

THE LADIES'

# MIRROR

*The Home Journal of New Zealand*



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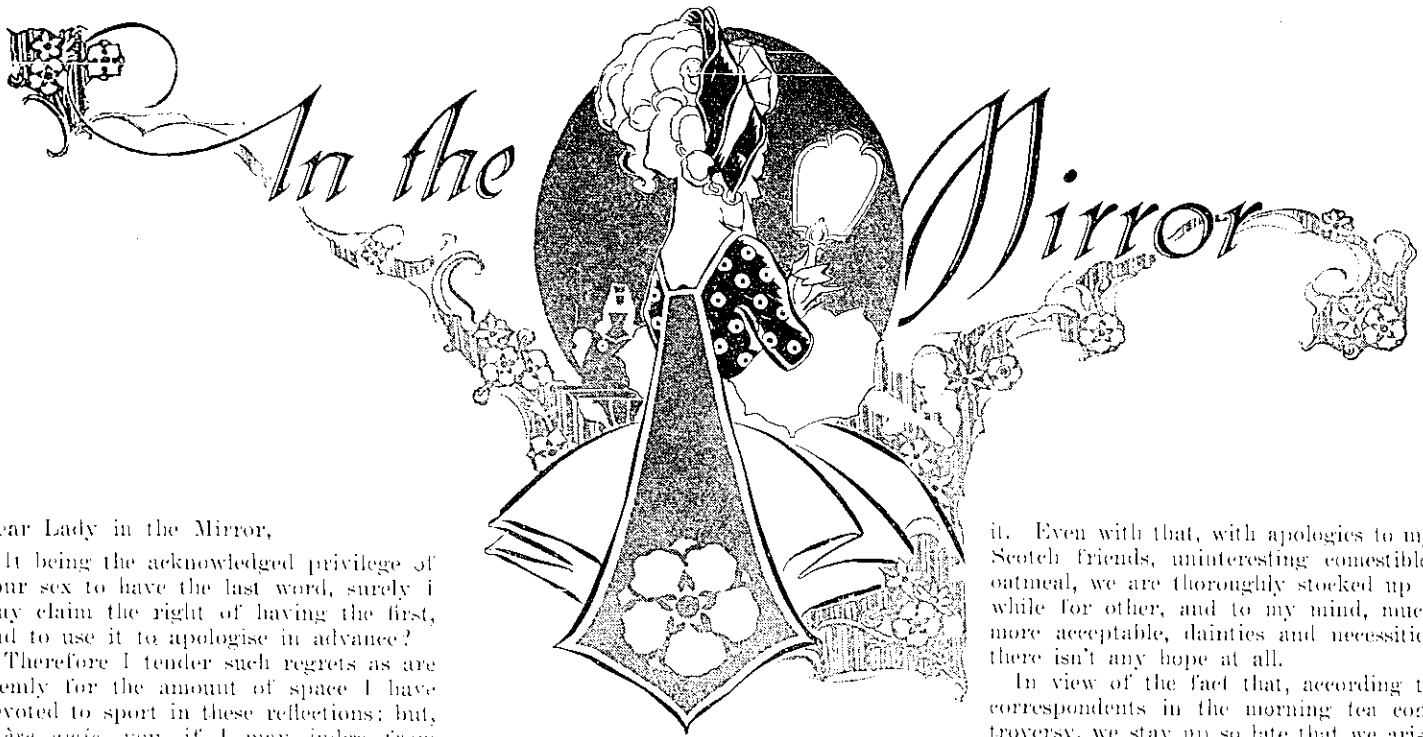
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Photo. by Bassano Ltd., 38 D'Arny St., W.1.

**NEW ZEALAND IN LONDON**  
**MISS EILEEN MYERS**  
daughter of Sir Arthur and Lady Myers of Auckland, New Zealand, in the dress which she wore as one of the demoiselles d'honneur to the Duchess of York at the Rockefeller Foundation Ball held at Lansdowne House.



Dear Lady in the Mirror,

It being the acknowledged privilege of your sex to have the last word, surely I may claim the right of having the first, and to use it to apologise in advance?

Therefore I tender such regrets as are seemly for the amount of space I have devoted to sport in these reflections: but, *chère amie*, you, if I may judge from what I hear daily, are just about as fascinated by the subject as I am, and really there hasn't been much else to occupy our minds lately. For which, when we come to think of it, we may be truly thankful with all reverence.

"Happy the Country that has no History," in these days of great wars, great peaces and minds jaded by too eventful times, may be quoted as "Happy the Year that makes no History" without it being sporting. It is a sign of the restoration of better, happier, and more prosperous times, that the world has time to think seriously of such a healthy subject as sport.

But, for the moment, I must deal with other and somewhat more serious matters.

#### MR. MASSEY JOURNALIST

It should prove encouraging to many of our readers to learn that Mr. Massey, whilst on his recent visit to England, did not disdain to write for the Press—and to accept quite a useful cheque in payment from *The Manchester Guardian*. I do not mention the amount, in case it may suggest false ideas to many of our would-be contributors; for though *The Mirror* is as generous as it can be, we are not *The Manchester Guardian*, nor you, dear literary aspirant, Mr. Massey. Not that, probably, judging from the eloquence he displays in debate, your articles would actually be any worse than his, but whatever Shakespeare may have said, there's a good deal in a name, after all especially in journalism. Again, too, there's a lot in specialised knowledge, and if only some of the quite clever writers who favour us with their efforts would really write about something they know about, and what more especially other people really want to know about, they would stand a much better chance of having the same sensations as Mr. Massey probably experienced when he opened the envelope from *The Guardian*. So many write beautiful literary essays about nothing in particular when they really do know a better way of cooking pork-chops or keeping a baby quiet. It's a crude way of putting it, maybe, but very true all the same.

#### THE ETERNAL BREAKFAST TABLE

I see our breakfast table has been in the public eye again, and Mr. Massey can't hold out any promise of cheapening

it. Even with that, with apologies to my Scotch friends, uninteresting comestible, oatmeal, we are thoroughly stocked up while for other, and to my mind, much more acceptable, dainties and necessities there isn't any hope at all.

In view of the fact that, according to correspondents in the morning tea controversy, we stay up so late that we arise too tardily to eat breakfast, I can't see what all the bother should be about. It's wonderful what a fascination the breakfast table has, in rhetoric, for politicians. I wonder if they are so keen on it in actuality?

REFLECTIONS ON VARIOUS THEMES  
BY "KNAVE O' HEARTS"

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#### A MODEL MATERNITY HOSPITAL FOR AUCKLAND

As a result of the recent disclosures in connection with the Kelvin Maternity Hospital, a number of influential citizens of Auckland are interesting themselves in the erection of a modern lying-in hospital. An ideal site has been secured, adjoining the Mater Misericordiae Hospital. It is an acre and a-half in extent, and includes the residence of the late Mr. Dignan, which, with quite minor alterations, can be utilised for administrative offices and nurses' living quarters. Messrs. Mahoney & Son are the provisional architects for the main hospital building, which, it is proposed, will contain accommodation for fifty patients, each of whom will have a separate apartment. That the hospital will be modern in every respect is vouched for by the engagement of a well-known hospital construction specialist, who has planned many of the most recent institutions of the kind in California. The venture, whilst a private one, is not intended to be of a profit-making nature, as any interest earnings over ten per cent. are to be utilised for purposes of extension or improvement. Sir Maui Pomare, the Minister for Health, has approved of the venture, and any suggestions emanating either from the Health Department or from the British Medical Association will be embodied in the building. Since there are 115 accouchement beds registered in Auckland City and Suburbs, of which none are housed in buildings erected specifically for hospital use, it is likely that the proposed institution will fill a very definite want, and even at the fees customarily chargeable for accouchement, should be handsomely self-supporting. His Worship the Mayor of Auckland (Sir James Gunson) has strongly commended the proposal, and active steps are now being taken to bring it to fruition. Mr. Duncan, of Messrs. Morris, Duncan & Sellars, Public Accountants, Auckland, is the honorary organiser for the venture, and any offers of assistance or advice from our readers will be gladly welcomed by him.

# WELLINGTON SOCIETY AT THE PLUNKET BALL

MEMBERS OF THE  
MINUET SETS



*A charming photograph of the HON. LUCY JELICOE  
Mrs. Leekie's set.*



*(Top)*  
Miss **AUMETTE BARTON**  
of Featherston.

*(Centre)*  
Mr. **M. DOUGHTY**

*(Below)*  
Mrs. Major  
**W. J. K. JENNINGS**

*Mrs. Dr. BOWERBANK and  
Mr. THEODORE TRESIZE  
Mrs. Bowerbank's set won first prize.*

*(Top)*  
Mrs. **STANHOPE**

*(Centre)*  
Mrs. **MARTIN**

*(Below)*  
Mrs. **TOULSON**

*Photo. by S. P. Anderson Studios.*



*Photo. by Bellwood Studio.*

*Mrs. CUTHBERT ENTRICAN, who was recently married to the only son of Mr. J. C. Entrican, of Mount Albert, is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. W. Flatts, of Dunedin.*

#### A STORM IN A TEACUP

If we are to take as gospel the statements of some of the disgruntled male contributors to the correspondence that has recently been raging in the daily Press, the whole of the only too evident depression in trade may be attributed to one cause—the prevalence of the morning tea habit. Our typists, we are led to believe, arrive in the morning just in time to commence the preparation of the cup that cheers, and by the time they have discussed it and the many other matters that always arise, it is time for lunch. Of course, after lunch they must get busy—preparing afternoon tea. And so time flies—and profits likewise; our letters remain untyped, our correspondents become incensed, business is lost, and the country is going to the dogs.

This is the indictment framed by those who are despicable enough to attempt to rob our hard-working office girls of their relaxation and nourishment. Nothing was said about the crowded tea shops about 11 a.m., where hordes of men are to be seen engaged on urgent business affairs, until some spirited champion of women's rights spoke up right boldly; and now, I suppose, senior partners are inquiring more closely into the importance of those engagements that seem to occur to their junior staffs with such monotonous regularity each morning.

It is to be hoped that amongst those who have suffered are the instigators of the correspondence, who now should have to go thirsty and unrefreshed for at least three hours on end daily!

#### "IT'S HARD TO SAY GOOD-BYE"

I cannot say that I envy Lord Jellicoe his position just now. Farewells are always such beastly things, and for some reason always seem so protracted. Whenever I see anyone off by train or boat I always say "good-bye" about five minutes too soon—and then, no matter how close the comradeship has been before, a sudden chill descends and I find myself either saying or listening to some banal repetition such as "You'll be sure to write, won't you?" or "Don't forget to give my love to Aunt Lizzie." Then comes a horrid, frigid pause and then another false alarm, and the promise to write and Aunt Lizzie are

again dragged shamefacedly forward. It's such an anti-climax to have to carry on with a conversation after a fond farewell has been spoken.

Lord Jellicoe had to start saying his good-byes some weeks ago, and will have to go on saying them for some weeks more until the evil day arrives when, alas, he says it for the last time—officially, at any rate; for we all hope he will return, if not as Governor, in a private capacity to renew the many friendships and associa-



*Photo. by Topical Press.*

*TWO QUEENS AT WEMBLEY, Queen Mary, with the Queen of Kaumātua, recently visited the Exhibition. They are here seen passing through the West African village, escorted by Lady Guggisberg.*

tions that he has made. I should blush to find my farewell speeches chronicled in print—you can judge from the foregoing specimens that they would make but sorry reading—but how much more terrible to deliberately have to make them with the thought in mind that they will be read by the people to whom you were saying good-bye last week and the week before!

It's not all sugar being a Governor!

#### AUCKLAND'S CIVIC SQUARE

We have yet to see the designs for Auckland's Civic Square, and at the time of writing it is not known who is to be



*Photo. by Topical Press.*

*NEW ZEALAND'S HIGH COMMISSIONER PLAYS BOWLS, Colonel the Hon. Sir James Allen opening the new bowling green at the Royal Alfred Homes for Merchant Seamen.*



*Photo. by Fattillo, Dunedin.*

*Mrs. T. McKIBBIN, whose husband has just been appointed Director of the Division of Public Health, has served on the committees of many philanthropic societies.*

entrusted with the planning of so ambitious a scheme, though the work of demolition goes on apace. It is open to doubt if we have architects in New Zealand with sufficient experience in town planning to adequately carry out the idea

and it might not be a bad idea for the powers-that-be to invite designs from those architects who have had opportunities elsewhere to prove their skill in matters of this sort. After all, it will be a costly experiment, and no effort should be spared to make it successful. We have too many evidences already in New Zealand that architectural mistakes, once perpetrated, are difficult things of which to dispose. Once established in brick and stone they must remain for generations as permanent reminders of our lack of taste or skill; and Auckland's scheme is so grandiose that a blunder would be nothing short of a tragedy.

Sir Edwin Lutyens, in Imperial Delhi, has had an opportunity that no architect since Sir Christopher Wren has been given—and even that greatest of British architects was more circumscribed by circumstances when he rebuilt London after the Fire than the designer of the wonderful new Indian city has been. Whether the idea of building a new capital for India was right or wrong—and the majority of opinion inclines to the latter view—it is not questioned that the architect rose to the occasion, and that when completed the scheme will be, from a town planning and architectural standpoint, a remarkable achievement.

Auckland might do worse than to consult Sir Edwin before she commits herself to some plan that generations to come must need have to endure, but with decision.

#### THE OLYMPIC GAMES

This periodical orgy of organised sport is now over, and with the usual result: the United States, with their almost limitless resources in men and money and with their, to my mind, somewhat un sporting methods of training efficiency and specialisation, have won easily, and the majority of other countries, where, as in New Zealand, the amateur athlete has perforce to pursue sport as a pastime and not as a

# YOUNG NEW ZEALAND

BONNY BAIRNS FROM  
THE SOUTH ISLAND



Photo.: Pattillo, Dunedin.

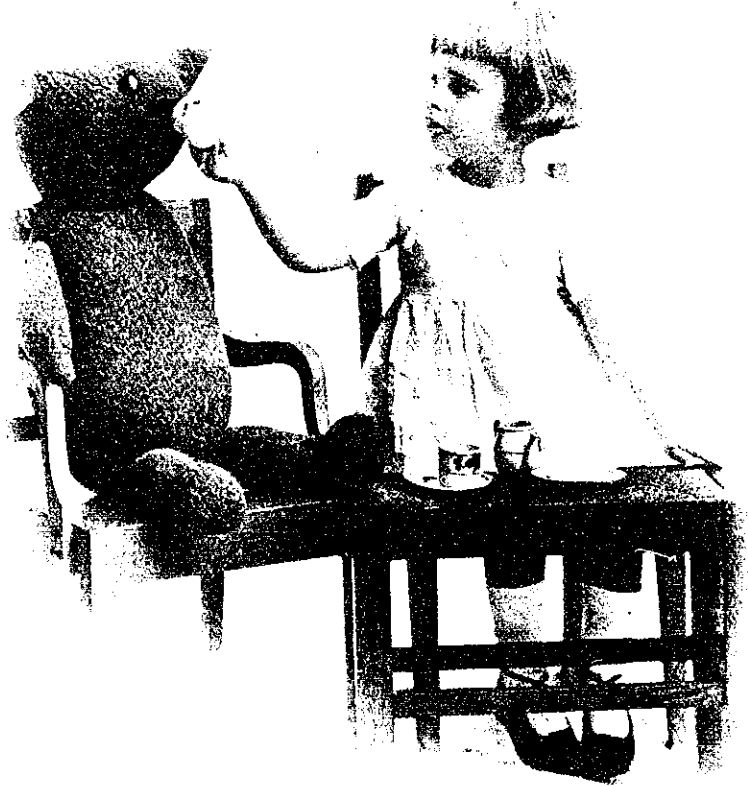


Photo.: Claude Ring, Christchurch.

**"DRINK UP, TEDDY!"**  
Mary, the youngest  
daughter of Mrs. T. Mul-  
ligan, of Lismore, with a  
faithful friend.

**A VERY CLEVER  
LITTLE DANCER**  
"Billie," the only  
daughter of Mr. and Mrs.  
Frank Mitchell, Dunedin.



Photo.: Claude Ring, Christchurch.

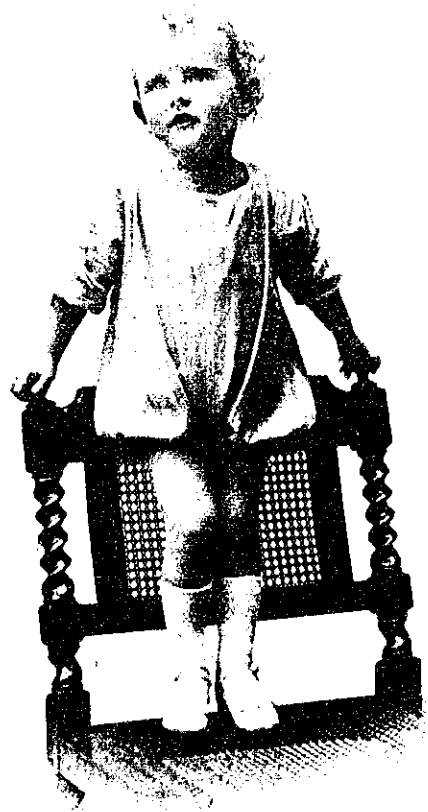


Photo.: H. H. Clifford, Christchurch.

**HARRY**  
who is the son of Mr.  
and Mrs. C. T. Wilkins,  
of St. Leonards, Dunedin.  
Harry was a "Plunket  
Baby," and speaks vol-  
umes for the results pro-  
duced by the system.

**"ALL SMILES,"**  
The bonny little  
son of Mrs. L.  
Derbridge, of  
Christchurch.





"THE WANING DAY." A Beautiful Camera Study of Southern Pastures.

career, can make but a poor showing. Finland, by the almost miraculous achievements of one man, makes a remarkable showing, and it has been rather amusing to notice how often the question has been raised lately, "But where is Finland?" so the Games, if they serve no other purpose, have at least encouraged an interest in geography.

#### LET'S MAKE ALLOWANCES

That New Zealand did no better in the Olympic Games, however, is by no means a matter that should occasion depression. Though the Games are technically amateur, the laurels go, with monotonous regularity, to the country that can afford to train and equip the best team. I would not have you think, despite what I have previously said, that I by this mean any imputation against our American friends: they are fortunately placed, and, probably, if there were as much loose cash floating round in New Zealand as there is in the United States, we would, on a *per capita* basis, take equal advantage of our opportunities.

Over the question of all the quarrels that have arisen during the course of the Games well, they are unfortunate incidents, over which it is probably better to draw a discreet veil. Our Latin friends occasionally allow excitement to override discretion. Their education in the true meaning of sport is yet young, and shall we, their teachers, show annoyance because they are still prone to behave naughtily? Threats of withdrawal on the part of our athletes bear comparison with similar threats on the part of a teacher of a very clever class in an infant school. Let us remember that the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic race taught the world what sport means.

Being old enough (which doesn't stamp me as being quite antediluvian) to remember the Olympic Games held in London, and the animosity aroused by the American methods there, I would suggest *patience*—for it is significant that both American and English athletes were on this occasion unanimous in their protest.

I would suggest that the remedy lies, not in the abolition of the Games, but in the appointment of judges who have been

proved to be impartial, without any question of nationality, and the elimination of events that have no real meaning to the true all-round athlete.

#### THE ALL BLACKS

I suppose that some years ago any mention of Rugby football in a ladies' paper would have been considered to border on the indecent, but times change, and so do manners, and probably there are almost as many football enthusiasts

rejoiced at and their defeats, if any such untoward incidents should occur, mourned.

Like Spartan mothers, we can tell them to come back with their shields or on them, for we can be assured that, whatever fortune may bear in store, they will worthily uphold the reputation for true sportsmanship that was established by their predecessors and enhanced by those who left these shores for the sterner game of war.

Whether they will be as successful as the first touring team is a very debatable point, for they will have to meet stronger opposition. English Rugby has made much progress in the last twenty years though no English sportsman will deny that this is largely due to the lessons learnt during the All Blacks' and Springboks' tours and defeats by worthy opponents do not necessarily entail disgrace.

#### A MISCREANT AT LARGE

It is sincerely to be hoped that the police will succeed in apprehending the scoundrel who finds enjoyment in poisoning the animals at the Auckland Zoo. Some while ago a valuable animal was killed by a "sportsman" with a pea-rifle. If only one of these scoundrels could be caught and suitably dealt with, though it is difficult to find a punishment to fit the crime, it would probably act as a deterrent to other humorists of the same description.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The photograph of Mrs. A. E. Moore that appeared on page 16 of the July issue should have been acknowledged to the Crown Studio, Auckland. Owing to the print having been destroyed in making the reproduction, an erroneous acknowledgment was made.

The photograph of Nurse H. J. Mooney on page 4 of the same issue, and the child study of Dawn Veronica Bedford on page 25, were by the Belwood Studios, Queen Street, Auckland.

#### OUR COVER

The photograph on our cover—"Judith"—is a charming child study by S. P. Andrew Studio, Auckland and Wellington.



A Sun Worshipper.

amongst the feminine portion of the community as there are male—for verification one has only to go to any football ground on any Saturday and, too, the famous All Blacks' tour of 1905 makes the visit of another side to the Homeland almost an historical incident that cannot be passed over by any commentator on topical events. I am sure, therefore, I do not trespass beyond my privileges when I wish the team, on behalf of THE LADIES' MIRROR and the women of New Zealand, all possible success, and give them the assurance that their deeds will be watched as carefully by our readers as by any section of the populace—their successes





Photo. by S. P. Andrew, Auck. & Well  
IN AUCKLAND SOCIETY  
Mrs. F. H. Ferguson, of 13  
Cloubern Road, Remuera.



Photo. by Elizabeth Greenwood, Well.  
IN WELLINGTON SOCIETY  
Mrs. Edkins, who is well known  
in the Capital City.



(Centre)  
A MĀTAMATA HOSTESS  
Mrs. Dr. Muir and her small son.  
Photo. by S. P. Andrew, Auck. & Well



Photo. by Pattillo, Dunedin.  
A RECENT DEBUTANTE  
Miss Nancy Hartmann, who  
made her début at the Victoria  
League Ball in Dunedin.



A CHRISTCHURCH HOSTESS  
Mrs. McLean, who is very  
popular in Christchurch Society.

# BEAUTIFUL HOMES of NEW ZEALAND

## "MOOSE LODGE,"

GILGIT AVENUE, EPSOM, AUCKLAND  
The RESIDENCE of DR. & MRS. F. J. RAYNER

The HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN, showing the wide windows that yield de lightful vistas.

"Moose Lodge," Epsom, must rank as one of the finest residences in Auckland. It possesses the unfortunately too rare advantage of having been designed as a whole, and the furniture and decoration are in keeping with the architect's ideals. A beautiful, satisfying effect has been secured by the graceful proportion of every detail, and no extraneous ornament has been allowed to mar the scheme.

A striking feature of the house is the beautiful hall and stairway, illustrated below.

The beauty of the garden is enhanced by the views which it commands over Auckland and the lovely Waitemata.



THE SUN-ROOM overlooks the Garden, and is an alluring retreat in summer days.



Relics of travel and the chase in many lands adorn the Hall, around which the staircase forms a gallery.

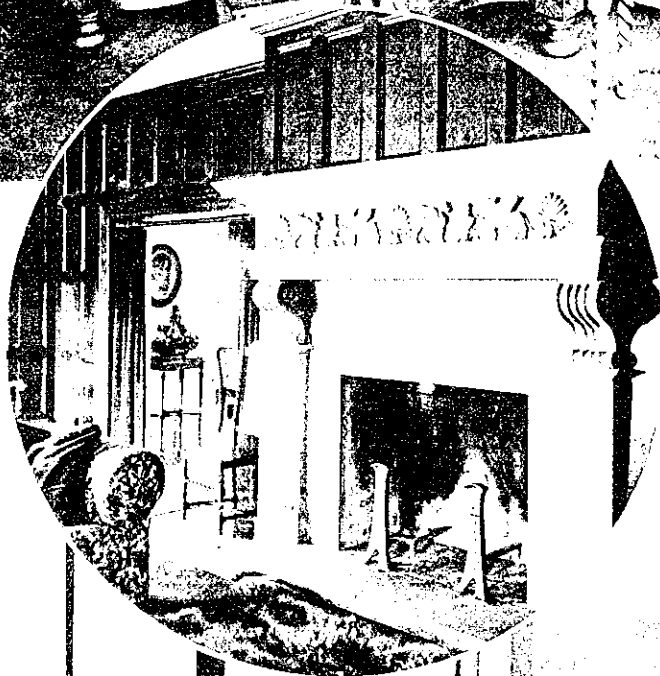


Here we realise the value of correct proportion and lack of irritating detail. What could make a fitter, more dignified entry to a House than this spacious hall and stately, though graceful, stairway?



The LIVING ROOM sufficiently dignified for the most important gatherings, the living-room, with the mellow colouring of time-toned panelling enhancing the beauty of

the mantel, and the rich shades of the tapestry, makes an ideal room in which to live and work.



A MANTEL PIECE

Beautifully carved is the mantelpiece in the living room, a tradition handed down from Renaissance times through the brothers Adams.



The DINING-ROOM where wide glass doors open on to the garden, allowing sunlight to be a constant guest. The dark furniture contrasts delightfully with the light walls and the old china.

Photos. by Dorcé and Saché.



Miss Alys Duncan, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Duncan, of Wellington.

Photo. by Elizabeth Greenwood, Wellington.

## IN THE PARAGRAPHS ABOUT

## PUBLIC EYE PROMINENT PEOPLE

LADY JELlicOE spent a few days as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gaisford at Oringi toward the end of July. During her stay she twice followed the Dannevirke hounds.

Her Excellency will be the guest of Mrs. Marmaduke Bethell, Pahau Pastures, for the North Canterbury Hunt on August 6th, and will attend the Hunt Ball at Culverden on August 7th.

An occasion that must have held particular interest for the Governor-General was the opening of Flock House, near Bulls. Here the sons of British seamen killed or wounded in the war will be trained as farmers. Lord Jellicoe's interest in all who "go down to the sea in ships," either in the Navy or the Merchant Marine, is always evident, and few of his official duties can have given him greater pleasure than the inauguration of this recognition by the Dominion of the great services that have been rendered by sailors to the Empire.

Sir Lindo and Lady Ferguson expect to leave at the end of August for Canada and the States, in connection with the conferring of fellowships. Sir Lindo has had the high distinction of being invited to accept the honorary Fellowship of the American College of Surgeons (a body which corresponds to our Royal College of Surgeons). Dr. Carriek Robertson is the only other New Zealand doctor to receive this same high tribute to good work done in the cause of medicine. They will be the guests of the College of Surgeons in New York from October 20-24, and many visits to

medical institutions in both countries are contemplated. They hope to come back in December.

Miss Peggy Thomas, the daughter of the Colonial Secretary, is just now coming much into the public eye. Next year she is to be

presented at Court, and, with Miss Ishbel MacDonald, seems destined to play a not inconsiderable part in Labour's social amenities (says a *London Star* writer). Her real name is Agnes Lilian, and it was when nursing at the Duchess of Connaught's hospital at Cliveden during the war that she was dubbed "Peggy" by the Canadian and American soldiers there, and the name has clung to her ever since. She is twenty-three years of age, rides, plays golf and tennis, and has a more than passing interest in music. A happy disposition has been polished by a liberal education, and it is obvious that the Labour leaders, in fitting themselves for the possibility of taking office, did not overlook the part that would have to be played by their womenfolk.

Sir George and Lady Fenwick, Sir Benjamin and Lady Fuller, and many other leading visitors from overseas, were entertained at a garden party by Lady Waring in the beautiful grounds of Foot's Cray Place, in Kent, England, recently. The grounds include about 60 acres of beautiful woods, which at the present time are carpeted with a wonderful display of bluebells. Another feature of special interest there is the French Garden, with its quaintly shaped trees. The Margaret Morris dancers gave a display during the afternoon, and the band of the Welsh Guards played.

Miss Catherine Good, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Good, of Hawera. On page 13 is a portrait of her sister, Miss Margaret Good.



Photo. by Elizabeth Greenwood, Wellington.

# ORANGE BLOSSOMS

SOME RECENT  
NEW ZEALAND BRIDES

(Below)  
Miss **IRENE DE COEK**  
who recently married Mr.  
Michel Hall, of Herne Bay.



Photo, by S. P. Andrew, Auckland and Wellington

(Right)  
Mrs. **J. S. HUNT**,  
who before her recent  
marriage was Miss Sybil  
Wright.



Photo, by S. P. Andrew, Auckland and Wellington.



Photo, by  
N. D. Connell,  
Eltham.

(Above)  
Miss **GERALDINE HASZARD**  
younger daughter of H. D. M.  
Haszard, Esq., of "Wentoe,"  
Riverbank, Waikato (formerly  
Commissioner Crown Lands,  
Christchurch). Miss Haszard has  
recently married Mr. Dick Con-  
nell, of Eltham, Taranaki.



Mrs. GEOFFREY RICH.



(In circle)  
JUNE, daughter of  
Dr. Stanley Foster.

(Below)  
THEO, daughter of  
H. G. Beswick, Esq.



"HELEN."

## PORTRAITURE

THE WORK OF  
A VERSATILE ARTIST

UNTIL comparatively recent times pastel was but little used, for the small range of tones at the artist's disposal debarred a medium, already admittedly difficult to handle, from general employment, except for slight sketches of a graceful nature.

During the last few years, however, new discoveries have been made, and now the artist has at his disposal a wide range of tones that enable him to raise pastel almost to the level of oils, and to attempt subjects that were once prohibited.

Mrs. Wallwork's work demonstrates this fact most amply, and her series of portraits, some of which are illustrated here, show a command over a medium that now lends itself to most beautiful effects.

Mrs. Wallwork is well known in the South Island as a portrait painter of steadily growing reputation. Her portraits in pastel of children are much sought after, and latterly, since her return from a European trip, she has been working on portraits of adults with marked success.

She commenced her serious art studies as a student at the Manchester Municipal School of Art, where she spent some years in arduous study of drawing, paint-



The photographs used for making the reproductions are by L. G. Hahn, Liverpool.

## IN PASTEL

MRS. WALLWORK  
OF CHRISTCHURCH

ing and modelling from the Antique and Life.

While a student there, Mrs. Wallwork achieved a number of keenly-contested successes in prizes and scholarships, including the Lady Whitworth Scholarship and the National Silver Medal for a modelled group. Later in her student career she entered the Slade School, London, and studied there under such distinguished instructors as Professor Frederick Brown, Wilson Steer, Walter Russell, Henry Tonks, etc., and shortly after exhibited a portrait (miniature) in the Salon, Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallwork came to New Zealand in 1911, and settled in Christchurch, where they have since remained.

Mrs. Wallwork, who is an Associate of the Royal College of Art, holds the position of Life Instructor at Canterbury College School of Art, and is a well-known exhibitor throughout the Dominion.

Most of Mrs. Wallwork's time since settling in New Zealand has been devoted to the art of Portraiture. Commencing as a miniaturist, she has used both oil and water-colour, and has of late developed a peculiarly personal command over the pastel medium.

The Artist:  
Mrs. WALLWORK.  
Photo.: Claude Ring.



### SOME BEAUTIFUL CAMERA STUDIES FROM WELLINGTON



Miss LULU MORICE.  
The Misses Morice are daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Morice, of Wellington, and granddaughters of Mr. and Mrs. Seddon.



Miss MARGARET GOOD, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Good, of Hawera. A photograph of her sister, Miss Catherine Good, appears on page 10.



Mrs. STANHOPE, who before her marriage was Miss Lever, is a popular figure in Wellington society.

Miss MARJORIE MORICE the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Morice.



Photo. by S. P. Andrew, Auckland and Wellington.

Miss DOREEN CARR is the daughter of Mr. C. E. Carr, of Remuera Road, and one of the most popular members of younger society in Auckland.

## OF A LADY

A POEM by LADY WILSON

*Her house is nearly in the town,  
Yet lilac branches shade her door;  
Her tea is always on the board  
At half-past four.*

*Her fireside has a friendly look;  
There's something happy in the air;  
Her cream is such you rarely now  
Meet anywhere.*

*I like her eyes, I like her hair,  
I like that pretty, simple dress  
(Paris, and cost five hundred francs,  
No penny less).*

*Pardon my inconsiderate words;  
I should not write on themes like  
these.  
(Her shoes are neat; you'd never think  
They're No. 3's.)*

*She likes this shady corner best,  
The rosy lamp, the Dresden set,  
A friend or two, perhaps, a waltz  
Of mignonette.*

*And someone touches in the gloom  
The harp's mysterious wailing strings  
And thoughts that never spoke in words  
Take music's wings.*

*Dear friend, though tired and far away,  
I still can seek your door in Spain,  
Sit still beside your fire and drink  
That tea again!*

## SHOPPING CRAZES

BY A VICTIM

WHAT IS YOUR PARTICULAR SHOPPING VICE—  
WHAT IS IT TO WHICH YOU FALL A VICTIM ON  
NEARLY EVERY OCCASION? NEARLY EVERYONE  
HAS A SPECIAL IDIOSYNCRASY OF THIS NATURE

WHAT is your special craze in shopping? Which are the shops you should be dragged past by force?

There are, of course, such obvious attractions as the draper's window to the woman, or the old bookshop for many men. I do not refer to those. I mean the little articles that most of us are unable to resist.

Let me illustrate. I cannot resist the contents of a stationer's window. I am sure to see there just the writing pad I want, the writing pad that is better than any I have ever possessed, the writing pad of such tempting appearance that if I took it home I should start at once to write a book of the year. . . . And such a collection of unused writing pads as I have at home! Yet I am always adding to their number.

As for pencils and fountain pens, I could set up a little shop of my own with the accumulation on my writing-table, but I know that if I stop to look in a stationer's window to-day I shall get at least one more.

A male friend has the same craze for ties. If he but looks in a hosiery window, he sees the one tie in all the world that will make life really complete, and even if he were down to his last shillings he would have to buy it. He will probably never wear it. If he were a man with a hundred necks, he would still be overstocked. But buy he must—it is his craze, his

fate, his doom, and he is always grateful to any lady friend who will accept a few dozen unused ties from his collection to make a patchwork quilt.



Miss NANCY GARD'NER  
A recent Wellington debutante.

### LURE OF THE PIPE.

That man's brother buys pipes. Every day in any shop he sees the pipe of his dreams. It may cost anything from a shilling to a guinea, but he recognises it as the only pipe that will raise smoking to its proper place as the crowning triumph of life. So another pipe goes home. It is never smoked, for he is true to a couple of dirty old briars that were bought in an absent-minded moment with no idea that they were to have the abiding place in his heart.

I know a woman who is sane and reasonable on every subject but soap. Soap should be but one of the ingredients of life; she makes it the whole menu. Soap in a shop window loosens her purse strings at once. She must buy.

It may be expensive toilet soap, delicately perfumed, nestling in velvet-lined caskets, or a bargain in long bars of homely yellow offered at a sacrifice if you take a hundredweight. Never a walk past the shops but she takes home soap, in one or another of its countless varieties and shapes. One of these days she may find a soap that she likes beyond all others, and life will never be quite the same again, but at present her days are given to the quest of an ideal, and that quest keeps her young.

And it is all very well for you to laugh, but what is your special craze in the shops?

# A PAGE OF BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN

NEW ZEALAND'S GREATEST PRIDE



*Photo. by Deighton Studios, Napier.*

*Maurice, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Pirani, of Feilding.*



*Photo. by Walter Cleay, Newmarket.*

*A Charming Portrait of the daughter of Mrs. E. K. Best, of Devonport.*



*A beautiful child study by R. J. Clarke, of Gisborne—  
The two-year-old daughter of Mr. Percy R. Barker.*

# RECENT WEDDINGS



Photo, by S. P. Andrew, Auckland and Wellington.



Photo, by S. P. Andrew, Auckland and Wellington.



Miss SAIDEE KEEBLE is a guest daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. Keeble, of Wellington, who recently married Mr. Norman Rowe, only son of Mr and Mrs. Wallace Rowe, of "Waikare," Dan's Bay.

Miss LEURA LYNCH the only daughter of Mr. F. Lynch, of Wallaceville, who recently married Mr. A. C. Dick.

(Centre) Miss DORIS CHARTERS of Green Vale Station, Southland, who recently married Dr. Bennett, of Christchurch.

Photo, by Claude Rigg.



Mrs. ALMA BALFOUR KELLY and her bridesmaids.

Photo, by A. C. Bartlett, Wanganui.

## A NEW THEORY AND

### A WONDERFUL of HEALING

By JAS.

THE recent death of Dr. Albert Abrams will have helped to bring into prominence the new and revolutionary theory of medical diagnosis and its corresponding new method of cure propounded recently by this American medical scientist. His theory adds yet another to the list of scientific romances which characterise the last few decades of research work.

Science and romance have rubbed shoulders very frequently in recent years. Familiarity with that fact should put the brake provisionally on one's scepticism when any new and startling discovery is reported to have been made, for results soon arbitrarily decide the value of a discoverer's claims. In the above case, results are hailed by many medical men as being abundant, tangible and astonishing enough to carry conviction.

In 1916, Dr. Albert Abrams, a medical practitioner of San Francisco, published his striking book, "New Concepts of Diagnosis and Treatment," dealing therein with a new system which is a complete break-away from ordinary medical theory and practice. Such a revolutionary concept will for some time, no doubt, be viewed by a large section of the medical fraternity with the conservatism and suspicion which is the fate of most revolutionary schemes until their worth has been proved beyond dispute.

#### Miracles of Healing

Dr. Abrams, however, is said to have performed miracles of healing by his new methods; and if that is the vital test, as it surely is, he has certainly made good, and won for himself authoritative professional recognition. Amongst others, Sir James Barr, an ex-president of the British Medical Association, has enthusiastically endorsed the new theory and uses the new methods. Dr. Mather Thomson has described the new concept as being "astounding" and "a complete revolution of our methods of diagnosis and treatment." He says that Dr. Abrams' only crime was that he was fifty years ahead of his time. Dr. H. Lindlahr, in the "Lindlahr Magazine," described Dr. Abrams' achievement as being the "conquest of disease," and the "greatest discovery of all ages." The author of "The Book of Life, Mind and Body," Mr. Upton Sinclair, says that if he were to tell all that he had seen of the practice of Dr. Abrams' new methods during twelve days, he "fears that his readers would find their powers of credulity overstretched." He described the new discovery as being "really the mastery of life."

#### Long-range Cures

Under Dr. Abrams' system the patient has no longer to "put out his tongue," have his pulse or temperature taken, or even to visit his doctor at all for diag-



nosis. With a drop of the patient's blood on a piece of white blotting paper, the doctor, qualified in the new method, sits in his laboratory, perhaps a thousand miles away, and correctly diagnoses the disease and prescribes the remedy, from which the chances of failure seem almost eliminated. How does the wizard do it? Dr. Abrams discovered that every disease represents radio-active energy, and manifests that energy in a vibratory rate peculiar to the particular disease, and does it with such consistent exactness that the character, intensity, and location of the disease can be ascertained. The vibratory rate in each case is revealed by certain physical reflexes and the use of very sensitive apparatus devised by the discoverer of the system.

Finding the vibratory rate, Dr. Abrams next prescribed treatment by a similar vibratory rate on the "oscilloclast," another very delicate instrument of radio-activity which he devised for the purpose. The vibratory rate differs with every different ailment, but is always the same for the same ailment, no matter what the circumstance or who may be the patient. Every disease is represented in the blood, and the blood of a patient therefore manifests the same vibratory rate as the disease. The discovery that every disease—cancer, syphilis, consumption, etc.—can be cured by administering the vibratory rate peculiar to the disease seems to be the key to the whole system.

#### Good News for Homoeopaths

Dr. Abrams taught that everything—diseased or healthy, animate or inanimate—has its own peculiar radio-active potency, but that the administration of a drug with a different vibratory rate from that of the disease it is intended to cure is without any remedial value. Not only that—he discovered that the increase of the dose of a drug, even when of the right vibratory rate, tends to diminish its potency for good, the radio-active potency being in inverse proportion to the size, or rather, the concentration, of the dose. This should cheer the heart of the discredited homoeopaths, the main

## of DIAGNOSIS CURE

### NEW METHOD DISEASE STOUT

tenet of whose doctrine is just that same truth, differently expressed.

Dr. Abrams worked on the principle that "electrons and not cells are the ultimate constituents of the organism, and that, in the incessant activity of the electrons, radio-activity or its equivalent energy is evolved, which has an invariable vibratory rate."

Some idea of the unthought-of store of energy residing in the human body, and manifesting itself, for instance, when the brain is active, may be gathered from the fact, adduced by this doctor, that brain effort may produce a potential discharge of energy from the finger-tips equal to a giant magnet's lifting power of 400 pounds to the square inch! Yet this is, perhaps, no more wonderful than the truth that the atomic energy residing in a moderate-sized lump of coal is sufficient to drive a steamship across the Atlantic, if a method could be devised for exploding and harnessing the coal atomic energy. But the "atomic engine" has still to come! There are some special centres of energy in the human body (the finger-tips, portions of brain, etc.) where the discharge is much more active than elsewhere; and some of the novel and delicate experiments conducted by Dr. Abrams for the measurement and graphic charting of the radio-active or psychic energy developed by thought and feeling are such as would be of absorbing interest to students of psychology.

#### Hope for Sufferers

If Dr. Abrams' electronic system of diagnosis and treatment finally proves to be all that it purports to be, sufferers have much to hope for from a method which, according to Dr. Lindlahr, "reduces medical theory and practice to absolutely basic principles and exact science." It seems strange, by the way, that Dr. Abrams should find, behind the delicate working of the physical laws his research has brought into prominence, so little evidence of a supreme intelligence that he still remained, it is said, a profound materialist! Perhaps that is an exaggeration, for he occasionally used the expression, "The Great Organiser."

In conclusion, it may be of interest to readers to know that the new system of diagnosis and cure is already being practised in different parts of the Dominion by at least two professional pioneers; and, if reports be true, with astonishingly successful results. It seems a pity that conservative medical etiquette stands in the way of giving fuller publicity to the new system and its operators through the columns of the daily Press; for the delay in effectively heralding such a system, if of proved value, must obviously be a matter of life or death to many waiting sufferers.

# FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

## Sayings of the Month

**P**ATIENCE is the virtue we expect our creditors to possess.

I don't take my law from Mrs. Beeton.—*Judge Harington.*

Our grandchildren will learn less and would probably not think at all.—*Mr. Hilaire Belloc.*

If England were a horse I should buy a pair of spurs.—*Mr. Stephen Graham.*

The nations of Europe are sunk in pits of stale and unventilated history.—*Mr. H. G. Wells.*

The word "Fairplay" represents in my judgment the greatest contribution which the English-speaking world has made to human progress.—*Mr. Lloyd George.*

If we once have a Labour Government I do not believe we can ever pull round again; it will be the end of everything.—*Mrs. Arthur Webster.*

Is it the end?

Never had there been such a commotion in the little home, and the most wildly excited person was the sister of the young mother who had just presented twins to her husband. Off she rushed to the post office for stamps to spread the great tidings abroad.

"Stamps, please," she said, as she flung down her money.

"How many, Miss?" asked the clerk.

"Two," she cried joyfully.

"What kind?"

"A boy and a girl."

As a literal translation, the version given of the Japanese rules for the guidance of motoring tourists is no doubt accurate, writes a correspondent. The final sentence, "Thank you honourably," bears the stamp of authenticity, for the Japanese police are easily the most polite force in the world. There lingers in my memory a pleasant example of this. A party of Englishmen were watching a matsuri, or river carnival, at Osaka and, with the usual contempt for authority of the Briton abroad, took their stand beyond the rope barrier which had been erected to keep people off the bridges. The police would have been justified in taking strong measures. What they actually did was to untie the rope on one side and pass it in front of the offending foreigners with an apology, in which our "honourable" persons were mentioned more than once, for taking this course.



Miss MOLLIE LUSK

A popular member of the younger set in Napier.

Photo. by L. J. Deighton.

Cigarettes are nasty things. You take to a pipe and stick to it.—*Mr. Baldwin.*

There is no such thing as old or new poetry; there is only poetry.—*Mr. Edward Gosse.*

Tobacco has its right and proper place, but not in business hours.—*Lord Leverhulme.*



Mrs. E. W. JENNINGS, who is of French extraction, has recently taken a charming residence in Roslyn Avenue, Remuera, which was noted for the beauty of its grounds.

Photo. by Crown Studios.

When a lady was charged with shop-lifting at Blackpool, a solicitor inquired whether she read poetry.

"Yes," was the reply. "I read it all day long."

What particular poets do you read?—Cowper and Shelley.

Do you read any old philosophers?—Yes, Plato and Aristotle.

And so no doubt she picked up bad habits from that convicted criminal, Socrates. But it was a novel and interesting line of cross-examination. I do not think the legal gentleman possesses any great height of brow, but he should get on in Parliament.

"Joy Cometh in the Morning," says a contemporary writer. Yes. Providing you haven't been making a night of it.

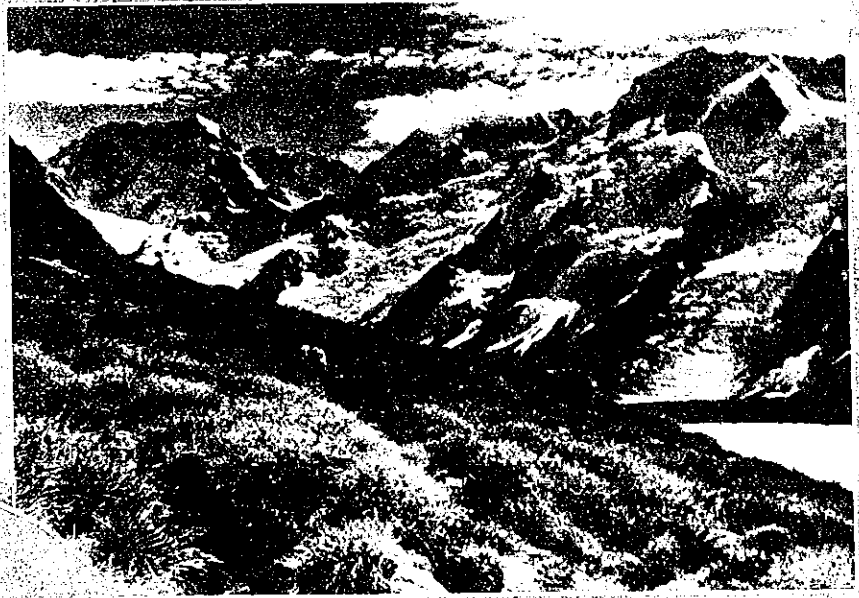


# NEW ZEALAND'S PLAYGROUND

## SCENES AT MOUNT COOK



*A Happy Party just off for a "run." Even the Snow-man smiles.*



*Mount Cook from Malte Brun Hut.*

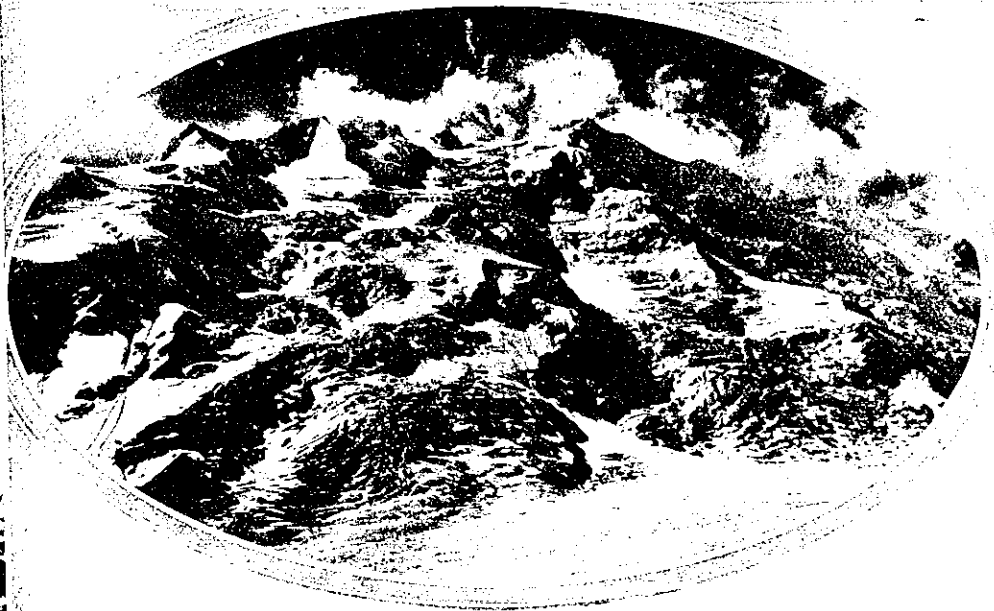


*(Below) Skiing is one of the most exhilarating sports in the world—when you can do it!*

*The Tasman Glacier.*



*Looking across the Tasman Glacier towards the Minarets.*



*De la Bouche and the Minarets.*

## An Article that should be read by Every Parent

# THE ARGUMENTS FOR INSTRUCTION IN SEX HYGIENE

A Remarkable and Frank Statement by F. Martyn Renner, the Hon. Secretary of the White Cross League, which exists to help our Youth in the battle for Purity, in which the urgent necessity for instruction in the vital facts of sex is clearly demonstrated. Mr. Renner's article is one that no parent who feels the responsibility that has been entrusted to her should miss reading. The Editor of "The Ladies' Mirror" invites comment from readers.

I HAD hoped to be able to devote this article almost entirely to what I consider should be the right type of instruction in Sex Hygiene; but, in view of the conflicting evidence given in various parts of New Zealand before the Mental Defectives and Sex Perverts Commission, I find myself constrained to clear the ground, so to speak, before carrying out my original idea.

It is a remarkable fact that there are some people who still consider that Instruction in Sex Hygiene is quite unnecessary. They advance all sorts of arguments in support of their contention, but they quite forget that many things not considered necessary twenty or thirty years ago are absolutely essential nowadays. There is evolution in everything. Education, manhood, the world, everything progresses: and these critics, who judge what is necessary and what is not necessary in this year of grace, 1924, are the Rip Van Winkles of the year 1894 or 1884. The social conditions of the present day are vastly different from those of thirty or forty years ago. We have to face new problems, political problems, and above all, sociological problems with which the study of sex hygiene is most intimately concerned. Life in the twentieth century is a much more complex business than was life in the nineteenth century: and it is our plain duty, we who are teachers or parents, or indeed, citizens, to fit our children for new conditions and a new environment, to strengthen them against social evils that existed only in a comparatively modified form when we were children. One of the outstanding features of modern life is the advance of woman. She has left her household domain and now competes with man in activities and vocations that were once deemed peculiarly his own. She has proved a worthy rival. With her advent into man's sphere, much of the old restraint between the sexes has disappeared; and this freedom from restraint between the sexes has manifested itself in the attitude of boys and girls to each other in the present day. People with Mid-Victorian ideas of what is proper are holding up their hands in horror at the things young people do nowadays. Well, there is some justification no doubt for their attitude. Personally, I am not a prude, and I like to see a healthy, frank boy and girl comradeship. What I do say is this. If you are going to tolerate this condition of things, then you will have to take precautions to prevent the young people from shipwrecking their lives. The girl will have to be taught what she, in a life of comparative seclusion, might never have found it necessary to know. The boy will have to learn the meaning of chivalry in a deeper and finer sense. She, who was once hidden away and had to be awakened with a kiss, is no longer the sleeping princess of the fairy tale. In both of them,  
*"Nature crescent does not grow alone  
In thews and bulk, but, as the temple wares,  
The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal."*

Are you going to give the young people some advice to help them in their altered relations to each other, or are you going to wait until your advice comes too late?

### Civilisation Entails Responsibility

Every step we take along the road to a higher civilisation brings with it a fresh responsibility. This is true. Education, even the mere knowledge of reading and writing, has brought responsibility with it. The moving picture shows and theatres have their responsibility, too. The child of to-

day reads the daily paper, and is even encouraged to do so; it reads the posters and the placards on the bill-boards. In other words, the modern children, because of the spread of education, can obtain a closer acquaintance with what is sordid and suggestive. The gross details of a recent scandal in a small New Zealand town, the full-page advertisement dealing with the latest type of dance in connection with a moving picture play, are read by old and young alike. If there is in New Zealand no public body that can compel the authorities to prohibit the publication of gross details and suggestive advertisements, then it is high time that we protected our children by educating them so that they may adopt the right attitude to what is called the sex question. From my own experience as a teacher, I know what harm can be done by allowing the young adolescent to glean his knowledge of sex from prurient or filthy-minded sources. Once again I ask the question, "Will you let such a state of things continue, or will you give the young people just as much knowledge of themselves and their bodies as will protect them against the harmful influences that they have to face so early in life?" Are you going to be responsible for swelling the cry that rises day after day, "Oh God, why wasn't I told!"?

### Facts that are Arguments

So far, I have touched upon two reasons why I think that in these times instruction in sex hygiene is absolutely essential. There are others. To my mind, one of the most outstanding features in the life of our Dominion is the prevalence of venereal disease and the increase in illegitimate births. I have neither the desire to go into details, nor to give facts and figures to prove my case. I will, however, mention one fact. In a little country town not far from Wellington there are in hospital six expectant mothers under 14 years of age. It seems to me that this one fact alone goes to show that we should take almost any steps to end a condition of things that would be responsible for such an outrage. Sex instruction, reverently and tactfully given, could end it; because the basis of such instruction, as I conceive it to be, is: (1) To inculcate a chivalrous respect for women; (2) to preserve the young from contamination; (3) to foster a higher tone of public opinion. "Why should we not try it?" I once asked a medical man, a determined opponent of any such instruction. "Oh," he replied, "if you give the boys plenty of sport and plenty to occupy their minds, they won't think of such things." By "such things" he meant an evil to many adolescents. I pointed out to him that in England, in Australia and in New Zealand, it had been found that most frequently the boys who were guilty of such a practice were those who were prominent in athletics and in scholarship. The "hush" policy has failed us; old methods can't fit in with new conditions—*"Autres temps, autres mœurs."*

### Where it has been Tried

I want to deal briefly now with some of the objections levelled against instruction in Sex Hygiene. I have heard it said that it was not a success in America (U.S.A.). I know it was not. The States' system is not what the New Zealand White Cross League wants. We want both teachers and parents to co-operate. In America the teaching is left almost entirely to the former. We want one talk of forty minutes to be given every two or three years by the

parents and by a specially qualified teacher. In America they have a regular course of instruction, lasting usually six months and even a whole year. On the other hand, in Ontario, where a much more modified course of instruction is given by a specially appointed lecturer, the whole system has been a wonderful success. In South Australia, where the White Cross lecturer is given the right of entry into all schools, a most notable success has been recorded. South Australia has less juvenile depravity than other Australian States. Its figures are lower than New Zealand's.

It has been stated that instruction in Sex Hygiene has been known to do actual harm. I reply that in all my 24 years as a teacher and as one closely connected with the White Cross League's work, I have not only *not* come across a single case where harm has been done, but I have been told personally of hundreds of cases where young lives have been saved from disaster. Take some of the great headmasters of the past, men like Firth Coughley, Littlejohn, etc., and read their opinions on the type of instruction given by the League's lecturer! Ask the present Principal of the Waitaki Boys' High School! I venture to say that their opinion will coincide with what I have said above. The third objection advanced, is that instruction in sex hygiene will undermine what is called the innocence of childhood, and that the child's mind will be directed to subjects about which it would otherwise have no curiosity. I ask parents to go back to their young days and try to recollect how their own questions on the matter of reproduction of life were answered; and, furthermore, what foolishly-devised falsehoods they themselves have told to their own children when the need arose. You were only silenced, not convinced, and so were your children in their turn. Can any parents, with their own experience behind them, imagine it possible that a child will not, some way or other, find out the truth? Where from? From sly peeps into books, from dirty-minded older companions, from anyone except his proper teachers—his parents. *Surely the process of reproduction and of birth is not one that we should regard as unclean!* Why not lift the subject to a high plane and make it a matter for earnest and reverent talk? It (reproduction) is the way provided by God for the continuance of the human race, and He has pronounced it good. This, the present system (no instruction) virtually denies; for, according to it, any knowledge of it will fill the child's mind with "impure thoughts." I have taken the above quotation from Dr. Arthur's pamphlet, *The Innocence of Children*, as a full and sufficient answer to the objection advanced against sex instruction.

### Assurance of Success

So far, I have stated the case for some form of instruction and have answered, as far as I can, certain objections made to me publicly and privately. My League is prepared to prove that after a few years of instruction in Sex Hygiene—of the type we advocate—there will be a rise in the birth-rate, a decline in illegitimacy, a diminution in juvenile depravity and in venereal diseases. I need not stress the fact that a good deal depends on the *type* of instruction. Any teaching lacking in tact or delicacy, or given by an unqualified or unskilled person, may quite conceivably do much harm. But given the right type of instruction, given the co-operation of the parents,



WHERE FASHION  
SOME SUGGESTIONS

*This gown of jade green satin, accordion pleated, emanated from the Maison Glad.*

*Photos. by Studio Rabna, Paris.*

REIGNS SUPREME  
FROM PARIS

*The Maison Phillippe et Gaston were responsible for the creation of this gorgeous dinner gown of heavy brocade.*

*A simple yet charming hat by the Maison Marie Naugin.*

then my League would feel confident of the outcome. Any work which aims at fostering a high tone of public opinion, which preaches the dignity of parenthood and a chivalrous regard for womanhood, must succeed if given a chance.

I now turn to some of the aspects of teaching the subject under discussion. There is no doubt that there are these agencies which are particularly interested in and devoted to the moral and spiritual welfare of the young—the home, the church, and the school. In disposing of the first and second of these agencies, I quote Dr. J. Smyth, M.A., Ph.D., Principal of the Teachers' Training College, Melbourne: "The modern city church has not a hold on half the city population, and in too many instances the modern city home is weak or wanting in the recreational social and moral guidance of the young." I come now to the agency of the home. Dr. Smyth, as you see, has given his opinion of modern city homes, and later on he states what I know to be a fact, "that 90 per cent. of the children receive no education on sex matters from their parents." My own opinion is that most parents can't, don't, or won't give such instruction; but I also speak for the White Cross League when I say that fully 50 per cent. of its work could be dropped if parents would do what is, after all, their plain duty to do. I must speak quite plainly when I say that you can never dispense with the teacher in giving sex hygiene instruction. The teacher shares with the parents the responsibility of moulding and fashioning the mind of the child. In fact, I go so far as to say that the modern trend of education is to throw that responsibility more and more on to the teacher. Here in New Zealand, the senior day schools, with their educational, vocational and recreational aims, can, exclusive of the time devoted to homework preparation, claim as much as eight or nine hours of a child's time. We can safely say that, out of an average 16 working hours, 10 hours are more or less directly under school influence and the remaining 6 hours under the parents' influence. You will see that I have excluded from my computation the large number of children who spend 39 weeks of the year entirely in school hostels, where they are completely under school control. You can put it this way, if you like: that the school, by compulsory attendance, by home lessons, and by other demands, has interfered with home training and home education. The school is asked to give, and does give, moral training; and this must include definite instruction in sex. If you approve of the principle that the State, through the school, should nurture and guide the development of its future citizens, that the teacher should impart ideas and inculcate habits suitable to the successive stages of development and should be trained to understand the complexity of the child's physical, intellectual, and spiritual being, then you must have your sympathetic and tactful teacher to explain to the child how to avoid, not only errors in grammar and calculations, but mistakes and pitfalls in a matter which may mean disease and degradation to himself or herself and to others besides. Sex education is more a part of moral education than of physiology or hygiene—though we call it by the latter name. If, then, the teacher shares with the parents the responsibility of moral training in general, then the teacher must share with the parents the responsibility of moral training in particular—that is, in sex education. The question remains: "How shall he do it?" Shall he do it by giving individual instruction or by class instruction, shall he treat it from the physiological or from the human point of view? Above all, must he be just the ordinary teacher? Before answering these questions, I should like to make it quite plain that though I have referred to the teacher as a man, you will understand that the term, "teacher," is used to apply to both men and women. First of all are to be the questions, "Shall sex education be given by the ordinary teachers or by special teachers?" To answer this question, I quote Dr. Smyth: "I can see no reason why all teachers who are trained should not also be trained to give lessons in this subject. Not all those who enter the medical profession would be considered among the saintly, yet, when they enter into the responsibilities of their life work, they respond nobly and they betray no trust.

Are we to imagine it would be otherwise with the members of the teaching profession, or that if the responsibility of guiding children to think and act aright on one of the greatest of all moral questions was laid upon them, they would not respond to the spiritual ideal? At the beginning, and till the work was established on sure and rational lines, it might be well to entrust it to special teachers. These would be men and women of special aptitudes, of spiritual discernment, and of that fine sympathy that would enable them to feel with, and for, children's needs."

### Reasons for Class Instruction

Some authorities consider that sex education should be given individually and not in classes. To me this is a small matter. As I have pointed out before, one lesson every two or three years is all that is required. Such a lesson to a whole class can be given without injury to the most sensitive. People like Dr. Arthur, R. H. W. Bligh, and Dr. Smyth have taught large classes with success; and like myself, they have come to the conclusion that the opposition to class instruction is based "on fear, prejudice, individual belief, and not on experience." I have still to deal with the point of view from which sex education is to be given. We call the subject, instruction in sex hygiene. That is really a misnomer. The sex impulse, the greatest dividing force in human nature, develops as the mind and soul develops, and is "intimately connected with the highest intellectual, social, moral, and spiritual ideals." Obviously, then, a teacher must consider the sex impulse with other great impulses of ripening manhood or womanhood. If he doesn't, then his teaching, if it does not end in disaster, may end in error and falsehood. The subject must be imparted from the physiological, the social, the moral and the religious point of view. The lessons should be such that the sacredness of the subject is felt by the children and that their very highest ideals are enlisted. If there is any other atmosphere than that, then the lesson is not only useless, but even pernicious.

This brings me naturally to speak of one or two particular aspects of teaching the young—whether it is done by the parent or by the teacher. I have spoken of "the atmosphere" that should surround the instruction. I want now to issue a very serious warning against the positive wickedness of frightening children when, through ignorance, they are guilty of harmful practices. I am going to confine myself to the adolescent child and I am going to speak of the boy, and not the girl.

The adolescent boy is a problem that all teachers would do well to study. He is often a problem to himself. The subtle changes in mood, disposition and outlook on life are a puzzle not only to his parents, but to his teachers. This is the age when, if he is not prevented, he has his deep yearnings for the spiritual, his dreams of doing mighty deeds, of loving and being loved. "Sometimes, budding, unsettled manhood exhibits itself in eccentric and objectional ways. A rapidly developing boy hardly knows what to do with himself; new emotions, impulses, come over him faster than he can master them; he becomes restive under restraint, resents the efforts of parents and teachers to direct him, refuses to be disciplined, and on slight provocation runs away from school or from home" (Sperry). The adolescent boy is fully conscious of the spiritual and physiological changes that are taking place in his mind and in his body. His parents often are not, neither are his teachers. I say he is conscious of these changes; but does he understand their significance? He begins, as often as not, to worry over things that are all quite natural—matters that a sympathetic person could explain in a few words. Or again, he may drift, through sheer ignorance, or through actual instigation by others, into practices that fill him, in his calmer moments, with shame and loathing. Where is he to turn to in his dilemma? Failing his parents or his teachers, he turns to the quack—that loathsome production of a modern civilisation. Then, indeed, he is lost. I would give much if I could be instrumental in persuading parents to give their children a helping hand at this time—not to wait until the boy through fear and worry or perhaps

through evil companionship is "one who is fallen by the wayside." A parent's duty does not end merely with bringing children into the world and providing for their bodily comforts until they are ready "to fend for themselves." "Man cannot live by bread alone." I say to the parents, "Fit your sons to be good men and good husbands"; and to the teachers I say, "Help the parents." Believe me, in these modern times, there is no more urgent call to parents and to teachers than this "cry of the children."

*"The child's sob in the silence curses deeper*

*Than the strong man in his wrath."*

Next to no instruction at all, comes wrong instruction. To say to a boy, guilty of a certain practice, "This will drive you into the lunatic asylum," is the very way to drive him there. Besides, such a statement is by no means true. Some of our greatest "alienists" are agreed that many doctors are confusing the effect and the cause when they adopt the policy of instruction by terrorism as a means of breaking a boy of bad habits. You may just as well try to justify the bad old way of teaching a belief in God by saying to the child, "If you're good, you'll go to Heaven; if you're bad, you'll go—elsewhere." No, when I hear and read of the lurid details given as a warning against meanness or immorality, I have nothing but contempt for such teaching.

*"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, These three alone lead life to sovereign power."*

That is the keynote of all education. I heard the other day of a certain official in one of our largest asylums, who considered that this sort of thing was the best form of instruction in sex hygiene: He pointed out a particularly bad type of patient to his son. "There, my lad," he said, "that's what you'll come to if you give way to that habit." Just imagine for a moment what would be the result of such a grim object lesson if the boy, unknown to his father, were already guilty of a certain practice! Or supposing that the boy were of a sensitive nature!

Now you can perhaps understand why my League is so anxious that both parents and teachers should not only give the necessary instruction, but should be able to give it in the right way. Now, perhaps, you will see why some people have said that sex instruction has done harm.

### The Duty of the Parent

Nevertheless, our plain duty as parents and teachers lies before us—to think of the child as "father of the man," to give an answer to their obstinate questionings.

*"Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings,  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realised,  
High instincts, before which the mortal  
nature*

*Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised."*

I ask my readers to give the League its help. I hope that the Editor will allow my League later on to contribute a series of articles, giving in detail the course of instruction fit for children in various stages of development. Meantime I can do no better than ask all who are interested in the question to read Dr. Sperry's two books, "Confidential Talks with Young Women" and "Confidential Talks with Young Men."

In conclusion, let me anticipate objections that may be offered to the League's proposals by the people most concerned. A quotation from Philip Gibb's "Heirs Apparent," Chapter XI.L, will be sufficient answer: "We were superior people, highly educated, very refined, utterly sure of ourselves, contemptuous of the Old People and their fears about us and their cautions. We were the younger generation, out for a good time, with lots of rights and no duties, and all for liberty and adventure. Sheltered from vulgarity and passion and able to take risks which scared our prosperous parents! . . . Pretty selfish. Conceited kids! Well, we've had our heads knocked together. We've been taken down a peg or two." This is the opinion that Julian Perryman makes to his sister Janet when they have paid the penalty for their "good time" and realise the inevitable consequences that follow. The Old People were not so far wrong.

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## AVOIDING MONOTONY IN THE MENU

THOUGH ODDMENTS HAVE TO BE USED, HERE ARE SUGGESTIONS THAT MAKE THEM WELCOME

### Stuffed Marrow

**REQUIRED:** 1 medium-sized vegetable marrow, ½ lb. of cold meat of any kind, 3 tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, pepper, ½ teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, 1 egg.

Peel the marrow, cut a piece from the stalk end, and scoop out the seeds. Mince the meat, mix with the rest of the ingredients, and bind together with the beaten egg. Season well. Put this stuffing into the marrow and fix on the cut-off piece. Wrap it up in well-greased paper, and place on a greased baking tin. Cover with another tin, and bake in a moderate oven until tender, which will be for one hour or more. Serve with tomato sauce.

Variations.—This may be stuffed with ham or tongue, sausage meat, or with a curry mixture, in which case serve with curry sauce and supply chutney with it.

### Vegetable Marrow Pudding

*Another excellent method of using vegetable marrow.*

**Ingredients:** One medium-sized vegetable marrow, 1 pint of milk, 2 eggs, 4oz. of sugar, 1 teaspoonful (level) of powdered cinnamon or nutmeg, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla essence, pinch of salt.

**Method:** Peel the marrow, remove the seeds, and cut into pieces. Steam until soft, drain well, and rub through a hair sieve or mash the marrow with a fork. Boil the milk, beat up the eggs and sugar, pour on the hot milk, stirring very well. Stir this into the marrow, add the cinnamon, vanilla, and salt, and heat for five minutes. Put into small, well-greased, timbale moulds or into one large soufflé mould. Place the moulds in a baking tin half filled with boiling water, and bake in a moderate oven for about 45 minutes, or until set and firm to the touch. Turn out when set and serve cold. If liked the dish may be garnished with chopped jelly, and a compote of fruit handed.

### Savoury Baked Cabbage

Well wash a nice cabbage and cut it in slices, throwing away any tough stalk. Put two tablespoonfuls of dripping and one of vinegar at the bottom of a casserole or earthenware dish. Now add one cupful of hot water and the shredded cabbage and three small onions chopped.

Mix all these ingredients with plenty of pepper and salt, and bake for about two hours, stirring occasionally. It is better to have a lid on the casserole to prevent the cabbage getting too brown on the top.

### A New Way of Cooking Cauliflower

**Cauliflower Fritters.**—Required: 1 cooked cauliflower, frying batter, pepper, salt, 1 teaspoonful of chopped parsley, frying fat.

The cauliflower should not be over-cooked. Break off the flowers, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip into frying batter and drop into frying fat, which must have been heated until a faint blue smoke has risen from it. Fry pale brown and drain on soft paper. Sprinkle with the parsley after arranging in the dish.

**The Frying Batter.**—Required: 4oz. of flour, 1 gill of tepid water, the white of 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful of salad oil, salt. Sieve the flour and salt into a basin, and make a well in the centre. Mix the oil and water together and pour into the well in the flour. Stir in the flour gradually, and beat well until free from lumps. Allow this to stand for at least half an hour. Just before using stir in the stiffly whipped white of the egg.

### A New Apple Sweet

Peel and core 4 or 5 fair-sized apples, put in the holes where the cores were removed a clove, a squeeze of lemon, grated lemon peel and sugar. Stew very gently in a little water with sugar until tender, but take care not to break, as apples must keep their shape. Fry in butter rounds of stale bread, one for each apple: when gently browned both sides and crisp, place on dish and put castor sugar over the bread. Put an apple on each round and pour custard over. Serve hot or cold.

### Normandy Haricot

**Required:** 2lb. of fillet or knuckle of veal, 3 slices of lean ham, 1 tablespoonful of flour, salt, pepper, 1 pint of gravy or stock, 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley, ½ lb. of green peas or French beans, 3lb. of new or small old potatoes, 3oz. of dripping or margarine.

Cut the veal into slices about ¾ inch thick, and cut these into pieces 2 inches broad by 3 inches long. Beat them with a cutlet bat or flatten them with a knife, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in flour. Melt the dripping or margarine in a pan, fry the veal and ham, turning often until the veal is nicely browned on both sides. Put them into a casserole, pour the gravy over hot, add the parsley, and simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour. Add the peas or French beans (sliced as for boiling) and the potatoes, and simmer until the vegetables are cooked. Serve in the casserole.

### Emergency Dishes

How often the housewife is confronted with the necessity of adding something quickly to the menu.

Is there any cold meat in the larder? Quickly put it through the mincer, add a slice of ham or bacon finely chopped, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and the yolk of an egg beaten to a froth. Melt an ounce of margarine in a pan, add the rest of the ingredients, and stir until thoroughly hot, season and put on rounds of toast.

This may be varied by adding anchovy essence to the meat, and boiled rice, if there happens to be any. Grilled tomatoes, cut in slices, may be placed on each piece of toast over the meat mixture. Tomatoes, if cut in slices, will grill or bake in four or five minutes.

**Sardines à l'Indienne.**—Required: 4 to 6 sardines, 2 yolks of egg, ½ oz. of margarine, ½ teaspoonful of chutney, salt, cayenne, breadcrumbs, frying fat, toast. Put the margarine and yolks of the eggs into a pan and stir over very gentle heat until they form a paste. Add the chutney and seasoning, and turn on to a plate. Remove the skin from the sardines and dab off the oil with soft paper, dip in the chutney mixture, roll in fine breadcrumbs, and then brush over with the white of the egg, roll in crumbs again, and fry in hot fat. Drain and place each on a finger of toast. Garnish with parsley.

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## MUSIC IN A NEW IDEA IN

### AUCKLAND ACTIVE AT LAST

HOW many musical competition societies are there in New Zealand? A hasty mental review has hitherto connected such organisations with the three centres: Dunedin, Christchurch, and Wellington, and with the smaller towns of Timaru, Nelson, Palmerston North, Masterton, Hastings, Napier, Cambridge, Hamilton, Wanganui, New Plymouth, Gisborne and Whangarei.

What about Auckland?

True, there was a society of this description in Auckland once, but it died a natural death, poor thing. Now, Auckland likes to believe that she is the most progressive city in the two Islands (notwithstanding that Wellington quietly smiles in her security as the Capital), and at last the Northern City has awakened from her inertia, in an effort to maintain her boasted reputation after all.

### A NEW KIND OF COMPETITION

Auckland is going to have a competition next month that is unique in the annals of New Zealand, and which it is to be hoped will prove such a success that it will serve as an example that others will follow. The idea certainly seems good. It has emanated from the United States and Canada, where there are established Bureaus for the Advancement of Music. (Of the latter fact, musical New Zealand, please take note.) The object is purely educational, and therefore has THE MIRROR's wholehearted support. Readers may remember an article in our May number dealing with music in Auckland, in which this Music Memory Contest idea was briefly outlined. The project is now an actuality, and young and old will soon be busily engaged in learning to recognise about a hundred pieces of the more popular type of classical music that are published as the competition list. These will be played and sung everywhere, in the homes and in the city, on all possible occasions, so that even the uninterested will absorb good music, in spite of themselves, if they attend picture palaces and public places where there is music. Special efforts are being made to give school children opportunities of hearing the selected pieces, for it is in them especially that it is hoped to create a desire for good music.

### WHY THE IDEA IS GOOD

This type of contest appeals as being further reaching than the usual brand of solo competition. We cannot all be performers, but we can help to make an appreciative audience for those who want to (and can) perform, not to mention those distant, but essential, individuals who compose. The most commendable feature of the contest is that competitors at the final concert in the Town Hall must write a few words in appreciation of each item. As it is to be expected that several people will be able to write the programme correctly, the decision of the judge will probably be given to those who show the most intelligent appreciation of the compositions played.

The educational value of the contest is obvious. During the two months' period of preparation, the candidate, in order to write about a selected programme of a few musical compositions, must learn all that he can about each of a hundred pieces. (There may be fewer on the list, I have not counted them.) Increased general musical knowledge is, of course, the result—knowledge, not only of the compositions, but also of the effect of different musical instruments. Constantly hearing the same music rendered by different mediums of sound will widen the musical outlook of one to whom a tune is merely a tune, a



Webster, photo.

MYRA B. JOHNSTONE (St. Clair, Dunedin), 10 years of age, winner of Trinity College Junior Scholarship (practical) for New Zealand, gaining 91 marks out of possible 100. The preceding year she also headed the list for the Preparatory (practical) Examination, gaining 90 marks out of possible 100. She is a pupil of Miss S. Parker.

plain, flat thing, without depth. Having heard organ, orchestra, band, violin, piano-forte, and vocal performances, he ought to realise how various types of tone alter the colour of a composition.

### PRODUCTION OR APPRECIATION?

Should we aim to produce mediocre performers or listeners who really appreciate



MISS DOROTHY SKINNER the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Skinner, St. Clair, Dunedin, and pupil of Mr. J. W. Johnstone, whose phenomenal success at the recent Competitions held in Christchurch resulted in the winning of nine first places in her ten entries, and being second (one point behind the winner) in the Scholarship Section. She won the gold Championship Medal against allcomers up to twenty-four years of age, and Mr. Gordon Harvers, of Sydney, the judge, at the close of the session, when commenting on the entrants, said that "Miss Skinner was one of the two outstanding voices of the Festival, and if she continues her studies, would be heard of." Her voice is a true contralto.

## NEW ZEALAND COMPETITIONS

fine music? That is a point for much discussion. Previous competitions have tended to produce the former, this will help to produce the latter; not that it is not possible to be both, of course. All musicians do not approve of the solo singing or playing competition, and I think I am one who tends to agree with them. After months of practice, during which the wide field of music is narrowed to one small piece for the candidate, our (usually) young prodigy can probably play that one piece well. We must be thankful for small mercies; but does he know who the composer was? Should he speak frankly, after having heard his much practised piece repeated about fifty times in succession in the competition chamber, his "words of appreciation" would be far from complimentary. There is another element in the old-fashioned type of musical competition which seems to defeat its own ideals of musical education—it introduces personal strife of a description which sets the music and its composer at nought as compared with the prowess of each individual competitor. Often it is the personality of the performer, as shown in his interpretation, rather than a rendering in which his personal feelings are lost in an endeavour to gain the meaning of the composer himself, which gains the laurels for him. Solo competitions may find a few artists for us, but do they give us musicians?

Just as THE MIRROR is going to press I have received the list of the pieces selected, which I append:—Air for G String, *Bach*; Anitra's Dance, *Greig*; Barcarolle, *Offenbach*; Blue Danube Waltz, *Strauss*; Drink To Me Only, *Janson*; Erl King, *Schubert*; Gavotte (Mignon), *Thomas*; Hallelujah Chorus, *Handel*; He Shall Feed His Flock, *Handel*; Hungarian Dance No. 5, *Brahms*; Humoresque, *Dravak*; Intermezzo (Cav. Rus.), *Mascagni*; Largo, *Handel*; Lass With Delicate Air, *Arne*; March Militaire, *Schubert*; Marseillaise, *de Liste*; Minuet in G, *Beethoven*; Moonlight Sonata, *Beethoven*; Nutcracker Suite, *Tschaikowsky*; Pomp and Circumstance, *Elgar*; Prelude C Minor, *Rachmaninoff*; Prologue, *Pagliacci*, *Leoncavallo*; Salut d'Amour, *Elgar*; Serenade, *Pienc*; Soldiers' Chorus (Faust), *Gounod*; Toreador Song, *Bizet*; Wedding March, *Mendelssohn*; William Tell, *Rossini*; Bourree and Air, *Bach*; But the Lord is Mindful, *Mendelssohn*; Chefaro Senza Euridice, *Gluck*; Butterfly Etude, *Chopin*; Hall of the Mountain King, *Greig*; How Lovely Are the Messengers, *Mendelssohn*; If With All Your Hearts, *Mendelssohn*; I Know That My Redeemer, *Handel*; John Peel, *Old English*; La Paloma, *Yradier*; Legende, *Wieniawski*; Lead, Kindly Light, *Dykes*; Lift Thine Eyes, *Mendelssohn*; Minuet, *Gluck*; Minuet in G Minor, *Mozart*; Overture, 1812, *Tschaikowsky*; Polonaise (Mignon), *Thomas*; Shepherd's Dance, *German*; Songs My Mother Taught Me, *Dravak*; Spinning Song, *Mendelssohn*; To a Water Lily, *MacDowell*; Valse Triste, *Sibelius*; Villanelle, *Dell*; Acqua; Waltzing Doll, *Poldini*; Witches' Dance, *MacDowell*; With Verdure Glad, *Haydn*; Who is Sylvia? *Schubert*.

### MAORI SONGS IN ROME

Miss Eileen Driscoll, the Wellington vocalist, has been singing Maori songs in Rome, to the delight of her audience. They fell in love with the Maori words, which have the soft vowels the Italians, musical people, love so well. Mr. Alfred Hill must be congratulated on the approbation with which his songs were received, and on having them introduced by such a capable singer as Miss Driscoll, about whose voice her listeners were complimentary.



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*Critical Notes on Manuscripts*

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R.C.A., Auckland.—Material of story is quite good, but treatment is amateurish. Full of irrelevant detail. The fact that "Mr. Snedden owned 300,000 acres," or that "he was the father of fine stalwart sons" has nothing to do with the story of the ride.

K.S., Rotorua.—The four last lines are devoid of sense.

M.E.W., Te Kauwhata.—I do not pretend to know anything about aesthetics.

A.M.E.—No, thank you. Life is too strenuous for allegories. We would prefer something more practical, such as an article on home cookery.

H.P.—Your verse is unconvincing, almost futile. Avoid the personal note. Read John Masefield's sea pieces, and note their strength.

A.C.H., Auckland.—There is nothing in its treatment to lift your story out of the commonplace.

A.A., Greymouth.—You write with a facile pen—too facile. Often the gift of writing easily is fatal. If you have studied the rules of metre you carefully ignore them. A line here and there is good and rhythmical, but this is exceptional. Out of the ten pieces you send, "The Dream," and "The Winding Lane," which could surely be made into a thing of beauty, are the best.

MOLLY HOWDEN, Wellington.—This is no improvement on your last. The personal note is somewhat obtrusive. It is justified only when the sentiment is full of beauty, as in Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

[Owing to pressure on our space, many criticisms have been unavoidably held over until next issue.—EDITOR.]

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## What is Wrong with the Truth?

# THE MATERNAL MORTALITY PROBLEM ITS CAUSE AND CURE

A CLEAR AND AUTHORITATIVE STATEMENT BY  
MISS A. PATTRICK

Director of Plunket Nursing for New Zealand; Ex-Matron, Karitane  
Harris Hospital, Dunedin, and of the Mothercraft Training Centre, London.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
DR. TRUBY KING

Concerning the request from THE LADIES' MIRROR for a foreword to Miss Patrick's paper dealing with the Maternal Mortality question in New Zealand, I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity of saying how heartily I appreciate and endorse the whole spirit and trend of what Miss Patrick has to say from the point of view of her very responsible position as Director of Plunket Nursing.

The whole effect of Miss Patrick's paper is to impress on the community the fact that to a very large extent every woman is responsible for her own health and fitness, and that she owes it as a special and sacred duty to herself and the family to spare no pains to keep herself in the best possible form and bodily fitness throughout pregnancy and nursing—not only for the sake of ensuring a normal, well developed child, and for her own comfort and happiness throughout, but also as the only sure foundation of safety at her time of trial, and freedom from trouble afterwards. No one feels more strongly than Miss Patrick the painful legacy of lifelong invalidism and ill-health which is so often the penalty of arriving at confinement in a state of muscular and general flabbiness—the one serious primary handicap of childbirth applying to the majority of modern women, and the one common excuse for the use of forceps and other forms of meddling mid-wifery.

Miss Patrick's paper may be summed up as an earnest and convincing plea for greater uniformity in the apparently authoritative and reliable advice which is given to mothers from different sources. Over and over again, Plunket nurses have asked me what course they ought to pursue in regard to expectant mothers who are attended by doctors known to discountenance rather than to advise active exercise during pregnancy. Our nurses are taught, and mothers read in the handbooks issued by the Society and also by the Government, such passages as the following:—

“ . . . the special need of the expectant mother is plenty of open air, ex-

ercise and exposure to the elements, and a sufficiency of rest and sleep.”

“A point proved by the observation of farm stock is the fact that there can be no good motherhood without plenty of outing and exercise during pregnancy and suckling. This applies equally to horses, cattle, sheep, etc. If the mothers lack free range and ample exercise, they and their offspring both suffer, and miscarriages and premature birth are frequent, just as in the case of human beings.”

The value of uniform authoritative advice as to such vital essentials and the harm done by conflicting instructions can scarcely be overstated. Miss Patrick shows her wisdom in not touching on questions outside her immediate professional sphere, but this is not because she has any doubt as to the serious harm that is done to both mother and child by the over-use of anaesthetics and forceps. As I have only recently stated my own professional opinion emphatically on this matter and have been taxed by the Medical Association with exaggeration, I shall be glad if you will print the following extract from an exhaustive monograph by Dr. Ehrenseft on infantile birth injuries, which more than justifies my plea for mercy to the child as well as the mother:—

“In considering the subject of intracranial injuries historically it seems striking that it was not the obstetrician but the neurologist who first manifested interest in the clinical aspect of the problem. . . . The last to enter the field was the obstetrician. . . . Without fear of contradiction, I make the assertion that in a large number of cases to-day definite symptoms of intracranial injuries during childbirth are overlooked. The obstetrician of to-day still fails to appreciate his responsibility in this matter.”

We have an utterly unjustifiable stillborn rate and infantile mortality rate within a week of birth, but the large number of survivors who are more or less gravely damaged for life involves really a much graver wrong. After detaining various grave in-

juries to the skull, brain and nervous system, etc., resulting from precipitate delivery, Dr. Ehrenseft proceeds:—

“It will be well to remember that these represent injuries observed in obstetrical clinics where surely the majority of operations are in expert hands, and performed in general only under well-defined indications. A reduction in the number of these injuries . . . can be achieved only by limitation in the number of forceps applications.”

“Forceps must be applied only under definite indications. When the operation seems desirable in the interests of the mother the possible mutilation of the infant should be taken into account more seriously than is the prevailing custom. This applies particularly to the obvious readiness of many practitioners to apply the forceps on account of assumed exhaustion of the patient, which more critical analysis in many cases would reveal to be rather impatience of the parturient or weariness of the attendant.”

“In considering a forceps extraction in the (supposed) interests of the child one must keep in mind the fact that prolonged natural compression of the head no doubt is less harmful to the infant than a difficult extraction [by artificial means understood].”

A study of recorded cases of fatal intracranial injuries (the majority are to be found in German medical literature) also reveals the frequent mention of *twilight sleep*. Again, this might be only the incidental results of the greater popularity of twilight sleep a decade ago among some of the German obstetricians. The fact, however, cannot be overlooked that this method of pain relief lengthens the second stage of labour and in a large number of cases requires termination of labour by forceps. Twilight sleep may impair the life or future health of a child in that it supplies two definite factors [protraction of labour and resorting to forceps] which are commonly held responsible for intra-cranial injuries.

TRUBY KING.

WHEN any matter whatsoever is under discussion, different viewpoints affect the colour and alter the perspective of the whole subject. During the present wide publicity and discussion on the question of Maternal Mortality, this fact has been very apparent. On one side we have the mothers and expectant mothers, on another the medical and nursing professions, on a third side the interested and enlightened lay community, and lastly, the uninterested (until now) and ignorant lay community: each and all are passing opinions which vary according to their different standpoints and experiences. It naturally follows that there is much confusion of thought on the matter; but a few facts are undeniable:—

1. Instead of questioning and cavilling over the actual or relative number of mothers lost unnecessarily, all sections of the community should agree to face the essential facts, and unite in order to investigate matters and determine causative

factors then co-operate wholeheartedly, and reduce risks to a minimum.

2. Co-operation and co-ordination is the keynote to remedying the present painful situation. Each and every person who obstructs reform or quibbles over minor details is guilty of something more than simply hindering progress in the right direction.

There has been a good deal of loose talk as to the special responsibilities of the Royal New Zealand Society for the Health of Women and Children (Plunket Society) in this matter. This organisation comprises a very large body of earnest men and women throughout the Dominion, and naturally they are intensely interested in all matters affecting the welfare of mother and child. At the same time they recognise certain limitations in the sphere of the Society's proper activities regarding the prevention of Maternal Mortality.

The Plunket Society has always recognised the supreme importance of correct

ante-natal advice and supervision during pregnancy, and has unceasingly stressed this important educative aspect of their work, which is of course intimately related to the question at issue. Ante-natal care is a first essential, but the successful conduct and management of labour plays a more direct part in the prevention of Maternal Mortality, and is outside the immediate functions of our Society.

At this juncture I should like to stress the extreme need of **consistency and co-operation** on the part of all concerned in the giving of ante-natal advice. A considerable number of expectant mothers come to the Plunket Nurses at an early stage, and have been very interested and zealous about carrying out the advice given: then, when the Plunket Nurse has advised the mother to engage her Doctor and Maternity Nurse, the matter of pre-natal preparation has too frequently become a debatable point. If the particular medical man or maternity nurse “does not believe in” active daily bodily

exercise (general and special) and other commonsense ante-natal measures advised by the Plunket Nurse, the expectant mother often comes back to her worried, perplexed and confused—and so side-tracking commences. In most such cases there is nothing further for the Plunket Nurse to do but to retire from the field of action, as the mother must have all necessary arrangements for her confinement in hand well ahead, and divided counsel can only hinder matters.

Of course, there are many doctors who do impress on the mothers coming under their care, just as strongly as do the Plunket Nurses, the necessity of suitable daily active exercise as well as adequate daily rest for the expectant mother—and in such cases, the same advice coming from two quarters proves doubly convincing, and all goes smoothly and well. But, unfortunately, there is much division within the medical profession itself on this very important question, and the advice given by the extreme advocates of rest and relative passivity tends to nullify our best efforts to establish and maintain bodily fitness throughout pregnancy.

The above is a difficulty which must be overcome, in fairness to those mothers who are anxious and willing to carry out the necessary self-preparation. When there is conflicting advice, the natural tendency of most women is to let things slide, and not to bother about attempting to establish reasonable health and fitness—so long as they are not seriously inconvenienced during pregnancy. This conflicting state of matters will be remedied only when the intelligent interest and health conscience of the public is generally aroused with regard to such vital questions—when we cease smoothing matters over, and assuring one another that all is well in the best possible of countries, though in reality the Dominion is very far wrong in having a high maternal mortality. Instead of this easy-going attitude, let us look the facts fairly and squarely in the face, candidly admit the truth, and set to work with concerted action, through every possible channel, to put the matter right without further shilly-shallying and waste of precious time and life. Sir George Newman asks for this fact to be noted, "That no sound progress can be made in the reduction of Maternal Mortality apart from ante-natal supervision."

Dr. Janet Campbell's recent report to the Ministry of Health, England, on Maternal Mortality, is described as not only a document of importance and interest to statisticians and those specially concerned with problems of public health, but as a moving human record on a subject which, as Dr. Campbell herself says, "bears an intimate relationship to the health and happiness of all sections of the community." It is interesting to note that Dr. Campbell states:—

"It scarcely seems necessary to enlarge upon the serious effect of a high maternal mortality rate upon the health and welfare of many hundreds of families every year. . . . Further, the fact that the mortality returns reveal only a part of the total damage and disability, and that an incalculable amount of unreported and often untreated injury and ill-health results from pregnancy and labour, has many

times been pointed out. It is this burden of avoidable suffering which we seek to relieve, scarcely less than to save lives which need not be lost."

Also, in this report, Dr. Campbell advises treating all suspicious rises of temperature or pulse for which no clear cause is shown, as probably due to infection, and acting accordingly. Further, Dr. Campbell lays great emphasis on the undesirability of resorting to forceps, either because the doctor is in a hurry, or the woman impatient, and says that a patient left to deliver herself must be reassured and made to feel and know that her case is being well managed, and that she will not be allowed to become over-fatigued, discouraged or exhausted.

In relation to the question of the disabilities arising through child-birth, a matter needing recognition is the necessity for not fully resuming ordinary household duties too soon. Because a mother is "up and about" and feels well, it should not be taken for granted that she is fit to resume her full ordinary work and responsibilities. If all concerned recognised on the one hand the necessity to safeguard the mother from attempting too much in the first few weeks, and on the other hand realised that remaining too long a passive semi-invalid may be equally harmful to mother and child, it would be better for both. The majority of people seem to think that a mother is either "perfectly well," if she gets up and about during the second week, or that it is natural and right for her to be a helpless semi-invalid for weeks and weeks, and that she ought to be kept in bed and fed on slops accordingly. Here, again, a commonsense, happy, middle course—varying with the health, strength and recuperative power of the particular woman—should be aimed at; and the co-operation of all concerned—mother, father, doctor, nurse, and relatives—is necessary to bring this about.

#### OUTSTANDING FACTS

1. That poverty is not a great contributing factor in Maternal Mortality, although commonly an important factor in infant mortality.

Often in districts where poverty, ignorance and superstition abound, in conjunction with a high infant mortality rate, there is a comparatively low maternal death rate. Vice versa, in districts where poverty is not prevalent, and ignorance is inexcusable, there may be a low infant mortality with a relatively high maternal mortality.

2. That in those countries where the greater number of women are delivered by midwives, we have the lowest maternal mortality. This is very significant.

The fact that more deaths occur amongst mothers delivered by medical men than amongst those delivered by midwives involves more complex considerations, because usually in abnormal cases the doctor is summoned to aid, and fatal consequences are more likely to occur than where the case is normal.

#### SOME SUGGESTED REMEDIES

1. With reference to ante-natal care, I would suggest that, in the interests of all concerned, the medical and nursing professions should arrive at some degree of

uniformity as to the best and soundest fundamental principles for ante-natal guidance, and that they should then work together consistently, uniformly and harmoniously on these lines—the members of both professions being trusted to use their common sense and judgment in applying their knowledge to the best of their ability.

2. That the public in general be consistently enlightened and educated as to the need for, and great advantages of, ante-natal care and treatment—by constant propaganda through the medium of the Press, authoritative public lectures, classes for women and girls, and dissemination of literature of the best and most reliable kind bearing on the subject. Also, through both women's and men's organisations for social welfare taking the subject as a plank in their platform.

3. That all expectant mothers, in the true interests of themselves and their families, avail themselves more readily of the provisions made for ante-natal care and advice.

We shall have to face the fact that the remedy will not lie simply in making public provision for maternity. There is much criticism and many erroneous impressions abroad regarding our State Maternity Hospitals; and this will have to be recognised as a factor to be dealt with. In these institutions everything must continue to be done to encourage a consistently sympathetic and understanding attitude towards the mothers—ever remembering that certain faults and invidious ideas and conceptions already exist, and that these have been sedulously fostered of late in certain quarters. It is in the best interests of mother and child that husband and wife should be warned and safeguarded against all such perversions and misconceptions.

Regarding the improved education of the medical student in the principles and practice of midwifery, the average best course to pursue in the actual conduct and management of labour, the advantages of early treatment and prompt reporting of untoward symptoms, and the training and further organisation of our midwifery service—I leave all such matters to be dealt with by those who are capable of speaking with authority on such special aspects of the subject.

#### THE PLUNKET SOCIETY'S WORK

1. It is offering sound and consistent ante-natal advice, guidance and supervision to expectant mothers throughout New Zealand, and for the last ten years has done everything in its power to induce women to avail themselves of this advice and help.

2. It has made provision, through the Plunket Nurses, for ante-natal advice to be given privately, in the mother's own home; or, if preferred, the nurse will make a special appointment for the mother to see her privately and confidentially at the Plunket Rooms or elsewhere. In most of the larger centres a special room is provided for the nurse to interview expectant mothers, but our nurses are always prepared to see pregnant women at any mutually convenient time or place—and this whether they happen to be married or single.

Much has been written and said of late about publicity and discussion only

(Concluded on page 31)

A Charming Story about Children  
that will Interest Every Mother



A charming child study by T. H. Ashe, Onehunga.  
"Where have you come from, Baby dear?"  
"Out of the Everywhere into here."

## HIS JOURNEY TO THE GATES

BY MARION HILL

HE WAS ONLY A VERY SMALL BOY THAT WANTED LOTS OF LOVING—BUT BETWEEN MOLLY CODDLES AND MOTHER'S METHODS, HE ALWAYS SEEMED TO GET MISSED OUT SOMEHOW

REX PETTISON was not as comfortable within as might be. He dimly realised that his condition threatened to grow worse, and it disheartened him. In that house, the mere fact of being a little boy was trouble enough without being a little boy of unsettled insides.

Though, to be sure, if you took Regina's word for it, being a little girl was a bad business, too.

That they were twins only made everything worse. Twins seemed to be something that had to be looked at a great deal. Twins apparently were everybody's affair, even strangers'. Twins could not do a thing without being caught.

Then, too, one was always being flourished before the other as a warning or an example—generally a warning.

Also, it was held to be wrong in either of them to possess a characteristic which the other did not. Regina was constantly harried and hounded because she was not born a philologist, as was her brother. Rex, in his turn, was exhorted day upon day to emulate his sister's up-to-dateness of activity, whereas he loved calmly and philosophically to ruminate. Then—impossible to believe, but true—the adults occasionally varied the schedule of complaints by begging Regina for pity's sake to try to keep quiet like her brother, and by coldly advising Rex not to "parrot his elders," but to try to talk naturally, like his sister.

They were as unlike as a rhinoceros and a chipmunk, but they were made to feel that it was all due to their own wrong lack of interest in the vital matter of resembling each other. Why, if Rex grew untimely sleep-stricken, Regina, too, was sent to bed. If Regina felt wilted, Rex likewise was dosed with boiled water.

At this particular moment he wondered if it were possible that she felt as queer as he. He would find out. They

were both in the garden, supposedly weeding it.

"Sister, do you feel hollow in your body, shaky in your legs, giddy in your head, and hot while you are cold?"

Regina grinned with interest.

"How many guesses do I have?" she asked.

"It's not a conundrum," said Rex, sadly.

Regina looked and felt aggrieved.

"No, I don't. Why?"

"I do."

"Why?"

Making no attempt to explain, he put his head down on the garden bed and lay there quietly. Regina felt sorry for him, but she thriftily went on weeding. It was open-air exercise insisted upon by their mother, who at the expiration of the allotted time would appear, watch in hand, to see if they had performed their full duty, to commend them unenthusiastically if they had, to reprove them with dispassionate justice if they had not, and to lay out for them their next hour of the day. Mrs. Pettison believed in system. That is why Regina kept on weeding.

Rex was deaf to the dictates of prudence.

Now, if one could feel that one's mother was just the best thing in the world to make a sick place well, there might be some fun in illness. Rex never dreamed of so much impossibility. From his very babyhood a mysterious fetish, called Molly Coddle, had kept him from his share of petting. What Molly Coddle had not robbed him of, self-reliance had.

Mr. Pettison insisted that his son should not be Molly Coddled. Mrs. Pettison insisted that her son should be made self-reliant.

Consequently, if Rex fell down he had to pick himself up again—so as to be-

come self-reliant. If he scratched his finger, he first had to wash the microbes out of the sore and then had to forget it forever after—not to be a Molly Coddle. If he awoke in the night thirsty, he had to remember that there was a filter in the hall and that he could get water for himself without waking others—so as to be self-reliant. If he awoke frightened with dreams about ghosts, he was to remember that dreams and ghosts had no existence, and he wasn't to cry out—so as to escape being a Molly Coddle.

Molly Coddles got rocked to sleep when they felt mother-loving; Rex never. Those who undervalued self-reliance had their bumped places kissed; Rex had to ask Catherine for vinegar and anoint himself.

Regina hazily was of the opinion that only a Molly Coddle would dare to lie on the grass when it ought to be weeding. She would not for anything be in a Molly Coddle's shoes; for there was Mrs. Pettison bearing down upon them.

Rex sat up, dizzier than ever. His mother stared at him sternly. Whether or not she felt as unpleasant as she looked is another matter. But *obedience* had been the platform of the Mothers' Club for several years, and in conscientious effort to be all that she should as secretary of the association, Mrs. Pettison had become very disagreeable at home. The only break she had allowed herself in the monotony of firmness was a week or so after a lecture delivered upon "Letting Children Alone to Allow Them to Find Themselves." For fourteen frantically giddy days Rex and Regina had been let alone, but they had found such a fearful lot of other things besides themselves that the severity when resumed had been of sterner stuff than before. The look which Rex now received was awe-inspiring. Regina's portion was a smile, dignified and temperate.

"My little girl's diligence pleases mother. *I am happy.*" This admission, according to the best authorities, was the noblest reward a child could receive.

Regina looked frightened to death. What on earth was her proper reply? In that house one had to say something immediately when a pause came; if one waited too long, one got badgered into making some statement of so horrible a nature that one got punished for it.

"Yes, mamma," said Regina desperately. It passed.

"But you, Rex, have disappointed me, grieved me, astounded me."

In the impelling, majestic pause Rex merely blinked with an unconcern which appealed to his sister as nothing short of suicidal.

"You have been moping for several days, but I have not reproved you, trusting you would come to your senses of your own accord."

Come to his senses! He was several thousand miles away from them right now, in Regina's moderate estimation, for he maintained his fateful serenity. Even his mother felt thrilled with a species of fright. She resorted to a remark calculated to electrify.

"I shall be obliged to punish you. Do you understand?"

Rex eluded some sand—peaceably, nonchalantly.

"Do you hear me, *sir*?"

The intensity of that "*sir*" was successful—in a measure. Rex lifted his troubled eyes and spoke.

"I can't put 'peripatetic' back in the bag," he said.

Appearances to the contrary, he had been very busy while he lay on the ground. His memory was a store-house of long words—words caught surreptitiously from grown-up conversations, or plucked laboriously from printed pages. He had been rolling those treasured words of his around like so many marbles. His glittering favourite was "peripatetic." There was, therefore, a certain coherence in his speech. He said it again, more faintly:

"Peripatetic. It won't go back in the bag."

His mother dropped on her knees and folded him in her arms. He felt himself being carried into the house. Was he to be punished? What form would it take? Evidently none, just at present, for there was fear, not anger, in his mother's voice as she called to Catherine and gave the order:

"Telephone to Doctor Wismer."

Doctor Wismer! Hearing this, Rex felt more than ever uneasy, lacking confidence in the man who, the last time he was called in, had inconsiderately and carelessly left behind him a strange baby which they had to look after ever since.

True, Mrs. Pettison said that the doctor had been but an agent of heaven—that God had sent the baby. But Rex, being a Christian and wishing to remain one, preferred to consider Doctor Wismer the sole offender.

He came. He made himself obnoxious from the start, and had Rex put to bed.

"What is the matter with me?" the invalid asked of Regina. She had been listening to the Wismerian directions im-

parted to her mother. She knit her brows and scowled in honest endeavour to remember.

"Bites," she said at length.

"Bites?"

"Microbites." She looked doubtful and miserable. She hated to fail her brother in time of need. Microbes had something to do with it anyhow. She heard the doctor say so.

"Is it catching?"

"I think so."

"Is there a sign on our house?"

With one long, glorified, hopeful, rapturous look at the kindly brother who had made such a lovely thing possible, Regina slid out to make an examination. She came back on wings. She at once began to spell, so as not to forget:

"S-C-A-R-L-E-T F-E-V-E-R W-I-T-H-I-N."

She was hustled out of the room, and it was weeks before she got in again.



Photo. by Home Studio, Takapuna.

"AFTER THE RUN"  
John, the son of Mrs. Gould, of Takapuna, in the costume in which he won first prize at the Government House Children's Ball, Auckland.

Rex really did not miss her, so many odd things happened. About the oddest was the disappearance of whole pieces of the day. Any hour of the twenty-four was liable to drop right out of sight—like a board from the bottom of a wash-tub—and leave a gap.

After one of these gaps he came back from somewhere and found that he was in the best spare bedroom. Spare? It was spare enough now, goodness knows, because the white curtains were gone, the pictures were removed, the rugs were up, and the portieres were down. "Spare" was the word.

There came some more gaps. Then Rex discovered that the spare room belonged to someone else beside himself. She was a quiet lady who wore a cap and an apron, even at night. People called them trained nurses—why, he did not know. She was very quiet. He used to forget she was there. Then, first thing he knew, a spoon would glide through the air and stop under his nose. She would be on the other end of it. Whenever she had not anything else to do she would make him take a dry smoke—on a glass cigarette.

He did everything she mentioned. Her voice made him. She, the doctor, and his mother, all spoke in the same tone—as if he, Rex, had pig-headedly chosen to be ill, in spite of their best advice to the contrary. He grew discouraged.

One day, while he stayed in bed—for he could see the ceiling all the time—he and the bed and the ceiling went to an awful place, full of bad sounds and wild beasts. The nurse was very much of a brick that time. She put her arms around him and kept the things away.

Then came the day that he was dying. He talked all the time. He could hear it himself. The doctor seemed to be there every moment. Catherine came in, too, and begged that Father Jennings be sent for, because Father Jennings had the way with him. Regina was brought in and was lifted up to kiss him. His father and mother were both there—holding on to each other.

Right in the middle of the dying business the ceiling fell—on top of everybody, the nurse, the doctor, Catherine, Regina, and his father and mother. Then the usual calm followed and he went to sleep.

The hall clock woke him. It struck "one"—midnight. The room was dark, except in one corner, where there was a shaded lamp. All the world was asleep. The world was solemn—and cold, too. Only he, of all the world, was awake. No, there was his mother.

She was close beside the bed, in a rocking-chair, but she did not rock. She had on a blue wrapper. It looked very nice around the neck, because it had no collar. He thought no collar must feel much nicer than the stiff, high white one that she always wore. She looked very tired. Her hair was plaited like Regina's. She was like someone else's mother. He remembered that he had not spoken to her, oh, for years and years. He spoke, and his voice boomed like the clock, yet it was a tiny voice, too.

"Mamma."

"Yes, my baby."

Her baby! Then Wismer had been at his old trick.

No—wonderful—he, Rex, was her baby, for she was leaning over him, her hand on his.

The world was still asleep, still quiet and dark, but it did not seem cold or lonely any more. To have a hand to hold—that makes the difference.

"Does my boy want something?"

Truly, nothing, but to wonder at the queerness and niceness of having conversation in the middle of the night.

"Does my little one want a drink?"

"Yes," said Rex, experimentally, curious of what might follow.

What *did* was the total smashing of self-reliance. She brought the drink, she held the glass, she raised his head, she put it back on the pillow, she replaced the glass. He had only to swallow.

Oh, the bliss of lying there in bed and being cared for without being scolded! She seemed shining with happiness to think that there was something she could do for him. She did not appear to worry at all that self-reliance was on its last legs.



His mind wandered irresistibly to thoughts of Molly Coddle. Was Molly Coddle dead, too? He would soon see.

"Mamma."

"Yes, my dearest."

"The bed hurts."

"My poor baby."

"Won't you rock me—just this once?"

Molly Coddle was everlastingly squealed.

His mother made a cooing sound, the way a cat does when she comes back to her basket of kittens, and cuddled him in her arms. She put him inside the blue wrapper and tucked the ends around his feet. He lay in a warm, dark nest. It was soft and lacy. When he put up his hand there was a locket to play with. And all the time he was rocked. It was lovely. He was happy.

Was he happy? Surely; yet why did tears slip from his eyes and wet his cheek? Why did he feel as if he had been spanked—and had not done anything at all?

"Mamma."

"Yes, sonny."

"I am glad I came back."

"From where, dear?"

"I don't know—but haven't I been away?"

"Once I was afraid so, my darling."

"Well, I'm glad I came back."

"And I, my own."

"Mamma."

"Yes, baby."

"Tell me a story."

"Once upon a time—" she began, and stopped.

"That's the way. Go on."

"Once upon a time—" again she stopped.

He waited, wondering. The lips that were pressed regretfully against his curly head were barren of tales and helplessly ignorant of their sweet witchery.

How dim the light was! How cool the stillness! And the house—he never dreamed a house could be so silent.

And at night one seems to be truly, truly one's self—not the self that other people want one to be—as in the day-time. One dares say anything.

"Mamma."

"Yes, Rex."

"You are crying."

"Yes, my baby."

"Why?"

"Because I cannot tell my little sick boy a story."

She kissed him, actually *kissed* without stopping to consider that she might give him germs of some sort, diphtheria, maybe, or that lovely long word that makes one think of potatoes—tuberculosis.

The kiss put miraculous strength into his weak arms, and he flung them tightly around her neck and clung there. He was not afraid of germs. He liked them. He liked his mother, too—now. She had turned into the kind that other boys have—the kind that tags around after one, and tickles one in the ribs, and picks things up—the proper sort.

"Never mind about that story, mamma; never mind. I'd like—"

"What, dear?"

"Something to eat."

Eating between meals was usually never

to be mentioned, never to be thought of. The middle of the night was, from its very nature, between meals. Rex knew it, but he took chances that this third bugaboo was weeping over the tomb of Molly Coddle and therefore inoperative so far as he was concerned. He was right.

"You are hungry? Oh, Rex, I am so glad."

She really said it. She seemed actually excited over it. She put him gently back into his bed, and then she flew into the next room and awakened the nurse. Together they set to work and prepared him something. He got it. It was hot—rather thin, perhaps, but fairly comforting.

"Mamma, I want to go to sleep."

"Good-night, precious."

"But, mamma—"

"Yes, boy."

"The bed hurts."

"Then come to mother's arms, Rexie."

She took him—she did. To and fro, in a drowsy nest, he was rocked into Sleepytown. The rapture of it was almost enough to keep him awake. But it did not.

When morning came he was in his bed, and the nurse alone was on guard.

"Where is my mamma?"

"Sleeping."

"Sleeping? The sun is shining."

"But she is tired. She held you until daybreak."

"Break?" I always wonder *what* it breaks."

"The darkness!" said the nurse, smiling. "Look!"

She raised the curtain. For the first time in many days he saw the outside world. It was too glaring to look at for long. The trees were so green that they hurt his eyes. The leaves flashed like the sun. The green seemed to flame and burn. Had the trees always been so blazing and beautiful? If so, why had he wished for anything more exciting than just to be allowed to go out and get closer to the glory? The nurse drew down the curtain.

"Here is your breakfast," she said. "You have solid food this morning, you see. You are much better. You will soon be well."

The dab of milk toast looked anything but solid—positively airy—to one who could have made away with a saddle of mutton.

"How nice that was," he sighed, finishing it. The word "nice" annoyed him. It was so short. Being the pith of the sentence, it ought to be longer.

"Please get me my dictionary."

That much the nurse did; but she was adamant about letting him look into it. She compromised by reading him a few things that he felt the need of. What he wanted worse than the dictionary was that new mother of his. He longed and ached for some comfort.

"Where is my mamma?" was his constant question. He had bethought himself of several thousand indulgences which he intended to hint for.

Finally she appeared. One would never guess she had been up all night, so trim and fresh was she, so snug as to belt and so high as to collar.

"Oh, mamma," he cried, rapturously holding out his arms, "I have had a squeamish breakfast, and I think I'd like

some squeamish pie for dinner."

"Squeamish?" said Mrs. Pettison, hurling a haughty look at the nurse.

"Squeamish?" said the nurse, casting an appealing look at Rex.

"It is in the dictionary," he answered. "You read it yourself. It says, squeamish means particular, nice. That's what the milk toast was. That's what I'd like the pie to be."

"Little boys should use words that they understand," advised his mother, quite in the old way. "And you will catch cold if you hold out your arms. Put them under the quilt."

"But I'd like you to rock me."

"Rock?" queried the mother with eyebrows drawn very high. "A big boy like you does not require rocking. It would be ridiculous."

"It wasn't ridiculous last night, was it?" asked Rex. He really wanted to know.

His mother austere laid her finger across her lips.

"Hush," she said, "even a sick little boy must not be impertinent to his mother."

Impertinent! Rex's chin quivered. He wildly cast about for something to say.

The glass of water at his hand gave him an idea.

"I—I—want a drink," he murmured. Heavy tears were in his eyes, but the disappointment in his heart was heavier still. "I want a drink! I want a drink!"

"Well, why don't you take it?" asked his mother, in tones of critical exasperation.

With utter despair he brought the glass to his lips and took a gulp. The water was harder to swallow than marbles. His task done, he turned his face to the wall and lay silent. He—miserable he—was better; and, horror of horrors, he would soon be *well*.

## MATERNAL MORTALITY PROBLEM

(Continued from page 28)

"scaring" the mothers-to-be, and thus making matters worse, rather than better. Of course, there should be no wanton scaremongering; but "What is wrong with the truth?" Surely it is high time that our excessive maternal mortality should be recognised, admitted and dealt with outright, rather than that the truth should continue to be hidden from those mainly concerned, and that the mothers should be left to die needlessly, as heretofore, in a fool's paradise. The policy of the ostrich is no use here! We may rest assured that one beneficent result of the present discussion and publicity, followed by much earnest thought and concerted action, will be to make maternity much safer for mother and child than ever before during our time in New Zealand.

Let us all decide to play our individual parts honestly, wholeheartedly, and to the best of our abilities, and let us all pull together in the spirit of the motto of the Plunket Society:—

"For the sake of Women and Children, for the advancement of the Dominion, and for the honour of the Empire."

# Madras Muslins

Put away drab Winter  
and renovate the Home

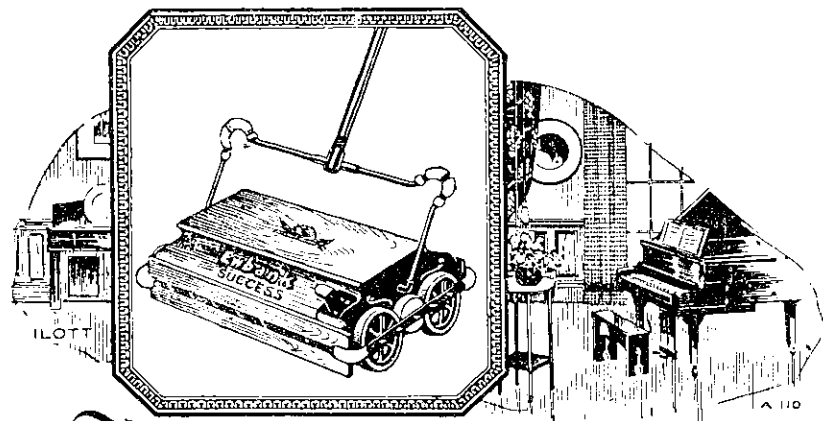
## To Welcome Spring

The change of season involves a change of fashion which applies just as much to the home as to your apparel. The new and artistic designs for Spring will at once appeal to all home lovers, for the splendid range of exclusive designs and colourings offers a choice for every taste.

**Make  
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Home  
Beautiful**

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Before you buy a carpet sweeper insist on seeing the **Ewbank**. Make comparison!

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Limited,  
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AND THE  
**SELF CLEANING BRUSH**

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on wasteful methods*

When you used to lift up the copper lid in the bad old days of waste—*phew!* The steam came up in clouds and the nausea of seething suds made you feel ill. And all this unpleasantness cost money, in actual cash for coal as well as in wasted time, labour, injured clothes, and health. No wonder more and more people are using Rinso the cold water washer! Rinso keeps the lid of the copper down as firmly as if it were nailed down.

Put the clothes to soak in cold water with Rinso overnight; rinse and hang to dry in the morning. That's all.

Sold in Packets Everywhere

*Rinso cancels  
all drudgery  
and expense of  
the copper fire.*

## THE COLD WATER WASHER



## HINTS THAT HELP TO ECONOMISE

HOW OFTEN YOU HAVE WISHED YOU KNEW A BETTER WAY OF DOING SOME SIMPLE HOUSEHOLD TASK? HERE ARE SOME WAYS THAT OTHER WOMEN HAVE FOUND USEFUL. CUT THEM OUT AND KEEP THEM HANDY UNTIL OPPORTUNITY OFFERS FOR TRYING THEM

### Steel, Silver, and Stains

A SMALL quantity of methylated spirits added to the metal polish will give a silvery finish to steel, which, after a few applications, will not rust so readily. Steel knives and forks are best cleaned with a slightly soaped flannel dipped in bathbrick, the knives polished on a board afterwards. Silver and plated spoons and forks can be kept bright by washing them in very hot water, and taking them out and drying them one by one; the same result cannot be obtained by lifting them all out at once and letting them cool before drying. A ripe tomato removes ink-stains from the hands and from white cloths; cut the tomato in half, and rub on the stain like soap, leave for a few minutes, then rinse in cold water; repeat, if necessary. Eucalyptus oil removes grease from any material; apply with flannel, rubbing gently until the stain disappears.

### To Clean Varnished Walls

To clean and polish varnished walls and wainscots add a tablespoonful of ammonia to a quart of warm water, and wash with a soft cloth; then wring a leather out of a pint of water to which a tablespoonful of turpentine has been added, and wipe down the walls, etc., and a fine gloss will result. To clean and polish furniture, wipe with a soft cloth rinsed out of warm water, to which one part of vinegar to three of water has been added; do each article singly, and polish with a soft cloth. The advantage of this method is that the furniture will not show finger-marks afterwards. When cleaning inlaid linoleum never use either flannel, soap, or hot water; apply a good floor-polish regularly instead of water, which is apt to loosen the sections, and, when necessary, clean off traces of the polish, marks, or stains with a pad of soft cloths dipped in paraffin.

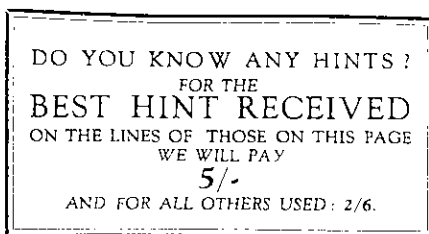
### Little Hints that Help

When a drawer in a chest or bureau becomes difficult to open rub some furniture polish or soap into the part that sticks.

Moths in upholstery can be removed by dabbing the fabric with benzine.

Short net curtains should be put up while wet after a visit to the wash tub. It is almost impossible to persuade them to hang straight or evenly, if ironed in the ordinary way.

Rub your spring mattresses with a cloth dipped in paraffin. This prevents rust.



### Black Lead Marks

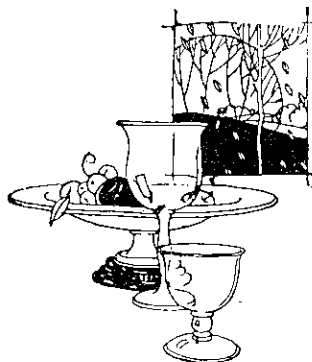
Marks on a carpet or rug made by black lead can be removed by the application of a paste made of fuller's earth and water. This paste should be left on the carpet for some hours and then brushed off.

### A Fireside Accessory The Velveteen Glove

Undoubtedly large pieces of coal are the most economical to burn when the fire is well started, but they are difficult to manipulate, because they slide off the shovel and slip from the grip of the tongs. They can be handled best by hand, and for the purpose a velveteen glove made exactly like a huge fingerless infant's glove will ensure the operation being a clean one.

### Simple to Make

Any piece of old velveteen will make one, but if it is to be a gift, half a yard of cheap black or navy blue velveteen



might be purchased and shaped from a simple pattern in paper, cutting the gloves in two pieces and oversewing them firmly on the wrong side. Hem round the bottom and work the word "coal" across the back of the glove in brightly coloured wool.

### Clothes Pegs and the Clothes Line

Clothes pegs should never be allowed to lie about after use. Store them in a bag, and give them an occasional scrub, so that they do not stain the clothes. New pegs should always be soaked before use.

When clothes pegs become soiled, throw them into a boiler of hot soap suds to which has been added a handful of soda and washing-powder and let them remain to soak until the water is lukewarm, then take each clothes peg and scrub it and rinse it. Place them on paper to dry out in the sun. Clothes pegs treated this way will last twice as long, and it keeps them from splitting. It also prevents the mark that soiled clothes pegs leave on nice white clothes.

Take in the clothes line when not in use, and store in bag, and when it begins to get grimy, boil it in soapy water and rinse well in cold water. Then hang out in the air to dry.

### New Uses for Old Tins

Innumerable uses may be found for the tin covers of coffee-cans, fruit tumblers, meat-jars, and other grocery receptacles, to take the place of expensive little nickel and glass kitchen fixtures. To the woman who likes to keep her little white-painted, white-enamelled kitchen immaculate, these little tins are a great aid. When cooking, a couple close at hand hold the eggs or other slippery materials to prevent their rolling off. One is kept on the window-sill over the sink for the drinking-glass, to protect the paint. The larger covers make excellent food receptacles for the ice-chest, or are equally convenient as extra saucepan or dish covers. They also make good rests for hot dishes or pans just removed from the fire. The smaller ones fit nicely over the average drinking-glass—or use the jar over which it came—in which one may keep left-over liquids or seraps that must be covered. Also use one to cover the water or medicine glass in the sick-room.



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**VEN-YUSA**  
The Oxygen Face Cream

## GOLF NOTES

(Continued from July)

### Simple Ideas for Improving One's Golf

by A WELL-KNOWN PLAYER

*Who gives ideas which are likely to be of special assistance to the player who wants to improve his short game. In his opinion five or ten minutes' putting practice on most days should be sufficient to maintain a state of good judgment and good touch.*

#### The Choice and Use of Golf Balls

THE golf ball is a never-ending topic of conversation, and there are many players who think they know all about the choice and use of the golf ball. Nevertheless, it is quite evident that there are a considerable number of golfers who have something to learn about this subject. I, therefore, propose to present a few points for the consideration of the reader, which may assist him to improve his play. The golfer who plays several rounds a week, and always likes to have a nice white ball to look at, spends untold wealth on his golf balls in the course of a year. Unfortunately, we are not all able to do this, and it is thus my intention to deal with the economical aspect, as well as giving some hints on how to use a ball to the best advantage.

What we all want is a ball that will wear well, stand punishment, travel as far as possible, leave the club sweetly, and behave itself on and around the greens. Any make of ball answering to these somewhat searching conditions is assured of a good run of popularity. A few years ago the golfer had to use a good deal of care and discretion in choosing his ball. If he was what I will describe as an average hitter a hard ball had to be avoided, because he was not strong enough to get the best out of it. The hard hitter, on the other hand, found he could obtain greater distance with the tightly wound ball. Another point the average player had to consider was the ability of the ball to withstand topping. Then, of course, there was the everlasting question of steadiness in the short game; and to add to one's difficulties the hard balls, which behaved best in approaching and putting, were the very ones that did not take kindly to punishment.

During the last couple of years, however, there has been such a great advance in the construction of the ball that some of the best makes now combine the qualities of long driving without undue effort on the part of the player, steadiness in the short game, and durability. The manufacturers are to be congratulated on having arrived at the present standard of excellence. Nevertheless, the playing qualities of the different makes of modern balls vary considerably, especially in approaching and putting, and on this point I want to warn all players against the practice of chopping and changing.

Find a make of ball that suits you and stick to it is the best possible advice to those who play the game at all seriously. If you make changes in the same round, or every few rounds, you do not give your short game a chance. You are constantly in a dilemma to know how hard to hit the ball. You lose your touch, and you lose confidence in yourself. An occasional change may be necessary in order to move with the times, but I strongly urge you not to alter your ball in the middle of a busy season.

#### Does the Ball Lose Some of its Driving Power with Use ?

Now, whatever the makers may tell us, there is not really any doubt about the fact that new balls travel further than ones with which a few rounds have been played. In the case of very old balls most people know that there is a serious loss of length, and I believe the manufacturers explain that this is due to the surface having lost its polish. Then apparently all you have to do is to have your balls repainted! This, in fact, is largely done. Only recently I was talking to the professional at a fairly well-known club, and he told me that nearly half the balls he sells are repaints. That, however, is by the way. While the effect of repainting a ball which has become shabby may in some instances partially restore it to a state of normal flight, if it is carefully done, the fact remains that the majority of repaints are far from satisfactory. The constant hitting may have flattened the marking, causing the ball to duck and swerve; or the cover may have come away slightly from the core, which gives the effect of hitting a cushion. Both of these things tend to considerably reduce the distance the ball can be struck, and the latter is also detrimental to good putting.

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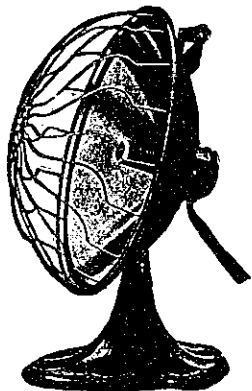
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# CROQUET NOTES

Hints for Long-Bisquers

by W. LONGMAN

THE object of this article is to urge all long-bisquers to concentrate upon How to Hit the Ball.

I would particularly lay stress upon four essentials—(1) Freedom, (2) Stance, (3) Follow, (4) Eye on the Ball. The first three of these can roughly be summed up in one word—style; but style is so elusive and so varied that it would need a writer far more skilful than myself to attempt to deal with it; all I propose to do is to make a few observations under each of the four heads.

## (1) Freedom

One of the unfortunate facts about croquet is that in a game between two beginners freedom is the one thing that apparently does not pay.

Breakdowns naturally are of frequent occurrence, and the balls are, when breakdowns occur, generally in the central part of the court, and not near a boundary. The result is that the striker is confronted with a roquet of from two to ten yards in length, which expedience demands should be played dead slow, so as to keep the partner balls near each other in the event of a miss, thereby securing the innings next turn.

It is these dead slow shots that are the bane of most long-bisquers; that they are seldom hit is not surprising, as most players will, I think, agree with me in classifying them as being some of the most difficult strokes of the game—so difficult, in fact, that they should very rarely be attempted. The frequent missing of comparatively short roquets naturally discourages the long-bisquer, and prevents him from acquiring the necessary confidence. That, however, is not the real trouble, which lies rather in the fact that the continual playing of slow strokes cramps the style, prevents follow through and, in a word, kills freedom.

A freely-hit ball should travel the length of a court and cross the far boundary at a fair speed, and a stroke which would achieve such a result should be the model for all short roquets. To start with, this will not help to win games, because often the roquets will be missed, the partner balls widely separated, and the innings lost in consequence; but the beginner will be building on sure foundations and, with practice and patience, the due reward will come. As an ultimate result there will be no more hesitating pokes at short roquets, no unnecessary overbitting of long shots; each stroke will be firmly played with a rhythmic and natural swing of the arms, and the weight of the mallet will play its part automatically.

## (2) Stance

Stance is really an integral part of freedom, and freedom cannot be obtained unless the stance permits it. The usual slow shot of the beginner leads him, as a rule, to stand too near his own ball.

At the moment of impact with the ball the bottom of the mallet should be a little less than one inch off the ground, and the ball should be hit just before the swing of the pendulum begins to lift the mallet head away from the ground. With the feet placed in a given position, *i.e.*, when the stance has been taken up, there is only one spot which fulfils these conditions; the ball must be on that spot. In actual play the ball is the fixed object and the feet must be placed accordingly; but in order to learn the spot I suggest that the beginner should first take a stance and then adjust the ball till the correct position becomes familiar.

Given stance correct as to distance and given freedom of swing the ball will be hit correctly; but stance has a second function to fill, because the direction in which the ball travels is mainly controlled by it.

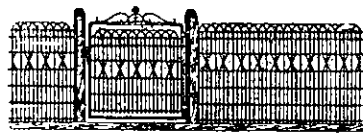
It is essential that the stance be true to the line of aim; *i.e.*, whether the upright or the Irish style of play is adopted, the shoulders must be square with the line of aim, and at the end of the stroke the mallet must point straight towards the object ball.

(This article will be concluded in the next issue.)

NOTE—All Correspondence should be addressed to THE EDITOR, and not to any individual by name.

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## FENCING. GATES

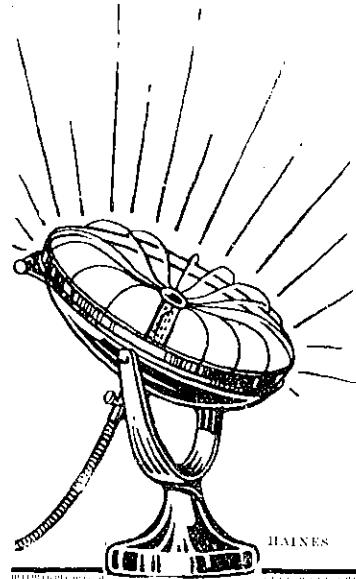
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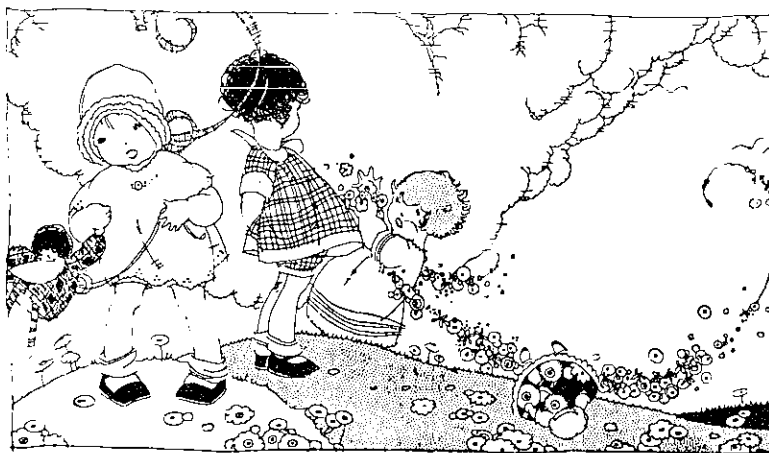
FOR THE BEST SUGGESTION  
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WE OFFER GUINEAS (See page 44)





## FAIRY BLUEBELL'S PRESENT

A CHARMING STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES

**F**AIRY BLUEBELL was crouching under a leaf trying to get warm; the wind was blowing, the rain was falling, and she was all alone, for the other fairies had long ago gone back to Fairyland for the winter.

She had stayed behind playing with the wood elves, and now her wings were so cold and so stiff she could not fly at all, so there she sat, wondering what to do.

She did not know how to cry or she would have done it—what *was* she to do before the cold winter came if she could not fly away to Fairyland?

"The longer I stay here the colder I shall get," she said to herself. "I must find someone and ask them what I can do—surely someone will take me in. Oh, I don't like the rain and the wind!"

Fluttering her wet wings to help her along, she ran on, trying to shelter under the blades of grass as she went. It was not long before she met a mouse, just opening his door with his latchkey.

"Please, Mr. Mouse, I want shelter for the winter," she said. "I've stayed in the woods too long, and now my wings are too cold and stiff to carry me to Fairyland. Please help me!"

"Everyone for himself," said Mr. Mouse crossly. "I can't take you in; there are too many of us as it is. Don't bother me."

He slammed his door, and Bluebell went on till she saw two big frogs sitting together enjoying the rain.

"Please, Mr. Frog, can you tell me where I can find shelter for the winter? I'm so cold and frightened!"

"A fairy who doesn't love the rain would never do for us," retorted the frogs harshly. "You should have gone with the other fairies. No, we can't help you—go away!"

Bluebell next saw an owl sitting on a tree.

"Please, Mr. Owl, help me," she pleaded. "I'm so cold and wet—and the winter is coming—"

"Yes, I know it is," blinked the owl. "You have reminded me that I must find a warm tree-trunk to hide in to keep warm."

He flew away at once, and Bluebell clapped her hands.

"I will ask the tree elves if they will let *me* sleep inside a hollow trunk for the winter!" she cried, gaily, "and the first thing to do is to find a tree that looks kind—then the elves will be kind, too."

The oak elves would have nothing to do with her, the elm elves chased her away, and not a single tree would shelter her till she came to one on the outskirts of the wood, just as she was so tired she could hardly walk another step, and her wings were quite useless to carry her.

It was a big tree with a thick trunk, and the front door was wide open. Bluebell peeped in and saw the funny little elves with big hands and feet, and bald heads, all busily weaving a wonderful fairy silk that shimmered like pale green-gold.

"Please, do help me," she whispered. "No one will tell me where I can shelter for the winter! And I'm so cold and tired!"

The elves stopped their work and looked at her.

"A fairy!" they cried, and Bluebell told them her story, and how the wind and the rain hurt her.

"We must help you," said the elves. "Come in and sit down."

"What are you doing with that silk?" asked Bluebell. "It is almost fine enough for dresses for the fairies!"

"It is to wrap the tiny buds in, ready for the spring," explained the elves. "It keeps them warm all through the long winter, and when the sun shines, the silk breaks and the buds on our tree will bloom. If we didn't wrap them up the Frost Imps would nip them."

Bluebell clapped her hands.

"Wrap me up in a piece of the fairy silk," she begged, "and when I feel the sun on me, I, too, shall wake up, and fly back to Fairyland."

The elves were not sure it was right to wrap a fairy in silk and leave her there, but as she asked them to they did it, and put her safely on one of the topmost branches, snugly tucked inside, just as they treated the buds that were to break into flower in the spring.

When the elves had finished their work, they lay down in the hollow trunk to sleep the winter away, and they did not wake till the sun was getting warm.

This happened a long time ago, so long that a good many people have forgotten it.

When the elves woke, their buds had burst the silk cases, and the flowers were all in bloom, and though they had never had any scent before, now the air all round the tree was full of the sweetest scent imaginable.

"Where's the fairy?" cried the elves, and climbed up to see.

But the fairy had gone, and then the elves knew the scent was from Fairyland, and it was her present to the kind tree that had sheltered her all the winter.

And from that day, this tree has possessed not only a flower, but a scent that even the fairies, used as they are to sweet scents, say is one of the very sweetest on the earth.

Can you guess which tree it is?

It is the lime-tree.

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## SUGGESTIONS FOR BAKING DAY

NOTHING IS SO DELICIOUS AS HOME-MADE PASTRY AND CAKES—AND HERE ARE SOME RECIPES THAT ARE WELL WORTH TRYING

### Genoese Pastry

THIS is such a useful cake mixture, as it is the foundation for a large variety of cakes.

Required: 4 eggs, 4oz. of castor sugar, 2oz. of butter, 3oz. of flour.

Grease a baking sheet, such as is used for Swiss roll, and line it with greased paper. Sieve the flour and melt the butter. Put the eggs into a basin and whisk a little, then add the sugar and whisk over a saucepan of boiling water until the mixture is light and frothy. Do not keep the eggs too long over the water or they cook. When the mixture has thickened slightly, remove the whisk and stir the flour and melted butter alternately to it, with a metal spoon. Spread the mixture over the prepared tin, and bake at once in a hot oven from 12 to 15 minutes, or until the mixture is firm if pressed with the finger. Turn on to a wire tray or sieve to cool.

If liked, the mixture may be put into two sandwich tins and made into a layer cake. When cold, cut the cake into fancy shapes, fingers, rounds, diamonds, and so on, and ice with glace icing flavoured and coloured to taste. Decorate with crystallised ginger, glace cherries, violets or rose leaves or almonds or walnuts.

For petit fours, these cakes are cut very small, iced and prettily decorated. Sometimes they are cut

through and jam placed on one half, the other pressed on the top, and then iced. Little baskets may be made with them, by cutting out the cake into rounds and marking out a smaller round in the centre of each. Scoop out the centres, paint sieved jam over the outside of each basket, and sprinkle with chopped nuts or grated cocoanut. Fill the centre with whipped cream and make angelica handles. Finely chopped glace fruits may be mixed with the cream, or fresh fruit, such as strawberries, raspberries or sliced peaches or apricots, may be placed in the baskets and a little whipped cream piped round.

### Chocolate Nut Cake

Required: 2 tablespoonfuls of milk, 5 tablespoonfuls of melted chocolate, 3 eggs, 1½ cupfuls of sugar, 1¼ cupfuls of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, ½ cupful of butter, ½ cupful of water, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla extract, nut filling.

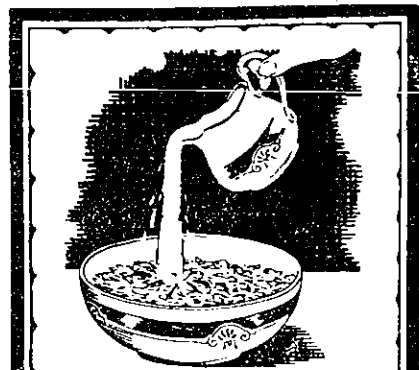
Sift the flour and baking powder together twice. Add the extract to the water. Beat the yolks of the eggs until light, then add the milk to them. Cream the butter and sugar; add the yolks of the eggs, the melted chocolate, the water and the flour. Beat the batter until smooth, then fold in the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in two layers.

To make the filling: Dissolve two cupfuls of sugar in two-thirds of a cupful of boiling water and allow to boil, without stirring, until it will spin a thread. Pour upon the whites of two well-beaten eggs, stirring constantly. Mix in one cupful of chopped nut meats, and when it begins to thicken spread between the layers of cake.

### A Gingerbread Cake the Children Will Like

Required: ½lb. of flour, pinch of salt, 2 teaspoonfuls of ginger, 2oz. of dripping or margarine, 1oz. of brown sugar, ½lb. of golden syrup (3 good tablespoonfuls), 1 egg, ½ teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, ½ teacupful of milk.

Method: Grease a Yorkshire pudding tin. Put the fat, syrup and sugar into a saucepan and stir until dissolved, then cool a little. Sieve the flour, ginger, a pinch of salt, and the bicarbonate of soda into a basin. Beat the egg and pour it into a hollow in the flour, add the fat mixture, milk, and stir well together. Pour into the tin and bake in a moderate oven from three-quarters to one hour, or until firm to the touch. Turn on to a sieve to cool. If liked, blanched and shredded almonds may be added to this cake, or the grated rind of half a lemon.



## GRANOSE needs no cooking

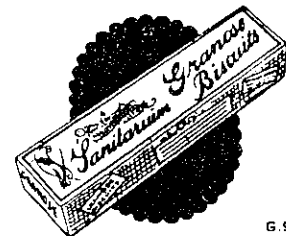
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# The New Baby

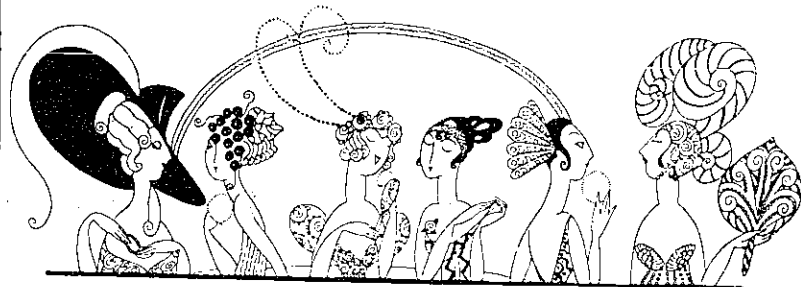


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# RING UP THE CURTAIN

## NOTES ON PLAYS AND PLAYERS

It seems to me a great pity that costume comedy companies of the "Dandies" type have outlived their popularity, and are now as extinct as the dodo. This class of entertainment had a big following some years ago, but folks nowadays seem to prefer a spectacle with an elaborate stage setting which pleases the eye to amuse them, rather than an individual artist in a clean linen shirt-front. Who doesn't remember Claude Dampier and other comedians of his class who used to make us cry through laughing at them? And this was done for the main part without resorting to comedy make-up or wardrobe. Not theirs the baggy pantaloons or the incarnadined proboscis; it was their fine artistry in "delivering the goods," as the Americans say, which made them such firm favourites with their audiences. There are three members of the Gerald Revue Company at the Auckland Opera House who were members of the "Dandy" companies under the management of Mr. Edward Branscombe. They are Mona Thomas, the divinely tall and divinely brunette soprano; Howard Hall, the basso of goodly proportions; and Reg. Hawthorne, who aids and abets Mr. Gerald on the comedy side. Mr. Howard Hall was also with the Jack Waller Company, and visited New Zealand with that combination in 1918, afterwards making a tour of India. Miss Thomas and Mr. Hawthorne were both connected with the "Red" Company headed by Claude Dampier.

The Australian papers have lately been making an outcry at the high prices of admission charged to hear the Melba Opera Company, and all sorts of facetious remarks have appeared in the Press about the High Cost of Opera. One of the dailies gives an account of a penniless man (imaginary, of course) being examined in bankruptcy, and tearfully declaring, when asked the reason

of his financial crash: "Able was I ere I saw (M)Elba." At first sight the prices certainly *do* seem rather huge, but the expense of an opera venture of this sort, with its large orchestra of over sixty performers, its well-trained and consequently well-paid chorus, and its immense overhead expenses, generally, cannot be defrayed by ordinary rates of admission. For the opening night in Sydney the dress circle seats were sold at £2 5s. 9d. each, and the gallery—for the Melba season renamed "the upper circle"—seats were rushed by enthusiasts at £1 3s. each. Once the first night is over, however, the management has promised not to be hard, and in future the prices will range from one guinea down to the modest five bob—plus tax.

Bert Harrow, the "Mile-a-minute" comedian, at present delighting audiences on the Fuller Circuit with his quaint witticisms, is a keen fisherman, and declares that one of his greatest ambitions in life is to relieve the congestion amongst the finny denizens of the deep.

Recently, while fishing off the wharf at Devonport, his sport was interrupted rudely by a voice behind him saying peremptorily, "Can't fish 'ere!" He turned to behold a diminutive Council employee wearing an out-size in walrus moustaches, the said appendage concealing his mouth entirely. "I beg your pardon," politely murmured Harrow. "Can't fish 'ere!" snapped Walrus with a rising inflection, from somewhere behind that hairy curtain. Bert couldn't resist the opportunity.



Photo. by S. P. Andrew, Auckland and Wellington.

A charming study of Miss Ngaire Phipson, who is very well known in Wellington, and who has recently joined the Humphrey Bishop Company, now touring the South Island.

"I don't know: are they deaf?" he asked innocently. But Walrus refused to be comforted, so the fisherman had to pack his rod and decamp, vowing inwardly that he would lodge a protest with the Harbour Board against such iniquitous regulations.

Before this appears in print, the Vanbrugh-Boucicault combination will have made their first appearance in New Zealand at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland. There is a treat in store for all lovers of good acting and plays with a decided English atmosphere: and who will not admit that, after such a lot of Yankee "crook" drama or bedroom-and-bath comedy, the *Genus Anglicus* will be very welcome? In "Mr. Pim Passes By," the part of Mr. Pim is taken by Dion Boucicault, and it is a wonderful characterisation worth going miles to see. Irene Vanbrugh is a craftswoman of brilliancy, and her "naturalness" is delicious. I have only mentioned one of the plays in their repertoire, but several others besides "Pim," and all equally delightful, will be done during the company's New Zealand tour.

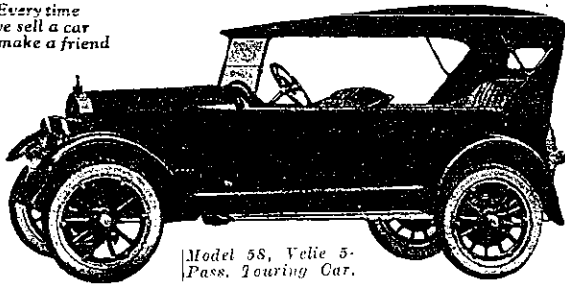
We will be probably hearing here shortly (watch your step, Mr. Composer!) Mieczyslaw Muenz, a young Polish pianist, whom the Taits are bringing to Australasia. The Sydney *Herald* gravely informs me that "J. and N. Tait have now announced the name in Melbourne." Is it possible that "In-nounced" should read "Pro-nounced"?



Photo. by Bromia Studios.

The Nelson Blue Bird Pierrot Troupe, which originated under the guidance of Mr. and Mrs. John Hopkins, of "Dandies" fame, to assist the Mardi Gras celebrations at the beginning of last year, and since then has brought laughter and merriment to many people, apart from a very practical gift of £300, which has been used for charitable purposes.

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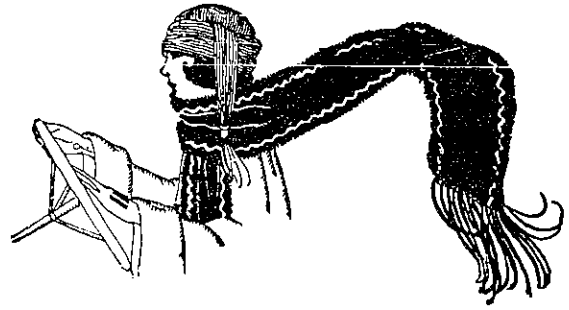
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## MOTORING NOTES

### SOME HINTS ON DRIVING IN TRAFFIC

#### JUDGMENT AND ANTICIPATION ESSENTIAL

WITH the ever-increasing power of speed and acceleration of which cars are possessed nowadays, and the unchanging uncertainty in the movements of pedestrians, the motorist has to be more alert than ever if he wishes to avoid accidents. Not only has one to be thoroughly familiar with all the details of the art of driving, of knowing what to do with the controls in a case of sudden emergency, but the driver must also be possessed of a kind of sixth sense, be it called instinct, intuition or prescience, for enabling him to anticipate what other road users and pedestrians will do under various circumstances.

True, there are certain people who possess so little of the quality known as judgment, that they constitute a public danger if allowed to handle a car at all, whilst others are fully capable of exercising ordinary judgment as far as their own actions are concerned, but fail when they have to anticipate the movements of others.

The development of the latter faculty is derived as the result of careful observation, rather than the result of psychological phenomena. The boy who kicks a ball in front of a car invariably follows to retrieve his possession, and the mere appearance of the ball should be enough to advise the motorist of the probable arrival of the kicker, even should the latter be out of sight at the moment.

Old ladies about to cross the road often prove a sore trial for the nervous or highly-strung driver, and as they can seldom be relied upon to do anything very beneficial in securing their own safety, the cautious driver will slow down until he and the pedestrian are well out of danger.

By cultivating a keen observation of causes and effects in traffic conditions the driver will develop the sixth sense, and thus avoid the feeling of nerve strain, which otherwise prevails whilst driving in crowded thoroughfares.

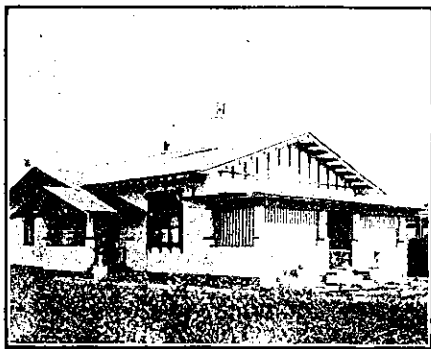
#### WHEN TO SOUND YOUR HORN

PRACTICALLY all automobile drivers know when to sound their horn, but the majority of them do not sound it quickly enough to allow for the varying rates of speed at which their cars are travelling. Five seconds' time is proper time for pedestrians or other automobile drivers to know of the approach of a motor car. It is necessary, of course, to translate five seconds' time into terms of distance. Take a speed of twenty miles, the rate at which an automobile travels usually in the city, when not in the congested districts. At twenty miles per hour a car travels 29ft. a second, and the proper five seconds' time in terms of distance could be 70ft. This is probably the most important distance to remember, because of the amount of city driving. The next important speed to remember is thirty miles per hour. That or slightly higher is the speed at which cross-country or inter-city travelling is done. At this speed the car travels 44ft. a second. Less than 220ft. notice is not enough.

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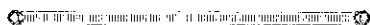
IF your car has front-wheel brakes, do not take any more risks than you would had you rear-wheel brakes only. Front-wheel brakes are one of the greatest factors of safety it is possible to have, although at the same time, instead of trying to pull up in ordinary conditions twice as fast as you would be able to with rear-wheel brakes only, slow down quite gradually, so that the fact that you have brakes on all four wheels means that you are using each set of linings only half as much as when you are using those on the rear wheels only. Rather should you look on four-wheel braking as a means of lengthening the life of brakes and brake linings, with, of course, the knowledge that should an emergency arise you can pull up with amazing rapidity, but never forget that the driver following you may not be able to pull up so quickly. Front-wheel brakes are no excuse for taking risks; reliable as are most modern types, they might fail one day, so drive sensibly.

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1. Cutting corners.
  2. Beating trains to crossings.
  3. Failing to slow down at intersections.
  4. Turning without looking to the rear.
  5. Crowding in ahead of an overtaken vehicle.
  6. Passing a car recklessly.
  7. Failing to slow down for pedestrians.
- All of these offences are bad, particularly the last.

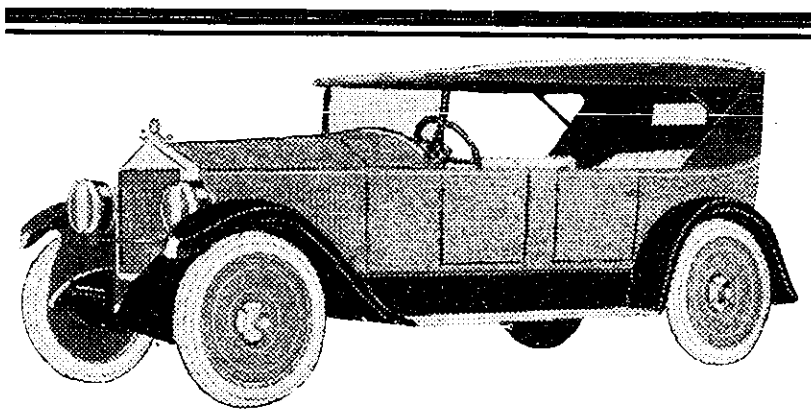
ON BAD ROADS

Confidence in the good quality of present-day tyres is the reason why many drivers knock them about unmercifully. Incidentally, there are times when, by saving your tyres, you also save your car. For instance, to continually increase the pace on coming to a rough piece of road, in order to carry the car over without loss of speed, is severe on both tyres and car. It is a good practice to accelerate, when possible, before coming to a bad patch, and when a few inches off disengage the clutch and allow the car to coast over.



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As long as it deals with Babies, and is useful, it is eligible for this Competition: but make your suggestions as brief and helpful as possible.

Write out your suggestion on a sheet of paper (*please write legibly and on one side of the paper only*), and your name and address and the title of the suggestion on the attached form, and post it to us. Only one suggestion can accompany each form.

*For the Best Suggestion received, in the opinion of the Editor, we will award*

### A PRIZE of ONE GUINEA

and for all others we may publish we will pay HALF-A-CROWN—so that even if your hint is not adjudged quite the best, your effort will probably not be wasted.

Only three conditions attach to this Competition:—

- (1) The Editor's decision is absolutely final, and no correspondence can be entered into with regard to the competition.

- (2) Each entry must be accompanied with the form below, duly completed. Only one suggestion may be sent with each form, but there is no limit to the number of suggestions you may enter.

- (3) No member of the staff of THE LADIES' MIRROR, nor any person connected with the journal, may compete.

**Mark the Left-hand top corner of your Envelope "Babies." Last day for Entries to reach this office, August 25th.**

Results will be announced in our OCTOBER ISSUE (published end of September.)

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# CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT

by A CHILDREN'S DOCTOR

**D**ISINCLINATION for what is considered the normal amount of food is a frequent source of worry to parents. Like the majority of the ills which beset the young, it is more alarming than dangerous.

With "only" children want of appetite frequently springs from the self-centredness of these isolated little beings. From babyhood every little ailment has been a signal for the upheaval of the household, and they speedily learn that to refuse food is the easiest method of focusing attention on themselves. Indeed, to all children the spectacular in a refusal of food appeals.

In the nervous child of ill-nourished body very slight causes will lead to a disappearance of appetite. Emotion of any kind inhibits hunger, and the association of a particular variety of food with a previous disturbance will often act as a deterrent should the dish be set before the child again.

One of the most vicious habits of parents is the substitution of a delicacy for food which has been refused. Not only does this encourage the child in its line of conduct, but also the food which tempts is often ill-suited to the young digestion.

For the capricious appetite of a child there is often a physical cause. The brown-eyed child with sallow skin inherits a weakness with its temperament: it is subject to an easily disordered digestion. To the frail little stomach of these children plain food appeals little, and the stimulation of rich or highly seasoned food is necessary to produce appetite.

The cutting of a child's first teeth is an event in the household, and the little sufferer is anxiously tended. When the second, or permanent, teeth begin to appear, little notice is taken of what is transpiring. Yet the mouth of a five or six-years-old child, busy with its second dentition, may be painful, and this pain will give rise to a disinclination for food.

Therefore, when a child begins to go off its food, the possibility of dental trouble should not be overlooked, the state of its digestion should be ascertained, and if the conclusion is arrived at that the phenomenon is nervous or psychical, placidity is the course to adopt.

It is better that a child should go twenty-four hours with very little food than that an incident connected with the forcing of food on it should be stamped on its wonderful little memory. *In fact, with the child of weak digestion a twenty-four hours' fast is not at all a bad thing:* it gives matters a chance to right themselves.

Above all, keep the little actor as much as possible out of the lime-light. Let the child believe that the taking of its food is an event on a par with its refusal, and suggestion and natural appetite will speedily bring about a change which will dispel the maternal fears.

## GIVE BABY GOOD TEETH

**T**HE future of baby's teeth depends almost entirely upon the mother. Seven whole months before he is born the work of teeth-forming is going on, and a healthy mother-to-be means that this teeth-forming process goes on in the best possible circumstances.

If baby must be bottle-fed, see to it that the rubber teat is satisfactory. He must work for his food, so that the milk must not drip through without any effort on the child's part. These teats deteriorate very quickly, and should be watched carefully for this reason. The milk should drop at the rate of one drop a second if the bottle is held upside down.

The inside of a baby's mouth does not need any attention in the way of cleansing till he has at least six teeth. This is contrary to advice very often given, but it is proved beyond doubt that swabbing out the mouth of a young child very often injures the delicate lining. Leave baby's mouth alone till it is time to start cleaning the teeth.

The first brush should be of the special small and soft variety sold for infants. But the bristles should not be flat-edged; they should have the same kind of saw-like finish as the best kind of adult brush, and also the curved handle with a hole in it that enables the brush to be hung up to dry. Great care should be taken not to hurt the delicate gums, and baby should not be allowed to suck the brush and swallow the water from it.

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**C**HILDREN may suffer from overfeeding, or from being fed with food too rich and nutritive, no less than from receiving too little nourishment. As the amount proper for one child may be too much or too little for another, a hard and fast rule cannot be laid down. The doctor, nurse or mother must determine in each case the strength and quantity of food to be given.

With the instructions below you can make humanised milk that is pure and free from injurious bacteria.

## To make Humanised Milk.

To make a quart of milk which is as near in composition as possible to human milk, take:

- One 11-oz. Tin "Ideal" Milk
- Half ounce Milk Sugar (One Tablespoon)
- Two ounces Cream (Two Tablespoons)

Place in receptacle, add sufficient boiling water to make one quart, and cool immediately. When made up, the milk must be kept in a cool place and used within twenty-four hours.

When required for the bottle, warm to new milk temperature (95 degrees Fahrenheit) and add a few drops of orange or other fresh fruit juice.

When starting to feed an Infant on "Ideal" humanised milk it is advisable to add more water for the first few days and gradually work up to the full strength.

"Ideal" Milk is also put up in half-size tins, which, with half the quantity of the other ingredients, will make one pint of Humanised milk.

Haines 1

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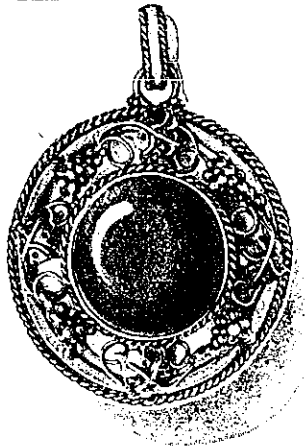
GUINEAS FOR SUGGESTIONS

SEE PAGE 44

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**DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BABIES?**

SEE PAGE 44

**EXERCISES TO PRESERVE YOUTH**

It is a trite saying that a woman is as old as she looks; it would be more to the point to say that she is as old as her muscles allow her to be. If she keeps the muscles of her face and figure firm and taut she will look youthful, no matter how many birthdays she may be able to look back on.

Exercise and exercise alone will succeed in keeping the muscles in perfect condition, and it is invariably the woman who is inclined to take things too easily who allows herself to grow old in this way.

**SPECIAL EXERCISES**

By constant activity the muscles of young people are kept firm and taut. As a woman grows older and becomes less active it is necessary that she should practise a course of special exercises every day in order to preserve the elasticity of all the muscles of the body.

The muscles which age most quickly are those which control the face and neck, and the woman who wishes to remain youthful must exercise her throat every night and morning.

Standing erect and with the shoulders well thrown back before a mirror, she should clench the teeth and extend the head as far as possible, first outwards, then upwards, throwing the head well back. Then, with the teeth clenched, she should turn the head first towards the left, looking as far over the shoulder as she can, then towards the right, looking over the right shoulder. Each of these exercises should be repeated for ten to twenty times both morning and evening. It is a good plan to place one hand firmly at the back of the neck while practising these exercises, to increase the resistance of the muscles.

**THE VALUE OF SKIPPING**

To keep the body muscles in good condition skipping will be found excellent. Crawling round the room on all fours is highly recommended by many leading American beauty specialists, but this form of exercise does not appeal to the average woman. An efficacious and simpler exercise consists in standing behind a chair or at the foot of a bed-rail. Place the hands lightly on the rail and bend till sitting on the heels. Rise and repeat. At first the help of the chair or rail will be necessary, but as the muscles grow more elastic it can be dispensed with and the exercise practised in the middle of the room.

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Decide now to adopt Nature's simple rule of health—a glass of water sparkling with a dash of

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# THE GREAT HUSBAND HUNT

by MABEL BARNES-GRUNDY

PART XI.

"I can't tell you all that she said to me," said Martin humbly, "but she was altogether too fine for me." "And I am not?" And this question I put still without any jealousy of Elisabeth.

"Not so much as she," he replied truthfully, "for which I am so thankful. You are just lovable, Peronelle, and desirable, and human, and sweet, and sometimes frail." He laughed into my eyes. "And oh, so sympathetic, and I think that is why I worship you so! And you won't expect me to be too good and exalted, will you? You will forgive my weaknesses."

"Oh, don't say things like that, Martin," I cried, "or you will break my heart. You don't know—" Again I began to tremble.

"Hush," he whispered soothingly. "What an ass I am! I know without your telling me—" Of a sudden his face went black, and he muttered: "Curse the man! But we won't talk of it now, not till you're stronger. Some day you shall tell me all."

"But how do you know?" I interrupted wonderingly.

Martin gave a queer little laugh. "I've met men in my time. I pretty well know when a man is a wrong 'un. That is why Elisabeth and I had the cheek or courage, whichever way you like to look at it, to ask Monica to warn you and to beg you to give him up."

"Which I wouldn't." "No," he replied drily, "that's where one of your very human qualities came in." Tenderly he stroked my hair.

"Did you actually know anything against him?"

"I did. But I refuse to talk of him now. Let's have our golden hour, Peronelle. I've been so unhappy, and—such a fool. Trying to do the right thing. And all the time I've been a blamed ass, and nearly wrecked two lives—hers and mine."

"And mine," I said softly. "How came you to be here?" I inquired wonderingly after a time. "It was a miracle."

"Not a bit of it. Elisabeth and I had our talk early this morning; her theory is to tackle difficult problems when one is fresh and one's pulses are normal. She counselled me to seek you at once, remarking she hadn't liked the expression on your face last night. She said it looked hunted and at the same time desperate."

"Oh dear"—I was aware my mouth twisted wryly—"I might be the heroine of some cheap melodrama!" And my own words recalled the fact that I was—a very nasty melodrama—and I felt the hot, shamed blood surging to my cheeks.

But Martin continued without appearing to notice my fresh distress. "So I went in search of you, and drawing a blank in the hotel and garden I was just in time to see you disappearing into a tram, and I hopped into the trailer behind. Of course I saw you descend at the Bor-rigo Valley—the Avenue des Allies—and the man with a carriage awaiting you. That is all."

"But it isn't. How could you possibly know where we went?"

"The easiest thing in the world. For some time after you had driven off I sat on a bench near the bridge,

debating what I should do, and had just unwillingly told myself there was nothing I could do, and must wait till the evening to see you, when I saw the *cocher* returning with his carriage empty. Instantly I was on my feet and hailed him, and on my inquiring most casually if he had just driven some friends of mine, a lady and gentleman, up the valley, and if so, could he tell me where they had descended, as I wanted to find them, he fell into the trap as easily as a fly walks into a honey pot. The rest was easy."

"But I don't see it," I persisted. "That you should be on this path—"

"I have done the Cabrolle—Ste. Lucie walk. If you go by the valley, it is usual to descend this way. It is extraordinary how the English seem to do the same thing by instinct, and they keep on doing it, till it becomes a habit. So I bought some bread and cheese and a bottle of wine and a book, and here I've been for some hours. When I heard your footsteps faltering and stumbling my heart leapt for joy."

"Joy!" I flashed a little indignantly.

"I knew that you were alone, my dear."

When the sun began to get low behind the mountains we left the grassy bank and finished the descent into Mentone. Amidst the life and bustle of the streets once more it seemed as if I'd returned to a world which I had left for ages, and had passed meanwhile through two or three incarnations which had added years to my age.

"Do I look very old?" I inquired of Martin.

He examined me critically. "You look hungry," was his reply.

"Why, I believe I am," I agreed.

"Also your hat is on one side."

"So it is," I said, peeping into a shop window while I laughed happily. How good it was to hear his straight observations once more after all the compliments, all the flowery—I stopped myself, trying to be honest even in my own thoughts. Not a dozen hours ago I had liked all these honeyed words of sweetness; but that was before Louis—I shuddered, and again Martin pounced upon it.

"You want some tea. Here we are at Rozio's. Do you remember our first tea together here?"

He ordered it from Julie, still as calm and unruffled as a seagull floating on the crest of turbulent, noisy waves. She moved amongst the clamouring, impatient, thirsty tea-drinkers imperturbably. To-day the crowds were thinner, as the hour was late, and seated in a corner alone, to our surprise, we discovered Miss Oakwood. She motioned us to join her.

"I came away from the Croquet Club for tea," she explained, "because there it is so bad and tastes of queer things like naphthaline, which I approve of in furs but not in teapots. Will you tell me what you two are doing together, and where is Elisabeth?"

"It is a long story," I began lamely as I sat down.

"It isn't a bit," contradicted Martin as he seated himself on another chair. "We are going to be married."

"Who are going to be married?" demanded Miss Oakwood.

"Peronelle and I."

"God bless my soul!" she clutched at a chair. "And who is going to marry Elisabeth?"

"Nobody immediately, though heaps will want to."

"And does she mind?"

"Not a bit. She's relieved she's not going to marry me."

Miss Oakwood again repeated "God bless my soul!" and Martin beamed upon her, while I got on with my tea.

"When did it happen?"

"What?"

"Your dropping Elisabeth and picking up Peronelle."

"I don't quite like the way you put it, added to its inaccuracy, but Elisabeth dropped me this morning, and I picked up Peronelle this afternoon. Now, may I drink my coffee? I've passed through a thirsty time. Peronelle, don't eat all the *japonais*. You know they are my favourite of all these alluring-to-digestion-destruction cakes."

And so he talked gaily on, answering Miss Oakwood's questions, skilfully heading her away from all dangerous ground, giving me time to recover and put all my emotions back into their separate and tidy compartments, whilst every now and again, under cover of the tablecloth, giving my hand little comforting pats.

"I somehow felt it would happen," remarked Miss Oakwood at length. "In fact, I was sure it would. Peronelle, why are you so quiet? And when are you going to leave me in the lurch?"

"Very soon," said Martin, before I could speak. "We are going to be married almost at once, aren't we, Peronelle? so that we can have a jolly summer wandering about in the Swiss mountains."

"Yes," I replied meekly. I was in no mood to contradict anybody; every fighting ounce of blood in my body seemed to have turned into thin water.

"And where do I come in?"

"Oh, you'll be at our wedding," said Martin imperturbably. "And we'll find you another Charlotte Binks."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," contradicted Miss Oakwood hotly. "I've done with companions. The dull ones make good poultices and nothing else, and the nice ones go away and leave one." She got up, saying she must return to the Croquet Club. Then she looked at me narrowly. "Why, the child hasn't a kick in her."

"Indeed I have," I cried valiantly, swallowing hard. "Hundreds of kicks."

"You resemble a tired daddy-long-legs that has lost most of its legs and sprawls helplessly."

"I am coming for you as usual at half-past six."

"You will do nothing of the sort. Martin, take her home at once." She bent and whispered in my ear, "Tonight we will talk, little Peronelle, and you shall tell me everything. Put on a dab of rouge for dinner—you will find some in the top drawer of my washstand. *Au revoir!*"

## Conversations with Miss Oakwood and Elisabeth

BUT, after all, the rouge was superfluous, for I did not go down to dinner. When Miss Oakwood returned, she came to look at me and threw up her hands in dismay.

"This will never do. What is the matter? Instead of looking like a happy bride-elect, you might be preparing for an early death and throwing your family into mourning." She bent and stroked my cheek. "Aren't you happy? Are you worrying about Elisabeth?"

I shook my head, I dared not speak. She divined that something was amiss, and I knew that she was aware I was struggling for self-control. She touched my hands.

"You're icy cold, and your forehead is burning. Go to bed at once. You've contracted a chill, I'm convinced. Bed is the place for you. Would you like to go?"

"Love it," I replied, just leaping at the idea. How nice it sounded, how restful, and how remote from everybody! No meeting Elisabeth, nor Martin, nor undergoing the scrutiny of Miss Oakwood's kind, dear, but piercingly keen eyes, till I felt more myself and had my emotions properly under control.

In a couple of shakes I was in bed, a waiter was summoned and told to bring the menu of the dinner; dishes suited to persons who had contracted Riviera chills were selected by Miss Oakwood, a bright wood fire was crackling in the grate, and, left to myself, I lay and thought how pleasant it was that vice, however unworthily, was sometimes rewarded.

But there was my confession to make to Miss Oakwood; later on I meant to tell her everything. Notwithstanding the soft luxuriance of my bed, the bright warmth of the room, and the stimulating effects of the glass of burgundy Miss Oakwood had sent up with my dinner, a quiver ran up and down my spine as I envisaged this confession. Vice had not everything its own way, after all.

But it was made easier than I had expected. I might have known how big, and tolerant, and forgiving she would be. When I had finished the first part, my going to Monte Carlo, my gambling, my meeting Louis, my meeting him again, all our assignments for dancing, walking, driving, gambling, she said suddenly: "Right under my very nose, and serves me right! I should have looked after you better. You were young and inexperienced, singularly inexperienced for a girl in these days, and I promised your uncle to keep a strict watch over you, and I haven't. But"—she made a little movement, half of annoyance, half of amusement—"I imagined I was so sharp, yet things were going on right before my eyes which I suppose were the common property of the rest of the hotel?"

"A few knew: Martin and Elisabeth, and Monica."

"And they made no effort to stop it, to warn you?"

"Yes, but I took no heed of them. I was indignant at their interference. I said I was old enough to take care of myself and was only responsible to you for my actions. And now I've come to the worst part of my story.

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To-day—"Baldly I told her all.

She made no interruption while I told her. Her eyes blazed, her hands were clenched on her knee, but she said not a word till I had finished. Then she amazed me.

"I don't deserve such luck," she muttered. "Your escape." She got up and paced about the room. "You might have gone. . . . It would have killed your uncle, and I should have known not another happy moment. Oh, Peronelle, can you forgive me?"

"I forgive you?" Had the burgundy caused everything to be of a sudden topsy-turvy? I felt bewildered.

"It has been my fault. I knew you were unhappy. I knew you were fretting about Martin, yet I made no effort to cheer you up and take care of you."

"But you did," I cried. "You made every effort. You were always thinking of me and planning out little entertainments; but I lied to you. I pretended I was with Monica—walking with Monica, doing things with Monica—and you believed me."

"Yes, I believed you, or made myself believe you, and I shouldn't have done. My own intelligence might have suggested to me that you were not the kind of girl just to be satisfied with a plain Monica after your experience with Martin. I deliberately shut my eyes and lived at bridge and croquet clubs, was content so long as you called for me at one or the other each evening, listened to my experiences, sympathised with me, and was under my wing at night. If you had gone with that devil it would have been entirely my fault." She ceased pacing, and, coming to the side of the bed, leaned towards me and framed my face in her hands. "But you are safe, thank God, you are safe!"

"Yes," I agreed, "I am quite safe." It seemed an ineffectual and idiotic thing to say in view of her obvious distress, but any small intelligence I possessed seemed to have vanished that evening, been washed away with my streaming tears of the afternoon.

"And dear Martin will look after you now?"

I nodded.

She bent and kissed me. "You are a lucky girl, Peronelle."

"I know."

"I wonder what made Elisabeth change her mind."

"Martin says she discovered he liked me better, and that decided her in her own feelings with regard to him, about which she's always been doubtful."

"But it's rather remarkable that he should prefer you. She's so lovely and attractive," Miss Oakwood mused. "But I think I know; she's a little cold, I should imagine. Also she's a little too sure of herself; I don't think she would lean. Men like women to lean."

"I shall not lean."

"Oh, yes, you will. And Martin will love you to lean; he'll glory in

the sensation of an oak with ivy clinging to it."

"I never knew anyone less like an oak than Martin," I said, sitting up in bed, shaking my pillow, and lying down again.

"You don't regard him as strong? Why not?"

"Had I been in his place this afternoon after he'd comforted me—I've no sensation of resentment against him that he didn't, mind you; whatever Martin does or doesn't do I shall love him just the same for ever—I should have gone straight up to Ste. Lucie and thrashed that man within an inch of his life."

"I am under the impression he's gone to do it to-night," said Miss Oakwood quietly. "He hurried through his dinner, saying he had some business to transact, and I was to give you his love and bid you good-night. I saw him leave the hotel as I came through the lounge to the lift. He was wearing an overcoat and walking very swiftly, seeing nobody and speaking to nobody—just brushing past us as if we were so many flies."

I crouched down in the bed and covered my eyes, trying to blot out the scene that of a sudden I visualised. Miss Oakwood sat down beside me and drew my head to her shoulder, murmuring kind little words of encouragement.

"I shouldn't have told you, but after all the trouble between you two of the last few weeks, I didn't want there to be another cause for—for resentment, another misunderstanding, if it could be avoided."

"There would have been no resentment."

"There would have been belittlement, which is worse. You say you will always love Martin, whatever he does or doesn't do; but, understanding a little of the human heart, you will love him more if you believe him to be fine than you would if you believed him to be cowardly."

"Sincerely cowardly—that is not the right word. If I had actually thought at all, cudgelled my brains for a reason as to why he did not instantly go and settle up things with Louis, the solution I had arrived at was that he was too unnerved—"

"Which I am sure was absolutely wrong. Probably he felt if he had gone then he would have killed him, or tried to. He waited for self-control, and till he saw you calm and comforted and safely tucked away in bed. He had made up his mind to ask you to go to bed the minute dinner was ended; and when I came down without you, he was relieved and said I had done the right thing. He dined with me—"

"Where was Elisabeth?"

"Out dining with old friends at Monte Carlo. They leave to-morrow—"

There was a tap at the door, and Pobby stood on the threshold. In her hand was a note which she said was for me, and requiring an answer.



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It was from Elisabeth:

"DEAR PERONELLE," it ran, "may I see you to-night for a few minutes? We are leaving Mentone early to-morrow, so to-night will be my only chance for a word with you and to say good-bye. There shall be no heroics, I promise you. I'm absolutely stiff with commonsense, and am cheerful and very contented. Just say 'Yes' or 'No' to Pobbly, and I will be with you about nine. I am going over to Monte Carlo for a last little flutter, but shall be back early.

"Yours,

"ELISABETH JEFFERSON."

"Yes," I said to Pobbly, "tell Miss Jefferson by all means, I shall be delighted."

When the maid had departed, I handed the note to Miss Oakwood. She made no comment beyond the fact that I must immediately put on my new silk wrapper and tidy my hair, and remarked I should be worn out if I continued to pass through many more such emotional scenes. Seeing that I was about to reply, she commanded me to be silent and reserve what small remnant of energy I still might possess for Elisabeth. Punctually at nine o'clock she kissed me and passed through the door leading into her own room as a knock sounded on the other.

### Elisabeth Talks to Me

I FELT somewhat nervous as Elisabeth entered, but immediately I calmed down, as the whole of my senses, which had been confused and swimming, found dry land and were merged into one of calm and complete absorption in the vision that stood before me.

She was in full evening dress, and looked entirely lovely.

"Oh, don't sit down!" I cried, when she made to take the chair I had failed to offer her. "I—I live in the country, and I shan't see anything—well, quite like you for a long while."

She flushed a little and stood immobile for a moment, while I took in every detail of the exquisite gown and the radiance of her perfect neck and arms.

"I am not surprised Martin likes you," she said with a little laugh as she dropped into the chair.

"Peronelle, I have several things to say to you before I go hence, as they say in the Bible. May I speak plainly?"

"I am not surprised to find you in bed. A note was awaiting me from Martin when I got in just now. It was to tell me of your engagement, and he also mentioned that you had been through a very dreadful experience to-day which had shocked you greatly, and would I, if I went to see you to say good-bye, make my visit as brief as possible? So I'm going to come to the point at once." She leant back in the chair and slowly drew from her arms and hands some long, white gloves she was wearing. "I've just a sort of sensation," she continued, "that you may be thinking I'm unbappy about you and Martin and—well, a bit piqued and humiliated, which would be very natural. But I don't want you to imagine this, for it's not true. To-day I am less worried than I've been for some months. Now, first of all, I would like to tell you how I became engaged to Martin Syge. We met at a base hospital. He was badly wounded; I was nursing. I made a big bid for his life; it seemed to me one worth saving. The doctors were kind enough to say that it was through me and my efforts we pulled off the trick. Martin regarded me as some sort of ministering angel who had restored his life to him, and his gratitude was a very pathetic and beautiful thing to behold, but he was about the only man in the hospital—not a Tommy—who didn't make love to me." She paused and threw me one of her attractive smiles.

"This piqued me. A few months ago I met him again in London, and we saw a lot of each other—I may say, incidentally, that in a sense I consider Martin Syge one of the most interesting and attractive men I've come across over here."

"Of course!"

She smiled. "But his moods are strange. They leave you with a sense that you don't quite know where you are, and whether you are talking with a disembodied spirit or just an erratic Irishman who, suddenly finding you dull, has removed his entity to some other sphere."

"Miss Oakwood says it's the result of the War; that he used not to be like this."

"Well, in London I found him, as I say, interesting, a delightful companion when his soul decided to remain with you a while and not wander off to side tracks, but still he made no love to me." Pausing, she leant forward and placed a log on the fire that was burning low. Cupping her chin in her hand, she gazed into the crackling, dancing flame with reflective eyes. "I did a low-down trick then," she continued after a while. "I was determined to make him care for me, and I used every wile and seduction in my power to that end. He was the hardest fish to land, the shyest to which I had ever cast a fly."

"Oh, don't tell me any more," I entreated, for I perceived, in spite of the flippancy of her manner, that this baring of her soul was costing her an effort. "Why go into all this?"

"Because I must, otherwise you may not be entirely happy. Always at the back of your mind you may harbour the belief that Martin cared for me first, and he never did, not one little bit."

"Why, then—?" I stopped, for she took the question out of my mouth. "Why, then, did he ask me to marry him? I can't say, definitely, but I'm pretty near the truth, I imagine, when I reply: first, out of gratitude for restoring his life to him, as he puts it; second, because he was flattered; there were a number of men hanging around me, men recently demobilised, with time on their hands, and the finest and biggest souled of the other sex are susceptible to flattery, and Martin succumbed."

She paused again, and with a little movement almost suggestive of petulance at the stupidity of her own past deeds, she threw her cape back from her shoulders as though it oppressed her.

"We became engaged, and the very moment it was *un fait accompli* I wondered if I wanted it to be, and if deep down in my heart I desired to marry Martin. I suggested a probationary engagement, and that he should go away for three or four months while I searched my heart in the matter and examined my feelings. He seemed stunned, and somewhat resentful, which was natural, but the reproach that I had encouraged and led him to the point of a proposal never passed his lips." There was another long pause. "The rest you know," she concluded.

"But I don't. That is just what I don't know."

"Don't you? Then you're not quick. From the moment I entered this hotel I saw that Martin was interested in you, more interested than he had any right to be when, presumably, he was breathlessly awaiting my decision." She made a funny little expressive movement with her lips. "So a spirit of mischief entering into me, coupled again with a sensation of pique and annoyance and wounded pride that I could not capture his love, I decided he should approach the business of ending the engagement, for the night I arrived I told him beneath the olives in the moonlight—a real sentimental setting—that, after due consideration, I was

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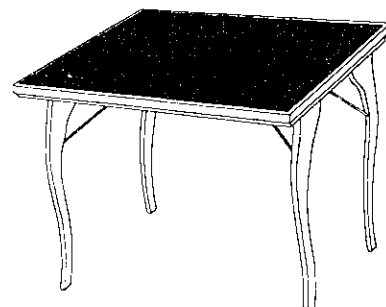
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willing to place my heart and myself in his keeping. Poor Martin, how he has suffered!" Now a little—was it mockery crept into her voice? But no, as I scrutinised her lovely face in the firelight I detected the look of tenderness in her eyes and mouth which she could not conceal, and my heart went out to her in admiration for the bigness of her nature and the generosity of her soul. She may have played with Martin, but she had manifestly suffered for it, suffered from the humiliation of knowing that, even had she been genuinely in a state of mind to offer him her love, it was too late, it was not wanted. "Poor old Martin, how he has tried to play the game! What an old stupid Don Quixote he is in these hard, matter-of-fact days! How he has tried to keep his eyes steadily on me and away from you! How, like the dear ostrich he is, he has buried his head in the sand, imagining he has deceived me! And how little, how painfully little, how deplorably and idiotically little, he understands the workings of a woman's heart." She got up and paced about the room, tall, slender, the firelight and electric light gleaming upon the shimmer of her gown and displaying the curves and grace of her figure and the perfect modelling of her neck and arms.

"It seems to me too incomprehensible that he shouldn't love you," I cried involuntarily as I watched her. "I never saw anyone so beautiful."

She thanked me simply, and resumed her seat. "Martin wants something else besides looks. I believe looks are the last thing that would hold him. They appeal in the first instance, but would never hold him. I am too commonplace for him."

"What!" I protested.

"Well, too matter-of-fact, too unimaginative. Martin is a vagabond

by nature, and I am not. He is the type that suddenly takes it into his head to march off to Central Africa, or the North Pole, and expects his wife to go with him. I am not of that type; I like things cut and dried."

I laughed at her tone and her attitude of dejection as she leant over the fire and held her hands to the blaze. "And should I—should I like that sort of thing?" I inquired.

"Better than I. Yes, I think you would. You and Martin are just made for each other. And now I must go. We make an early start tomorrow, and you have got smudges beneath your eyes." She came to the side of the bed and looked at me with a whimsical expression in her own. "Have you got it quite clear that Martin never has loved me, and never have I loved him, and that he adores you, and when I sent him to look for you this morning his joy was so unbounded, though he tried to hide it, that it would have been comical if it had not been pathetic?"

"Yes," I replied, taking the two hands she held towards me in both of mine. "I have got it quite clear, and I can't tell you what I think of you. All that Martin says is true, only a thousand times more so."

She laughed gaily.

"I ought to be covered with shame and confusion and filled with outraged pride at being 'turned down,' but I'm not. I'm just supremely happy that all has turned out so well: Martin's happy, you're happy, Miss Oakwood is happy she adores him, and is fond of you—and I'm happy. So, what would you? Good-bye. May I kiss you? Ah, here is Miss Oakwood! I'm just going. Peronelle is a bit tired, but not dead—I've seen to that."

"Martin is back," said Miss Oakwood.

I sprang up. "Is he hurt?"

"Not at all."

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 "By no means. Mr. Deschamps departed from the Cap Martin Hotel at six o'clock this evening and left no address. So that is ended."

**The Journey Home**

A WEEK later we went home. Miss Oakwood offered various reasons for this sudden departure:

1. No longer should I be of any use to her. Lovers were of no use to anybody but themselves.

2. Another railway strike was imminent. The last had held up returning English travellers at places like Lyon, dull places, barren of any form of excitement, for sixty-four hours, without food, drink or warmth. She would take no risks.

3. Uncle Tom had written an agitated letter in reply to mine confessing my sins, saying if I did not return home immediately he should come and fetch me, though he was in the grip of an attack of lumbago. He would be sorry if such a proceeding should upset Miss Oakwood, but there were millions of unattached females wandering about the face of the globe who would be ready to jump into my shoes. So come I must, and at once. Miss Oakwood chose to laugh inordinately at this epistle, and remarked that men were selfish beasts!

4. That she knew I was just dying to acquaint my family with my news and produce Martin, so the sooner we went the better.

So the day previous to our departure arrived, and after our packing was finished Martin and I went round saying "Good-bye" to all the people and places and things I had learnt to know so well and love so much.

A little later we wandered along the flower-bedecked terrace of the Beau-Séjour garden, and I whispered last words of love to the stony white rambler rose on the old wall which was creeping higher and higher, a

white wraith, up the palm tree behind, and to the wistaria which fell in cascades over the stone balcony. I lifted one of the heavy, exquisite plumes in which the bees had happily hummed throughout the day and inhaled its scent, and thanked it for giving us so much pleasure.

"We are not grateful enough to the lovely things of this earth," I said; "we take them all for granted, and sometimes I wonder if they are hurt."

Miss Oakwood, when I finally went in to dress, wondered a trifle sharply why I was so late. "The hold-all won't meet." She was staring at it with a resentful, oblique eye. With a strong pull on the straps I compelled it to meet. "It will burst before we arrive home," she said despondently. I cheered her to the best of my ability. Already the spirit of gloom and truculence that animated her on a railway journey was beginning to exhibit itself, and my heart sank. I told Martin of her pugilistic attitude on the journey out, and what I feared was before us on the morrow, and he chose to be amused.

"I have never seen her even ruffled in my life," he said.

"You won't say the same thing within twenty-four hours from now," was my reply.

I was right.

We had not left Mentone Station before he became anxious. At Cannes, when a person—a mild, timid-looking woman—entered our compartment, making up our complement of four—we were again travelling *courette*—this restlessness turned into marked anxiety, for Miss Oakwood eyed the mild person as though she were an intrusive bull, and by the time we had arrived at the dinner hour he had become downright angry.

"It's extraordinary!" he whispered, as we stood for a moment alone in the corridor. "If I did not love her so, I should say it was abomin-

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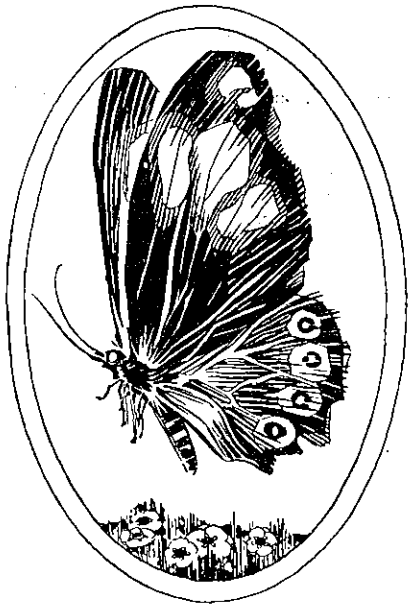
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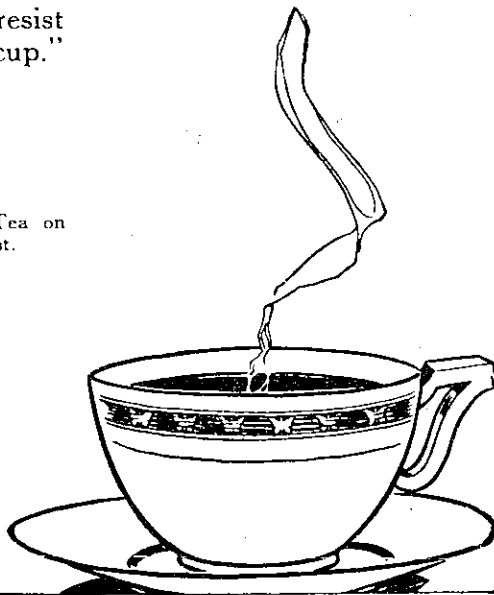


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able. Why, she has rows with everyone she encounters. She is getting quite snappy with us."

"I know. Didn't I tell you? And she'll become worse and worse."

"Is there nothing we can do?"

I shook my head. "I'm afraid not; we can scarcely reprimand her, and to reason she will not listen. Besides, she is aware of the reprehensibility of her behaviour. She told me before we travelled out that she is seized with this aggressive, fighting, unreasonable spirit the very moment she enters a railway station; the sight of an engine sets her off, porters she mistrusts and hates, her fellow-passengers fill her with bitter loathing. She almost reduced me to tears on our journey out because I had the misfortune to empty a soda-water bottle into her bed—she could not forgive me."

Martin was seized with laughter and said he wasn't very surprised. Then he fell to wondering if we could not, in any way, counter her fighting attitude. I replied I was afraid not, and we went in to dinner. The meal passed fairly amicably. There were one or two *contretemps* with a clergyman who made the fourth at our table, and who, whispered Miss Oakwood to me, would keep the salt to himself, and took more than his share of butter, but no real rows till we arrived at the coffee stage. Then there was trouble. Miss Oakwood demanded tea instead of coffee. The hurried waiter replied most courteously it could not be served.

"Why not?" she demanded. I had come to dread these "Why not?" They were absolutely charged with war and battle and all that was designed to fight and kill.

"Because there is not time, madame."

"Time!" cried she, blocking the egress of the clergyman, who wanted to get out.

"No, madame."

"But why haven't you time? I am not asking you to cook an omelette."

"Because there are four dinners to serve."

Hurriedly he filled Martin's and my cup and was passing on, when she cried: "Waiter! I insist upon having a cup of tea. It will take two minutes to make."

"Impossible, madame!" The waiter in his vehemence waved the coffee-pot perilously over my head, and Martin told me to look out.

"Then I shall report it to the P.L.M.," said Miss Oakwood. "The manner in which this P.L.M. Company treats its passengers is nothing short of abominable—"

"Will you kindly allow me to pass, madame?" came an exasperated voice from her rear. The clergyman's patience had given out.

"I'm sorry," was her reply as he pushed past her, but I never heard anyone less so. "Don't you two hurry. Drink your coffee in peace. I will return to our compartment alone and possibly be just in time to prevent our hand-luggage from being ransacked by thieves—I am sure there are lots on this train. And, Martin, don't tip that impertinent waiter more than half a franc—he doesn't deserve more!" She left us with the face of a martyr and the air of a tragedy queen.

Before retiring to our *couchettes* that night Martin went off for a smoke in the corridor, and was away so long I succeeded in getting Miss Oakwood safely, after many vicissitudes, into her upper berth and tucked in securely. She kissed me warmly before I descended the little ladder. I had been wrestling with a shawl which refused to enfold her shoulders in the way she desired. First the fringe tickled her, then it let in draughts. "I hope I've not been very cross, Peronelle?" she in-

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quired tentatively. I pretended not to hear her. "But really everything on this line is badly managed."

"I think it's wonderful." I should not have said that. I was aware of it the moment the words were out of my mouth. She sat up in bed and inquired what I knew about travelling.

"Nothing," I cried, "and oh, don't do that; you have disarranged all the shawl."

"I can do it myself," she said in icy tones as she lay back. "I am sorry it was so much trouble to you. Good-night."

Crushed, I descended the ladder and then removed it. I was occupying the berth below Miss Oakwood, and Martin the one opposite. The fourth, fortunately, was vacant; the little mild woman, terrified apparently of Miss Oakwood, had changed to a *wagon-lit*. Having made my preparations for the night by tying up my head in a scarf and slipping off my skirt and into a fur coat, I was about to seek my cot when Martin appeared, and asked me to come out into the corridor as he wanted to have a word with me. Leading me a little distance from our compartment, he chucklingly announced: "I've fixed things. I'm going to teach our dearly beloved lady a lesson. I love her deeply, but I've had enough of her as a fellow-passenger. Listen." He unfolded the following amazing scheme: "I've just met a chap out here—we've had a smoke together—whom I knew at Ypres. He's along in the next coach in a first-class

smoker. Before parting, I asked him if he would do me a service, and he replied 'By all means.' 'Then,' said I, 'I want to have a row with you in the morning; do you mind?' And he replied, 'No, if it doesn't lead to bloodshed.' I said it wouldn't, and he said: 'Right O!' 'I want you,' I said, 'to go to the lavatory at the end of our coach at half-past six to-morrow for a wash before breakfast, and take your time about it. I'll come along and make a row at your occupying the place so long. I shall kick the door and hurl epithets at your ears through the woodwork. You'll eventually appear and ask me what the something something I mean by such insulting behaviour. Urged by two ladies—that will be you and Miss Oakwood—I shall calm down and subsequently apologise to you. Are you game?' My friend said he was. I didn't explain why I proposed to behave in such unseemly fashion, and he didn't inquire the reason. Don't you think it a great scheme?" he concluded, chuckling.

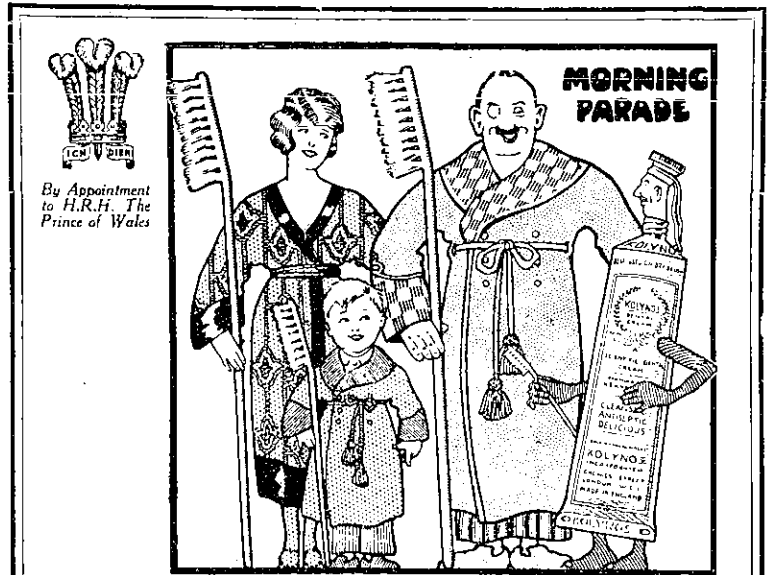
"You mean she will see herself as others see her?"

"Exactly."

I heard him chuckling on and off till he fell asleep.

It all went off "according to plan." Miss Oakwood and I, with towels and sponge-bags in our hands, sat in the grey light—it was a dull morning—patiently awaiting the return of Martin.

("The Great Husband Hunt" will be concluded in the next issue.)



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# Engagement Rings

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## WEDDINGS

Announcements are inserted under this heading at a minimum charge of 7/6 for seven lines, 3/6 for every subsequent three lines. Announcements should reach this office not later than the last day of the month preceding publication.



Photo. by Crown Studios, Wellington.

Mrs. Monty Saywell (née Miss Jessie Phillipps).  
(Announcement Below.)

An evening wedding was recently celebrated at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, The Terrace, Wellington, the Rev. Robertson Orr officiating, when Miss Jessie Phillipps, eldest daughter of Mrs. William Phillipps, of "Parkville," Upper Adelaide Road, and the late Mr. William Phillipps, of Waikouaiti, Otago, was married to Mr. Monty Saywell, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Saywell, College Street, Palmerston North.

A quiet, but very pretty wedding was solemnised at the Presbyterian Church, Cambridge, by the Rev. Hays. The contracting parties were Mr. Alfred Bertram Cubis, eldest son of Mrs. Alfred Cubis, and Miss Elsie Florence, eldest daughter of Mrs. F. Wilkins, Auckland, late of Birmingham, England. The bride was given away by her mother, and was attended by her two sisters, Miss Doris Wilkins and Miss Gwendolyn Wilkins, bridesmaids, Miss Ella Hanna and two tiny girls, the Misses Glaier and Eda Cubis. Mr. Wilfred Cubis performed the duties of best man.

A very quiet wedding took place at St. Andrew's Church, Cambridge, on Thursday morning, June 19, when Nina, youngest daughter of Mrs. Hoadley and the late C. B. Hoadley, of Cambridge, and late of Hawke's Bay, was married to Bernard de Latour, son of the late Dr. and Mrs. de Latour, of Oamaru. The bride looked charming in a mole velour suit and a becoming toque to match. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. C. Mortimer-Jones.

The wedding took place in St. John's Church, Roslyn, on June 4th, of Miss Runa Lees Melville, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Melville, to Mr. N. Y. A. Wales, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Y. Wales, of Newington Avenue, Maori Hill, Dunedin. The Ven. Archdeacon Fitchett performed the ceremony.

The wedding took place recently at St. John's Church, Waihi, of Geraldine, younger daughter of Mr. H. D. M. Hazard, of "Wenvoe," Riverbank, Waihi (formerly Commissioner Crown Lands, Christchurch), to Mr. Dick Connell, of Eltham, Taranaki.

The wedding was solemnised at St. Patrick's Cathedral by the Rev. Father Bradley, on Wednesday, 18th June, of Phyllis, only daughter of Mrs. A. Noon, Onehunga, to Edward Arthur, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Wilson, Takapuna. The bride, who entered the church on the arm of her cousin, Mr. C. Brown, looked charming in a dainty frock of French grey georgette and pretty hat finished with ospreys. She carried a large bouquet of deep cream narcissi and asparagus fern. The bridesmaid, Miss Belle Douglas, wore a pretty frock of jade green crepe de chine, heavily beaded, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of pink evelamens and asparagus fern. The bridegroom's brother, Mr. Billie Wilson, acted as best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, being attended by relatives only of bride and bridegroom.

W&W948

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## ENGAGEMENTS

*Announcements are inserted under this heading at a minimum charge of 7/6 for seven lines, 3/6 for every subsequent three lines. Announcements should reach this office not later than the last day of the month preceding publication.*

*The engagement is announced*

Of Lynda, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Amon, Ranui, Plumerton, to Guy, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. C. Robieson, Oriental Bay, Wellington.

o o o

Of Bessie Paolina, third daughter of Mr. J. H. Pagni, Consul for Italy, and Mrs. Pagni, of Remuera, to Herbert, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Buckley, of Auckland.

o o o

Of Beverley Adrienne, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Rushe, of Reef-ton, to Mr. Neil Howard Eames, of a local Greymouth Department, only son of Mrs. H. A. Eames, of Whangarei, North Auckland.

o o o

Of Miss Helen Barthgate (late of Dunedin) to Mr. Arthur James Webster, of Thames.

o o o

Of Miss Madeleine Wilkinson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wilkinson, Melrose, Roslyn, to Dr. H. H. Barnett, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Barnett, Morven, South Canterbury.

o o o

Of Miss Trixie Scott, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Scott, of Mornington, to Mr. William H. Beath, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Beath, Royal Terrace, Dunedin.

o o o

Of Miss Rena E. Robertson, only daughter of Mrs. J. Robertson, formerly of Dalmore, Dunedin (at present in Wellington), to Mr. Lyndon B. Christie, of Christchurch.

o o o

Of Miss Veda Wyatt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Wyatt, of Dunedin, to Mr. David Burt, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Burt, of Newcastle, New South Wales.

o o o

Of Miss Grace Henderson, youngest daughter of Mr. R. Henderson, Hope Street, to Mr. Frederick Wilson, of Wanganui.

o o o

Of Miss Lavinia Woods, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Woods, of "Mount Watkins," Waikouaiti, to Mr. Chauncey Everard Sim, of Tapanui.

o o o

Of Miss Alma Steele, of Cambridge, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Steele, of Christchurch, to Mr. Claude Floyd, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Floyd, of Cambridge.

o o o

Of Marie, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. R. Avery, Mahoenui, Te Kuiti, to Mr. H. K. Lacy, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lacy, of Devonport, Auckland.

o o o

Of Miss May Victoria Parsons, of the Government Audit Department, Wellington, to Mr. Fred Watters, late of the same department, but recently appointed town clerk at Ngaurawahia, near Hamilton. Miss Parsons is well known in suburban church circles as "Princess Victoria" in the Queen Carnival which will take place shortly at Seatoun.

o o o

Of Elsie May, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Froude, of Morrinsville, to Ronald Charles, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. W. Gilbert, of Norwich Street, Linwood.

o o o

Of Miss Gretchen Brice, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Brice, of Nelson (formerly of Wellington), to Mr. Frederick Bagot, of Durban, South Africa, who held the rank of captain in the R.A.F.C. in the late war.

o o o

Of Miss Lily Dent, of Kauroa, to Mr. Norman Vendt.

o o o

Of Miss Alma Bernard, of Raglan, to Mr. George Pooley, of Wainui.



**MR. J. R. MCKENZIE**, who controls numerous Toilet Depots in all the principal towns throughout New Zealand, says that among all the hair preparations sold at his stores, either locally manufactured or imported, none have given such entire satisfaction as

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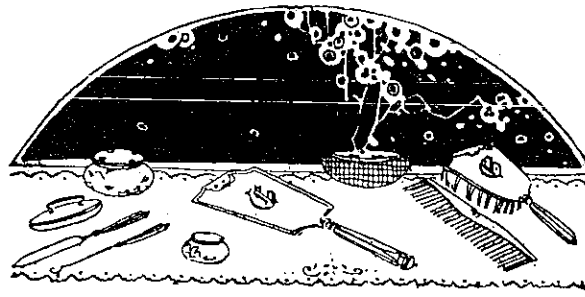
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## "LAUGHING" WRINKLES

A WOMAN who has an expressive face is sometimes described as being more attractive than her sister who has perfect features or a flawless complexion. Her smiles come and go very quickly, and usually by the time she is thirty-five there are laughter wrinkles round her eyes.

### An Aged Appearance

Wrinkles such as these are never ugly—they are "nice" wrinkles, as a celebrated beauty specialist once called them, but, even so, there is the danger of their growing deeper and giving an aged appearance to the face.

"Laughing" wrinkles are easy to treat, as they are formed afresh each day and must be smoothed out every night before sleep if they are to be prevented from becoming permanent.

In the majority of cases they are little fine lines which form around the eyes, commonly called "crow's-feet," and the two longer lines which run from the nostrils towards the chin on either side of the mouth. These latter sometimes result from a habit of drawing the corners of the mouth downwards and not from laughing; but when this is the case the lines are always longer and deeper, and run beyond the mouth almost to the end of the jaw.

Every night sponge the face with warm water, then wring a piece of Turkish towelling out in very hot water— as hot as can be comfortably borne—and hold it to the face over the wrinkles at the side of the mouth. Hold the towelling against the face till it cools, then wring it out in more hot water and repeat. When the skin is quite warm and moist smear a little good cream along the line or wrinkle, and gently pinch the skin straight up and down the line. This not only stimulates the muscles, but, by raising the skin, prevents the line from becoming permanent.

### Complexion "Drill"

Close the eyes, wring a small piece of soft towelling out in warm water (not as hot as that used for the lines around the mouth), and hold it over the closed eyes. Repeat two or three times, then smear a little cream round the closed eyes, taking special care to apply it liberally at each outer corner. Now with the first, second, and third finger of the right hand tap the cream very lightly into the skin until it is nearly all absorbed by the pores. A little of the cream may be left on the skin around both the eyes and the mouth if desired, but in the majority of cases sufficient will have been absorbed during the treatment to make this unnecessary.

### KEEPING IN A "WAVE"

THERE are often occasions—as, for instance, when away in the country holiday-making—when the hair cannot be re-waved for some time. How can the existing wave be made to last as long as possible?

In the first place, make every effort to go to the hairdresser on a dry, settled day. Rain, or even much moisture in the air immediately after a wave, works havoc with it. For the same reason, forswear your hot bath for twenty-four hours afterwards.

Brush your hair as little as possible the first night, to give the wave time to settle; and sleep in a boudoir cap fitting snugly with an elastic, for many a "kink" is fidgeted out at night.

Disturb the waving as little as possible when dressing the hair, even if by so doing your head isn't quite as tidy as usual. It's only for one day, after all: for after twenty-four hours a well-waved head gently "settles down" so firmly that it won't be quite straight again for several weeks.

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## THE BEAUTY EXPERTS.

WHAT THE BEST OF THEM  
HAVE TO SAY ON VARIOUS  
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### THE MAGNETISM OF BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

Beautiful hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Actresses and smart women are ever on the lookout for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stallax as a shampoo on account of the peculiarly glossy, fluffy, and wavy effect which it leaves. As stallax has never been used much for this purpose it comes to the chemist only in ½-lb. sealed original packages, enough for twenty-five or thirty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very beneficial and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect.

### TO HAVE SMOOTH, WHITE SKIN, FREE FROM BLEMISH.

Does your skin chape or roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, smooth, and soft. Just get some ordinary mercolised wax at the chemist's and use a little before retiring, as you would use cold cream. The wax, through some peculiar action, flecks off the rough, discoloured, or blemished skin. The worn-out cuticle comes off just like dandruff on a diseased scalp, only in almost invisible particles. Mercolised wax simply hastens Nature's work, which is the rational and proper way to attain a perfect complexion, so much sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

### PERMANENTLY REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

How to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair, is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered pheninol, obtainable from the chemist's, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.



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