

THE LADIES'

MIRROR

The Home Journal of New Zealand



Long Complete Story

The Responsibilities of the Parent :

Spring Modes

MOCKBEGGAR
TRAINING FOR LIFE
SPECIAL FASHION PAGES

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

. By EDITH HOWES

Special Parisian Photographs

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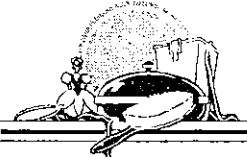
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The LADIES' MIRROR

The fashionable ladies' journal of New Zealand

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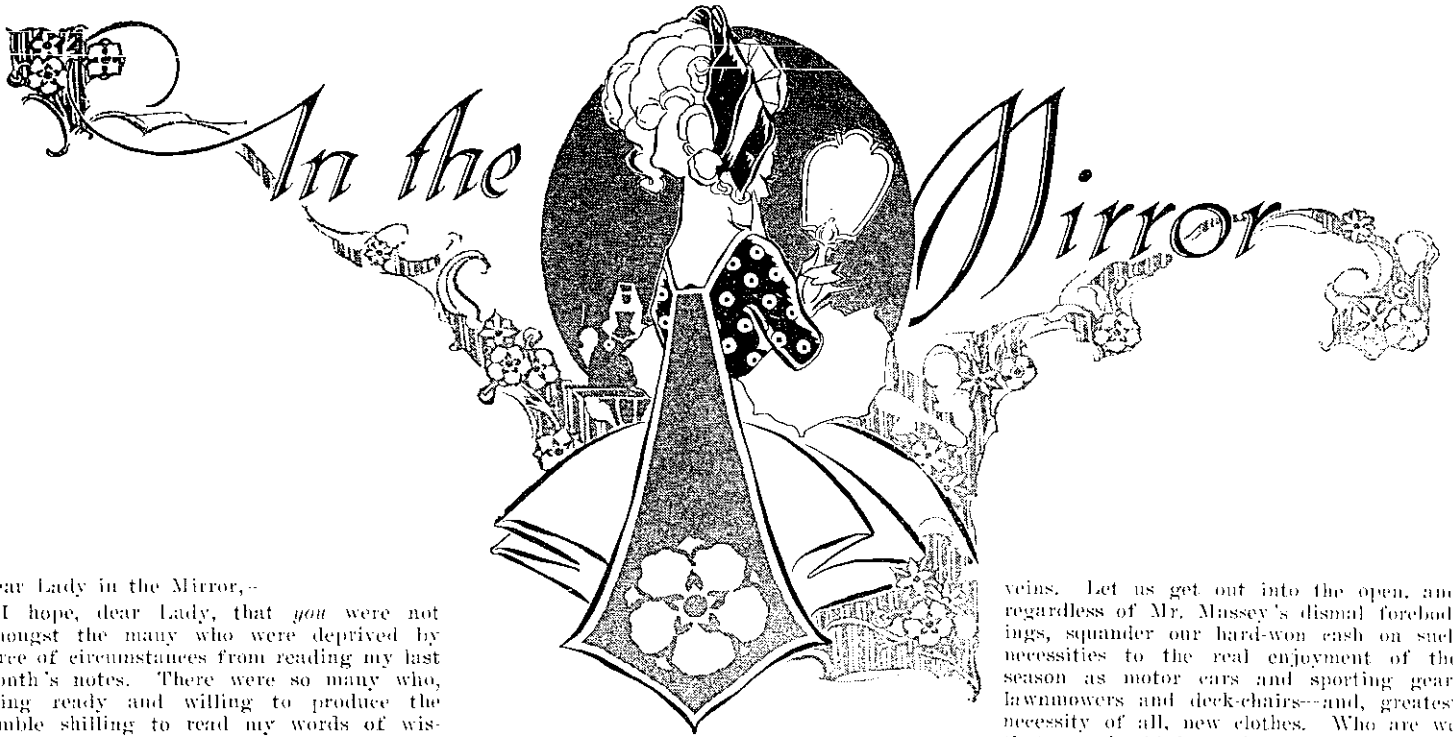
ONE SHILLING.



Photograph: S. P. Andrew, Auck. & Well

A POPULAR AUCKLAND HOSTESS

A BEAUTIFUL CAMERA STUDY OF
MRS. WILLIAM A. HORNE
OF PUKENUI ROAD, EPSOM, WHO IS
WELL KNOWN IN AUCKLAND SOCIETY



Dear Lady in the Mirror,—

I hope, dear Lady, that *you* were not amongst the many who were deprived by force of circumstances from reading my last month's notes. There were so many who, being ready and willing to produce the nimble shilling to read my words of wisdom (and incidentally to enjoy the other features of the journal that a generous Editor considers necessary to amplify my epistle), were disappointed because, Mother Hubbard-like, the cupboard was bare: the newsagent's stock was exhausted.

Should you be amongst the disappointed, accept our apologies and incidentally our advice.

The circulation of THE LADIES' MIRROR is advancing by leaps and bounds—a very gratifying condition of affairs, for which we thank you most heartily, but one that is a little difficult to keep pace with, and though we have done our best, even the limits of our optimism have been exceeded. Hence the fact that you may not have been able to obtain your copy. I might add that there is one perfectly certain way to ensure against disappointment. On page 33 will be found a form, fill it up, attach the necessary, and leave the rest to us.

THAT SPRING FEELING!

Spring at last! Though, to be quite honest, I always feel that there is something missing in New Zealand Springtime. The transition of the seasons is so easy. The blazonry heralding the advent of warmer days is a fine, inspiring thing in less favoured climes: dead is the tyrant that has ruled so harshly for so long, and all nature decks itself in its brightest to welcome a new and gentler ruler. Here it is like the passing of some worn-out but well-beloved king: though we may rejoice at the coming of a more lively rule, we cannot find it in our hearts to make too great a parade either of sincere mourning or of flamboyant gladness.

Goodness! there must be more in this Spring feeling than I realised: I thought that I was past so adolescent an emotion. If I am not careful I shall find myself breaking into rhyme, and too well I know the Editor's feelings, poor fellow, about Spring and the curious effect it has in making the sanest of us burble poetry. This, by the way, is a fact; you probably thought it a tag on which humorous artists depend for a precarious existence, but with the burgeoning of the leaf, so does our mail become overlaid with the efforts of amateur poets.

Possibly I have libelled our New Zealand Spring. It may be something within myself that is at fault. When one is no longer "tall and slender and of the masculine gender," when one has accepted responsibilities, Spring means but fresh expenditure; one is fortunate if one can still summon up enough enthusiasm to wonder if tennis is still within one's powers, and whether the price of a new racquet (and how expensive they seem to be getting, don't they?) will not be better invested in more sober channels.

Away with such dismal thoughts: let the spirit of Spring course joyously through our

REFLECTIONS ON VARIOUS THEMES
BY "KNAVE O' HEARTS"

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veins. Let us get out into the open, and regardless of Mr. Massey's dismal forebodings, squander our hard-won cash on such necessities to the real enjoyment of the season as motor cars and sporting gear, lawnmowers and deck-chairs—and, greatest necessity of all, new clothes. Who are we that we should know better than Nature? When the very hedges decide that their winter garb is shabby and threadbare and must needs be renewed, surely we are entitled to think the same! Hence the amount of space you will find devoted, dear Lady, to your sartorial needs in this number. Follow Nature's example, and look your gayest—but was there ever woman yet who needed such encouragement!

JOURNALISTIC PECKSNIFFS

Hypocrisy is the most loathsome of all vices. It has nothing to commend it. In the old melodramas the villain had at least the one virtue that he was sincere in his villainy—his every word, his appearance, his very walk announced his purpose in life, and should (though it usually didn't, as otherwise there would have been no play) have warned his innocent victims the moment he hove in sight. One felt that there might be something very attractive about so thorough-going a rascal—he was, at least, no hypocrite.

On the other hand, we cannot tolerate for a moment the Pecksniffs and Uriah Heeps of life. Smirking hypocrisy, masked under the veil of high moral motives, leaves a bad taste in the mouth of even the most hardened of us, and yet it is such a common vice. We have just had a flagrant example of it in the way one or two of our popular journals have cast up their righteous eyes to heaven and displayed disapproving palms, while they rolled the salacious details of the Sydney orgy around their tongues: relishing with gusto the spicy morsels and inviting all and sundry to share their horrid repast. "Terrible, terrible, dear readers, but did you hear what happened in the Bargain Basement?—our special correspondents on the spot will tell you all about it." So it is with every divorce case that reveals sufficient of the seamy side of life to make it palatable to a certain section of the public. In goes the almost, but unfortunately not quite unprintable evidence: beautifully alliterative placards are spread broadcast to contaminate the minds of our youth—and all in the name of Morality. I am no prude, the Press is the modern pillory more pitiless than the stocks of old, and, possibly, more efficacious, but if such things must be said (though I, for one, see no necessity), let it be admitted that they are published for the sole purpose of getting a circulation amongst those who appreciate offal, and for no other motive. Leave the question of morality to the better section of the Press that does not batten on vice.

And possibly a more strict censorship of our placards and cinema posters would be no bad move. Some of the expressions that are flaunted in every public thoroughfare are worse than Rabelaisian—many of the pictures that decorate our boardings are nothing less than highly coloured incentives to immorality.

FOUR CHARMING DEBUTANTES



Miss HELEN McLENNAN
daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
McLennan, of Karori.

Photo. by Elizabeth Greenwood, Well.

(Below)
Miss BETTY FITZGERALD
A recent Dunedin debutante.



Photo. by
Elizabeth Greenwood, Well.

Miss PEGGY TRINGHAM
who is the daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. C. W. Tringham,
of Wellington.



Photo. by Palfillo, Dunedin.



Photo. by Elizabeth Greenwood, Well.

Miss VIOLET COTTON
daughter of Mrs. Machan,
of Napier.



LADY GUNSON AND HER
DAUGHTER MARGARET
A charming photograph of
Auckland's popular Mayoress.

A SLUR ON OUR GIRLHOOD

I see that the reverend elders of the Waitapu Synod, met in conference together recently at Napier, take a very serious, and to my mind, somewhat exaggerated view of the increased amount of drinking that, they allege, is doing incalculable harm to our girls and young women. Did I believe that their facts were correct, I would most heartily endorse the serious view that they take of the position, but their experience must be very different from mine.

That a few girls think it is "smart" to be seen drinking too frequent cocktails I know is true, and more's the pity, but that the vast majority are addicted to the cocktail and "spot" habit I do not for a moment believe. Many girls may, on occasions of celebration, indulge in one not very vicious, and certainly succulent, cocktail, or possibly one, or maybe two, glasses of mild claret cup; which, by the way, our reverend friends appear to view with the same detestation as whisky and more vicious potent beverages.

Wholesale condemnation of this nature is unjust. It leads many to believe that the evil is far more widespread than it actually is, and casts a reflection on the whole of our womanhood. My experience of dances, both public and private, is probably larger than that of the majority of the members of the Synod, and I have yet to see, in New Zealand, a girl the worse for having imbibed too freely.

THE MOTHER OF THE ARTS

It has, aforetime, been alleged against Auckland that amongst the cities of New Zealand she is the Arch Philistine. She is, or so her detractors assert, like the fair, but frail, ladies of History, who sat enthroned in beauty, yet considered that the loveliness so lavishly bestowed upon them by Nature exonerated them from the trouble of cultivating beauty of soul, shown by real appreciation of the Arts.

No longer can this gibe make loyal Aucklanders flinch; no longer need they hide diminished heads when, having nobly and worthily held their own whilst natural attractions and charm of climate were discussed, the conversation turns art-wards.

Auckland is architecturally enthusiastic. Amongst her citizens may be numbered at least two who have dwelt in the shadow of the Tower of Bruges, and amongst them also is Philip of Philistia, who wields a wittily scathing pen in the good cause. Philip may, or may not, be numbered amongst my intimates, for he hides his anonymity under an enshrouding bushel, but I would remind him and a host of others who have been so ready both with criticism and with that faint praise that is always associated with profanity, of the old wise adage concerning the folly of displaying incomplete work to the immature and the mentally deficient. Let us withhold our judgment, both those of us who may possess even better grounds on which to found our

(Below)
A Sweet-voiced Singer
Mrs. CYRIL TOWSEY
of Auckland



THE WELLINGTON MUSICAL COMPETITIONS

SOME OF THE SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS



(Top Left)
Miss EFFIE BRICE
who secured one first and three
second prizes.

(Centre: In Circle)
Miss GWEN CLAYTON
Winner of Mr. Brabin's Diamond
Ring for the highest aggregate...
Ladies' Vocal Section.

(Top Right)
Miss MARY COOLEY
who won three first prizes and one
second prize for Recitation.

(Left: In Circle)
Miss ANITA WINKEL
Winner of the Senior Champion-
ship (Recitation), two first prizes,
two second prizes, and the special
Kapai prize for the Elocution aggre-
gate.

(Centre)
Miss GWEN WING
First in chief Piano Solo; Winner
of Messrs. Pinnys Gold Wristlet
Watch.

(Right Circle)
Miss MARY ELDERTON
Winner Ladies' Vocal Champion-
ship.

(Bottom: On Right)
Miss JEANETTE BRIGGS
who won three first prizes, three
second prizes, and four third prizes
(Vocal Section).

(In Circle)
Miss ELSIE FRY
Winner of two first prizes for
Recitation in the Junior Sections.

(Bottom: In Panel)
Miss GWEN ROBYNS
First prize: Action Song under 9.

(Bottom: Left)
Miss M. SMITH
Winner of one first, two second,
and two third prizes.



THE EMPIRE PAGEANT AT WEMBLEY
Maori girls receive Princess Helena Victoria with a Dance of Welcome.

Photograph: Topical Press.

criticism than having lived for a while in a picturesque town in Belgium, and those, too, who frankly admit that we "don't know anything about architecture, but we know what we like," until we can see what is in the architect's mind—until the whole idea can be realised. Let us remember that the design upon which so much costly printers' ink has been spilt, was the choice of many; chosen upon the grounds of its utility and beauty by those who, presumably, knew what was required and who felt their responsibilities as wardens of Auckland's architectural beauty.

To be frank, New Zealand has but little to pride herself upon in the way of beautiful buildings; this is but natural, for the whole world produces in each century but few public buildings of note. Men's needs, in a young country, naturally turn first, from sheer stark necessity, to utility, rather than to beauty. It is well to remember that even the great cathedrals of Europe were not the products of one man or one age—they evolved from the combined genius of artists and true craftsmen (if then was difficult to draw a distinguishing line between the two), working together with but the one idea: to create truth and beauty. Little did the mediæval artist-craftsman reek of "Styles." He worked in truth and not in terminology. Had you spoken to him of "Neo-Gothic" it would have been as outlandish a term as "Neo-Grec." He was receptive of new ideas—yet his training was received from his father, who had imbibed his craft from his ancestors.

To-day, much study hath turned us pedantically mad, and we look askance on the man who attempts originality, unless his originality is so bizarre as to be beyond the comprehension of any normal being—then it is "clever" and "modern."

However, you have me astride a pet hobby horse, so I would just remind our amateur architectural critics that these same mediæval cathedrals, which appear so to obsess their minds, and which they consider the ultimate peak of architectural attainment, beyond which man's ability cannot soar, were but the expression in material terms of the mentality of the age in which they were built. Architecture, like all true art, is rightly influenced by many things: the mind of the age and the race (pre-war art in Germany should have warned the world of the "frightfulness" of "Kultur"); geographical conditions, material and, most obviously, climate conditions. Forgetfulness of this may be forgiven, for better and more highly trained minds than our Auckland critics would claim to possess have already made the same mistake, and have perpetuated it in the pseudo-classic frigidities with which Georgian architects disfigured England, Gothic made-to-measure by dispirited Socialistic labourers is not the same anthem in stone that was achieved by master-craftsmen inspired by religious motives. Wembley, in the detail he copied ever so closely, can never quite achieve the Taj.

What was suitable for Rheims in 1200 A.D. is not suitable for Auckland in this year of grace; what is beautiful in carved stone is, when imitated in concrete, an absurdity. The changeable, and, too often



Photograph: Topical Press.

THE EMPIRE PAGEANT AT WEMBLEY

Mrs. Staples Brown (Miss Maggie Papakura), a descendant of a Maori Princess, adjusts the head-dress of Major Dansey, who was responsible for the correct setting and costumes in the Maori tableaux and dances. Major Dansey is a descendant of a great Arava chief.



THE NEW UNIVERSITY TOWER, AUCKLAND
From Albert Park. A fierce controversy has raged regarding the artistic merits of this tower, which is one of Auckland's leading landmarks.

Photograph: Revell Reynolds, Auckland.

dour skies of England call for something different from that which is so charming and right in the bright sunshine and genial warmth of Italy—and so the tale goes on.

Therefore, let us pause before we condemn, and, if you will, hesitate before we even faintheartedly praise: at least, let us see the finished picture before we damn the rough sketch.

TOWN PLANNING

Were this but all, Auckland would possess ample evidence of its interest in the mother of the Arts, but public interest is also keenly alive to the possibilities of the proposed City Square that is to grace Auckland's principal thoroughfare. This is the largest experiment in Town Planning ever attempted in the Dominion, and I have before expressed a doubt as to whether we possess an architect with a sufficiently experienced imagination to adequately cope with the scheme. It must be remembered that we shall build not alone for this generation, but for those to come, and by their heritage shall we be judged. It is no light responsibility that rests upon the judges, and we can only hope that they will be able to hand on a scheme that will be a source of pride, rather than a white elephant, to our descendants.

Meanwhile, Auckland is woefully deficient in sports' grounds, and for the upkeep of the few poor specimens that exist, but little money can be found. It would indeed be a worthy monument to the ability and far-sightedness of the civic administration, if they were to take the matter in hand, and remembering that Auckland will one day have to find recreation spaces for ten times its present population, make more than adequate provision for not only the present, but the future, whilst land within easy reach of the city can be obtained comparatively cheaply; whilst yet the mushroom growth of suburbia allows the opportunity to be grasped.

In no city that I have seen anywhere in the world, is that vital necessity of modern civilisation, Sport, so badly provided for as in the "Queen City." This is a reproach that must be removed—and the sooner it is attempted the easier and cheaper will be the remedy.

Better a belt of park lands, thronged (but not *too* thronged) with healthy young citizens obtaining the finest medicine in the world—vigorous outdoor exercise—than the most grandiose civic scheme. I would almost say that a well-kept recreation ground is a greater credit to a city than a well-stocked library, or a gallery of priceless, and unappreciated, Old Masters.

A hale young citizen in flannels should be a source of greater credit to a city than the most dignified, obese alderman in scarlet and ermine.

OUR COVER:—A ROYAL BABE

The bonny young man who graces our cover is George Henry Hubert Lascelles—Princess Mary's elder son.

KNAVE O' HEARTS.



Photograph: S. P. Andrew, Auckland and Wellington.

Mrs. H. R. BURRETT (née Miss Eileen Mason, of Christchurch), who was recently married at St. Mary's Pro-Cathedral, Auckland.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS from AUCKLAND and WELLINGTON

A PAGE OF
RECENT BRIDES



Mrs. KENNETH BOSWELL of Epsom, who was before her marriage Miss Nenu Mac-Donnell, of Waihi.



Photograph: S. G. Dobson, Auckland.



Photograph: S. P. Andrew, Auckland and Wellington.

Mrs. J. T. WAUGH (née Miss Ellen Nash, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Nash, of Levin, married to J. T. Waugh, of Wellington, on June 11th, at the Basilica, Wellington.



"SAN TOY"

PRODUCED BY THE AUCKLAND OPERATIC SOCIETY

Left to Right— Misses B. Poulton, D. D'Authereau, P. Redmond, G. Fowler, M. McCulloch, D. Dowell, M. White, A. Dickinson, and Mr. G. Jones as "The Emperor."



Mr. J. Peterson as Mandarin Sing Hi.

FLOTSAM & JETSAM

COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

IT CERTAINLY LOOKED BAD.

"Father," said Nellie, "that bank in which you told me to put my money is in a bad way."

"In a bad way?" returned her father. "Why, my child, that's one of the strongest banks in the country. What in the world gives you that idea?"

"Well," said Nellie, "it returned one of my cheques to-day for £5 marked 'No funds.'"

The quill habit is certainly with women. Every feminine sitting of the writing-room has now several coloured quills—and many are extra feathery by reason of soft ostrich tendrils attached to them.

But some women use quills of a sturdier type. Katharine Tynan, the well-known novelist, writes her charming words with a little, short, sparse white quill. She has a quaint little habit of sometimes scrabbling, right up from the table, both her writing and blotting paper, which she supports with one hand, while she scribbles away for all she is worth with the other.



Miss Eva Robertson as San Toy.

WISDOM FROM THE WAYSIDE

I am only disguised as old age. *Sir Ian Hamilton.*

The prevalent cynicism is the greatest enemy of world recovery. *The Archbishop of York.*

It is not a poet's business to save a man's soul, but to make it worth saving. *Miss Lena Ashwell.*

It costs from £400 to £500 in hard cash to produce a man. *Sir W. Jopson-Hicks.*

I never intend to grow old.—*Lord Birkenhead.*

Agriculture is the basis of all life, and for the sake of the nation it must be made to flourish. *Sir Herbert Matthews.*

Nobody really loves or respects a courtier. *Mr. H. G. Wells.*

I have heard every story ever told. *Mr. Chauncey M. Depew.*
And now you can pity our Editor.

If we get more human it doesn't mean that we shall make less profits. —*Mr. Emsley (Bradford).*

History has shown that enmities are not unappeasable and that friendships are not unestrangleable. *Lord Birkenhead.*

Left to Right—Misses D. Dowell, A. Dickinson, P. Redmond, G. Jones, M. Jeffries.



Miss J. Stenenson, Mr. F. de Guerrier as Sir Byngo Preston, Mr. J. N. Gordon as Lieut. Harvey Tucker, Mrs. Dargaville as Poppy Preston.



YOUTHFUL CHRISTCHURCH



Mrs. BRUCE
DOUGLAS
and her baby.



(Above)
CONSTANCE and JOYCE
the younger daughters of
Mr. and Mrs. Palmer.



(Above)
MAIR JORIE
the eldest daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Palmer.



(Left)
Mrs. LONDON
with Lorraine and Rowena.

Photographs:
Standish & Proctor, Christchurch.



Surely nowhere but at Anteuil could one see a gown so smart and original.

Most unusual and striking is this race frock of fine black muslin over white satin, with collar and appliqué medallions of hand-embroidered tulle.

Even Anteuil, the smartest racing event of social Paris, must judge this gown the winner.

Photographs: Studio Rabma, Paris.

The MIRROR of FASHION

SPRING BECKONS US WITH COMPELLING FINGER . . . AND IT BEHOVES US TO DECK OURSELVES GAILY FOR HIS SUNNY FESTIVAL

HAVE you ever made a mental review of the silhouettes of fashion down the Ages? If you have, you will doubtless be somewhat bewildered at the anatomical "moods" through which we have flashed; and will probably register a sigh of relief at the apparently simple silhouette of today. But the great occupation of Fashion at present is line, line, and again, line. It is harassing for those of us who are the least bit the victims of ample proportions to be told, with all the finality of a royal proclamation, that our "line" must be straight and slender. A stern régime of exercise and diet seems to be the only hope.

But for the woman of fashionable proportions there is every scope for the exhibition of her "infinite variety." She can start the day with trim, simple *tailleur* or tailored frock. She may indulge her whims as to style, and be severely masculine, with the most classical of tailorings; or "*garçonne*," with neat, short jacket in one line with the skirt, which is often in contrasting material of check or stripe; or her mood may dictate a tailored frock, with the added charm of chemisettes, collars and cuffs, or the omnipresent scarf.

The softer models are generally variations on the popular tunic. The lines of the tunics seem to have been formed by geographical and historical influences. One is straight and severe, like the surtout of the Crusader. Another is of medium length, with a flare in the lower part, borrowed from Persia. Others again seem to hint at Russia and China.

The Shadow of the Directoire

The *directoire* gown is casting a shadow into the near future, and asks for

approval; the wheel will apparently come round again full circle. (Some years hence the waistline will doubtless have reached once more, by successive stages, its present location.) This line is hinted at by a yoke, a fold of the material, or a line of trimming. But as yet it is only hinted.

Couturiers of the moment are paying more attention than ever before to the creation of sports models. Sports of all kinds are a recognised feature of everyday life, and even spectators like to be dressed in tune with their surroundings.

Tailleur models, though more colourful than those for street wear, and kill-pleated skirts planned for ease of movement, are the most popular styles. The two-piece, skirt and blouse type, is almost invariably of white, and the skirt is of the wrap-over type, with a wide overlapping section to allow ease for walking without the appearance of "slashing" in the skirt.

All-pleated skirts are still very much worn, but what is still smarter is a skirt with clusters of pleats inside the panels. With this is worn blouse or jumper as fancy may dictate. Many of the beltless blouses in silk and crêpe materials have no trimming at all, save a monogram.

As an alternative to the two-piece sports model, there are little straight frocks of white flannel, striped silk or crêpe, generally belted with a narrow line of bright green or red or orange suède, the colour to tone with the printed scarf, without which, at present, no sports costume is considered complete.

—And for the "Après Midi!"

Afternoon models still favour the "en-

semble," or coat and dress, designed to be worn together. Generally the two pieces are of the same material, and show merely similarity of trimming; but sometimes the coat is of one material and the dress of another, and when this is the case a sense of unity is achieved by lining the coat with the dress material, and often showing facings and pockets in the same colourings. This is especially the case with the combination of print and plain.

Evening gowns and wraps are much be-trimmed with ostrich feather. The wraps have high collars and wide bands of the feather; and the gowns have deep hems, sometimes on the bias, of long *pleareuse* feathers. Hats this summer are going to be trimmed with ostrich plumes and ruches. "Fine feathers" on wide *crin* hats, with parasol to match, should make fine birds this summer.

The imperative need with an evening gown nowadays is a scarf or shawl. Gowns themselves are not trimmed much, except where bordered with ostrich, but a very novel and entirely new model of Chanel's is of chiffon with incrustations of coloured chiffon and wing draperies hanging from the shoulders at the back, giving it the effect of a gorgeous butterfly with wings folded. The effect is dazzling when the wings are extended. There are gowns of lace in black, black and white and cream; straight dance frocks with deep ostrich hems; sheath-like gowns of all shades of rose and red; and straight line gowns with flared wing draperies from shoulder and waist. With so much originality in design, the problem is to choose!

FASHION :
THOUGH
CAPTIOUS,

IS CHARMING
IN EVERY
M O O D



(Right)
"Taut on Rien," this new
Lucien Lelong silhouette
shows no tendency towards
the Directoire waistline
threatened by some coutu-
riers. It is in the new
shades of mountain browns.

(In Circle)
There is a French dictum
which says that a woman
well "bonneted" is always
pretty, and who would not
believe it with this little
model in black ciré satin
trimmed with little white
leaves and orange fruits on
a black band? (Maison
Lewis.)



A split tunic of cloth of silver and beaded
silver, over the supplest of satin skirts, and
Brandt has achieved perfection.

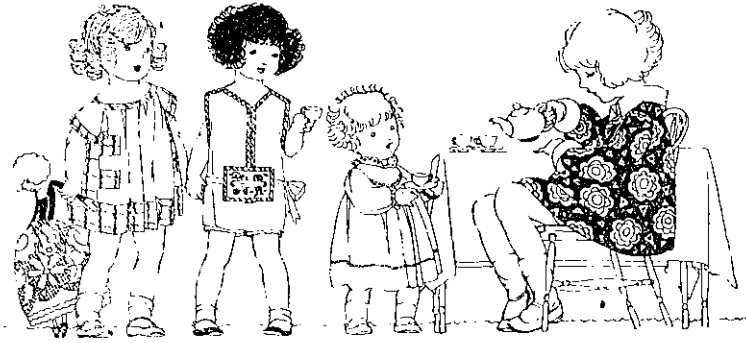


Photographs. Studio Rahma, Paris.



Embroidery of coloured crêpe de chine gives
"chic" to this tunic gown of black satin,
over soft, filmy black lace. (Maison Savary.)

The Necessity for an Ideal



TRAINING FOR LIFE

By EDITH HOWES

MISS EDITH HOWES, THE WELL-KNOWN NEW ZEALAND AUTHORESS, WHOSE BOOK, "THE CRADLE SHIP," WHICH HAS BEEN RECOMMENDED BY THE WHITE CROSS LEAGUE FOR USE IN OUR SCHOOLS, WAS REVIEWED IN "IN THE MIRROR" IN OUR AUGUST ISSUE, HERE TALKS TO PARENTS

AN ideal, that is what is wanted. No greater gift can we offer the youth of our day than just this—an ideal whereby to live. The ill-lit road of life is such a complicated, tangled thing that the few simple signposts of the past are not now sufficient. Indeed, they never were sufficient, else had we been further on the way by this time. If we can put into the young hand a quenchless lamp to light the eager feet, bypath and precipice and morass will claim the fewer victims.

This lamp, this ideal, is that high sense of social responsibility which refuses to do anything that will hurt the children of to-morrow. This it is which will keep safe the children of to-day. Have we any right to let them go unlighted on their way?

"What for? What good is it all? Why should we do thus and thus?" So the young folks question among themselves, receiving no satisfying reply. Their keen, unreverent minds are quick to tear and scatter threadbare moral platitudes; they seek some motive strong enough and big enough to make their sacrifice of pleasure well worth while. There is such a motive: there is a satisfying reply to their questionings. It is bound up with biology and the long, slow processes of the ages, with social heredity and the forces of environment: yet it may be simply stated, and might hold the power of a new religion if adequately presented. "The happiness of future generations depends upon the clean living of this generation"; that is the simple statement which might furnish an all-powerful motive, a gracious ideal whereby to live.

However slow real biological changes may be, the havoc wrought by certain diseases is quickly and deplorably apparent in the offspring: there is also the social heredity, the atmosphere into which the child is born, and which is the result of the thoughts and actions of its parents and their parents. To be well born is a priceless boon; it is to be dowered with health, clean blood, clean environment. This generation can see to it that what is theirs of these things shall at least be passed on unimpaired.

Knowledge and knowledge and more knowledge is needed, if this ideal is to guide our youth. Mere statement is

nothing to them; they must see and understand, they must know the why of things, that the motive may have force with them. Life is not so simple in any aspect that they can be trained for it in a moment. The training must start early, be continued long.

All nature lies brimming with mother-care and father-care, with long and patient preparations for birth, with birth itself and the tenderness and loving sacrifice it calls forth, with the after-training among the higher animals. Why should these things, the very means of life, be hidden away as much as possible from children, be wrapped in shame and poked out of sight? Shame belongs not to them, but to the twisted mind that so regards them. To the frank, unspoilt mind of the young child they are as innocent, as matter-of-fact, as any other of the wonders of the world. They may be wisely used, with ever cumulative value, to foster sympathy with other lives, to teach the power of love and the oneness of all forms of life, to make the child acquainted with the needs of growing things and the effect of environment upon them.

This training, though lengthy, is not difficult. Its materials lie everywhere about us in the world, its happenings are of everyday occurrence. And if these happenings are shown to be linked with beauty and love and parent-care and the infinite endless variation of nature, the subject may take on such width and quality as to set the youthful mind free from the power of the silly yet devastating snigger that perverts the world. It was for this purpose that "The Cradle Ship" was written.

With this early training given, this attitude of mind established, the necessary

personal, human teaching at adolescence should be invested with no great difficulty. Frankness and confidence between teacher and taught are there, sickly sentimentality and boring solemnity and stupid flippancy are alike absent, and some acquaintance with the general laws of life has been given. To the change in themselves, the children can be brought in the scientific spirit: the change is the beginning of the long preparation for birth.

It is as adolescence proceeds that the ideal is most urgent. It is now that the children of to-morrow can be safeguarded and the children of to-day made safe. These children are taught to "play the game" in their sports: let them be taught to "play the game" towards the coming generations. They have seen how all the world hangs on good parentage; bring the lesson home, and let them see their personal responsibility for the physical, mental, and moral health of their children. Teach them to build up their vital powers, to conserve them, not to squander them, not to weaken them, not to subject them to risk of disease. Teach them that the best, the unpolluted, is necessary that the best and unpolluted may arise from them. And teach them that this is true not only physically, but mentally and spiritually; that their self-control and sacrifice are never lost, but blossom doubly—in themselves and in the race.

This sense of responsibility need never be a burden, need not lead to morbidness nor priggishness. Such a few words serve for guidance, if wisely used and used in time. The subject need be no obsession, but should stand dignified and beautiful among the thousand other interests of life, a motive power silently directing all, a joyful inner sanity of mind.

There are people to whom "an ideal" spells foolishness. Yet ideals are the most practical things in the world. Only through them has progress from barbarism been possible. They are the stepping-stones of humanity, the foothold of the race. Let an ideal crystallise into public opinion, and a new level of life is mounted.

The day will come when public opinion will hold irresponsibility in matters of sex and birth a crime akin to murder—which it is.



THIS MOUNT COOK VOGUE

FASHIONS FOR NEW ZEALAND'S PLAYGROUND

By MISS NELLIE BRAMLEY

THERE must be something magnetic about that cloud-piercing mountain down in the sunny heart of your South Island. One hears "winter holidays at the Hermitage" or "down at Mount Cook for winter sports" wherever Madame and Mademoiselle La Mode foregather to talk leisured nothings. By the time I come back to Maoriland a knowledge of ski-ing will be as much a social *sine qua non* as a mastery of the "blues," if present indications count for anything. And since such a holiday is now the vogue, it is only natural that Dame Fashion should be invoked to produce "clothes and things" which shall give the finishing touch to these Southward-ho occasions.

The subject cropped up after dinner a few nights ago. Someone mentioned the Vice-Regal party which had just returned from a week or two of joy-making at the Hermitage. Someone else made the inevitable remark, "This winter sports jaunt to the Southern Alps is the correct thing these days—have you been?" I had to make the shameful admission that I hadn't; but hastily added that we were taking the show to South Island shortly, and then—well, who could tell? "Well, suppose you were leaving for Mount Cook at the beginning of next week, as I am"

(interruptive cries of "Lucky girl!" etc., etc.)—"what clothes would you choose to make the holiday perfect?" The male element of the party sighed deeply and turned up its eyes, but we heeded it not. I was half-way through my views on the subject when I noticed a busy little lady taking notes.

"That's the LADIES' MIRROR," whispered Mr. Man-on-my-right. Straightway



my flow of ideas dried up at the source. I had to change the subject. The busy little lady looked disappointed, but not a bit confused. Just before I left for the theatre she came up to me. "Will you write what you left unsaid?" she asked. And that is how Nellie Bramley broke into literature.

Clothes for a holiday at Mount Cook! Listen . . . the other day I saw the most stunning Bolivia cloth coat trimmed with beaver coney; and its natural complement

Miss N E L L I E B R A M L E Y is the talented Australian actress who has made such a successful New Zealand tour with "Fair and Warmer," "It Pays to Advertise," and other popular plays.

(On Left) This is the Bolivia Cloth Coat trimmed with Beaver Coney, described in this article.

In the centre is a beautiful Evening Gown of Black and Gold Lace, "The Spray of Gold Flowers," while on the right is seen a really luxurious Musquash Coat.

Reproductions from Models by Kirkealdie and Stains, Wellington.

Photographs: P. A. Jauncey, 50 Willis Street, Wellington.

was a chapeau of plush with an ostrich feather mount. Look at the photograph wouldn't a coat like that add a thrill to the trip? Someone murmurs, "But what about the car run from Timaru to the Hermitage?" I haven't overlooked the matter of fur. I experienced a thrill of envy when I saw a veritable dream in musquash—a wrap coat in natural musquash with a deep cape collar, obviously designed by an artist who was not too aesthetic to realise what a mountainous car drive can mean. And whilst actually at the Hermitage—why, riding strides, of



course, puttees, one or two of the sweaters which make the rainbow jealous, and a close-fitting woollen cap. One can't lay down a law on the details, but my own experience of winter sports resorts is that most-anything looks becoming through the



metaphorical rose-tinted spectacles which everyone wears at such times! For the more romantic end of the day, for the dance—the graceful frock in black and gold lace which Jauncey has reproduced so admirably on this page. "The spray of gold flowers" is the name of this frock—do you like it?

From the look of things—this Mount Cook vogue isn't just a flash in the pan—there'd be a definite Alpine note in New Zealand winter fashions—a note which will sooner or later be echoed in Australia, because I see your Tourist Department is at last beginning to see that "it pays to advertise."

Very Sincerely Yours.
Nellie Bramley.



Paragraphs about Prominent People



THE AUCKLAND PRODUCTION

OPERATIC SOCIETY'S OF "SAN TOY"

Misses E. Thruston, R. Culpan, M. Taylor, Mr. W. Manning (Yen How).

IN THE PUBLIC EYE



Mrs. HALL, wife of Dr. J. W. Hall, Medical Superintendent of Whangarei Hospital. Mrs. Hall is very interested in dramatic work, and is a prominent member of the Whangarei Dramatic Society.

Successful trip they have ever had, and previous to their present invasion of the United States they rested for a year in Europe for the purpose of devoting the whole of their dynamic energy to study under the auspices of three of the world's greatest masters. Leo, the violinist, went



The Cherniarsky Trio.



Miss DOROTHY MAY GRIFFITHS, of Auckland, whose engagement to Mr. G. B. Dyson Beancy, B.Sc., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Beancy, 66 Owen's Road, Mount Eden, is announced on page 54.

Their Excellencies the Governor-General, Viscount Jellicoe, and Viscountess Jellicoe, will pay their farewell visit to the South Island during this month. Leaving Wellington on October 6th, they will be at Invercargill from the 7th to the 10th, at Dunedin from the 10th to the 14th, at Timaru on the 16th, and at Christchurch from October 16th to 21st. They will return to Wellington on October 22nd.

THE CHERNIAVSKY TRIO.

Once again New Zealand is to have the very great joy of hearing these really excellent musicians, Leo, Jan and Mischel Cherniavsky. They have just finished an extensive tour of Australia, where their enthusiastic receptions broke all records. Prior to that they toured the United States of America, the most suc-

cessful trip they have ever had, and previous to their present invasion of the United States they rested for a year in Europe for the purpose of devoting the whole of their dynamic energy to study under the auspices of three of the world's greatest masters. Leo, the violinist, went

There appears to be a unanimity of opinion that during the past three years the Cherniavskys have improved one hundred per cent. This will probably be the last tour in New Zealand of the Cherniavskys during the present generation, as their European and American business has become so intensified.



A TE KUITI WEDDING: BRIGGS—HITCHCOCK. One of the most popular weddings celebrated in the King Country for some years was that of Miss Hitchcock to Mr. Briggs, of which a photograph appears above.

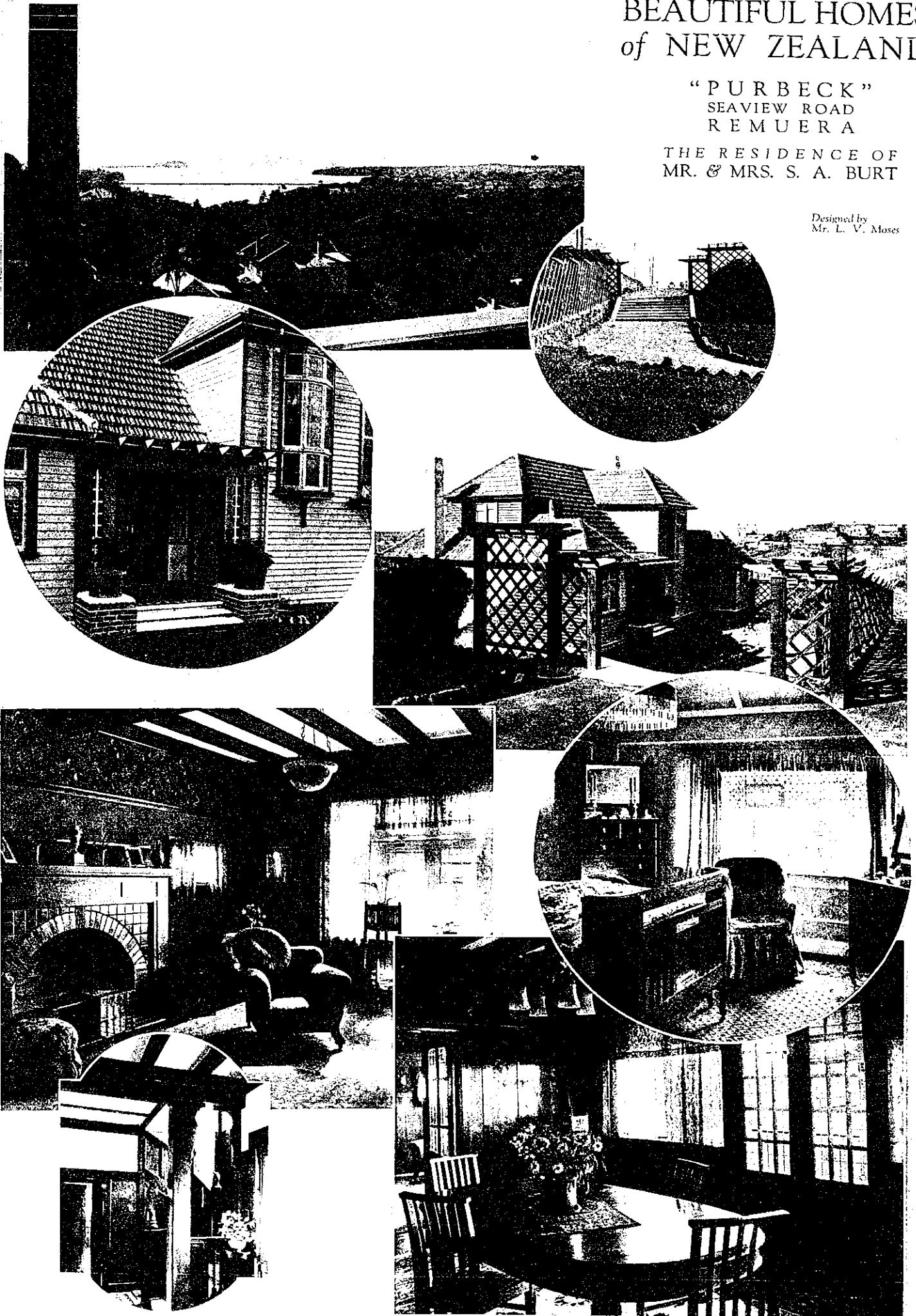
Many of her New Zealand readers will be interested to learn that Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith (by whom a short story appears in this issue) is engaged to be married to Rev. Theodore Penrose Fry, eldest son of Sir John and Lady Fry, of Great Ayrtton, Yorkshire. Miss Kaye-Smith is one of the best regional novelists living. She draws with a sure hand Sussex types—families whose roots strike deep into rich soil.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES of NEW ZEALAND

"PURBECK"
SEAVIEW ROAD
REMUEA

THE RESIDENCE OF
MR. & MRS. S. A. BURT

Designed by
Mr. L. V. Moses

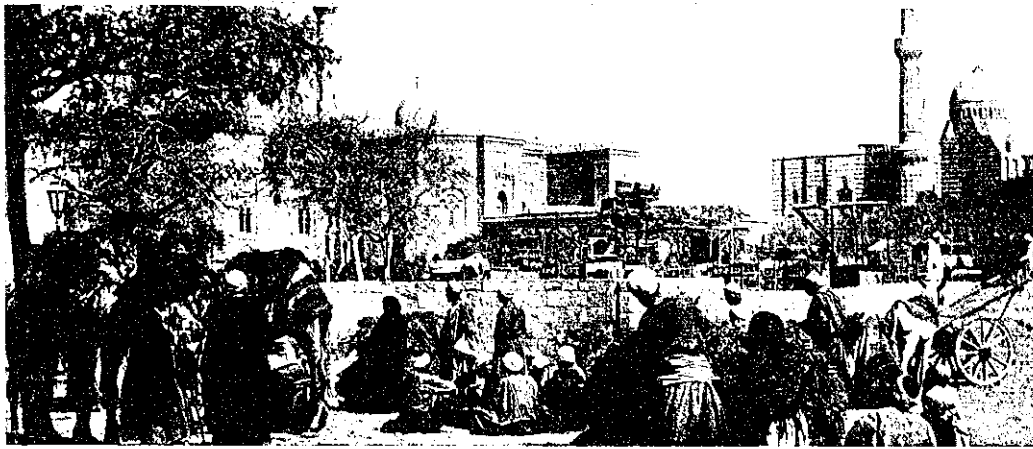


Photographs: Doreé and Saché, Auckland.

A CHARMING MODERN HOME

"Purbeck" is an excellent example of the well-designed modern smaller house. Beautifully situated, its verandahs and gardens command lovely views over Auckland and the Waitemata.

Shopping in the Orient



In the
Fodder
Market
near the
famous
Citadel.

THE CAIRO MOUSKY

A MORNING SHOPPING RAMBLE
THROUGH A FAMOUS ORIENTAL BAZAAR

By GLADYS SANDFORD

THROUGH Opera Square and down into the main street of the Mousky our taxi-driver whirls us, shouting invectives to the pedestrians who overflow from the path on to the road. The narrow street is seething with a cosmopolitan crowd. Soudanese cooks returning from the market, their shiny black faces in striking contrast to the white turban above, heavy baskets of provisions slung across their backs, and gaunt, sparsely feathered fowls tucked under their arms, push their way through the throng. French, Italians, Greeks and Assyrians, Jews of every nationality, dignified Copts and lower class native women with half-naked babies sitting astride on shoulder, street hawkers with trays of sweetmeats and fruit, well-dressed women whose yasmaks of finest white georgette in no way hide their features, and filthy beggars exposing their horrid, festering sores and rotting limbs, all jostle each other. A babel of foreign languages, curses from the drivers of vehicles, and the cling clang of the drink seller caused by metal disc beaten against drinking cup, together with his monotonous cry of "Lemonade," fill the air. A small opening in the traffic and our driver shoots ahead a few yards, again jams on his brakes, and we all perform an involuntary front incline. Accelerating again, and with shouts of "Oy'menak" (to the right), "Oy shemalak" (to the left) and "Oy rigglak" (mind your legs) we proceed to our destination.

Turning sharply to the left, we proceed on foot through the slipper bazaar, which stands at the entrance of a labyrinth of extremely narrow paths, where only two people can walk abreast, and lined on either side with stalls and shops, some of the latter of quite imposing dimensions inside. On the right we pass "Monsieur Jack" standing at the entrance to his shop—a dapper little man wearing European clothes, red tarbush, and an exceedingly important manner, the latter more apparent than ever since the

sale of a Persian carpet to the Prince of Wales two years ago. But his shop is only for the wealthy, so we pass on, resisting the entreaties of the seent merchant in the next stall to "come and smell." In tiny stalls on either side are festoons or strings of beads, leather bags, and beaten metal scarves. We stop for a few minutes to reply to the greetings of an elderly jeweller. In the glass cases before us are saucers full of semi-precious stones. For our benefit he opens a small safe and produces his show pieces, heavy neck ornaments in cumbersome settings, but the gems are beautiful. Then, paper after paper of precious stones are unfolded, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. In a few minutes we were shown some thousands of pounds' worth of jewels, and his "shop" consisted of a tiny box-like place not more than 6ft. by 5ft. To this place come the higher class natives when they desire to turn their jewels into ready money, and hours will be spent baggling and arguing before a bargain is clinched. Always the jeweller's small son of eight sits beside him like a detective, his eyes never moving from the goods that are being handled.

Our next halt is at a tiny slipper stall. The owner, an elderly man, sits cross-legged below rows of gaily coloured slippers strung on lines above his head. We each fit ourselves with a pair. I ask "Cam Jelusse?" (how much?) and am told 75 piastres (15/-). I finally pay



A Country Cart.

him 8/-, and the old fellow presents us each with a small bundle of what appear to be cheroots, but are really sticks of incense, made up of various spices mixed together with cowdung. When burnt the odour is not disagreeable.

From here onwards the path widens to twice the previous width. On each side now are stalls filled with brasses and china, and one or two shops that are filled with piles of Persian rugs. Small boys sit outside in the light, repairing damaged rugs, and do their job so well that often it is impossible to find the mended part. Inside, we gaze on carpets from every part of Persia Bokharas, Kermanis, Sheraz, Herati, and Shewan are there in bewildering variety. In a heap on the floor lie some smaller rugs, at first appearance very beautiful. The merchant immediately draws our attention to the wonderful sheen, and when I tell him that this sheen has been artificially produced by putting the rugs through hot greased rollers, he becomes confused. This process is often followed by unscrupulous merchants with the cheaper grade of rug, especially modern ones, and sales are effected by stating the sheen is caused by their great age!

We saunter slowly, examining the wares on view at each shop, until we come almost to the old stone arch, through which one passes into the amber bazaar. Looking through this arch, the sunlight streams through on to the cases filled with amber, making a glowing golden mass of colour. Overhead, between the leaning tops of the buildings, is a glimpse of clear blue sky, against which rises the sharp outline of a minaret from the mosque at the end of the bazaar. And in the foreground the old, grey stone arch. Go there early in the morning, before the American tourist is on the warpath, and one finds one of the most beautiful scenes of Eastern life. The whole atmosphere is perfect—the merchants in their silken robes, the working native in his rough blue cotton galibeah, red or yellow



A Typical Street Scene near the entrance to the Mousky.

slippers and red tarbush, and tiny toddling children, eyes black with flies, running hither and thither. As we gaze on this scene a shrill childish voice, accompanied by loud, resounding "thwack," "thwack," is heard from the cross alley to the right. The finishing touch to an already perfect picture is added by the appearance of a tiny donkey, so heavily laden with green stuff that only his feet and head are visible, followed by a small boy in blue galibeah and white crocheted cap, who with the aid of a large stick and a cry of "hoosh," "hoosh," guides his beast of burden through the arch and up the track between the amber stalls. Voices again, but now the whole aspect changes. A party of American tourists, horn-rimmed bespectacled (why do most American tourists wear glasses?) and led by a professional dragoon, follow in the wake of the donkey and his owner. For us, to-day at least, the glories of the amber bazaar are gone. Turning to the right our ears are assailed with the clanging of metal upon metal, and we find ourselves in the midst of the brassworkers. Small children are busy engraving pyramids and sphinxes on finger bowls and table bells; older boys and men, seated crosslegged before large trays, set in blocks of pitch, chisel out intricate patterns in the brass to a running fire of repartee, which fades into silence as we approach. Great competition ensues as to which shop will gain us for customers, but we tell them all "yimkin bukra" (perhaps to-morrow), and wend our way to a stall half-way down the alley. Here sits Hassan Mahmoud, of massive build, unshaven, and decidedly grubby, but one of the kindest hearts of all these Mousky merchants. He rises and salaams, takes my hand, then kisses his own, and lays it first on forehead, then on breast, as a mark of deep respect. To his inquiries after our health, we say we are well, and receive a fervent "Al-hamdulillah" (Praise be to God) from Hassan. His shop consists of one small room about 12ft. by 14ft., with rows of shelves heavily laden with brass ornaments. Bowls, boxes, candlesticks, incense burners, and small salvers lie in dusty medley round the room. Leaning against the wall stand several large round

brass tables, the wooden legs of which lie closed up in a heap in the corner. One of these is placed on the floor in position, and the small son of Hassan is told to collect chairs, which he proceeds to do from the neighbouring stalls. My friends having asked me to purchase an incense burner, I proceed to show great interest in a pair of brass candlesticks. Soon the table is covered with an array of brass goods. Then Hassan produces the coveted burner. "How much?" I ask carelessly. "One hundred and twenty piastres (24/-). Very cheap," says the old rascal with a smile.

"One hundred and twenty piastres!" I exclaim. "It's not worth 10/-."

A hurt look comes over his face, to be quickly replaced by a childlike smile as he says, "All right, for you 9 piastres (18/-)." I transfer my attention to the other goods on the table, and Hassan, seeing my interest waning, orders cigarettes to be brought by his small son, Mahommed Ibni Hassan. We are invited to take Persian tea or coffee, and in a few moments the wallah returns with a salver on which are three small cups set in brass holders of steaming, thick, black, siviect coffee, and two small tumblers decorated with blue flowers, a small teapot, and some lump sugar.

Immediately Hassan continues his part of the bargaining, while my friends sit and wonder at our conversation, able to follow only by the expressions and gesticulation of Hassan Mahmoud.

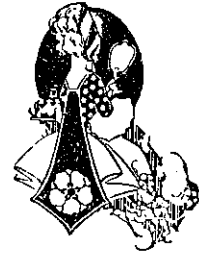
"A beautiful burner 'y sit' (my lady) at 16/-. I make no profit. I, Hassan Mahmoud, with my family of three sons and two daughters to keep." I repeat that I am not anxious, and rising, we prepare to make our departure. Then the real part of the sale begins. He wrings his hands, and says he is giving it away at 12/-, always concluding with the same cry, "Alishan enta" (for you), but I remain obdurate, and then the old rascal stages the final act. Blinking his eyes rapidly, until a lonely tear is forced out and slowly trickles down his cheek, he wrings his hands, and tells me his family will starve, he will have no dot saved for his daughters, and he will be shamed amongst men. But I shake my head. Instantly he wraps up the article of con-

tention, and with a broad smile on his face says, "Enta mabsoot? Anna mabsoot" (Are you satisfied? I'm satisfied), at the same time accepting the 10/-. Hassan does not get much pleasure out of any easy sale, and when once in my presence he sold some finger bowls to an American tourist at about three times their value, he turned to me and said in Arabic, "No good this sale, too easy." Time is no object to these people. To them it is always a case of "Bukra fil mieh mieh." (Any old time will do). Hassan salaams deeply as we leave, and judging by his expression, his daughters will certainly have their dot when the necessary time comes.

Already we have dawdled three hours away, so we hurry through the narrow paths, as I am anxious for my friends to see the spice bazaar. This is on the other side of the main street, so we cross over, closely followed by Mahommed Ibni Hassan trotting behind, carrying our various purchases on his back. Down a very narrow path we go in single file, past rows of open sacks and boxes of wonderful spices. Here come the ladies of the harems, guarded closely by attendant eunuchs, to purchase special scents and spices. The most favourite spices are those which claim a fattening quality, as the average Egyptian does not admire leanness in his womenfolk.

One old man sits cross-legged in his scent shop for all the world like a three-tiered wedding cake. He wears a wonderful robe of pale golden silk, a silken turban round his head, and yellow leather heelless slippers. He sits there dozing over his pipe—a large "hubble-bubble"—his fat jowls hanging, his chin resting on his chest in three huge rolls of fat, and his hands clasped over his great paunch—a most unprepossessing object. Only a few minutes and our time is up, so our small escort runs ahead and secures an empty gharry for us. The driver lets down the spare seat, we crowd in, and giving a couple of piastres to young Mahommed, we direct the driver to Groppi's, our minds full of the wonderful cup of tea so soon to quench our thirst, our arms crowded with purchases, and our laughter ringing over the many humorous incidents of the morning.

The LADIES' MIRROR
THE HOME JOURNAL OF
NEW ZEALAND



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The Editor will carefully read and, where so desired, criticise in the Literary Page all contributions submitted, whether in the form of Political, Social or other Articles, Verse, Short Tales or Sketches (those dealing with New Zealand subjects, and articles of a practical nature on Home Management, Decoration, Architecture, Hygiene, Children, Education and similar subjects are specially acceptable). All communications will be regarded as strictly confidential.

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Christmas Competition

ONLY ONE SUGGESTION CAN BE SENT WITH EACH FORM.

I enclose herewith my "Christmas" Suggestion, entitled

and agree to abide by the published conditions.

Name
Address

Here's Health FOR ALL



Made from
MALT
MILK
EGGS
and
COCOA

OVALTINE
Tonic Food Beverage

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

N.Z.25.

Christmas is Coming!

GUINEAS FOR YULETIDE SUGGESTIONS

Though it may appear full early to discuss Christmas, our Christmas Annual is already in active preparation.

We are, therefore, offering a Prize of ONE GUINEA, and a Second Prize of One Year's Free Subscription to THE LADIES' MIRROR, for the best suggestion for Christmas.

It may take the form of some suggestion for the Christmas Table—some reasonable recipe of which you know the secret. Perhaps you have ideas for Christmas pastimes, Christmas presents, or some original and cheerful way of spending Christmas—send along your suggestion: as long as it concerns Christmas it is eligible for this Competition.

A selection of the suggestions received will be published in our Christmas Annual (on sale December 1st. Price, 2/-), and all used will be paid for.

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 herewith, 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 "Christmas."

Last day for Entries to reach this office, October 25th.

Send Your Suggestion in AT ONCE.

ENTER FOR THIS COMPETITION

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Fill up a Form
TO-DAY.

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Please pass this
copy on to your
friends.



Truly, we award Paris the palm for dainty lingerie. Georgette conceived this charming duet of chemise and drawers of apricot crêpe de chine, trimmed with cream lace and French tucks.

Bechoff gives us another inspiration of pleated, filmy lace over pleated crêpe de chine. The ribbon garters are effective, but not essential, as every Frenchwoman wears a supple little girdle to give a foundation for her dresses.

Georgette again delights us with this dainty chemise of rose-coloured crêpe de chine, trimmed with French tucks and appliqué ivy leaves, worn by Mlle. Lucette.

Photographs: Studio Rahma, Paris.

VANITAS VANITATUM

IN SPRING YOUNG FASHION'S FANCY LIGHTLY
TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF—LINGERIE

(From our Special Correspondent)

Chère Amie,—

"In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—clothes"—and you are no exception to the rule, I remember. Curious, isn't it, *chérie*, with what eagerness we hail our spring and summer seasons, and how glad we are to wear bright, soft dresses again; curious, I mean, because when autumn arrives we are just as eager to try the new styles then!

Paris has been trying to make a bright, brave show, but the weather has been so very unkind in squelching our spring enthusiasm under downpours of rain and riotous winds, that the gay city belies its name for the time being. However, things will clear up before long, and the streets will be fairly dazzling!

I wrote you last month of the spring styles, and don't you think they sound attractive? As I told you, everything is shorter, and skirts are wider, with frills and flounces round the end of the dress. Fine pleats are a feature of every garment, even lingerie.

Lingerie of Charm

Talking of lingerie, I saw the most fascinating collection in the trousseau of the Countess de Belfort. Everything was of fine linen lawn, finely hand embroidered in intricate and beautiful designs, or of soft rose or apricot crêpe de chine, with appliqué designs in pale green or blue, and quantities of fine French tucks.

Nighties and chemises pleated from yoke to hem, drawers with lines of pleats at the side. Most were trimmed with fine Valenciennes or filmy Bruges lace, and were dainty beyond words.

Beautiful lingerie is such an essential portion of one's wardrobe, isn't it? And the Parisienne lays great stress on it. It is always hand-made and hand-embroidered. Wearing machine-made lingerie is like being married at a registry office—

only second best! Lots of lingerie nowadays is not very heavily embroidered. Monograms worked in a square or circle of embroidered leaves are very much in vogue, and hemstitching and trimmings of fine lace and tucks replace the scrolls and sprays and convolutions that were considered necessary to dainty underwear.

Silks of rose or apricot or cream are generally worked in a delicate contrasting shade, or with an appliqué design of leaves. Evening "undies" are sometimes of very fine pleated lace over a delicate shade of crêpe de chine.

The Vogue of the "Tailleur"

Just at present everyone is wearing the most bewitching tailleurs. Of course, they all have the long, straight line, which is the expression of the slogan of Fashion, "Look slender." The great tailoring houses are showing much ingenuity in the introduction of pleats and flares to give width to the skirt without appearing to do so. One robe-tailleur that I saw had a long tunic with panels of very fine pleating inserted just below the shoulders, front and back, and carried down to the end of the tunic, giving line and width. Another had the panel inserted back and front just below the waistline, and carried right round the skirt, making a sort of flat pleated frill about twelve inches deep.

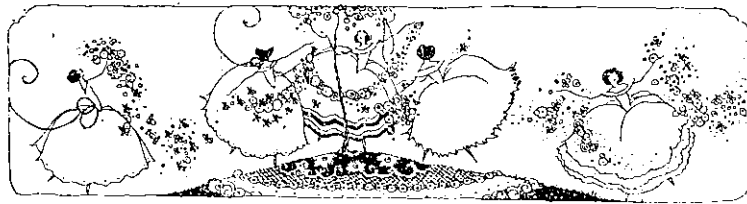
(Continued on page 37)



Delightful for morning or sports wear is this hat of black picot, with cockade of ribbon in green, rose, blue and cyclamen.—Lewis.

Photograph: Studio Rahma, Paris.

A Very Human Story



THE MOCKBEGGAR

"LOVE IN A COTTAGE" HAS LONG BEEN ACCEPTED AS A POSSIBILITY, BUT THOUGH MR. AND MRS. REGINALD DALRYMPLE DID NOT EVEN POSSESS A COTTAGE THEY WERE ABLE TO POINT A LESSON TO TWO VERY MODERN YOUNG PEOPLE: BY ONE OF THE MOST GIFTED OF MODERN WOMEN WRITERS:

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

MR. AND MRS. REGINALD DALRYMPLE were walking along the high road that leads from Iden to Wittersham, across the Isle of Oxney. They were very particular about being given their full name of Reginald Dalrymple, to distinguish them from Mr. and Mrs. Charley Dalrymple, who were in Northampton Workhouse; from the Peter Dalrymples, who tramped in Wales; from the Stanley Dalrymples, who were in prison; and from Serena Dalrymple, who had put herself outside the pale of decent society on the roads by marrying a nigger.

Mr. Reginald Dalrymple was about sixty-five years old, and his back was bent. Otherwise he looked hale enough, and his face, at least as much as could be seen of it through a thatch of brown whiskers, was red as an autumn pear. He wore a frock coat, grey flannel trousers, a pair of brown beach shoes with rather inadequate uppers, and a bowler hat.

Mrs. Reginald Dalrymple was about three years younger than her husband, and was inclined to stoutness, though she looked an able-bodied woman. She wore a very handsome cape trimmed with jet; a woollen muffler that might have been grey, but to which she referred as "my white scarf," and a man's cap set at a rakish angle. She wheeled a perambulator, which did not, however, contain a baby, but the Reginald Dalrymples' luggage—indeed, it may be said, their entire household equipment, which at a first glance would appear to consist entirely of old rags. However, a more sympathetic inspection would reveal a really excellent kettle (the leak was only just below the spout), a very suspicious-looking rug, an assortment of cups, a tin plate, a screw-driver, an ancient copy of *Tit-Bits*, a photograph of a robust young woman with a hat full of feathers, and another photograph of a sailor.

"I'm beginning to feel my feet," said Mrs. Reginald Dalrymple to her husband.

"And I'm thinking it's coming on to rain," said he, with a look up at the lowering sky.

It was autumn, and the red leaves were shaking against soft clouds of October grey which the wind brought down from Benenden in the west.

"Where's our next chance of a doss?" asked Mrs. Dalrymple.

"There's the Throws, up at Potman's Heath," replied her husband, "but I reckon they'll be — damp to-night."

"Reg! Don't use words," said Mrs. Dalrymple with dignity. "You forget my mother was a Stanley."

"I'm never likely to forget it the way you go on about it. Anyone 'ud think she'd been Queen Victoria on her throne to hear you talk. But what I say is, it's coming on to rain, and there ain't no Union within fifteen miles. Besides, you're feeling your feet," he added kindly.

"I've walked twelve miles since dinner, Reg," said Mrs. Dalrymple with a little plaintive sigh.

"Hook on, then," said he, extending a ragged elbow.

She hooked, and for some moments they walked on in silence. Then he said: "It'll be awkward for you pushing the pram with one hand," and took it from her, though Mr. Reginald Dalrymple had often boasted that he had never come down to wheeling a perambulator, and never would.

"I've been thinking," said she a few minutes later, by which time the rain was spattering freely in the dust, "I've been thinking we must have come near that Mockbeggar place by the Stocks Road. The house was standing there five year ago when we was on the roads with Sue and her lot, and if it hasn't tumbled down since, there's one good room in it anyway, with the ceiling tight, and there's water in the well at the bottom of the yard."

Mr. Dalrymple reflected, "You're right, Hannah—I believe you're right this once. We should be coming to that Mockbeggar in half an hour. It'll be raining the skies down by that time, so we might go in and light a fire and not trouble about getting further to-night. It's a good way from the nearest place, and we're not like to be meddled with."

Mrs. Dalrymple was feeling her feet more and more, in spite of the supporting elbow and the removal of the pram. She was also beginning to get wet, though this did not worry her, as she was accustomed to it. She was far more preoccupied with the thought that she could not walk a twelve-mile stretch without getting tired—and she'd been able to walk twice that as a girl, when she and Reginald had tramped all round the country by Chichester. She had had the children then as well—one slung at her breast, and the other hanging on her skirt when his dad did not carry him. She was glad when she saw three sharp gables suddenly draw themselves against the sky, which sagged low over the fields, squirting rain.

"That's it," she said, "that's the Mockbeggar. I knew it was somewhere in these parts, though we haven't been here since Sue was on the roads with her man. D'you remember that time we dossed under the stack at Wassail?"

Mr. Dalrymple grunted. He was looking for a gap in the hedge, for it struck him that it would be best to go straight across the fields to shelter instead of walking round by the road. He soon found what he thought was a proper opening, and proceeded to enlarge it to meet the ample requirements of his wife by pushing the perambulator through it. He then gallantly offered a hand to Mrs. Dalrymple, and, after much gasping and effort and crackling of twigs, she was at his side in the paddock which belonged to the Mockbeggar.

"A Mockbeggar House" in Kent is any large-sized house which stands empty close to a high road, and seems to mock the beggar who plods along thinking he will find charity at those doors which, on his close arrival, are found to be either swinging on their hinges or barred on emptiness. The Mockbeggar at Wittersham was an especially large house which, owing to want of repairs, a poor landlord, and a defective water supply, had stood empty for some time.

"A downstairs room 'ud be best," said Mrs. Reginald.

They went into one next the passage on the ground floor. It was full of dead leaves and bits of glass from a broken window, but there was a grate in it where a fire might possibly burn, and the rain was confined to a small pool under the window-sill.

"You unpack here, Hannah, and I'll go and get some water for the kettle."

Mrs. Dalrymple extracted the kettle from the pram, carefully wrapped in a piece of newspaper, and while her husband went off she proceeded to arrange her various belongings. The sinister-looking rug she put in the corner with a nice, comfortable bit of sacking—that was the bedroom. The cups, the plate, and a broken knife she put on the remains of a shelf—that was the kitchen; while the two photographs she set proudly among the dust and cobwebs on the mantelpiece—that was the parlour. She was then, according to custom, going to make herself really comfortable by taking off her shoes when she was startled by a noise overhead.

An empty house is full of noises, and Mrs. Dalrymple had a wide experience of empty houses. Mere scuttlings of rats or hootings of owls or rustlings of crickets or howlings of wind in chimneys could not alarm her, but this sound she knew at once was none of these. It was a footstep, a human footstep, which moved in the room overhead, and she held her breath to listen. The next minute she heard more and worse—that murmur

coming to her through the boards was a human voice. She stuck her head out of the window (no need to open it first), and made a sign to Reginald, who was coming up the yard with the kettle. The sign urged both silence and attention, also haste. His response was immediate; they had often been together in these emergencies demanding a quick stealth. He did not speak a word till he was back beside her in the room.

"It's people!" said Mrs. Dalrymple in a hoarse whisper, "there's people here!"

"How d'you know? Where are they?"

"They're up above. I heard 'em talking. Listen!"

They both listened. The sounds in the upper room continued—voices and foot-steps.

"There's two," said Mrs. Dalrymple, "I can tell by their feet. Who can it be? It's road people like ourselves, most like. No one else 'ud ever come here."

"I wonder if it's anyone we know. It might be the Lovells—you know Lance and Aurelia Lovell are walking in Kent."

"I hope it ain't folk in the house after repairs," said Mr. Dalrymple, struck by a sudden thought. "You never know your luck, and someone may have bought the place."

"I hope it's not that stuck-up Eleanor Ripley and her husband," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "We had enough of their airs when we met them at Maidstone. She's got saucers to all her cups."

"Well, I'd sooner it was her than gaujos," returned Mr. Dalrymple, "it 'ud never do for us to get found here, and it 'ud mean a-spoiling of the place for visitors."

"You go and have a look," suggested his wife. "Take off your shoes."

Mr. Dalrymple shuffled them off without undoing the laces, and left the room with extreme caution. His progress upstairs and along the passage was as silent as only his kind know how to make it.

Mrs. Dalrymple strained her ears, which were as quick as they were when she was seventeen. The voices continued, but she detected more than conversation—she thought she heard a sound of sobbing. Time went on. Reginald was evidently manœuvring with his usual discretion, for the flow of talk above remained uninterrupted. Indeed, so velvet-footed was he that he was back at her side before she expected him, and, old stager that she was, nearly made her jump.

"It's gaujos," he said in a low voice. "There's two of 'em, mighty queer—"

"How queer?"

"Oh, the girl's got short hair like a boy, and the boy—he's soft looking. They're only a boy and girl; maybe we could seare 'em out."

"I don't want to seare them," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "The night ain't fit for a dog, and I'd be sorry to turn 'em out in it. But if they ain't road people, what are they doing here?"

"They're quarrelling," said Mr. Dalrymple, "quarrelling and crying."

"I thought I heard crying."

"It's the girl's crying into a handkerchief. She's got a white handkerchief with a blue border."

"Are they gentry?"

"Fine gentry, I should say, by their clothes, but I don't think they're after repairs or taking the house or anything."

"What are they doing, then?"

"Sheltering from the rain like us, and I don't think they've got much money, for

they're talking a lot of words about the price of a ticket to London."

"Is that what the trouble's about?"

"No, I don't know as it is. I can't make out a lot of their foolish words, but it seems as either he wants to marry her and she won't, or else as they are married and she wants to get shut of him, and he won't have it."

"I should think not!" said Mrs. Dalrymple. "I'm all for sticking to your lawful certificated husband, and that's why I'd never go to the workhouse except just now and again for a rest."

"Well, maybe they ain't married—I don't rightly know. They had too many words for me to be able to make out the lot of them. But hold your tongue, Hannah; they're coming down."

Steps sounded on the rickety stairs of the Mockbeggar—unskilful, gaujo steps that made every stair creak.

Mrs. Dalrymple made a hasty movement as if to gather up her possessions, and thrust them back under the rags in the perambulator—stirred perhaps by



some dim instinct of far-off ancestors who must not let the stranger look upon their household gods.

Her husband laid hold of her arm. "Don't be scared; they're nothing—hardly cut their teeth yet!"

At the same moment a young man appeared in the doorway. He was tall and loosely knit, with a heavy coltishness about him as of one not full grown. Behind him a girl's face stood out of the shadows framed in a queer little stiff mane of cropped hair. Her eyes were bright and resolute, but at the same time frightened.

"Hullo!" said the youth truculently to Mr. Dalrymple, "what are you doing here?"

Mr. Dalrymple looked the aggressor up and down. "This place belongs to us as much as you."

"More than you," said Mrs. Dalrymple, "seeing as we're road people and you're house people who have no business here!"

"Well, I might ask what your business is?"

"Our business is to have supper and a doss on a wet night, and if you keep clear and don't come round talking foolishness we won't meddle with you, and there's room enough for the lot of us."

"It's all right, Bob," said the girl; "let's go back." Her face was flushed and the eyes were a little swollen under the straight line of her fringe.

Mrs. Dalrymple suddenly became professional.

"I'm not the one to interfere with a real lady and gentleman," she whined, putting on the manner which she kept for well-dressed strangers. "I'm sure you're a real fine lady and gentleman, and if the lady will only cross my hand with silver I'll tell her some gorgeous things about herself, and maybe about the gentleman, too. I can see a lot of

money coming to you, lady—even more than the price of a ticket to London."

The girl darted a surprised look at her companion.

"Come, lady," wheedled Mrs. Dalrymple, "I'll tell you a high-class tale about husbands."

The girl turned away with a heightening of her flush. "I can't bear this nonsense," she said in a low voice to the young man. "These people needn't interfere with us, nor we with them. Let's go upstairs."

The youth looked sulky.

"It's all very well," he said, "but they've got the only decent room; the rain's coming through all the ceilings above."

"You should have put your traps in here," said Mr. Dalrymple, "then we should have kept out of it; but as we're here, we mean to stick. My old woman's wet through, and she's going to have a dry doss, I'm blowed if she ain't."

"Oh, well, come on," said the young man. "It may clear up before night, and then we'll start again."

He turned away, following the girl upstairs, and the Reginald Dalrymples were left in peace.

"There's queer things you meets on the roads," said Mrs. Dalrymple, "and it isn't so much the people you meet as the places where you meets 'em. Now, what are those two doing here? I'm beat."

"You're curious," retorted Mr. Dalrymple—"fair eat up with curiosity—because you're a woman. Now, I don't think twice about 'em as long as they leaves me alone, and nor won't you, Hannah, if you've got sense. Here, let us have a fire and get ourselves dry."

He turned to the all-providing pram, and from its depths drew forth its last treasures—some blocks of wood and a bundle of sticks. The Dalrymples always carried a supply of dry firewood about with them, for they were getting old, and considered themselves entitled to a certain amount of luxury in their old age.

A fire was soon lit and the kettle put on to boil; once it was blazing, the addition of a few damp sticks gathered outside no longer mattered. The room grew warm, and Mrs. Dalrymple's clothes began to steam. Her husband took off his coat and put it over her shoulders.

"There you are, Hannah," he said. "I don't want it. This weather makes me sweat, but you've got to take care of your bones."

They made tea, which they ate in great comfort, with half a stale loaf and a lump of lard. Outside, the rain was hissing down, while the wind howled in the chimney.

"It'll be wet upstairs," said Mrs. Dalrymple pleasantly.

The fire was beginning to die down, and Mr. Dalrymple did not fancy going outside to get in more sticks.

"I'll go and have a look at the banisters," he said, "and maybe there's a bit of a cupboard door."

The banisters looked satisfactory as fuel, and he was in the act of wrenching a couple of them out when he saw the young man on the staircase above him.

"Hi!" said the latter dejectedly, "we're half flooded out upstairs. I was going to suggest that we come in with you till it stops raining. We'll clear out as soon as the weather lets us."

"We're poor people," said Mr. Dal-



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ILLIOTT, W.

rymple, "Mrs. Reginald Dalrymple and I are poor people, and we can't afford to take lodgers at our fire without a bit of silver."

"We aren't asking you to take us as lodgers, damn it! I'm just asking you to let the young lady come and sit in a dry place. It's what you wouldn't refuse a dog."

"I would certainly refuse a dog," returned Mr. Dalrymple with dignity. "My wife and I never allows no dogs to sit with us, it being well known as dogs have fleas, and my wife being a lady as'll have nothing to do with fleas."

The young man surveyed Mr. Dalrymple as if he himself belonged to that species.

"Well, if you want money," he said, "I suppose you must have it. Will a shilling do you?"

"A shilling will do me very well," said Mr. Dalrymple loftily, "and it includes the fire. We have a very excellent fire!"

"So I gather," said the young man as he coughed in the smoke that was eddying upstairs.

But even the Dalrymples' quarters, full of smoke and the smell of ancient rags, were better than the leaking, dripping rooms where he and Meave Austey had been struggling in vain to keep warm and dry. Meave was shivering now, and her little face was not pink but blue as she sat down gingerly beside Mrs. Dalrymple's fire.

"Cross my hand with silver, lady," said that good woman, returning unabashed to the attack, "and I'll tell you the prettiest fortune that ever was spoke."

"I don't want your lies," said the girl angrily, with a sudden gulp.

"Lies, lady! I never tells lies! May I be struck dead if I does!"

"My wife is well known as a truth-telling woman," said Mr. Dalrymple, "and I'll thank you not to miscall her!"

For some reason Meave felt rebuked, though she believed neither of them.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Well, you may tell my fortune if you like, but I've only got sixpence."

"Thank you, lady. Thank you kindly, lady. Sixpence will buy me a packet of tea at the next village, lady. And I'll drink your very good health in it, for I never drinks nothing stronger than tea, which is well known."

Meave held out a soft, artistic-looking hand, which was by this time more than a little grimy.

"I likes dirt on the hand," remarked Mrs. Dalrymple, "it helps me to see the lines better. Now what I see is this: I see a railway line, with a train on it going to London, and you and a gentleman are in that train, and when you get to London I see a church, and a priest, and a great crowd of people, and rice, and slippers. I see all that, and you in the middle of it, beautiful as an angel, and beside you a tall, handsome young gentleman with light hair and brown eyes."

The girl pulled her hand away angrily. "Don't talk such nonsense, please! I can't stand it."

"You don't want to get married!"

"No, I don't. As if I'd—Rice! Slippers! White veil!" The scorn grew in her voice.

"There's a wedding cake," encouraged Mrs. Dalrymple, "with sugar all over it."

"I don't want to hear any more. Look here, you're a fortune-teller, aren't you? I suppose I'm the first girl you've ever

met who hasn't wanted to hear about marriage?"

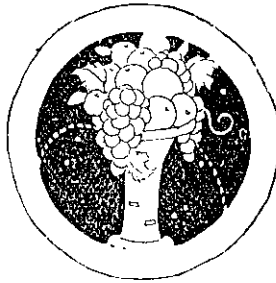
"You would be the first if I believed you," said Mrs. Dalrymple, who had dropped her company manner in the familiarity of the scene.

"Well, you can believe it. I don't want to get married—I don't believe in marriage," and she threw a defiant glance, not at Mrs. Dalrymple, but at the young man.

"But a girl can't never live by herself; it ain't natural."

"And it ain't safe," said Mr. Dalrymple. "I've known more than one time when my wife here might have got copped if it hadn't been for having me handy to show her the right trick."

"I don't mean to be alone," said the girl. "I don't believe in that either. What I hate is the hypocrisy and slavery of marriage"—her voice rose and warmed, she became a little lecturer—"it's the idea of losing my freedom which I can't bear. If women hadn't been slaves for centuries none of them could bear it. When I



choose my mate we shall both of us be free—free to love and free to part. There shall be no keeping of the outer husk when the kernel has rotted."

Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple stared silently with their mouths open, and the young man looked uneasy.

"You see me and my friend here now," continued Meave, "and even you, a woman outside the ordinary conventions of society, immediately form the idea that we're going to be married. I tell you you're utterly wrong. If we were going to be married we shouldn't be running away, we should be sitting at home unpacking wedding presents. We are going to join our lives together, but in freedom, not in bondage. We shall be free to part whenever we choose, free to work, free to go our own ways . . ." She had almost forgotten that she had not got her debating society before her.

"Well," said Mrs. Dalrymple, "I don't want to part and I don't want to work, and I don't want to go any different ways from Mr. Dalrymple, so I can't see the sense of what you're saying. Mr. Dalrymple and me has been married close on forty years, and we've got a daughter, Sue, who's been married twenty years to a fine feller in the osier trade. She has a caravan with brass rods on the door and lace curtains in the windows, and five of the dearest little children you could think of, leastways the eldest's nearly grown up now. And we've got a son, Jerome, who's a sailor, and has had two wives one after the other. The wife he's got now lives in a house and has a china tea service. We're proud of our children, but they've gone away from us, and I don't know what we'd do if we hadn't got each other."

"She's uncommon set on her children," said Mr. Dalrymple: "that's their likenesses up there on the shelf, what we carries about with us everywhere. My

daughter Sue 'ud have us stay with her, and once we went and stopped with my son and daughter at Portsmouth, and slept in a bed. But we'd just as soon be along of each other here."

"Reckon you wants your husband more when you're old than when you're young," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "I'm getting too old to do most of the things I used, and I don't know what I'd do if it wasn't for Mr. Dalrymple, who does them for me. Our idea is to keep on the roads till we're old enough to go into the Married Quarters at the Workhouse. It 'ud break our hearts if we was to be separated after all this time. I don't hold with being parted from your certificateed husband."

"You gets used to each other like," said Mr. Dalrymple. "If I was to go on the roads with anyone else I'd be so bothered and vexed I shouldn't know what to do."

"If I was ever to see you on the roads with anyone else—" said Mrs. Dalrymple menacingly.

"Not likely, old lady," replied he, pushing her cap over one eye in playful affection.

"Now, now," said she, "none of your larks." But she looked pleased and a little proud of him.

The rain had become a storm, with a rush of wind in the chimneys of the Mock-beggar. Dead leaves flew rustling round the yard, and the pool under the window was a little lake. But beside the fire it was warm and dry, though the smoke, as it eddied and waved under the low ceiling, made Meave choke a little and strange tears come into her eyes. Of course that was the smoke. She felt proud and thrilled. She had broken free at last, and she was saving Bob, who otherwise would have become a slave, having all the instincts of one.

"Ooo—ooo—yah!" A loud yawn from Mr. Dalrymple made her start. "I'm ——— sleepy," he added conversationally.

"Now, don't start using words again," said his wife. "I'm not accustomed to them, being a Stanley, and I reckon the young lady ain't either, for all her uncertificateed ideas. If you wants to go to sleep—go."

"I'm going," said Mr. Dalrymple.

"Then take back your coat. I've dried under it nicely."

"I don't want any coat. I'm warm as toast."

"You want it, and you'll take it—here now."

An amiable tussle followed, which ended in Mr. Dalrymple putting on his coat, while his wife had the piece of sack- ing in addition to her share of the rug. They took no more notice of Meave Austey and Bob Pettigrew, but were soon asleep, with the queer, stiff, silent sleep of animals who rest among foes.

"Rum old pair!" said Bob under his breath. "I'm sorry you've been let in for this, Meave, but it's better than being swamped upstairs."

"Oh, they're all right. I rather like them, though, of course, they're frauds. They're decent to each other, which is odd. I rather thought that type of man always bullied his wife."

"Men aren't quite such rotters as you think, even tramps."

He spoke irritably, for the sordid side of the adventure was unpleasantly obvious on this night of wind and rain without and stuffiness and teasing smoke within. To his surprise she did not take up his challenge. She sat watching the

(Continued on page 39.)



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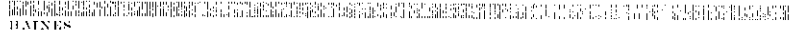
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There are Four Sorts of Women !

To the wife-woman, man is the most interesting thing in the world; she will love her children, but they will always be to her an interference.
The woman who prides herself on being "different" may resent the



statement that there are really only four sorts of women, but she will inevitably recognise herself as belonging to one of the groups described in the following article. It is worth while discovering which!

WHICH TYPE ARE YOU ?

By V. QUIRK

WOMEN are as varied as the shells on the seashore, and, like them, they fall into classes.

There are really only four sorts of women, judging their temperaments as a whole, and not meddling with idiosyncrasies of character. There is the spinster, the mother-woman, the wife-woman, and most rare, the wife-and-mother woman.

The spinster is not always unmarried. The term old maid could be applied to many a grandmother. For all women don't marry because they must, or because they have attracted a man so much that he has overcome unwillingness. The spinster-woman may marry because she has money, or because she thinks old maids are looked down upon, or because she has an unquestioning mind and takes it for granted that as her mother and grandmother are married it must be the right thing to do.

She becomes a married spinster. She regards her husband's display of affection with something like horror, and loves saying, her eyes two O's, "You know what men are!" She sees something shameful in all human passions, but since she is generally intrinsically conventional for if she weren't she would never, with her nature, have married—she does not rail against them, but accepts them with mind averted.

She loves immaculate tidiness, and her husband's tobacco-ash and forgetting to wipe his feet on the hall-mat are little tragedies to her. Everything masculine is something alien and distasteful.

When she has children she makes a painstaking mother. She is careful of their physical well-being, but any mental waywardness is either unseen by her or else regarded with dismay and fear. Her children are outwardly dutiful, but they take their little secrets to their school-friends or to somebody else's mother. When they grow up they frequently say: "Mother is so good, but she doesn't understand—"

She doesn't, for she is only physically a mother.

The mother-woman is the most common of all types, and she is often unmarried either because, though loving children intensely, she isn't interested in men, or because she is sexually unattractive.

When she doesn't marry she is either embittered and thwarted, or else she makes an adorable, if pathetic, auntie. She mothers everyone within her reach. To her, everybody is a child, excepting those who resent her possessive, protective attitude, and these she disregards. She doesn't want to be petted by others, she wants to pet them. She wants to control younger people affectionately, and feel that they are influenced in their doings by her advice and warnings. She is generally happy, but she looks at babies with disquieting longing.

When the mother-woman marries her husband falls into the background the moment she has a child. Her affection for him has, all the time been largely maternal, or else her vanity has been pleased by his love of her. But either of these mild emotions fall into insignificance beside the passion of her adoration for her child. The house is no longer a thing to take delight in for its own sake, it is merely a dwelling place for the baby. Her husband becomes "Dada," and is useful inasmuch as he provides food and shelter for the baby. She herself is no longer an individual, but a handmaid for the baby. He amounts to an obsession, and destroys any interest she might once have felt in abstract matters.

Her husband may remain technically faithful, but he never contrives to love her in the old way. The flame of the desire of life no longer illuminates her and burns in her eyes. She has made it into a comfortable hearth-fire, by means of which she can keep her child warm.

She is perfectly happy while her family is young, but when they get older and develop individualities of their own and meet people cleverer and more interesting than they are themselves, they unconsciously move away from her. She is no longer any use. She can bath and dress and care for babies, she can play with children and enter into their talk, but she has stooped down so long to childhood's mental height that she can no longer stand upright. Her children tower above her. She knows it and they know it, but they don't admit it, for they are fond of her and wouldn't hurt her for worlds, and to her they are still "my children."

To the wife-woman man is the most interesting thing in the world. She is vivid, vital, passionate, and without the selflessness or selfish unselfishness of the mother-woman. She cannot, like her, sink her individuality into that of any other being, even her own child. She doesn't only want to love, she wants to be loved. She enjoys the society of men, and loves their indulgent attitude. There is a lot of the child in her, and she never loses her desire for being fussed over and petted.

She is always a flirt before marriage, and, if her husband is over-domestic or has lost the flash of adventurousness with which new love temporarily endowed him, she flirts after marriage as well.

If she is happy with her husband, if he is a man that knows how to love and never loses himself entirely in games or business, they live deliciously, especially if they have no children.

If they do have children they are still happy, but not with completeness. For though she will love her children, they

will always be to her an interference. She would be shocked if one told her that, for she generally does her best to be a good mother, but she simply hasn't the capacity for being content in children's company. They don't stimulate her, they irritate her. She gets impatient with them in spite of herself, and they feel "out of it" when she and their father are together, for she casts an invisible net round the two of them.

If she had only a father's part to play she would be quite contented, but she subconsciously resents the sacrifices the birth of children makes necessary. It is not a time of rapture, but a lost year, and the claims of infancy fill her with bewilderment. Motherhood to her is not the supreme result of love, but a trick of malicious nature.

However, when the troubles of their early years are over, and her children reach adolescence, she often becomes suddenly attracted to them. That is because they are then not only her offspring, but interesting individuals approaching what was to her the most interesting and complicated phase of life. Her daughters say delightedly to their girl friends: "Mother and I are getting so chummy! She's taking as much trouble over my clothes as over her own, and she talks and listens to me!"

One of her sons may say to some indignant and injured-looking chum whose mother still wishes him to be her baby, and who has wept and been unreasonable over some escapade: "Now, the mater's such a pal over those matters." The same boy might have been scolded in his babyhood for crying over some seemingly incomprehensible trouble, while his chum in a similar predicament would have been petted and soothed and kissed. One is the mother of babies and the other is the friend of youth.

The wife-and-mother type of woman is truly rare. She is capable of passionate attachment to a man and, at the same time, intense love of children.

She never forgets herself in her babies, but she delights in them and admires them. And her husband is not merely the father of her children, but the lover of her youth. Wifehood means as much to her as motherhood, and both are of absorbing interest.

Because she is a comrade to her man, the outside world never loses its thrill, for she looks at it, helped by masculine eyes.

She is a complete woman, and when she is very old, still retains her vivacity, because the memory of a full life is enough to live richly upon.

In discussing types, one always makes them quite distinct, but, of course, some are blended and some are imperfect. But these four types do, approximately, comprise all women.

To which do you belong?



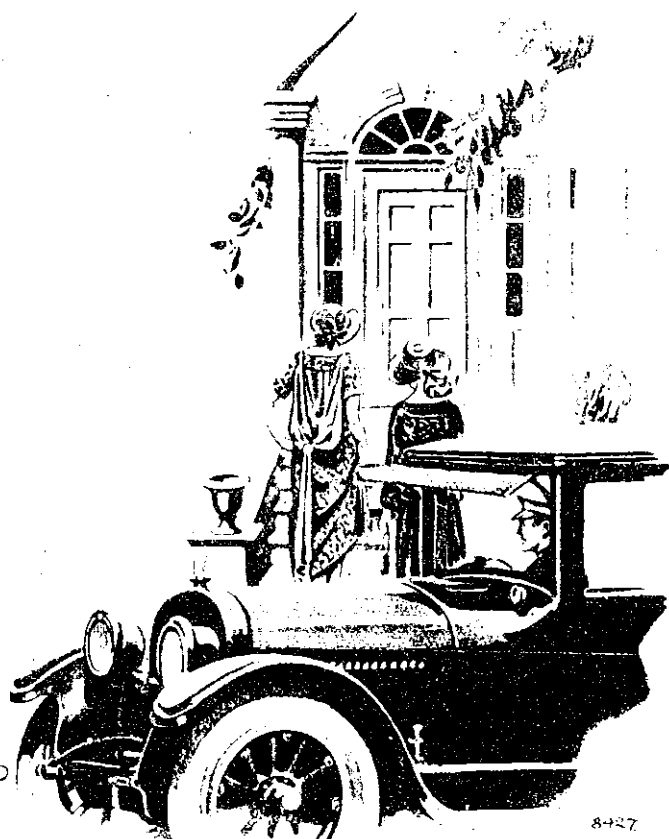
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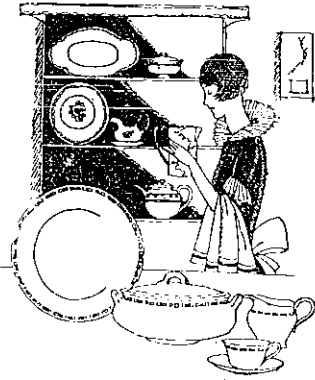
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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Winning Recipe

Spring Greens and Bacon Stewed

Lay your green leaves in cold water with a handful of salt for a couple of hours. Drain them, throw them into plenty of fast boiling salted water, boil uncovered about 20 minutes. Drain on a sieve. Take a piece of fat bacon, mince fine with shallot, powdered sweet herbs, pepper, salt, spices, according to taste; put it into a saucepan, and as soon as the bacon is well melted, lay in the pieces of boiled cabbage, add sufficient quantity of hot stock, or even water, to cover them. Let the whole simmer till the cabbage is quite tender, lift the pieces carefully up into a dish, skim the liquor, strain, and thicken enough of it with butter and flour to pour over and under the cabbage. White heart cabbage may be done the same way.

This is a refreshing and most economical dish. Children are especially fond of it. It is a meal in itself.

(Mrs.) L. M. Diamond, Dargaville.

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Macaroni Rissoles

INGREDIENTS.—½lb. of cooked macaroni chopped finely, 4ozs. of breadcrumbs, 1oz. of grated cheese, 1 tablespoonful of finely chopped onion, 1oz. of margarine, seasoning to taste, a quarter to half a pint of milk, frying fat.

METHOD.—Put the dry ingredients into a basin, add seasoning, melt the margarine, stir it in, and add enough milk to bind. Form into rissoles, dip in breadcrumbs or oatmeal; place in frying pan and fry in boiling fat for about ten minutes. The mixture may be bound with one egg. Tomato sauce may be thinned

with a little milk or stock and poured round the rissoles.

(Mrs.) R. W. Petch, Clevedon.

Velvet Sponge

INGREDIENTS.—Three eggs, small cup of sugar, 1 cup of flour, 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 3 tablespoonfuls of boiling milk, ½ teaspoonful of carbonate of soda.

METHOD.—Beat whites and yolks separately; add sugar to the yolks, then add whites to yolks and sugar and beat for twenty minutes. Add 1 cup of flour with 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Then to 3 tablespoonfuls of boiling milk add ½ a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Divide in half and bake in sandwich tins in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Spread with jam or filling. Filling.—1 cup of icing sugar, 3ozs. of butter, 2 teaspoonfuls of cocoa, a few drops of essence of lemon.

(Mrs.) Stuart, Kio Kio.

Soups

Some people do not care for the flavour of a soup made entirely from the bought packets. My plan is to keep a few packets on hand, and if when I have a supply of stock I find I haven't time to prepare vegetables, I simply add half a packet of the patent soup, and the result is quite good. Or should visitors arrive unexpectedly and there is no stock, I prepare and eat very small onions, parsnip, turnip, artichoke (very little) or any vegetable with a good strong flavour. boil them up quickly and add a packet of soup. It makes a surprisingly tasty soup.—"Martha."

(Mrs.) C. Burton,

Cameron Road, Tauranga.

(Continued on page 37)



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What has been Done :

The BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION and
the MATERNAL MORTALITY PROBLEM

In our issue of July we published an article criticising a resolution passed by the Council of the British Medical Association on the subject of maternal mortality. In that article we stated that the B.M.A. as such, had taken no action in connection with maternal mortality until forced to do so as the result of strong public feeling aroused by the findings of the Commission set up to inquire into the cause of the outbreak at the Kelvin Hospital. Further inquiry has shown that this statement was not correct, and in consequence the criticisms based on the assumption that it was true are obviously unfair to the Medical Association, which we now find has given the matter its most earnest attention for more than three years. Under these circumstances we are only too glad to publish an article giving a summary of the activities of the Association in this connection. It is the policy of our paper to do justice at all times, and we welcome this opportunity of bringing the facts to the notice of our readers. Needless to say, these columns are always at the service of the Medical Association to assist them to carry out their humanitarian work, as THE LADIES' MIRROR, which is rightly called the Home Journal of New Zealand, exists solely in the interests of the motherhood of this our Dominion.

AS it has been assumed in some quarters that the N.Z. Branch of the British Medical Association has been supine in the matter of dealing with maternal mortality, the Executive considers that the public should be made aware of what actually has been done. The question was first raised in May, 1921, by the publication of certain statistics by the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labour.

It was at once discussed by the Council of the B.M.A. in New Zealand, and it was considered of such importance that a special section should be devoted to it at the Annual Conference of members of the Branch due to be held in Wellington in February, 1922. It was accordingly referred to all the Divisions of the Branch and was discussed by them as a preliminary to final consideration by the general Conference in February. The following is an extract from a notification to members which appeared in the N.Z. Medical Journal (the official organ of the B.M.A.) of August, 1921:—

"One important feature of the Annual Meeting will be a discussion on the mortality and morbidity resulting from childbirth. The whole of Wednesday morning will be devoted to this, and the opening paper will be given by Dr. Henry Jellett, of Christchurch, formerly master of the Rotunda Hospital, Dublin. He will be followed by others closely connected with the subject, and Dr. D. S. Wylie, C.M.G., who will present the public health aspect."

In the meantime the Director-General of Health advised that the matter should be referred for the consideration of the Board of Health, of which the Minister of Health is chairman and on which the B.M.A. is represented—a Board which works in close co-operation with the B.M.A. The report of the Board of Health appeared towards the end of the year 1921, and was referred to a meeting of the Council of the B.M.A. on 13th December, 1921. As, however, the whole question was then under consideration by the Divisions of the B.M.A. and members had been asked to prepare for the full discussion at the Annual Conference in February, 1922, it was decided to defer consideration by the Branch as a whole until the Conference, at which all members in New Zealand would be represented. During all this time the question was being actively discussed by the Divisions throughout New Zealand and by members generally, in order that some definite data might be forthcoming in view of the general discussion at the Annual Conference, and the editorial of the February (1922) journal was devoted to the subject of Maternal Mortality. At the Annual Conference, which was held in Wellington in February, 1922, papers were read by Drs. Jellett, Wylie, and Tracy Inglis (Medical Officer of St. Helen's Hospital, Auckland). A discussion followed, which was continued throughout the second day of the Conference, and late into the evening. Reference to the N.Z. Medical Journal of April, 1922, will show that the greater part of that issue was devoted to the subject. A sub-committee, consisting of Drs. Tracy Inglis, Jellett, Agnes Bennett, E. Rawson, and Pottinger, was set up by the Conference to go further into the subject; and the report of the sub-committee, having been unanimously adopted by the Conference, was by resolution referred to the Board of Health,

and a copy was sent to every member of the Branch. The following is a copy of the report:—

1. This meeting of the B.M.A., while it recognises that maternal mortality in New Zealand and elsewhere is greater than it should be, deprecates the undue publicity which has been given to the subject in the lay press, and expresses the opinion that more harm than good has been done by creating a feeling of apprehension among prospective mothers and the women of the country generally.

2. In view of the statements recently made in Parliament, steps should be taken to restore confidence in the State Maternity Hospitals, in which the maternal mortality, despite the many serious cases they admit, compares very favourably with that of New Zealand as a whole.

3. In the statistics of the country there appear to be two possible sources of error tending to reflect unjustly on the medical profession:—

(a) The inclusion of deaths from criminal abortion. In this respect it should be noted that many abortions are criminal in origin, that the number of these that prove septic is considerable, and that the death rate amongst these is very high. The medical profession has no responsibility for such cases.

(b) The inclusion under the head of maternal mortality of deaths due to inter-current diseases in pregnancy, labour or the puerperium. If these deaths are included with the international standard, then they do not prejudice the statistics, but if they are not included in other countries, then it is unjust to the profession to include them in New Zealand.

4. The practical teaching of midwifery in New Zealand as regards both nurses and students, requires to be placed on a more satisfactory basis. Further, the provision of post graduate courses for medical practitioners and nurses is also very badly needed.

5. That greater facility be given for hospital nurses receiving training in midwifery, either at their own hospitals or at the various St. Helen's Hospitals in New Zealand.

6. The causation of puerperal sepsis remains largely obscure and rests probably on the varying resistance of individual patients.

There is no doubt as to the contributing causes; for instance, lack of antenatal hygiene and treatment, excessive vaginal manipulations, careless asepsis and anti-sepsis, and unfavourable surroundings; and the meeting is alive to the necessity of avoiding or removing these conditions, and recommends that a circular embodying this should be sent to all medical men in the Dominion.

7. Facilities should be provided whereby sterilised maternity outfits should be easily obtainable.

8. In the event of puerperal sepsis, a confidential report should be asked for from the medical man before any further steps are taken by the Health Department.

9. Private hospitals which are too small to be run efficiently and profitably are a danger to the welfare of parturient women

and should be replaced, as is found possible, by private maternity hospitals attached to public hospitals, or to the St. Helen's hospitals or by properly equipped hospitals built for the purpose, and State-aided where necessary.

The above report was acknowledged by the secretary of the Board of Health in the following communication, dated 11th July, 1922:—

"In March last your Association was good enough to forward to the Board of Health a number of copies of the report of the sub-committee which was set up to consider the question of Maternal Mortality in New Zealand. I am now directed to thank you for forwarding the report and to say that the various recommendations therein have had the consideration of the Board, which is negotiating with the Department of Health in respect thereto."

In February, 1923, at the request of the Board of Health, the N.Z. Branch of the B.M.A. sent a copy of the following resolution to all its members:—

"That, with a view to the reduction of maternal mortality, the Board recommends medical practitioners to use every endeavour to ensure that their midwifery cases shall be attended by registered midwives wherever practicable."

Since that time greater prominence has been given to the subject of maternal mortality by the regrettable outbreak at the Kelvin Maternity Hospital, Auckland. The Royal Commission appointed to inquire and report upon the circumstances surrounding the Kelvin outbreak included in its personnel two members of the B.M.A.

Prior to the Kelvin Commission the N.Z. Board of Health appointed a Select Committee to advise on regulations for private maternity hospitals, etc. All the nurse-inspectors appeared before the Committee, and a very important report on the regulations necessary for private maternity hospitals was submitted to the Health Department; and when regulations were published later they were approved by the N.Z. Branch of the B.M.A. The members of this special Committee of the Board of Health are all members of the B.M.A. The N.Z. Branch of the B.M.A., in addition to its own Journal, supplies to every member the British Medical Journal, which in nearly every number contains reports and discussions on midwifery. The regulation now to be enforced in New Zealand of submitting morbidity returns of maternity hospitals to the Health Department was first suggested by the B.M.A. To show that the B.M.A. acts in a public-spirited way when the interests of its individual members are implicated, recently the Executive of the B.M.A. approved a proposal of the Director-General of Health to suspend from practice for a suitable period any doctor who had a septic puerperal case in his practice, if there was a reasonable suspicion that the doctor was likely to spread the infection.

This statement might be further extended and amplified, and is not by any means a complete record of the work of the B.M.A. in the last few years in the direction of lessening maternal mortality and morbidity. The Inspector of Maternity Hospitals, the Director-General of Health, the Director of Child Welfare, the medical advisers of the Plunket Society, etc., are all members of the B.M.A.

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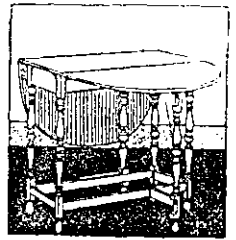
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Sing, Sing, Why Shouldn't We Sing?

No reason at all, provided we do it at the right time, and choose the right place. These conditions prevailing, there are many reasons why we should; for we are told that singing is good for the lungs, and that, no matter who the singer, he, with practice, may develop an ear for music. (although his practice may have the contrary effect on his neighbours). Also, singing is one of the most natural forms of self-expression, like talking, howling, swearing, or laughing. We all know what relief the vocal expression of our feelings can give; so, if we are happy, why shouldn't we sing?

Community Singing—*Cui Bono?*

But why should we community-sing? Now that the season for mass singing is ended, we, by which I mean those of us who are really interested in music, are tempted to ask—*Cui Bono?* Does community singing do anything toward helping forward a real appreciation of music amongst the masses?

Many musical highbrows scoff at community singing on the score that it leads nowhere musically. Probably, too, they do not like it because it is so popular. Highbrows never like anything popular. It must be very annoying to them to find concert halls crowded by people who have come to sing the latest "song hits," when there are more empty seats than fall if men of the calibre of Lenghi Cellini and Zacharewitsch are billed to perform. I must admit that it seems to me merely funny, and not at all a sign of musical enthusiasm, to see serious and sedate adults earnestly singing in chorus "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"; and it does strike one as a waste of good emotion to find them pouring their souls into such words as "Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu"—but they like it, and it does them no harm. I expect they'll do it again next year. There must be some reason why, when several religious or otherwise happy people are gathered together, they are impelled to burst into song.

Psychologists and Crowds

Psychologists consider abnormal the characteristics of an assembly of people who are met with some common bond of interest among its members. Individuals thus assembled give way, it seems, to an impulsiveness, credulity, and suggestibility which are foreign to their natures when they are separate and clothed in their right minds. In fact, mentally, people in a crowd are temporarily inferior. Emotions sweep through a group of people irresistibly—for, as Ruskin said, "A crowd thinks by infection, catching opinions like a cold."

The Quest for a Germ

Now, the word infection does not conjure pleasant thoughts, and it is something one usually avoids, yet, here is the phenomenon! There are a large number of people in this country who, the moment they hear there is a chance to do some community singing, flock together with the deliberate intention of assuming

an inferior mental state and catching a germ—the "cheer germ."

This is how they do it. They make themselves passive, putting themselves entirely under the baton of the Song Leader, chosen for his wit and personality rather than his musical ability. He then induces them to sing the most absurd and sentimental songs that can be collected by the organisers of these little affairs. They Coué to themselves—

"We are happy, we are happy;

Voices ring, voices ring.

Radiate the Cheer Germ,

Radiate the Cheer Germ.

Ding, dong, ding. Ding, dong, ding."

Half an hour or so of this kind of thing reduces them to a completely gullible state, and their voices and hearts having been softened, they are addressed by their preacher, politician or charity collector, and give generously when the plate comes round. If it is a midday affair it is a pity to go straight home, and the female portion of the gathering spends the afternoon "looking" at the shops. Oh, a splendid move on the part of the tradesmen, this community singing business!

Yes, I can see why they *should* sing, if it affects them like this. A state of abnormality and suggestiveness is to be desired occasionally by those who want our money and moral support these hard times, and it means relaxation—a wonderful word to the weary, worn and sad. But I can't see that sing-songs of this description are *necessarily* going to promote an added interest in *Music*, unless followed up by something better. How much desire for better music has the ex-soldier shown since the War? He spent hours cheering himself with "Tipperary" and contemporary popular songs during his route-marching days.

The Wellington Competitions

The Wellington Musical and Elocutionary Competition Society has had a record festival this year. During a period of three weeks over three thousand separate items were presented, and the attendances in the auditorium at all the competitions were excellent, specially large numbers being present in the Town Hall every evening. I was glad to see that these audiences were not composed of women only, even during the daytime, and at night there were an equal number of both sexes in the concert hall. It reflects great credit on Wellington that such a town can busy itself for so long with artistic things.

The atmosphere of these competitions is a very real thing, and one that it is good for our young people to breathe. The very corridors vibrated with it, as happy-faced competitors bustled from room to room, or chatted outside the secretary's office, and cheery little groups of friends greeted each other and gossiped about the latest results, flinging final words of encouragement and advice to passers-by before entering the competition chamber, whence occasional strains of music or the raised voice of the elocutionist stole out as the doorkeeper peeped

in to see "how things were going." The spirit that pervaded the place was typically British. One was struck with the sportsmanlike attitude of the competitors, girls and boys alike (in fact, may I say it?—it was more pronounced in the girls, for they, being girls, were sympathetic, while boys, being boys, were inclined to grin cruelly when one of their friends broke down, or looked sheepish, as boys have a habit of doing when they are on show.) It is characteristic of the British race that they should evolve this type of competition as a stimulus to art, stirring enthusiasm for intangible things by appealing to the sporting instinct that is so strong within them. It is a notion that has not been carried out along the same lines by Latin or Germanic peoples.

It is interesting to note the kind of work which held most favour with the society, who presumably know their public. There were, out of two hundred classes, only *twenty-four* for instrumental music, nineteen of these being for piano-forte solos, *three for violin*, one for flute (three entries), and one for clarionette (four entries). The standard of performance in these classes did not seem very high, moreover. In face of these facts it would be futile to suggest classes for chamber music and concerted musical work, alas! On the musical side, vocal work was most popular, there being eighty-six classes. The disparity between eighty-six and twenty-four is rather large. Entries for choral classes were disappointingly small. It is time our schools were vying with each other in the art of choral singing, and it is a pity to waste the opportunities afforded by a competition of this size.

There were ninety-one classes for the elocutionary and dancing side—recitals in costume, recitations, speaking, ballet dancing, and so on. Here was the most popular interest shown, and a higher standard of work attained. If this is significant of the public taste, ours, like the Australian, is tending to become a nation of singers and theatrical performers. Our country is young, and likes movement. We musicians must wait.

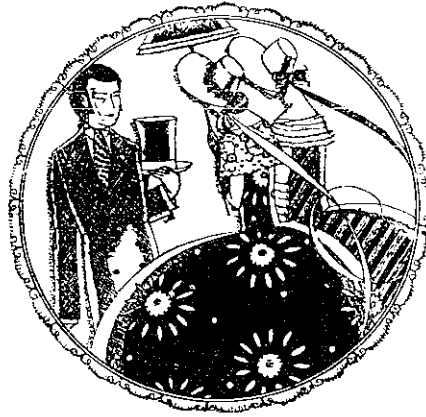
One would like to make the usual comments, and dilate upon them. The examiners seemed overworked. How can a tired man be strictly just? Can one man really be clever enough to judge with equal fairness performances on the piano, violin, flute, and clarionette? Even for one special subject, can one man alone, with preconceived ideas of technique, interpretation, and his own personal preferences, judge the best every time? Why *do* most singers sing? Why such dusty old pianoforte pieces for the younger competitors? It seems a pity that perhaps the best performances came from precocious youngsters under nine years of age, in recitals of their own choice (or rather, that of their parents'), only suitable for adults over nineteen with a penchant for music-hall turns—and so on.

Photographs of many of the successful competitors in the Wellington Competitions will be found on page 5. —R.S.

OLD SILVER

THE ROMANCE OF THREAD

THERE is a touch of sadness in the romance of old silver and old lace—as also in old jewellery, furniture, pictures, books and many other kindred objects that go towards making a most fascinating quest, after the not easily obtainable. There have been several sales lately in the far South of our Dominion that have caused a great deal of interest. The Snodgrass collection, containing many old and beautiful works of art, Georgian silver, verge watches, patch boxes, and many very beautiful things that do not often come our way, but which we are only too pleased to acquire when they do, not counting too closely the cost, for to a collector the great pleasure of possession far outweighs the cash in the pocket. Then the beautiful lifetime collection of the late Mr. MacKinnon caused much enthusiastic interest, and the romance of many of these things was that they had been in the possession of only his own family for so many years the beautiful Georgian silver had never rubbed shoulders with other silver in dealers' shops, or been from house to house. No, this silver of 1779 and 1792 etc. bears the MacKinnon crest and had been continuously in that distinguished family. There have been many distinguished officers of the Navy and Army in this family—perhaps some gay young



By "GRANDMA."

officer of Nelson's or another off to the Peninsula may have used this very silver at a farewell dinner party in the days of ruffles and powdered hair, and again when young Victoria first came to the Throne it may have been used in the loyal celebrations. If one could only jump into the past and see every assemblage at which this silver has figured, what a romantic vista would be unfolded! Then there is the romance of old lace, and there is very much more of it in New Zealand than many imagine. I saw a young bride lately, at a little village church, wearing lace that had been the collar and cuffs of the famous Duke of Wellington—a relative of her family. Again, I know of two lace flounces that were worn at the time of Queen Victoria's Coronation, and were not new then, and which were also worn at the old Government House, Auckland, when the Duke of Edinburgh visited New Zealand in the '60's, and still again at a ball given for the Prince of Wales, and

and OLD LACE

HISTORY IN and METAL

at very many weddings. Lace seems to have more gaiety in its romance than silver, perhaps, for it is not usually in evidence at partings or sad times. There is one beautiful—and now almost priceless—lace cape I know very well; it belonged to the wife of the famous sculptor who designed the magnificent Sarcophagus in Westminster Abbey, immediately opposite the "Unknown Warrior's" resting place. She gave it to a daughter-in-law, who, during a short residence in New Zealand, offered it to the daughter of a dear friend as a wedding present, or, if the bride preferred, a handsome piece of furniture instead, but in those days of "love in a cottage" and more romance, the young bride never hesitated, but chose the lovely lace, though she had for a dressing table boxes draped with spotted muslin, and many other similar makeshifts, but she preferred the joy of being able to take out her lovely lace and gaze upon it. That was before the era of bungalows and slippery porcelain baths, high-backed oak chairs, but happy, happy days—creepers round the verandahs, tin tubs to bath in, no electric light—nor what the advertisements call "h. and c."; but I think more romance and idealism in young couples starting out with their most treasured possessions being their share of the old family lace and old silver.

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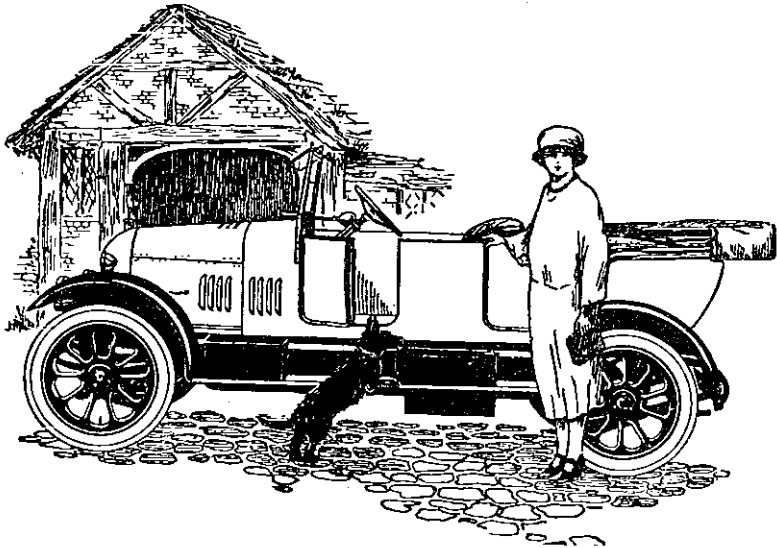
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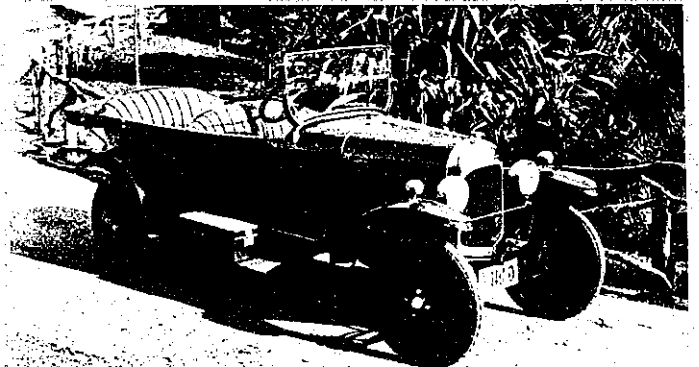
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Road Progress in Auckland: Old Mill Road, showing development of City Council's new Housing Scheme.

Photograph by courtesy of the Auckland Municipal Record.

THE WELL-GROOMED WOMAN'S MOTOR TRIP (Continued)

and, whether short or long, brush it thoroughly, preferably with a brush covered with antiseptic gauze. The loose weave of the gauze permits the bristles to penetrate, and an amazing amount of dust can be removed. Use as many fresh pieces of gauze as are necessary to make the last piece "come (approximately) clean."

Before we stray from the subject of hair, a word as to nets. If you never wear one at any other time, don't neglect

it on the motor trip. Besides keeping the hair tidy, it prevents it from being roughened and broken by the wind, and minimizes the amount of dust accumulated. Of course, you will not buy nets indiscriminately. A really good net has a gloss and life of its own and, particularly in the chestnut and auburn shades, can add quite a bit to the live look of your own hair. See that the edge of the net is well under the hair at the sides, and secure it with the smallest size invisible

hairpins, twisted together to secure them.

Your nails and hands are likely to suffer from the general drying out effect of constant wind. The travellers' little manieure sets are indispensable, and contain supply enough for all but the most extended trips.

Always remember that a little trouble taken at the right time, even though you are weary, will save much trouble later, and may prevent irreparable damage.



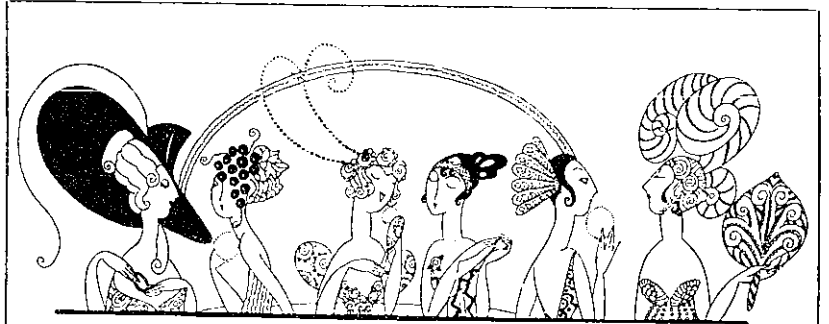
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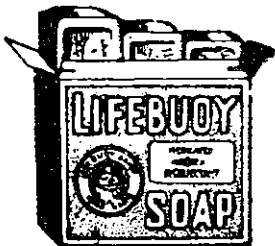
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NOW THAT SPRING IS COMING

THE WISE HOUSEWIFE THINKS OF SPRING CLEANING AND RENOVATING:
HERE ARE SOME ECONOMICAL SUGGESTIONS THAT WILL BE WELCOME

Home Decoration

Welcome Change and Variety

EVERYBODY knows the benefit to health and nerves which is derived from quiet and pleasant change in one's everyday circumstances, and the housewife has less of this sort of pleasure than almost anyone.

During spring cleaning some sort of change, even if trifling, should be made in the home, and it can be effected quite inexpensively if necessary. Most of us delight in new paint-work and fresh wall-papers, but these are very high in price nowadays, and, of course, it is not possible to change one's furniture very frequently.

NUMEROUS DETAILS

But the spirit of change can be introduced in a hundred little ways, even supposing the furniture, decorations, and carpets are to remain unaltered. Of course, the furniture should be moved—the bookcase changing places with the sideboard and the piano with the china



cabinet. Curtains and cushion covers should not be merely washed or cleaned and replaced—they should be changed. The very popular Government net is delightful if dyed black and ornamented with brightly coloured roses, or posies, cut from odd scraps of cretonne, and the change in appearance is most delightfully complete.

The dye-tub is useful again where loose covers require a new and quite different hue. A housewife had some dilapidated cretonne loose covers that became unrecognisably pretty from a bath of red dye, which turned them a glorious purple. Old cream curtains were turned a rose colour to harmonise, and grubby cushions were slipped into rose and purple covers of casement cloth.

It is advisable, too, to dispose of all those pictures and vases of which one has grown heartily tired. They may go in a local auction sale, or a dealer will buy them. With the money some quite different pieces of china or a couple of coveted prints may be bought.

It is very wise to aim at producing an entire change in the home at spring-time and to abandon the mere scouring and replacing of the same old things that so often takes place.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS

For fabrics the cheap and effective way to change them is to dye them; chairs

that have no covers can be covered; white valances, table-mats, and duchesse-sets can be tinted, so that they can return to their whiteness whenever required. A pot of enamel will transform picture frames, wooden shelves, mantelpieces, so that an entirely fresh appearance is given to all the old and homely things to which one has grown so accustomed that they cease to amuse or interest.

On Arranging Furniture

There should be a winter arrangement and a summer arrangement of furniture in the sitting-room. In summer the window is the point round which the easy chairs are grouped. In winter the fireplace is the chief place of interest. Comfort as well as decoration should guide a woman in the arrangement of her rooms. She should remember the tastes of her family. Some rooms look very picturesque, but there is no comfort in them. The lamps are in an inconvenient place for reading or for working, and the chairs are so placed that an intimate conversation between two people is impossible.

THE BEST POSITION

Few women know where to put a writing-table. In many households it is placed in a dark corner, where, neither by day nor by night, can the person who sits before it see to write.

The piano is another piece of furniture which needs placing with a view to use as well as decoration. It should be out of a draught, and it should be in such a position that the pianist and singer can feel themselves comfortably aloof from their audience.

The tea-table also needs careful placing. It must not be an obstruction. The way should be clear for the maid to reach it from the door, and for the hostess to attend to her guests.

The arrangement of bedroom furniture calls for no less care than that of a sitting-room. The bed should not face the light, but be placed so that one side is towards the window. There should be a lamp beside or over the bed, and plenty of hanging accommodation and generous drawer space in the room.

Home Accessories Beautified

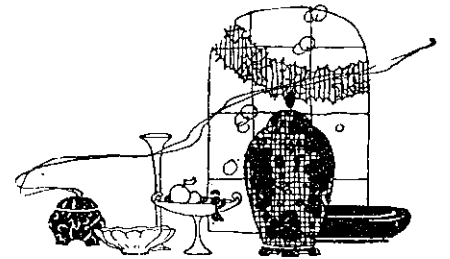
Some Artistic Suggestions

In every house there are certain articles—such as umbrella stands and waste-paper baskets—which are decidedly ugly but have been tolerated on account of their usefulness. The modern housewife may hesitate to spend money on superfluous objects, but she spares no pains to make all the useful articles in her home as ornamental as possible.

She realises, for instance, the importance of beautiful toilet ware in a bedroom, and takes care to see that it is not only attractive in itself, but thoroughly in keeping with its surroundings. The unattractive basket for soiled linen is no longer tolerated; one woman transformed hers in a charming way by painting it all over with black enamel and then decorating it by adding trails of gay flowers in gesso powder.

A CLEVER ADAPTATION

The umbrella stand generally has nothing but its utility to recommend it, and is an eyesore in the hall which contains handsome old furniture, but the de-



sire to have something really in keeping has led to the clever idea of adapting old mahogany bootracks for the purpose, and very charming stands they make.

Waste-paper baskets need no longer spoil the effect of a charming room, for nowadays there are so many different kinds of decorative receptacles for waste paper. The cane basket gilded and decorated with bunches of satin fruit looks well in a boudoir, and those of beautiful painted leather are suitable for libraries.

IMPROVING A DULL ROOM

Sometimes the room itself is so ugly that it needs treating by a beauty specialist in home decoration. If it has ugly proportions the furniture must be arranged to disguise the faults as much as possible. Or it may have a southerly aspect; most women are aware that plenty of interior colour will counteract a bleak aspect. One clever woman recently transformed a south room in her new home by having the walls covered with ivory paper and the woodwork in a shade of yellow, for which the decorator took a lemon as a pattern; the upper moulding of the skirting board and the outer one of the door frames were painted in silver.

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VANITAS VANITATUM

Continued from page 19

Hats and Other Things

It seems that the small hat still holds its own, although a while ago it was predicted that large hats would be more fashionable. We shall have them later on in the year, of crin straws largely, and trimmed with ribbons or ostrich feathers. Flowers and fruit do not seem to be so favoured this year, but the ostrich will once more demonstrate his indispensability to the world of Fashion. Not only are his feathers necessary to the chic hat, but he adorns many of the garments in the wardrobe of the Parisienne. Gowns, evening wraps, manteaux, bags, scarves, even dancing sandal-slippers, are all adorned with bands or ornaments of coloured feathers. One lovely frock of white marocain, draped on one side, had a twelve-inch band of ostrich in black, white and grey round the hem. A manteau I saw at Auteuil, at the Prix des Drags, had deep collar, cuffs and band of grey ostrich.

The glycerinised variety is not much in demand for hat trimming. They are clipped, and look less like the plumes of presentation headdresses.

Ribbons, contrived into every form of bow or ornament, garnish most hats. Frequently the ribbon is of the same shade as the hat. Colour relief is not required, as it generally finds its expression in the costume. With tailleurs, the gilet contrasts with the coat; with afternoon models there is almost always colour contrast in embroidery, or the lining of the cape or the "revers" of panels or draperies.

And for "Le Sport"

The big houses here are showing the most fascinating sports costumes that make one just long to don one and lie oneself to tennis or golf or boating. There are delightful cream serge frocks, which, together with a large crin hat trimmed with ribbon, and a shady rose-lined sunshade, would be absolutely irresistible in a punt. There are pleated skirts with sleeveless jackets confined by narrow suède belts in bright colours that are ideal for the links. And the crêpe and linen one-piece frocks make one yearn to play tennis.

But, of course, *chérie*, you and I are agreed that all costumes should be complete down to the last detail. Therefore, you must not neglect to wear with your sports suit shoes of white buck-skin with bands of lizard, or black or brown. Nor must you forget the bright scarf which serves the double purpose of completing your colour scheme and protecting your neck from sunburn.

Well, *ma chère*, here's my budget of news for this month. I can't give you much of a forecast of summer fashions, as such things are barely hinted at yet, and remain locked up in the brains of a few really great men and women. But I shan't forget to let you have the first news as soon as I get it.

Au revoir till next month, *chérie*.

Yours fashionably,

FEMINA.

COMPETITION RESULTS

"BABY HINT" COMPETITION

The Best Hint was received from
MISS I. G. WILSON,
36 Wicksteed Street, Wanganui,
to whom a cheque for £1 1s. has been forwarded.

A large number of excellent "Hints" were received, and a selection will be published in the November issue.

o o o

"WET HOLIDAY" COMPETITION

Owing to the large number of replies received, we are compelled to hold over the result of this until our next issue.

o o o

"COOKERY HINT"

The Best Hint received was that of
MRS. L. M. DIAMOND,
Dargaville,
to whom 5s. has been forwarded.

A selection from the Recipes received will be found on page 27. To the senders of all published recipes 2s. 6d. has been forwarded. This offer is still open.

o o o

We regret that, owing to lack of space, we are unable to publish the winning Hints in the "Household Hints Competition." These will appear in the November number.

NEEDLECRAFT

A NEW STUDIO UNDER A TALENTED TEACHER

Many of our readers who read the article on the work of Miss B. Gardner in our issue of June of this year will be glad to know that Miss Gardner has now opened a studio in Auckland, where she will hold morning and afternoon classes daily in novelty Art Needlework, which should make a great appeal to those seeking a delightful hobby or who wish to turn their skill into lucrative channels.

Miss Gardner will also undertake fine mending and the production of special designs suitable for Trousseaus, Frocks, Christmas and other presents. If so desired, ladies may work at the studio under her direction.

Miss Gardner will also be glad to hear from ladies who desire to undertake work in their own homes.

Ladies interested should communicate with Miss Briar Gardner, National Bank Buildings, Fort Street, Auckland.

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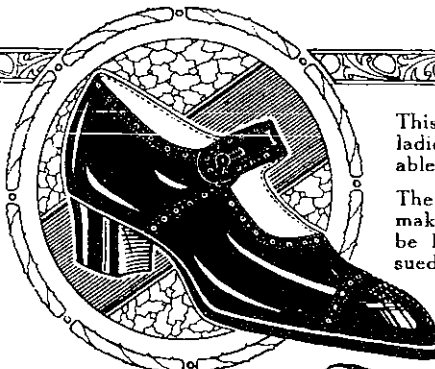
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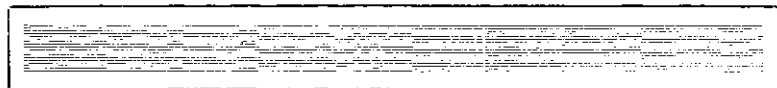
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THE MOCKBEGGAR

(Continued from page 23)

old couple as they lay huddled in the corner, a confused blot of rags and shadows.

"It's love that holds them together," she said in her debating-society voice hushed down to a whisper, "not the mere fact of marriage."

"I dunno," said he truculently. "I don't believe they'd be together now if they weren't married—anyhow, not together like this."

"Why not? Why shouldn't lovers be faithful?"

"It's different, as I've told you a hundred times, especially when you're old. I'd think nothing of it if they were young or middle-aged. But they're old, and there must have been lots of times when they were tired of loving and tired of life, and would never have gone on if they hadn't belonged to each other."

"That's just it—they were tied."

"And the tie kept them together over the bad places. It's like being roped on a climb. When one or another of them went down there was always the rope, and as soon as they were on their legs again they didn't notice it. I believe people who aren't married—no matter how much they love each other—somehow they're hardly ever in together at the finish. You generally find that if the going's rough they drift apart. Why, you yourself say you'd hate to belong to a man all your life; you want the one great Moment, and then not to spoil it by going on together. I think there's a good deal to be said for that, though, as I've told you dozens of times, I want to marry you."

He looked very young as he sat there beside her in the dying firelight. He was only a boy, or he wouldn't have come with her; he wouldn't have let her force her adventure on him like that. He was very young, but he would grow old, like Mr. Dalrymple. That soft brown lock of hair on his forehead would be grey, his face a little worn, perhaps. Should she see it then, or would they have gone their separate ways? She wondered what he would look like when he was old—what he would be like? Kind, protective, unselfish, like Mr. Dalrymple? A strong arm to lean on when she needed it most? Growing old together—together not only at the start, but at the journey's end—but tied, as Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple were tied, by the memories of struggles and toils together, by adventures and hardships shared, by long years of companionship in wayfaring, by the love of their children.

She bowed her head suddenly over her lap and tears fell into her hands.

"Meave, darling, what is it? Tell me."

His arm was round her, his shoulder under her cheek.

"Bob—Bob—will you always love me when we're old?"

"Of course, I shall always love you."

"As much as that—?" She waved her hand towards the indefinite mass of Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple.

"I should hope so"—with a little contempt.

"Then—Bob—let's go back."

"Go back where?"

"Home—I want us to get married."

"My little Meave! But you said—"

"It's seeing them. They're so happy—they're so true. They're dirty, terrible, shameless old things, but they're happy. They've got something that we haven't got, that we can't ever have, unless we're married."

He had the wisdom to be silent, bugging her without a word.

"Let's go back home. It's not ten o'clock yet, and we can tell Mother we were caught in the rain and waited to see if it would stop. She need never know."

"And we'll get married?"

"Yes—though you know she'll make us go in for everything—bridesmaids and rice and church bells and all that."

"Never mind! It'll make Mrs. Dalrymple's fortune come true."



They both laughed a little.

"When shall we start?" he asked her.

"Oh, soon—now."

"But it's coming down in buckets!"

"Never mind. We're only an hour from home. We haven't got to face all that walk into Ryde, and then the journey into London."

She shivered a little, and he drew her close in sudden, fierce protection.

"I shouldn't have let you come. I've been a fool about all this. I didn't believe in it, and yet I gave way because I was afraid of losing you. I should have had sense enough for both of us, and made you go my way instead of yours."

"Is that what you're going to do in future?"

"Yes—when you're a silly little thing!"

She laughed with her mouth close to his.

It was he who remembered the need for quick action.

"Come, we must be getting off, or we shan't be home till it's too late to explain. Are you ready?"

"Quite. I'm glad we didn't bring any luggage, except in our ulster pockets. It would have been difficult to explain why we'd gone for a walk with two suitcases."

They giggled light-heartedly, and went out on tip-toe.

They were off, but just as they were leaving the Mockbeggar she remembered something that had been left undone.

"Bob, we ought to tell them. I want them to know."

"For heaven's sake don't go back and wake them up. What do you want them to know?"

"That we're going to be married."

"What on earth has that got to do with them?"

"Oh, nothing, of course, but I thought— Give me a leaf out of your pocket-book, there's a darling."

He gave it, and she scribbled on it: "We are going to be married," and creeping back into the room, put it on the mantelpiece beside the pictures of the blowsy girl and the sailor.

"And look here," she added, "as we're not going to London, we might just leave the price of our tickets with them. It may help them a lot."

"They'll probably spend it on drink."

"Well, let them. I don't care. I can't bear to think of people without proper boots on their feet."

The firelight was playing reproachfully on the toe of Mr. Dalrymple's shoe.

"Nor can I. Well, here's the money. It'll be a surprise for them when they wake up."

He put it beside the paper on the mantelpiece, and they both went out.

It was daylight when Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Dalrymple awoke; the storm had ceased.

"Hullo! They've gone!" said he.

"Not taken any of our things with them, have they, Reg?" asked his wife, looking round anxiously.

"Not they—they're gentry. Gentry don't take poor people's things without a lawyer. What's this?"

Her husband had found the treasure on the mantelpiece.

"I'm blowed if they haven't left their money behind 'em—a pound, if it's a tanner!"

"That's luck for us, anyway, if it ain't exactly luck for them."

"Oh, I reckon they done it on purpose. They'd never have put their dough just there by our Jack's likeness. It's Christian charity, that's what it is."

"I don't believe it's Christian charity—that'd be tuppence. A pound's nothing but an accident. Howsumever, it makes no difference to me what it is, so long as it's there. I could do with a plate o' ham."

"A plate o' ham and a cup o' coffee, and a bottle o' whisky to come along with us to Tonbridge."

"That's it. But look there, Reg—there's writing on the paper!"

"So there is. Pity we ain't seollards."

"Maybe it's a word for us."

"That's what it is, I reckon."

She picked up the paper and inspected it solemnly, then passed it on to her husband, who did the same.

"Pity we never got no school-learning, Reg."

"I've never felt the want."

"But I'd like to be able to read the word they've left us."

"That's because you're a woman and made of curiosity. I, being a man, says let's take the money and be thankful. And now, old lady, pack up your traps, for, thanks to this bit of luck, we'll have our breakfast at the 'Blue Boar.'"

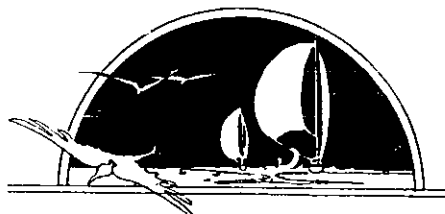
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AN AMERICAN PACIFIST

AN unassuming yet truly notable Americanine has touched our shores in the course of her world-journeys: Miss Martha Root, great-granddaughter of the United States celebrity, Elihu Root. Miss Root has visited all the leading cities of South America, she has spent a year in China, she has toured in Australia, and after visiting Wellington she will return to Sydney *en route* for South Africa. Her life is devoted to the betterment of our race. She pleads for universal peace, and—on the basis of Bahaim—she shows that this ideal of the ages can and will be attained by civil and moral equalisation of the sexes, by the education of boys and girls as citizens of the world and progenitors of an ever-ascending humanity, and by the use of an international auxiliary language. Herself a fluent Esperantist, Miss Root has expounded her lofty themes before the progressives of Japan and other countries, and must be regarded as an important factor in this rapidly developing period. It is to be regretted that her stay in New Zealand will be brief. Let us hope that such a visitor may come again!

New Dresses from Old

It is easy to re-dye a frock with Twink—yet the frock won't betray the fact that it has been home-dyed. Twink cleans as it dyes: and every one of the twenty-four beautiful colours in which it is made are fast colours. Sold by all Grocers, Chemists and Stores.

I wonder If Love Is A Dream.
When I dream I'm beloved by you.
I Wonder are dreams what they seem,
And I wonder do dreams come true.
My mind is distracted by doubt,
And nothing seems certain and sure,
But the fact that bad colds fade out
Where there's Woods' Peppermint Cure.

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Refined Portraiture

For your Wedding Group, the Family Group, or the Kiddies' Pictures, see **ZAZA**, 190 TOP O' SYMONDS ST. (next Tatt's) Our NIGHT Pictures are Equal to DAY.



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We have removed from Upper Symonds Street and are now located in Pacific Buildings, Wellesley Street East, Auckland, next door to the Auckland Power Board's new office.

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Zealandia Boots & Shoes

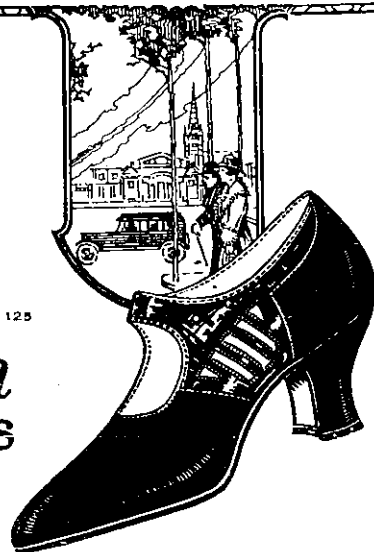
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This model has Louis heel and may be had with either Pump or machine sewn sole.

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I myself make all the Jewellery that I sell. Take rings, for instance: I hardly ever make two alike. Select the general idea of the design you favour. I can show you many hundreds of these—and I will quote you a price for manufacturing it with such stones and setting as you desire.

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"Why is she so popular?" One often hears the question about a certain girl, and it is uttered with a little sigh of envy.

You meet the popular girl in every walk of life. On the links, on the tennis court, in the ballroom, in the office, she is in demand everywhere.

The real secret of her popularity is that she partly dedicates her life to the service of others, that she is always ready to oblige, to do a favour, to listen to a trouble, and to give advice.

Mind you, she does not always enjoy herself. Often she would much rather creep away for an evening by herself, but her friends, knowing what good company she is, drag her out and seek her as their amusement. "She is such a good sort, a really jolly girl."

Yes, the secret of popularity is service and sacrifice.

The popular girl has a sweet nature, because she has learnt to be sympathetic, to put her own ills and worries, wants, and dislikes aside for others, and so popularity is her reward.

So many girls are thoroughly selfish towards each other. They would do anything within reason for one of the opposite sex, but they do not dream of doing a favour, that would cost them some time or trouble, for one of their sisters.

Beauty

may be more than skin-deep, but the care of the skin goes a long way towards making beauty. . . .
The right skin tonic and one which gets well into the skin cells, nourishes them, and makes the complexion glow with vivid health and beauty, is

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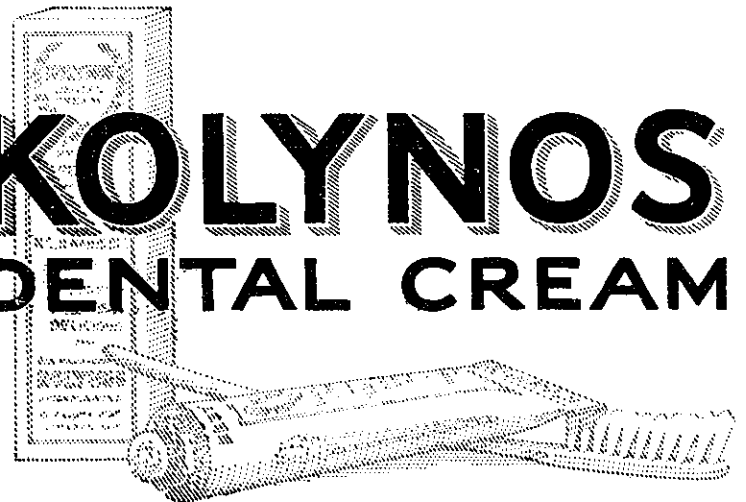


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PASTRIES THAT THE SOME ECONOMICAL RECIPES

Fried Jam Rolls

Required: 6oz. of flour, 2oz. of butter or margarine, 1 dessertspoonful of castor sugar, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 2 eggs, pinch of salt, jam, frying fat.

Sieve the flour, salt and baking powder, rub in the butter or margarine, beat up the eggs and gradually work into the flour. Roll out on a floured board and cut into rounds. Put a little stiff jam in the centre of each round, wet the edges and turn over, press the edges very firmly together and fry in hot fat until pale brown, and the pastry is cooked through. Drain on soft paper and dish on a lace paper on a hot dish. Cover with castor sugar.

Quickly Made Rolls

Required: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, 1 table-spoonful of baking powder, pinch of salt, about 1 gill of milk or water.

Rub the flour, salt and baking powder through a sieve, mix to a soft dough with the milk or water, shape into rolls, put into a greased baking tin and bake in a quick oven for about 12 minutes. When cooked brush over with a teaspoonful of milk and butter or margarine, melted and boiled up together. Re-

turn to the oven for a minute or two to glaze.

To Shape the Rolls

Cottage Leaves.—Break off two portions of the dough, one smaller than the other; roll into balls, moisten the larger ball with a little milk or water. Place the smaller one on the top. Flour the first finger and press it through the centre of the top ball and partly through the second. Make two or three cuts round the edges with the back of a knife.

Twists.—Take three small portions of dough, roll them on a floured board into strips. Join the ends together, moistening the join with water, and plait loosely. Wet the ends at the bottom and press together. If liked, only two rolls of dough may be twisted.

Crescents.—Roll out the dough, cut it into squares, then roll up from one point of the square until the top is reached. Let the top point fold over the roll, and turn the sides down in the shape of a horse-shoe.

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half the cost. They are very simple to make if a little care is taken with the pastry and the syrup.

For the pastry take $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of flour, 2oz. of lard, 2oz. of margarine, 2oz. of fine sugar, and a good pinch of salt. Slightly warm the fat and heat it soft with a wooden spoon, then rub it into the flour, adding the sugar first; bind with a little milk instead of water, and make the paste as dry as possible. Do not add flour after the liquid, except just to prevent sticking. Line a deep sandwich-tin with this paste, prick it well with a fork, and bake until firm and lightly browned. Leave until cold.

For the filling: Drain the syrup from a tin of apricots, cut the fruit into thick slices, and place in the case of pastry, each piece overlapping the other. Put the syrup into a small saucepan, bring to the boil, and mix with it half a teaspoonful of cornflour and a few drops of almond essence. Boil rapidly until it is reduced to about a gill. Pour over the fruit and leave to set. Any other fruit may be used in the same method.

How to Make Suet Pastry

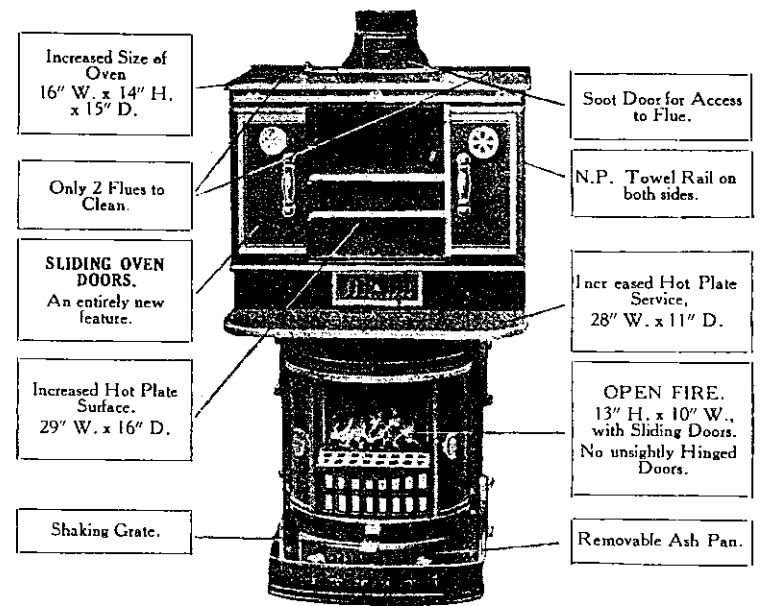
This easily-made pastry is used for meat or fruit puddings, poly

pudding, sea-pie and dump-lings.

To Make the Pastry.—Required: $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of suet, half level teaspoonful of baking powder, cold water to mix, pinch of salt. Sieve the flour, salt and baking powder into a basin; remove all skin and kernels from the suet, and shred it finely, dipping it into the flour occasionally. Then flour a board, and chop the suet as finely as possible, adding enough of the flour to prevent it sticking to the knife; mix it well with the flour, make a hollow in the centre, and add cold water very gradually, stirring the flour in with the right hand. Form into a smooth dough, turn on to a floured board, flour a rolling-pin and roll out to the required size and thickness.

For a Meat Pudding the pastry is rolled out a little thicker than for a fruit pudding. Any kind or a mixture of meats may be used. The pudding may be covered with a scalded floured cloth and boiled, or it may be covered with greased paper and steamed. Time to boil, $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 hours. To steam, 3 to 4 hours. If small individual puddings are made, 1 hour's boiling and $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours' steaming should suffice.

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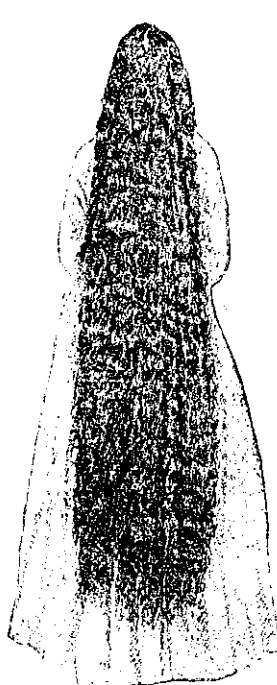
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MANY young children of to-day are highly strung and hyper-sensitive, and consequently difficult to understand. This "highly strung" condition is accounted for by the strain and struggle suffered by the mothers during the war, and it is recognised that children of this type require very patient and careful treatment if the nervous condition is to be overcome.

Regularity Essential

Absolute regularity of régime, calm, restful surroundings, soothing companions, abundance of fresh air, sleep, and suitable nourishing food indicate the broad outlines of successful treatment of these children.

The tears and tantrums of highly strung children, their nervous headaches, and the sickness or "upset" they often experience from over-excitement and anticipation could be almost entirely prevented if they led a quiet, healthy outdoor life, free from excitement and sudden changes.

A quick, imaginative brain generally accompanies a highly strung disposition, so that it is desirable to keep the mental activities of nervous children in check and direct their restless energy into the safety channels of handicrafts and outdoor games. Keep highly strung children busy and interested all day long, with their hands rather than their minds. Teach them to help others, and to think of others. They might have the care of a window-box or garden plot, or learn to look after a pet properly, or be responsible for several small duties about the house.

Short periods of occupied silence are beneficial, also deep breathing, simple rhythmic exercises, and slow movements to music. Those who look after nervous children need to be calm, patient, and self-controlled. Quiet, even voices, good humour and patience, gentle reproof instead of angry rebuke, help the nervous child to gain self-control.

Gaining His Confidence

Highly strung children must not be allowed to work themselves up into frenzies of excitement, temper, or emotion; neither should their nervous fears be ridiculed, but rather patiently explained and soothed away, and the child's confidence gained so that he has affection for and faith in the person who has care of him.

This type of child is often fussy and difficult about food. It is not wise to indulge him in his "fads," but his meals should be varied, well cooked, and daintily served, besides being light, nourishing, and digestible.

Stimulating foods are not good—no tea or coffee should be allowed—not much meat, but plenty of milk, eggs, and nourishing cereals. Only a very light meal is advisable at bedtime.

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"MY baby is a 'sugar-baby,'" said one young mother to another. "That's splendid; you can't give too much sugar, especially in the winter," was the response. But both mothers were wrong.

There is a superstition that when children crave for sweets it shows that nature is teaching them that the body is crying out for sugar. So it is, but not necessarily for artificial sweetmeats. Give your tiny baby the natural sugar of milk in his bottle, and little one-year-olds should have the sugar extracted from flowers—honey. Give your children between the ages of two and six years the sugar of fruits—ripe fruits are rich in sugar.

But what is the difference between sugar extracted from a cane and sugar extracted by bees from sweet-scented red clover? The difference is not so much in the way the sugar is produced, but how it is presented. If a child be given maple syrup or golden syrup, with fine wholemeal bread and plenty of butter, it is good, especially if it is not given at the end of a meal. But the sugar of the cane is presented to little ones in the form of hardbake, sticky toffees, sugared nuts, so hard for little teeth to crack. A hard crunch—an invisible crack in pearly enamel, a resting-place for a little germ of decay that waits—a silent enemy—in every baby mouth.

Chocolates and soft sweets should be given at a meal, with bread and butter, but not at the end. Half the damage to children's teeth is due to giving sugar at the end of a meal, whether jam, syrup, honey, or chocolates. Always finish a meal with a piece of apple or orange, or even a couple of dates, or a few seedless raisins. Then you are giving your little folk something to chew that will clean instead of crumble the teeth.

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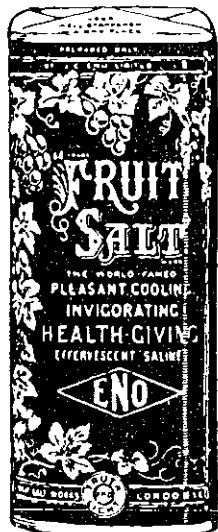
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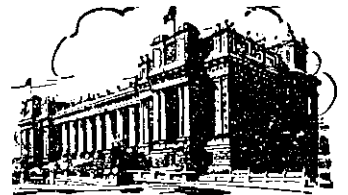


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HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS

THE RULES OF VERSE CONSTRUCTION CRITICAL NOTES ON MANUSCRIPTS

By Dolce A. Duncan

[No MS. will be returned unless accompanied by stamps. No liability is undertaken re voluntary contributions, though every care will be taken to ensure return. Writers are advised to keep duplicates. Name and full address must appear on the MS. itself, regardless of any covering letter.]

Judging by the large number of MSS. that reach us there are many young people in the Dominion who have thoughts to express in prose or in verse. Frequently the material is good, yet the story itself is useless. It is drearily drab and uninteresting.

Why is this? The answer is that the writers fail in their method. They forget that they are not writing a school essay or exercise. I shall assume that handwriting, punctuation and grammar are all they should be. These are very important. The next thing is to make your story interesting. How shall you do it? By being brief, simple, direct. You cannot be over-precise as to your meaning.

Avoid slang, padding, and long, involved sentences. Cut them up into short, crisp ones, packed full of meaning.

Study good models, not the newspapers. Their purpose is to convey information solely.

Avoid the popular novels of the day like poison. If you fill your mind with such reading, and take them as your models, you will surely fail with your pen. But novels that are classics, and particularly the histories of foreign countries and the biographies of great men will stimulate both mind and imagination.

As to verse construction.

Do not imagine that lines of equal length ending with rhyme-words are poetry, or even verse.

There are certain definite rules to be followed in verse-making. Possibly a great poet like Keats or Tennyson may write without having studied them, but it is doubtful.

Most textbooks on Composition, and many English Grammars, contain a chapter devoted to Prosody. In it the beginner will find all the

information and rules necessary for his guidance in verse construction, and unless these rules are followed the result is mere doggerel. As for "Free Verse," the beginner should leave it severely alone.

As space is limited I shall refer to a few points merely, dealing with rhythm, metre, Iambic and Trochaic measures.

Rhythm means a regular succession of movements. There is rhythm in prose, but it is irregular, or it would drop into sing-song. In poetry the rhythm is regular.

In English poetry an accented syllable alternates with one or two unaccented syllables. Such a combination is called a foot, or a measure.

Most beginners and many poets use the Iambic foot. It consists of an unaccented syllable and an accented one, the two syllables making a foot, or measure. The regular recurrence of such feet, or measures, is called metre.

Iambic foot equals unaccented plus accented, as in a-greé.

Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* is an excellent example of the smoothness resulting from the use of Iambics. It should be scanned as an exercise, marking the syllables thus:—

"The ploughman homeward wends | his weary way."

The Trochaic foot consists of an accented syllable and an unaccented one. Thus it is the opposite of the Iambic.

Trochaic foot equals accented plus unaccented, as in sing'-ing.

So

"Lásson | wild flowers | óverwánder
Lástrous | méadows, | swéet sa | vánnahs'"

is in Trochaic feet.

When you understand how to attain melody in your verse, be sure you have something worth saying in that medium. Avoid self-consciousness. Forget yourself, and look outwards. Cultivate a habit of observing what many people pass by unseeing. Note colour and sounds in Nature. Study human nature above all, and if you are in earnest you will "find" yourself and express yourself accordingly.

CRITICISM OF MSS. RECEIVED

P.L.S., Dunedin.—"The Way to Fairyland" will do. The accompanying piece is less pleasing.

A.M., Lyttelton.—Article has no local interest. Try some daily nearer home.

B.C., Whangarei.—Golf is absorbing only when being played. One must be a Wodehouse to write about it. I fear literary work is not your forte. We prefer articles on something practical.

A.S.S., Invercargill.—Verses are merely pretty, but punctuation is bad. Read remarks above on verse writing.

N.R.—Your material is good, but the construction is poor and the punctuation faulty.

E.D., East Coast.—Allegories are out of date. Readers prefer a clear-cut story—something dealing with realities.

A.F.L.—An apology for your contribution would be quite in order. The remarks given above on verse construction should be of use to you.

PETER, Wellington.—Of the three pieces "The Mermaid and the Small Boy" is the best. You have a fair idea of rhythm, which would be improved by studying the remarks given above on metre.

C.E.R.—Your sketch lacks animation, and makes dreary reading. As a school essay your article may pass, but in spite of the excellent matter dealt with the style and setting are uninviting. Read the rules for prose writing given above.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Reviews of Recently Received New Issues

"A STUDY OF THE RING AND THE BOOK"

(Basil Blackwood, Broad Street, Oxford. 7/6.)

Mr. James Cassidy (E. M. Story) has given to the world a book which will be welcomed by lovers and students of Browning. He has written in prose the story of the "Ring and the Book," a tragedy which stirred Europe three hundred years ago, keeping the form of the narrative poem, and using, as it were, Browning's own language. He has so paraphrased that, while the poet's style, even his tricks of speech, remain, there are none of the obscurities which make the reading of the poem a rather laborious, if pleasant, task.

(Continued on page 48)

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BOOKS RECEIVED (Continued)

"MARIE VEE"—By Douglas Newton

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Henry Jimm could play the piano a little and box extremely well. These accomplishments were his chief assets when he attempted to make his fortune in America; consequently he fell upon hard times. Marie Veronica, known as Marie Vee for short, a vaudeville singer, was his friend and the means of his getting the chance of showing in public how he could use his fists. He acquitted himself so well that Logger Ralph, a lumber king, at once gave him a chance in his timber camp, where Jimm in due course boxed his way into a fine position. There were love complications that could not be fought so straightforwardly; for Gina, Logger Ralph's stepdaughter, had a taste for heroes, and for a time seemed likely to appropriate Jimm to herself. But the reappearance of Marie Vee, now famous as a vaudeville artiste, thanks to a song which Jimm had written for her, led to yet more complications and family dissensions. In the end Jimm was lucky enough to box his way to the girl he really loved. This novel is full of delightfully humorous scenes and vivid descriptions of fighting. The love story is treated with great skill, and the characters of the brave, clean fighter who is hero, and his sweetheart the fascinating, kind-hearted, elusive Marie Vee, are certain to delight readers of thrilling and wholesome fiction both in this country and elsewhere.

"GIGLAMPS"—By Will Scott

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The author of "Giglamps," having drawn many cartoons and covered much space as a theatrical poster artist, abandoned the graphic arts for story-writing and sold his first magazine tale to an editor who had twice rejected it. Seldom does a book appear so filled with humour and humanity as the story of "Giglamps," the philosophic tramp. His whimsical mode of expression, his cheerful outlook on life even in the dreariest circumstances, his kindly geniality even when in conflict with the laws and those who enforce them, all these qualities are so well marked as to give the hero a distinct place among the vagabonds of romance who have won sudden and permanent popularity. Giglamps is one of those people to whom adventures are bound to happen; and they keep on happening. His life is full of more downs than ups, but his cheerful philosophy brings sunshine and laughter to those who accompany him. One of his fellow travellers for a time, the boy Mercury Smith, is, in his own way, quite as original a genius as the elder tramp. In all his transgressions, in all his wanderings, his misfortunes and his triumphs, Giglamps shows himself such a warm-hearted human being and original philosopher, that he is certain to become a general favourite with the reading public.

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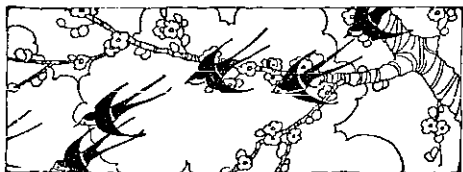
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A CHINESE BRIDE

By A GUEST AT THE WEDDING FEAST

WHEN staying with a Government official in Hapat, a mining district in Malay, I was invited by a Chinese "Towkay" (i.e., "a big pot") to a dinner to commemorate the marriage of his son.

We had seen the bride arrive the day before, headed by a procession. First, a Chinese band, dressed in picturesque scarlet, then the bridegroom's relations, some in cars and some on foot, and next the hero himself in gorgeous silken attire with a wonderful hat, and with two little boys similarly attired, one on either side of him in the car; then a big glass case full of embroidered shoes (the gift and work of the bride to her spouse), carried on poles by coolies.

The bride herself, escorted by a strong cordon of well-armed police, sat in her car with a little girl on either side of her. When a Chinese woman gets married her dowry is given in the form of jewellery, and as this bride was the daughter of a very rich "Towkay," she wore necklaces, brooches, bracelets, and rings galore, worth thousands of dollars—hence the armed escort.

We arrived at the house at eight o'clock, were shown up to the bridal chamber, where a huge canopied bed caught the eye at once by its wonderfully embroidered coverlet, and were welcomed by the bridegroom, his mother and little wife, who was only about sixteen, still wearing her dowry. The girl showed us her jewellery—nearly all of pure gold.

We were all rather disappointed to find that we were to have a European dinner after all. However, it was quite good, and the champagne was excellent and plentiful. In the middle, a cousin of the bridegroom pushed round some plates of sweetmeats, and assured us that if we partook of them we would not get drunk!

A few speeches were made, and the bridegroom apologised for the absence of his wife, saying it was not the Eastern custom for ladies to be present. He then disappeared, and when he returned he had changed his white suit for a pair of vividly striped pyjamas—a hint that the meal was ending.

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Gossard brassieres are also designed for the needs of all figure types. They have been created to meet the general demand for brassieres with sufficient length and special shaping to snug the waist and prevent "riding up" over the top of the corset.

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DOPE!

By LEONORA EYLES (Author of "Hidden Lives")

WE most of us dope on occasion. I don't mean that we take cocaine or alcohol. Other things, just as paralysing to action. There is the idealist's dope: he wants so much for the world; he wants perfection. And life falls so far short of it that he retires into a dream of Utopia. Dope—peace from his gnawing hopes and disappointments.

There is the poet's dope. He wants a world of beautiful sounds and forms and colours. His ear is jarred, his eye tortured by ugliness all around him, ugliness of things, ugliness of spirit. So he retires into a dream of unreality; what his soul desires he imagines has come to pass. And so, for a time, he is happy. Dope again—paralysing.

There is the neurotic's dope. Some neurotics never dare to become conscious. Born weak, educated without courage or grit, often very sensitive and full of ideals, such a man has not the sheer stuff in him to make life what he wishes it to be. So he retires into a dream of self-pity and persecution; he tells himself what he could have done if only people had given him a chance. He hugs his martyrdom. More dope—he is quite happy!

Then there is the dope necessary to the man who shuts himself in his own egotism. There are some such men who literally dare not get quite sober; they must take alcohol or drugs because they cannot face the things that are.

Clear-sighted, but lacking courage or the technique of life; charming, often, on the surface, they incur human responsibilities they cannot meet; they demand love and can give none; they demand and accept service of all sorts and return none.

Conscience speaks to them, sternly telling them what they owe to their friends and lovers. They cannot bear conscience. So they deceive themselves by getting intoxicated or doped, and then blame their friends for having "upset" them and made the doping necessary to their peace of mind.

There is no health of mind or peace for such people until they face themselves clearly, admitting failures, rettenuesses, and the debts they owe others. John Bunyan knew this when he made Christian drop his bundle before he could go on any farther. If the dope-taker does not drop his burden, he will keep on taking dope to help him bear the agony of it.

There is another dope. Hard work, solid, hard work; the "curse," or blessing, put on humanity in Eden. Hard work is a drug that brings health and peace; it brings sweet sleep and quiet breathing. It brings no unpleasant taste after it. You can, as they say, "lose yourself" in it.

And that is the aim of doping. Or the aim of love. Or the aim of religion.

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 ¼ teaspoon Mustard
 1 teaspoon Sugar
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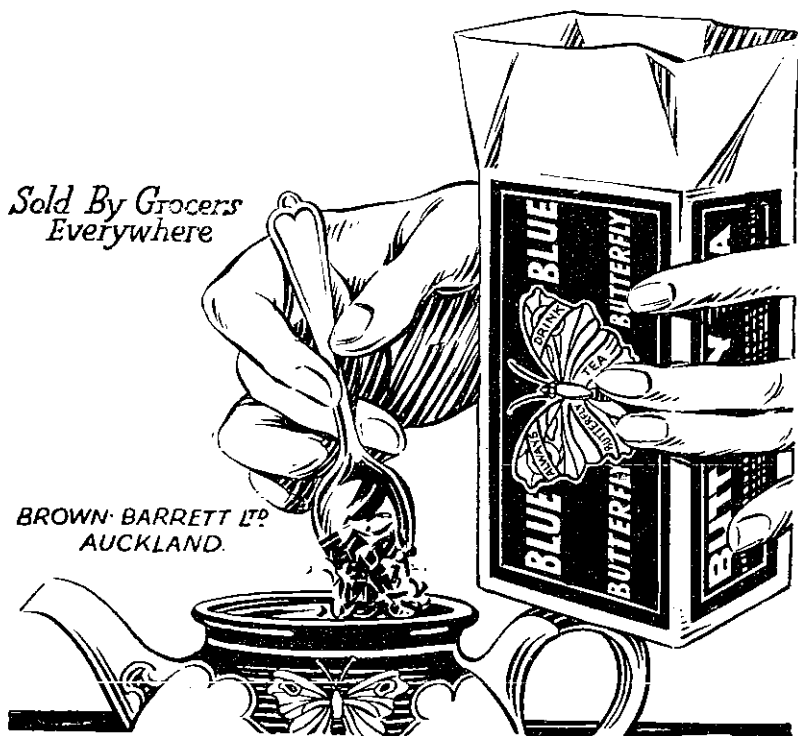
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WEDDINGS

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.

MUDFORD—WISE.

A wedding of considerable interest was solemnised at the Presbyterian Church, Matamata, on Wednesday, July 9, when Miss Alice Maude Wise, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Wise, "Home Lea," Te Poi, was married to Mr. Philip Mudford, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mudford, Mangawhare, Dargaville. Rev. A. C. Hampton was the officiating minister, and Mrs. S. Reid presided at the organ. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a navy marocain suit trimmed with fur, with smart navy and gold toque to match. She carried a bouquet of violets and maidenhair fern, and was attended by Mrs. H. G. Mudford as matron of honour, who wore a navy gabardine costume with hat to match. The duties of best man were carried out by Mr. Jack Wise, brother of the bride. After the ceremony a reception was held in the Kensington Tea Rooms, only relatives and a few intimate friends being present. The usual toasts were honoured. Later in the day the happy couple left on their wedding tour amid showers of confetti and good wishes.

HOWARTH—WHATFORD.

A pretty wedding was solemnised at the residence of the bride's parents, Waharoa, on 2nd inst., when Miss Audrey Sybil Whatford, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Whatford, was united in the bonds of holy matrimony to Mr. Edward Holland Howarth. The bride was daintily attired in white silk, heavily beaded with pearls, and wore the orthodox veil and orange blossoms. She was attended by her sister, Miss Phoebe Whatford, who wore cream fuji silk with beaded panels. The bridegroom was supported by Mr. Roy Cayer, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. E. Connolly, vicar of Matamata. After the ceremony the wedding breakfast was served and the customary toasts honoured. Mr. and Mrs. Howarth left by car for Matamata, where they joined the Rotorua express *en route* for Auckland.

BRUCE—MOORE.

On May 29, at the residence of the bride's parents, a quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised by Rev. A. Aspland, of Frankton, when Robert Hector, second son of the late Captain and Mrs. Bruce, of Whatawhata,

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friends.

was united with Elizabeth (Bessie), eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Moore, also of Whatawhata. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked winsome, gowned in a dainty frock of white crêpe de chine. She also wore the customary veil and orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful shower bouquet. The bride was attended by her sister Nellie and cousin, Miss Sarah Wilson, of Te Uku. The maids wore pretty frocks of saxe blue and vieu rose crêpe de chine, respectively, with hats to match and gold brooches set with pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. Each carried a dainty bouquet. Mr. A. Bruce, the bridegroom's brother, fulfilled the duties of best man, while Mr. W. Moore, brother of the bride, acted as groomsman. At the breakfast which followed the ceremony, the usual toasts were proposed and enthusiastically honoured. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce were the recipients of many valuable presents, several handsome cheques being included. Later in the day the happy couple left by motor amidst showers of confetti and good wishes. In the evening a dance was given in the local hall by the parents of the bride, and a most enjoyable time was spent.

PERCY—INGLEY.

One of the prettiest and most interesting weddings celebrated in Masterton for a long time took place at St. Patrick's Church recently, when Clarice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ingley, of Te Ore Ore, was married to Clarence, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Percy, of Bideford. The bridesmaids were Misses Mary McGregor and Eileen Percy, who wore exquisite frocks of pink georgette over charmeuse, with bugle trimming, the skirts being accorleon pleated. The pink wide-brimmed hats, silver shoes and dainty silver crooks completed a really charming ensemble. The little Misses Fisher, flower girls, were attractively attired in pink, and also carried crooks. The best man was Mr. W. Percy, and Mr. T. Ingley was groomsman. At the organ was Mrs. A. R. Bunny, who played the Bridal March and the Wedding March. The Rev. Father Devlin performed the ceremony.

ATKINS—SIBLEY.

A wedding of much local interest took place at Te Aroha in St. Mark's Church recently, Rev. R. L. Connolly, vicar of the parish, officiating. The contracting parties were Miss K. Norah Sibley, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sibley, of Brighton, England, and Mr. G. K. Atkins, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, of Te Aroha. Mr. and Mrs. Atkins left by the express on an extended holiday amid showers of confetti. Their future home will be at Taumarunui.

PARKER—ROCHE.

A pretty and interesting wedding took place on Tuesday, 26th August, when Miss Dorothy Cecilia Roche, daughter of Mr. J. I. Roche and Mrs. Roche, Remuera, was married to Mr. Arthur Stanley Parker, eldest son of Mr. A. J. Parker and Mrs. Parker, of Stanley Point, at the Diocesan High School Chapel, Epsom. The ceremony was performed by Venerable Archdeacon Cowie, Vicar of St. Peter's, Hamilton, uncle of the bride. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents. The bride, who is a niece of the late Sir William Herries, M.P., is well known in social circles, and was the recipient of many beautiful and valuable presents from her numerous friends in both Auckland and Wellington. The bridegroom is well known in Auckland yachting circles.

HARDING—FERNANDEZ.

The wedding took place recently in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Wellington, of Miss Nora Victoria Fernandez, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Fernandez, of Tinakori Road, to Mr. Robert Harding, of "Raukawa," Hawke's Bay, second son of Mrs. Harding, of Waipukurau. (Photographs in this issue.)

WALDRON—JOHNSTONE.

The wedding was celebrated in the Avonside Church, Christchurch, of Miss Marjory Johnstone, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Johnstone, of Wilson's Road, to Mr. Robert Waldron, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Waldron, of Ellham.



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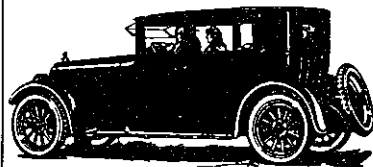
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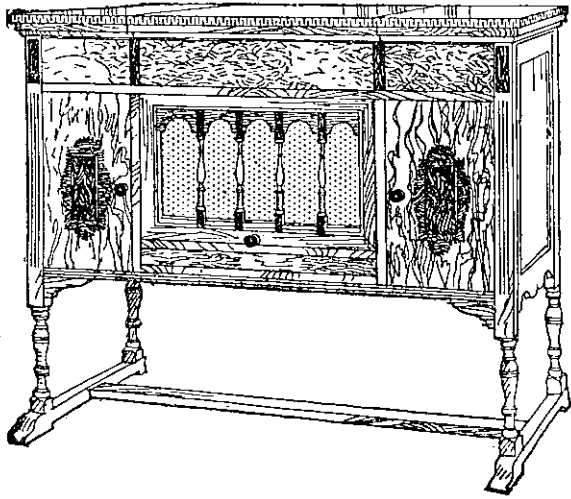
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ENGAGEMENTS

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.

Of Esther, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Thompson, New Plymouth, to Mr. J. Carroll, of Wellington.

Of Molly, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. F. Coates, Moengawahine, to Mr. John Morrison, son of Mr. Findlay Morrison, of Hawke's Bay.

Of Phyllis, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. F. Coates, Moengawahine, to Mr. Briscoe Moore, of Moengawahine, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Moore, Dunedin.

Of Neta, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Partington, "Wai-riki," Second Avenue, to Mr. George North, of North's Road, Whangarei.

Of Miss Vera Harrison, of the Wellington Training College staff, to Mr. A. J. Stewart, of Outram.

Of Miss Mollie Bond, of Wanganui, to Mr. Arthur Porritt, Rhodes Scholar, formerly of Wanganui.

Of Millicent, third daughter of Joseph Robinson, "Glenarm," Matamata, to Mr. G. C. Hitchcock, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Hitchcock, of Te Kuiti.

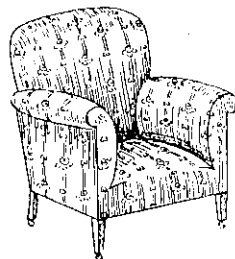
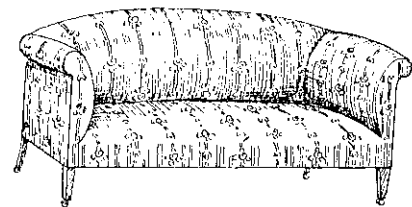
Of Dorothy May, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Griffiths, 83 Owen's Road, Mount Eden, to Mr. G. B. Dyson Beamey, B.Sc., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Beamey, 66 Owen's Road, Mount Eden.

Of Miss Adrienne Busche, of the State Conservatorium, Sydney, only daughter of Professor and Dr. (Mrs.) Robert Busche, also of Sydney, to Mr. Neville Eames, of Greyhound.

Of Alix, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. MacKenzie, Kamo Road, Whangarei, to Mr. Russell Arneil, of Hikurangi, second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Arneil, "Kurajong," Hamilton Road, Herne Bay, Auckland.

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Of Dolly, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lill, Sandy Knolls, to James, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Allan, 237, Papanui Road, Christchurch.

Of Miss P. Baxter, of Greymouth, to Captain Clark, master of the "Rakauoa."

Of Hazel, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Davies (Highland Park, Wellington), to Mr. Fred E. Asboe (late Royal Flying Corps), fourth son of the Rev. A. and the late Mrs. Asboe (Belfast, Ireland).

Of Margaret, youngest daughter of Mrs. T. Teschemaker, Middleton, to Mr. Gilbert Grigg, second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Grigg, Longbeach.

Of Hilary, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Wall, Lisnore Lodge, Fendalton, to Captain H. K. Donnelly, of the 20th Burma Rifles. Miss Wall left Christchurch some months ago to visit her uncle in India. She intends to return to New Zealand early in the New Year to visit her parents before her marriage.

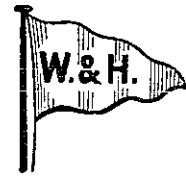
Of Noni, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Beckett, of "Almora," Christchurch, and Mr. Cecil Wentworth Gregg, sixth son of Mrs. Gerard Gregg, of Ballisland House, County Wicklow, Ireland.

Of Frances Dorothea, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Nelson, of England, to Mr. Noel T. Hinson, son of the Rev. Stanley and Mrs. Hinson, formerly of Pleasant Point, and now of Croydon, England.

Of Kathleen, eldest daughter of Mrs. H. A'Court and the late Mr. Henry A'Court, of Christchurch, to Mr. Rex Abernethy, son of Rev. C. and the late Mrs. Abernethy, also of Christchurch.

Of Isobel, daughter of the late Captain H. Chadwick, Pahi, Kaipara, and Mrs. A. E. Day, Hastings, to Mr. W. T. G. Airey, M.A., son of the late W. H. Airey, B.A., and Mrs. Airey, Auckland.

Of Muriel, eldest daughter of Mrs. E. G. and the late Mr. Mathews, of Gisborne, to Mr. C. W. Tomlinson, of Wairoa.




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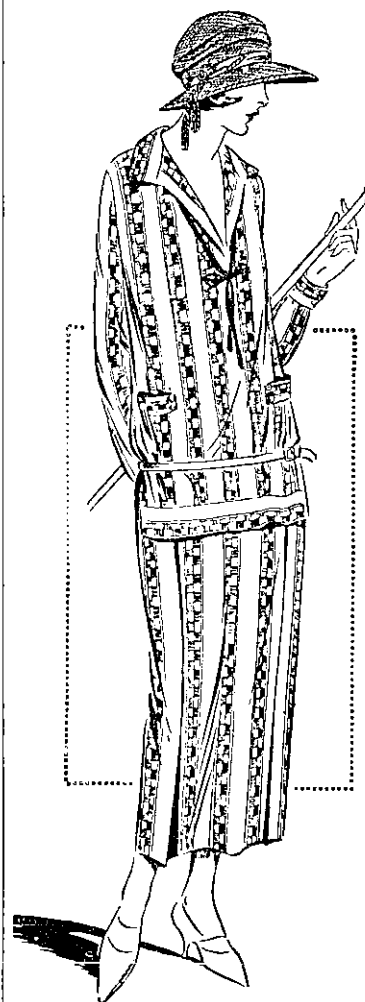
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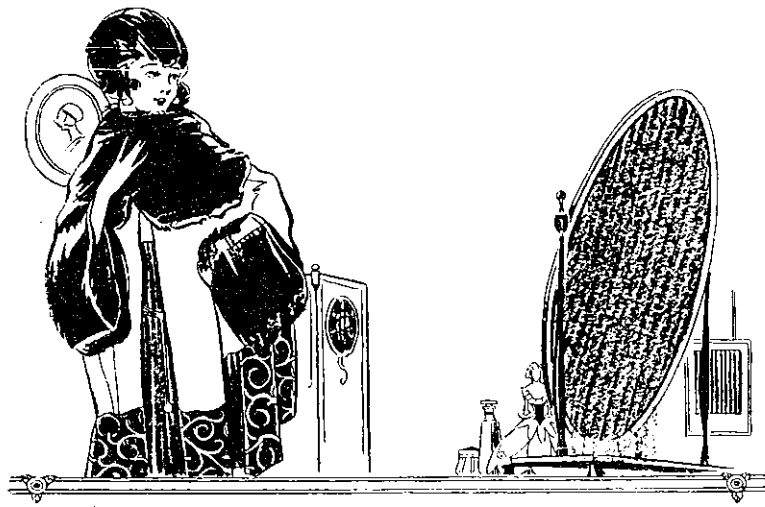
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BEAUTY HINTS

A BECOMING COIFFURE IS AN AID TO BEAUTY

FASHION in hairdressing is almost as elastic as it is in clothes, and the wise woman is she who dresses her hair becomingly. She needs to study her appearance in the glass, critically to examine not only the effect from the front, but that of her profile and back view as well. Prominent features demand simple styles, a plump face calls for flat hairdressing, a thin one may adopt a more elaborate mode. The contour of the face—whether it be square, round, or oval—is an important point to be considered when dressing the hair, as the coiffure must not accentuate any defects of feature, but help to detract attention from them.

Shorn Locks

So many women would improve their appearance immensely by adopting a change of coiffure. Take those very modern women, for example, who have their locks shorn closer than the average man's. Has none of their friends told them what frights they look? It sounds strong condemnation, but it is true. There are others who have not the courage to cut their hair, so they plaster it down in an equally ugly way to obtain an almost similar result.

Bobbed hair remains fairly popular and is patronised by many well-known actresses. When the hair is curly and the face is young a bobbed head looks charming, but with straight hair and a lined face the effect is really tragic, and adds considerably to a woman's age.

Individuality may be expressed in the way the hair is arranged. French women at present are adopting what might be called the "Going-to-the-bath style." The hair is drawn back tightly behind the ears and rolled into chignon on the nape of the neck. Flat curls are plastered down on each cheek.

The "widow's peak"—that attractive little point in the centre of the forehead—is admired more than the straight forehead line at present, and many women who do not possess it try to achieve it by artificial means.

Light waves in the hair are preferred to pronounced indentations, and the most usual coiffure is when the hair, lightly waved, is drawn back from the forehead, fluffed out at the sides over the ears, and coiled into a loose knot at the back.

Demure Simplicity

In contrast to the exposed forehead is the fringe, which lends an air of demure simplicity to those who favour it, but it requires an oval or rather babyish contour of face to be really successful.

The position of the chignon, which usually takes the form of a "bun," varies; in some cases it is perched right on the top of the head. With period evening frocks, period hairdressing is often adopted, with very becoming results, and the Winterhalter coiffure, side curl and all, is likely to be much seen this season. Long earrings and Spanish combs lend a piquant effect to many hairdressing models.

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THE BEAUTY EXPERTS.

WHAT THE BEST OF THEM
HAVE TO SAY ON VARIOUS
SUBJECTS.—HOME RECIPES.

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 ¼-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 chap 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.

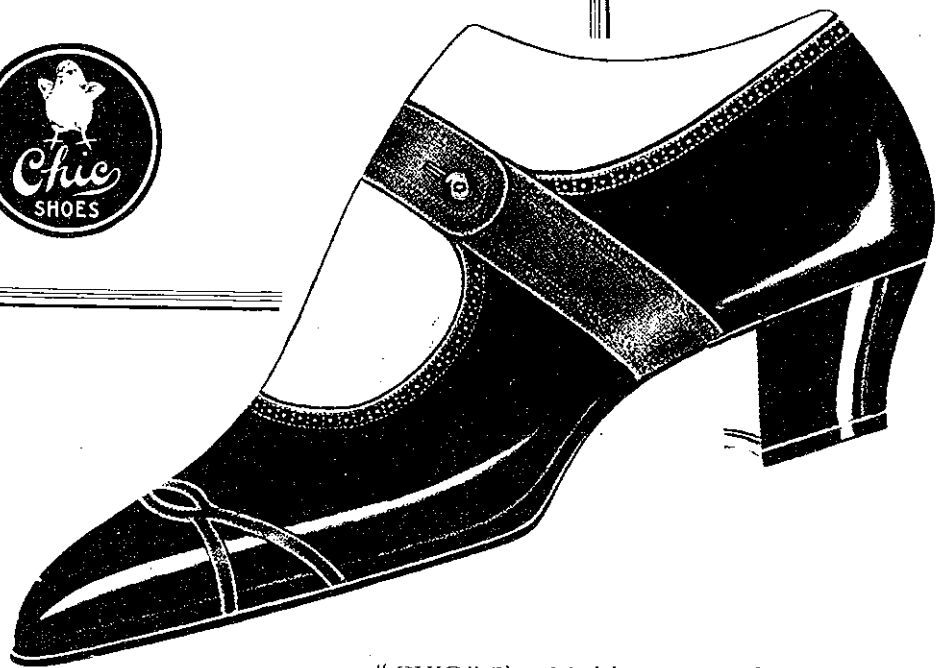
How to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair, is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered pheminol, obtainable from the chemist's, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the 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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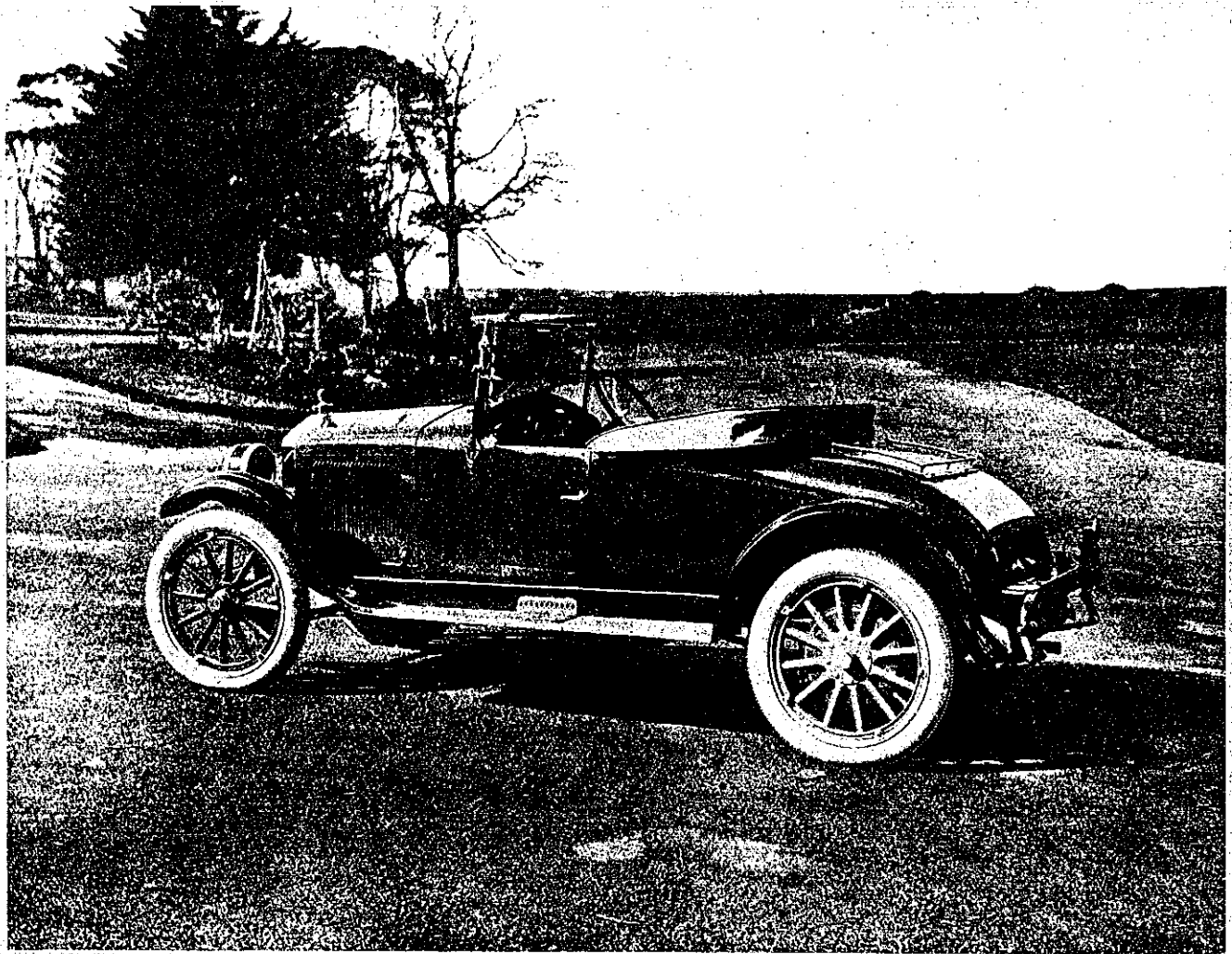
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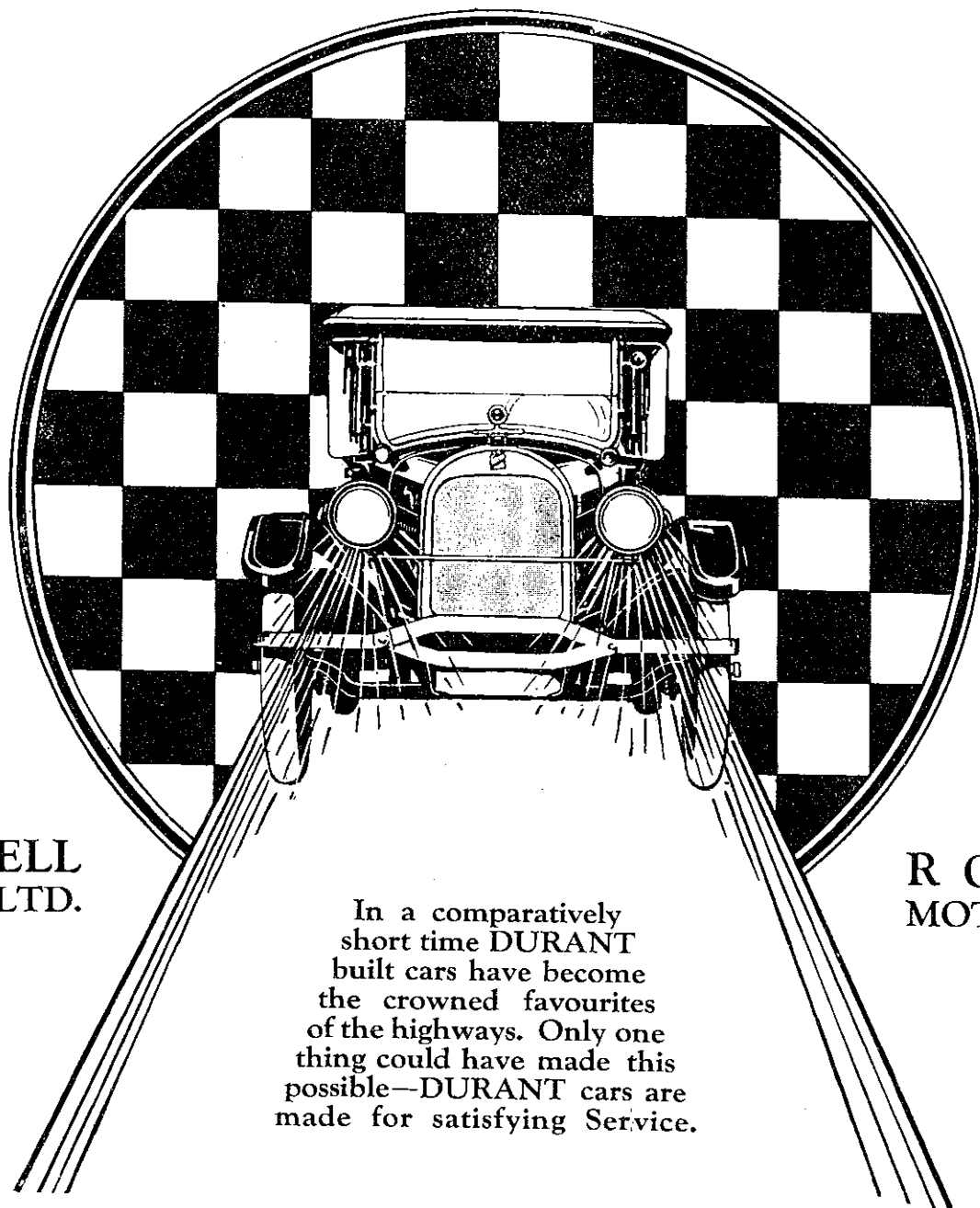
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NAPIER - - H. C. Franklin	OAMARU - - Carter Rhodes Pty. Ltd.	and in many of the smaller towns



Photograph:
J. W. Jones,
Manners St.,
Wellington.

On the roof of
New Zealand
M O U N T
H E C T O R
(5,016 feet)
A Week - end
Climb from
Wellington

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

TAXATION . . . ROAD COSTS . . . CAMPING
AND THE CAR . . . THE ART OF CAR BUYING

FROM all parts of the country there has come of late a babel of voices on the subject of motor taxation apropos of the annual license fees in the Motor Vehicles Bill. In some quarters one finds advocates of taxing motor vehicle owners solely through a petrol tax; other critics demand that all the money wanted shall be collected solely by tyre duties; while yet again we have Sir James Gunson leading Auckland local body advocacy of a horse-power tax, plus a tyre tax. In the midst of these distractions it becomes easy to overlook the fact that the immediate need is to obtain for the Highways Board the additional £150,000 a year needed for it to function fully as intended under the Highways Act. The fees in the Motor Vehicles Bill are not heavy, and they serve the purpose of getting things going and enabling the local bodies during the coming summer season to push on with the good work of surfacing and otherwise improving their roads. A system of good roads, even if it is the product of an imperfect system of taxation, is surely a thousand times better than sticking in the mud for more years, pending discovery of the ideal method of raising the money to pull us out of it.

Auckland's predilection for concrete roads at £10,000 a mile and Wellington's much-boomed Hutt Road in bituminous concrete at £7,000 a mile have started an itch among local bodies for expensive pavements as the only alternative to very bad macadam. There is a marked tendency in many quarters to regard with contempt any proposal to lay the less expensive types of bituminous surfaces, and many engineers regard the technique of these as not worth studying seriously. This is a mistake that may cost the country hundreds of thousands of pounds, and leave us with a few miles of needlessly expensive road, when by a more intelligent expenditure we might have had amply sufficient surfaces over double

or treble the distance for the same money. An experienced engineer lately in America tells me we are crazy to aim at laying roads of the same type that carry the traffic in and out of the hugest cities in the United States. Even with the enormous volume of motor traffic there the mileage of concrete and bituminous concrete roads is very small relatively. All our traffic for many years to come, this gentleman considers, can be perfectly well accommodated on the Taranaki type of surfaced road at a fraction of the cost of the other. The real nut for us to crack is to learn how to lay these cheaper roads efficiently, for wrongly gone about a sorry job can result, as some districts already know. Properly laid they are excellent.

With summer on the wing towards us, one's thoughts fly to the great outdoors, and there are signs that the motorists of New Zealand have caught the lure of the

open spaces, and are developing a taste for motor camping tours. In America, motor camping has a tremendous vogue, and it is said that no town west of the Mississippi considers itself up to date unless it has a public camping ground on its outskirts. Some of these are of colossal proportions. A copy of the new American A. A. "Camping Site Manual," for instance, gives details of thousands of camps, the largest being that at Denver, with an area of 160 acres, providing accommodation for 1,000 cars and 12,000 people, and equipped with store and meat shop, rest houses for both men and women, tables and benches, a movie theatre, dancing hall, two race tracks, a billiard room, soda fountain, water laid on to each camp site, showers, tent floors, electric lights, laundries, barber shop, police station, motor repair shop, and finally an aeroplane landing ground for still more up-to-date people than motorists.

Our American cousins are extraordinarily gregarious in their habits, and the community camp with an indiscriminate mob huddled together in a heap will scarcely appeal to the average New Zealander as the ideal of life in the open. However, there is a happy mean between paddling one's own canoe entirely and camping in a mob, and it would be quite a good idea for the automobile associations to co-operate in compiling a list of attractive spots along the main highways at which motorists are free to camp. On an unfamiliar road one will often pass a good camping ground a little early for ending the day's run, thinking there will be just as good further on, and then, after traversing an unattractive stretch of country, end up by pitching one's tent in the dark on a spot that has nothing whatever to recommend it. Often, too, beautiful spots remain unknown a little distance off the main road. If a list of recommended camping sites were avail-

(Continued on page vi.)



WELLINGTON AS A MOTORING CENTRE

WELLINGTON as a motoring centre has one chief characteristic, and that is hills. East of it the main backbone of the North Island runs into the sea, and radiating westward from the main range, like the fingers of a hand, are a number of ridges also running without a break to the rugged shores of Cook Strait. In among these ridges lies the broad expanse of Wellington Harbour, or Port Nicholson, as it was christened in honour of Sydney's harbourmaster by a stray skipper in the dim pre-settlement days of a century ago; while still more anciently it was the Whanganui-a-Tara, or the Great Bay of Tara, in memory of an early Maori navigator. About twelve miles to the north-west lies another inlet among the ridges, the shallow but picturesque Porirua Harbour, a one-time haunt of whalers and Maoris and the scene of many stirring incidents.

To the motorist, Wellington's hills mean winding and often narrow roads with steep pinches, once the main highways are left. As compensation for this up-and-down work there are many fine views to be obtained from the summits *en route*, and the scenery among the valleys alternates between a quiet and placid charm and a wild and rugged beauty. For the adventurous who are willing to add a detour on foot to their jaunts, it is possible to spend the day or the week-end among primeval solitudes of moun-

tain, forest, and river, untouched by the hand of man.

For the visitor seeking acquaintance with the city and its environs the first run should be that along the waterfront to Island Bay via the Queen's Drive, and thence on to Ohiro Bay and back to the city via Brooklyn, a round of about 18 miles. This provides many views *en route* of the harbour and then of the open sea in Cook Strait, with, on a fine day, the snowy 10,000 foot summit of Tapuenuku soaring into the blue over seventy miles away. There are good bathing beaches by the way. On the return by Happy Valley a fine prospect over the city and harbour is gained from the heights at Brooklyn.

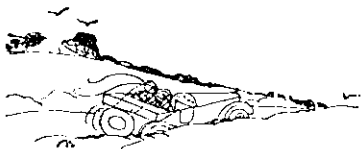
The Day's Bay run is another popular drive that will become still more popular when the road from Petone to Day's Bay is less full of pot-holes. At the harbour-side bays excellent bathing may be had, and the visitor will also find public tennis courts at both Day's Bay and Eastbourne.

Run No. 3 takes in the full length of the level twenty miles of the fertile Hutt Valley, and then soars over the hills on a by-road for a long run up the secluded Mangaroa Valley. Those who do not like hills can cut out the Mangaroa Valley part, and have a level 40-mile run to Upper Hutt and back. On a good day the two views from the ridges on the Mangaroa part of the run are things to be remembered.

Wellington's biggest round is the Akatarawa-Waikanae trip. The scenery is varied and of interest throughout, but from the driver's point of view the three big hills and the tortuous nature of much of the road make it rather a wearing day. As a week-end trip, with a stop-over at either Waikanae, where there is a far-famed trout stream to tempt anglers, or at Paraparaumu's seaside resort with excellent bathing, or at Paekakariki, more popular still as a seaside resort—with a halt overnight at one or other of these points, this run makes as fine a summer outing as one could wish.

The three remaining trips described have each features of interest, but by the visitor may be left over until the routes already described have first been covered, though anglers will find in the trout fishing a special reason for a run to the Wainui-o-mata, a stream, however, which with advent of the motor car is now often overcrowded with anglers at the week-end.

Much might be written of Maori legend and historic incident associated with countryside around Wellington, and perchance in some future issue it may be permitted to us to stop by the wayside and gossip of "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago," and so bring some touch of the glamour of yesterday into one's enjoyment of to-day and its sunshine as the engine purrs along highway and by-way.



TRIPS ROUND ABOUT WELLINGTON

(Continued from opposite page)

TRIP No. 4, Akatarawa-Waikanae (about 88 miles).—This is the finest round trip in the vicinity of Wellington. As in No. 2 to Petone, continuing on main road after crossing railway, thence to Lower Hutt and on to Upper Hutt, two miles beyond which take the Akatarawa Road to the left. The run to this point, 22 miles from the city, is practically level. After crossing the Hutt River the road winds up the picturesque valley of the Akatarawa among the hills, running through a rugged gorge for about two miles, and at about 32 miles from town ascending for four miles on a good grade through the forest reserve to the Akatarawa Saddle, 1,480 feet above sea level. From the summit a view is obtained over the valley of the Waikanae River, with the little hamlet of Reikorangi below, Waikanae itself in the distance, and Kapiti Island in the offing off the coast. A descent

of 4 miles to Reikorangi follows, with a level run to Waikanae, 44 miles from town. On the return the main Palmerston-Wellington road is followed. From Waikanae the road is undulating and level to Paekakariki, then follows a 2½-mile climb to the summit of the Paekakariki Hill, 780 feet above sea level, with a gorgeous view in fine weather. After an easy descent and level run through the Horokiwi Valley, Pabautanui is reached. The road then follows the shores of Porirua Harbour for some miles (surface rough of late), and at Porirua strikes inland again, rising to 500 feet at Johnsonville, and descending through the Ngahauranga Gorge to the shores of Wellington Harbour.

TRIP No. 5, Moonshine Round (about 50 miles).—Proceed as in No. 2, along Hutt Road to Ngahauranga, then turn to left up main Palmers-

ton Road, which follow to Pabautanui, 20 miles from the city, here take the road to the right, and past Judgeford school turn to the left. After winding through a picturesque gorge the road again forks, and the right branch is taken. A stiltish climb follows to the top of Moonshine Hill, over 900 feet above sea level, and there is a steep and narrow, but very beautiful, descent of 2½ miles to the Hutt River, the main Upper Hutt Road being joined at a point 18½ miles from town, the return being made by it.

TRIP No. 6, Wainui-o-mata (about 52 miles).—Proceed as in No. 3, but, instead of turning up Back Waiwetu Road, continue on and take the first turning to the right and ascend Wainui-o-mata Hill, climbing to about 640 feet in a little over two miles. In climbing the hill an increasingly beautiful view is gained of the Hutt

Valley and harbour. A descent of about a mile to the Wainui valley follows, with a level run of about 13 miles down the valley to the sea beach. The city reservoirs are on a side road on this route, but to visit them a permit from the town clerk's office is needed. Return is made over the same route as on the out trip.

TRIP No. 7, Ohariu Round (about 25 miles).—Leave Lambton Quay by Molesworth Street, Hill Street, and Tinakori Road, following the tram line to Karori Park; then ascend Makara Hill, and descend to Makara village, continuing on down the valley to about 10 miles from town. The road to the left to Makara Beach (Ohariu Bay) is taken, and on returning from the beach take the other road at the forks, and run up into the Ohariu Valley, and climb over the hill to Johnsonville, and thence return by the main road to the city.

ROUND ABOUT WELLINGTON

ILLUSTRATING "WELLINGTON AS A MOTORING CENTRE"



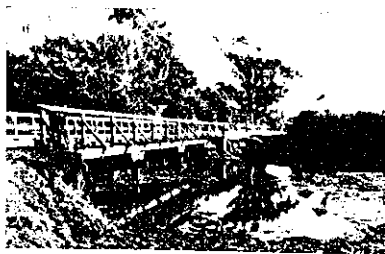
Trip No. 3—A Bridge on the Mangaroa.



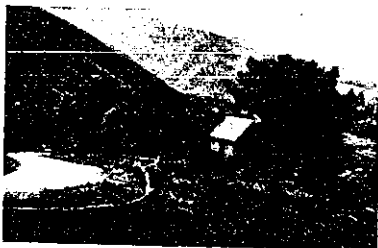
Trip No. 3—A Pioneer Homestead of the 'Forties, said to be the oldest house in the Hutt Valley.

TRIP No. 1, Queen's Drive (about 18 miles).—Leave G.P.O. by Featherston Street, Lambton Quay, Willis Street, Manners Street, Courtenay Place, Clyde Quay to Oriental Bay, thence follow waterfront to Kilbirnie, passing Union Company's workshops and Patent Slips en route in Evans Bay. Follow tram lines from Kilbirnie across isthmus to Lyall Bay, thence along sea coast to Island Bay, continuing on to Ohiro Bay, then up Happy Valley to Brooklyn, and follow tram line back to G.P.O. Run may be extended by going across isthmus to Seatoun and Breaker Bay (with fine view of harbour entrance), as shown on map.

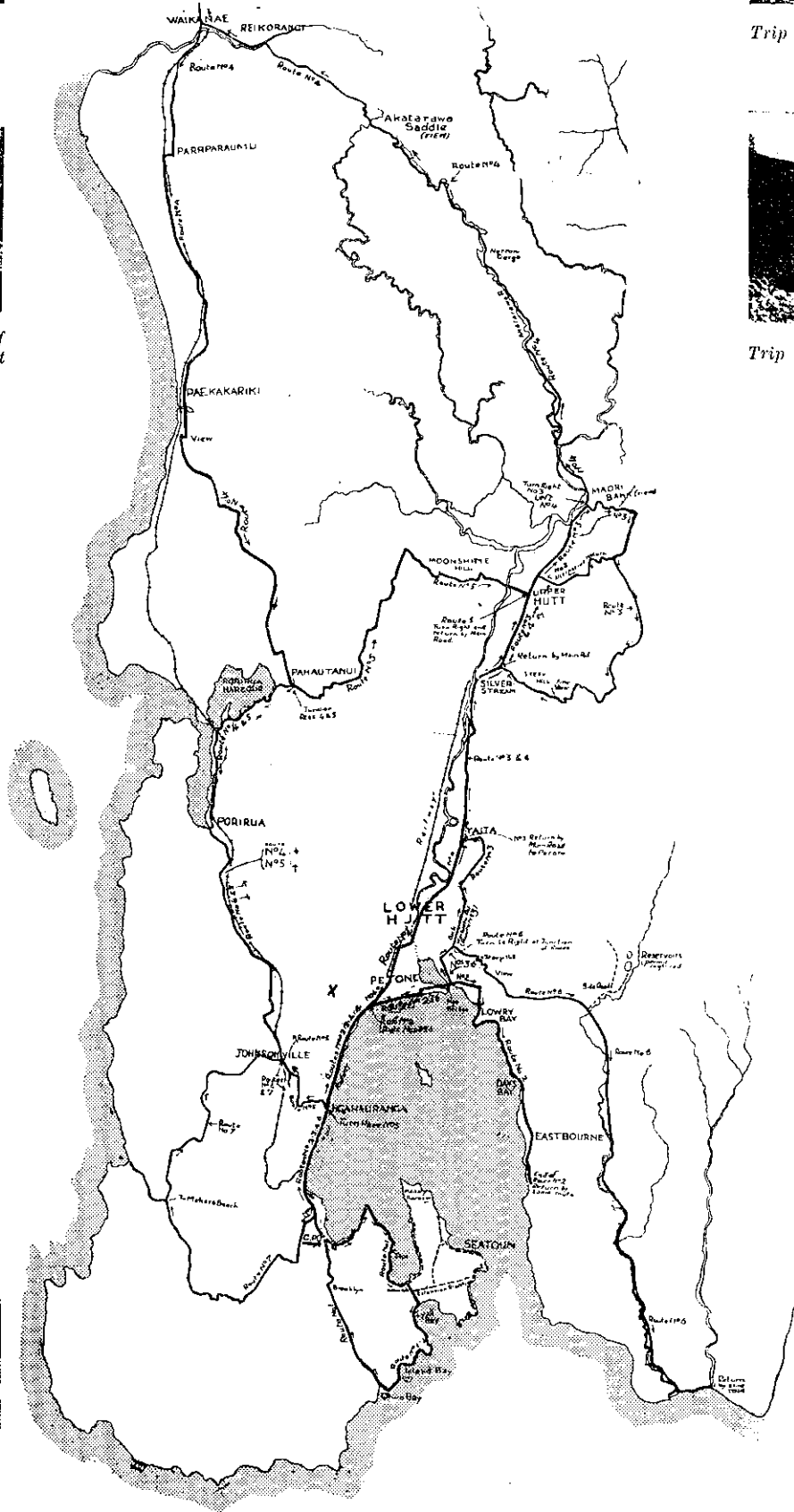
TRIP No. 2, Day's Bay (about 32 miles).—Leave G.P.O. by Featherston Street, Thorndon Quay, and Hutt Road to Petone, after crossing railway continue along waterfront on Petone Esplanade for about 1½ miles, thence up Cuba Street to Jackson Street, over Pipe Bridge across Hutt River, and on to Lowry Bay, Day's Bay, and Eastbourne to end of road, returning by the same route. A level run throughout.



Trip No. 6—On the Wainui-o-mata Road.



Trip No. 7—An Old-time Cottage on the Makara Hill.



Trip No. 4—A Reach on the Upper Waters of the Hutt River.



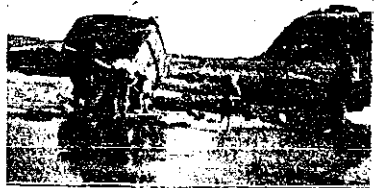
Trip No. 4—An Anglers' Haunt on the Akatarawa.

Lower Hutt and Petone. The distance from Maori Bank to Silverstream via the Mangaroa Valley is about 13 miles. Mangaroa Valley Road is narrow and winding in parts, but surface rather better than main road. This run may be modified in several ways. The round trip of 26 miles to the Taita and back makes a pleasant run on level roads. Again, if desired, the long run in the Mangaroa Valley can be shortened by rejoining the main road at Quin's Post, instead of continuing through to Silverstream.

DESCRIPTIONS OF TRIPS Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 4



Trip No. 3—On the Waiwetū Rd.



Trip No. 1—On the Beach, Island Bay.

TRIP No. 3, Upper Hutt—Mangaroa (about 55 miles).—As in No. 2, to Pipe Bridge, after crossing which, turn to left, then to right, and about half a mile along this road take Back Waiwetū Road to left to Taita, thence follow main road through Hutt Gorge to Silverstream, Trentham, and Upper Hutt (22 miles by this route). At top of Maori Bank Rise, 1½ miles beyond Upper Hutt, take road to right, ascend hill to 550 feet (fine view), then descend to Mangaroa Valley, proceed up whole length of this, emerging after a gentle climb on the hilltops above Silverstream (magnificent view of Hutt Valley). A steep descent to Silverstream follows, and return is made to city via main road through

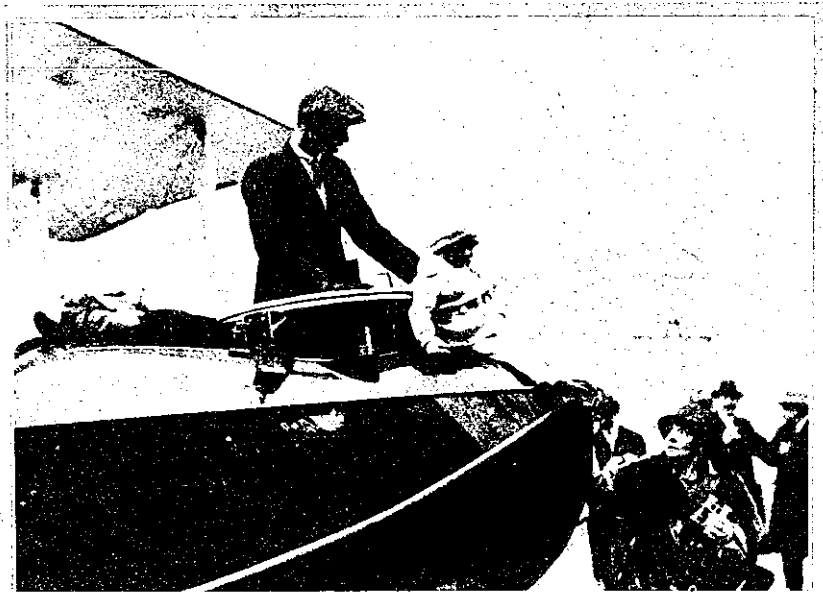


Photo. by Topical Press.

WORLD-FLYING

The American Airmen, who are attempting to fly the world, have reached the last section of their flight. The English Aviator, Sqdr.-Leader Maclaren, was dogged by ill-luck. The photograph shows Maclaren just before the start, with his small daughter, Lilian.

able it would be quite easy to map out the day's run to arrive at one at a pleasant hour for leaving the trail for the day, and maybe enjoying a swim in the bathing pool which the manual shows as being near by, or trying one's luck on the evening rise on the trout stream by the camp, or yet again bagging a bunny for the pot. A little booklet that put one wise to all these things along the road would mean for many all the difference between a comparatively dud outing and a holiday that lingered fresh and fragrant in the memory for years afterwards.

One point in which the Americans excel is in compact and handy gear for the motor camping trip. One sees very little of their handy gadgets on the market here, and the time seems ripe for some enterprising business houses to specialise in these lines. A compact outfit occupying but little stowage room on the car and containing all one requires is a *sine qua non* for successful camping on a tour. Later on, if the Editor permits, I hope to provide MIRROR readers with a few hints and tips under this head from my own experience.*

A great deal is heard about teaching motorists to drive cars properly, but one looks in vain for any disinterested institution to teach them how to buy cars wisely. A business man connected with the motor accessory trade told me the other day that he really thought it was a waste of time helping people to make up their minds about the car they should buy. He was frequently consulted by persons who knew that his knowledge of cars was wide and that he had no axe to grind in boosting any particular make. As one instance of many he quoted a recent experience in helping a friend to decide between two makes of light two-seater English cars between which he explained he was wavering. An hour or two was spent in going over the points of the two cars, pointing out the features that accounted for the difference in price and the strong and weak points of each, all of which led to a fairly obvious conclusion as to which of the two would best meet the requirements of the case. A

* This article will appear in our Christmas Number.—Editor, THE LADIES' MIRROR Motoring Supplement.

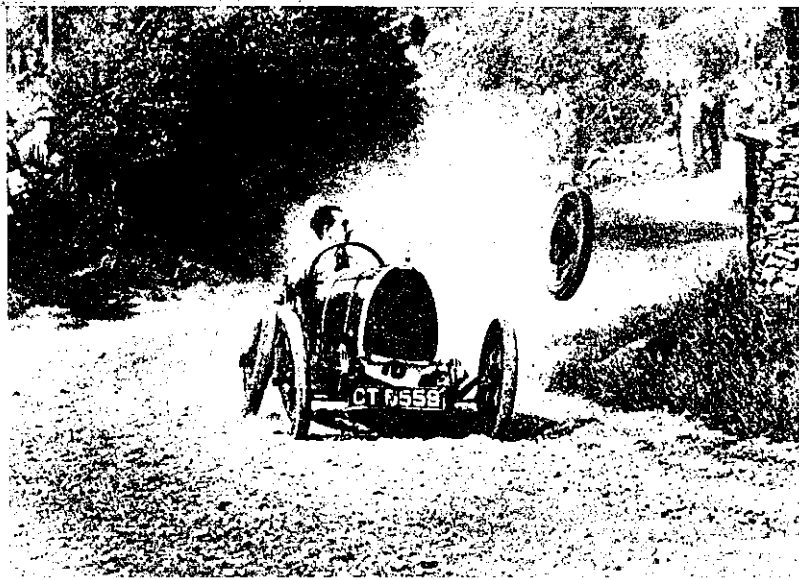


Photo. by Topical Press.

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH

The above illustration shows a wheel leaving a car travelling at 60 miles per hour during a hill climb. The car kept to the road, and no accident resulted.

week or so later, running across this same man, he was asked which he had bought. "Oh—er," was the answer, "I didn't buy either. I got a seven-seater Blank"—mentioning a heavy, high-powered American car. This fatuous vagueness of mind in setting out to buy a car appears to be by no means uncommon, from all one hears.

While it is almost hopeless to attempt to help individuals so erratic as in the above case, there are one or two simple points that waverers between different makes of cars should bear in mind. A most important consideration is service. If the agent for one car carries a big stock of spares, and the other agent carries next to none, it means that an accident or breakdown in one case might involve only trifling expense and delay, whereas in the other a most formidable bill for locally-made parts might result, in addition to which one would have to submit to the loss of use of the car for quite possibly a lengthy period while the work was in hand. A handy way for waverers to make up their minds is to

Parliament, but to this day nothing has been done, and thus has developed the crisis in roading matters.

If the counties were run as efficiently as the boroughs a sum of no less than £125,000 per annum could be saved in county administration expenses. This would be sufficient to lay a bitumen surface on 1,000 miles of main road, to pay interest at 6 per cent. on it, and to wipe off the principal in fifteen years. As the counties squeal so much when there is any talk of Parliament putting their house in order, the politicians find it easier to get the money by taxing motorists. It is worth noting that the taxes under the Motor Vehicles Bill are estimated to produce just about the same amount as is wasted by county inefficiency. We shall get local government reform when somebody makes as big a noise in favour of it as the county councillors make against it, and the people to make the noise ought to be the motorists who are having to pay the piper. Quite a big noise will be needed, but it will be beneficial in many ways.

SANCHO.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

(Continued from page iii.)

go to a used car shop and find out which makes bring the best price second-hand or which sell easiest. A satisfactory sale later on is going to be a considerable factor in the total amount of one's motoring bill.

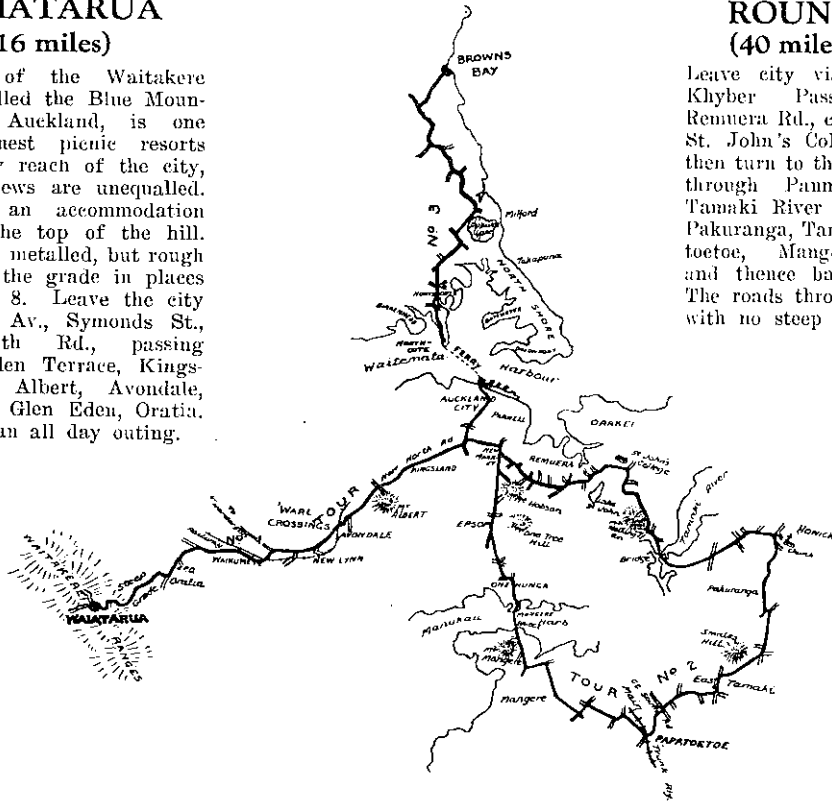
In view of the clamour of the local bodies over the motor taxes, we motorists should not overlook the fact that the 129 county councils with which this country is blessed are woefully expensive institutions. No less than 10 per cent. of the moneys the counties handle goes in administrative expenses, whereas the boroughs do the work on 4½ per cent., and the Public Works Department on 5 per cent. The costliness of the counties arises from the fact that there are far too many of them, and overhead expenses are multiplied at a prodigious rate. The waste of the system was recognised long before motor traffic came, and in the twenty years before the war reform was promised twelve times in Governor's Speeches to

THREE TRIPS AROUND AUCKLAND

Tour No. 1

WAIATARUA (16 miles)

The top of the Waitakere Ranges, called the Blue Mountains of Auckland, is one of the finest picnic resorts within easy reach of the city, and the views are unequalled. There is an accommodation house at the top of the hill. The road is metalled, but rough and steep, the grade in places being 1 in 8. Leave the city via Anzac Av., Symonds St., New North Rd., passing through Eden Terrace, Kingsland, Mt. Albert, Avondale, New Lynn, Glen Eden, Oratia. Make this an all day outing.



Tour No. 2

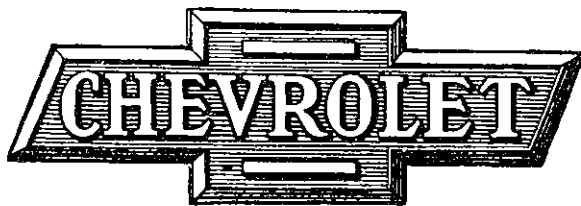
ROUND TRIP (40 miles approx.)

Leave city via Symonds St., Khyber Pass, Newmarket, Remuera Rd., continuing on till St. John's College is reached, then turn to the right and pass through Panmure, over the Tamaki River Bridge, through Pakuranga, Tamaki East, Papatoetoe, Mangere, Onehunga, and thence back to the city. The roads throughout are fair, with no steep grades.

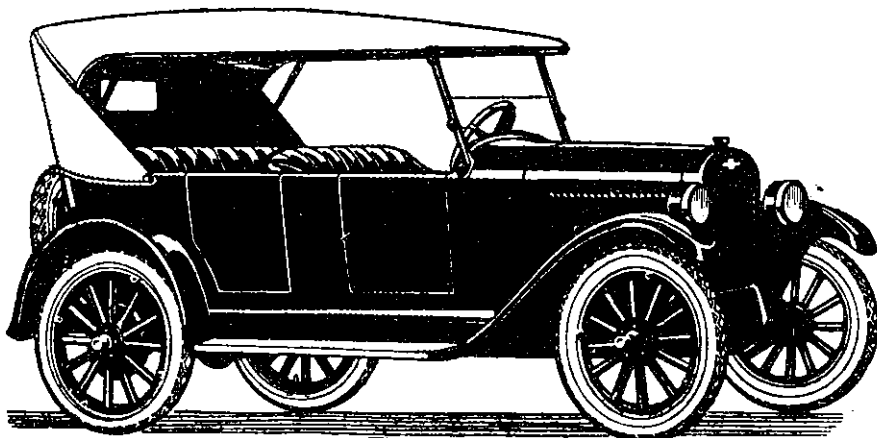
Tour No. 3

(10 miles)

This is a pleasant day's outing to the seaside, and makes a pleasant break from the ordinary type of motor trip. Crossing the harbour to Northcote by vehicular ferry (get timetable from Devonport Ferry Co.), continue on over metalled road through Takapuna and Milford, thence along the main East Coast road, commanding fine views of the Hauraki Gulf, and down to the quiet little beach at Brown's Bay. The roads are metalled, and the grades, with the exception of one or two steep pinches, are easy.



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THE WELL-GROOMED WOMAN'S MOTOR TRIP

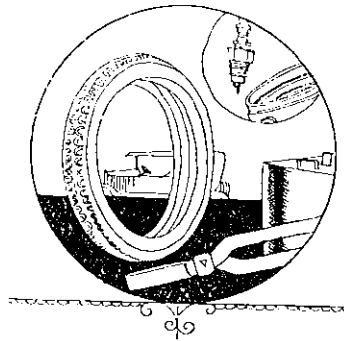
SUN AND WIND PLAY HAVOC WITH BEAUTY, BUT THE WOMAN OF FORESIGHT IS EQUIPPED FOR COMBAT

"JUST arrived by motor" is no sort of an excuse to-day for the well-groomed woman's appearing at less than her usual best. She should arrive at the end of her journey of several days with her skin fresh and unburned, her hair smooth and shining and well-coiffed, her nails just as she'd like to have them.

Are there murmurs at these stringent requirements? It is not exactly easy, but it is worth while, surely, to be able to walk into the hotel where you're breaking the trip, let us say, for a day or two, feeling that you're doing justice to yourself, that it's really you at your best.

First of all—your skin. Here, as nowhere else, must we remember the old, old adage about an ounce of prevention. Cure your skin of windburn, of freckles, of that harsh, dry, blown-to-pieces look, before those ills befall you. Before you start on a motor trip, cleanse the skin with a pure cleansing cream, very, very thoroughly, using the tips of the fingers to explore every nook and cranny of face and throat.

Work this in thoroughly, but gently, then wipe it, just as thoroughly and just as gently, with soft gauze or with the little cleansing squares of Japanese paper called *Papiers Poudrés*. If your skin is inclined to be oily, you may then apply an astringent lotion, before the foundation cream. Before powdering, if you are wise, you will use a foundation cream that is not too heavy. Then powder thoroughly and scientifically, not forgetting a single eyelid or the tip of an ear! Be careful in



your choice of powder. The action of the sunshine on white lead in face powders is one cause of blackheads, which is sufficient reason for caution even if there were no other reason for not using zinc-leaded powder. There is any number of pure, good powders on the market, and a reputable house will tell you frankly which contain zinc, or white lead.

Forbear rouge during the ride, which will probably give you plenty of colour anyway, for the action of the constant wind on the tiny particles of powdered rouge is not beneficial to the skin.

So much for the preparation.

At the end of the day's journey you will probably want to rush immediately to your bath. You will long for hot water and soap, and plenty of it. But wait! Do not touch water to that sensitive skin of yours until you've taken off the dust of travel with a soothing, emollient cream—the same cleanser you used before starting. Apply the cream liberally, but do not work in the first appli-

cation. Simply spread it on, and then wipe it off again, as gently as if your face were a baby's, using the soft squares (with which you've supplied yourself plentifully!). After the first coating of grime is off, put on a second application of the cream, which should be worked in and taken off very thoroughly.

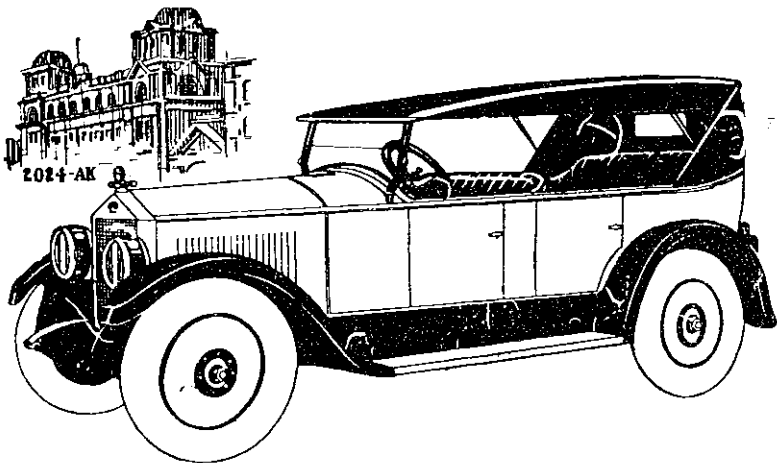
Then (but not till then), if you are a disciple of hot water and soap, it is safe to bathe the face thoroughly, first with hot, then cold, water, then warm water again.

Another excellent cleanser is almond meal. Use it after the cleansing cream. Simply moisten the face with warm water, put the meal on, and as it partly dissolves cleanse the skin as you would with soap.

This is a good time to apply your skin food, if you feel that your skin requires it, and most skins will after the drying effect of the wind.

For the bath itself, there are bath salts which come in most convenient packages. They are soothing and relaxing, and an especially valuable addition to hard water, making the soap lather more freely.

We really should have spoken of the care of the hair before discussing the bath, for it is often a great saving of time to begin certain "beauty duties" to the hair before the bath, and to complete them afterward. As soon as you are free to begin your rites of cleanliness after the dusty ride, loosen the hair, if it is long,



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May we give you a demonstration run, Madam?

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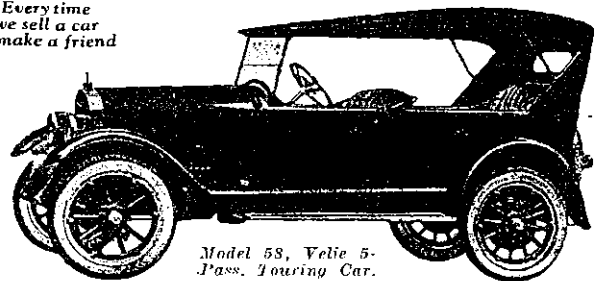
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"Filled with the spirit of adventure, they set out together from their home in Roma, and braving the hardships of the road and the rough country through Surat and St. George, in Queensland, and thence

to New South Wales, covering 200 to 300 miles daily, reached Melbourne. They arrived without a single mishap.

"This is the first time in Australia that two women alone have completed such a journey, and the feat is more remarkable for the fact that only one of the two was able to drive a car or understand its mechanism.

"They are now on the return journey."—(Press report.)

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