



DEAR LADY IN THE MIRROR,—

Belovedst, to have to come violently back to work at the behest of a stern and unfeeling Editor has already caused me to break at least one New Year's good resolution.

We welcome back to New Zealand Her Excellency Lady Jellicoe.

Her Excellency's presence has been greatly missed, as her kindly tact and the zest with which she has entered into the social life of her temporary home have won for her a warm spot in the hearts of all who have been fortunate enough to have been honoured by her acquaintance.

Their Excellencies have always discomfited and firmly used their influence against snobbery and cant among those who in these democratic islands of ours seek to establish social distinctions.

It is to be hoped that our Prime Minister has had the good sense to appreciate the deep regard in which His Excellency is held without exception throughout the Dominion, and that he has advised the Imperial Government to recommend that His Majesty be graciously pleased to extend His Excellency's period of office as Governor-General. I have discussed this question with many "old timers," who are unanimous in their opinion that without exception Lord Jellicoe is the most popular Governor-General we have ever had.

What a stirring example to the "young idea" His Excellency gives by his personal participation in all forms of sport; to see him "trundling" bowls, "sporting the willow," deer stalking, trout fishing, or taking the helm of his fourteen-footer, "The Iron Duke," makes one think that he has discovered the secret of perennial youth.

The Empire as a whole owes Lord Jellicoe a debt it can never sufficiently recognise. On the outbreak of war he found the units of His Majesty's Fleet a heterogeneous collection of all kinds, conditions and ages of fighting ships with an organisation so decentralised as to make it quite inefficient as a fighting machine to carry out the multitudinous duties which a world-war called for, and which necessitated the complete synchronisation of effort. He organised the immortal North Sea Fleet, based on the famous strategic point of Scapa Flow, and thus forged a shield of defence for the Allied cause which kept the seas clear of the enemies' battle fleets, and allowed of the conduct of the Allies' military forces and the provisioning of both civil and belligerent populations with comparatively little hindrance. When one realises that to all intents and purposes the North Sea Fleet was "at sea" continuously from the outbreak of War to the Armistice, one marvels at the efficiency of the Silent Service and the brain which made it possible.

It is very gratifying to know that the high naval authorities of the world now universally recognise that

the strategy and tactics displayed by Viscount Jellicoe in the much discussed battle of Jutland were the only actions a great Commander could have taken. Some days previous to the signing of the Armistice Marshal Foch said, "War is waged only in order to obtain results. The end being obtained, no one has the right to cause a single drop of blood to be shed." After Jutland the German High Sea Fleet never again put to sea until it sailed into Scapa Flow in ignominious surrender. One of the greatest tributes to Lord Jellicoe was the confidence and trust he inspired among the rank and file of the Fleet.

At the time of writing the prospect of a Labour Government in England appears to fill many people with alarm. Those of us who went into the trenches with the British "Tommy" know that his heart is

right and that in emergencies he is level-headed. The English working-man is one of the largest-hearted and most generous beings in the world.

A Labour Government in England may yet reveal to the world sublime depths of statesmanship in solving the social problems of the day, which as yet have defied the best efforts of the so-called "ruling classes."

You know the old trite saying, "None but the poor help the poor." In this country it is difficult to realise the squalour and misery that the prolonged period of unemployment has given rise to in England—conditions which no white person should be forced to exist in; who but those who have suffered most can hope to successfully understand and provide for the sufferings of others? We are ever prone to forget that all great movements for the betterment of mankind

have their origin at the bottom—Christ Himself started His ministry among the poorest of the poor.

*Entre nous* I wonder what Mr. Baldwin now thinks of the well-meant efforts of the Commonwealth and Dominions Prime Ministers in stamping up and down Great Britain while in the throes of a general election, and preaching "Preference and Tariff Reform" at the expense of the people's food. Their efforts appear to have provided a handle for Mr. Baldwin's political opponents to create a situation in British constitutional history which is without parallel since the days of Oliver Cromwell and the ill-fated Charles I.

I trust their action will not create a precedent, as otherwise the League of Nations may well find its duties increased a hundred-fold. Imagine the effect of Mr. Lloyd George participating in the U.S.A. Presidential elections, or of Signor Mussolini preaching "Fascismo" in New Zealand in support of the Reform Party!—though, no doubt, if the idea were further developed, Mr. George Robey's intervention on behalf of Mr. Holland, if it did not gain him votes, would at any rate enliven the rancour of the hustings.

What a charming man and strong personality the Honourable G. J. Coates is. He and the Honourable Downie Stewart are undoubtedly two of the most outstanding characters in New Zealand's political life.

I hear that a Masterton man is compiling a "Who's who" of New Zealand's three thousand most prominent citizens. Don't you think, dear Lady, that a social "Who's who" would provide much more interesting reading, even if it did at times remind one of "Grimm's Fairy Tales"?

Isn't it a pity that one mustn't publish the most amusing stories of our social failings and indiscretions? I like the story which is at present going the rounds relating to the indiscreet hostess, lacking in "savoir faire," who said she really would have to give up calling at Government House if she continued to meet such impossible people there! Comment is needless.

Wellington is still chuckling to itself over the distinguished foreigner who recently graciously honoured the local cabaret dressed in court dress with knee breeches. We are told that the late American Ambassador to the Court of Saint James intends to wear out his playing golf in Florida!

My young nephew, who is a very precocious youth, after visiting the film dealing with the exploits of the notorious Kelly Gang in Australia, told me that he had heard his father say that such a band existed in Auckland. Do you know, most adorable one, if this is a purely social organisation or the local branch of the "Ku Klux Klan"?

Ever your devoted  
KNAVE O'HEARTS.



Mrs. W. A. Gaines, of Invercargill, was before her marriage Miss Phillis McLean, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McLean, of Christchurch.