, so the main thing to become a perfect wife is to plan meals wisely and well.

Force yourself to wear an air of serenity when things look black or the air becomes blue. A fretful, nagging wife causes almost as many divorces as an extravagant one, or a poor cook—both "duds" in the marriage mart. In fact, almost the first lesson to learn in marriage is that there is a time to talk and a time to be silent, and the latter time is by far the most important—to keep it the hardest task. "Her voice is ever soft,

gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman!" as Shakespeare said, is never truer than in a marriage axiom. When things go wrong—as they do on a farm so often—the plan is to keep silent, and if your advice is asked, give it in that "soft, gentle and low" voice, and you will have "himself" eating out of your hand and valuing you above rubies.—Alliquid.

**DON'T** nag; a nagging wife causes more trouble in a family than anything else. If you have a grievance and are a wise woman, you will hold your peace until after he has had his meal and has his pipe lit. Your argument will probably prove milder than it otherwise would be. Further, always welcome his friends and encourage them to visit you. Remember, when a man brings his friends to the home, it shows he is proud of his wife and home.—Kitty.

**DON'T** make a god of your house, so that it is just a "house" and not a "home," but don't be careless either about the care of your home or your personal appearance.

Don't greet "himself" querulously at the door with some story of domestic mishap; if you need sympathy and assistance, feed him, warm him (unless it's in the summer), chat a while, then tell your story, but don't make it sound as though you are the most cruelly-treated woman in the neighbourhood, thanks to him.

When asking the children to do anything for you, don't use the tone of voice which implies, "This is an order, obey or I'll whack you," rather make friendly requests of them, always backed by sound reason. Children are intelligent crea-

tures, so don't expect them to obey blindly and without reason.

Don't disparage your husband or his family before the children. Indeed, don't do it at all.

If there is any sort of a difference between you, don't hesitate to get at the truth and put things right, and take your share of blame when necessary, but don't just have a lengthy discourse in which you always prove yourself right and everyone else wrong.—E.C.

**DON'T** expect your husband to be perfect.

Don't expect his praise for anything you may do, however perfect.

Don't expect him to tell you any news, just tell him the tit-bit you have just heard and he will probably tell you he has known it for a week or more.

Don't be fussy about having the last word, let him have it—even if he is wrong.

Don't let the sun go down on your wrath. "Sufficient unto the day," etc. Each day brings its own problems, and it is too big a handicap to face it while still worrying over what is past and should be forgotten.

Don't be angry the same time as he is. Let him storm and rage. There are things he longs to say to his boss, but dare not, so he unloads it all on to his wife. Let it all come, and don't strike back. That's what wives are for. If you have a grievance on his "black" day, forget it.

Don't have work to do if he asks you out. Leave everything and go with him,

and when you come home, thank him for the outing.

Don't put your children before your husband. Remember he is the biggest child of all.

Don't leave his slippers on the steps as a hint that your floor means more to you than his boots.—Anchor.

**THE** still, small voice within can say many "don'ts" without offence, but don't decorate your after-dinner speeches (or worse, your before-breakfast orations) with this nasty little word, as Mr. B. would proudly quote, "It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house." Don't bring up controversial subjects, ask for money when there isn't any, or rush to comfort Johnnie (whom father has just smacked), while a hungry man waits for a meal.

If you would like your man to take a logical, tolerant view of feminine fashions, eliminating fruit for breakfast, turning the other cheek, pacifism, Mary's temperament, the Government and the League of Nations, wait till he's just comfortably lined with dumpling stew, good plum duff or apple pie, AND that indispensable cup of tea.

Refrain from retailing father's farming hints as if they were yours. Don't (tactfully or otherwise) tick him off in company, it is cowardly. Don't call him "darling" when you're out if he's just plain "dad" at home.—Shiela Green.

**THERE** are times where, if we tried to keep our tempers (especially when ruffled over some trifle), much bickering and unpleasantness would be saved, as



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NOW, gather around, sisters, and hearken to the words of wisdom. Auntie Knows-All speaking—calling all unhappy wives! There has been more advice written about marriage than about any other subject in the universe. If all the words, prose and verse, grandiloquently written, on "How to be happy though married," were joined end to end, they would go three times round the globe and twice round my waist. And, then there would be enough over to hand out good, big lashings of it to every bride with her first pair of blankets.

Yes, we all like to hand it to the other poor soul. It is a form of sentiment, and, maybe, saves us from joining the Lily-White League or Societies for the Prevention of This and That. You see, we must manage something, so, as I said before, gather around, sisters, and hearken to the pearls of wisdom gleaned from my book of words.

Firstly: Don't nag. A nagging wife is worse than an aching tooth. You can get rid of the tooth, but the wife nags on and on. Anyone can nag and whine. The woman who grinds her teeth and

smiles is the one who sweetens life's load. So, "keep smiling, keep sweet, and keep stepping"—don't nag!

Secondly: Don't sulk. Sulking, I consider, one of the deadliest sins. One can cope with the bad-tempered wife and the weepy, moist one, though a trial usually succumbs to exhaustion and can be controlled, but the sulky woman—whew! Ghoul of the home, she casts her cloud of gloom over every one and drives her husband nearly mad. And she still keeps on, grimly determined in her small, selfish soul never to give in. A frightful, maddening, embittering trait. Have done with it. Cast it out. Don't sulk!

Thirdly: Don't indulge in self pity. We all have our troubles, though how differently we react to them. It is easy to sit down and cry, and become persistently more and more moist and hysterical. Easy, too, to become hard and bitter, resenting good fortune in others as a personal affront, and blaming troubles on everyone but ourselves. This is the easy way, but don't take it. Cease whimpering and walling, and begin counting up your blessings. You'll find them strange-

ly numerous. There is an old Eastern proverb, "I grieved because I had no boots until I met a man who had no feet." No need to comment on that, So, we are all resolved, no self pity!

Fourthly, a touchy subject: Don't make a god of the house. In the city a woman may get away with it, as conditions are so different, but for the farm wife to try to put polishing before comforts is a near crime. A little untidiness is a goodly thing at times. Always remember that a tired husband wants comfort, and prefers a comfortable chair with his feet on the mantelpiece to any form of elegance. Give him a good, well-cooked meal, and let him drop the paper on the floor (his ashes, too, if he likes!) and he'll think you a grand wife. So, now, all together, girls—

"We won't make gods of the home" (said they blithely, as they hurled the polishing mops into the duck pond and heaved the beeswax out the window).

And Aunt Knows-all, smiling wisely, said, "They won't take any notice, of course, but it was a nice session, and it is so nice to give advice."—Oh Mack.

#### Domestic Don't's.

DON'T expect your bridegroom to live up to all the promises of the honeymoon. They were only propaganda.

Don't begin as you mean to go on. Mould him slowly to the desired pattern. Treat the daily paper as sacred, don't move his things or destroy farm magazines.

Don't speak to him if he's reading, thinking, or sleeping. This means you won't have much conversation, but what is there to talk about, anyway?

Don't let him choose your clothes. Men

Well, if you all carry out, or even do your best to carry out, all the axioms that you have laid down for her who aims to become the perfect wife this month Mrs. B's, all I can say is that your husbands must be very lucky men. There's a lot of sound sense happily conveyed in our selection, and I think you will enjoy them. It's a pity that we cannot set a like subject for the Mr. B's, isn't it? Prize this month to an old friend in "Oh Mack!"—TUI.

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have dreadful taste. That's why widows always dress better.

Don't pry openly into his business. Do it quietly.

Don't be too proud to ask for what you want, and then complain that he's too mean to give it to you.

Don't echo his moods. If he's angry, be reasonable. Remember, there are times when it's best to sit down and just let married life surge over you.

Don't forget you took him for "better or worse." He may be worse at times, but you're probably often much worse.

Don't forget to keep in your heart a picture of him—youth, gay and handsome, before he had the responsibility of a home, and children—and you!

Don't think any fool can make a success of marriage. The perfect wife must be a mixture of Portio, Pelman, Tarzan, Mae West and Marlene Dietrich; a diplomat, quick-change artist and Jack-of-all-trades.—Cornelia.

WHENEVER I see a poor man taking his boots off before he dare enter his wife's spotless house, or looking behind him fearfully to see if he has left a mark, or being very careful not to lean on the best cushion, I feel like going up to his wife and saying, "Don't make a god of