

AN "Argentine Ball" was recently given in Wellington in aid of the Community Club, and nearly a thousand dancers, costumed in every conceivable kind of fancy dress, assembled in the Town Hall. The ball had been designated a "Paper" Ball, and it was almost impossible to believe that the beautiful and picturesque dresses were fashioned of paper. In fact, some of the economically-minded women present seriously considered the possibility of utilising this Demimon paper for ordinary wear. What about paper overalls for morning wear in the house? Paper frocks for semi-evening and summer wear? Think of the saving in drapers' bills, not to mention those of the laundry department. They are not suggested for street wear, at least, not when a Wellington wind is raging, but for some other occasions it seems that paper dresses might be given a trial.

Miss May Carruthers, as an early Victorian lady, won the ladies' prize, her dress being carried out very charmingly in deep orange paper. Mr. J. Connor, representing "State Publicity," was awarded the gentlemen's prize. Madame Fleck and Mr. Page were the judges, and among so many beautiful and original costumes, their task was a difficult one. The originator and organiser of the ball was Mrs. Robert Johnson, and the great success of the ball, which was in aid of the Community Club for Territorials and Senior Cadets, was largely due to her energy and organising ability.

AUCKLAND'S Joy Week, after providing gaiety for thousands of folk, is now a thing of the past. The Venetian Water Carnival was one of the most popular of the many forms of enjoyment provided, and its unique beauty and spectacular charm will long remain in the memories of all who were fortunate enough to view it. The line of decorated boats, hung with gay balloons and lanterns, moving across the harbour and led by the marshal, in his beautifully decorated launch, to the dock was like a scene from Fairyland. The auxiliary yacht, the Lady Sterling, bedecked with coloured lights, lanterns, ribbons and ferns, seemed a veritable fairy ship as she passed up the quiet waterway, with a brilliant array of smaller craft following her. Gondolas, Chinese junks, and every description of picturesque vessel yet invented were in this procession represented. King Neptune held court, and the Mack Sennett bathing beauties caused strange flutterings in the cardiac area of the male onlookers; and with music, song and laughter the Venetian Water Carnival turned Auckland's waterways into a magic scene of beauty and delight.

THE Dunedin Women's Club recently held an exhibition of Flowers, Arts and Crafts, a delightful combination. Beautiful pewter and enamel work, basket work, fascinating lingerie, flowers of nylon and gold, water colour sketches and leather work were exhibited. A large number of members was present, and several tea parties were given.

THE officers of H.M.S. "Laburnum" and members of the Williamson Company, who were playing in Dunedin at the time, were present at the cabaret at the Savoy one Saturday evening lately. A very gay and enjoyable evening was spent. By outsiders, Dunedin has, until lately, been regarded as rather a "dour" city, but really she does seem to have her full share of gaieties. It is quite possible that the ease with which the Scotch adjective combines with the name, making "Dour Dunedin," is responsible for the base fabrication. In much the same manner, Wellington is referred to as "Windy Wellington." Really, it is rather hard to bear, in spite of Shakespeare's

comforting observation. Wellington residents candidly admit that sometimes it really is windy in Wellington; but they do not like the capital city to be introduced to strangers and forever held up as the only windy place in Maoriland. They are prone to mention a certain town in Taranaki, where, when the "Mountain" wind is blowing, it is almost impossible to retain one's footing upon Mother Earth; and where, not so many years ago, a large two-storied building was actually blown down, and later, during another blow, the top of a van was carried off by the wind and deposited in a wood and

trouble to pretend to be friendly, but with hair-raising mutterings and bellowings, pawed the turf with an impatient foot, paw, or hoof, whatever a bull calls his pedal extremities, and executed various other stunts that caused the reverend gentlemen to decide that discretion was much the better part of valour. Frenziedly they glanced about for a place of safety; a handy tree held out friendly arms, and two of the agitated parsons swarmed nimbly up its trunk. The third, being of generous proportions, alas, could not follow the example of his reverend brethren, and the bull, by this time being thorough-



S. P. Andrew Studios, Wellington.

Mrs. Stanton Harcourt, of Wellington, a former President of the Pioneer Club. Mrs. Harcourt leaves shortly on a visit to England.

coal yard several blocks away! Therefore to call Wellington the only windy place in Maoriland is surely an injustice, and to speak of "Dour Dunedin" is a similar one. If we really are going to be unjust, what about "Amorous Auckland," "Naughty New Plymouth," "Credulous Christchurch," "Inky Invercargill," "Wicked Westport," etc. etc.?

IF the historic Annals of the Church are to be believed, priests and bulls in the past were not only closely associated, but were upon terms of friendly intimacy, as it were. But "the old order changeth and giveth place unto the new," as a recent occurrence in Otago proves. It appears that three gentlemen of "the Cloth" arranged a picnic for their flock at a holiday resort in Otago. Complacently viewing the innocent gambols of the children, their attention was caught by the threatening attitude of a bull in a neighbouring paddock! With commendable discretion they kept their flock in ignorance of the proximity of the fearsome beast, and sought a near-by dairyman, told him of their fears, and obtained his permission to use his secluded orchard for the children's picnic.

Considerably relieved, the three pastors were about to set off to conduct the children to the new fold, when they saw another bull in the orchard! This bull did not even

ly roused, charged the unfortunate cleric, who dodged him with marvellous agility and *savoir faire*. It was a game of hide-and-seek between the irate bull and the clergyman. His reverend brothers, between words of encouragement dropped from their place of safety above to their stricken comrade beneath, shouted lustily for help. Their cries brought the dairyman hurriedly back. He chased Taurus away, and the two clergymen descended from the tree, sympathised with their panting brother, and with as much dignity as they could summon at such short notice, went on their way to the children.

I find myself wondering if the attacking bull, actuated by a spirit of mischief, was the same one that the clerics had seen earlier in the day, and I fear the three reverend gentlemen were much too flurried to compare the two, if two there were.

IT seems that the new telephone arrangements are going to cause some trouble between the powers that be and the public. One cannot help noticing that wherever Mr. Markman went, by some means or other, he soothed the savage breasts of irate telephone subscribers. In the midst of wild and murderous threats he arrived, and we heard no more. But this peacemaker cannot be in all places at once; and in Hawke's Bay, a country gentleman has been reduced to almost speechless wrath by the

receipt of the first monthly demand for payment for his 'phone. He used the only threat any of us have power to use, namely, to cut the telephone out! But, in our saner moments, we all realise that to do this will be perilously like cutting off our noses to spite our faces, and it looks as if we shall have to submit with what grace we can to increased telephone charges, and monthly, instead of half-yearly payments. You see, half-yearly ones gave us time to save up. I doubt if the Department gave this fact the consideration it unquestionably deserves. However, we are assured by visitors from other countries that the charges for telephones in Maoriland are the cheapest in the world; whether they will continue to be under the new regulations, we cannot say, owing to the absence on holiday leave of our Head Clairvoyant.

WELLINGTONIANS are beginning to question if "Quakes" are possessed of at least two senses, those of hearing and of mischief. It was certainly a coincidence that Mr. Field, an astronomer of note, who has recently given a series of lectures upon solar matters in Wellington, should announce that he considered Wellington would be fairly safe from earthquakes for some considerable time, and then for a 'quake to visit Wellington on the following night actually during his lecture. Then quite a sharp one occurred on the following Sunday evening.

I am reminded of the old Maori belief: That the God of earthquakes was a spirit imprisoned within the earth, and that 'quakes were the result of his turnings and twistings. Did that Maori god hear Mr. Field's assurances of safety and straightway proceed to show him, and incidentally us, either that he was mistaken or that he had been grossly misled? On the following day, Dr. Adams, the Government Seismologist, possibly with the laudable intention of cheering the nervous, stated that during the 'quake the earth was "Going West!" Perhaps the learned gentleman is resigned to it, but we cannot truthfully say that so sinister a pronouncement causes us anything higher than a feeling of acute dismay, for we cannot rise to those dizzy heights of philosophic calm. It will probably take another 'quake to shake us back to our usual attitude of indifference.

THE unusual idea of the late Mr. Peter Mitchell, of New South Wales, to devote a large portion of his estate to the selection and maintenance of what may be called Perfect Women, has caused much interest in Maoriland. The selection is to be settled by competition. Surely this is the first time in the history of the world that anyone has troubled to make it worth while, in a material sense for healthy, moral and beautiful women to continue being healthy, moral and beautiful. Mr. Mitchell says in his will that "though gifts for the benefit of the weak, the failing and the sick are highly praiseworthy, etc., yet more lasting good is to be effected by providing means to encourage and help the capable, healthy and strong to develop and bring to fruition their natural advantages, etc."

This wonderful bequest seems to mark a new era in the development of woman. You see it is the *ultima word* of the race that Mr. Mitchell has considered, and that is an attribute that few of us are capable of either seeing or providing for. Unfortunately for Maoriland, entrants for this competition must be *bona fide* residents of Australia. However, perhaps some wealthy New Zealander will come to the rescue of this country by making a similar bequest to the women of New Zealand.

Yours, MARAMA.