Price 1/-

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MARCH, 1925

THE LADIES' MIRROR

The Home Journal of New Zealand

ROYALTY IN REALITY
An Engrossing New Series of Articles

INFANTILE PARALYSIS
Safeguarding Our Children

PORTRAIT OF H.E. THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLEMENT—"BEAUTIFUL N.Z. CHILDREN"

Why have Foot Troubles at all?

Practically all foot troubles are caused by incorrect shoes or incorrect fitting of correct shoes. Right now when your feet are well and strong is the time to make sure that you are wearing the right shoes.

Arch Preserver Shoes fit your feet—they come up and stay up to the arch—and they prevent all forms of foot trouble. Their greatest value is to the person who has healthy feet and wishes to keep them healthy. Yet Arch Preserver Shoes will relieve all cases of foot troubles which are not serious enough for the attention of a surgeon. Solve your foot problems—the problems to come—the problems you now have—with Arch Preserver Shoes.

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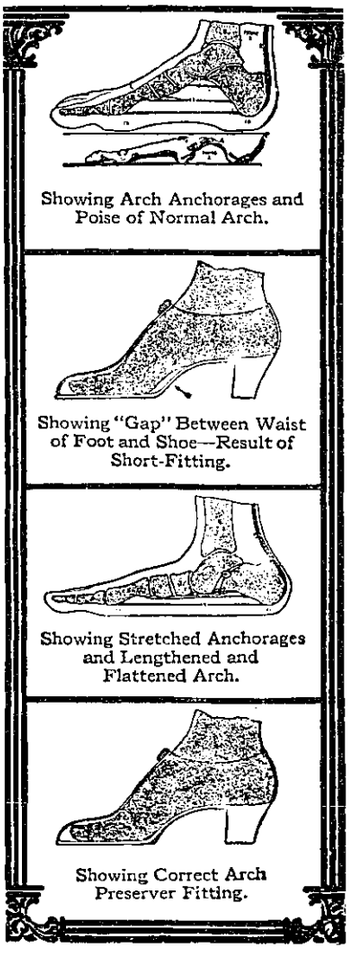
Arch Preserver Shoes look well—are stylish—and are so entirely satisfactory in every way that you enjoy wearing them. They are not just "health" shoes—but good looking shoes made with proper regard for the health of your feet.

The famous Arch Preserver Shoes are now available in New Zealand



Showing Arch Anchorages and Poise of Normal Arch.

Showing "Gap" Between Waist of Foot and Shoe—Result of Short-Fitting.

Showing Stretched Anchorages and Lengthened and Flattened Arch.

Showing Correct Arch Preserver Fitting.

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The LADIES' MIRROR

The Fashionable Ladies' Journal of New Zealand

ADVERTISERS.
Advertising in THE LADIES' MIRROR is seen by 50,000 people every month, and therefore ensures Goodwill and Good Business.

VOL. IV.—NO. 9 2ND MARCH, 1925 ONE SHILLING

Portrait by
S. P. Andrew Studio
Auckland and Wellington

Mrs. George H. Wilson
of Upland Road, Remuera, Auckland, the popular president of the Young Womens' Christian Association.

IN THE MIRROR

A GAY KING. Speculation is rife as to how long King Alphonso will be able to hold his throne. The attack by the famous novelist, Ibanez, on the King's morals and the dire state of the Spanish Army in Morocco seems to point to the possibility of yet another monarch being forced to seek retirement.

BACK AGAIN AT CHEQUERS.—Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin at the door of the official country residence of the Prime Minister. There can be no doubt that the fact that the Empire now possesses a stable Government will have world-wide effect in restoring confidence.

"TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON!"—Mr. Winston Churchill, the new British Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Churchill's political career has been remarkably varied, and he has shown his versatility by holding a record number of Cabinet appointments.

—Photographs by *Topical Press.*

DEAR LADY IN THE MIRROR,—

"'You are old, Father William,' the young man said," and though probably my years are considerably less than those of the sprightly veteran, I have a feeling that one of my pedal extremities is tending gravewards! I have booked a front seat in the chimney-corner for the coming winter.

It's all very, very sad, for I have aged *so* rapidly—I have quite an Ayesha feeling. Only a few days ago I was comparatively juvenile, and life still held out hopes. To-day I am in my early dotage and pass my scanty leisure in meditating on the Tomb and in regretting the follies of my evaporated youth.

The Labour Party has, metaphorically, turned my hair white in a single night. Surely, after the last election, one had a right to feel safe. Whatever the faults or virtues of those ultra-democratic strivers after Utopia, for the moment we felt that the march of progress had been slowed down a bit and that we could rest awhile before again rushing madly onward to the Millenium. I, for one, heaved a sigh of relief and believed that I and the Empire would now jog along comfortably as in the good old days before one had to be either a blood-sucking plutocrat, or an oppressed martyr of the capitalist system.

But no! Finding themselves for the moment without any definite occupation, no worlds to make or mar, what should our earnest Socialists do but attack your one-time cheerful Knave! Indirectly, it is true: a much more exalted personage was the direct object of their gibe.

The majority of their statements are hardly worthy of comment: the slums of Glasgow are as horrible as they, even in their most exalted moments of lurid eloquence, can describe. However, the landlords are not members of the bloated aristocracy but comparatively recently enriched members of the so-called working class. The old saying "its the poor that help the poor" is undoubtedly true—but it is also undeniably true that it is the once-poor that oppress the poor. On the other hand, the object of their attack, the Prince of Wales, is a model landlord, and that portion of the Duchy of Cornwall that lies, by a curious anomaly on the south bank of the Thames, and from which he derives a large part of his income, can be quoted as an example of good housing. Again, no reasonable man would believe that the Prince was anxious to undertake the arduous toil that another Colonial tour will involve.

These Socialistic absurdities, however, are not what has upset me so much. What does worry me is their gibe at "this so-called young man." Being somewhat older than H.R.H., it rankles. I will now remain Tory and not be "too old at forty."

Continued on page 4

A recent photograph of General Sir Charles Fergusson, Baronet of Kilkerran, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.B. M.V.O., D.S.O., D.L., J.B., LL.B., our Governor-General, whose genial personality has already made him popular

Photograph by Schmidt Studios, Auckland.

OUR CHARMING YOUNGER GENERATION

Miss Torstonson, a very popular member of Palmerston North Society.
Elizabeth Greenwood, Wellington, photo.

The Misses Thurle and June Donald, daughters of Mrs. John Donald, of Auckland. *S. P. Andrew Studios, photo, Auckland and Wellington*

Miss Hilda Saunders, daughter of Mrs. Saunders, of Auckland.
S. P. Andrew Studios, photo, Auckland and Wellington

In oval—Miss Mamie Napier, daughter of Mrs. P. Napier, of Auckland.
S. P. Andrew Studios, photo, Auckland and Wellington

Mrs. Brian Hewitt, of Auckland.
S. P. Andrew Studios, photo, Auckland and Wellington

THE NEW MOTOR SHIP.—The Union Company's new motor ship "Aorangi" is the largest vessel of this type yet built, and her arrival in New Zealand was being anticipated with great interest. The photographs on this page were taken during the successful trial run on the Firth of Clyde.

Topical Press, photo, London

A NEW TERROR FOR MEN!—Now that women have taken up the noble art of self-defence, the mere male will have an additional reason for thinking twice before "popping the question." The prospect of being "counted out" as the result of any slight difference of opinion in the domestic circle should make even the boldest ponder long and earnestly before crossing the Rubicon.

ON BOARD THE "AORANGI."—Our left-hand photograph shows Captain R. Crawford, who is in command, shaking hands with Sir Douglas Brownrigg. Mr. Robert Sulzer, who designed the engines, is in the centre. Above are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holdsworth (Mr. Holdsworth is chairman of the Union S.S. Company) and Sir Alexander M. Kennedy, chairman of the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company, the builders of the Aorangi.

IN THE MIRROR

Continued from page 2

Penny Shopping Fares!

THE fact that there is a minimum fare of two-pence for adults travelling on the tramway systems of New Zealand's cities is grossly unfair and weighs specially against the women. For example the woman comes into the city from a distant suburb to shop. She commences her shopping round at a convenient centre; having discharged her business there she wishes to visit a different shop or institution which, although comparatively near, yet entails a hardship to reach by walking when burdened with parcels and accompanied with children.

She perforce enters a tram and is mulcted for a two-penny fare for herself plus half-fares for her children for a journey which in all probability is only a few hundred yards.

Similarly busy citymen have occasion many times during the day to call at different city offices—time is money and the civic transport service is utilized to cover the insignificant distance to be traversed; yet he is "rooked" for the full one-section charge for this privilege.

The charge is iniquitous and cannot be justified. Special city shopping tickets should be issued. It is high time that pressure be brought to bear to have this state of affairs remedied. I have always been surprised that the daily press, who are supposedly responsible to the public for protecting their interests, have not long before this raised no uncertain voice to abolish this blatant piece of extortion.

The times of highway (or as it is "tramway") robbery have vanished long ago in civilized countries.

Traffic Travails

IN the matter of the private buses the action of the Civic Administration in precipitating the present traffic war by their extraordinary petty action in turning the buses off their stand in front of the Central Post Office merited a very severe vote of censure from the ratepayers. Retribution followed, and now the Council wail over the diminished earnings of the tramways as a result of the bus proprietors hitting out from the shoulder in the good old English style. Did the Council think they were dealing with an alien race? It is extraordinary how long periods in office turn one-time capable administrators into beaureaucrats.

The present tearful appeal of the council to the ratepayers to support their own trams is hardly dignified and certainly benefits nobody. There are thousands of Auckland citizens who have reason to call down blessings on the heads of the enterprising bus-owners who have taken large commercial risks in opening up services to outlying suburbs—services that might well have proved financially unsuccessful, in which case the bus-owners would have had no popular urban services to help bear the loss, as the tramways have. Yet on the main routes the city should protect its own services. The Mayor would be well advised to take a leaf out of the Postmaster-General's book and reduce the tram fares. This will no doubt result in a large increase in passengers carried, which should more than compensate for the reduction in fares and produce a surplus above present figures. It will at the same time have the effect of driving off the buses from those thoroughfares on which they are not required—on which at present they can only thrive in view of the high tram fares charged.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.—The fact that Queen Alexandra recently celebrated her eightieth birthday lends interest to this hitherto unpublished photograph—the last taken of her as Queen of England. This photograph was taken in Venice, just prior to her receiving the news that King Edward the Seventh was seriously ill, which necessitated her return to England. The new series of articles which commence on page five of this issue contain many interesting sidelights as to the affection Queen Alexandra is held by the Royal Family. *Topical Press, photo, London*

Reprehensible Journalism

THAT two Ministers of the Crown should find it necessary within the space of a few days to correct erroneous statements attributed to them by the Press is hardly a matter of which New Zealand journalism can be proud.

Both Sir Maui Pomare and the Honourable A. D. McLeod have had recently to point out that statements which have appeared in our dailies were distortions of the facts, and while Mr. McLeod's refer-

Continued on page 42

The King at the Races in a genial mood.

ROYALTY IN REALITY

By "A COURT HISTORIAN"

The REAL KING GEORGE

At a ceremonial occasion: His Majesty combines the dignity necessary for his official duties with a charming personality that makes him love home life

IN THIS ARTICLE KING GEORGE IS PRESENTED IN HIS HUMAN, RATHER THAN HIS CEREMONIAL ASPECT. WE SEE HIM PORTRAYED AS A FATHER, A HUSBAND, AND A FRIEND. NOT MANY BORN TO WEAR THE PURPLE COULD STAND SO SEARCHING AN ANALYSIS AND REMAIN REVEALED AS BEING AT ONCE TRULY ROYAL AND ENGAGINGLY HUMAN

TO secure with ease the key to a man's character one must look into the little happenings of his life rather than great events. In the little everyday occurrences, unexpected tests are made of temper, of will power, of gallantry and similar basic qualities, and, in these circumstances, we discern the virtues and weaknesses of the man far more accurately than we do when we observe him passing through some sequence of events for which he has been forwarned and prepared.

Thus, I think, we find much of the character of our gracious King revealed with wonderful clarity in an incident that happened very recently. His Majesty had been out shooting on the moors, and, on his homeward tramp, he came to a stream which offered two means of crossing. One way lay over a small bridge, and the other across a series of very irregular stepping stones. The King chose the stepping stones, as he will always, if permitted, select any course that offers a test of skill or courage.

Balancing himself with the confidence of a man who has known many ships' decks in foul weather, King George negotiated this tricky crossing while a young man watched from the opposite bank.

Safely arrived on the other side, the King said to the young man, "You *would* have laughed had I fallen in, wouldn't you?" and the two men, King and commoner, laughed together heartily at the vision of what might have been had his Majesty been less sure-footed.

Such an episode could never be chronicled of a man who was haughty, overbearing and artificially dignified. It could occur only in the life of a good-humoured, human man, such as his Majesty, beyond question, is.

It is surprising what ignorance still exists concerning the habits of our Royalty. To-day the great mass of the people no longer entertain the crude idea of the King sitting all day long on a golden throne holding sceptre and orb and looking superior. But that notion seems still to persist in certain parts of the Empire and elsewhere. Canadian and American newspaper reports sometimes convey an impression of the King sitting down to dinner every evening in his crown, eating from a gold plate and doing no work other than signing occasional parchments with a quill pen, while scarlet-robed courtiers stand ready to execute his lightest wish!

How the King Works

SOME of the success of the King's eldest son, overseas and in America, is due indubitably to the way in which he has dispelled ignorance concerning Royalty. It has come as a pleasant surprise to many to find that the Prince, as the result of his parents' training, behaves like any well-bred young Briton and that, like most young men of his race and generation, he possesses sporting instincts and a fine sense of humour.

A complete day with King George would be a revelation to most people—a revelation of untiring energy and concentration in State affairs, of thoughtfulness, kindliness and homeliness.

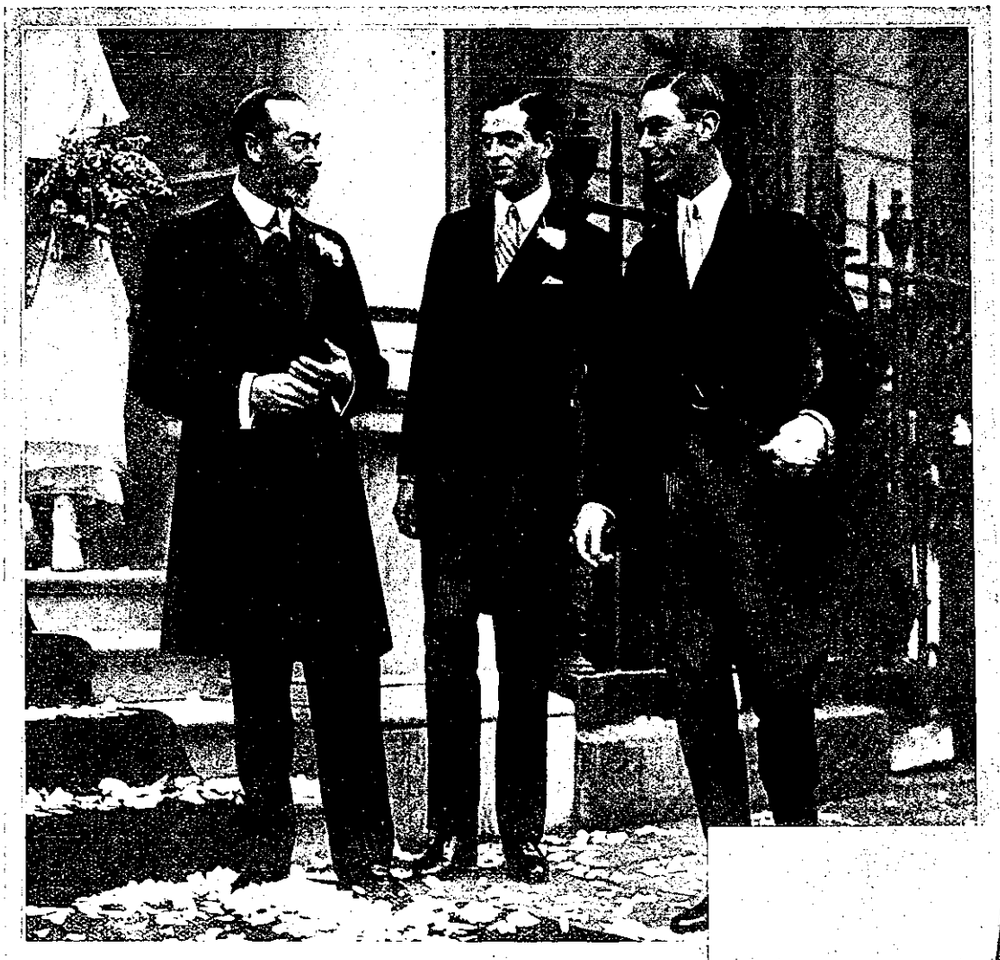
As becomes one trained in the Navy, his Majesty is an early riser. He is usually up and about by seven a.m. Whenever he can, he takes a ride before breakfast, not because he is particularly fond of riding, but rather because he realises the value of exercise in maintaining his efficiency. In these morning rides he is always most observant, and those who salute him, even when they think he has not seen them, find their act of courtesy gracefully acknowledged.

Breakfast is always an informal affair at the Royal residences, his Majesty taking a quiet meal in his own apartments, after which he goes straight to what may be quite fittingly described as his "business." At an hour earlier than many business men begin, the King is among his papers. As the monarch is not permitted to send personal letters to any but members of his family and to friends who have no connection with State affairs, practically all his correspondence proceeds through his Private Secretary, Lord Stamfordham, who has at his command the very efficient Secretary's Department.

In the grounds of Buckingham Palace is a summer house which is so made that it can be turned in any direction to face the sun. This

Continued on page 6

The King is an enthusiastic yachtsman and his famous yacht the "Britannia" has for many years been prominent at Cowes.



The King with his younger sons. Nothing pleases his Majesty more than to be surrounded by his family.

(Right)—The King with his Scottish soldiers

Topical Press, photo. London.

is the King's favourite "office" in the summer.

After the first session with his Secretary and equerries, come the various audiences. In one of the reception rooms the King will greet a new representative from a foreign power, say farewell to a distinguished visitor, welcome home a returning general, chat for a while with a new bishop, and receive ministers of the crown who have special business to put before him. To all these, he invariably displays a remarkable knowledge of their individual interests.

In transacting State business the King has that power of concentration which gave Queen Victoria such a wonderful grasp of the multitudinous affairs of her realm. He will read and re-read a document, and may, indeed, have it read aloud to him. This reading aloud is a practice to which his Majesty attaches special importance, knowing that one frequently gets a more accurate sense of the meaning of a statement when it is read aloud than when the eye slips rapidly over the written word. Though never seen wearing them in public, the King does so much reading that he is obliged to wear glasses to protect his sight. His preference is for the *pince-nez* type of eye glasses.

After-Dinner Ease

LUNCH is, as far as possible in such a busy family, a family affair, but it is a light meal so far as the King is concerned. The menu is always most carefully arranged under the Queen's personal supervision, and though it is necessarily rather elaborate, for the sake of guests, it always includes certain of the King's favourite dishes.

Dinner, however, is the meal which the King most enjoys, for, usually, by this time, the cares of the day are over, and the King is free to partake of those homely joys in which he gets his relaxation.

After dinner, he likes to read a little. Although his secretaries, during the morning, bring to his notice articles and items of news which they consider he would wish to see, the King likes to look over his newspaper at his leisure in the same unfettered way as the average man. Books, too, particularly serious non-fictional works, and sociological writings, appeal strongly to him.

Then, of course, there is his famous stamp collection, on which he has spent so much of his precious leisure. It is a proud hour for him when he shows it to a fellow stamp-collector, for only an expert can appreciate fully its wonders.

An evening meal with only his family about him, followed by a quiet hour or two of unbroken relaxation, is, for the King, a wonderful tonic. Coffee in one of the drawing rooms, with Prince George, the musician of the Royal Family, displaying his gift at the pianoforte, is a pleasant prelude to a fireside chat with the Queen and

Continued on page 45

THE QUEEN'S BILLS

How she checks them

Shortly after the Queen took up her exalted position in Buckingham Palace she was informed that no bills were ever produced for articles used in the Royal kitchens. "It is not customary, your Majesty," she was told. "In fact, it has never been done."

"It must be done"

"But it must be done now," said the Queen pleasantly, and thus there began a new regime of a personal supervision of the accounts of the Royal household. This is one of the many episodes in an illustrated article on Queen Mary which will appear in our pages next month.

BEAUTIFUL NEW ZEALAND CHILDREN

Terence, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Aickin, Paparoa, Kaipara.
Broadway Studio photo, Auckland

Gwynne and Valda, the daughters of Mrs. Cameron Owen (formerly of Mount Eden), now of Gundagai, New South Wales.
S. P. Andrew Studio, Auckland & Wellington

A beautiful Child Study by S. P. Andrew Studios, Auckland and Wellington.

Pat and Betty, the children of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Larner. Waipawa, Hawke's Bay.
Photograph by Deighton Studios, Napier.

Ethel Margaret and Mary Isobel, the small daughters of Captain and Mrs. Eadie, of Dunedin.
Pattillo, photo. Dunedin

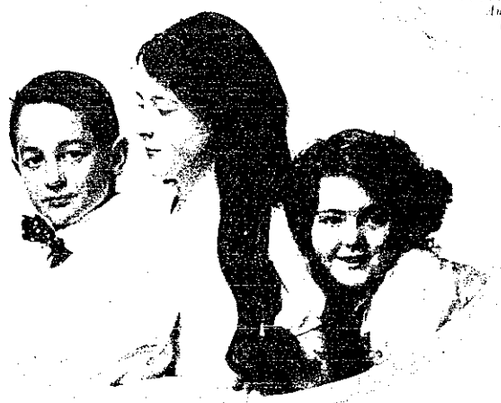
The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Law of Bulls.
Photo by I. A. Gordon, Marton.

The son of Mr. & Mrs. Gardiner, of Christchurch.
Photograph by Claude Ring, Christchurch

Dr. and Mrs. Elder's daughter, Dunedin.
Jas. J. Webster, photo, Dunedin

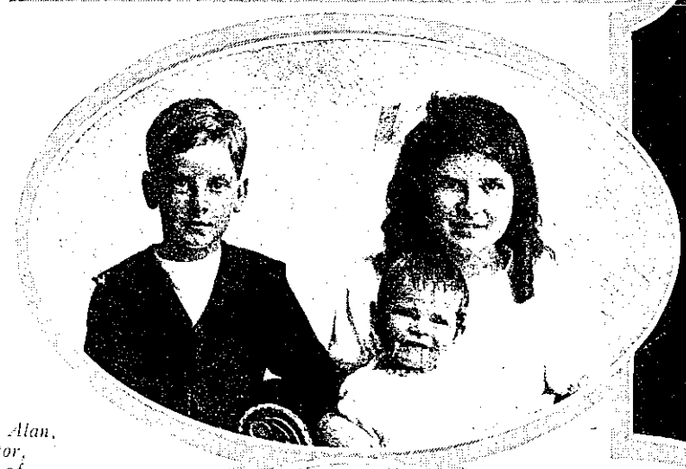
Honor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, "The Gables," Te Awamutu.
Photo by Peter Pan Studio, Newton, Auckland

Allan Douglas, son of Dr. and Mrs. Muir, Matamata.
S. P. Andrew Studio Auckland and Wellington



Margaret, the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Isdale, Ngaruawahia.
Elizabeth Rossbotham, photo.

Naomi, Nance and Rob, the three children of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pratt, Musselburgh, Dunedin.
Pattillo, photo, Dunedin



Maimie, Alan, and Victor, children of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Cato, Herne Bay, Auckland.

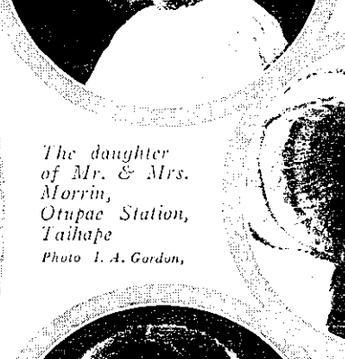
P. H. Jauncey Studio

Marie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D.C. Macfarquhar, "Anerly," Onehunga.

Talma Studio, photo Onehunga

Little Patricia Kerr, of Wellington, a clever little elocutionist.

P. H. Jauncey, photo Wellington



The daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Morrin, Otupae Station, Taihape

Photo I. A. Gordon,

Ola, the seven-year-old daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Paterson, Gisborne Pattillo, photo. Dunedin

Betty McKenzie, who won the gold medal in the recent junior examination of the Trinity College. P. H. Jauncey, photo Wellington

June, John, Joan and Donald Coull, children of Mr. and Mrs. John Coull, of Wanganui.

Tesla Studio, photo Wanganui

Moelene's second birthday party: The daughter of Mrs. E. Guthrie, of Christchurch.

Claude Ring, photo, Christchurch

SONGS OF CHILDHOOD

By MOLLY HOWDEN

MISS HOWDEN IS ONE OF NEW ZEALAND'S MOST GIFTED POETS
AND THESE VERSES DESERVE A WIDER APPRECIATION

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD

HAVEN'T you heard he rustling sway
Of a field of golden corn,
Which comes as the darkness steals away
To make room for a streak of pearly grey
Which heralds the break of dawn;
And the skylark soars to sing once more
Of the glorious day just born?
Haven't you heard?

Haven't you heard on a balmy day
The echo of distant song,
As a boat load of children wends its way
Down a rippling river towards the bay—
A-fishing the whole day long—
With the steady beat of the dipping oars,
Or the engine throbbing strong?
Haven't you heard?

Haven't you heard when the sun's gone west
The beat of many a wing,
As homeward each birdie flies to its nest
'Neath a Heaven in golden splendour dressed,
While the clouds to the mountains cling—
And the chatter they make in their homes so high,
And the twittering notes they sing?
Haven't you heard?

Haven't you heard the silver bells
That the aspens ring at night,
When out from the green and flowery dells
And out from the leaves with their myriad cells
Come the fairies, dressed in white,
To play with the pixies and gnomes and elves
In the pale moon's silvery light?
Surely you've heard!

"PATRICIA"

BUBBLING joy
And nothing more
Just on four!
See how every silv'ry word
Makes this weary world absurd!
Not as other children she—
Our Patricia,
Over three!

Merry laughter
Lights her eyes. . .
Twinkle there
The sunny skies—
And the raindrops are but few
In those orbs of heav'nly blue. . .
Ever happy—full of glee—
Is Patricia,
Over three!

Golden ringlets
Softly curl
To her shoulders. . .
White as pearl.
How her dear arms, tired of play,
"Love" us at the close of day!
Never child so sweet as she—
Our Patricia,
Over three!

A NEW JUDGE

His Honour Judge Ostler, who has recently been elevated to the Bench.
S. P. Andrew Studios, photo. Auckland and Wellington

BILLIKIN, JOHN AND ME

THE sun was sparkling bright and clear
And the waves were tumbling free,
When, laughing, down to the water's edge
Came Billikin, John and me.

Our suits were white—and oh! so clean!
With pockets—one, two, three!
While shining mops of well-brushed curls
Crowned Billikin, John and me.

We rushed to the rippling water's edge
And jumped o'er the waves in glee;
We searched for crabs in deep green pools,
And dug little holes for the sea;

And tried to catch the great white birds
That swooped to find their tea,
But none of them waited long enough
For Billikin, John and me.

* * *

Full of shells are our tunics soiled,
As home we go from the sea,
And tousled are the golden locks
Of Billikin, John and me.

PARTED

WHAT shall I write?
We live our lives so far apart
That, though I think of you, dear heart,
There seems not much that I can say
To interest you—so far away.
What shall you write?
Oh!—just the little, trivial things
That make your life; of her who brings
Your tea to you, and cleans your shoes,
And lights the fire, and scrapes the flues,
And dusts your room and keeps it bright;
And welcomes you to "home" each night—
Of these, dear heart, I'd have you write.

And many more—
Of whom you visit day by day;
Of what you do, and what you say;
And what, beneath that crown of gold,
You think; and whether you have sold
The bookcase (as you said you might)
With volumes bound in blue and white—
Of these, dear, heart, I'd have you write.

Nay! More than these!
Do you remember how we told
Our hopes and fears in days of old?
Our sorrows and our woes laid bare
That each the other's pain might share?
(Ah, how you wept because my kite
Had shattered in its fall one night!)
Of themes like these I'd have you write!

SOME RECENT BRIDES

S. P. Andrew, photo

The wedding group: The wedding of Miss Mona McRae, younger daughter of Mrs. McRae and the late Mr. John McRae, of Waraiti, to Mr. Albert John Eastwick, of Wellington. (Inset: The bride.) (Announcement on page 46.)

Right—Mrs. Stanley Carter, a recent Whangarei bride. Mrs. Carter is well known in golf and tennis circles.

The Art Studio, Whangarei, photo

S. P. Andrew Studio, Auckland & Wellington

A wedding group: Mr. and Mrs. Esdaile. Mrs. Esdaile, before her recent marriage, was Miss Gladys Muriel Sherriff. (Announcement on page 46.)

S. P. Andrew Studio, Auckland & Wellington

Mr. and Mrs. Chinnery-Brown, who were married at Bayswater on Christmas Day. (Announcement on page 46.)

WHY DO MODERN GIRLS MARRY?

DOES MARRIAGE STILL PLAY THE SAME PART IN THE LIFE AND FUNCTIONS OF THE MODERN GIRL AS IT DID IN VICTORIAN DAYS: OR DO WE TO-DAY GET MARRIED JUST BECAUSE ITS "DONE?" HERE ARE THE OPINIONS OF SOME MODERN MARRIED GIRLS

IT would seem that most anyone could answer the question, "Why do girls marry?" Strangely, however, there appears to be much uncertainty about the matter.

Ten young women, between 19 and 25 years of age, were asked. None gave the same answer as another.

Recently an American paper conducted an inquiry amongst the much-married in search of a reasonable solution.

Willard Mack, the actor, who has had four wives, or were they five? all girlish types, has been asked why girls marry him. He professed never to have discovered and each one of the former Mrs. Macks, still girlish, all of them, promptly answered she couldn't tell for the life of her.

De Wolf Hopper was questioned also, it having been a fashion among women to marry him. He replied that he often had asked the same question of the then current Mrs. Hopper, only to be told that "Only Heaven knows, I don't!"

The present Mrs. Hopper, beautiful, happy, and herself one of the most charming of actresses, says she knows why girls married her husband, but she refuses to share the secret. She gives one the impression, though, that the secret would be complimentary to her husband.

Varying Reasons

OF the young women questioned, all were asked if they believed girls married for a home? Protection? Love? Ambition? To become mothers? From curiosity?

"No!" The chosen ten to a woman disclaimed every one of these reasons. Eight of them said that Book of Beauty married invariably for love or for ambition.

Said one of the examination class: "The attraction of love has existed

Speaight, Limited, 157 New Bond Street, London

Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Beatty, O.M.

Commander of the famous Battle Cruiser Squadron at the Battle of Jutland, whose tactical ability has been made the subject of a scathing attack in Admiral Bacon's recent book. Lord Beatty is also severely censured for not defending Viscount Jellicoe in the bitter controversy which has raged over Jutland.

of herself, she always had an additional motive for marrying one man."

"What was that addition?" asked her eager questioner.

But he was disappointed, for the young woman shook her bobbed head and replied:

"How can I tell? It varies with the individual."

Three of the women consulted are married; they are the elders of the group; one only has a little son and she is the woman who seems to have made the acquaintance of the Sphinx. She induced one of the trio to marry by saying to her when a middle-aged man afforded the opportunity:

"Take him. Don't be silly. You're over twenty-five and may never have another offer."

"I'm not so keen about him; why must I marry at all?"

"Why? Because you want to know everything."

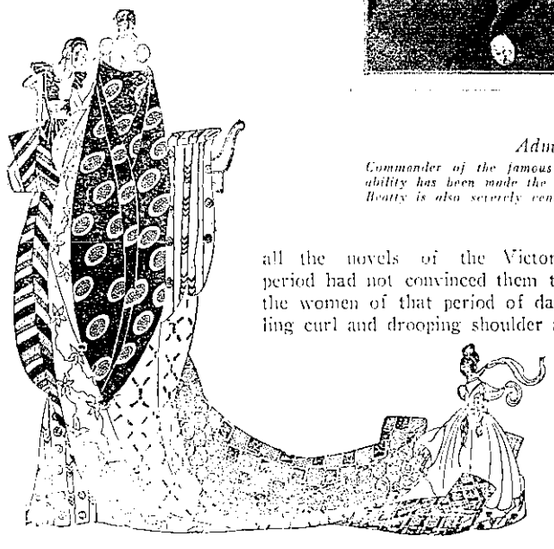
That does not seem to be the best reason for "changing one's state," but this marriage turned out very happily.

To-Day and Yesterday

THE first young matron made this distinction between marriage reasons of yesterday and to-day, saying:

"Yesterday woman married to find a home; to-day she marries to lose the one she had. Yesterday she married a man because he asked her to; to-day he asks her—if she

Continued on Page 28



all the novels of the Victorian period had not convinced them that the women of that period of dangling curl and drooping shoulder and

from the days of the Sabine women and before that in the cave man days. But as long as a woman had a ghost of a chance in disposing

Mrs. L. C. Denis, wife of Mr. L. C. Denis, a charming Parisienne, temporary resident in New Zealand.

Belmont Studio, photo.

Mrs. C. H. Topliss, a well-known New Zealand vocalist.

Photograph by S. P. Andrew, Auckland & Wellington

Miss Lorna Moss, of Mount Eden, Auckland, who shows great promise as a musician.

Photo—"Falk," Symonds St., Auckland

Miss Kathleen Clapperton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Clapperton, Dunedin

Photograph by S. P. Andrew, Auckland & Wellington

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF THE CASE

DURING the last few decades medical science has made such remarkable progress that the causes of most of the ills that affect mankind are definitely known. The measures needed to check the spread of nearly every contagious disease are matters of common knowledge. It is not so very many years ago that small-pox, for instance, would periodically take its ghastly toll, whilst the doctors were practically impotent to deny its claim. To-day the universal terror of a century ago is, in countries where preventative measures can be efficaciously applied, an exceptional visitant that causes no tremors even in the hearts of the most timid. Research and experiment have found means to safeguard us against the dread enemy of our ancestors.

Modern Miracles

EVEN more recent is the conquest of typhoid that, up to the time of the Boer War, was to be more dreaded by the soldier than the bullet of the enemy. Medical science discovered a means of checking this peril, and despite conditions that were theoretically most suitable for its development, it was almost unknown amongst our armies during the recent war. Cholera, too, has been overcome, and the past year or two have seen vast strides made in combatting diabetes, consumption and cancer. Even leprosy, most horrible and inexplicable of diseases, is slowly being defeated.

All over the world- self-sacrificing men are engaged in research that often leads them into dangers that would appal the stoutest Paladin. Unadvertised, and even in the hour of their success, unhonoured, they seek the means to combat the ills that beset frail humanity. Their reward is that they have the knowledge that their efforts may save countless thousands of lives. Other reward too often they have none, for, unless the unseen perils that so constantly beset us are vividly brought home to us by an epidemic, we begrudge the pounds, shillings and pence that are necessary to carry on the work of medical research.

We even begrudge, too, the daily few minutes that, well spent, would probably prevent any epidemic gaining foothold.

Forgetful, however, of this fact, no sooner does the Reaper stalk abroad than we turn on our doctors and demand why this should be. Why, having done so much, have they not done more? Why do they, having discovered the root of most medical matters, admit that there are still matters beyond their ken? Why are they not yet omniscient?

In fact, we have grown so accustomed to the miracles achieved by our doctors that we consider ourselves aggrieved because they have not yet accomplished quite all.

Cure-Alls that Cure Nothing

THEN comes the turn of the "quack." When our physicians say, in all honesty, "We are not quite sure of the why and wherefore of this trouble—we can but advise you adopt a few simple hygienic rules," we become panic stricken. Rather than take the known and tried path, we prefer to seek salvation in the wilderness—and the Heathen Chinee, the wily Hindoo, and the unscrupulous charlatans of America and Europe pocket our shekels and dole out nostrums guaranteed to cure whatever the ill may happen to be for the moment—be it toothache, neuritis, or infantile paralysis—and wax fat and prosperous on the sufferings of the weak and ignorant.

The Panic-Makers

IN the meantime a certain section of our press make bad matters worse by featuring scare headlines and thus drive already nerve-racked parents, anxious for the safety of their children, into a state of panic. Probably well-meaning but misguided persons write volubly concerning isolated and exceptional cases, attempting to prove that circumstances that would probably only occur once in a thousand times make a definite rule. We are told that the epidemic is due to any number of varying causes, until the peplexed parent has not the faintest idea what to do for the best.

What Is Known

THEREFORE, perhaps it is just as well to state, even at the risk of being prolex, what is definitely known regarding infantile paralysis: what it is, the symptoms, and how it can best be guarded against:—

It has been established, beyond argument, that it is due to an organism that can be transmitted from one person to another: experiments have isolated this organism and it has answered to all the tests that are necessary to prove its existence. The majority of cases are quite mild, and are often undetected, but where epidemics have been carefully studied it has been found that approximately only twenty per cent. develop the symptom of paralysis. Of this twenty per cent. a further twenty per cent., or but one per cent. of the total, are permanently affected. The great majority of *detected* cases occur in children under five years of age.

The symptoms are, in the earlier stages, somewhat undefined—a bad cold would show much the same evidence—feverishness, flushing, irritability, headache and constipation are usual warnings, and during epidemics these should be treated seriously and a doctor consulted immediately.

The Danger Sign

THESE symptoms may simulate any of the indefinite illnesses of childhood and it is therefore very difficult to pronounce a diagnosis in the early and more tractable stages of the disease—this accounts for the fact that during the persent epidemic many of the reported cases have subsequently been found to have been wrongly diagnosed as infantile paralysis, for doctors have wisely preferred to take no risks and to consider what may be only the usual symptoms of some childish ailment the possible prewarnings of more serious trouble. While this course is undoubtedly wise, it has tended to swell the published figures and to make the public believe the danger is more widespread than it actually is.

One of the common symptoms which frequently aids in diagnosis at this stage is drowsiness; the child falls asleep repeatedly in the daytime. The opposite symptom, that of restlessness, or irritability, is also encountered, even in the same patient; a naturally cheerful, playful child becomes cross and resents interference, objecting sometimes to being petted by its own mother. This change in disposition, and the stupor, are very well defined symptoms, but even though there may be absolute delirium or coma, these do not constitute certain evidence of cerebral infection.

Sore throat is not uncommon, but other symptoms referable to the upper respiratory tract are rather rare, considering the fact that according to the most generally accepted theory the virus enters the body by this route. The same peculiarity is observed in epidemic cerebro-spinal meningitis.

Hope for the Future

THE treatment now advocated and by which already a certain measure of success has been achieved, and which holds out great hope for the future complete conquest of the disease, is by means of a serum taken from recovered patients and injected into the veins or spinal column. Members of the world-famous Pasteur Institute have been working for some time on a *preventative* serum (on the same lines as that used so extensively for typhoid and cholera) and are very hopeful of early success.

Climate appears to have little to do with the spread of the epidemic, as it has been known under all sorts of climatic conditions. It is certainly true that the greater number of epidemics have occurred in the late summer, but a severe outburst was experienced in the middle of an Icelandic winter.

Simple precautions, that tend to obviate the danger will be found on this page: precautions that will be found to be far more efficacious than any weird experimental methods.

To sum up: Probably the best advice is to adopt these simple rules of health, *and to avoid panic.*

SIMPLE RULES

TO GUARD YOUR CHILDREN AGAINST INFECTION

ALL gatherings of young children must be avoided, and young children must not be allowed to enter any house where there is any case of sickness. Kissing and fondling of children should not be allowed. Children should not use drinking cups, etc., in common.

Parents should see that proper covering is provided for heads and necks of children to protect them from the sun.

Children should not be allowed to become overtired: whilst bathing is an excellent tonic, intermittent paddling, causing a variation of temperature at one time, is harmful. All causes that tend to reduce vitality should be avoided.

The sick, even in the case of ordinary childish complaints, should be isolated from the healthy, and if strict isolation and appropriate nursing cannot be obtained at home, the patient should be treated in an Isolation Hospital.

The sick room, even after any simple complaints such as feverish colds, and its contents, should be disinfected at the end of the illness.

Persons, especially those who are brought into contact with patients, are advised to disinfect the throat and nose. For this purpose an antiseptic solution such as either of the following, is recommended for use twice or three times daily in hand sprays or atomizers:—

(*a*) Permanganate of potash: Half a teaspoonful of common salt to a breakfast cup of tepid water made very faintly pink with Permanganate of Potash or Condy's Fluid.

(*b*) Peroxide of Hydrogen: 1 per cent. solution.

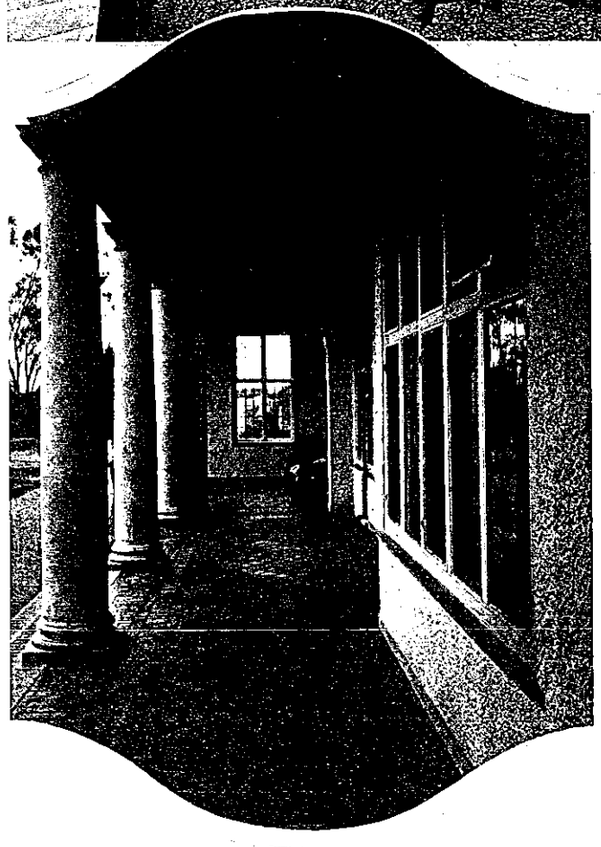
As an excellent alternative, common salt and water should be used daily: half-a-teaspoonful of common salt, in a breakfast cup of water, should be drawn up through the nostrils night and morning. This not only cleanses the nostrils and passages of all accumulated mucous and foreign matter, but promotes a healthy condition of the mucous membrane. It should be remembered that the disease gains entrance through the nose and throat.

These methods are, of course, only practicable with elder children and adults.

The strictest care should be taken both in the personal hygiene of the child, in regard to its food and drink, and even more attention than usual given to the cleanliness and sanitation of its surroundings.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES OF NEW ZEALAND

THE HOME OF MR. & MRS. DAN. RIDDIFORD FEATHERSTON



Photographs by S. P. Andrew Studio, Auckland and Wellington.

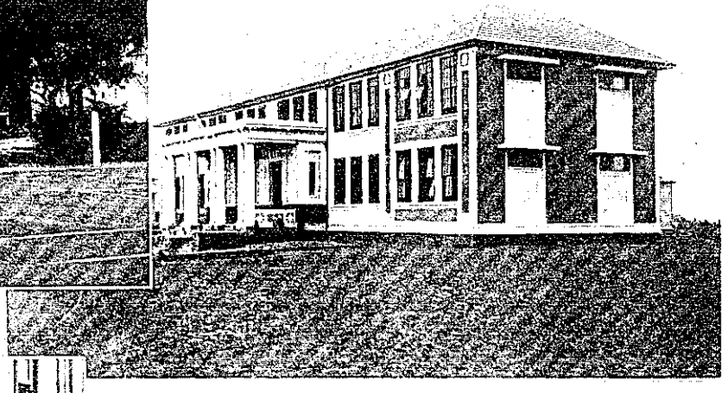
This beautiful specimen of modern New Zealand domestic architecture was designed by Mr. W. Gray Young, Architect, of Wellington. Our photographs show (on top) the garden front, (left) the dining room, which is finished in a dull ivory white, (right) the Adams drawing room, in blue and white, while inset are the Loggia and the Sleeping Porch.

Famous New Zealand Schools:

ST. CUTHBERT'S COLLEGE

(The Auckland Presbyterian College for Ladies)

The Old School: Mount Eden

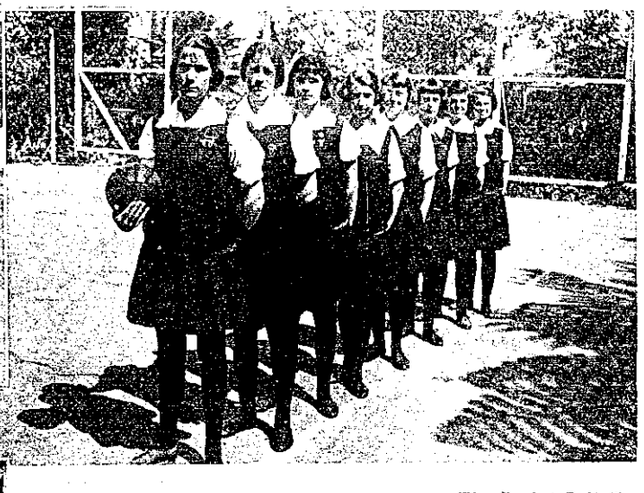


The New School Buildings, Epsom

The School Prefects

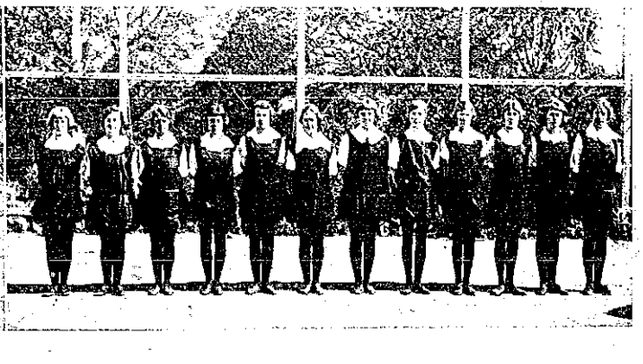
The Form Captains

The Hockey XI.



The Basket-Ball Team

The House Prefects



Gymnasium "Honours"

Photographs by Studio Rahma, Paris.

What could be smarter than this Sports Costume—the skirt of grey checked tweed with sweater of orange Jersey cloth, and the cloak of Harris tweed, made reversible by its lining with the tweed of the skirt.—Maison Aton.

Originality and "chic" are the note displayed by this Sports creation of grey casavar with gussets, cuffs and buttons of white kid. The cape is made to be worn with or without the coat.

La Maison Zimmermann produced this afternoon gown of black satin with tunic of white crêpe-de-chine, ornamented with embroidery and black beads.

VANITAS VANITATUM

WITH THE APPROACH OF AUTUMN, FEMININE THOUGHTS AGAIN TURN FASHIONWARD

Chère Amie,—

Here we are just entering upon the autumn season with plenty to interest us in the world of Fashion. Last month I gave you some idea of

As the finishing touch to an attractive autumn costume, the latest novelty in umbrellas provides the right note.—Antoine.

what would be decreed for smart wear, and you could not do better this year than follow these hints.

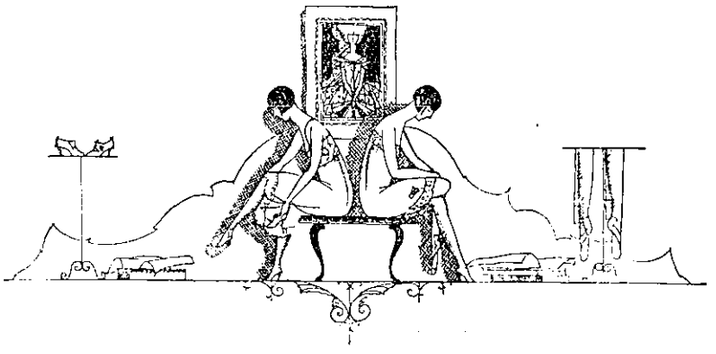
You can choose the line of your figure, chère, as to whether you will retain straight boyish outline, or cultivate a slight waistline. Both will be *en vogue* this season. Parisian *coutouriers* have striven hard to impose a "waist" on Fashion, but we have been emancipated too long from constricting outlines to take kindly to it again. Still, it is there for those who desire it. Generally it manifests itself in the merest line of pleats, or a tuck, or a slight shaping of the model to the figure.

'Course, Chère, you will agree that one of the most important items in the autumn and winter wardrobe is the "manteau." It's so cosy, when there is a chill little breeze about, to snuggle down warm into a big fur collar. 'Sides, fur always looks so smart and becoming, and softens the lines. Black and white furs are the most used, though grey, and especially chinchilla, is much favoured. The great thing now is to have your fur trimmings of the same shade as your material. Colour relief can be given by embroidery, or an exotic silk or satin lining. Fur coats, too, in the most lovely shapes, are much worn, and, in fact, are *de rigueur* for evening wear.

Nearly all the "manteaux" are worn with high collars, and fastened on the side with one or two buttons or a clasp. You can sometimes see the Directoire influence insinuating itself gently into a few of the models. These have the waist marked fairly high by judicious shaping, and fall slightly full from the hips.

The same rules apply to the coats of *tailleurs*. These are often so long as to leave only a few inches of the skirt visible. Although the skirt is short and narrow, the effect of slim elegance in the line is maintained by the high collar of the jacquette. For ease and grace of movement, the skirt is either pleated or split at the side, and in most cases this effect is carried out in the coat also.

Golden tresses are popular with the Parisienne. Attractive wigs of gold or silver thread are worn in the evening over bobbed hair.



Our street frocks and afternoon dresses are still of an engaging simplicity of line (or so it seems), and their elaborate appearance is really due to the ingenious arrangement of pleats, flounces, gussets and aprons that characterise them. Many

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VANITAS VANITATUM

Continued from page 17

of the models have long, tight-fitting sleeves, mould themselves to the form, and then, at the hips, break out into full circular flounces, or insertions of pleats, or slight draping.

You think it is simple enough, *ma mie,* until you come to examine it, and then you realise that it takes a master-mind to conceive and execute such simple intricacy.

A number of the evening models are made with a tunic effect, the tunic edge being weighted with broad bands of fur, or heavy embroidery. Sometimes it is a whole overdress stopping about six inches above the hem of an underdress of rich satin, or pleated georgette or lace. Sometimes it appears in the form of a deep frill or votane, either fluted or pleated. Sometimes it is just a wide panel back and front, held together at the sides with widely spaced bands of pearl or diamanté trimming, giving the effect of slashing; sometimes cut in vandykes of petals, or hanging in fluted points at the sides, or front and back. Very rarely, it is draped. There is no end to the variations on this theme. None of them are cut very low, and all are sleeveless.

Ma chère, Paris of the fertile brain has evolved two novelties this season. There are the most fascinating umbrellas to complete your autumn outfit—short and stumpy, with most elaborately carved thick handles in bone or ivory, or wood—the carving tinted with colours natural to the design, or else just one colour throughout. The ferrule is short and thick, and exactly matches the handle in size and design.

Then, chère, *dernier cri* in modes is the wig of gold or silver thread to wear over bobbed hair in the evening. This solves the burning question of "bobbed or shingled." You can have them made in silk thread, to match your gown, though that is rarer.

The small hat as the smartest wear for all occasions still persists. And so long as winds blow, we shall find it the most practical and becoming. The chic little *demi-voile* is making its appearance again—often only a few inches of lace attached to the hat brim, and reaching about half the length of the nose. The hats themselves are very plain as regards adornment, which often consists merely of a bow of ribbon, a cockade, a buckle, or a diamanté ornament; but the materials used are rich and luxurious, and are their own adornment. The Parisienne can teach the fashionable world that "a good wine needs no bush"—in other words, that a rich material is its own supreme adornment, and that to attempt to disguise a poor material by elaborate trimmings is to show it up as tawdry. Parisian trimming is always of a nature to equal the model in richness of material, and is only sufficient to throw its beauties into relief, never into the shade.

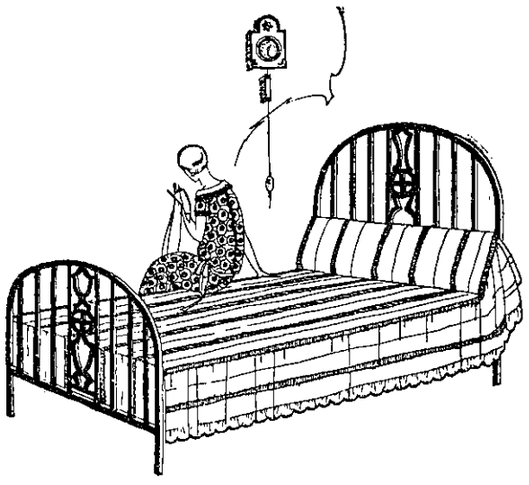
You will be interested to hear, *ma chère,* that low-heeled shoes, except for sport, are absolutely *démodé.* They are never seen in the streets or on the boulevards. All shoes now have high Louis heels, and very long points, with a tongue and buckle coming well up over the instep. Much smarter, *n'estice pas?* Straps are still to be seen, but not so much as lately.

Well, chère, I think that completes my budget of news for this month. The seasons come round so quickly, or rather, seem to, in this hustling world, that I shall have to start looking about me for news of winter's Fashions for you.

Au revoir, ma mie, till next month.

Yours fashionably, FEMINA.

How a Ne'er-do-well found his Soul



EVER SO LONG AGO

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER HAS RAPIDLY GAINED PLACE IN THE FRONT RANK OF MODERN WRITERS, AND OUR READERS WILL FIND THIS STORY AN EXCELLENT SPECIMEN OF HIS SKILL

A NUMBER of white dwellings with small, bright gardens, a brick courthouse with a shallow portico and classic columns, stores that were mere painted façades masking long, wooded galleries, and churches with insistent bells! So much and no more constituted Greenstream, except for the fact that it was divided by the barriers of four mountain ranges from the world.

The Virginia upland, where it was cleared, responded with pure emerald grass, and the village, in a valley broader than those beyond either mountain wall, lay in fields cut and stacked early in July and incredibly fragrant.

Above Greenstream, somewhere to the west, the road that slipped down the eastern range and through the village climbed in sharp angles through stony fords and matted wild grape-vines towards the sunset. The top was treeless, with scant underbush and sterile expanses of rock, and in an unobtrusive corner, thick with moss and ferns, a man lounged, with the brown barrel of a rifle across his knee. He was slender and dark, with restless, sharp black eyes and hollow cheeks that accentuated the grim expression of an obstinate jaw.

Shifting his position, he skilfully twisted a cigarette from a small muslin bag, but, lighting it, he suddenly paused, rigid with attention. The slow hoof-beats of a walking horse were mounting beyond, approaching. Assured of this, he calmly resumed the operation with the preserved flame; then he rose, with the rifle drooping forward over an arm.

The clatter grew louder, until the horse and a rider appeared sharply projected against clear space.

"That's far enough," the man with the rifle called.

The other stopped abruptly.

"Hospitable!" he commented dryly. He, too, was thin, but very tall, and clad in a worn gabardine coat with plaited leather buttons and cord breeches, and his face was sparer of flesh than that before him. Together with a projecting, curved nose and cold, firm lips, it gave him the expression of a Cæsar on an old bronze coin. Across the flat pommel of his hunting saddle a wire-haired fox terrier puppy was wriggling, and he bent over easily, dropping the dog to the ground.

"Where did you come from?" the first demanded, with a sombre, close regard.

The expression of the man above him grew curiously bitter. "It's none of your damn' business," he replied deliberately.

"I'm set here for just that," the other told him. "I can shoot you, too, finding out." That, further, he was prepared to do this was evident in his voice.

The horseman was apparently absorbed in the gaiety of the released puppy.

"Well?" There was a tightening of the hand about the rifle.

"Back hellwards."

"You'll have to be more particular. Maybe you know"—he made a gesture towards the west—"there's smallpox in the lumbering camps."

"I didn't. I came up the Crabbottom Valley; but I can understand your interest."

"Anywhere near Traveller's Repose?"

"No," the other answered shortly. "I said that I was in Virginia."

"Did you see anybody in the settlement—maybe Long Jim Abner, the blacksmith?"

"Tol'able Long Jim keeps the blacksmith's shop, and I had dinner with him."

The interrogator nodded. "I have to find out. Greenstream is only below the mountains, and we don't want the plague there. But I reckon you're all right. I can tell a stranger, and how else would you know about Long or Tol'able Long Jim if you weren't there among them? West Virginia is the other road."

THE afternoon was declining to a gold haze. It grew cooler, and the choked murmur of a stream was audible. The man on foot resumed his coat. "I'm just about done here for to-day," he said. "Are you coming on down?"

The other made a gesture of assent; he leant over and, from the saddle, secured his dog. They moved forward together until, from an opening in the descent, there was a clear view of the village far below. Tenuous blue threads of smoke rose wavering from minute chimneys; the peaks were in sunlight, but already the village was darkening with shadow. The rider stopped his horse and gazed at the remote village, everywhere shut in by range succeeding range. He breathed deeply, a breath at once weary and sharp with pain, and spoke:

"I reckon this is where I'll stay."

Charles Bramwell held his horse against the uncertain road; the dog lay across the saddle, panting. The man beside him, he learnt, was Barton Cleeve.

They crossed a bridge of echoing planks laid over a broad, sliding stream and were in the village. There were only a few people about to gaze with frank curiosity; a cross-roads held three stores with elevated platforms, and the courthouse set back on a shaded lawn of thick turf. And there Barton Cleeve halted.

"I live out here by the Presbyterian Church," he said. "The hotel is right ahead on the left. I might see you later at the mail."

Charles Bramwell slowly passed the small, freshly-painted structure of the Bank of Greenstream, a house more pretentious than the others, with an encircling verandah, and a dingy, shed-like building, the office of the Greenstream *Messenger*, against which a number of men sat in tilted chairs. The hotel was square, white, and had a second-storey gallery and an outside stair. The office, with split-hickory chairs, a contracted, scarred counter, and iron stove, was on the left; there he found Patterson, the hotel proprietor, and wrote his name, but with only the vague locality of Virginia, in an informal, dilapidated register.

He accompanied the proprietor to the stable in the rear, where he discovered a comfortable stall and ample feed for his horse; then Bramwell had a supper of fried chicken, potatoes, poached eggs,

salt-raised bread, and green-apple pie.

Afterwards he sat alone on the gallery outside his room facing the serene length of the valley.

The heavy shoes of Patterson mounted the stair, and he approached over the rounding gallery. "I don't want to disturb you," he said pleasantly, "but this is a dry county, and you said you'd brought nothing, and so I thought——"

Bramwell rose. "Thank you." He made a formal acknowledgment. Below he poured a large measure from a stone jug.

"Drink hearty," Patterson pronounced. The latter wiped the mouth of the jug with his hand and dispensed with the formality of a glass. "Any time you want a gallon," he continued, "just say the word to whoever's driving stage, and they'll bring it up from Stanwick."

"I shall," Bramwell responded, "to-morrow. I expect questions will be asked about me," he went on. "It looks strange, my coming here like this without a thing but the horse and dog. And when I stay, as I

Continued on page 21

EVER SO LONG AGO

Continued from page 19

hope to do, it will be stranger yet. Well, there is no answer." His gaze, directed at Patterson, took on a sudden glitter; his mouth was pinched.

The other's pale blue eyes met his without wavering; his voice was slow, unconcerned. "It's all that. I won't ask nor answer. I judge we'd better have another."

When Charles Bramwell returned to the gallery, the jug was empty. He walked slowly, portentously, and his face was grimmer than any metallic imperial profile. He sank again into the chair outside, neglecting to go to bed. The silence was absolute.

THE night grew more profound, and almost cold, and then a faint shimmer of light touched the western mountains; the sky lost its quality of a starred velvet curtain and became space; faint, pure films of colour appeared; the valley was filled with green gloom, while the extreme peaks of the west flushed like roses.

There was a stir in the hotel and a movement towards the stable. The puppy at Charles Bramwell's feet whimpered, and he waked and rose sharply, gazing about utterly confounded. Pain shot through his shoulders and knees as he stood with hands hard clasped on the railing before him. The shadows retreated in a sparkling rush of immaculate morning.

He found himself after a noon dinner occupying one of the chairs before the building of the Greenstream *Messenger*. Edward Stample, the proprietor, short and dark and quiet, sat beside him.

The somnolence of the day, as golden as an orange, filtered into Charles Bramwell's soul. He was extraordinarily weary, physically, mentally, and spiritually, and flooded with indifference. He told himself that he could sit here for the rest of his life. But Stample, concerned with the issuing of his weekly paper, rose and went within.

"See you to-morrow," he said.

Bramwell discovered him in the morning seated before a small foot-power press, rapidly printing a box of envelopes. The interior of the office was as dingy as the outside. The *Messenger* press, back on the left, rested on the earth. At the right by the entrance were two typesetter's cases elevated on insecure legs; behind them a hand-press for proofs raised wooden bars like a rimless wheel. Old hand-bills littered the walls and floor; the heavy, battered chases of the paper were piled on a rough table, and carefully laid on pegs in the wall were a number of fishing-rods in green baize covers.

Stample nodded silently, and Charles Bramwell lounged in the doorway, soothed by the smooth clicking of the machine and the monotonous passage of the printer's hands. A gloom deepened within—low, aqueous clouds hid the mountain-tops and drooped into the valley, closing Greenstream in a grey solitude.

"Winter," Stample said abruptly, "comes like this. Rain." As if in answer to his words, there was a hesitating patter. He lighted a glass lamp and stood it at his elbow.

"You might wash the window," Bramwell suggested.

There was an answering flicker of smile. "Can't get the work done now. I hear you're going to stay a while yet——"

"Do you want me to clean up?"

"You'd never get done. I'd like to have you help about, though. Try this."

He moved, and Bramwell occupied the stool before the press. The first envelope bore the address, on the upper left-hand corner, staggering below the centre. It was not, however, difficult, and, although he worked comparatively slowly, he finished before noon.

Early in the afternoon—but Greenstream called it evening—a hulking individual with a dull countenance entered, bowed his heavy shoulders, and grasped a handle, and the *Messenger* went to press.

They returned after supper when the edition was finished and folded and the gummed addresses added. Then, through the rain, Bramwell carried the canvas sack that held the papers to the post-office, preceded by Stample with a swinging lantern.

About to return, the latter paused. "Might as well come home with me for a little," he said. "Nice and quiet. No infernal women to bother about.

Silence became so marked that he turned in inquiry. Bramwell, it appeared, had not heard him and he repeated the suggestion.

"I'd like to," Bramwell said at last, collecting himself. They moved away, shoulder to shoulder, the lantern casting a vaporous radiance immediately at their feet in a blackness without form or bounds.

STAMPLE'S house had the curious stillness and bare simplicity of a purely masculine dwelling. The sitting-room had a single student-lamp with a green-glass shade on a table without a cover, a hickory Windsor chair with a high, fanlike, delicate

back, a substantial rocker with a haircloth seat, two other stiff chairs, a walnut chest of drawers with old brass handles, a sofa with a worn cover and fluted mahogany ends, and on the floor a crumpled heap of newspapers.

He produced a demijohn of whisky, a small brown pitcher of water and single glass, and waved Bramwell towards the Windsor chair. The latter, falling gratefully into Stample's habit of taciturnity, gathered that the other did not care to drink. He poured out a measure, and idly picked up a slender book bound in stained boards. It was a volume of "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," by Alfred Tennyson.

Stample's face took on a darker colour. "Funny for a man to be reading that," he admitted. "I like it. Romantic nonsense; but you can shut it up."

Silence flooded the room; Stample was seated on the couch, and Charles Bramwell took another drink.

It had been, he realised, returning to the hotel, a very satisfactory evening. The rain was now driving in chill gusts, and a wet leaf struck his face. Winter! In the morning it was clear, with a high, pale-blue sky and blustering assaults of the wind. Patterson informed him that it was as good an afternoon as any for quail, and with a borrowed gun—stopping at a store for cartridges—he accompanied the hotel-keeper up a faintly-marked path to a steep field of buckwheat stubble.

Patterson's dog cast out in a short circle and stood almost immediately; Charles Bramwell got a quail and the other a pair. They tramped through the short, purple-red stems to the covers along the fences, made their way higher to avoid clearings, and returned at dark with fourteen brace of quail.

Then, to his surprise, he awoke to a morning filled with silent accumulating snowflakes. They set a wide screen against the mountains and valley, and the purity caused a breathless contraction of his heart. The stove in the *Messenger* office was a glowing cherry-red, and the snow on his shoes made little rivulets over the boards. Stample said:

"I've thought of this two or three times lately—you might as well live with me as be at the hotel. You could pay your share; it's not much." He hesitated awkwardly: "Like to have you, besides."

It would, Bramwell acknowledged, be far pleasanter than the present arrangement. "Why not give me a share in the paper?" he went on. "A little capital would be more useful than I am now. If you agree, I'll put in a gas-engine for the press."

"I don't know about an engine." The other hesitated. "Do you think they are reliable, as good as hand-power?"

Bramwell dryly thought they were. He was conscious of Stample watching him with a hidden curiosity. For a moment it seemed as though the other were about to question him, as indeed, he now had some right to do .There could be no answer, and it must be the end of their growing familiarity. But Stample said instead:

"If you say it's right, go ahead. I hope it won't pull the roots out of her." He was referring to the cherished press. "There will be a new head on the *Messenger*: 'Edward Stample and Charles Bramwell, Proprietors.'"

THE latter moved his few belongings and Trouble, the dog, at once. He had a room of spotless white plaster walls with a window looking across a grassy lane towards the

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west, scant furniture, and a strip of brilliant rag-carpet.

His companion was an extraordinary cook; the bacon never relapsed from a crisp perfection, the biscuits were a notable accomplishment. Bramwell's duties were less ornamental—he washed the dishes and swept and cleaned the house. Each man made his own bed, while the house-linen and their personal things were taken away to a neighbour's for washing. There was nothing neglected in Edward Stample's house; its order was relentlessly maintained, except for the newspapers that gathered on the floor by the table where they sat in the evening.

ALMOST as unexpectedly as the first snow Bramwell saw the trace of spring in the brightening underbush; and as soon as the "law was out," Stample took down the rods from the wall, inspected his leaders and flies, and locking the door of the printing office, left hanging in the window—dimly visible through the grime—a sign: "Gone fishing."

With Bramwell in the hooded buggy he drove through a gap into a small subsidiary valley with a clear, turbulent stream at the base of the steep mountain range. The water poured through narrow stone cuts, rippled over shallows and slipped into dark eddies flecked with bubbles. Tying the horse to a fallen tree in a clearing, they put the rods together, knotted on the leaders and flies, and dropped the lines into the pools.

Bramwell was soon left alone—his companion was infinitely more skilful; but the former had no difficulty in catching the brilliant and voracious brook-trout. He descended the stream, stopping at specially promising water, at one place losing his flies in a willow tree. He made a vain effort to disentangle them, and then, suddenly losing interest, sat on an inviting tangle of roots. Behind him a cow was deep in vivid grass, and he could see the smoke from a chimney behind a dark group of pines; the sun was almost below the serried horizon, and shadows lengthened down the western slope until they almost enveloped him and the whispering stream.

THE cow drew nearer to him; there was a clear, youthful call from beyond; but the animal was, for once, inattentive. The girl who appeared held Charles Bramwell's gaze simply from the fact that she was, he thought, so splendidly representative, not of the harried mountain people, but of a large aspect of Nature itself. She strode vigorously with bare legs and a print dress, like a gay moulding of a sinuous young maturity. Her cheeks were a clear rose; her eyes, and hair in two heavy shining plaits, were the same candid brown, like autumn oak-leaves, and she had a crimson mouth with a trace of innate mockery.

There was no confusion in the manner of her approach. "If you have more than enough," she said, "and would spare us a trout or two, I'd thank you."

"Take them all," he replied. "We have plenty without mine." He regarded her with a palpable indifference. Greek, he told himself, at her heroic freedom of body. She stood for a moment frankly meeting his eyes, holding the fish strung on a green withe; and then a shadow, a vague trouble, invaded her expression. She lingered for a breath more, then took a backward step. There, as though beyond the circle of a disturbing influence, she nodded abruptly and with her hand on the flank of the retreating cow, left him. Bramwell's face was void of any interest; he turned immediately to the hurrying stream, but he failed to rise until Stample sounded a thin whistle in the distance.

They fished until dusk, until dark and the pale glimmer of stars, and then drove back over the ridge to Greenstream.

The mountains were white with dog-wood; then, in the magic of the seasons, the woods were gold in the crispness of the fall. There were still days veiled in blue mist, sudden rain, wind and winter. Stample laid his rods on the pegs; the stove in the office glowed with its famous energy; the *Messenger* appeared, printed by machinery, each Thursday; and the two men sat through the long evenings under the single student-lamp, Edward Stample lost in the primrose fields of English lyrics and Bramwell sunk forward over his glass.

This, he felt, would continue for a very long time; he had a powerful constitution, and no more tonic existence could be devised. There was, apparently, nothing transient in the life of Greenstream. The graveyard, a stony clearing behind the village, seemed to have lain undug for countless years. At this realisation Stample rose, complaining of the cold.

Bramwell looked up indifferently. "It seems all right to me."

The other was irritable. "No one could say whether it was you or the whisky," he replied. "I'm stiffened up, too, this winter."

"It's those trout-streams you wade in every spring," Bramwell told him.

II.

FIVE years after, Bramwell remembered clearly the winter evening when Edward Stample had admitted the edge of a chill. They had been fishing through an afternoon of cold rain and were driving back in a wet vapour to Greenstream.

"Charles, did you bring any of that rum of yours along?"

He had not, and regretted the omission. He was suddenly aware

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of the fact that Stample was shaking violently, and that his lips were drawn and livid.

The latter made a vain effort to assist in the cooking of supper, but collapsed weakly, and Bramwell got him into bed. The doctor, McAleer, with an entire confidence in the power of narcotics to alleviate as well as soothe, wielded a ready needle, shook his head doubtfully, and returned the following morning. Stample was talking in a rapid, harsh voice:

"Winds creep; dews fall chilly: in her first sleep earth breathes stilly:
Over the pools . . . the water gnats——"

"It's pneumonia," McAleer told Bramwell beside the bed, and before dark Edward Stample was dead.

Everything Stample had possessed was willed to Charles Bramwell; with the notable exception of Stample's absence, life and the *Messenger* went on as they had before his death. Bramwell himself was now an adequate printer; he sat before the foot-power press with the boxes of envelopes; he contracted for the stereotyped plates, set up the remainder of the paper; and for the second time the notice of ownership was changed. Bramwell, a little grimmer about the mouth, sparer of spare cheek, kept the house in its old order, with Stample's poets on the table.

He was indifferently conscious that he was drinking more.

The curtain which hid the past grew thinner, and at that old vision Bramwell's hands clenched and his forehead was wet. Drink, he knew, would be powerless to shut it out. Searching mentally for relief, for oblivion, he thought surprisingly of a girl he had seen while fishing with Edward. She had been very young and superbly sturdy. Greek he had called her, finding a resemblance to the freedom and sweep of the mountains, the silver vitality of the streams. He wondered what had become of her, for he had never seen her since then, and if, as was probable, she had married, thickening with maternity and cares.

The following afternoon Bramwell was tying his horse to a limb by the stream that Edward Stample so loved, and fishing the familiar water. No one appeared; there was no cow in the pasture, but the smoke mounted from the chimney behind the pines. At dusk, driven by his new uneasiness and nameless searching, he made his way up to the low, irregular dwelling on the west slope.

An old and bent woman stood at the open door, and there was a sound of vigorous wood-chopping from the rear. The forest reached down to the very eaves of the house.

"I'm Charles Bramwell," he said directly, "the owner of the *Messenger* in Greenstream. I have fished along here for seven years, and it's time you saw me."

"I can no more make you out," the woman replied. "My spectacles are in the kitchen, Reba!" The girl of Bramwell's memory appeared, fuller than when he had first seen her, but no less rosy and heroic in implication. He saw at once that she, too, remembered.

Reba sat on the rough edge of a contracted porch with her hands clasped about strong knees. Little was said, and when Bramwell slowly crossed the thick grass to his horse he was invaded by a sensation of disappointment. Later, in the luminous interior of his moonlit sitting-room, he drank savagely and kicked his terrier on his progress, in the grey dawn, above.

THE following afternoon was lowering, an ideal condition for trout-fishing, and, hanging in the dirty window of his office the old sign, he locked the office-door and rode over the spur to the reach below the Welsteeds'.

He tied his horse where it would be visible from the house, and fished without energy until he saw Reba Welsteed standing on the bank under the drooping willows. The declining sun at her back shone in her lustrous hair and defined her lithe grace. Later she said:

"I didn't like you that first time. Something about you hurt me. I'm not right sure it doesn't now. I don't believe you're kind."

A fever that he had thought for ever dead burnt in him; in a temporary brutal impulse—they were seated on the woven roots—he held her shoulders and kissed the scarlet lips. She was motionless for a stunned second, and then, with a sob, she dug her eight fingers into his throat, leaving gleaming and wet red furrows, and freed herself with a desperate abandon. She vanished like a figure of a dream, and Charles Bramwell, washing his stinging, blood-stained throat in the stream, laughed with an amazing renewed animation.

THE procession of these events returned to him, obscurely touched with bitterness, as he sat below on the night his son and first child was born.

The thin cry of the baby sounded from above, but it didn't simplify

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his feelings; he regarded it with a speculative surprise. This had not been a part of his considerations. He rose and moved to a wall-cupboard for a drink. The responsibility of parenthood weighted upon him. A child of his and Reba's would have a difficult inheritance, and that last word drew his attention to the fact that probably later stupid legal consequences would arise and demand his presence back in ——.

He drank again. It was, he thought grimly, a moody celebration of the birth of a Bramwell. He watched his wife, really superb in her rosy maternity, with their son, unable to escape the feeling that they had no more innate connection with him than Greenstream. They were a part of a life he had assumed, but which, except perhaps for Edward, had never entered his fibre and dreams.

A daughter was born the following year, and then another son; and Charles Bramwell grew into the habit of staying at the *Messenger* office far into the night—in winter, by the glowing stove, with a lamp making a vague flickering in the dusty gloom; in summer, outside.

Reba kept his house adequately; she was neither so thorough nor so good a cook as Edward Stample, but he was comfortable, and the food was always palatable. She annoyed him singularly little, and prevented the children from obtruding on his silences. Yes, on the whole he was surprisingly comfortable.

His son Charles was a strong-willed, contrary boy, with his mother's flawless health and Bramwell's sceptical habit of mind. He was large for his age—at eight he was taller than other children of ten, and Reba, it was clear, had a difficult time in keeping smooth the boy's relationship with his father.

In this state Reba moved about the house as quietly as possible, and he was dimly aware of her voice whispering affectionate or cautioning words to the children. However, on an evening when he marched into the house for supper, he stumbled over a barrier of wood blocks that Charles had arranged in the sitting-room. The boy instantly raised a protest, and Reba hurried in.

"Take out that trash," Bramwell directed, and his wife swiftly gathered up the offending blocks.

"Go with your mother," Bramwell ordered.

The boy stood with rebellious eyes, and Charles Bramwell, in vicious, cold anger, swung a hard, unsparing hand on his head. It sent the child with an audible thud against the angle of the door, where he fell limply to the floor. The man stood gazing down on the small, prostrate figure, while Reba, with a cry, dropped on her knees beside her son. In a moment she was up in a rage transcending any he had thought possible. She flung herself on him with pounding fists and a white face with slipping hair. He attempted to hold her, but she easily broke away from him, and her blows became actually painful.

The confusion dimmed his vision; he only saw her as an inarticulate fury, but from the sharp impact that cut his temple he realised that she had struck him with one of the blocks. The shock dazed and sickened him; then the attack stopped as abruptly as it had begun. Reba stared at him, wild-eyed and terrified. Bramwell stooped and, picking up his son, mounted the stair to the boy's bed.

He had broken the child's arm. After he had fetched McAleer, Charles Bramwell proceeded to the sitting-room cupboard, and carried the jug of whisky he found there through the kitchen to the yard. Sitting dizzily on the well-curb, he reversed the jug; the liquor, gurgling out into the lush grass, sounded as though, mystically, a part of himself were ebbing, never to be resumed.

III.

IT was a hot, vaporous morning in August; already a thunderstorm—a contracted purple-black shadow lighted with pale flashes, sweeping over the mountain—had passed, and Charles Bramwell took outside his office a handful of newspapers from Virginia cities. He read them, clipping items of interest for the *Messenger*. Then suddenly his casual gaze fastened on a paragraph of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*. His hands, holding the paper, grew rigid, and the chair descended to its four legs. He laboriously read the lines again: ". . . death of David Kingscot Bramwell. Mr. Bramwell, who had long been partly paralysed as the result of an accidental shooting, leaves a widow, Allan, who before her marriage was Miss Fraley."

Bramwell laid the papers in an orderly pile beside him and rose, walking mechanically through the village and up the eastern slope. He saw nothing of his surroundings. The cleared fields gave way to underbush and an occasional cabin in a patch of scant corn, followed by the heavy, sultry silence of the forest. He walked on and on until he was almost at the watershed. David dead—an accidental shooting!

He sat on a bare stone, careless of a rattlesnake that dropped into cover below. Accidental! He laughed unmirthfully. Then, for the first time, the fact occurred to him that Allan was at last free. She would expect him! Allan! A tempest of blood and longing and desire beat into his brain. She had been his all the while—no, from the moment when, engaged to David, she had seen him. Allan was courageous; she had admitted to them that she could not then marry David, loving his brother. What a cursed, unfortunate tangle it had been! Accidental shooting! All the Bramwells had such bitter tempers, and David had tried to kill him; but he had been quicker—in the side passage—with a shotgun. When it was evident that David would survive, but with a permanent injury, Allan—the courageous Allan—had at once announced her determination, and on the night of her wedding to David he, Charles, had picked up Trouble, his dog, and ridden away.

A choking, overwhelming nostalgia seized Bramwell for the entire past, summed up in the utter delight

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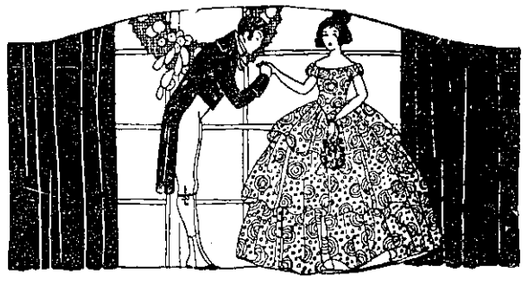
The Second of a Series of Articles on Musical Appreciation



THE IMPORTANCE OF RHYTHMICS AND MUSICAL APPRECIATION LESSONS

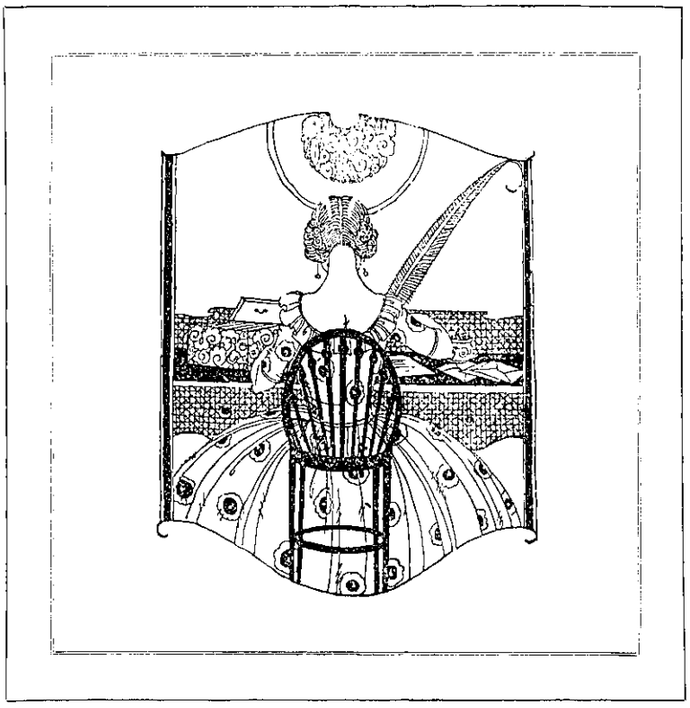
PLATO STATED THAT "THE WHOLE OF A MAN'S LIFE STANDS IN NEED OF A RIGHT RHYTHM" AND MODERN EDUCATIONALISTS ARE NOW EMPHATIC IN THIS, ASSERTING THAT RHYTHM MUST PLAY A LARGE PART IN THE EDUCATION OF THE CHILD

By RENEE SATCHWELL, L.R.A.M.

"A COW Eats Grass," was the information offered to me, to my amazement, at my first "music lesson." I was a small child, and very respectful of my new teacher and filled with awe for the strange instrument with a green silk-panelled arrangement in front, and most wonderful candlesticks at each side that rattled when one touched the white things called "keys." Therefore, I made no comment on the simple truth concerning the cornated ruminator; but I did feel resentful when I was next told, apparently quite irrelevantly, that "Every Good Boy Deserves Fruit," while no reward was offered to good little girls. The spelling of F—A—C—E presented no difficulties. Then I was recommended to "Always Catch Enough Geese" as an alternative to something or other, and there was a Middle C somewhere. These facts, an impatient lady in black explained, with aggravating rappings of her pencil, were to identify black dots on lines and white keys on the pianoforte. ("Never mind the black ones; don't ask questions!") In such a way was I initiated, as I thought, into the mysteries of music. I was very, very disappointed in it as a subject, and told my parents so quite emphatically, a verdict that was repeated many a time in the dark days that followed.

Ah, well! music teaching and music teachers are improving, and what with gramophones and pianolas and listening-in sets and the like, our children can learn to like music before they are faced with the problem of finding the name of the note on the fourth line of the bass cleff or the meaning of the funny round note with a stem and a tail. As last month's article endeavoured to show, the more musical experiences we can give our small children before they are introduced to the reading of music and the mechanical difficulties of an instrument, the more easily they will surmount these difficulties when they come to them, having by then some reason to work and overcome drudgery.

The child, having spent the first four or five years of its life in a congenial atmosphere of nursery rhymes and spontaneous singing, where childish compositions are encouraged, should be ready for a more organised course of instruction, if possible in small classes with other children. In America and Europe there are classes of "Eurythmics" to which one can take one's children. In this country it is not easy to find such classes, but if in some of our larger towns there is an opportunity of letting a child attend a course of "Rhythmics" or "Musical Appreciation" lessons, the chance should certainly be taken. If there are no classes of this description available in homes where there is a piano or gramophone quite a lot of preparatory work on the right lines can be done by someone who has had sufficient musical education to be able to adapt "Eurythmic" methods.



The Meaning of Eurythmics

SOME years ago a few music teachers, chief of whom was Mons. Emile Jacques Dalcroze of Geneva, began to overhaul their system of teaching, and independently, having studied psychology and passed through different stages of thought, they all arrived, more or less, at the same conclusion: that hitherto the use of the sense of rhythm as an important factor in musical education had not been sufficiently recognised. After experimenting for several years with pupils of all ages and at all stages, M. Dalcroze has formulated an elaborate system of instruction which leads students to an advanced stage of musicianship. To describe his method he has coined a word—"Eurythmics"—meaning, if one can define it in a few words, the study of rhythmic movement in relation to music. Other people, whose achievements have not received the same amount of publicity, but of whom the name of Yorke Trotter may be known, have evolved schemes which are practically the same although perhaps not so dogmatic and carefully worked out in detail. Strictly speaking, no one but the trained followers of M. Dalcroze should use the word Eurythmics. To have called this an article on "Eurythmics" therefore would have confined me exclusively to speaking of the ideas of Mons. Dalcroze, and necessitated opening out a bigger subject than is necessary for our immediate purpose—taking us farther along the road of music than we need to travel, being ordinary mortals. The convictions shared by specialists on the subject of the first years of musical education, and the line of reasoning adopted by modern music-teachers (the genuine brand), are worth the consideration of parents interested in the subject.

Dancing and Music

IN the race history, to the earliest form of music—a succession of rhythmic sounds—came the involuntary response of dance; not the dance of feet only, as Western races know it, but of the whole body. Then, with physical expression, came song, which became rhythmical and in time called for instrumental accompaniment. The monotonous, noisy tom-tom species gave way to instruments which could imitate the melody of human voices. Musical "form" was evolved, and the dance form was applied to vocal and instrumental music, resulting eventually in opera, symphony, oratorio, sonata, and other well-used types of musical structure. It will be seen that music and dance have grown up together. Although they may have drifted apart in maturity there is still a strong link binding them.

Here, then, reason the teachers, is the order in which to present music to those uninitiated into the language as it is spoken to-day:

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RHYTHMICS

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(a) Rhythmic sounds accompanied by dancing.
(b) The study of *melody*, vocal and instrumental, still accompanied by dancing.
(c) Instrumental and vocal music, harmonic as well as melodic, listened to and *performed*.

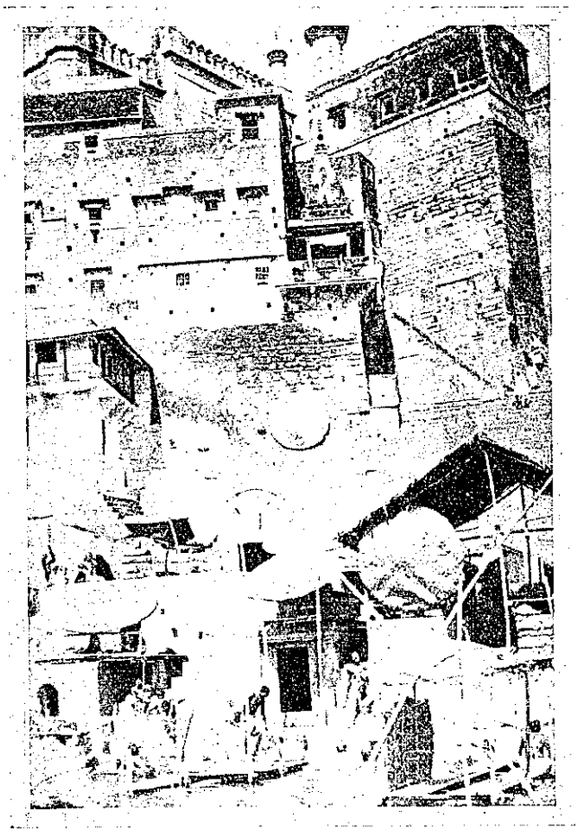
We are here concerned with (a) and (b). To the primitive minds of little children, music must mean movement. Upon this principle are based the various "Rhythmic" methods of musical training. Rhythm is essential to natural development. It is as old as creation, it is the Universe. The planets, seasons, tides, all life, moves in rhythmic cycles.

A Popular Misconception

IN employing any of these "Rhythmic" systems of teaching care must be taken that it is the music which comes first in order of importance. People are often beguiled by dancing teachers into having their children taught set Greek dances which parents fondly imagine are "Eurythmics," through having seen charming illustrations of M. Dalcroze's pupils, and consequently being bent upon following the latest craze. In these, however, the children are merely learning pretty attitudes and movements which they could, if necessary, practise without the aid of the music.

There are two agents by which we appreciate music: (a) The ear, which appreciates sound; (b) the nervous system, which appreciates rhythm.

Musical education must not train the one without taking into account the other. The reaction to music in adults as well as children is naturally by physical movement. Adults, to some extent, learn to control tapping feet and nodding heads, but children, if left alone, would move their limbs and bodies freely. Why restrict this response, why not use it as a pleasant means of interpretation of what their ears can hear, but their voices cannot always imitate? Practice in interpretation makes a more critical and intelligent listener, and a careful guide can increase musical knowledge by supplying the right kind of music in proper order. Apart from the musical training, this system greatly aids physical and mental development, and has been used with great benefit to nervous and backward children. Schools in which it has been made an important part of the curriculum have found it a splendid tonic to other subjects, as the pupils show more self-control, concentration, and powers of comparison, classification, and analysis. To revert to the musical value, experiments have proved that after two years of rhythmic training, the second year including a special aural course also, children have soon gained upon and passed those who have started instrumental lessons without any preliminaries at the time when the others began their preparatory "appreciation" course.



BENARES—*The Sacred City of the Hindus. It is in surroundings such as these that the woman doctor does such valuable work.*

THE WOMAN DOCTOR

ALL OVER THE WORLD, WOMEN PHYSICIANS ARE ACHIEVING FINE THINGS IN THEIR NOBLE PROFESSION. IN THE EAST ESPECIALLY, WHERE CASTE CUSTOMS HAVE HAMPERED THE WORK OF THE MALE DOCTOR, SELF SACRIFICING WOMEN ARE FINDING A WONDERFUL SCOPE FOR THE EXERCISE OF THEIR SKILL

TAKEN all in all, who is the most popular woman around the world? The doctor-lady! From the romantic days of yore when the beautiful princess rewarded the knight who had fought for her by binding up his wounds, till to-day, when there is no medical service performed which is not being done by women, the woman physician has had a place hardly equalled by any other profession. From Marqurite of Salerno, physician to the King of Naples—who was afterwards King of Rome—in the fifteenth century, to Mary Stone, the beloved physician of the women and children of China, the record of the woman doctor is a remarkable one.

To-day in every corner of the earth you may see the footprints of the woman doctor. First and foremost there is the woman missionary who is also a physician. Her contribution to the health of the world can never be over-estimated. No danger was too great, no toil too severe, no handicap too dicult, for her hardy soul to overcome. It is she who set the pace for those famous native doctors of countries less advanced in civilisation than our own. It was she who made possible the medical college where the woman of China, India, Africa, Arabia, and all the other backward countries might find the knowledge her country needed so sorely. It is she who feared not to tackle the most batfling diseases, who was ready for service night and day, who did the work of a dozen able doctors of our own country, whose only regret was that there are but twenty-four hours in the day.

Is it any wonder, then, that the first profession to be taken up by women in the less civilised countries is invariably the medical profession? They have such a good example before them, you see! And the need is so great.

We are becoming accustomed to the woman physician. Our medical colleges are graduating as many women as men. America, France, all the so-called advanced countries (except Germany, of course) have their share of women physicians and surgeons and medical experts. We don't need to go into the story of their contribution to the World War.

But the woman doctor of China, of Korea, of India, of Africa, hers is the story that is hardly known, hers is the task that is greatest of all. In the honour list of famous foreign women doctors, the name of Mary Stone, the little Chinese doctor, stands first. Mary Stone was born in Kinkiang, in West China. After receiving her education at a mission school, she sailed across the seas to America to study medicine. She received her degree from Ann Arbor in 1898, graduating with honours amidst a storm of applause. Then she went home to Kinkiang, and within four hours after her arrival she began her work. Two years later she became the head of the Elizabeth Shelton Danforth Memorial Hospital, and she has remained in that capacity ever since.

She directs a training-school for nurses; she is president of China's W.C.T.U.; she translates all the English medical books into Chinese; she is adopted mother to four youngsters; she performs the most dicult operations known to surgery. She has had twenty-five thousand patients in one year.

There are many other native Chinese women doctors. In a country where the women are secluded, the woman doctor is particularly welcome. The same situation exists in Korea and Japan. In addition to the native doctors, there are many able white missionary women doctors.

India has several great women doctors. There is Mah So, a beautiful Burmese girl. She was brought up in a mission school, and startled the good missionary lady by demanding entrance to the men's college. She succeeded, however, then took a medical course in Calcutta University—and there won a fellowship to Dublin University. Now she has returned to Rangoon, to be head of the Lady Dufferin Hospital.

Last year in China one hundred thousand blind people were restored to sight through operations. Terrible epidemics sweep this land. Many a slender woman physician is called on to fight and conquer a smallpox or cholera epidemic alone. India, too, suffers from terrible epidemics.

In Arabia and Turkey and the rest of the Near East the situation is worse. In Africa there is nobody except the missionary doctors—many of whom are women—to guard the health of multitudes of people.

And when you think of the little Chinese doctor with twenty-five thousand patients a year, of our wounded soldiers who have been made whole again through the work of women doctors, of the woman physician on whose shoulders rests the task of making a weak womanhood strong, do you wonder that the most popular woman in the world to-day is the doctor-lady.

WHY DO MODERN GIRLS MARRY?

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waits for that—because she has made up her mind to marry."

One of the married group frankly admits that she made a mistake and is unhappy in consequence. She is the only daughter of a very rich man and the grand-daughter of a richer. She chose for herself a stalwart, handsome young fellow without any particular family or money. He is willing to be comfortable on hers. Perhaps this easy-going disposition of his accounts for the little rift that is bound to grow larger. In fact, the wife of a little

over a year tells her friends that she is going to divorce him next fall. Like giving up the family dentist, it's as easy as that. One can always find a more up-to-date dentist; the town is full of them. Not that Lydia is already thinking of a new husband; she isn't, and she says she's all through with matrimony.

The third matron married a violinist for the reason that she adored his music. Hear what she says about her love story:

"I called up Mamma and told her we were just about to be married, and what for. I said we'd put the wedding off for half an hour to give her time to send for the car and drive down there. She hung up the receiver. I've only seen her from a distance and I understand she goes about saying that I broke her heart. Did she expect to choose a husband for me? That is the absurd thought every woman has who forgets what she was like when she was a girl.

"We've been ridiculously happy. Edouard is a dear. I arrange all his engagements and look out for publicity. It's given me something to do, real work, and I was perfectly useless before."

No let us hear what the unmarried seven have to say about getting married. But one of them frankly confesses that she is going to as soon as a fairly decent man "in her own class," and not a "rotter," asks her to. As she is a pretty, red blonde, dimply and "cuddly," she will be sure to marry unless the men are men no longer.

Louise, on the contrary, likes to be engaged, but balks at marriage. She has been "out" just a year and has been engaged three times, twice informally, but the third-time engagement was widely announced and celebrated with a great dinner and a ball. She broke this one when she discovered that her fiancé had not bought the engagement ring for her, but borrowed one from his mother.

"All the fun is in being made love to," said Louise, "and as all the married women I know tell me their husbands stop love-making after a few months of married life. I shudder to think what might happen to me as a wife, and I decline to take the risk. I'm going to get engaged again as soon as a man I like comes along."

"But do you love these men, Louise?"

"Oh, yes, immensely. I was 'crazy' about the last one, who spent every week end at our country place last summer. We got to know each other very well and he always interested me. I like to be loved."

Vera, a tall brunette, wants a career, and so does Mary. The latter has promised her father that she will go to Vassar next fall if he will let her go in for professional tennis afterward. The men she cares for are tennis players and she has no use for them off the courts.

One girl of Huguenot descent seems to be a throw back. She hopes to marry "when her father has time from his business to choose an eligible parti."

"Being a *vieux femme* is inconceivable," said she, "and, say what they may, I think to live to be 22 unmarried is indecent. By then one wants to go to places one picks out for oneself and often one can't do this decently unless one has a husband to take along.

"Now you may think I'm a kind of vampire or have certain strange longings that nice women don't have. It is far from being true. French people will know what I mean and sympathise with me in this environment of 'emancipated' women, 'bachelor girls' who have men pals, etc. A man is a man and a woman is a woman. Every woman can have men friends and remain perfectly true to her husband. But in all these delightful friendships there is the subtle aroma of sex, and you can't get away from it.

"As soon as I shall be married

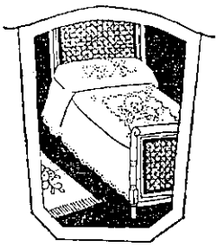
I am going to make a nice masculine circle of mine own in which I shall rally all the fine, agreeable men I know. But I'm not going to 'pal' with them. No, I'm never going to permit them to forget that I am a woman to be adored and to be desired. I will never let them forget that love is always a possibility, but I will always keep it an impossibility."

Brave girl?—perhaps, or a very foolish one!

On the question of men and women "pals" the seven damsels held modern notions. They truly believe that Plato made no mistake when he said—if he ever did say—that a man and a woman could be good friends without either one wanting to be more to the other. They even go a step further and accept the new freedom that came with the association of the sexes during the war. This new freedom is called "being pals."

As soon as a girl selects a man "pal" she has a nice, quiet little talk with him to establish a complete understanding. She says:

"I'm not in love with you and you're not in love with me. Don't you agree with me that a sensible girl and a good fellow like you can be friends and interchange ideas without involving each other in a fool flirtation? Recollect that I do



not want you to become a tame cat or give up your masculine role any more than I mean to give up my femininity. I mean to marry some day somebody quite different from you, and when you meet the girl you want to marry I shall do all I can to help you win her."

Isn't that a sensible and justifiable league of two nations? Unfortunately it falls apart like more ambitious and inclusive leagues from its inner weakness. The girl's weakness exists in the fact that she chooses as a "pal" only the kind of man who appeals to her in some other than the intellectual way, and the man's comes from the fact that he is so chosen. He would have to keep his emotions under the control of a notable will, and he rarely does it for long. Then if the girl admits her own breakdown a marriage or some state like it is certain to follow, and if she doesn't break down but proves by their intimacy that he is not all she thought him she dismisses him as a "pal" and takes another one.

The Danger of "Pals"

THE safest "palship," and that is not too safe, is entered into by a bachelor and a married woman. It was one of the three married women in the group of ten women who uttered this portentous truth. The married woman with a baby related her experience with a "pal"; it was unhappy.

"I took him up primarily because I thought I could make something of him; I thought he had talents that only needed encouragement. I was mistaken. All he had was 'nerve.' He began making desperate love to me before I had time to explain my interest. When I told him he had mistaken my motive he just laughed. I asked him if he did not believe there were still some good women in the world. He laughed louder and said: 'I suppose you are going to pull the old wheeze that I, too, once had a mother.'

"The besetting want of men of to-day is their utter lack of reverence for women. Their prototype is

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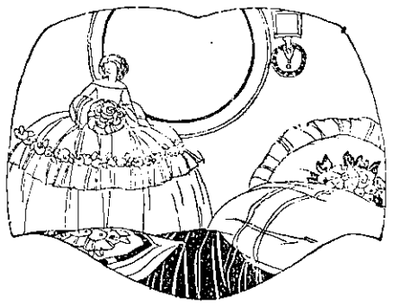

THE BADGE OF BETROTHAL

ROMANCE was not associated with engagement rings when they first came into fashion.

The engagement ring is said to have originated as an institution to hold the fickle and forgetful man to his bargain from the time he declared his passion until the wedding ceremony took place.

It was during the second century B.C. that women began to flash an engagement ring on the fourth finger of the left hand as a symbol of betrothal.

It was displayed on that particular finger because of the belief, prevalent at the time, that a special vein ran from that finger to the heart. Later, this idea was scouted and other fingers became fashionable.

In Russia the ring was worn on the forefinger, and in France on the middle finger, while during the seventeenth century English women wore the ring on the thumb.

AT one time the engagement ring consisted of three hoops looped together into what was known as a puzzle ring. On the wedding day one of these rings was given to the bridegroom, another to an intimate friend, and the bride kept the remaining hoop.

For many centuries the engagement ring did duty as a wedding ring as well. The wedding ring, also, was not given from sentimental motives, but was at the start an article almost as practical as a frying-pan! The wife was given a plain gold ring with a key attached, so that she, and she only, could have access to household goods.

The wedding ring was adopted by the Anglo-Saxons about A.D. 860. During the generations since then it has been alternately plain and elaborate. Very often the rings were inscribed in a puzzling fashion by interlocking the names of bride and bridegroom.

EVER SO LONG AGO

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of Allan. She became, strangely, a presentment of that whole existence—musical voices, smooth lawns and shining fountains, snowy expanses of damask and dinner silver in the hooded radiance of candles.

An insane argument possessed him—the claims of the present against the past. There was, of course, nothing to uphold the hope of return; he had Reba, three children. It was impossible for him to remain here; Reba would have the children, forget. If there were, after all, a hell, he would accept it—with Allan first. He had become a stable quality in Greenstream—Greenstream that, in his mental agony, had accepted him with alleviation of its simple peace. Edward had loved him. If he deserted so much, he would be eternally, in the changeless mountains, damned as a lie. But he was Charles Bramwell; it was in his blood; an alien here, and Allan would want him.

He could leave Reba and the children sufficient money for any need. And, after all, they would miss little; he had been an unsatisfactory husband and father, for years sodden in drink. The eldest boy had a shortened arm with which to stigmatise him.

AT last he descended, stumbling, inattentive, to Greenstream. It was fortunate that he had not, as he had planned, built a stable at the rear of his place, but kept his horse at the hotel stalls. His saddle was on a rough tree, and taking the bridle from the wall, he swung the girth over his horse and slipped the bit into its mouth.

His manner of leaving Greenstream, he thought, was peculiarly fitting, in harmony with his approach—he had come unexpectedly, and he was leaving without a word in the night. His horse walked silently through the village.

He climbed the familiar western road easily; the night was breathless and the stars dim with heat. On the left was the buckwheat field where he had first shot quail in Greenstream. At the top of the range the stream, that he had heard gurgling where Barton Cleeve had stopped him, choked and murmured about its stones.

His mind cleared a little, and he realised that a great deal of his desire would be unattainable; he could not, for instance, enter again into his old life—in Virginia. Allan and he would go abroad. Then an ironic recognition possessed him—his future life with Allan would exactly resemble the existence in Greenstream; it would be maintained against an utter silence and void.

HE rode slowly, still like a man in a dream, remembering Allan's perfections, her shoulders in a dinner-dress, her charming freedom of speech, and narrow, white hands. The memories were mixed, but the intoxication! Charles Bramwell was in the valley now; the road widened, cleared of stones, and the fields on either side were cultivated. Houses, he knew, stood back of the smooth acres.

For that reason he was not sur-

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EVER SO LONG AGO

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prised when his horse nearly shouldered aside a man walking heedlessly along the road before him. He could dimly see the plodding figure, and was passing on when the other fell forward on his knees. There was a blurred cursing, and the prostrate figure rose. Bramwell stopped.

"Did we brush you with a hoof?"

The man made no answer to the query, demanding instead: "Where will this take me?"

"Almost anywhere; West Virginia is just on the left, and the world beyond." He was startled by the dismay in the reply:

"But it's the Bull Pasture road; that can't be West Virginia." He swayed, and clutched at a stirrup-leather.

"Crabbottom," Bramwell answered him, "you're two valleys out of reckoning." Even in the dark he was aware of the dread, almost a seizure of horror, that swept over the other. He turned and ran in the direction from which he had come, but he had hardly been absorbed in the night before Bramwell heard him fall. Sick or mad, he thought; but, since there was no sound of stirring, he couldn't leave him lying in the middle of the road. He would shift him over to the bank and go on—to Allan.

He dismounted, and, coming to the fallen man, raised a heavy, limp body and carried him with dragging heels to the side. As he did this he was aware of something vaguely familiar in the weight in his arms. Eluding definition, it was yet strong enough to trouble Bramwell. It was evident, too, that the other was seriously ill; he lay where he had been placed with supine limbs, breathing hoarsely. His head was fiery hot. All this annoyed Charles Bramwell excessively; he must get on, he told himself.

Still he lingered, held by a faint impulse of humanity, but more by the curious sense of something that touched himself. Dawn, he saw, was diluting the night, a visible greyness trembled in the air, trees took on form, distances widened, and the figure on the bank was defined against the rank grass. Bramwell bent over him, but suddenly straightened with a sharp intake of breath—the face below him was mottled and splotched with revolting marks, consumed with fever. Charles Bramwell said aloud:

"Smallpox!"

It grew lighter rapidly, and, with an incredulous gasp, he saw what had troubled him—the sick man had on his (Bramwell's) coat. He recognised beyond question the stained gabardine and sleeves fastened with plaited buttons that he had worn on the hopeless day when he rode away from life. In a sudden energy he grasped and shook a lax shoulder.

"Where did you get this?" he cried, his hand on a sleeve.

The other whispered: "Lady gave it to me. Honest; Said husband didn't use it." Apparently he slid off into unconsciousness. But Bramwell was unrelenting:

"Where?"

"In a town—beyond. Is this near West Virginia? I wanted to go away from—far as possible. Smallpox in the camps."

"A woman in a small white house with children about?"

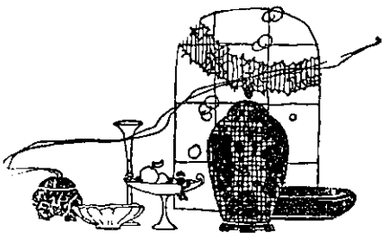
"Children about," he echoed faintly. "Boy—arm."

Charles Bramwell stood erect; with a grim face he turned to the morning. There was smallpox again in the lumbering region, but Greenstream did not know it. The man before him had tried to escape; Reba had given him that old coat; the children had been close to him. He had then grown confused, wandered back over his way. All this happened while he—Bramwell—was up on the mountain with his memories.

However, he had left Greenstream behind; he was hurrying to Allan and unutterable delights. Simultaneously with this realisation he thought with profound pity of Reba—not for herself, but unconsciously exposing her children to death.

All at once his emotions transferred his conception of life. The compassion folded everyone alike—Allan and David and Reba and himself; it stilled the ache in his heart and drew desire away into an infinity of distance. There was an audible shudder among the stems of the bank, and the stricken body was rigidly dead, meeting in a hideous travesty of flesh the sparkling day.

"Not like that!" Bramwell cried, in a strangling spiritual need to escape corruption. And he made preparation to return to Greenstream.



WHY DO MODERN GIRLS MARRY

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Alcibiades. And they are led to regard our sex in the brutal way of that ancient Greek soldier by the prevalence of this very 'palship.' I am against it, unless it deliberately leads to marriage. It will not lead there unless the woman was a hypocrite from the start."

The woman, who was nearly thirty when she married a middle-aged man, finds the kind of fiction popular to-day an obstacle to marriage.

Are Our Authors to Blame?

"ROMANCE has not died out of life, but it has out of our books. You don't call the modern novels love stories, do you? Love, that used to be the purpose of most novels, is practically not in our present-day books, though it does exist in magazine stories. Girls used to read the fervid kind and sigh and rejoice with the heroine and her young man. Now they read and pretend to like all kinds of written technics that have to do with psychology or some other ology that isn't love.

"Men read the same books where the old-fashioned emotion is sneered at. Most young folk of to-day hoot at books that deal with the grand passion and prefer the fluent obviousness of modern story writers, that are stripped as bare as possible of sex romance."

"Still, we read of marriages in the society columns of the newspapers," said her interested listener; "so tell me why these girls marry."

"Probably it is an instinct with us," she replied. "All the writers of all time cannot utterly destroy that in us. A genuine sympathy between a man and a maid reveals to either new shallows and new depths in the character of either. The girl becomes more feminine and the man more masculine. The Latin peoples recognise this instinctively, and they keep the sexes apart until the character of both is well under way. Then they meet and the subtle aroma of sex informs the whole relationship. I think the French manage these matters with consummate skill.

What one Woman Learned by Being a Good Fellow

"MY own case is typical of many girls. I had friends of the other sex by the score. I went everywhere with them. I met them openly everywhere and smoked with them and drank cocktails right in front of everybody at the hotels frequented by the best people. I was a 'good fellow.'

"None of my men ever hinted at marriage. I think my very 'good-fellowship' put the notion out of their heads. And it was rapidly leaving mine. When my husband finally proposed I was aghast. Yes, truly, I was fool enough to feel almost as if he had insulted me, and my first idea was to refuse indignantly. By living four or five years a 'lone woman' I had grown to suit that state. But I married him, and have never regretted it, for I found out right away that single blessedness wasn't my forte.

"All the same, I had learned something from the years I remained unmarried. I had learned that, though unsought, I personally had a right of choice; my ideals of marriage had grown higher than those I had when I left school. I realised by my friendly relations with men that there were very few I really could marry. I made distinctions. I used my intelligence.

"That placed me at a disadvantage with most men. They sensed in a sort of instinctive way that I would be content only with the companionship suited to my own mental capacity. Of course they were polite and I was . . . charming. Both of us wore our company manners, but they realised that I was not to be had for the picking, and they resented this. In order not to wound their *amour propre* I had to be flippant, superficial.

"This going against the grain had its effect on me, and ere long I found myself becoming a trifle cynical. If men only liked women for their personal charms and cared not at all for their mental traits, then it seemed to me that I could be happier without attaching one of them to me for life. I began to feel a constant contempt for men's attitude toward women, and I might have ended by hating them.

"I married a fine man who was willing to admit that woman isn't necessarily a puppet, and since then, in my wider knowledge of the masculine sex, I have become less censorious. Yes, I can appreciate a fine man now, because I have learned to know one intimately."

This witness does not think our modern education has really changed the attitude of woman toward man. And she thinks that as soon as society loses its present frivolity the woman will look for happiness and satisfaction in marriage, and this watchfulness of hers will bring about more numerous weddings.

There is no doubt, she argues, that woman to-day is a different being from her grandmother. She has shared the liberal education formerly only granted to her grandfather. Her mind, alert and of a different quality from man's, has been as highly trained as his. She leaves school school for life with ambitions for work or further study; she has dreams of carving her independent way.

Then she meets the men of her set who like her if she plays a good bridge and permits them to lead when they dance together. They have no interest in her "mind." What is she going to do? Make her own life and meet them only on the same superficial terms, or choose one and marry him in spite of herself? Said the "late" married woman:

"If the 'home' instinct is strong within her, resisting enticements of ambition, etc., she will choose the least crooked stick from among the group. But she overcomes obstacles to make this decision and her marriage is one of convenience, one of arrangement, as much as those which are frankly proclaimed so.

Just as Much of a Woman

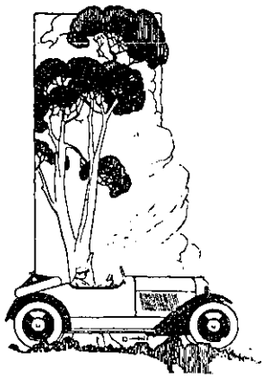
"WHAT does this girl look for in marriage? Has her acceptance of a new standard of relationship with men deprived her of the womanliness her grandmother had? I'll answer these questions straight. A girl marries because nature tells her that is what she ought to do, and she is just as much of a woman under the skin as any of her female ancestors ever were.

"But—and this is a real 'but'—not so many girls marry in their first youth as formerly. The young girls look for romance and modern men dislike it. Therefore they have to wait until they realise that there comes back to men who have had to learn life the genuine hunger for those old-fashioned things, love and happiness.

"Although the youngest men, when they marry, usually choose girls somewhere near their own age, and the older men marry women who are younger than themselves, yet in the critical years between thirty and forty the balance is changed, for the ages of bride and bridegroom become nearly identical.

"Men are marrying later and middle-aged widowers are remarrying more frequently, and it follows that if a woman does not become a wife when she is in her twenties she has more than a good chance to find a husband when she has arrived at thirty. I have watched this in the marriages in my own set, and don't forget that I was myself nearly thirty when I married."

Statistics will not answer the question: Why do girls marry? Did the ten women who were interviewed answer it?



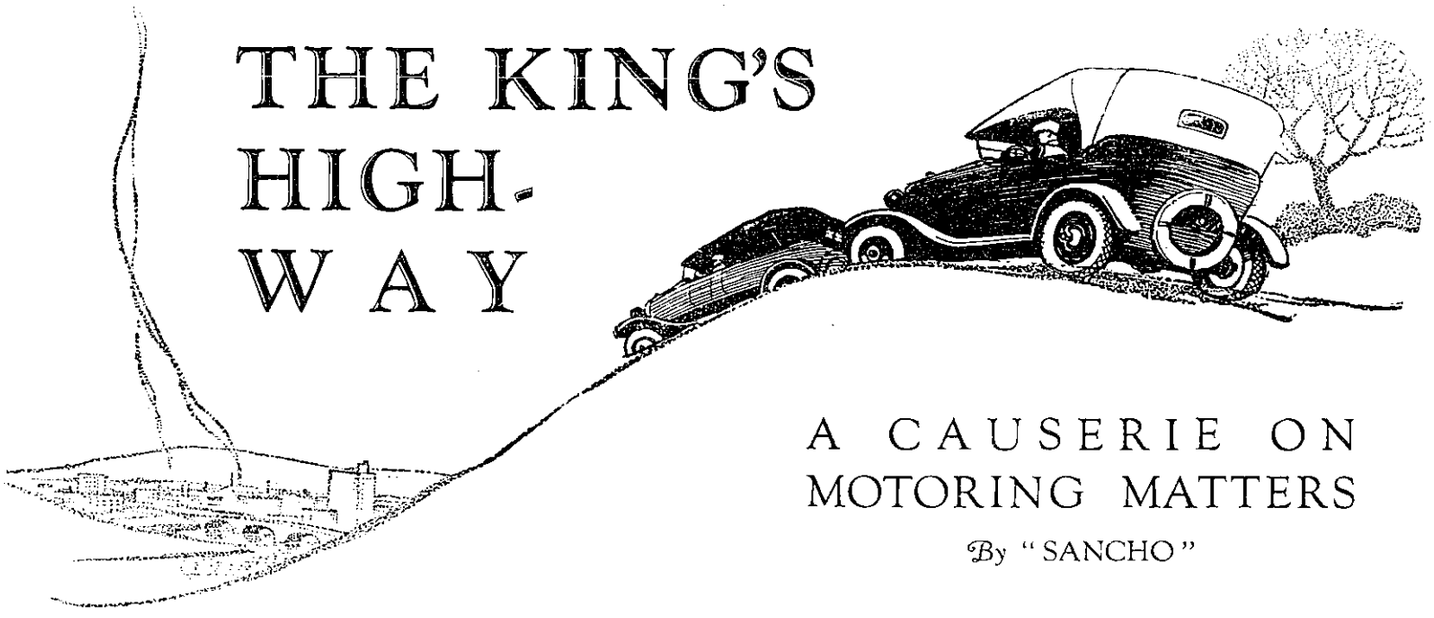
The Ladies' Mirror Motoring Supplement

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS of the CAR OWNER AND THE PROSPECTIVE CAR OWNER

Incorporated in "The Ladies' Mirror," the Home Journal of New Zealand

MARCH 1925

THE KING'S HIGH-WAY



A CAUSERIE ON MOTORING MATTERS

By "SANCHO"

THE trend in American car development is well shown by the announcement in the American papers of a leading manufacturing concern that its closed car model will be the mass production article at the popular price, whereas the few people who want open touring cars will have to pay extra for them as the luxury article. This is an extraordinary reversal of current practice, and in view of the extra material required in the construction of a closed car as against an open one indicates that the economies to be effected by mass production must be prodigious.

* * * *

Before standardising road direction and mileage signs the Highways Board has been endeavouring to ascertain the views of the Automobile Associations on the matter, but not a very great deal of interest has been displayed by the associations generally in the board's proposals. In the South Island the Canterbury Association is, of course, especially keen on road signs, and the style of sign proposed for the standard is largely on the lines of that adopted by Canterbury. In the North Island the Wairarapa Association has done a lot of useful sign-posting, and in addition to direction boards at road junctions, danger signs, etc., now has boards at bridge approaches giving the names of the rivers. The Board's proposal to mile-post the roads is looked upon with small favour by some of the automobile bodies as unnecessary. It is not a work on which a large expenditure should be incurred, but it appears that the mileages are being ascertained in connection with improvement works on the various highways, and the actual expenditure on mile-posting will not amount to more than putting up the figures on the nearest telegraph post. Mile-posts are undoubtedly handy, as everyone knows who has travelled over roads with them, such as those in the vicinity of Taupo, and if the cost of mile-posting these roads is not going to involve more than the erection of the signs, the work should be well worth doing.

* * *

APROPOS of roads and routes, what the Dominion really needs is an up-to-date set of maps showing the actual roads on the ground and differentiating the metalled road from the unmetalled, and so on. On nearly every map issued by the Land and Survey Department appear roads that have no existence in point of fact, and the only traces of which are a few decayed surveyors' pegs. Maps of this kind are little better than traps for the unwary, for in strange country one never feels confident about anything. The carelessness with which the maps are compiled is shown in the big four-miles-to-the-inch map of the southern portion of the North Island, on which no direct road connection whatever between Masterton and Gladstone is shown, although a much-traversed road has been in existence for longer than most people can remember. With sixty thousand motor vehicle owners in the country it should be worth the Survey Department's while to turn out something better in the way of road maps than its present slipshod and, from the traveller's point of view, almost worthless productions.

* * *

THE present summer has seen the roads thronged with motorists on tour, the bulk of them apparently being bitten with the fever to cover the greatest possible length of road in the shortest possible time. This is a natural desire with the new car owner, with whom the novelty of transportation at will to distant parts has not worn off. On the other hand, it is far from an ideal holiday. A too ambitious tour in limited time involves a state of perpetual motion for everyone in the party, and in view of the rough state of the roads in the interior of the North Island the motion over large sections of the tour will be quite as much in a vertical as in a horizontal direction, with the passengers heads hitting the roof at frequent intervals. It is pleasant to see as much of the country as possible, but the wise motor tourist will pick out some central spot of interest at which to make a lengthy halt on his tour, and make a leisurely progress to and from it. This is especially desirable on a motor camping tour, for a succession of over-night halts and all-day runs involves an enormous amount of work and loss of time in continually packing and unpacking.

* * *

THOSE in search of a motor holiday tour through the North Island should not overlook the attractions of the Tongariro National Park. The best way is in *via* Taupo and Tokaanu to the Whakapapa Huts on the Waimarino Road. The Park can also be reached *via* Taihape and Ohakune, cars frequently going through in summer time to Waimarino and Whakapapa. From Wanganui a summer route is *via* the Parapara Road to Raetahi and thence on to Waimarino. From the north the most direct access is *via* Te Kuiti and Taumarunui, but this is a rough road, with a hill at Raurimu that is unclimbable in wet weather. It has to be admitted that all roads to the Park are rough, but the objective is so worth while that the need for steady going on the way here and there should not put people off the visit. The Whakapapa Huts are conveniently situated for access to either Ruapehu or Ngaruahoe and there are a number of other huts at convenient points. For those seeking a not too expensive holiday with full measure of open air life the National Park is an ideal spot.

Continued on page 36

FOR YOUR EASTER HOLIDAYS

Our next issue will contain specially drawn road maps showing how to reach the National Park from Auckland and Wellington that will be invaluable to the Easter Tourist

An ideal resort for the Motorist's Easter—Mount Sefton, Southern Alps From "N.Z." in Picture," published by Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

Continued from page 35

IN our next issue will appear road maps which have been especially drawn for THE LADIES' MIRROR motoring supplement, showing the best ways of reaching the National Park both from Wellington and Auckland, together with full descriptions of the facilities that exist and the difficulties that will be encountered and we believe that many of our readers will find these to be of the greatest service during the Easter Holidays. The maps have been prepared from actual observation on the road, and may be relied on to be of far more service than the existing surveys.

Another article that is full of suggestions for a motoring Easter holiday will be found on the opposite page, and provided we are favoured by the elements, no holiday can hold out more promise of enjoyment and health than a motoring tour, despite even the peculiar difficulties we have to contend with in this country.

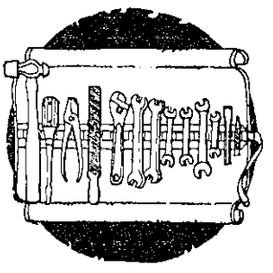
* * *

THE interest that the average man in the street takes in motoring may be judged from the crowds that collect around every new model. Many enterprising dealers adopt the scheme of having the latest models of their various cars driven through the main thoroughfares, with the name and price prominently displayed, and whenever a halt is made a large number of curious spectators collect and show a really intelligent curiosity in the particular features of the car. It is rather pleasing to note that small English cars have been prominent amongst recent importations, and that these can now be obtained at prices that compete with those of many American models. Certainly some of these small cars are very attractive in design and the economy they achieve in petrol and tyres must make a very strong appeal to the motorist who has to consider cost—and who amongst us to-day does not? The ease with which they can be handled makes them particularly suitable for women drivers, and in the majority of cases considerable ingenuity has been shown by the designers in providing for the comfort of the passengers. In fact on one or two that I have tried recently there was, apparently, even more room for my somewhat exuberant length than I have found in many larger models.

Though not yet obtainable at prices that "puts motoring within the reach of all," they most certainly do allow many to enjoy motoring in the comfort of a car who previously could not have allowed their ambition to soar higher than a side-car outfit.

A USEFUL HANDBOOK FOR CHEVROLET OWNERS

A SMALL but valuable publication which Chevrolet owners will want to read and keep for reference is the booklet entitled "To the man who owns a Chevrolet,"



issued by the Vacuum Oil Co. Pty., Ltd.

Undoubtedly, the most important item in the care of the car is lubrication. The proper supply of the correct oil ensures that the rapidly moving parts are protected in their work of power development and transmission. The motorist who is careful about lubrication is adding to the life of his car and is reducing his repair costs to a minimum.

In this booklet the lubrication requirements of the various Chevrolet models are carefully analysed, and the correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil recommended. The information given covers the following models.

Models.	Years.
"490"	1918-1922 inclusive
"G"	1922
"Light Delivery"	1922
"Superior"	1923-1924
"F.B."	1920-1922
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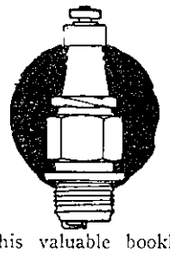
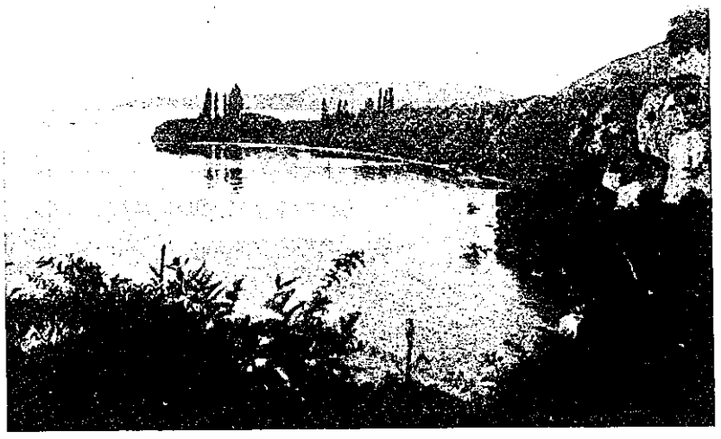


ies of this valuable booklet from Chevrolet dealers, or upon direct application to any branch office of the Vacuum Oil Company Pty. Ltd.

THE CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD

A SUMMER MOTOR TOUR BY LAKE AND RIVER, COUNTRY-SIDE AND TOWN

By D.W.M.



MANY motorists responded to the call of the open road during the last Christmas and New Year holidays, as proved by the record number of campers met with on the highways and byways throughout the North Island. This method of sight-seeing is, without doubt, the most delightful way of obtaining a comprehensive knowledge of the many varied aspects of our own country. Given a spell of fine weather, a good car, and congenial company, for a holiday maker there is nothing to equal a motor tour,—to glide along through one district after another, with plenty of time to select a quiet little spot to pitch the tents in the cool of a summer's afternoon, and after undoubted appreciation of the efforts of the cook, to spread the rugs before a blazing fire and map out the route for the succeeding day—what more could be desired!

It was with pleasant anticipation that we decided to act on the advice of friends who had recently returned from a similar holiday spent in the Rotorua and Taupo country, so packing up two tents, luggage and the necessary provisions, we set off to follow in their wheel tracks. Owing to the inclement weather conditions which ushered in the Christmas season, we decided to postpone our departure until more favourable indications prevailed, as the reports concerning the formidable Rangiriri Hills were far from reassuring. It so happened that the clerk of the weather was lying in wait for Christmas motorists, and a couple of wet days served to put the unmetalled portion of this thoroughfare in a tricky condition for drivers. No doubt there are certain farmers with hauling teams who greatly benefited by the predicaments in which many unfortunate motorists found themselves. Certainly the most economical proposition was for owners to rail their cars beyond the troublesome area, and those who had the foresight to do so, are to be congratulated in having saved a considerable amount of wear and tear on their vehicles. However, a day's hot sun on the surface enabled the cars to make a smart run over the clay, and with the exception of one or two bog-holes, and of the section which is in the process of being metalled, the Rangiriris presented no great difficulty to us.

THE first sight of the Waikato River at Mercer gave us some indication of the extent of the previous downpour, for, like many of its smaller tributaries, it was running high and muddy. These conditions betokened slips and wash-outs, and proved that night travelling had been a precarious undertaking. Leaving Rangiriri, we took the road on the left bank of the river, and passing through Huntly, Taupiri, and

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Ngaruawahia, we arrived in Hamilton in time for afternoon tea.

Allowing another day for drying up the Mamaku Bush road, we left Hamilton for Rotorua in the cool of the following afternoon. The road follows the river for some miles out of Cambridge, then branches away to the left towards Tirau. We replenished the benzine supply at Putaruru, and on reaching the clay road we put on chains, the run through the bush being made without any misadventure. Our brother motorists who made the attempt a few days previously, must have had a strenuous time as the inevitable manuku branches sticking out of the mud, bore silent testimony to the difficulties they had encountered.

The sun was low in the western sky as we ran out of the Mamaku and down the hill into Rotorua. Out over the lake the little island of Mokoia caught the last rosy gleams, and the waters took on the velvet hues so characteristic of eventide. One of the first impressions of this thermal district (and not the most pleasant) is the pervading aroma of sulphur which assails the visitor at every turn. Strangely enough this is not so noticeable after a few days' stay in this vicinity, although the same atmosphere is much in evidence in the proximity of the various hot pools which abound in these regions.

There are a number of side trips well worth taking around Rotorua. The roads are for the most part undulating, and the surface being of pumice and clay, are pretty fair in suitable weather.

SKIRTING the south-eastern side of the lake, the road leads to Tikitere, and though the travelling is apt to be rather rough, a visit to this scene of activity should not be overlooked. There is another road around the northern shores which brings the springs at Hamaurana and the Okere Falls within a morning's run. A few miles to the south-west of the town is the Maori village of Whakarewarewa, where guides may be procured to conduct the visitor around the various geysers and mudholes. Just off the road by which we entered the township of Rotorua, the Fairy Springs gush out from the base of Ngongotaha mountain, and the beautiful rainbow trout may be seen swimming close to the surface with watchful eyes for any stray crumbs which might fall to their lot.

We decided to make the run through to Wairakei Valley whilst the good weather prevailed, and with this object in view, we set off in the dawn of a perfect day. Leaving Rotorua by the Whakarewarewa road we passed through the Hemo Gorge, with the Atiamuri Road on our right hand. The Waimangu Road branches to the left, but we continued right on to Waitapu, where a brief halt was made to view the mud volcanoes, sulphur pools and other attractions.

Wairakei was reached at noon, and after lunch a visit was paid to the famous Geyser Valley. Here the thermal activity was both weird and wonderful. One of the most noticeable things about the geysers was the regularity of the shots. In some instances the guide was able to ascertain to a moment when the volume of steam and boiling water would come rushing out of the rocks and crevices. The finest sight of all was the geyser which plays up and over pink terraces. As the water comes trickling down the coloured rocks, it literally forms a steaming waterfall, and the silicate deposit is gradually building up a miniature replica of the famous Pink Terraces destroyed in the Tarawera eruption. The afternoon sped by all too rapidly, and it was with reluctant steps that we left these realms of mystery to seek a more tranquil spot to make our evening camp.

A FEW miles back on our tracks brought us to the path leading down to the Aratiatia Rapids. Much has been written about the fascination of this district, but mere words fail to express the beauties of the Rapids and the Huka Falls. The latter are to be seen a few miles further on the road to Taupo. In vivid contrast to the awe-inspiring sights of the Geyser Valley, these two portions of the Waikato River leave a lasting impression of dancing blue and green waters, singing in joyous abandon as they leap and plunge over the rocks in their anxiety to

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THE CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD

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gain the placid reaches of the river beyond. At the foot of the Rapids is a whirlpool where the waters swirl in ceaseless rotation, as if weary of their hasty frolic through the narrow gorge. Herein float the luckless pieces of timber which failed to negotiate the turmoil of the frenzied torrent. Round and round they circle, and here and there a block of wood, worn smooth and rounded with the constant contact of its fellow prisoners, would make a bold bid for freedom and, reaching the outer fringes of the pool, hesitate a moment in anticipation of the liberty beyond, but the ruthless current, with wide outstretching grasp, would draw it back into the inner vortex, repeating the performance with tantalising monotony, as it must have done for ages past.

Between the Aratiatia Rapids and the Huka Falls, a side track leads off to the Karapiti Blow Hole. Amid the most desolate surroundings, this strange hole in the earth emits a continuous volume of steam at tremendous pressure. In bygone days the Maoris crossing Lake Taupo were in the habit of using this column of steam as a beacon to guide the course of their canoes.

A short distance outside the township of Taupo, a bridge spans the Waikato as it leaves the lake. As this is the only outlet, some idea may be formed of the volume of water which passes over the Huka Falls.

Lake Taupo, undoubtedly one of the beauty spots of New Zealand, is the Mecca of trout fishers, not only from the local centres, but from lands afar. Here abound the finest rainbow trout in the world, and here the angler will find all the sport worth having. It is a common sight in the fishing season to see many sportsmen wading off the

shores within twenty feet of one another, each endeavouring to outfish the other with the largest catch of the day. We saw a most amusing incident in connection with this sport. Some anglers following the usual custom, buried their catch in the sand to keep it fresh, and marking their caché with lumps of pumice went off to catch bigger and better ones. Later in the day the errant lake breezes sent wavelets dancing up the shores and the anglers were too interested to notice that the pumice had been gradually washed away. Towards sunset the fun commenced—such a scratching and scraping in the sand to find the buried fish. Alas! The little mounds of pumice were conspicuous by their absence. Needless to say there were many fish left to waste their sweetness on the lakeside air! We were anxious to sample the fine specimen which our angler had landed, and the inviting pink flesh sizzling in the frying pan, was enough to tempt the most fastidious appetite. We discovered that one of the most successful ways of cooking this delicious fish is to split it open, place it on a plank, and set it on the embers until cooked.

WE chose a site for our camp at a point where the Waitahanui River flows into the lake. All along the lakeside were dotted the tents of fellow travellers. At night the glowing camp fires cast their reflections over the placid waters, and now and again snatches of some popular song would come floating down the wind —a peaceful spot, full of historic memories, conjuring up visions of the old-time Maori canoes full of war-like warriors bearing down upon some rival tribe, and many other scenes of the past, both legendary and historical. In the sigh of the wind might easily be imagined the plaintive sweetness of the haunting love-song of a stalwart brave as he serenaded his dusky maiden ensconced behind the barricade of some distant pah. All such romance is now for the most part lost in the atmosphere of modern civilisation. The Maoris in these parts are content to garner their harvest from the pockets of intending anglers, who pay a nominal sum for the privilege of fishing from their domain.

The southern points jutting out into the lake are picturesquely wooded with sentinel poplars and

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The Cave Man's Light

WHEN the cave man first discovered fire, great must have been his joy. He found that it gave him not only an agreeable warmth, but a pleasing and cheerful light that made his cave a true haven of refuge from the darkness and terrors of a pre-historic night.

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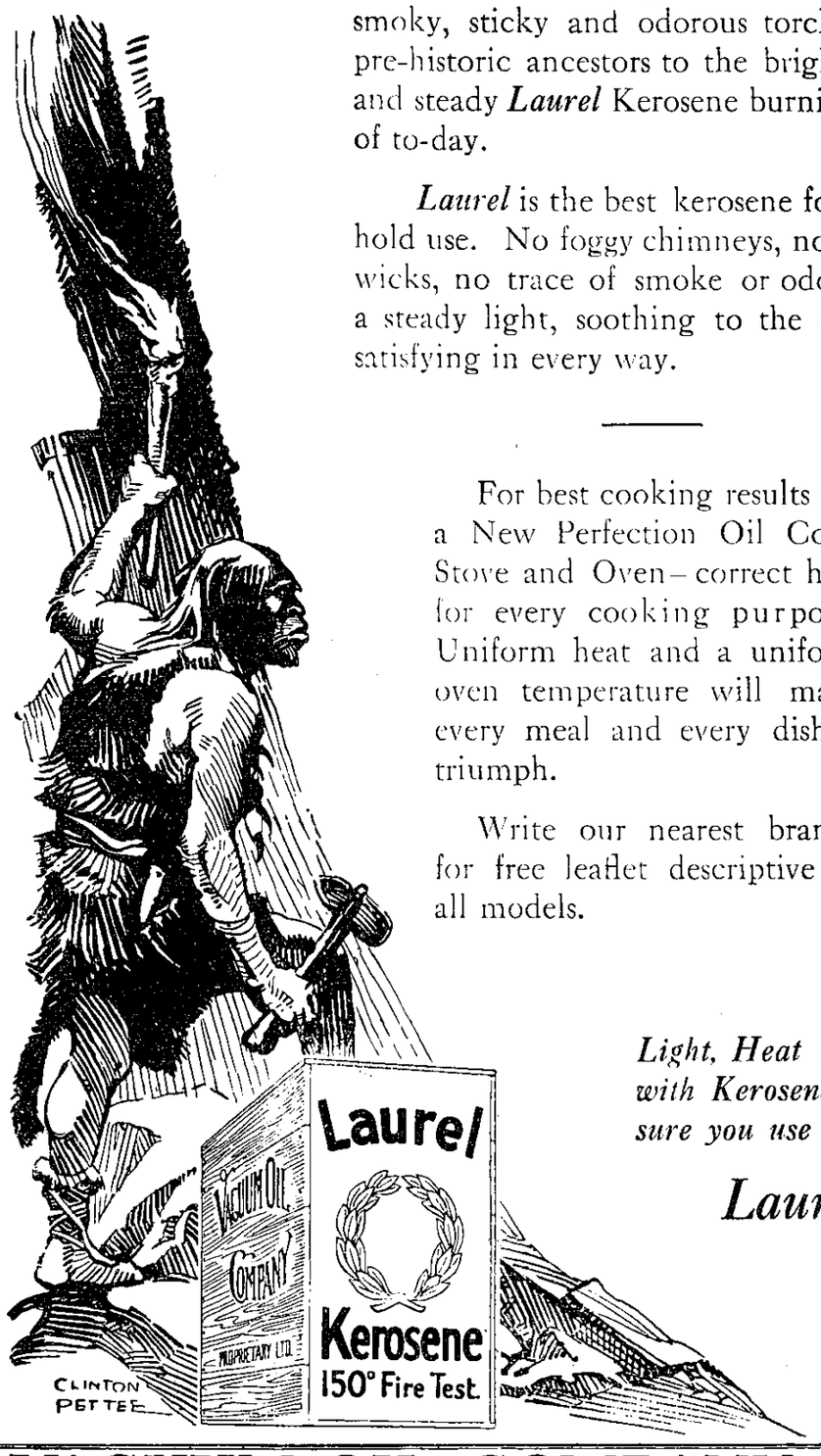

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The Adventures of Bill

Verses by B.I. and S.C.R.
Drawings by S.C.H.R.

Bill Becometh Affrighted

Bill's hair'd turned white—alas for my verse!
It turned to white when he heard the curse,
Though the words of the curse were only these,
But they made Bill wobble and weak at the knees
For Bill had been naughty and, when one is so
One's hair will often turn white as snow.

Ye Curse:

"By Fie and Fo and Foodle and Fum,
Some day to ye cavern a boy will come,
By Fum and Foodle and Fie and Fo
That boy most horrible horrors shall know;
But by Fo and Foodle and Fum and Fee
That Boy at the last must account to ME!"

Bill Cometh ye Cavern with Hurry and Haste:

But Bill was hungry, though sore afraid,
So a grab at the Treasure our William made:
A bag of diamonds—a fist of gold,
And pearls just as many as he could hold;
He grabbed them all—and he ran away,
Tho'ugh he swore he'd call there again some day.

Bill Hesitateth

But the thorns were many, the jungle thick,
And the thought of the Cannibals made Bill sick;
So he steered away to the heart of the isle
And he tramped for many and many a mile,
Till clear of the cavern, our Bill hesitated:
He stopped and he looked and he listened and waited.

Ye Fourth Many Perils

Be careful, O Bill, for you dare not now bungle
Lost in the midst of this terrible jungle;
'Tis a maze full of mysteries, a trap full of terrors,
And full will you pay for the smallest of errors.
But Bill boldly bolted into the Unknown
Amidst Snakes, Creepy-crawlies and Darkness—
Alone.

Ye Feast of Beasts

Yet Bill was well favoured by Fortune that night
(Though you or I surely had soon died of fright),
For worthy old Leo, the King of the Beasts,
And his cobbers were having a jolly good feast,
And every creature that can walk, fly or crawl
Was there at the Leonine Banquetting Hall.

If Bill has awakened an interest within you
You'll be quite glad to know that *Bill's tale will continue.*

IN THE MIRROR

Continued from page 4

ence to "cattle-sick lands" was not a matter which would reflect on the high esteem in which he is personally held by the community, the case of Sir Maui Pomare is entirely different. To him was attributed a statement that, if it had been accurate, would not only have convicted him of a cynical regard for the public welfare ,almost criminally cynical in a Minister holding so vital a portfolio, but also of most remarkable unreliability. Sir Maui Pomare flatly contradicted the report that had appeared regarding his alleged statements on the matter of grants in connection with infantile paralysis research, not only in the Press, but to a MIRROR representative, within an hour of its publication, in the most emphatic manner possible. He reiterated that the Health Department would do all that was possible to obtain the necessary grant. In fact, so emphatic was the Minister's denial to our representative (a mere male, by the way) that I cannot quote it *verbatim*.

So deliberate was the attack, and so persistent was the journal in reiterating the accuracy of the statement after a complete denial had been made that it appeared to indicate that the occasion had been welcomed as providing a weapon for a vicious assault on a member of the Government whose services merit just and honourable treatment. It is a matter for regret that no apology was forthcoming.

It is, of course, not the first occasion in which the power of the Press has been used to make political capital out of the country's needs—a recent case was during the Sir Joseph Ward-MacMillan election at Tauranga last year, when from rival accounts of the hustlings reports of speeches and incidents were apparently distorted out of all approach to the truth, but such action very often turns out to have a boomerang effect, as the late Lord Northcliffe and the present controller of England's scare Press, were made to know not so long ago. Plain John Citizen is not the supine fool newspaper proprietors apparently think he is. John is capable of forming his own opinion, and an inherited sense of fair play makes that opinion usually a just and honest one—founded on facts and not on the distortions that are published for his edification.

Another matter on which, in the interests of womanhood, it appears that the strongest censure is merited is the way in which some daily papers have treated the infantile paralysis epidemic. Instead of attempting to reassure mothers and the public by issuing advice on matters of hygiene, ordinary precautions, etc., they have apparently deliberately used the occasion to fill their columns with scare lines which have had a terrible effect on many mothers, some of whom have been driven to a state of nervous prostration by this insane and well-nigh criminal abuse of the duty of the Press.

—KNAVE O' HEARTS.

THE CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD

Continued from page 39

cherry trees. We were fortunate to find the latter bearing ripe fruit. Wild strawberries were to be seen growing amongst the bracken and grasses. On the run to Tokaanu the road winds through a deep gorge up the hills, and for a short distance away from the lake. There are one or two rivers to ford on the way,

and the failure to mark the correct crossing has proved the undoing of many motorists. It is a wise plan to have one of the party wade through in advance of the car, so that the driver may have some indication of the state of the river bed.

We had heard of the mosquitoes thriving at this end of the lake, but we did not realise the extent of their virulence until we had made camp beside one of the many delightful mountain streams which tumble their chilly waters into the lake. On the banks of the Tongariri River we found good fishing. The streams hereabouts harbour the wariest fish, and they put up a great fight when tempted by a gaily coloured fly. We motored through Tokaanu, and paid a visit to the quaint little village of Waihi where the monument to the late chief Te Heuheu was recently unveiled.

THE time alloted to our holiday was gradually drawing to a close, so we decided to retrace our tracks as far as Wairakei, and from there take the road back through Atiamuri to Hamilton. After leaving Wairakei the road wanders through a most desolate stretch of country, which might easily be termed the Bad Lands. Our route lay along the track of the old river bed of the Waikato—where huge boulders and outcrops of stone show the extent of the volcanic activity which diverted it to its present course. A feature of this locality is the gigantic rock (Pohaturoa) which, rising sheer from the plains, dominates the surrounding country.

Not having been this route before, we were surprised to find that the township of Atiamuri, indicated on the road map, consisted of one house, a wayside hostelry! In the old coaching days, this was the stopping place between Taupo and Litchfield. The Waikato at this point narrows down to the beautiful Atiamuri Rapids, and excellent fishing is obtained from down stream. The river banks are strewn with gigantic boulders, scattered hither and thither by the titanic forces which have from time to time played havoc with this portion of the country.

Continuing on our homeward way, a detour was made at Putaruru to visit the Sir Armstrong Whitworth construction works at Arapuni, where rapid progress is being made in the erection of suitable housing accommodation for the small army of workers engaged in the building of this great project. The little township here is gradually assuming a very business-like appearance, and is reminiscent of one of Rex Beach's novels. In place of the few tents which marked the homes of the first workmen employed, rows and rows of hutments have been built. These include laundries, billiard saloons, stores and shops of every description. A first-class road runs out from Putaruru and now forms a new route to Te Awamutu.

The remainder of our journey back to Auckland was uneventful. Our holiday was ended, and we had successfully accomplished a tour which will be full of happy recollections for many moons to come. When winter again descends upon the country-side, blocking the roads

to so many of our delightful camping sites, the memory of those kind summer days, will linger hauntingly in our minds and inspire us to plan similar jaunts in the not far distant future.

THIRTY FIVE YEARS IN PRISON

THE REMARKABLE STORY OF LATUDE

By Maurice Thiery

IN 1748, in the reign of Louis XV. and the all-powerful Marquise de Pompadour, a young man of twenty-three years of age, calling himself Jean Danry, the son of a humble servant girl and an ex-surgeon's orderly in the army of Languedoc, made his appearance in Paris. He was almost penniless, but he made up for his lack of material resources by the splendour and soaring scope of his ambitions. Wealth, luxury, and a high-sounding title—these were the things he had set his heart and mind upon.

An Amazing Plan

ONE day he conceived a most amazing plan for bringing his ambitions to pass. He told himself that if only he could enlist Madame de Pompadour in his favour, his future would be assured, his dreams would be realised. The following was the fantastic project that took shape in his head. They used to make in those days, for children to play with, little glass vessels which would explode in the hand with a fairly loud report. He procured a few of these playthings, put them together with some harmless powder into a box, and, by means of a piece of wire, attached them to the lid in such a way that, when the box was opened they would all explode.

A Hair-raising Story

THE box, addressed to the Marquise, was posted by Danry on April 28, 1749. Immediately after he had handed it in he himself left for Versailles. He hoped to procure admission to the favourite herself, but the way was barred by her head footman, into whose ears, in a voice trembling with emotion, he poured the following hair-raising story:—"I was at the Tuileries," he said, "when I happened to notice two mysterious individuals who were holding a very animated conversation together. I approached them without appearing to show that my suspicions were in any way aroused. Judge of my surprise when I got within earshot to hear them discussing some plan for compassing the death of Madame de Pompadour. Dissembling my horror and amazement, I resolved to follow them and observe their actions. They left shortly afterwards, and made their way straight to the post office, where they put a packet into the box. Who they were and what was in the packet I cannot say; but being anxious to serve the Marquise even unto death, I hastened hither with all the speed at my command to reveal what I had seen and heard."

The footman duly reported the story to Madame de Pompadour. Next morning the packet arrived. It was opened with the greatest precautions by Doctor Quesnoy, the medical attendant of the King and the favourite. The contents of the packet exploded quite harmlessly; but appearances, at all events, seemed to suggest a criminal intention on the part of the senders, whoever they might be, and the police requested Danry to give them a detailed account of what he knew. Danry complied, but he was immediately arrested and flung into the Bastille, for the similarity between his writing and the superscription on the packet had been immediately recognised. When he told them that his sole object in inventing his story had been to secure the interest of the Marquise by appearing to save her life, his tale was scouted. The Lieutenant of Police would have it that the attempt had a political significance, and this was the beginning of one of the most remarkable cases of imprisonment known to history. It endured for thirty-five years, and was productive of a strange series of incidents.

Another Escape and Capture

TRANSFERRED to the prison at Vincennes, where the treatment was less severe than at the Bastille, Danry resolved to gain his own freedom, for the course of justice was unconscionably slow, apparently, indeed, interminable.

From the Vincennes he escaped. He wrote to Madame de Pompadour thinking she would have pity on him, and revealing his hiding-place. She sent the letter to the Prefect of Police, and Danry was captured and clapped into the Bastille. He seemed to be dying of *ennui*, and they gave him a companion, Antoine Allegre. They planned to escape. It took them two years.

Two Years' Work

SOMEHOW or other they made themselves implements to answer the purposes of a saw and a knife; these improvised tools they employed on logs of wood they had kept in reserve, and thus they made themselves a ladder. Their body linen, with such other material as they could safely abstract from their sheets and other coverings, they made into a knotted rope two hundred feet in length. Moreover, they contrived to make levers, and the extraordinary thing is that they succeeded in performing all these labours in spite of the keen vigilance of the keepers. By February 25th all their preparations were completed. They succeeded in sawing through the iron grating that barred the chimney and then ascended, after the manner of chimney-sweepers, to the summit of the tower. Then they were obliged to make a descent of two hundred feet down the outside of the wall, and this they did by means of their knotted rope.

The night was black as pitch and a furious gale was blowing; but they stuck manfully to their task. At length the perilous descent was accomplished; exhausted and with bleeding hands, they dropped into the ditch that surrounds the tower. When they had given themselves a little while to recover they proceeded, with the aid of the ladder, to scale the parapet, and found themselves in the Governor's garden. Here they were confronted by an immense wall, which they were utterly unable to climb. Armed with a lever, Danry endeavoured to make a breach in the wall. After some hours of superhuman effort they did succeed, incredible as it may seem, in boring a hole right through the thickness of the wall. Through this aperture both of them managed to crawl, and they found themselves outside the precincts at the very moment that the alarm bell began to clang out the tidings of their escape.

Allegre, who, by some means or other, had procured a peasant's disguise, got across the frontier, but he was arrested at Brussels. Very soon after the unhappy Danry was captured at Amsterdam and cast, with fetters about his wrists and ankles, into one of the darkest dungeons of the Bastille. There he remained for three months, when he was transferred to less gloomy quarters. There he passed his time in writing all manner of petitions, remonstrances, letters, and incoherent memoranda. He sent the King a host of schemes and projects he had thought of for the good of the realm, such for example as the proposal that when in battle the sergeants and officers should be armed with muskets.

An Indemnity Demanded

ONE day in April, 1764, he heard that Madame de Pompadour was no more. He procured an interview with the Lieutenant of Police, who said he would try to secure his release. Danry replied that he would only accept his freedom if he was indemnified to the tune of sixty thousand francs, and flew into a violent rage. He was cast back into the dungeon. Subsequently he was transferred to Vincennes, where he learned of the death of his father—or his reputed father—Viscomte de la Tude. Henceforward Danry assumed the name and title of Vicomte de la Tude, and increased the indemnity to 150,000 francs, plus the crown of Saint-Louis.

Ten years passed slowly by and then he was removed to the great asylum at Charenton. People of influence took up his case, and he was at last released, only to be imprisoned at Bicêtre for endeavouring to obtain money by threats from a lady of quality. From Bicêtre he continued to pour forth a constant stream of written complaints in which he painted the sufferings of his captivity in language of the utmost violence.

Madame Legros

ONE of these papers, dropped in the street by a drunken warder, who was to have delivered it to some exalted personage, was picked up by a certain Madame Legros, a poor milliner, who was so moved by the account Latude gave of his sufferings and misfortunes that she vowed to leave no stone unturned to secure his release. She went from door to door begging succour and support for the ill-starred prisoner. She succeeded in enlisting the good offices of such powerful intercessors as Cardinal de Rohan. The Queen even espoused his cause, but Louis XVI. refused to set him at liberty. In 1783 the Académie Française bestowed the Order of Merit on Madame Legros, who was strongly backed up by public opinion. The admirable perseverance displayed by the humble little milliner was at length rewarded, and on March 24, 1784, Latude, now nearly sixty years of age, was finally given his freedom after passing thirty-five years in the royal prisons.

ROYALTY IN REALITY

Continued from page 6

such of his sons as are present. At this hour the King still misses the society of his much-loved daughter, Princess Mary. Between these two there exists that deep and abiding affection that is frequently found between a father and an only daughter. The Duchess of York, when she dines with the Royal Family, brings back to the King happy memories of the former evenings when he and his daughter laughed and chatted together sometimes for a whole hour.

Indeed, save for the more elaborate surroundings, many an evening at Buckingham Palace and Sandringham is very similar to an evening in any middle-class home where the family is united in real affection. The King smoking, reading or talking; the Queen, perhaps, at needlework, two of the Princes playing billiards or chess, or entertaining the company with a little music.

The Royal Smoke

THE King's favourite evening smoke is a cigarette. He is not so fond of cigars as was his father, King Edward, but he smokes them on occasions. Being a sailor, he is no stranger to a pipe, but he still retains the old-fashioned prejudice against pipes being smoked elsewhere than on board ship and on the moors.

Only a few selected friends are permitted to share the intimacies of the family circle. The King is very slow in making close friendships, and here, again, is different from his father who had hosts of friends with whom he was intimate, some of whom were hardly worthy of the confidence he reposed in them.

Thus it is that the family circle is jealously guarded. When King George came to the Throne there were many sad hearts in Mayfair. The "smart set" which revolved about King Edward were no longer privileged visitors to the Palaces. Extravagances and ostentation are hateful to King George, and his reign has witnessed a return to that quiet domesticity which was the feature of Queen Victoria's Court, though a broader outlook exists than in the Queen's time.

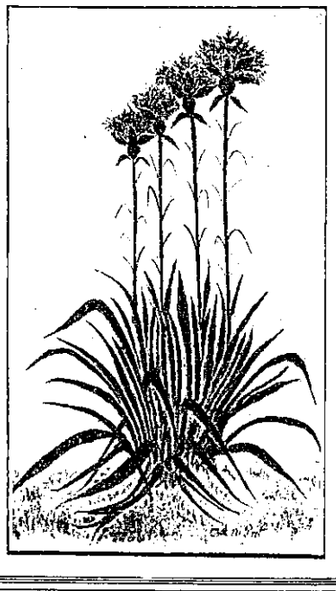
Had the Edwardian gaiety continued, it is certain that King George would never have steered the Court's financial affairs through the difficulties that were met after the War. Despite the fact that, at times, the cost of living has been double what it was in 1914, and is still about seventy per cent. higher, the King's income has never been increased nor has the King ever suggested an increase to his Ministers.

When one looks at the enormous outgoings of the Privy Purse—the buildings to be maintained and the large staffs to be kept—it is obvious that none but a man of quiet tastes and a natural tendency to economy could possibly have done what his Majesty has achieved.

To the late Earl Farquhar much credit for this is due, but the finest administrator in the world could not have done it without the enthusiastic aid of the Monarch himself, who, at times, has sacrificed many things which he loves (such as his yachting) and which many of his subjects can readily afford.

When the historian writes the story of the eventful times of King George, he will record not only that the King-Emperor moved amid momentous events, and proved himself equal to those events, but that he set before his subjects an example of happy domesticity and family life: that he was not only a great King, but also a model husband and father, and a great-hearted, human man.

AN HORTICULTURAL QUERY



A reader writes to us as follows:—

I HAVE a very wonderful plant growing in my garden. It has only flowered twice in 25 years. It is something like a flax bush; it has taken quite a year to come into flower. First it threw up four long stems, like green poles, 18 feet high, then large sorts of buds, a dark brown colour, formed, which looked like an Indian's turbaned head perched on the top of a pole. After some time the buds slowly opened and a most gorgeous deep red flower appeared, like a number of lilies grouped closely together. This plant has caused quite a sensation. Scores of passers-by stop at the gate to look at it every day. Everyone is most curious to know what it is. I have made a rough sketch of it.

Possibly some of our readers who have a wider horticultural knowledge than the present writer can help our correspondent.—EDITOR.

RECENT WEDDINGS

Chinnery-Brown—Clayton

ON December 25 (Christmas Day) at St. Michael's Church, Bayswater, Auckland, by the Venerable Archdeacon MacMurray, Mr. John (Jack) Ernest Chinnery-Brown, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Chinnery-Brown, Parnell, Auckland, to Miss Elsie Margaret Clayton, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Clayton, of Frankton Junction, late of Ngaruawahia.

MacCallum—Scurr

AT the Church of Christ on January 14, the marriage was solemnised by the Rev. G. Cuttriss of Mr. Hugh MacCallum (only son of Mr. John MacCallum, of Mornington), to Miss Elsie Evelyn Scurr (only daughter of Mr. George Scurr, Musselburgh). The bridal gown, in a beautiful shade of blue charmant, was draped with silver lace, while the veil was of pale blue tulle bound by a silver coronet. A bouquet of shaded pink flowers completed an exquisite toilette. As bridesmaids, Miss Scurr was attended by her cousins, Misses Naomi and Nance Pratt. Mr. M. O'Sullivan was best man.

Esdaile—Sheriff

THE marriage was solemnised at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Wellington, recently, of Miss Gladys Muriel Gertrude Sherriff, daughter of the late Rev. F. T. Sheriff and Mrs. Sherriff, of "Lamberhurst," Tinakori Road, Wellington, to Mr. Edward Savile Lyall Esdaile, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Crowder Esdaile, of Takapuna, Auckland. The church was beautifully decorated by Miss Macleod. The bride, who was given away by Sir Kenneth Douglas, wore a graceful gown of ivory panne velvet, with a gold tissue train, and a beautiful veil of old Brussels lace, lent by the bridegroom's mother, and orange blossoms. Her shower bouquet was of palest pink roses, carnations, white stephanotis, and maiden hair fern. The bridesmaids were Misses Peggy Sherriff, Enid Esdaile, Eudora Henry Agnes Duncan, and Moreen Geddis. Among those present were Mesdames Harold Geddis and Harold Harrison, sisters of the bride, with Messrs. Geddis and Harrison, Miss Ethel Young, of New Plymouth, aunt of the bridegroom, Miss Mollie Sherriff (Gisborne), Mr. and Mrs. Royes Sherriff (Marton), Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Sherriff (Wanganui), Mrs. J. Middlemas (Remuera), aunt of the bride, Dr. and Mrs. Henry and the Misses Henry, Mr. and Mrs. A. Geddis, Miss Esme Geddis, Mr. and Mrs. A. Luke, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Short, Miss Halse, Mrs. Burdekin, Misses Macleod, Captain Aldridge, Mrs. Johnston, Miss Fleming, Miss M. Hawk, Mrs. McKay, Mr. Geo. McKay, Mrs. D. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Townley, Mr. and Mrs. V. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Yeats, Mr. and Mrs. G. and the Misses McCartney, Mr. and Mrs. H. Tombs, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sewell, Miss Nancarrow, Mrs. Percy Cox, Miss Mary Cox, Miss Clere, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. J. Nicholson, Mrs. and Miss Seaton, Miss Sexton, Mrs. and the Misses Hughes, Mr. Stuart Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Simms, Mr. James O'Neill, Miss Flora Pope, Misses Rapley, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Gow, Mr. and Mrs. H. Strickland, Mrs. Louis Blundell, Mr. B. Binden, Miss Dorothea Vincent (England), and Mrs. A. F. Lowe. A reception was held by Mrs. Sherriff at her residence, "Lamberhurst."

Eastwick—MacRae

AT St. Matthew's Church, Masterton, recently, the wedding of Miss Mona MacRae, younger daughter of Mrs. John MacRae and the late John MacRae, of Weraiti, to Albert John Eastwick, of Wellington, elder son of Captain and Mrs. Eastwick, of Folkestone, England, was celebrated. The Rev. W. Bullock was the officiating minister. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Ian MacRae, wore a frock of silver and ivory beaute draped to the left side, with long side panels finished at the top, with diamante ornaments and orange blossoms. Her train of silver tissue had an open-work silver insertion which was finished with a fold of tissue. Three bridesmaids attended the bride. They were Miss Alice MacRae (sister), Miss Dorothy Levin (niece), and Miss Mary Wardeli (cousin), all of whom wore frocks of silver moire with narrow bands around the low waist-line, and finished in front with a corded motif. Mr. D. G. Johnston, of Wellington, was the best man.

Perry—Hodgins

ON January 22, at St. Patrick's Church, Palmerston North, Miss Alice Hodgins, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hodgins, was married to Mr. David Perry, of the legal firm of Messrs. Perry and Perry, Wellington. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McManus, assisted by Rev. Father Segrief, S.M. The bridesmaids were the bride's sisters, Misses Myra and Muriel Hodgins, and her niece, Miss Mollie Lyons.

ENGAGEMENTS

THE following engagements are announced:—

Of Miss Millicent Pearl Graven, second daughter of Mrs. W. S. Graham, of Ardmore Road, Herne Bay, to Mr. James Edward Davies, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Davies, of Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

* * * *

Of Miss Inez Rosalie Hepworth, daughter of the late Major J. Hepworth, of Mafeking, South Africa, and Mrs. Hepworth, Nelson, to Mr. Ernest Sortain Smith, younger son of Mr. Wand and the late Mrs. Sortain Smith, of Wellington.

* * * *

Of Miss Vena Witte, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Witte, of Christchurch, to Diedrick, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Schaffer, of Windsor, North Otago.

* * * *

Of Miss Joan Reid, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Reid, Burnside, to Mr. Leonard Douglas, second son of Dr. Douglas, of Oamaru.

* * * *

Of Miss Joyce B. Tubman, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tubman, Auckland (late of Christchurch) to Mr. Arthur H. Short, eldest son of Mr. and the late Mrs. George Short, of "Heatherlea," Levin.

* * * *

Of Miss Eileen Gower, only daughter of Mrs. Gower, of Wellington, and the late Captain Gower, of England, to Mr. Albert William James Hedgman, eldest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hedgman, of Wellington.

* * * *

Of Miss Evelyn Harris, second daughter of Mr. William Harris, of Napier, to Mr. Asteley William Gough, of Napier, third son of the Rev. Charles Howard Gough.

* * * *

Of Miss Doris Boyd, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Boyd, of Kaikoura, to Mr. Jack Pears, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Pears, of Nightcaps, Southland.

* * * *

Of Miss Isabel Barry, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Barry, Seapoint Road, Napier, to Mr. Roy Buddo, younger son of the Hon. D. and Mrs. Buddo, Heaton Street, Christchurch.

* * * *

Of Miss Jessie Ringland, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Ringland, Onslow Road, Napier, to Dr. James Fitzsimons, third son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. Fitzsimons, of Oamaru.

Of Hilda, elder daughter of the late Mr. W. B. Rogers and Mrs. E. Rayner Jackson, of Wanganui, to Joseph Mercier, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Mercier, of Brussels, Belgium.

* * * *

Of Miss Iris Dunnage, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dunnage (Papanui Road), and Mr. Philip Wratt, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wratt, Fendalton.

* * * *

Of Miss Lena Whitcombe, of Palmerston North, second daughter of Mr. W. G. Whitcombe, Christchurch, to Mr. Harry Ball, of Waverley.

* * * *

Of Miss Mabel Iles, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Iles, of Gisborne, to Mr. Robert H. Martin, of Gisborne, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Martin, of Dunedin.

* * * *

Of Miss Rosalind Carr, third daughter of Mrs. L. C. Carr, of Waipukurau, Hawke's Bay, to Mr. Arthur Bird, eldest son of Inspector and Mrs. A. S. Bird, of Invercargill, late of Auckland.

* * * *

Of Miss Mona McLeod, younger daughter of Mrs. R. M. McLeod, Colenso Hill, Napier, to Dr. W. S. V. Bransgrove, of Palmerston North.

* * * *

Of Miss Myra Geddings, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Geddings, Renall Street, Masterton, to Mr. C. P. Marcom, of Mangaoronga, Eketahuna, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Marcom.

* * * *

Of Miss Isabella Christina Mackay, Cambridge, second daughter of Mrs. Mackay and the late W. Mackay, Lairg Hill, Riversdale, Southland, to Mr. Stanley Hudleston Le Fleming, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Le Fleming, "The Pines," Taranaki.

* * * *

Of Miss Phyllis Yearbury, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Yearbury, Selwyn Street, Epsom, to Mr. James McConnell, third son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Wm. McConnell, The Mount, Orini.

* * * *

Of Miss Charlotte McConnell, third daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Wm. McConnell, The Mount, Orini, to Mr. Stanley Preest, fifth son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Preest, Orini.

* * * *

Of Miss Frances Lesley Hussey, of Stratford, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Bertram Hussey, Toodyay, Western Australia, to Mr. Edgar Herries Young, of Stratford, son of Mrs. E. and the late W. S. Young, Otakeho, Taranaki.

"Making Hay while the Sun Shines" —or rather how to preserve Fruit and Tomatoes while the opportunity lasts

MAKING THE MOST OF THE SEASON

SOME HINTS ON FRUIT BOTTLING, AND SOME EXCELLENT RECIPES FOR PICKLING TOMATOES—AND OTHER TOMATO RECIPES

How to Bottle Fruit

THERE are several methods of bottling fruit, but whatever the means employed there is one golden rule—the air must be excluded. If bottled fruits or vegetables show signs of going bad, it is quite clear that the bottle or jar has not been hermetically sealed in the first instance.

All fruits can be bottled without the addition of sugar. In bottling hard fruits, such as pears or apples, first remove the skins and then core the fruit. Pears are best split in two. Have ready some very clean jars. If they cannot be scalded,

the jars should be washed in a weak disinfectant and then rinsed in clear water. If the jars have been used the previous season, new rubbers must be purchased to insure safe sealing.

The first step consists in "scalding" the fruit. This is done by emptying the fruit into a clean piece of muslin, and dipping the whole into a pail of boiling water and holding it there for a couple of minutes. Next dip the fruit into cold water so that it can be comfortably handled, and then pack the jars with the fruit. Be sure that each jar is well packed. The fruit should reach to within half an inch from the top of the jar.

A Substitute

MANY people do not possess a proper "steriliser," so probably the copper will have to be used for the purpose. If so, see that there is a layer of straw at the bottom, or else a wooden rack for the bottles to stand on. They must not stand directly over the copper fire; otherwise they will crack.

Having filled the jars with fruit, place them in the copper without the lids or caps, and so that the water comes very nearly up to the neck of the jars. Bring the water - bath slowly to the boil and keep it at this temperature for about half an hour, less if the fruit happens to be soft.

The caps should be put on immediately on removing the jars, and they must be screwed down very tightly. Be sure that all the caps are in proper working order.

Some people prefer to bottle fruit in syrup so that it is just ready for use. In this way, of course, there is far less danger of the fruit going bad, though if unsweetened bottling is carried out properly, the fruit ought to keep in just as perfect order. To make the syrup, use three pints of water to two pints of sugar, and boil until it is of a syrupy consistency. The syrup should be quite cold before pouring over the fruit, and then the fruit sterilised in the usual way.

Sterilising in the Oven

THOSE who have neither copper nor steriliser will find bottling in the oven quite successful. Place the bottles, filled with fruit only, on a drainer or piece of thick board, so that they do not come in contact with the oven shelf. Heat the oven until the fruit just begins to crack, and then fill each jar up with boiling water. Screw down the caps, or, if ordinary jam jars are used, pour mutton fat over the top, about half an inch in thickness. The mutton fat acts as a seal and keeps the fruit air-tight. Parchment caps should not be used.

Tomato Jam

TAKE tomatoes not quite ripe (the green ones are best), wipe them with a damp cloth. Cut into four and put into a preserving pan. Allow half a pound of white sugar to every pound of tomatoes and add a little water or syrup. Slice and add two large lemons to every 2lb. of fruit. Boil slowly, for about two hours, or until the syrup is thick. Do not put much water in at first; add it by degrees.

Tomato Preserve

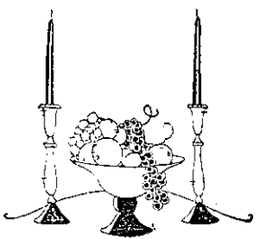
THE tomatoes should be firm, and not too ripe. Pour boiling water over them, after which the skin will peel off. Then place them whole in a preserving bottle. Make a brine of salt and water, allowing a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of water. Boil the brine, allow it to cool, then skim thoroughly. Fill the bottles with the brine, then place in a stewpan, in which the water reaches nearly to the necks of the bottles, and boil for three minutes. Straw or paper should be put at the bottom of the stewpan, and between the bottles, to prevent them from cracking. A kettle of boiling water should be kept handy, so that when the bottles are taken out of the pan they can be filled to the top with hot water. Then screw down immediately, using new rubbers in all cases

Tomato Pulp

THIS is very useful in emergencies. Scald the tomatoes and remove the skins. Cut them into quarters on a plate, and pack them tightly into clean dry bottles. Add the juice that escaped when cutting the tomatoes. Put on the rubber rings and caps loosely. Place the bottles in a fish kettle or large pan, on a false bottom, and fill the pan with cold water up to the necks of the bottles. Place it over low heat and bring the water gradually to the boil. Keep it at this temperature for 45 minutes. The tomato pulp will be found to have shrunk considerably, so fill one bottle up from another, adjust the rubber rings, screw on the tops lightly, and replace in the steriliser. Again bring up to boiling point, keep at this temperature for 30 minutes, take each bottle out separately, and screw down tightly before removing the next. When cold, wipe the bottles and store in a dry, cool place.

Tomatoes for Pickling

SPICED: Two quarts tomatoes, one quart brown sugar, mixed



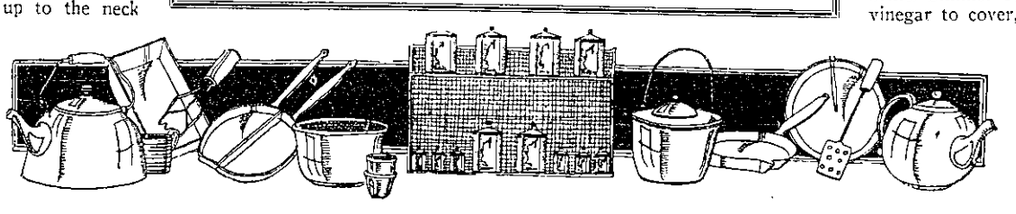
spices to taste (mace, allspice, cinnamon, nutmeg). Stand three hours, then boil like jam.

Sweet Pickled: One peck tomatoes, 2 onions, 1 red pepper, 3 cups mild vinegar, 2 cups brown sugar, 2 tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cloves and allspice. Simmer slowly. Pack tomatoes when tender. Boil down syrup.

Mustard: Simmer ½ bushel sliced tomatoes and 6 red peppers 40 minutes. Sieve, add 1 tablespoon black pepper, 1 ounce cloves, salt to taste, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 grated onions, ½ ounce mace. Boil until quite thick. When cold add 1 ounce each mustard and curry powder and 1 cup vinegar.

Sauce: Eighteen each tomatoes, apples, small onions; 6 green peppers—all chopped. Simmer with 1½ cups raisins, 3 cups each sugar and vinegar, 2 tablespoons each of ginger and salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, juice 5 lemons, ½ teaspoon curry powder. Cook like marmalade.

Green Pickle: One peck green tomatoes and 1 dozen white onions, sliced. Arrange in layers with salt and stand overnight. Drain off brine. Simmer 10 minutes with mild vinegar to cover, 4 shredded red chili peppers, 2 tablespoons celery seed, 1 of mustard seed and ½ cup or more mixed whole spices in a bag. Stir in 1 tablespoon grated horse radish. Seal.



ON ACCEPTING FAVOURS

By A BUSINESS GIRL

I KNOW a married man who goes through life distributing boxes of chocolates to every moderately pretty girl he meets. He doesn't mean anything by it. He's just incurably generous—a sort of born universal uncle, and he thinks no more of presenting a girl with a box of chocolates than another man would think of offering her a cigarette. And the biggest stickler for convention couldn't think it necessary to refuse his gift—he would be most dreadfully surprised and hurt if she did.

* * *

Now, that is the very core of the whole problem of accepting or refusing favours. *What is the object behind the attention?* And the girl who is flattered by receiving gifts from men friends should quite unromantically settle this point before deciding—whether to feel *flattered* or NOT.

* * *

A man may give a girl a present because she is socially his inferior, and has done him some specific service.

Or he may be flirting with her, or hoping to do so, and his gifts are lubricants to make the affair run smoothly.

Or he may have more money than he knows what to do with, and enjoys playing Prince Bountiful.

Or, lastly, he may be in love with her, and hoping to make her his wife.

* * *

The last instance is by far the most rare.

Except for occasional conventional offerings of flowers, the man in love is usually both too self-conscious and too humble to advertise his state until the moment comes to confess it.

* * *

The probable effect of accepting an offered gift should be considered next. Some men read much more into a girl's light-hearted acceptance of some material tribute than do others, but always it tacitly acknowledges a relationship of considerable intimacy.

And, alas! men do not always behave very chivalrously where their emotions are concerned. A man may give gifts to a girl he admires in such a charming and unassuming fashion that it would be almost impossible for an innocent-minded girl to refuse them. Yet when matters come to a head, unsuccessfully for him, he will exclaim bitterly: "If you really didn't care for me, why did you let me go on giving you things?" And the girl, knowing she has allowed herself to get into a false position, is struck dumb.

* * *

Even Mrs. Grundy couldn't lay down rules to meet *all* the problems connected with favour giving and getting. Here, however, are two fairly universal principles: Never accept costly presents from any man except your future husband; and never accept *anything* from a man you do not admire and wish to have for a friend.

There are girls who not only accept any and every attention which is offered them, but who are constantly DEMANDING favours: *Will he take her to the theatre? Will he back a winner for her? Does he mind seeing after her luggage for her? Could he go and inspect a possible side-car?—book seats for so-and-so?—send up some cream from the country when he is away?* and so on.

* * *

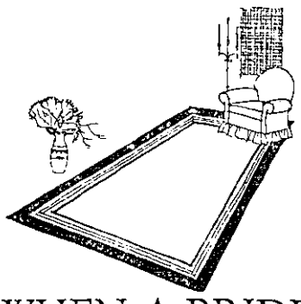
Though she is out to take all she can get, should *he* demand a large share of her attention in return, she will declare he has no right to criticise or interfere in her private affairs, though by a thousand acts she has given him this right day by day.

* * *

GIRLS of this type are definitely discrediting their sex, and will soon find even the most devoted admirer cooling off. It is not "playing the game" for a girl to take advantage of the natural chivalry of a man who finds it hard to refuse a woman's request, to turn him into a sort of unpaid messenger-companion. One man in this position will quietly drop the friendship altogether, while another will seek to take advantage of the fact that the girl is under a big debt of obligation to him. But, whatever the result, this selfish, grabbing attitude towards life can never be justified.

If you decide to accept a favour, no matter what it may be—a seat in an omnibus, or a diamond necklace—do it *graciously*. Don't take it either as a right, or half shamefacedly, take it openly and appreciatively, and try to give some pleasure in return for that which is offered you.

And if you must return a gift—never a very pleasant job—find such a tactful way of doing it that the would-be donor will not feel too cold-shouldered—unless he deserved to be.



WHEN A BRIDE FURNISHES

WHEN starting to furnish from the "very beginning" a certain portion of money should be allocated to each room, and then make a list of necessaries, with a supplementary one of luxuries; these can always be bought later.

Have all decorations, fittings, hangings and floor coverings finished before any furniture is brought into the house. In the matter of hangings, it is just as well to remember that there is such a thing as a laundry bill. Carpets are expensive, and unless good are best left out. Linoleum, inlaid for preference, is a very suitable floor-covering for bedrooms, landings, kitchen and bathroom. Where carpets are bought, these should, if possible, be reversible, and, preferably, small squares, as these fit various rooms. This is a point which is sometimes lost sight of when purchasing carpets; it is particularly annoying when moving to find that none of the old carpets fit the new house.

The old-fashioned idea of buying suites of furniture for every room is fortunately dying out. The modern drawing-room, with its occasional chairs and tables of odd sizes and shapes, is a very much more artistic room than that of our Victorian grandmothers. Even the bedroom, now more boudoir than bedroom, owing to the efficiency of the modern bath-dressing room, has no longer a complete "suite." Perhaps an antique piece of furniture, picked up in an old curiosity shop in the city serves for a dressing table. Comfortable easy chairs, a few gay cushions of brocade or satin, good wall cupboards, which, if not already among the house fixtures, can be put in by any carpenter, and painted to match the room, for a very small sum. A good bed is essential. A dress ottoman is a useful adjunct for a bedroom. Several odd tables, a reading lamp, and a gas stove complete the room.

Furnish Gradually

IT is not wise to furnish all the rooms at once The guest-room, for example, can quite well be left to the last, and here a word—it is by no means necessary to give up the best room in the house to visitors, who as a rule only occupy it for a short while.

The purchase of kitchen equipment needs special care. The bride should have a very clear idea first of how much entertaining she is likely to have, also, if the washing is to be done at home. Only absolute necessaries should be bought, and each article should be of the best. Remember that all kitchen equipment has a great deal of wear and tear.

WOMEN WHO WON & LOST FORTUNES

THOUSANDS STAKED BY FAMOUS GAMBLERS

THE women of France were at one time the most ardent gamblers in the world.

In Louis XIV.'s reign so many families were ruined through the passionate love of the mothers and daughters for a game known as "hoca" that it was forbidden by law on pain of death.

At Versailles an exception was made to this rule, and here the Queen herself frequently lost large sums of money.

The frenzied gambling of Mme. de Montespan has become proverbial in France. At basset she would play for as much as £50,000, and would grumble heartily, and the King also, if no one dared to cover her stakes."

ONE Christmas evening she lost an immense fortune, but recovered, with three cards, £75,000. Three months later she lost £150 000 but won it back almost immediately. In 1682 the crash came. At "hoca" alone she had played away as much as £200,000.

In Louis XV.'s time matters were in much the same state. On June 25, 1765, for instance, the Duc de Richelieu undertook to teach Mme. de Barry lonsquenet in her boudoir.

Within a few minutes, however, she had lost no less than £20 000. This immensely amused the King, who was looking on, and was delighted with his favourite's good luck.

WOMAN'S SELF-PITY

By Anna Blount

AN old friend of our family, a clever physician, said lately, "I am so sorry for women."

A great many women are sorry for themselves. They regard womanhood as a handicap or a disadvantage.

I suppose the larger number of my sex have at one time or another felt at least a twinge of resentment against Fate for making them women instead of men. To be quite candid, I used to pity myself for being a woman.

I remember a youthful heart-to-heart talk with a girl friend of about my own age who had shared my dissatisfaction with the natural decree that determined my sex. Until that memorable hour we used to contrast our lot with that of our brothers and the young men of our acquaintance, always deciding in the end that women are born to endure much greater suffering than men. But upon this occasion my friend astounded me by an exultant delight in her womanhood.

I will confess that a feeling of vexation mingled with my surprise and curiosity. We had both been so consolingly assured that it is tragic to be a woman. And now my dearest friend abruptly reversed her opinion and left me lonely and forsaken in my discontent.

* * *

WHAT had happened? Something very interesting but not unusual. My friend had fallen in love with a man who is now her devoted husband, and a single sentence from his lips had convinced her that womanhood is a glorious possession.

The magic words were these: "Dearest, I am so glad that you *are* a woman!"

I know that my friend and her husband will smile when they read this reminiscence and that they will know why I began to reconsider my views upon the disadvantages of femininity. Manifestly, if my friend had not been a woman she would never have known how sweet it is to be loved ardently by a fine man.

Pondering deeply upon this conversation, I felt that I must talk to some older and more experienced woman.

Now, the wisest woman of my acquaintance at that time was our former nurse, who was married and living in the neighbourhood. So I went to discuss the matter with Jane.

I began with the point-blank question: "Jane, did you ever feel sorry that you are a woman?"

"Bless you, no!" she replied. "Sorry I'm a woman? *Why, think how much more gifted we are than men!*"

Later experience has taught me that both sexes have their respective "gifts" and that there is no such thing as sex superiority. But although I do not grieve that I am a woman, I am inclined to believe that convention stultifies some of our finest faculties. We remind ourselves too often that we are women, and when we forget to remind ourselves, men obligingly reiterate the fact.

CHALLENGE OF FAIR SEX IN ART

TO-DAY AS NEVER BEFORE, THE WOMEN ARTIST IS MAKING A PLACE FOR HERSELF IN EVERY ART CENTRE IN THE WORLD

THE extraordinary prominence attained in recent years by women in the practice of art, and more particularly of painting, is one of the most significant features in the movement of emancipation which has led to the admission of women into the political life of the nation.

Not further back than the middle of the nineteenth century a woman painter was apt to be regarded rather as an eccentric, if not a freak; and art was considered so much the prerogative of the strong sex that Rosa Bonheur, as an acknowledgment of her successful competition with men in the field of animal painting, was accorded the privilege of being permitted to adopt male attire.

Women of Lasting Fame

TO-DAY, when at the Royal Academy and kindred exhibitions there are almost as many works by women as there are by men; when at the art schools there are more girl students than boy students; and when the majority of prizes and scholarships are carried off by the more serious and hard-working women competitors, this prejudice cannot be said to exist any longer.

But still the opinion is very largely held that great creative art is beyond the power of women, who at best are but skilful imitators. And any contrary expression of opinion is met by the superficially convincing argument that no women have ever risen to real eminence in their profession.

But the argument is entirely fallacious. Indeed, considering the extremely restricted number of women who adopted art as a profession before comparatively recent years, it is surprising how many of them have achieved lasting fame

Throughout the Italian Renaissance and the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, art was almost considered a profession reserved for men. But whereas thousands of men who earned their living with their brush are now completly forgotten, the few women painters of the past occupy an honourable position in the pages of history.

There is first of all Sophonisba Anguisciola, daughter of a noble Cremonese family, whose art was held in high esteem by Philip II. of Spain and his Court. And Rosalba Carriera, who, after a childhood of lace-making and snuffbox painting, became the most famous pastel portraitist of her time, travelling from capital to capital all over Europe and painting the notabilities of every Court.

Then there was Artemisia Gentileschi, a realistic painter of great power, and Lavinia Fontana, a member of the Academy of Arts in Rome, and Elisabetta Sirami, as distinguished an etcher as she was a painter.

In France, during the 17th and 18th centuries, quite a score of women artists rose to local fame, though only Vigee Le Brun acquired a universal reputation for her graceful accomplishment.

Formidable Rivals to Men

IN the Netherlands, Judith Leyster's art bids fair to rival that of Frans Hals, and Rachel Ruyseh remains to this day a favourite among collectors of flower paintings.

And England can boast of Mary Beale and Angelica Kauffmann, and of that highly gifted amateur, Lady Waterford.

The only justification that can be pleaded for those who refuse to admit women to any position in art is that so far women painters have not shown very much individuality.

But the women painters of to-day prove themselves formidable rivals of their male contemporaries. They have acquired boldness of handling and freshness of vision.

No commanding genius has yet arisen. But genius is of rare occurrence—even among men. The efforts of the young generation is full of promise and is beginning to show flashes of inspiration.

THE BOOKMAN'S CORNER

NEW ZEALANDERS could not do better than read more books about their own land, and one book that all New Zealanders should be acquainted with, and that with much profit and entertainment to themselves, is that splendid work on early New Zealand by F. E. Maning—to give it its full title, "Old New Zealand—a tale of the good old times"—written under the penname of "A Pakeha Maori."

This is undoubtedly one of the finest books which New Zealand has yet produced. It is the racy, vigorous, humorous story of Maning's life among the Maoris in the Alsatian days of Northern New Zealand, and has become an English classic. Maning, a cultured, adventurous, courageous Irishman became the most famous of Pakeha-Maoris, and was afterwards a Judge of the Native Land Court. He achieved a book which is enthralling to the general reader, and yet is one which no student of New Zealand history can afford to neglect. The present edition contains an introduction by Dr. T. M. Hocken, and Maning's descriptions of Heke's War in the North and of Maori traditions, and is illustrated by new pictures drawn by General Robley. Price 6/-. Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited.

From the same publishers come reprint editions of two other very interesting books on New Zealand:

"MAORI and Pakeha: A History of New Zealand," by A. W. Shrimpton, M.A., and Alan E. Mulgan.

A moderately-priced history of New Zealand has been in urgent demand for many years, not only by students, but by the general reader as well. It is intended that this short and somewhat popular treatment of the subject will meet the requirements of all. The period treated is from the earliest times to the accession of the Massey Ministry to power in 1912. Altogether the best review of New Zealand history that has yet been published. Price 7/6; Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited.

"THE Adventures of Kimble Bent," by James Cowan.

A very interesting history of life in New Zealand. Kimble Bent was a renegade who deserted from the Imperial Forces in 1865, and lived the rest of his life with the Maoris. According to his own story he was the only white man who ever saw the secret rites of the Hauhaus, and he also witnessed cannibalistic feasts. Price 5/-; Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited.

WE have received a reprint copy of the "Times Atlas of the World." This was originally published some two years ago by *The Times*, London, the first edition selling at somewhere in the vicinity of £10.

An enterprising firm of London publishers has secured all rights over this magnificent Atlas, have thoroughly revised and brought it up to date, and most marvellous of all, fixed the price at such a ridiculously low figure that we can hardly conceive any home or place of business without its copy.

This is undoubtedly the standard Atlas of the world, and the claim has been universally admitted. Before the war the finest maps were made in Germany. To-day neither Germany nor any other country can produce maps to compare in accuracy, clearness, or beauty with those in *The Times* Atlas.

The maps in *The Times* Atlas are new in the only true sense. That is to say, they are not a mere re-hash of the old plates, but they are based on new and original surveys of th earth's surface. More than 100,00(original survey sheets have beer used in the preparation of these 112 beautiful double-page plates.

The important work of preparation was entrusted by *The Times* to Messrs. Bartholomew, the famous Edinburgh Cartographers. They have spared no labour and expense to make the Atlas perfect in every detail. Every new aid to the science of map production has been employed.

Thus, colour in *The Times* Atlas is made to serve a definite purpose. Instead of the old "caterpillar" disfigurements representing mountain ranges, physical relief is shown by a carefully graduated layer system of colours—a more costly method, but infinitely more accurate, more easy to read.

The Gazetteer Index to the Atlas is by far the largest and most up-to-date Geographical Directory in the English language. It contains some 200 000 place names, and the latitude and longitude, and country, state, or county of each place are given.

Simplicity of reference is ensured by the use of a novel transparent grid sheet, ruled in squares and numbered to correspond with the grid numbers given in the Gazetteer. The use of this grid sheet enables the most obscure place to be found on the map in a moment.

At 50/- this is the most wonderful effort in book publication of this description of recent years.—Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited.

ANOTHER Atlas that has reached this office is The Dominion Atlas, published by Whitcombe and Tombs, Ltd. This is a handy little Atlas containing 72 comprehensive maps.

The Australasian section has received special attention, nearly one-half of each Atlas being made up of maps relating to Australasia. On the maps of the Commonwealth States and New Zealand the chief natural productions are systematically indicated.

This section includes a number of maps on the latest educational lines, illustrating Climate, Vegetation and Density of Population, and Communications by Land and Sea; maps illustrating the progress and history of Australasian discovery and settlement; also relief-model maps and maps showing the present-day political divisions of Australasia.

In the other sections, the regions of the world outside Australasia are illustrated by means of relief-model and coloured political maps and also a series of 60 views representing characteristic scenery, great cities and industries throughout the world, together with a full Index, complete this Atlas, rendering it an ideal and invaluable one for home or school use. Price, 2/6; Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited.

LABOUR-Saving Hints and Ideas for the Home.—The hints and ideas contained in this book are selected from no less than 30,000 entries that were submitted in connection with The Good Housewife Competition, conducted by Fleming and Whitelaw, of Australia House, London.

So great was the response to the press announcements concerning this Labour Saving in the Home Competition that it was found necessary to discontinue the advertisements after the lapse of a fortnight.

Many of these hints are not wholly confined to labour-saving, but the vast majority of them will be found instructive and interesting.

As the book is intended primarily for reference purposes, a copious index is provided; but the reader will find entertaining information on any page he or she happens to open. Price 2/6, from Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited.

NOVELS WORTH READING

"ALAN," by F. E. Benson.

Mr. F. E. Benson, with his characteristic skill, has succeeded in giving us a very clever study of the selfish, egotistical Alan, a novelist of the old school. Alan, when the story begins, is a novelist of great repute, a literary lion of no mean order. His wife Agnes was his devoted helper and amanuensis hanging upon his every word. Comes disillusion and doubt in the shape of Timothy, the great man's cousin, who is the protagonist of the young school of novel writers. For the first time in her life, under the influence of Timothy, Agnes feels that she is not a mere slave.

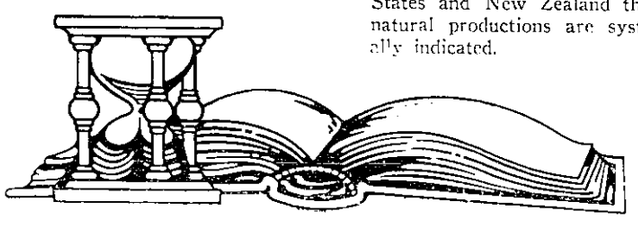
Alan, forsaken by his inspiration and old in years, is carried home from his club to die. Agnes, at last free from her literary tyranny, sees the dawn of freedom and happiness with Timothy which will lighten the darkness of her past drab existence —Price 6/-, from Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited.

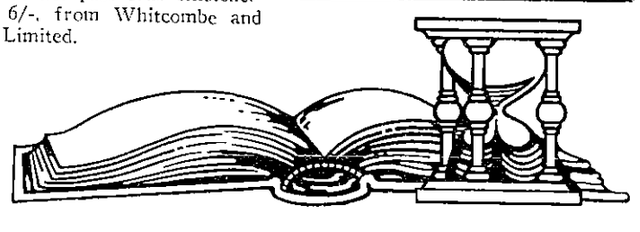
"DOMINIE'S HOPE," by Amy McLaren.—A new novel by the author of "Bawbee Jock" is an event which will delight many readers. The scene is laid in the Scottish border at the present time, and the dwellers not only in the "big house," but in the village are drawn with real sympathetic insight and skill. The story turns on the finding of a lost heir, and contains a strong and appealing love interest. —Price 6/-, from Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited.

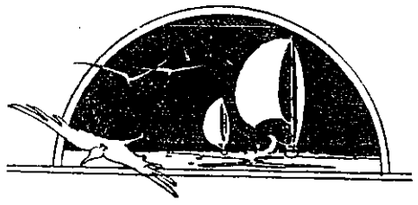
"THE Reckless Lady," by Sir Philip Gibbs.—In this new novel by Sir Philip Gibbs the scenes are chiefly laid in England and the United States. The leading characters are a young brother and sister of modern type, brought up abroad by a charming but adventurous mother separated from her husband. The author gives an intimate study of English social life at the present time. The scene changes later to the United States, and the author shows the contrast of life between the Old World and the New. Like most of Sir Philip Gibbs' fiction, his latest novel aims at being something more than a good story. It is a picture on a broad canvas of contemporary life in this time of social change.—Price 6/-, from Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited.

"ELAINE at the Gates," by W. B. Maxwell.—When, as a child, Elaine waited for her father outside the gate of the wealthy Mrs. Castleton's house, peering in at the beautiful garden, she seemed to be standing just outside the Gates of Happiness. Could she have guessed, her situation at that moment queerly symbolised a large part of her future life. Later, the man she loves is for a time unworthy of her, and she proudly steels herself against him, but when he repents she loves him too passionately not to forgive him; but as the gates seem to be opening they are slammed suddenly in her face, and he is caught in the net of one of his past follies and severed from her in a hopeless and disastrous marriage. Again and again, when other, lesser, ways of happiness are opening to her, they close and leave her outside, and it is only at the last that they are thrown wide open, unexpectedly, and she can go through to happiness with the man she had loved from the first. In the truth of its characterisation, the humanity and dramatic intensity of its story, "Elaine at the Gates" will rank as one of the finest things in modern fiction.—Price 6/-, from Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited.

Any of the above books are obtained at Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited, Auckland, Christchurch, Dunedin or Wellington







WOMEN AS SEA CAPTAINS

By An Old Salt

THE Board of Trade has told the Merchant Service Guild that there is nothing to prevent women from qualifying as master mariners and mates. There never has been. But there are very few women sea captains in the world, and none, I think, in Great Britain.

Any woman of average intelligence could pass the navigation part of the examination. Lots of women who are fond of boating and the sea might manage to get through the seamanship tests. But how many could qualify to sit for the examination?

To qualify one has to be apprenticed for four years, or serve four years before the mast. A captain's wife or daughter, sailing with him, might qualify by being "signed on" technically as a forecastle hand, but I doubt if she would satisfy the examiners.

There was, for instance, a famous examiner at Cardiff whose pet trick it was, as soon as a candidate entered the room, to yell out in full quarter-deck style: "All flat aback forrard! What would *you* do, sir?"

Many an experienced youngster failed to pass that test, simple as it was. There would be no hope at all for a girl who had only technically qualified.

* * *

FRANKLY, in the old sailing ship days a woman could not possibly have taken her "ticket." It may be somewhat different in steam. Your old sailing ship sailor will tell you that steamship hands are merely housemaids, and that is largely true. They wash down decks, scrub paintwork, and occasionally rig an awning. Of sailor craft they know practically nothing.

Out of curiosity once I asked a deckhand in a liner to show me how to make a Turk's head. He said he would try to find out from one of the quartermasters!

A woman might well be able to hold a job like that for four years—but even a housemaid's job in an under-found tramp in a full gale of wind is something that would test the nerve of any woman.

Then, too, the men of the sea, whether in sail or steam, are still the hard citizens of the world, who at times have to be driven at the point of the fist, or the toe of the boot, or the blunt end of a belaying pin.

I cannot, somehow, see a woman handling any crew with which I have ever sailed. Even a skipper's wife has a difficult time of it, although she does not come into direct contact with the men, and, as a general rule, her husband must be a good man-driver before he dare take her afloat.

But to imagine a woman, unaided, trying to make a tough crowd of Liverpool "dock-rats" jump lively when the decks are awash and the cargo adrift below—well, candidly, it is beyond me!

CRABBING LIFE FOR THE YOUNG

DO MODERN NOVELISTS DESTROY OUR YOUTH'S ILLUSIONS? A GIRL'S PROTEST

IT is the young who suffer most at the hands of the modern novelist and playwright.

If one has lived long enough to form one's own opinion of the world, one may yet be able to read modern novels without seeing the world through the novelist's eyes, or accepting his assumption that all men and most women are vile. But if one is standing, somewhat nervously, on the brink of life, it is another matter.

I write from the girl's point of view, but I do not imagine that the young men of to-day are any more grateful to the gifted people who are breaking their idols.

"I used to adore Galsworthy," a girl said to me the other day, "when I read *Villa Rubein* and *A Knight*. Then I read *Beyond*, and someone took me to *The Skin Game*. I haven't touched a book of his since."

What a tragedy that such an art should be used in this way! Have writers any idea of the effect they are producing on young people when they paint human nature in such sombre colours? What a dark and sinister world they are revealing to those on its threshold!

Is it Realism?

IT is realism, they may say; but is it? Are those depraved and cynical people we are invited to read about in books in any way typical of the people most of us are accustomed to meet every day of our lives? Many girls go to books for a knowledge of life, and if the men and women they read about resemble those they may expect to meet in their journey through the world, then, indeed, their pilgrimage will be a sad one.

Our "realistic" writers can't hurt the older people, but they are crabbing life for every girl who believes in a knight, none the less a knight because he may work in a City office and ride a bicycle instead of a horse.

The world was full of knights in 1914. Is there any proof that the young men who came back were so inferior to their comrades who died?

And it is not the men only. Does Mr. Galsworthy really believe his heroine in *Saint's Progress* to be typical of her age and class? Does he really believe that such things happened and were permissible because it was war time, and the lovers were to be parted, perhaps for ever? As if it were not a thousand times more reason for keeping their love the purest thing on earth.

"I have known there was wickedness in the world since I was 17," the girl who had once read Galsworthy said to me. "But I thought it was the exception, so it didn't really affect my happiness. Then I started reading novels, and every one was worse than the last. In the end I didn't think there were any decent men in the world."

Spare the Innocent

I HAVE mentioned Mr. Galsworthy in particular because I, too, loved *Villa Rubein* and *A Knight*, but he would have no power to hurt us if there were not all the others, Mr. Wells, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Compton Mackenzie—worst of all—the women writers, who are destroying the House of Life for the girls. Have Miss May Sinclair and Storm Jameson and the rest forgotten the days when they could have been hurt as they are hurting girls now?

Presumably there is a public for these books and plays since they continue to be written, but they are crabbing life for the young, and the young of this generation have suffered enough at the hands of the old.

Ladies and gentlemen of the Pen, if you must write such books as these, write them about wicked people, and leave the young and innocent alone. If you have outlived your illusions, for the sake of things you once believed in leave a few shreds to the young. Is it so much to ask that you should leave the girls their Prince Charming, the young men their innocent Princess?

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES

"NOW, I wonder," remarked my mother, "where I put my glasses?"

There was no immediate response. We all knew that, if the remark had really been made—and some of us tried to pretend it had not been—it would be repeated. And it was repeated, in a slightly more definite form.

"Has anybody seen my glasses?"

I jumped up at once. Not that I believed I was sitting on them, but it has become a sort of rule in our house that, as soon as the loss of the glasses has been established, we all spring up to do our bit, interrupting temporarily whatever occupations we may have been engaged upon.

"Where did you have them last?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied my mother. "I thought I had them in my bag. Where *can* they be?"

"We'll soon find them," said my sister, putting her head on a level with the mantelpiece, and drawing it along the whole length, so to speak.

"What about the blue bowl?" I suggested.

"I don't think I put them there," answered my mother.

"Well, I'll just look," I said cheerfully. "You left them there once, you know."

They were not in the blue bowl. Nor were they on the little octagonal table by her armchair, nor were they on the desk in the corner.

"Ah! The bracket!" cried my young brother.

He tried it and failed.

"I suppose they're not in your lap, dear?" asked my sister.

"No," said my mother. "Perhaps they're by the bookcase."

But they were not. And soon we had exhausted all the possible places, and were reduced to looking on the floor, in the piano, and feeling down to the bottoms of vases.

"I wonder if I left them upstairs?" said my mother.

"Ah, I expect that's where they are!" I agreed, casting a regretful glance at the exciting novel I had been reading. "I'll run up and see."

"Do, dear. And, Ethel, you go and look in the dining-room. I may have left them there."

We left the room brightly. It is an unwritten law that we always look for mother's glasses with every appearance of good cheer. Suddenly my young brother turned back.

"Shouldn't be surprised to find that she's got 'em on her nose," he chirped.

He is always the one to say that.

Then Ethel went into the dining-room, and I was about to ascend to my mother's bedroom when a key was inserted in the front door, and my father came in.

"Mother's lost her glasses," I said distinctly. "We're trying to find them for her."

"Oh," replied my father, and slipped into his study.

I went upstairs and looked in the bedroom, and then in all the other rooms. I had reached the vague stage when a voice called up to me:

"Mother says is her bag there, because if it is the glasses may be in it."

"I'll look," I called back.

I was about to do so when the voice called again:

"Wait a minute. Mother's calling out something to me, and I can't hear."

I waited while doors opened and closed and various familiar sounds occurred. Then rose up to me:

"If you find the bag, and the glasses aren't in it, then get the little key, not the big one, out of the outside pocket and unlock the wardrobe, and look in the case on the third shelf from the top, or it might be in the second shelf behind the file of bills."

"All right," I shouted back. "I'll look."

I went into the bedroom and searched it again. I searched it very thoroughly, because it was nice and quiet up there. My sister joined me, and we opened the wardrobe and looked in the case on the third shelf from the top and behind the file of bills in the second shelf. But again we had no luck. It became harder to keep cheerful.

"Well," I proposed, "let's look on the other shelves."

We did so. It took us five minutes, quite, to complete this search, because the shelves were packed, and I happened to undo some wool that my sister had to do up again, or it would get into knots.

We were just giving up when I gave a cry. There were mother's glasses, at the back of the bottom shelf.

Radiant with joy and happiness, we closed the wardrobe, put the big key back into the bag, and trooped downstairs again and into the drawing-room.

"Where did you find them?" asked my mother, putting out her hand for the glasses my sister handed to her. "Oh, but *these* aren't my glasses. This is an extra pair of your father's."

We stared at each other. A sudden depression descended upon us. We began to search again.

"Perhaps they got caught in a curtain," I muttered.

"That's possible," said my sister.

"Let's shake them," said Tom.

We began shaking the curtains. There was as much chance of finding the glasses there as of winning the Calcutta Sweepstake. But there wasn't anything else left to do. So we went on shaking.

Just then there was a knock at the street door, which, being opened, revealed a boy with a packet. "From the optician's, ma'am," he said.

It contained my mother's glasses. She had sent them to be mended.

J. JEFFERSON FARJEON.

OUR MODERN YOUTH

DOES THE SLANG AND APPARENT IRREVERANCE OF OUR YOUTH OF TO-DAY INDICATE THAT THERE HAS BEEN ANY REAL CHANGE. A WELL-KNOWN WOMAN WRITER RELATES HER EXPERIENCES

IT struck me as funny that when Youth came to play with me I should be reading "Twenty Years After."

Her coming at that moment recalled with something of a shock the fleet-footed passage of time. For, just so many years ago I used to go, very shyly, to play with a lady whose age then was what mine is now. So that Youth was to me what I was, in the past, to that gracious friend.

A Sense of Values

BUT Youth didn't come shyly. The present generation has a better sense of values than that. It knows that it is charming, and sweet, and attractive, and has no cause to apologise. Also it pays its elders a compliment undreamt of in the days of our shyness. It is the compliment of treating us as contemporaries. What though we played the piano when it sucked a coral? Aren't we both playing the piano now? That is Youth's philosophy, or so I read it in her snapping, bright eyes.

So Youth came to play with me. We have two pianos, which she declared to be perfectly topping. We'd play Chaminade first, if I didn't mind, for "her reading was appalling; never could sight-read for nuts!" And didn't I think Chaminade a nice change after all the high-brow stunts they gave one at the college?

To Know the Worst

BUT, first of all, please, might she sit on the rug and have a cigarette while I played for her? She wanted to know the worst, please. She was sure I was an awful nib at technique, and she'd like to discover, before venturing to play on that second piano with me, just what she had let herself in for. She was sure I should be sorry I had asked her to come. I'd no idea what a duffer she was. I'd want to put her out on the mat, like a howling Pekingese. And what had I been playing when she passed yesterday? Scarlatti? How awfully brainy!

And I wrote, didn't I? Goodness! She felt like a worm! Everything was so exciting and high-brow. No. She did not play at all well. Her rhythm was ghastly, her technique deplorable, her reading a crime, and she hadn't any memory.

I looked at her brow, broad and arched; at her hands, strong and capable; at her wrists, supple and firm. I suggested that perhaps things were not quite so bad as she implied. And, as to being brainy, brains were of little use without practice. I seldom practised; but she, I was sure, practised regularly. No! no! She was a slacker. I'd no idea how she slacked.

Hailstorm of Discords

AT length we got going. She at her piano, I at mine. "Shall we begin?" I asked, ready for anything from this lively maiden. "Righto!" called she. "Please *count!* Oh! I tremble! I shake! How you'll hate me in one little minute!"

At the first double bar she turned her face to me; it was happy and shining. "Did you ever hear anything so appalling?" she asked. "I didn't once get the key! Don't you hate the sound of me? But I warned you, and you wouldn't believe. Try again? Righto! Let's! Three—and—four—and *one!* Now!"

It was like a cyclonic hailstorm of discords. But she rode it after the fashion of a modern Valkyrie. So that gradually, steadily, after each repetition of the storm, I became conscious of two things: a perfect sense of rhythm and a touch that was purposeful and firm. I smiled to myself. I found the new, go-ahead methods amusing.

"When she gets the right notes that child will make you sit up," I thought. And so we persevered for an hour, scattering avalanches of wrong notes, dropping our flats and our sharps, in a rhythmical metre and swing, interspersed with breathless apologies for her playing and enthusiastic eulogies on the tone of my two pianos.

At length I got her to play me something solo. She was sure she couldn't. If I'd only heard her master on Wednesday! Perfectly raving! Took off the roof! My goodness! Well, then, she'd play a little thing of Brahms'. Awfully high-brow, but quite easy. I wouldn't mind its being high-brow? Her friends did. They wanted jollier

OUR MODERN YOUTH

Continued from page 58

things. But at the College they *stuffed* you with high-brows. Please, I musn't be critical. Please, I must talk to the dog or something. She was terrified. Her hands felt like slippery herrings and her fingers like bundles of firewood. Now then!

Perfection at Last

WELL, now then! I was surprised, and I was not. The fleeting years had not so dimmed my perceptions as to make me oblivious to the ways of our flappers. To their audacity, their modesty, their contempt for anything not quite perfection. Yet I rubbed my eyes, and unbuttoned my ears.

There she sat, the bright, merry, careless lass, the technical "dud," the harmonic fool, the rhythmic idiot, the deprived of memory. She sat fair and square at the keyboard, her dark, bobbed hair swaying and jerking, her firm, lissom hands flying over the intricacies of a Brahms rhapsody. She played without her book, like an angel. She made that piece dance and throb and sigh and sing, with a touch of highly-practised skill, with the perfection and finish of a professional pianist.

And when she had finished she received my congratulations with the shy smile of a child. "But I can't play, really. You should hear Mary Stafford and Hilary James. They're really *swish! They* have technique! They play at the *concerts!* They're most frightfully high-brow! I just plod along, but they *soar!*"

Youth's Little Ways

OH yes, Youth amused me, and gave me great joy. She is coming again. We are to try Schumann's Concerto. She pretends to be horribly frightened. But I know what will happen. She will make me play dozens of fugues and scores of partitas. For this young person with a terror of brains and anything high-brow has a passion for Bach. It wouldn't do to admit it, of course. It might suggest "pose," and that would be awful.

So we play Bach in secret, and publicly lament being deprived of our jazz tunes. It's Youth's little way. It's the fashion just now. But young people who would be *a la mode* must not have those fingers, nor that sort of brow. Nor must they look quite so enchanted and bewitched when listening to the immortal Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues.

Before she left I caught a glimpse of her copy of Brahms. It was enhanced by a highly poetical portrait of the great man with flowing beard. Above it, written in pencil, in a pretty, girlish hand, was the word "Beaver!"

Decidedly, Youth is refreshing. I hope she comes again soon.

SOPHISTICATED CHILDREN

THE world is so full of concern about the girl of to-day, her morals and her manners, that it has more or less overlooked the modern child who is to be the modern girl of to-morrow. And I think that Miss To-morrow will prove even more disturbing than Miss To-day.

Children, particularly little girls, are alarmingly sophisticated in these days. Artificial children ape artificial elders, and, to a large extent, reproduce in the nursery the grown-up atmosphere of boredom and ennui. The game of "Let's Pretend" is out of date, superseded by wonderful, though imagination-destroying, toys. Yet a child's imagination is a more precious possession, and can give it greater pleasure than all the expensive toys that were ever made.

There is more real joy in make-believe than in the elaborate model toys; there is more real motherliness learned by the little girl who patiently, and with needle-pricked fingers, fashions her dolls clothes from scraps, than the pampered child who, with boredom, lifts beautiful and true-to-life dolly's clothes from a miniature baby's basket. I was in Monte Carlo, and it was almost pitiable to see the wee girls who, beautifully dressed, were quite content to mince up and down the promenade with their mothers or their nurses, when the sunshine, and the warmth and the blue sky should have set them agitating for a bucket and a spade and the beach that isn't there. It was even more sad to see them look complacently on while so-called sportsmen shot pigeons released from a collapsible trap.

The heart of the real child, the child that we should love, would cry aloud at such cruel and wanton destruction of a pretty bird.

And what is true of Fortune's favourite on the Riviera manifests itself just as surely in her less-favoured sister at home. Many middle-class parents deny themselves that they may give their children a better time than perhaps they themselves had. But they need more wisdom and restraint in the giving.

These sophisticated children of to-day are the adults of to-morrow, and what will they not demand of life then, if they have been able to get so much out of it, and so easily, now? —A.M.

"A VERY PRESENT HELP—"

THE WORK OF THE PLUNKET NURSES

By An Auckland Mother

WE pause before a narrow entry facing a flight of steep and narrow stairs. On the wall is painted a hand pointing upwards, with the words "Plunket Nurse" inscribed underneath. And what a wealth of suggestion there is for us in that guiding hand! Already we feel it gently and capably uplifting us and easing us of a burden of anxiety. Above the doorway is the notice "Prams and go-carts may be left at the draper's opposite, free of charge." Free of charge! Surely not! One so seldom hears those magic words in these days of post-war prosperity. We wish a pram were ours, that we might take advantage of this unique offer; but, alas! our baby is a country baby, and prams and go-carts simply refuse to "go" on country roads, not to mention ploughed fields and stubbly paddocks.

We mount those steep stairs, and, as we pause half way to rest, register an audible wish that some philanthropic person would present the Plunket Society with a suite of rooms on the ground floor. Climbing stairs is a tiring exercise, and when a mother has walked a long way, and perhaps has had a sick baby to mind—not that our baby is sick. Oh dear, no!—not sick at all. She is just—just—well, just a *leetle* bit not well, but not ill. Of course not. Please, you mustn't think she is sick, for in these days of suggestion and auto-suggestion and the like, thinking she is ill will be sure to make her so, and oh! she mustn't be ill—she mustn't. You see, she hadn't a fair chance; she was a premature baby, to start with, weighing only five and a-half pounds, and mother's milk seems not just right in quality, and so the little bowels are a bit upset, and she loses a little of her very little weight, so to be on the safe side we bring her all the long way to town to see the Plunket nurse. But she is not sick—she is *not*.

We reach the head of the stairs and stand in a short passage, wondering what to do next. There is an electric bell-button on the wall, with the word "Emulsion" above and "Please ring" below. Are we to ring only when we want emulsion? or are we expected to ring in any case, "Emulsion" being perhaps just a slogan to cheer us on? We almost ring, but visions of stern thin-lipped authority suddenly appearing and forcing on us a bottle of emulsion because we "rang for it" deters us, and our fingers tremble off the button. We discover the waiting-room just as the nurse appears, and oh!—thanks be!—she is human, and so kind.

"Have you been here before?" she inquires.

No; this is our first visit.

"Oh, well, sit down for awhile. There will soon be chairs for you in the consulting room."

Consulting room! How horribly like a visit to the doctor's it sounds. We sit down and listen to the storm of infant protest which rages all round us. We are glad to note that most of the cries are loud and lusty, indicating that the owners of those lungs are not *very* sick. There are some pitiful wails, of course, and one is remarkably like—like—well, it is a trifle weaker than our baby's cry, but then our baby is not sick.

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"A VERY PRESENT HELP—"

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PRESENTLY two women come out, one carrying a baby. She looks happy, and tells us proudly her baby has gained 7oz. in a week. We take heart of hope as we are called into the consulting room. It is a pretty room, and its brightness cheers us up wonderfully. Nurse takes a few particulars and notes them down: baby's weight at birth, method and hours of feeding, etc., etc.

"Now undress baby right to her singlet, Mrs. B——, and we'll see what she weighs."

Our fingers tremble so we can hardly get the clothes off; not that we are worrying at all, but wee babies are awkward to handle, everyone knows. Perhaps Mother looks a *little* strained as nurse adjusts the scales. It is the first baby, you know, and if——

"Five pounds two ounces," says the nurse. "She has lost a lot, Mrs. B——."

Oh, but she couldn't have lost all that, surely. Perhaps our scales were wrong; you know, they are only the old spring-balance, and they are so uncertain. She might not have been five and a-half at first. Why, she might not have been five, even.

"Very likely," says Nurse, consolingly. "Well, we'll soon pull it up again, anyway. I think she's a healthy baby, Mrs. B—, but unfortunate pre-natal conditions, and insufficient food, through inability to suckle properly, has weakened her somewhat. Dress baby again, and we'll weigh her twice more, before and after feeding, to see what quantity she takes."

The final weighing is not satisfactory, either.

"Only two ounces, Mrs. B—," says Nurse. "She is not getting half enough. Now, listen to me, and I'll tell you what to do." And in case we are too excited to listen, she writes down our instructions. Let me see! Have we got them all? Breast stimulation, regular hours for food and sleep, fresh air and sunlight, sterilized water, whey after each meal—yes, we have them all, and promise to faithfully carry out orders.

The nurse takes another baby from the weighing basket and lifts him high in her arms

"Gained 10oz.," she says triumphantly. "There, Mrs. G——. Why don't you feed your baby properly, instead of that horrid old barley-water stuff?"

Mrs. G—— looks ready for tears, as she bends over her own wailing infant, and every mother in the room knows just how bitterly she regrets being unable to suckle her wee child.

The nurse proceeds with the "weighing in," and Mrs. G—— turns tremulously to her neighbour.

"I wonder why it is," she says, with a little twisted smile, "that so many nurses appear to foster the idea that mothers are always seeking any old excuse to put their babies on the bottle? Apart from the fact that breast-fed babies thrive best, just conceive of any loving mother willingly giving up the joy of feeling her baby's precious lips drawing life from her bosom."

The nurse comes back to our baby and carries her away to "show her off." To us, any explanation of this distinctive mark of favour is distinctly superfluous, but the nurse offers one, candidly.

"Yours is a red-headed baby," she remarks, casually, "and we don't get many carroty ones."

Oh, dear! What a thing to say! And it really isn't red, either. At least, not *very*.

The room is quiet now, save for the low crooning of mothers and the soft gurgles of satisfied babies, and we have leisure to survey the room and ponder on the importance of this little world. Dreamily we hear the roar of tram-cars and the busy hum of the trafficking town outside, but there seems no connecting link between it and this bustling world upstairs. *This* is the big business of life, and nothing else matters one iota. Politics and Imperial Conferences, earthquakes and Soldiers' Mothers' League resolutions, woman's rights and wrongs, all fade into insignificance, and even husbands and fathers are but dim figures in the shadowy recesses of our inner consciousness. There is nothing else in all the world but mothers and babies and, thank God, Plunket nurses.

ARE OPALS REALLY UNLUCKY?

HOW often the wearer of opals hears the exclamation, "You are very brave to wear those unlucky stones. I suppose you are not superstitious."

There are many women who would rather go unadorned by jewels than put opals on their fingers or round their necks. This is really very strange and unreasonable, for in olden times the opal was regarded actually as the greatest talisman of all precious stones. It was the emblem of hope and thought to combine every virtue—both moral and healing—of the other coloured gems.

Among these is the cure of diseases of the eye and power to render anyone invisible. In the East the efficacy of opals as charms against sickness is so great that they are used as amulets for this purpose.

October's special gem, it recalls, in its wonderful and varied play of colour, the glories of a bright autumnal day.

It is only within the last two centuries that, for some reason or other, the opal has gained a name for being unlucky. Popular superstition declares it fatal to love and a sower of discord between lovers if set in an engagement ring, but this malign influence was not ascribed to the stone by the ancients, and is a comparatively modern slander.

Black Opals

THE so-called black opals, on the other hand, are always regarded as exceptionally lucky stones. In fact these beautiful jewels are thought by the superstitious to be emblematic of the good eye, as opposed to the evil eye.

According to the legend, Noah's special talisman in the ark was a wonderful black opal, and the alchemists of mediæval times believed that, as the traditional "philosopher's stone," it possessed the virtue of manufacturing gold.

Except, perhaps, pearls, opals require more care in the handling than any other jewels. They are very brittle and easily fractured in the process of cutting or setting, and owing to their extreme softness the polishing is a matter of time and care alone.

All these characteristics make this the most difficult precious stone to imitate, and paste reproductions are seldom seen. This is probably the reason imitation opals are not worn to the extent of other paste jewels, and so overcome the prejudice against the real stones.

One of the finest opals of modern times belonged to the Empress Josephine, and was known as the "Burning of Troy," from the innumerable flames which appeared to be blazing within its depths.

COMPLEXION CARE

"WHAT beautiful complexions English girls have!" This remark was made the other day by a visitor from Sydney, Australia, and is endorsed by the majority of folk who come from other parts of the world. In spite of all its vagaries, the English climate is conducive to a good complexion, and the healthy country girl, with her skin of "milk and roses," leads the way in complexion beauty.

Attractive Appearance

THE town girl, however, if she takes proper care of herself, can, in spite of an indoor life, boast of an almost equally attractive appearance. Good health is, of course, the greatest asset, and the wearing of suitable colours is a great help. A sallow skin is enhanced by certain shades of brown, green, old rose, and orange; grey suits an olive-tinted one, and striking shades are becoming to a dark complexion, while delicate pastel tints, as well as black and white, show to advantage a fair one. Then there is the question of diet. Too heating foods are liable to make the skin red and blotchy, and therefore fruit and salads should be plentifully partaken of, and the drinking of pure cold water is also an excellent beauty tonic. An American beauty treatment consists in drinking daily two quarts of cold water. There are, of course, various lotions which may be used on the face with a beneficial effect. One which is particularly to be recommended and should be applied with a soft sponge, consists of half an ounce of boric acid dissolved in one and a-half ounces of pure alcohol. To this four ounces of rosewater and one ounce of glycerine are added. The mixture should then be thoroughly shaken, and one and a-half ounces of simple tincture of benzoin added drop by drop, the mixture being shaken after adding a few drops. The lotion should then be bottled and kept tightly corked when not in use.

It is especially important that girls should not neglect the care of their complexions during their holiday and after their return. Sunburn may be temporarily attractive, but it is liable to have a coarsening effect on the skin. The application of a little elderflower water to the face before and after bathing is an excellent antidote.

Regular Treatment

BEFORE going to bed it is always wise to sponge the face with warm water and smear over it a reliable complexion cream, which should afterwards be wiped off. The excessive use of powder and cosmetics is bound to be detrimental to the complexion and should be avoided by the girl who values her appearance.

ON THE USE OF SCENT

SOME women overdo the use of scent, and others underdo it; some women use the right scent and some the wrong. To keep one's clothes in a drawer with sachets of some delicate perfume is a nice refined thing to do. To put scent in one's bath is a pleasant luxury. To have a suspicion, not more, of scent in one's hair lotion is permissible, but to drench one's handkerchief with scent is not.

Good Quality Necessary

THERE is also the question of the kind and quality of scent used. Better no scent at all than anything common or heavy. Scent on a woman should be suggestive only of freshness, cleanliness, and good grooming. One kind of scent only should be used, and even of the very best too little rather than too much.

The woman who refuses to use scent at all is a little like the total abstainer, inclined to be intolerant of those who do. She forgets that many women use scent as she perhaps uses flowers. She likes the perfume of the real blossoms, but finds their distilled essence unpleasant. This is hardly reasonable, and when she criticises the scent-loving woman as bad form she does well to remind herself that in the days of the old stillroom the best bred and the most virtuous of women delighted in delicate scents to be used for their houses and their persons.

The reasonable way of using scent is to keep sachets of one's favourite perfume in the wardrobe, the linen drawer, and the hat box. A bottle of bath salts, a pot of face cream, and a box of face powder in the dressing-room, and a flacon of the very finest of its kind on the toilet table, to scent furs. If the choice is for some fresh, clean scent such as lavender or sandalwood, there is no danger of falling into abuse of a good thing. If, however, such scents as carnation, lily of the valley, rose, or stephanotis are used the sternest restraint must be exercised.

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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