

PRICE 1/-

THE LADIES



1st JUNE, 1925

# MIRROR

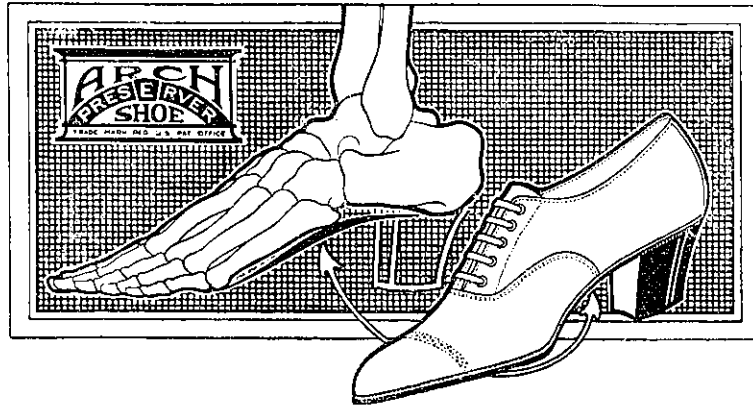
THE HOME JOURNAL OF NEW ZEALAND



H.R.H. The Duchess of York

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THE TUDIOUS DUKE — The Duke of York's Private Life  
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# THE LADIES' MIRROR

THE HOME JOURNAL OF NEW ZEALAND

IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE HOME JOURNAL OF NEW ZEALAND," "THE FASHIONABLE LADIES' JOURNAL OF NEW ZEALAND" AND "THE LADIES' MIRROR MOTORING SUPPLEMENT"

VOL. III.—No. 12

1st JUNE, 1925

One Shilling



*Claude Ring, photo, Christchurch*

*Christchurch Contributes a Charming  
Portrait Study*

MISS LINA WILLIAMSON  
A POPULAR MEMBER OF SOCIETY IN  
THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTHERN CITY



*"Know ye not that there is  
a prince and a great man  
fallen this day in Israel."*

*—2 Sam. 3, 38*

MRS. W. F. MASSEY  
TO WHOM IS EXTENDED THE  
HEARTFELT SYMPATHY OF  
EVERY WOMAN IN NEW ZEALAND



Mrs. Massey, as President of the Plunket Society. Mrs. Massey, whose deep interest in the welfare of the mothers and wives of the Dominion, has always been in such great evidence, has taken an active part in the splendid work of the Plunket Society. Next to Mrs. Massey is Lady Anna Stout (in white).  
S. P. Andrew, Studio, photo, Wellington & Auckland

IN THE

MASSEY has passed, and an Empire mourns the loss of one of its greatest sons.

The last few weeks have been tragically scattered with the all too-evident traces of the progress of the Grim Reaper amongst those of high position. His victims have numbered leaders in all spheres of human endeavour. Statesmanship, Art, Letters, Business and War have each contributed double toll to the inevitable, and the Empire is the poorer by many great and famous names, but amongst all those splendid figures that moved amongst us but a few short days ago and who now are but glorious memories, none will occupy a more worthy place than that of the late Premier of New Zealand.

His is a record of staunch, unblemished integrity; of unswerving devotion to a noble ideal; of a lifetime spent in application to duty even unto the time when frail flesh could hardly support the burden that the resolute spirit insisted on its bearing to the last; of sacrifice of self to the people of New Zealand and to the Empire.

He sought no honours save an unsmirched name and craved no reward except his own knowledge of duty gladly, sufficiently done.

Undoubtedly his labours on our behalf shortened his life, and, except in the pleasure he gained in work accomplished, deprived him of many of the joys that were his just and well-earned due.

He leaves behind an example that should inspire our youth, and a re-



LADY BELL.

On the shoulders of Sir Francis Bell now falls much of the responsibility for conducting the work of the Dominion

S. P. Andrew, Studio, photo, Wellington & Auckland

MIRROR

cord that must be a source of comfort to Mrs. Massey in her mourning.

Let us be glad, as he probably was, that he departed with his honours full upon him: that he died in harness, yet with his work accomplished, leaving as his monument a country that has passed through the recent tumultuous, disastrous years as successfully and as prosperously as any country in the world, and which has emerged from the Valley, thanks to his genius (that genius that is built on a solid foundation of hard work) with a glorious future assured.

IN the old days, Mr. Massey and Mr. Seddon faced one another for many years across the floor of the House of Representatives and in the years to come their monuments will stand on the hilltops facing each other across the waters of Wellington Harbour. Between them their Premierhips have filled up twenty-six years in New Zealand's Parliamentary annals, which now extend back over the past seventy years, and their figures, with that of Sir George Grey, are the outstanding ones in our political history. Sir George Grey, whose name is associated with three different parts of the Empire, lies in St. Pauls in London, the tomb of so many of the nation's soldiers and sailors. New Zealand has no traditional Valhalla, and in its absence the hill-top tombs in the capital city make fitting resting places for her two big leaders.

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## IN THE MIRROR

Continued from page 3

WHILE Mr. Seddon's Premiership was distinguished chiefly by audacity in social legislation and the trying out of ideas which had been talked of elsewhere but not put into practice, to Mr. Massey fell the task of piloting the country through the turmoil of the war years, and though the Great War was not in sight when his Premiership began it would have been difficult to find a public man more fitted to the task that fortune allotted to him. His robust optimism, sound commonsense, and dogged perseverance were just the qualities needed through the weary four years of war. Mr. Massey was the captain of the storm; indeed, his whole political career was no bed of roses, first with the long uphill fight in Opposition, then immediately on taking office the big waterside strike, a bitter fight that lasted four months, and then the war and its long aftermath. Mr. Massey had earned easy years, but only in the grave are they his. Nevertheless, as the poet says:

*Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,  
Ease after care, death after life,  
does greatly please.*

NATURALLY the question of the hour is who is to succeed to the vacant throne? Who is capable of adequately shouldering the onerous burdens that Mr. Massey bore so efficiently? Probably the choice may be limited to three names: Mr. Downey Stewart, Mr. J. G. Coates and Mr. McLeod—from these three it is almost certain that the selection will be made. All New Zealand knows that Mr. William Downey Stewart was badly injured in the War; indeed, it is a most extraordinary thing that with his physical disability, his mentality has never been impaired. During the Massey regime he was the backbone of the Government regarding all matters of finance, the portfolio of finance having been held by Mr. Massey for years. No one in this country could possibly doubt the fact that the finance of this country has been carried on with notable success. The burden of office during the last days of Mr.

Massey's illness was alleviated by the fact that he had behind him such a man as William Downey Stewart. It is to be hoped that in view of the cable received from New York recently that Mr. Downey Stewart will soon be able to return and take charge of the most important portfolio in any Government, namely Finance.

Possibly, however, Mr. Stewart will consider the load of leadership beyond his strength, though it would indeed be sad if injuries received in the service of the Empire should prohibit his further advancement.

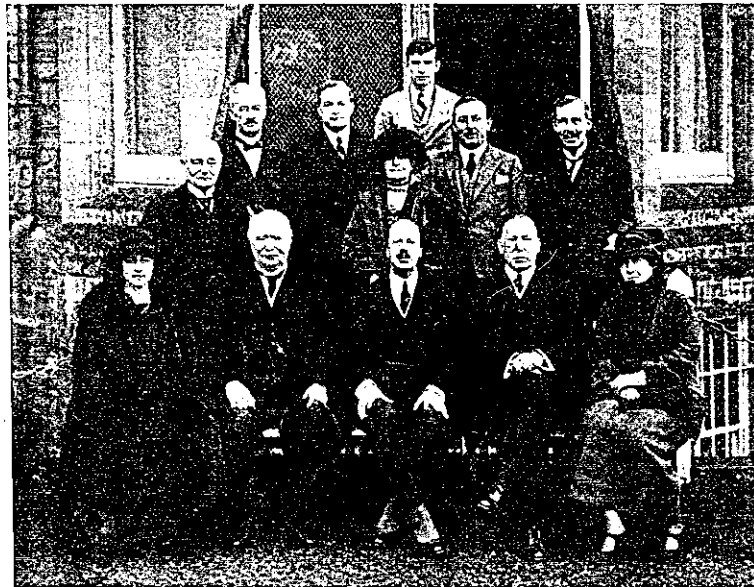
Mr. J. G. Coates' administration of the various departments under his control has been marked by noteworthy efficiency, and his tactful yet firm handling of more than one crisis has proved that he possesses some of the virtues that one requires in a Party Leader and in an even greater degree in a Prime Minister, whilst Mr. McLeod has served his Party and the Dominion faithfully and well in many spheres.



THE PRINCE OF WALES' HOST AND HOSTESS  
IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone,  
with their daughter, Lady May Cambridge

Topical Press, photo, London



MR. MASSEY'S LAST VISIT TO HIS HOME

Mr. Massey, with Sir James and Lady Craig in Ulster, where he was born. A photograph taken during his last visit Home. Front row—Lady Craig, Mr. Massey, His Grace the Governor of Northern Ireland, Sir James Craig, and Mrs. Chichester. Second row—Sir James and Lady Allen. Third row—Mr. H. T. B. Drew, Mr. Blackmore, Master James Craig, Mr. F. D. Thomson, and Col. Spencer, D.S.O.



WOMEN FASCISTI

Though until recently Italian women took up little interest in politics, to-day they are playing a large part in the somewhat troublesome development of Italy. Our photograph shows a "march past" of Women Fascisti, which was recently reviewed by Signor Mussolini.

It is to be hoped that whoever takes over Mr. Massey's mantle will be endowed with some of his gifts, and also that he will not be faced with the same tasks and problems that the late Leader handled with such energy and foresight. One of the wonders of the British Empire has been that the need has always produced the man and doubtless we shall find it so in this case. A Prime Minister must, however, be more than a skilled party-politician—he must, at times, be ready to sacrifice politics to policy—party needs to statesmanship.

AMONGST interesting events that are shortly to be staged in Auckland are the "Musical Competitions." These are timed for July and we shall have more to say about them in our next issue. We hear, however, that they are embracing a wider field than last year, and are more on the lines of those held in other centres in the Dominion.

THE Extremist is possibly one of the worst enemies a convalescent world has to encounter: the War apparently left his energies unimpaired, and though often we can give him the credit of meaning well—a dreadful indictment—he is a very virulent and potent force for evil. Unfortunately, we seem to veer to Extremism in every direction—no sooner have reformers accomplished their purpose than they in their turn become as dangerous foes to real progress as the evil they overcame.

No one will deny that there were, for instance, many crying abuses that needed redress in the conditions of the working classes a few years ago—now we are threatened by the possibility of labour becoming a harder taskmaster than ever was Capital.

Autocracy had many faults—and when it had run rampant, deserved but little sympathy, but Bolshevism is an even greater peril to the world than the worse menace of aristocratic domination.

To oppose Bolshevism was created, as every force must, by the law of Nature, create, a resisting force: Fascism, and to-day this has become an intolerant, overbearing power, exacting an unjust retribution from any party or person that dare oppose it.

Mussolini and his supporters may have saved Italy from the Bolshevik—but who will save Italy from Mussolini?

### A Three-Year-Old worth Watching

WITH this issue THE LADIES' MIRROR completes its third volume and I think my readers will agree that the promises made a year ago have been most amply fulfilled.

In our next issue will be outlined some of the ambitious plans that are in hand for the coming twelve months; and though I think we can unblushingly claim that, judged on the present issue, we hold pride of place amongst Australasian monthlies—another year will see even more remarkable progress than the last twelve months has witnessed.

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# WELL-KNOWN IN THE SOCIAL W H I R L

SOME POPULAR MEMBERS  
OF THE YOUNGER SET



*Miss Violet a'Deane, of Ashcote, Tokapu, Huxke's Bay, whose engagement has been announced to Commander Tollemarcke, R.N., of H.M.S. Dunedin.*

*Photograph by Swaine*



### TWO CHARMING SISTERS

*The Misses Molly and Flora Fleming, the daughters of the Hon. D. T. Fleming, M.L.C., of Balclutha, Otago.*

*Photograph by Elizabeth Greenwood, Wellington.*



*Miss N. Burgess, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burgess, of St. John's Hill, Wanganui.*

*Tesla Studio, photo Wanganui*





MRS. H. HOLLAND

The popular President of the Canterbury Women's Club

## IN THE MIRROR

Continued from page 4

WELLINGTON is having quite a little tussle over its war memorial. The project has been a long time in maturing, and the delay naturally gives various people time to develop brain waves and burst upon the public with some new idea as to the form the memorial should take. The committee at the outset decided against a utilitarian memorial, and in favour of a monument pure and simple that should serve no other purpose than that of reminding us of the sacrifice of those who went to the war and did not come back. Last year it secured a plan for a memorial embodying a group of statuary and a colonnade which was to be erected by the entrance to Parliament House grounds, and was to cost about £20,000. A campaign for funds to bring the subscription up to this figure was conducted, but the committee seems temporarily to have faded out of sight, and the exact result of its campaign dependent upon knoweth not.

LATTERLY there has been much correspondence in the Wellington press in favour of a carillon. Sydney University has a carillon, somebody tells us. Bells are beautiful, says someone else, their mellow notes floating in the evening air will ever be an inspiration, and so on. Bells will pall and become a nuisance, says someone else. Just where Wellington is getting to is not quite clear, but let us hope it will end with one

of those compromises dear to democracy. Satisfying monuments are rare, but it is to be hoped that Wellington, having taken such due time for reflection, will produce something really worth while.

IT is an old cry that New Zealand's University colleges are little better than night schools, and one cannot help wondering whether the pursuit of degrees as at present conducted is in the best interests of young people. Wellington, I hear, is in search of a benefactor, or benefactors, who will give it a hostel for its university college. At present a large percentage of the students work in the city during the day, rush up to the college for lectures as soon as work is over, and then trek home to cheap boardinghouses, long after the normal time for the evening meal, seeking such fragments of food as their landladies may have preserved for them, too often receiving a grudgingly served and pitiful apology for a dinner. This means that on lecture nights these young people, at an age when substantial food is needed, are done out of the chief meal of the day.

WORKING by day and studying for a degree by night means a big load on young shoulders, and it is not wide of the mark to say that to ask students to do it without proper food is a scandalous proceeding, and reflects very great discredit

on those in control of higher education—if a course of overworking and underfeeding can be dignified by such a name. It seems that in Wellington alone there are some hundreds of students attending Victoria College under these conditions. In America they seem to have devised a system by which students are enabled to earn enough money during their vacations to support themselves during the university terms. It would be interesting to know why such a system is not encouraged in this country. In any case it is a disgrace to leave students to a dingy and sordid existence in cheap boardinghouses. No university with the name can be run without having the students in residence. If there were a hostel at Victoria College meals and lectures could be made dovetail, and the university would become the students' home from which he could make his daily descent in the city to earn his way. Such a hostel in proper hands ought to be able to provide better fare and better facilities for healthy recreation than is possible under isolated boardinghouse life, and ought also to be self-supporting. At present we are going the right way about things to strew the country with mental and physical wrecks in the name of higher education.

I HOPE you are saving up your pennies, dear Lady, for a visit to Dunedin next summer, for it is going to be quite "the thing to do" to visit the Exhibition: and by all ac-

counts it is going to be *some* show. Your Knave recently had the chance to see what progress that has already been made, and was amazed at the ambition displayed by the promoters. However, it was soon explained to him that this ambition was by no means a sign of vanity or of short-sighted optimism, but that their original schemes have had to be increased by sheer necessity; the demand for space has so far exceeded their original estimate that fresh ground has had to be obtained and their original bold plans extended.

It behoves us all to see that we spare no effort to make our *own* show a success, and as Dunedin is renowned for its hospitality there can be no doubt that when the southern city is "At Home" to the world, we can be assured of having a right royal time.

It is to be hoped that every province in the Dominion will spare no effort to yield of its best: for the setting will indeed be worthy.

Not only will the Exhibition be representative of every phase of New Zealand life and industry, but the relaxations of our lighter moments will be catered for in a way that has not been attempted before in the Dominion. I have been privileged to glance through some of the preliminary plans for the amusement and entertainment of visitors, and I can foresee that when we foregather in Dunedin the question is

Continued on page 8



MRS. G. LAURENCE TAYLOR, OF AUCKLAND

A daughter of Mrs. Massey and the late Right Hon. W. F. Massey, P.C.

S. P. Andrew, Studio, photo, Wellington & Auckland





From Far Malay: Betty, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Ellis.

Portrait by Mabel Tustin, Wellington

And Betty's brother Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Ellis who now reside in Singapore, were formerly well-known in Wellington, and Betty and Stanley have just returned to New Zealand to be educated.

Portrait by Mabel Tustin, Wellington



A Doctor's Daughter—Sonia, the charming small daughter of Doctor and Mrs. Oscar Jacobsen, of Wellington.

Portrait by Mabel Tustin, Wellington



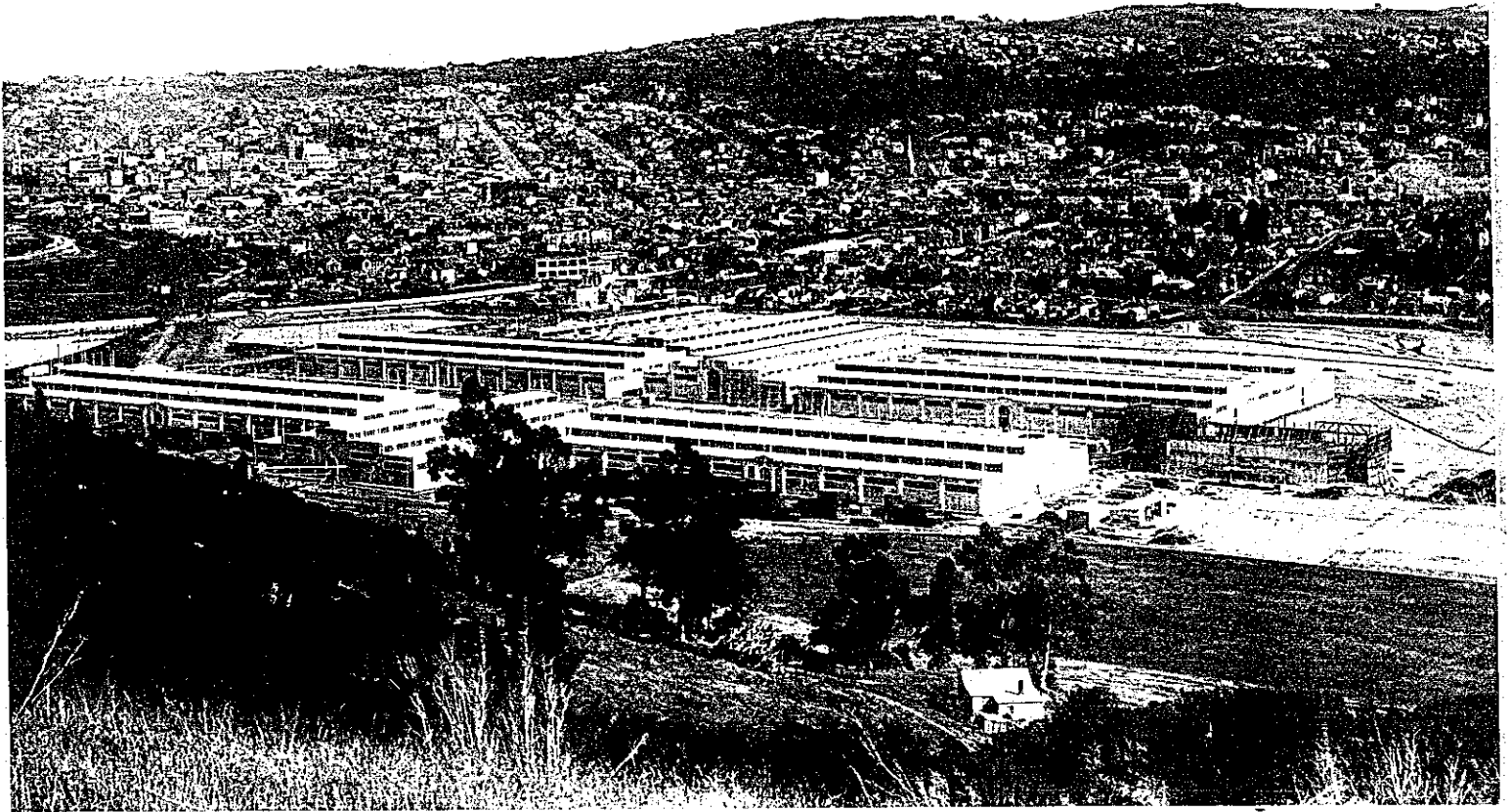
A Masterton Maid—Patricia, who lives at Masterton, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jordan.

Portrait by Mabel Tustin, Wellington



Twins from Te Kuiti—Heather and Fay, the twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. C. Rowland Kerr, of Te Kuiti.

Paulyn Huggitt, photo, New Plymouth



THE NEW ZEALAND AND SOUTH SEAS EXHIBITION; DUNEDIN

*A striking view showing the progress that is being made with the construction. The Exhibition will be the most ambitious yet seen in the Dominion, and no effort is being spared to make it successful.*

not going to be "What to do?" but "How to do what we have to do?"

One thing I will say for the South Island (I could, of course, say quite a lot!) is that when they start out to do a thing, they are thorough—it must be that strain of Scottish blood that gives them the spirit to not only achieve impossibilities, but to make the rest of us wonder why we ever thought that the difficulties were insurmountable—and I think you will find that the Exhibition is going to prove the truth of this!

\* \* \* \*

THE Auckland Society of Arts holds its annual exhibition on June 11, and I hear that it promises to be one of the most successful and interesting that we have yet seen. A higher standard of acceptance has been set by the Selection Committee, and several famous Dominion artists resident in England and Australia are submitting works.

The Society has long fought an uphill fight, very often without a great deal of encouragement, and it deserves all the support that we can give. Certainly, all Aucklanders should show that they are at least willing to learn what is being done in the "Queen City" by visiting the Exhibition at least once.

\* \* \* \*

BY the way, probably the most interesting statement—and the most sensible—yet made on the ques-

## IN THE MIRROR—Cont.



THE STURDY SON OF A NORTH ISLAND DOCTOR  
*A charming portrait of Brian, the son of Dr. and Mrs. McSweeney,  
of Pukekohe*

*R. J. Clark, photo, Gisborne*

tion of congestion in city streets was recently made by Mr. V. H. Potter. No one who knows the streets of London or New York can see where is the necessity for all the fuss and bother about trams and 'busses—and why restrictions and eliminations are such a vital question. As a matter of fact, we have reached a stage where our streets are so congested as to make high speeds dangerous—but not sufficiently congested to prevent foolhardy drivers attempting high speeds. Real congestion would therefore probably mean less accidents and more safety for the pedestrian! This may sound contradictory, but I think can be proved to be true.

\* \* \* \*

### Our Cover

THE Duchess of York is one of the most popular and charming members of the Royal Family, and the portrait on our cover (by The Topical Press, London) is one of her most recent photographs. Neither the Duke nor the Duchess of York court publicity, preferring the mutual pleasure that they find in their own society and home life. Our next issue will contain some intimate glimpses of the beautiful and lovable Duchess, by "A Court Historian," whose article in this issue deals with the private life and character of the Duke of York.

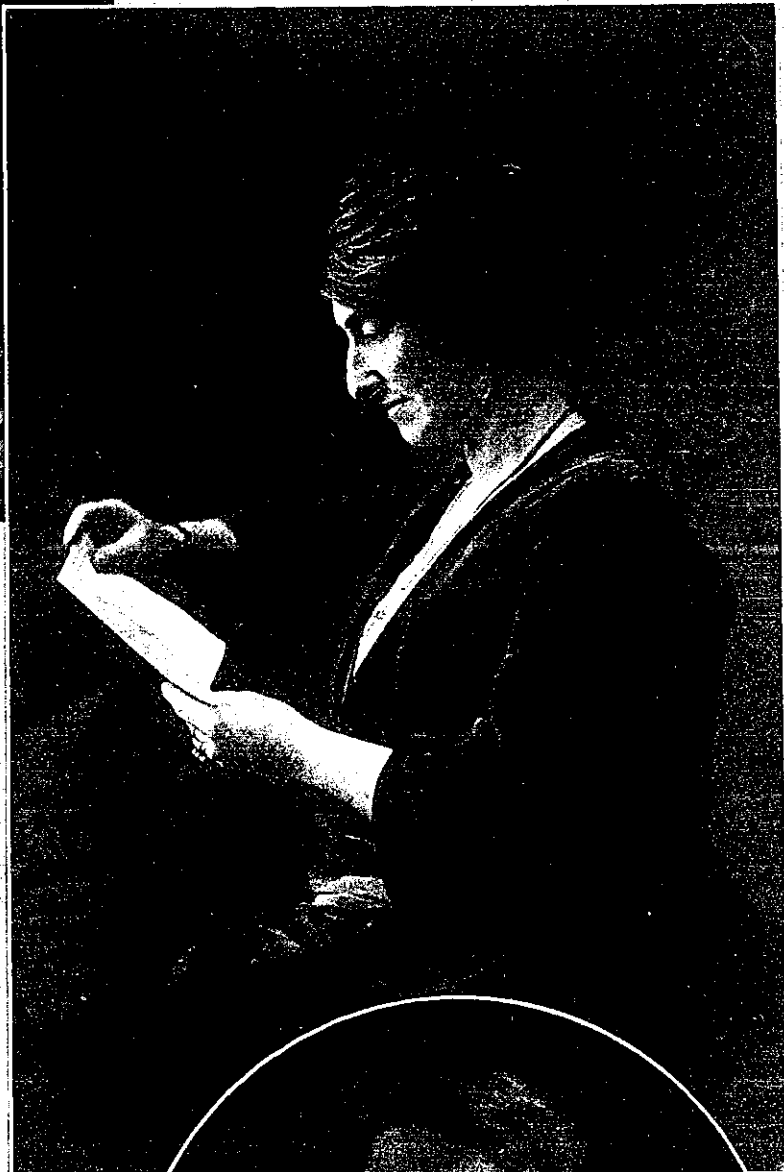
# SOME NORTH ISLAND PERSONALITIES

*Left—The lovely daughter of a well-known artist: Miss Phyllis Bowring, whose father, Mr. W. A. Bowring, R.O.L., has recently left Wellington for Sydney.*

*S. P. Andrew, Studio, photo, Wellington & Auckland*

*Below—A Prominent Social Worker: Mrs. T. W. Lewis, who is an energetic official of the Women's Community Club of Hastings.*

*Lowell Smith Studio, photo, Hastings*



*Crown Studios  
Auckland*

*Mrs. Douglas Bingley, wife of Lieutenant-Commander D. A. Bingley, who has temporarily relinquished his Naval duties in order to establish a stud-farm for Friesian cattle at Opaheke.*

*Crown Studios, Auckland, photo.*



*Mrs. D. A. McLean, the popular and charming Mayoress of Whangarei*

# ROYALTY IN REALITY

## THE STUDIOUS DUKE



*It has often been rumoured that the Duke of York will accept the Governorship of one of the Dominions, and his name has also been connected with the Viceroyalty of India. His own personal popularity, and his natural gifts and the charm of the Duchess of York, would make such an appointment no unwise choice.*

"BERTIE IS THE STUDIOUS MEMBER OF THE FAMILY!" WAS A REMARK MADE BY THE KING IN REFERENCE TO HIS SECOND SON, THE DUKE OF YORK. IN THIS ARTICLE HE IS REVEALED AS AN EARNEST AND METHODICAL YOUNG MAN, THE EXACT OPPOSITE IN TEMPERAMENT TO THE HEIR APPARENT. ~ ~ HIS BOOKS, LOVE OF QUIET, HOBBIES, AND HIS AMAZING RESEMBLANCE IN TEMPERAMENT TO THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT MAKE UP AN INTIMATE PICTURE OF THE STUDIOUS DUKE, WHILST THE INFLUENCE OF MARRIAGE UPON HIS CHARACTER, WHICH IS REVEALED PERHAPS FOR THE FIRST TIME, MAKES FASCINATING READING

IT is not unusual for two sons, with only a relatively short period between their birthdays, to differ considerably in characteristics. Many stories and plays have been written on this theme, and, indeed, it is a fact which invariably arrests attention wherever it exists.

Thus it is that those who know the Royal Family frequently remark upon the difference between the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Though divided in age only by some eighteen months, and though they were educated side by side, their characters are markedly different. Comparisons are notoriously odious, and contrasts are not always edifying. It is, therefore, unnecessary to catalogue here, in opposing columns, the virtues of these two excellent young men. Remembering that even Princes are fallible, let it suffice that each has qualities which the other lacks, and, together, they command the admiration of every section of the public.

It is related that once, in their childhood days, King George offered his two sons the choice of an apple or a picture book. The future Prince of Wales selected the apple, but the younger boy, "Bertie," chose the book. Here, at quite an early stage in life, the Duke's preference for things of the mind was apparent. Since boyhood he has been a voracious reader. Nowadays, he confines himself almost exclusively to serious works on economics, civics, and industrial questions. No book is "dull" if it deals with these topics.

The Duke loves facts; he is not afraid of them. As a realist, he will face any problem, however difficult, dull, or painful it be, and he will get right to the heart of it. Were a man of republican views to tell the Duke that he had no use for kings and princes, I can imagine the Duke turning with a smile and saying, "Do sit down and tell me all about it."

Where, why and how, are words constantly on his lips when he is engaged on a tour of inspection.

### *An Amusing Story*

IN this spirit of inquiry he goes everywhere. He has always been extraordinarily observant, and of this valuable trait a most amusing story is told, although I have not yet found anyone who would swear to its accuracy. Unconfirmed history has it that on one occasion the young Princes and their parents were lunching with King Edward. During the meal, "Bertie" made an attempt to say something to his grandfather. The King, who was occupied in conversation, corrected the boy in a kindly way, saying that

*Continued on page 11*



*The Duke's love-match appealed to the romance that is innate in us all, and he and the Duchess are always popular figures wherever they may go.*

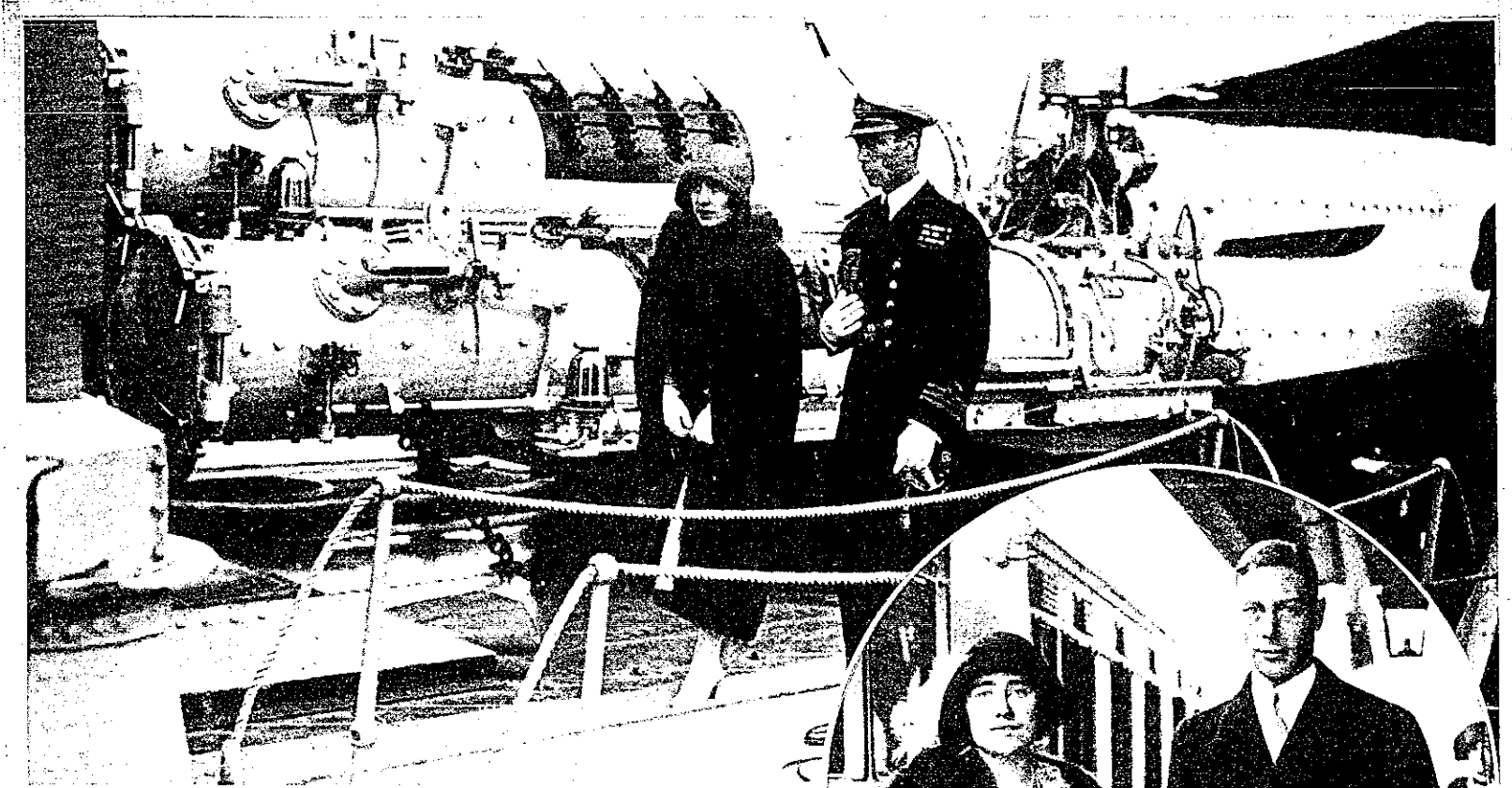


*Though Royalty are often endowed with honorary scholastic degrees, in the case of the Duke of York these are often well-deserved, for he has a great love of study for its own sake.*

## NEXT MONTH THE HAPPY DUCHESS

"It is no light matter to enter the Royal circle," confided the Duchess of York to one of her friends. Soon afterwards she was exalted from being the daughter of a Scottish nobleman to become the wife of a Royal Duke.

Queen Mary does not conceal her love and admiration for her daughter-in-law, and recently declared: "She is the life and soul of every gathering." But just how this has been accomplished is a tribute to the peculiar charm and tact of the Duchess, for right from the first she realised she had a difficult task before her.



*The Sailor Duke: The Prince of Wales has largely been identified with the Army, but the Duke of York has, like his father, the salt of the sea in his blood. Here he is seen with the Duchess of York, on a modern T.B.D. (In circle)—The Duke and Duchess snuggled during their honeymoon travels.*



*Topical Press, photos, London*

he would talk to him when the meal was over. When an opportunity occurred, King Edward asked Prince Albert: "Now what is it you wanted to talk about?" With a sad face the little boy replied: "It doesn't matter now, sir. I only wished to tell you that I saw an insect on your salad; but you've eaten it now."

This observance of minute things is a part of the general thoroughness of the Duke's nature. He is not content to drive a motor car, he knows all about its mechanism, and can do more than "running repairs." Some of this knowledge he obtained, of course, in the Royal Air Force, where he studied the technical side of the service with considerable zeal.

His success in the Air Force is something worthy of comment. As

everyone knows, the Duke was intended for the Navy, and did, in fact, serve in the Battle of Jutland, as a lieutenant, with considerable distinction, being mentioned in dispatches. Ill-health, however, intervened, and, after an operation had taken place, the King was advised that his second son was not physically fitted for the sea. This was a great blow to the Duke, coming as it did in the middle of the War, when he was more than usually anxious to give of his best. However, he faced the situation with his usual courage, and, without delay, applied himself to the new arm to which he had been posted. He was still in the doctors' care when he went to the Air depot at Cranwell to begin his training. For some time he was not permitted to fly by him-

self, but I have heard talk of strictly unofficial "trips" in the air which contributed largely to his knowledge, and brought him nearer to the "wings" which he coveted.

Believing he lacked sufficient experience, the authorities were loth to put him forward for the test for the pilot's certificate. Under this delay Prince Albert (as he then was) chafed for a time, and then he showed that vein of irresistible determination which is one of the primary features of his character.

One morning at two o'clock he went to the hut of his equerry, the genial Commander Louis Greig, and awakened him, exclaiming: "If I don't fly to-day, I shall never fly."

Commander Greig invited His Royal Highness's attention to the weather, which was distinctly stormy. But the Prince was adamant. He went out at daybreak, and the test was passed.

An almost infinite capacity for taking pains, combined with the strong will-power, carries the Duke through any task to which he sets his mind. Had he been a man of less persistence he might not have had at his side the gracious and capable lady who is now his partner in life. That she hesitated in accepting the Duke's hand is, of itself, proof of her fitness for the position that is now hers. She needed to be convinced, not only of the Duke's affection, but also of her own worthiness for the public position which the marriage would bring. The Duke

was resolved—and the rest is history.

### Royalty's Bane

THE bane of Royalty is boredom.

It is so easy, and so natural for one to be bored, but, to show boredom would be a sad lapse on the part of a Royal personage. Those who have been shown over a large factory manufacturing, say, some obscure mechanical commodity, know how difficult it is to keep the mind concentrated, unless one is particularly interested in engineering. This is the sort of test that members of the Royal Family have almost daily to endure, for principals of such establishments so frequently forget that the King and Queen and their sons are always more interested in people than in plant. They are "paraded" before iron and steel instead. They are shown gigantic machines and extremely delicate mechanism, and, often by a great effort of will only do they retain an interest in what their enthusiastic, technical guides are explaining.

The Duke of York, however, is different in this respect. Although he, like the rest of his family, prefers to meet and chat with workers, he is never bored by machinery. It is all so wonderful, so romantic, that he will ply his guides with question after question, seeking explanations and acquiring new facts.

*Continued on page 47*



*The Wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York  
The bride and bridegroom en route for Waterloo on the first stage of their honeymoon, which evoked an immense popular demonstration of the affection in which the Royal Family is held in the hearts of the people.*

# MEMORIES OF MR. MASSEY

By ROBERT RILEY

*What was the secret of the triumph of William Ferguson Massey as Prime Minister of New Zealand for close on thirteen years? He was in the clamour of political conflict for thirty-one years; never made a real enemy; won the personal esteem of his King; was hailed as the trusted comrade of the Empire's leading statesman; and had his service and the high merit of his character commemorated in Westminster Abbey. The question is informatively answered in the following special article for THE LADIES' MIRROR by the Associate Editor of the Christchurch Sun, who was the close journalistic friend of the late statesman for over a decade, and accompanied him in an official capacity to the Peace Conference in Paris and Versailles.*

—Editor, LADIES' MIRROR.

LIKE Cecil Rhodes, the great Imperial democrat of South Africa, whose tomb lies far and lonely in the Matoppo Hills, Mr. Massey was buried in an exalted grave on Point Halswell, Wellington, overlooking the haunts of his vigorous activities in life, and commanding in eternal peace the majestic solitude of the wide Pacific and the mantled peaks of lofty mountains North and South in his island home. It was an appropriate close to a great career, a noble place of rest for a strenuous worker for the State. His vision was always above the mists in the valley of politics.

There were features of his life and administrative achievement that are worthy of appreciative thought and emulation. His homely character was ever beyond the barbed arrows of criticism. Honesty was the foundation of his policy and it was the strength and success of its practice. Thousands of people in New Zealand had no time for his politics or party (which is the way of the political world), but no one really disliked the Man. His home life was a pattern of simplicity, affection and trust. Home to him was his castle, too strong in its character and happiness ever to yield to any unhappy invader. And now, as Oliver Wendell Holmes would have tenderly phrased it: "There are only two feet on the fender now."

## *The Secret of His Triumph*

WHAT was the secret of his personal and political triumph as Prime Minister of New Zealand for close on thirteen years, and these the most difficult in the history of the Dominion? He fought hard and conquered, but had no enemies. He won and was given the personal esteem of His Majesty the King. He was hailed and farewelled as the trusted comrade of the leading statesmen of the British Empire. And in the grey day of his final passing from the familiar scenes of men, the high merit of his service and character was commemorated by the most responsible representatives of the British nation in Westminster Abbey, the mausoleum of illustrious men. The answer might well be his epitaph: He made fulfilment of duty the goal of his life.

A few weeks before the end came, and when the lamp of life was dimly burning, King George was first in sympathy and hope. The Royal mes-

sage was in itself a rare tribute: "I remember the great services rendered by you to your country and Empire. I earnestly trust that your valuable life may be spared." It was a kindly, but a vain hope. Even then the sun of his strong life was westering, and the shadows lengthening. The grip of the dire malady that had dragged him unwilling from his post could not be relaxed. But it is good to know that in the last few days of alertness, which in reality presaged the rapid approach of the Pale Messenger, he was able to learn the range and sincerity of sympathy that had been flashed to him from all parts of the Empire. Thus was he sustained to the dark corridor through which every man must pass to reach the Light.

## *A Visit to Windsor Castle*

MR. MASSEY had cherished memories of many great occasions. Of these one of the most memorable was the manner in which he was received and treated by the King and Queen on his special visit to Windsor Castle as the guest of their Majesties. The late Prime Minister, who had been invited to spend a week-end at the beautiful palace of British Kings, had been naturally apprehensive. He was a plain, homespun man more familiar with the cottage of a peasant than with the palace of a king. He soon discovered that his anxiety "to do the right thing" (to recall one of his favourite expressions) had been wholly unnecessary. No man could have had a happier experience. There was no formality at all at any time of the visit, and the New Zealander was at home by the hearth of the Royal family. And he knew the pleasure of strolling with the King on the terrace at Windsor in the soft twilight of an English summer day. On that occasion the King presented Mr. Massey with several illustrated volumes portraying the history of Windsor Castle—a beautiful souvenir.

## *His Place in Politics*

IT is really not necessary to discuss his Parliamentary career, and his place in the political history of his country. Although he was first and last a great party leader and an expert political campaigner, he had a national outlook, and laboured with all his strength to advance the



THE LATE RT. HON. W. F. MASSEY, P.C.

*Mr. Massey was an enthusiastic Freemason, and this photograph shows him in his regalia as Grand Master of the Lodge of New Zealand.*

*S. P. Andrew, Studio, photo, Wellington & Auckland*

best interests of the Dominion. He was a man of action, staunch in character and ideals, and wise in counsel. Only once in the turmoil of Dominion politics was life threatened. This was during the industrial strife at the outset of his administrative career, when the industries of the Dominion were held up to the point of widespread ruin. He explored every avenue of conciliation before deciding to make an end to the industrial warfare, and he taught disruptive Labour a lesson that has not been forgotten to this day. At that hectic time several wild agitators threatened the life of the sturdy Prime Minister, but his courage did not wilt under the threat. Timid friends even provided a weapon of defence for him, but it was kept in a drawer unloaded. He knew his limitations as a marksman. "I could not hit a haystack," he was wont to say, when chided for walking home unarmed after midnight when the country was disturbed and agitated. In any case nothing could divert him from the path of duty.

He entered Parliament in 1894, and immediately gained the confidence of his party. Soon he was appointed Government Whip, and then leader of the Opposition. For nearly eighteen years he had to fight uphill all the way, against a powerful and popular regime. He was never dismayed, and got his reward on July 10, 1912, when he was appointed to be Prime Minister of New Zealand. The post became a prize for life. It was supposed popularly during the term of the Na-

tional Government to be shared with another, but that, of course, was merely an illusion. He was a single-minded administrative ruler and required no co-operative counsel. He had one ambition, which was not achieved. He had hoped to exceed the great record of the late Richard John Seddon, and just failed to do it. Mr. Seddon took office on May 1, 1893, and died at sea, on June 10, 1906. Mr. Massey's term of office lasted from July 10, 1912, to May 10, 1925. Thus he stopped short of the Seddonian reign only by a few months. In view of the greater stress of the later period the record of Mr. Massey was the more impressive. The historic Liberal regime enjoyed comparatively easy going all the way.

## *Among the Peacemakers*

THOUGH Mr. Massey thrived well on the adversities in political warfare he could also enjoy freedom from its wranglings. He was happiest and at his best on the wider field of Imperial politics. His opportunity came with the World War, and contemporary history has proved that he did not neglect them. It was the writer's good fortune to study his work at the Peace Conference in Paris, and throughout the innumerable sessions of the British Empire Delegation at the Quai d'Orsay. My estimate of his service under a supreme test can well be ignored in favour of that given by eminent statesmen. In the words of

*Continued on page 50*

# THE CHARM OF YOUTH

## SOME POPULAR MEMBERS OF YOUNGER NORTH ISLAND SOCIETY

*MISS JOYCE BEALE*

*The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Beale, of Auckland, is well-known in North Island riding circles*

*Photo—Tornquist Studio, Auckland.*



*Below—MISS JANET MORRISON*

*A popular and charming member of New Plymouth Society*

*Pauclynn Huggett, photo, New Plymouth*



*MISS HELEN KINROSS WHITE*

*The charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kinross White, of Oamaru.*

*Deighton Studio, photo, Napier*

# WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR CITIES?

Welwyn Garden City, Herts., England.—A country lane utilized in the street lay-out. The magnificent oaks



have been preserved and the water in the foreground is an old farm pond planted with lilies and bordered by a rock garden.

ON every hand to-day we are confronted by great and vital developments. New Zealanders are awakening to national and civic consciousness and this new-found sense is finding expression in activities which are moulding the country's character.

It is a commonplace to say that to-day is the day of great and rapid developments, but a commonplace which will bear frequent repetition if it eventually opens the public mind to the significance of these developments and to the necessity for their intelligent control.

Our concern for the moment is with the future development of the cities of the Dominion, and I hope to show along what lines this development might take place by drawing from the experience of other countries where civic art has reached an advanced stage.

An intelligent critic, bringing a fresh eye to anything in course of creation, whether it be a picture, a piece of sculpture, my lady's dress, or the building of a city, often detects faults to which the creator's jaded eye is blind.

Just as the artist steps back from his easel to get a comprehensive view of his picture, so the builders of cities should make a mental review of the work under their hands to fairly judge of its merit.

The last decade has marked phenomenal development in Auckland and its environs, and coming back to these shores after an absence of ten years or so, one reviews this growth with mixed feelings. Some aspects are happily inspired and wholly good, others merely commonplace, and others again, deplorably misconceived and abortive.

Perhaps the strongest impression one gains from these manifestations of activity is the extraordinary lack of co-operation and collective thought evidenced by the varying results. One feels sometimes that the good work of some is nullified by the distressing efforts of others, and the whole earth is crying out for some comprehensive and consistent policy concerning its development.

SPACE will not permit me to deal with many aspects of city development, so I choose that which is, perhaps, nearest to the hearts of most of us, the development of our residential areas, the environs of our homes and the homes themselves.

One need not look far for instances of unwise suburban development, vast deserts of uninteresting houses unrelieved by open spaces, shady trees, and grassy walks. Hideous streets, paved for their full width, without a blade of grass or the vestige of a tree are flanked on both sides by langalows whose only

IT IS GENERALLY ADMITTED TO-DAY THAT ENVIRONMENT EXERTS AN INCALCULABLE INFLUENCE ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF A PEOPLE. THERE IS NO GREATER FIELD OF ENDEAVOUR FOR THE SOCIOLOGIST AT THE PRESENT MOMENT THAN IN THE REFORM OF OUR PREVAILING METHODS, URBAN AND SUBURBAN DEVELOPMENT. MEN AND WOMEN ENGAGED IN THIS GREAT WORK ARE MAKING A BIGGER CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD'S WELFARE THAN THOSE WHO ENDEAVOUR TO PERSUADE THE POOR THAT THEIR LOT IS BETTER THAN IT REALLY IS—FOR THAT IS WHAT "CHARITY" HAS COME TO MEAN.

By A. J. BROWN, A. R. I. B. A.

distinguishing characteristics are those of the speculative builder—these are what we have exchanged in only too many instances for green fields and fine groups of shady trees.

The people who dwell in these places have sold their birthright for a mess of very bad pottage.

At whose door are we to lay the sin? Who are responsible for this abomination of desolation? Hide-bound local authorities, land-speculators interested only in monetary values, builders with a similar outlook and tenants dead to the fitness of things!

These shade-giving trees might

have been preserved along with other local amenities and characteristic local features; these arid streets might have been planted with well-kept grass margins and ornamental trees and the commonplace houses might have reflected the cultured taste of the occupants.

These things are given more consideration in other countries, particularly in Great Britain, America, Holland, France and Germany, and in view of our Government's interest in Model Garden Suburbs it may be useful to turn our eyes to the Mother Country for inspiration in these matters.



ASMUN'S PLACE, HAMPSTEAD GARDEN SUBURB, LONDON

A quiet residential street with narrow carriage way, grass margins and trees. A charming street picture—homogeneous but not monotonous.—From "Town Planning in Practice," by Raymond Unwin.

## The Garden City

THIS term has been much abused and mis-applied until it has come to mean, for the man in the street, anything from a place where social cranks congregate, to a row of cottages laid out on "model" lines.

In reality it is neither the one nor the other, but primarily a town where industries are carried on and the bulk of the population engaged in some capacity in those industries.

Some might insist that the homes exist to serve the industries, but we will take the point of view that all the other features of the town are for the service of the citizens.

Thus areas are set aside for business premises, shopping, civic buildings, and factories.

A belt of agricultural land may encircle the town and supply it with fresh produce—vegetables, milk, eggs and so forth.

## Streets and Roads

IN laying out streets and roads it is most likely that some old roads exist, and these may often be used to advantage in the street schemes. A winding country lane with fine trees at intervals and flanked by growing hedges may be widened where necessary for traffic and still retain much of its rural charm. The preservation of such features so long as they do not seriously interfere with development, is a wise policy.

The 66ft. road has been generally adopted in New Zealand, both for main traffic routes and for residential roads. The guiding principle in the minds of those who settled this question was, broadly speaking, a good one, but a moment's reflection will show that its indiscriminate application is unsatisfactory.

An arterial traffic route requires greater width than this, while a minor road merely giving access to houses may be considerably less.

By revising these conditions concerning road formation local authorities could do a great deal towards reducing the cost of land and save the ratepayers' money in maintenance.

All streets in residential areas should have grass margins between the carriageway and the footpath, and these margins should be planted with trees both at regular intervals and in groups.

In most streets there is no need to make the carriage-way more than 18 or 20 feet. This would allow of ample grass margins, which could be kept mown for less than the maintenance cost of extra carriageway.

The vistas along our streets are of great importance. By judicious

Continued on page 42



# BEAUTIFUL NEW ZEALAND HOMES

*"Hikarangi," Wanganui ~ The Residence of Mrs Hope Gibbons*



*Mrs. Hope Gibbons, photographs of whose charming home appear on this page.*



*"Hikarangi," showing how ideally is the house situated, and how lovely are the views the grounds command.*



*The Entrance Hall, that betokens the hearty welcome awaiting the guest.*



*One of the chiefest charms of "Hikarangi" is the rustic beauty of the spacious gardens. Here is found the "art that conceals art," and nature is improved, but yet unspoilt.*



*The Drawing Room that achieves beauty without the sacrifice of homely comfort.*

*Photographs by Denton, Wanganui*



MISS MOLLY LINDSAY ROBERTSON

*A recent debutante at the Viceregal Ball, Auckland*

*S. P. Andrew, Studio, photo, Wellington & Auckland*

### *The Lost Land*

What wind is it that stirs,  
Lighter than gossamers,  
In the pines, in the firs?

The Wind of Youth it blows  
From Yesterdays, Long Agoes,  
Under the rose, the rose.

What song is it he sings?  
What news is it he brings  
Of old, of beloved things?

The Wind of Youth is young:  
He goes with a careless song:  
No years have done him wrong.

The Wind of Youth is sad,  
Nay, he is merry and glad  
With the heart of a lad, a lad.

By the Wind of Youth and its word,  
Like the song of a fairy bird,  
The secret springs are stirred,  
O Wind of Youth in the tree,  
Go by, nor trouble me  
With news of the lost country.

That all so heavenly shows  
Under the rose, the rose,  
Where none returns, none goes.  
—KATHARINE TYNAN.

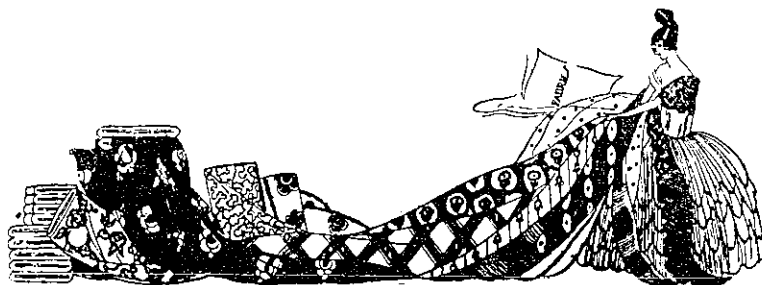
## SOME RECENT POEMS

### *Romance*

Have you, by chance,  
E'er met Romance?  
She wears a robe of silk  
And, resting on her hair,  
A crown with lilies and violets rare,  
While roses white and roses red  
Oftentimes bedeck her head.

Or if you meet her by the night  
She carries forth a silvery light,  
And on her feet hath jewelled shoon  
That shine and sparkle by the moon,  
Belike you'll meet upon a day;  
She wanders forth on many a way,  
But do not seek her here or there,  
She loves to catch you unaware.

—W. A. CRAWFORD.



Think happy thoughts, O friend, in  
sunny weather!

'Tis easier when the skies are deep  
and blue.

Let thy heart and the robins sing to-  
gether,

And thy clear eyes be tranquil as  
the dew.

So rich a store of memories shalt  
thou gather,

So tranquil grow thy spirit and  
thy brain,

Then when the winds blow fog and  
stormy weather,

Thou shalt have sunshine though  
the earth have rain.

—CHARLES POOLE CLEWS

\* \* \* \*

Dance, to the beat of the rain, little  
Fern,

And spread out your palms  
And say: "Tho' the sun again

Hath my vesture spun,  
He had laboured also in vain

But for the shade  
That the cloud had made,

And the gift of the dew and rain."  
Then laugh and upturn

All your fronds, little Fern,  
And rejoice in the beat of the rain.

—FATHER TABB,

# Here and There in Society



Miss Lulu Cohen, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McLean Cohen, late of Wellington, who are now residing in Sydney.

S. P. Andrew, Studio, photo, Wellington & Auckland



In circles—The Misses Molly and Cicely Ellis, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. O. V. Ellis, of Wellington.

Photographs by Mabel Tustin, Wellington



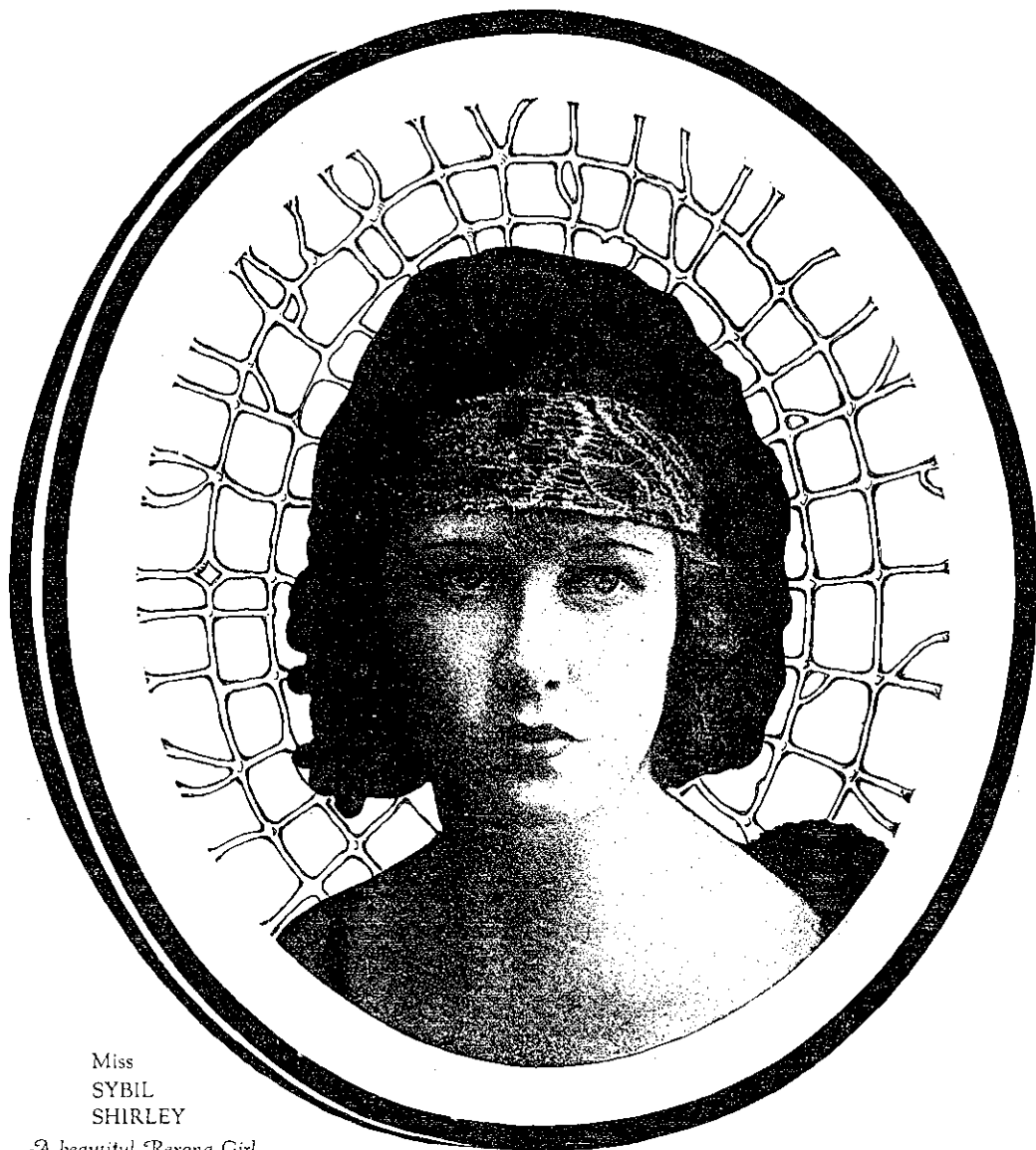
Miss Joan Hartmann, a popular member of South Island younger society.

Photograph by C. W. Puitillo, Dunedin

Miss Esmé Morgan, of Napier

Photograph by Deighton Studios, Napier

# GIRLS! BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR



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*A beautiful 'Rexona Girl'*



"Shampooing my hair with Rexona Soap has doubled its beauty and lustre. I am delighted with Rexona Soap."

Miss SYBIL SHIRLEY,  
Double Bank, N.S.W.

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A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, dry, brittle or thin.

REXONA SOAP cleanses the hair of all dust, dirt or excess oil, and in a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. REXONA SOAP dissolves every particle of dandruff, cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, for ever stopping itching and falling hair. If you care to have pretty hair and lots of it, get a tablet of REXONA SOAP *Go-Day*.



**REXONA SOAP**

:: 1s. 6d



A DUNEDIN BRIDE—Mrs. G. R. Kingston (née Miss Peggy Ramsden), whose recent wedding attracted much interest in Dunedin. Bridesmaids, from left to right: Miss Joan Finlayson, Miss Leslie Le Cren, Miss Joan Hartmann.

Photograph by J. J. Webster, Dunedin and Balclutha.



A WELLINGTON WEDDING—Mrs. J. H. Morton, of Eltham, who before her recent marriage was Miss Gladys Lillian Dorenes, of Wellington.

S. P. Andreu, Studio, photo, Wellington & Auckland

Mrs. L. Booker, with her bridesmaids—a recent Bay of Plenty Bride.

S. P. Andreu, Studio, photo, Wellington & Auckland





A  
Royal  
Glaxo Baby

*Anna Maria*

*Daughter of Princess Antici Mattei, aged two years.  
Brought up on Glaxo from birth.*

Read what her Doctor (Professor — of the  
Royal University of Rome) says about Glaxo:

"I HAVE used Glaxo for many years for infant feeding, and the long and extensive experience I have had with it, both in the Hospital and in my private practice, enables me to affirm with absolute assurance that this is the very best food for infants, and that it completely solves the problem of artificial feeding, which up till now (especially in Italy) has been considered almost insurmountable. I consider Glaxo the best of all infant foods for many reasons, the chief of which being its richness in Vitamins and its constancy of composition."

The Honorary Physician to the Royal House of Italy has prescribed Glaxo for more than 11 years. In the Royal Nursery, in his private practice among the aristocracy of Rome, in his Hospital practice, and for his own children, this eminent Professor of Medicine uses Glaxo exclusively. Only the best is good enough for your baby. Court Physicians know the best and see that Royal babies have the best. That is why Glaxo has been used to feed the babies in five Royal Nurseries. Your baby is a king to you—so give him Glaxo, the food that contains everything your baby needs to build firm flesh, plenty of bone and a strong constitution. Ask your doctor!

"The Super Milk that"

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

### GLAXO MALTED FOOD

*When that first tooth appears it is a sign that baby needs stronger food—bone-making food. Give him a spoonful of Malted Food every day, you will be delighted at his quick response.*



"She wears a shimmering, snaky kind of dress"

Topical Press, photo, London

I UNDERSTAND that there is a kind of woman round just now called a Vampire Woman, or a Vamp. I'd like to know her. From all I hear she is just the kind of woman that I think I'd like.

I believe I first noticed her in the moving pictures. In these she wears a shimmering, snaky kind of dress that fits her like onion peel. Personally, I know nothing of dress. In fact, my wife says I never observe it. That is an error. At the right moment, I do. And I must say that that onion-peel effect commands my warmest approval. The Vampire Woman wears nothing on her arms and shoulders. She doesn't need to. And her dress is generally slit up the side a good deal. This allows her freedom of movement. In my opinion she ought to have it. Freedom of movement is a splendid thing.

I don't mean to say that the Vampire Woman is found only in the moving pictures. You see her in all the new plays and in the magazines, and on book-covers, and in all the up-to-date advertisements. I read a description of her on the play-bill of a theatre the other day, and it said: "Dowered with a fatal and mesmeric charm, the lure of the iridescent beauty concealed the smallness of the soul within." But that's all right about the soul. I'm not looking for that. I don't care how small it is. Give me the iridescent stuff and I can overlook any shortage of soul that goes with it.

In the magazines the Vampire is generally shown in that scene in her boudoir where her victim (she's been luring him to his destruction) is seen grovelling at her feet. But I never worry about him; he's a nut. Let him grovel.

In the moving pictures you always see the two of them—the Vampire and the Nut—going out together for the evening. He is in evening dress, very pale and with his hair plastered down (poor Nut, he's nearing his end), and she is in her onion-skin dress with a seal cloak thrown over her shoulders. In this dress you see them entering one of those dreadful places where all the men and women—other Nuts and Vampires—are sitting at little tables drinking black sarsaparilla out of champagne glasses, and eating black oysters on the half-shell. In words, the place is one of those that are called "fashionable Hadeses," or words to that effect. I know those places ever so well by sight—little marble tables and beautiful rubber trees, and Vampires everywhere. I know them. But I can't find them. I wish some one would open up a few fashionable Hadeses in my home town. I know a lot of men who'd go.

Well, that's where the pictured Vampire is principally seen, leading the Nut after her; and, of course, as soon as they sit down at the marble table and she picks up the

bill of fare, you *know* that she's going to order a champagne glass of black sarsaparilla and a plate of black oysters. That's all right. Let her. I'd pay for them myself. If I could meet that woman I'd buy her black oysters all the evening.

Later on, you see her dropping little drops of something into the Nut's glass. She's drugging him. I think she puts in little drops of Scotch whisky, or some dreadful stuff like that. In fact, this Vampire Woman doesn't care for the eighteenth amendment one little bit, nor for the interstate commerce clause, nor the Ten Commandments, nor anything. So she drugs the Nut without compunction. And when she has him just about drugged she winds her long arms about his neck, and that is the end of him. At the same time, if she wants *more* men to drug I'll find her a dozen: friends of mine; I know lots of them.

But somehow, wherever you see the pictured Vampire Woman, it's always this lucky Nut who is with

her. Sometimes you see them in a motor (they use one about as big as a freight car); sometimes you see them at a Swiss hotel (that's where she throws the Nut over a precipice); and sometimes on an ocean steamer, where there are three thugs, in league with the Vampire, hidden behind a ventilator. But it is always this same kind of Nut that is with her. I wonder at it. It seems as if our whole art and literature—drama, films, magazines, and all—were getting filled up and pre-occupied with Vampires and Nuts.

But what I think particularly exasperating is the impossibility of finding the Vamp in real life. Often you think you are very near to it, but you never are. In my own town, for example, there are getting to be a lot of women who look a good bit like Vampires. It's something, I suppose, in the way they dress; not that I ever observe dress at all; like all men, I hardly see it. But I'm wonderfully quick in the absence

STEPHEN LEACOCK, THE FAMOUS HUMORIST, WHO HAS RE-TAUGHT A WEARY WORLD HOW TO LAUGH, WANTS TO KNOW WHERE HE CAN FIND A REAL, LIVE ACTUAL "VAMP"

of it. And very often when I come into the After-Dinner Alley of an hotel, or the corridor of the theatre, I say to myself, "Here Are Vampires." But they never are. You think they are till you get near them and meet them, and then you're disappointed. The other night, just when I thought I had met a real one, she turned to me and said, "I want so much to introduce my husband." It jarred upon me. And a few nights before that I met two, or what I thought to be two, who had on Onion Skins, and were just going out for the evening. So I took it for granted that they must be going to one of those fashionable Hadeses with the sarsaparilla and the black oysters. I went with them. But it turned out to be a lecture on Recent Advances in Physical Science. Too bad, wasn't it? Personally, I don't care whether Physical Science advances or goes backward. Especially after that.

I suppose the trouble is that they want to be Vampires and can't. We're such a hopelessly moral race, after two thousand years of law courts and penitentiaries, that we can't be bad if we try to. It's no use. We give a "New Year's Revel," and you couldn't distinguish it in tone from a Sunday-school picnic. We hold a Mardi Gras and it's as moral as a Mothers' Convention. So I see now why those women went to the Advances in Physical Science. It's the only thing that dares to make them.

And I think I begin to see, too, more in that Nut than I did at first. After all, he has his points about him. Did you notice, in the movies, the reckless way in which he left that pocketbook full of money on the leather seat? I wouldn't do that. And did you observe how he gave the five-pound note to the door-keeper; and the way in which, on the steamer, even after they had him drugged, he tried to fight the three thugs all at once? That little Nut has a size to him that you, and I haven't got. And he and the Vampires are primitive elemental types, and we aren't and haven't been for two thousand years. But there's a faint survival in us of what we were that makes us admire them.

In anything that I have said I shouldn't wish to disparage for a moment the splendid types of women that we see about us. It is fine to think of the progress that women have made in this last generation. Everywhere now we have women who vote. We have even women who are fit to hold office and take a seat upon a board. In fact, I know a lot of them that I would be pleased to put on a board and leave there for years.

Oh, no. I have nothing to say against the New Women's movement. I only mean that when it started I got left behind. I imagine that quite a lot of other men did too.



**W**HEN you come in from a Ball or some other social function on a freezing winter's night, have you immediate warmth at your disposal? Can you turn on the Gas and strike a match, and, without a second's delay, have a cheery, radiant fire that makes you glow with warmth and contentment? Be prepared for winter's stormiest blasts—instal the greatest modern warmth-providers—

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In using "Anchor Butter" housewives are using the most perfect, palatable and delicious butter made. Nowhere else in the world has the butter-makers' art reached higher practical perfection than here in Auckland Province. Packed now in cartons, "ANCHOR" guarantees supreme quality.

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# VANITAS VANITATUM

THOUGH PARIS BASKS IN THE  
GLAD SUNSHINE OF SPRING, OUR  
WINTER NEEDS HAVE NOT BEEN  
FORGOTTEN BY THOSE WHO  
ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR FASHION'S  
VAGARIES

*In circle below will be found  
Chinese red crepe de chine,  
with wide border on skirt over  
tunic, and sleeves of black sat-  
in set with gold embroidery  
achieve this fascinating effect.  
The neck and wrists carry long  
black satin ties. Yvonne Ranton.*



*This striking evening gown of white velvet broché trimmed  
with pearls was designed for Miss Allene Ray, the screen star.*

Chère Amie,—

WITH you, over there, I suppose "the north (or, at any rate, the chill), wind doth blow," and its biting blasts are sending you shivering to warm firesides indoors and cosy wraps out. Never mind, Chère, Paris is still planning for your comfortable elegance, and you need fear neither the weather nor your own appearance.

I gave you last month, didn't I, a forecast for winter fashions. By now, those styles have developed, and here are all sorts of variations on the original theme. Course, the most pronounced feature of the new models is the shortness of the frocks. Knee-length, or very little below, is the general rule, and I even saw

one that did not reach to the knee. But then, every fashion *has* to have exaggerations, hasn't it? They still have the appearance of being very narrow, but fullness to the skirts is devised in many cunning ways, to allow for comfort. Strange, isn't it, how only a short time ago it seemed as if the long straight line would stay with us for ever, but though the figure is as slim as it "used to was," the line is no more elongated. The simplicity of previous styles is giving place somewhat to ingenuity in cut and design. There is never any effect of elaboration though. The Parisienne does not care for that.

*Continued on page 25*



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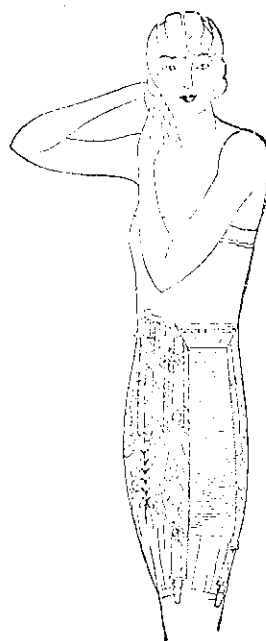
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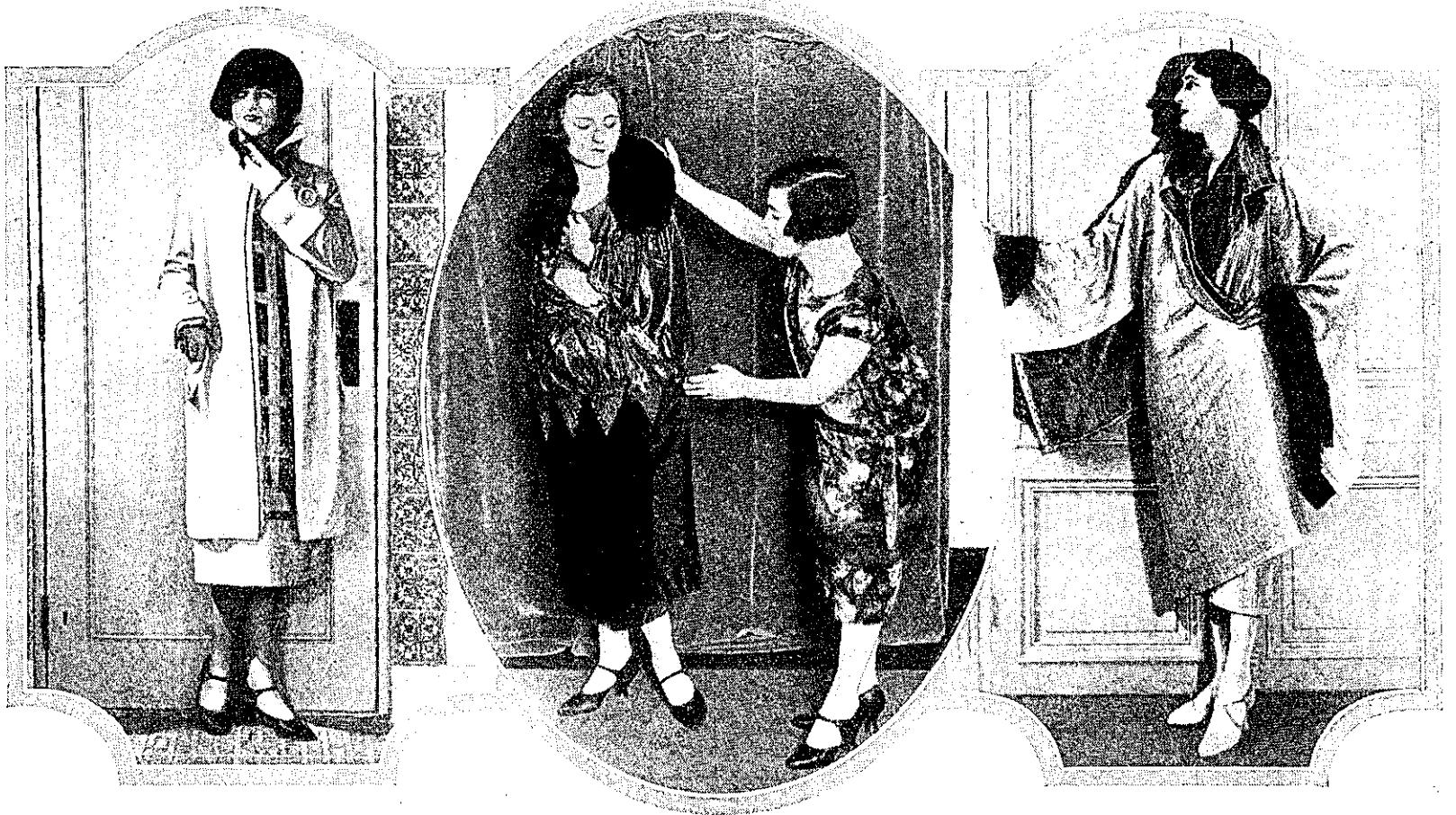
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Smartness is the note of this ensemble suit of beige and jade Kasha cloth. The dress of green latticed with beige and the coat of beige are both trimmed with large buttons of the two colours.

Entirely unique is this wrap of black panne and red and gold brocade.

Iris Hampden

Photos by Rahma Studio, Paris

Simple and graceful is this evening wrap of the new double-faced silver "Laize" trimmed with ermine. The reverse of the Lamé of heavy apricot silk forms the lining.

Yvonne Davidson.

One of the most amazing things about fashion is the increasing variety of lovely materials that are always at one's disposal, and the number of new shades and modifications of old ones is simply bewildering. What will happen when the spectrum is exhausted, and all the fabrics invented?

Madame Joanne Davidson, an American, has made fashionable a new fabric called *Laize Lamé*, which is a compound of tinsel tissue and satin, with a silk "reverse." It is exceptionally sumptuous, and makes wonderfully rich evening wraps.

Now that the season of dances is ahead, Paris makes fascinating provision for evening elegance. Rich velvet brocade, trimmed with pearls of fur is especially *de rigueur*, and here I digress: I saw a lovely evening gown designed for a film star. It was the softest black panne, the bodice rather long and tight-fitting, cut to a point in front, was outlined in pearls. It was sleeveless, but from the shoulder hung long strings of pearls caught together at the wrist into a narrow black velvet band, and the full skirt had a twelve-inch band of pearl-encrusted embroidery round the hem. The combination of pearls and black velvet is always entrancing, but this was especially lovely. For anyone with honey-coloured hair I can recommend nothing more becoming. By the way, evening gowns are not worn short; it is only street frocks that have adopted that fashion. An evening frock loses its elegance with its length, doesn't it, *ma mie?*

THE tailor-made tweed suit, in an infinity of check designs is most



popular this season for outdoor, sports and morning wear. And really, nothing looks smarter, with felt hat to match, and coloured scarf. By the way, those same scarves are more than ever popular; and deservedly so. They really *do* add the finishing touch to a *tailleur*. All the *jacquettes* are long, but instead of being perfectly straight cut, as they were a few months ago, they flare slightly from the hips. The skirt, of course, is short and tight.

The dominant note in afternoon frocks at present, *ma chère*, is contrasting colours. Black and Chinese red; beige and green; grey and blue; black and electric blue are combined to form the most charming effects. One frock I have seen is of figured marocain in black and red resembling Chinese lacquer in colour and design. It was made to flare out over a tight black satin skirt, and was finished at neck and wrists with long black satin ties. Another was a combination of black satin skirt with top and short coat of fine green cloth with small black line check, trimmed with black satin and green buttons, and with curiously cut green suède belt.

Coloured suède belts, cut into curious and often fantastic designs are giving a finish to many costumes. They are either of the same shade, or of violently contrasting colours. Hats, too, are trimmed in the same

Continued on page 26

Rouge Crêpe de chine and white Georgette pleatings, which form apron. Jabot and sleeve-trimming combine beautifully in this creation from Yvonne Routon.



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## VANITAS VANITATUM

Continued from page 25

way. Sometimes, the small close-fitting hat is made entirely of suede, to match the costume.

Cherie, I hope for your comfort and elegance, that you wear a shingled thatch, 'cos there is not a hat designed nowadays to suit any other style of hair-dressing! They are all small, almost brimless, and in Paris now, many women are wearing them so that they show no hair at all except a small curl at each side or a "widow's peak" on the forehead. If you haven't got a "widow's peak" naturally, you must have one created for you, if you wish to be truly elegant and fashionable! By the way, talking of shingles (the hair, not the disease!) I have seen it confidently predicted in many journals that the fashion is dying. But I have seen no trace of it here. They seem to be more prevalent and shorter—almost *shaved*, in fact—and as I said, all hats are designed to that end. After all, short hair is hygienic and comfortable, so why should we dispense with it?

But I digress! Well, Cherie, do you golf? If so, Paris has planned for your elegance there as elsewhere.

You should wear a short skirt, either accordion pleated, or wrapped over so as to give you ease, a knitted jumper in the same shade, and over that a sleeveless coat, preferably in knitted silk, of a fantastic design and colouring to rival the "winter sports" sweaters. The most prevailing design is one of horizontal bands of intricate design and varied colouring. Many of them have these patterns worked only on the front, leaving the back plain. With this you, of course, wear stockings planned on the same lines as the coat.

Well, Cherie, do you think that from these notes you can compile a wardrobe of fashionable elegance? Of course, it is not easy to give you very vivid impressions in writing, and I have sent you also some photos to aid your imagination. I wish you were here to see for yourself, and I suppose you wish that too! Still, I'm on the spot, and can help you a little!

Au revoir, Cherie, till my next budget.

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*Diana, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs.  
L. C. Humphries, of New Plymouth  
Pawlyn Huggett, photo, New Plymouth*

# MUSICAL APPRECIATION AND THE IMPORTANCE OF EURYTHMICS IN EARLY INSTRUCTION

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

## *The Pianist*

A TEACHER who can play the children's favourite songs "by ear," who can improvise when at a loss for music appropriate to the stage reached, say in note stepping, chords, and rhythmic phrases, who can memorise marches, runs and dances and produce them as soon as the occasion demands a change, is, of course, invaluable from the children's as well as from every other point of view. She can keep a strict watch on her class, without having to worry about her fingers, which find their way with ease upon the keyboard. A teacher who cannot play and watch the class at the same time, should enlist the help of an assistant to do one or the other for her. It is not necessary, however, to be very accomplished, so long as the right music is selected. Whatever else the pianist may or may not be, she must be adaptable, and an adapter also, for she must be prepared to sacrifice the wishes of the composer in playing his pieces, to the exigencies of the particular lesson to be learnt. Remember that exaggeration is always necessary in the first stages of a subject with little ones. Music at first must very obviously say what the children are meant to hear it say. Later on, when they are expert listeners, the composer's feelings about his composition must, naturally, be respected, especially in music that is for interpretation. Here the gramophone, or the pianola discreetly played, can supply music that the pianist's hands find impossible to produce. So long as the teacher can play the simple music for the more purely technical part of the lesson, she need not consider herself incapable of playing for a class, if provided with appropriate records for the "music-making machine." The gramophone is very useful because instruments other than the household piano can be heard, although it is too early at this stage to point out the difference in tone, or analyse the music from the point of view of instruments used.

A GREAT DEAL OF THE SUCCESS IN A "RHYTHM" CLASS DEPENDS ON THE CHOICE AND PLAYING OF MUSIC. SUGGESTIONS FOR SUITABLE MUSIC ARE GIVEN AT THE END OF THIS ARTICLE

## *Faults of Amateur Teachers*

(1) Failure to play in strict time and emphasise beats sufficiently. The music must be played in such a way that it moves the limbs and sways the bodies of average pupils in whom the time-sense is normally strong, without their making a conscious effort to keep time.

(2) Not allowing the children sufficient resting time between items of the lesson. Concentration is very tiring, and as soon as they show a slackening of interest after they have been attending well, or if they show the other symptoms of fatigue, undue excitement, the class must be given the opportunity to rest—"Go to sleep" is the order, each child lying flat on his back with eyes shut. It is a good plan to tell the children to "leave their arms and legs loose,"

and to test the limbs of each child as he lies on the floor, to see if they are relaxed. It is very important for muscular control, in other things besides music, to be able to relax muscles at will.

When children are listening to music they should be allowed to sit, not stand.

(3) Not playing music, especially that intended for interpretation or analysis often enough, before the children move to it. When they are listening only, their eyes should be shut to prevent attention straying to visible objects.

(4) Not insisting on perfect silence whenever music is being performed. Noise interferes with music, it should always be emphasised, and even when the children are dancing their feet must make as little sound as possible, unless they are showing loud music. Music needs to be sur-

rounded by silence in the same way that a portrait needs a contrasting background to throw it forward.

## *When to Help*

SYMPATHY and tact are gifts which mark a good teacher. A child must not be made or allowed to feel a dunce beside others of his own age. Some children hate being helped; they prefer to work things out for themselves in their own time, and it is much better to leave them to do so, for then they know their task thoroughly. On the other hand there is nearly always a timid one in the class who dreads being left behind every time, yet cannot learn as quickly as the others. Individual coaching after the lesson often helps him to find self-confidence.

The best way to help generally is by example. In exercises for beating time and note stepping, where there is only one way, that is the right way, of performing the music, the children who have good control of their limbs and listen intelligently may be allowed to look after the movements of those who cannot keep their steps in time. In original dancing and interpretive acting, those who show by their actions that they feel each mood and fancy of the music, may be praised for careful listening, and the others whose movements are more wooden will learn much by sitting and watching sometimes. Vanity, however, should not be encouraged. Good dancing which would be praised in a dancing class where graceful motion is the object set for every pupil, should not be praised as such. The ideal in the classes I am describing must ever be one which puts musical knowledge and feeling first, and it is not always those endowed with physical grace who come nearest to this goal. Moreover, clumsy children are never made less so by being told of their physical disability, which is probably due to imperfect co-ordin-

Continued on page 28



*David Alexander, the son of Mr. and Mrs.  
A. B. Waldie, Lepperton*

*Pawlyn Huggett, photo, New Plymouth*

**Miss RENEE SATCHWELL**  
L.R.A.M.  
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## MUSICAL APPRECIATION

*Continued from page 27*

ation of nerves and muscles aggravated by nervousness. Absence of self-consciousness must be induced somehow, and improvement will come with practise. A musical child will unconsciously imitate beautiful movement if he is led to observe that it seems to be part of the music itself, yet he must be able to render the music according to his own ideas on the subject. For the sake of originality and individual work, it is not wise to let the children watch each other too much. When a teacher sees one of her flock erring or astray in a conscientious attempt to interpret the music played, therefore, and asks herself if she should offer help, let her use *tact*—and sometimes decide to offer no suggestion at all.

### Some Useful Music

**M**ARCHES are always difficult to find. Besides the ones that are usually used in schools and kindergartens, may be used arrangements of more classical works, like extracts from Gounod's "Faust," "The Old Men's Chorus," or from Wagner, the grand march from Tannhauser, or Beethoven's March from "The Ruins of Athens." Quite good marches are often found in the easier teaching music of Heller and Loeschorn, as also are runs and various dancing music. Old folk dances and jigs are very useful for runs and dances, and are easy to play. Note-stepping music can be chosen from almost any composer, but here are one or two examples:— McDowell's "To a Wild Rose," Rubenstein's "Melody," Gurlitt's "Sad Moments." Rhythms will be found

in the Chopin Prelude number 7, already mentioned; in Grieg's "Birdling"; Gurlitt's "Merry Companions"; and Heller's "L'Avalanche." Music for note values can be made from old German chorales, some beautiful ones being found amongst Schumann's music for young pianists. Music in which the melody is in the left hand is abundant. Rachmaninoff's two Melodies are lovely as well as useful examples. Nursery rhymes can supply all that one needs for time analysis, but familiar marches and waltzes may also be used.

Here is a list of pianoforte music which will be useful for "mixed dancing" and illustration:—

Schumann—Wild Rider (*easy*), Arabeske (*moderately difficult*), Slumber Song (*moderately difficult*), Some of the "Papillons" (*difficult*).

McDowell—Woodland Sketches (*moderately difficult*), Shadow Dance (*moderately difficult*).

Rachmaninoff—Preludes (*moderately difficult*), Humoreske (*moderately difficult*), Melodies (*difficult*).

Schubert—Moments Musicaux (*moderately difficult*).

Dvorak—Humoreske (*easy*).

Heller—The Mermaid (*easy*), The Wind (*easy*).

Carol—Forest Fantasies (*easy*), Sea Idylls (*moderately difficult*).

Liszt—Die Lorelei (*difficult*).

Chopin—Some of the preludes, nocturnes, and the "Berceuse" (*all difficult*).

Grieg and Gurlitt have written several short sketches which are very useful for elementary work with small children. Greig's "Papillon" is very popular.



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## THE MIDDLE-CLASS BABY'S HANDICAP

By MARION MACKENZIE

ONE'S experience of babies, when a medical student, was entirely with the sick baby who has already been damaged, usually by bad management. To prevent such damage was never taught. Even attendance at "Sick Kids"—as we colloquially called the Children's Hospital—was not compulsory. Many medical students have not the luck to have a "Sick Kids" where they can attend if they choose, but become fully-fledged doctors before they realise that the treatment of babies is not quite so simple as to enable them to deal with them as immature adults. True, there was a formula by which the dose of a drug could be made to fit a baby by some abstruse mathematical calculation; but either one's mathematics were at fault, or the baby had an inconvenient way of resenting such treatment. Sometimes he would tolerate a drug in a way which was out of all proportion to his size; perhaps, on the other hand, he would almost "walk out" on a dose which should have suited him admirably. Such a simple thing as castor oil given too early in life would annoyingly upset his digestion for the rest of his days. So it became the fashion to "leave it to the nurse," and then, when the baby became ill enough to deserve our attention, we resorted with a sigh of relief to the inevitable bottle of medicine, which had the advantage of being somewhat of a mystery, and at any rate made us feel we were doing something. In our salad days we had diets for infants of different months framed and hung in our consulting rooms. But, alas! the babies were not machines, and refused to tolerate being treated as such. True, if we were lucky—and there are some babies who will stand anything—we came across a baby who would thrive on a standard diet, but they are so few as to be negligible.

Then we thought we had got the right thing at last, a standard not of age, but of weight; and by dint of more mathematical brain strain, and by taking the weight of a baby and multiplying it by so much food

per pound of weight, the right standard was arrived at. But, alas! if the baby was of a genial, placid turn of mind, and gained weight rapidly, you found the increase of food required to be so alarmingly large that you feared an explosion was inevitable! And you proceeded to curse the system, or want of a system, which omitted to put you wise on these matters, and left you to learn in the hard school of experience after you had been licensed to kill, instead of before. True, we had been taught to recognise the physical signs of bronchitis, for example, and its treatment, but no one taught us how to prevent it in babies.

However, we might bear it with equanimity till it came to our own babies' turn. Then it was a different matter, and one's indignation was great that the teaching of the treatment of the normal baby should be left so much to chance. In the case of the writer's first baby, in spite of the fact that both parents were doctors, the baby bade fair to depart this life, as nothing seemed to suit him, till we wrote to ask the advice of one of the doctors at the Infant Welfare Centre at Huddersfield. The baby never looked back, and from a fretful, crying child became happy and healthy.

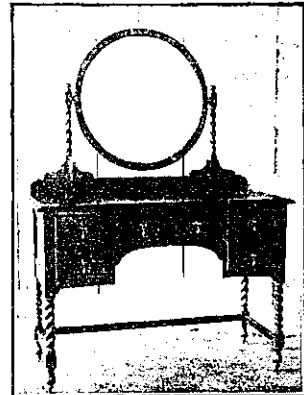
Huddersfield at the time had reduced its infant mortality to less than half what it had been previously. Dr. Moore, their Medical Officer of Health, had been inspired by the success of a French town, Villiers le Duc, whose infant mortality, previously about 200 per 1000 born, had been brought towards vanishing point by the efforts of a mayor who was also a doctor. The then Mayor of Huddersfield, Mr. Broadbent, at the instigation of Dr. Moore, took an active interest in the Huddersfield babies, with the above result.

Now what can be done for workers in industrial areas can more certainly be done among the middle-class. It is a crying shame that only the babies of the poorer classes should be helped, when help is often so much needed by the better-class

mother. In 1922, in Leeds, in an industrial part of the city, the infant death rate was 300 out of every 1000 babies born—that is to say, almost one-third of the babies died who did not attend the Welfare Centre; but of those who attended, only 76 per 1000 died. In other words, they had as good a chance of life as the middle-class baby not attending a Centre, in spite of overcrowding, filth, lack of air and sunshine, and all the hundred and one things which militate against a baby's chance of life. It must be remembered that these statistics include the indifferent mothers, who simply come for what they can cadge, and probably only attend a few times. Imagine what could be done with the more fortunately-placed mother with leisure to carry out directions.

Every baby who is artificially fed should be under medical care, and most babies fed naturally are the better for it. This is where the poorer mother scores. In towns, at any rate, she has always the benefit of a trained health visitor's advice, and can take her baby to infant clinics, if she cares to. There the baby is weighed weekly, and seen by the doctor every week if necessary, sometimes several times a week, even every day at times, but at least once a month. Any mother may go if she chooses. It is not enough to think your baby is doing well, but to make sure. Weight is not everything, but it is a very good indication of progress, and unless a baby is gaining steadily, neither too much nor too little, there is usually something wrong. Even the baby fed naturally needs supervision, especially when the time for solid food arrives. One of the greatest benefits an infant clinic can and does bestow is the prevention of artificial feeding before the normal time, and then the giving of the right sort of diet. In many cases where the baby has been on a bottle for as long as a couple of months it may be safely got back on to natural feeding. Recently a mother brought a baby to

Continued on page 31



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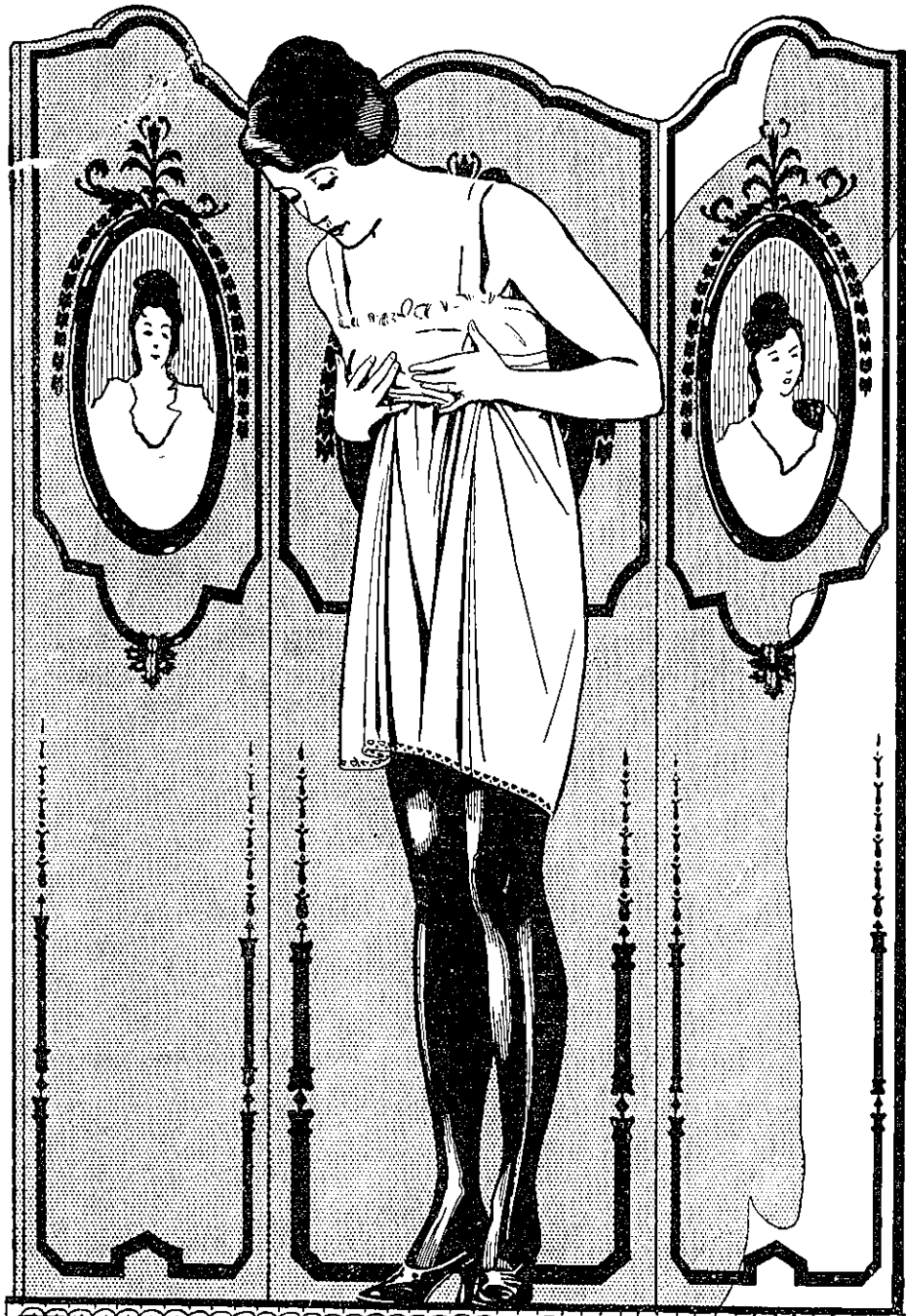
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THE MIDDLE-CLASS BABY'S HANDICAP

Continued from page 29

me who had been put on to a bottle and, fortunately, was even more ill on it than when previously nursed by her. I pointed out the risks of bottle-feeding, and showed her that her failure was due entirely to over-feeding (every two hours), not, as she thought, to her having insufficient milk or to it disagreeing. It took me just over half an hour to examine her baby, get its history, habits, etc., and instruct the mother; but that half-hour may mean a healthy citizen, instead of, conceivably, a dead baby or a chronic dyspeptic.

By means of test feeds—that is, weighing the baby before and after a feed—we were able to assure her that she had sufficient, with the result that though the infant had been on a bottle some weeks, it is now a peaceful, happy baby on four-hourly feeds, allowing the house-

results in his efforts to ensure successful feeding. In one case, a mother, being unable to nurse her own baby, was enabled not only to do so, but to help altogether about twenty other infants. Dr. King came over from New Zealand during the war in order to help the "Babies of the Empire." Previously a mental specialist, he came to the conclusion that he would do better work by beginning with the babies and their mothers, and getting thus a sound mind in a healthy body. In spite of its hot summers, New Zealand had at one time, and, as far as I know, has now, the lowest infant death rate in the world, after previously having about the highest. What New Zealand has done, we can do; but it is up to us to see that it is not only the derelicts of society that are saved to propagate the race. The child is the father of the man, but



Topical Press, photo, London

A HASTY WEDDING—ACTRESS WEDS FIFTH HUSBAND IN MID ATLANTIC

Miss Nora Bayes, the famous American actress, was married by the Captain in mid ocean to Mr. B. L. Friedland on board the "Leviathan." Our photo shows Mr. and Mrs. Friedland after their wedding.

hold to sleep in peace. The mother told us naïvely that she never dreamt that she could come to such a place as an Infant Welfare Centre.

Why should middle-class babies run so much graver risks than the poorer ones? That they do is obvious from the statistics in a mixed district, where it has become the fashion for the better-class mothers to attend the clinics. If the babies not attending, the infant death rate is 110 per 1000—fairly low for an industrial town; but of those babies who attend, only 27 per 1000 die. In this district there is no doubt that the kindly co-operation of one of the leading doctors is a help, as he always advises the mothers to bring their babies to us. One of my first cases sent by him was a small mite weighing about 3½lb., whom he sent with the assurance that if anything could be done we should do it. We worked hard, and eventually, after despairing several times, we got another mother to give of her abundance an occasional feed. The baby slept six hours the first time, and never really looked back. Dr. Truby King got some marvellous

the baby is as certainly the grandfather. The great middle class threatens to be squeezed out of existence by the high price of living, the shortage of houses, etc. Their families tend to become smaller. At any rate let us conserve what we have got. Surely the middle-class baby is as well worth saving as his poorer brothers, and Infant Welfare Centres should be started for the middle-class mothers and babies, where they would have the advice of a trained staff. The objection is raised that we are taking away work from the general medical practitioners. Speaking as a general practitioner of ten years' standing, I hold this is untrue, except in the sense that we keep the children from getting ill in a great many cases when they otherwise would. It is much more dramatic to do a big surgical operation than it is to prevent the necessity for it ever arising. One can conceive a Utopia in which doctors and dentists will no longer exist, much less surgeons.

In general practice, mothers will not bring their babies to us as a

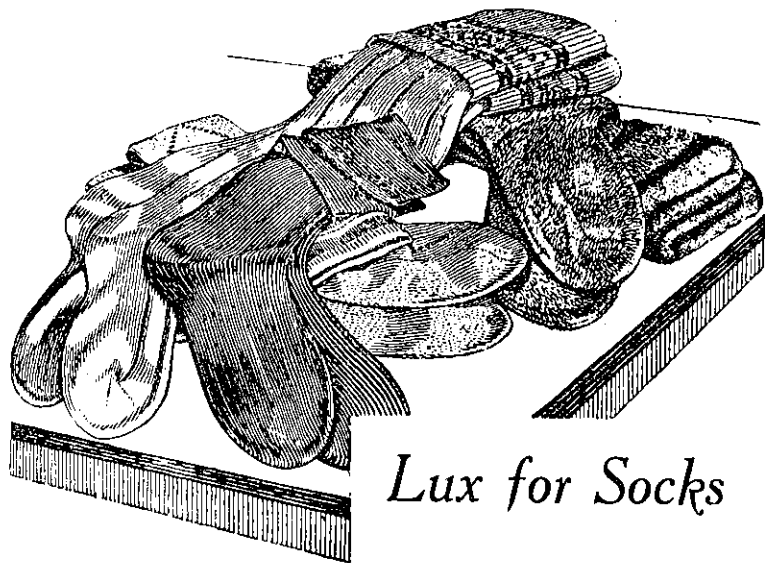
Continued on page 32

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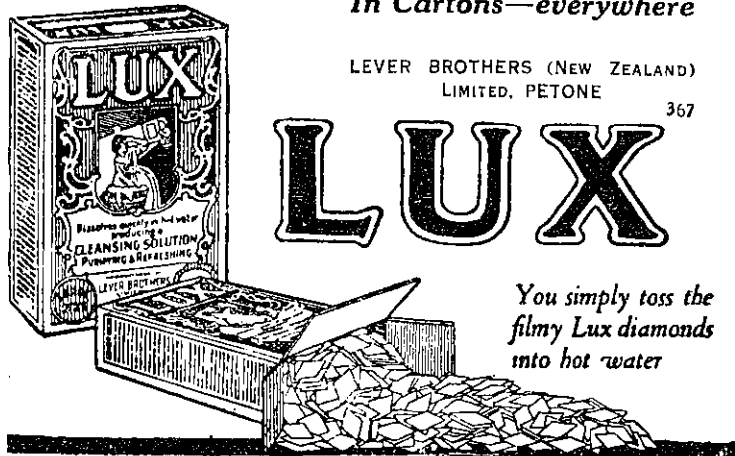
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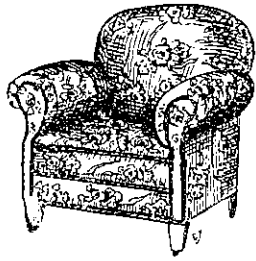


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## THE MIDDLE-CLASS BABY'S HANDICAP

Continued from page 31

rule till there is something wrong. Now the aim of pediatrics is to keep the healthy baby healthy, not to treat the diseased baby. Take such an apparently simple thing as sickness. In an infant usually it is amenable to treatment, if seen early and treated seriously directly it occurs. But let it go on and it becomes most intractable.

It should be a *sine qua non* that the "nation's babies" should have the same right, whether rich or poor, to benefit by the Centres. In many Centres this is the case, but there are still others where the better-class mother is looked at askance. One journalist whom I know personally told me the doctor at the Centre said she could afford to go to a private practitioner. If every mother were to do so with healthy babies, he would have little time for anything else! And it's the healthy babies we want—to keep them so.

Though there is no doubt that infant welfare is still in its infancy, and that there is much to learn, at any rate it begins at the root, which is a step in the right direction. We found many of our conscripts were C3 men, and traced their ill-health back to childhood; then it was found that children were already defective when entering schools. Hence began a big campaign to start with the babies, which had already been initiated by people of vision, mostly lay women who were baby lovers and appalled by the unnecessary deaths and suffering. It was given a great impetus by the War; Lord Long

said it was the best war-work women could do. Men saw that if we were to survive as a nation, we must have healthy babies, but the mistake was that only the poorer babies were catered for.

At the moment it is only the middle-class mother with a fair amount of "nerve" who brings her baby regularly to the Centre. There is an impression that they are only for the poor. This impression is not confined to the mothers themselves, but many doctors will say the same, and resent it if their patients attend. Even our own staff are known to say, "I should think they could afford to go to their own doctor," which shows how little they appreciate the spirit of the work, and makes me think with gratitude of the Centre that came to our rescue.

Just as surely as Mother Shipton's prophecy that men would fly like birds has come true, so will preventive medicine in time wipe out most of the diseases of the earth. But if the middle-class is to survive it is up to us to see that there are Infant Welfare Centres in middle-class districts—it is up to the middle-class mother to see that she takes advantage of them. It is a disgrace that middle-class infants' death rate should be *no lower* than that of the slum babies attending a Centre. Antenatal work should also be a *sine qua non*—for the safety of mothers and babies.

"The race marches forward on the feet of little children."

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DOMINION ARTISTS' CLUB VISIT MILTON'S COTTAGE

Topical Press, photo, London

Recently the New Zealand and Australian members of the London Dominion Artists' Club held a Ramble in Buckinghamshire, where they visited "Jordans" and Chalfont St. Giles, the birthplace of Milton. They had a picnic tea which was followed by a concert. Our photograph shows the members of the Club arriving.

## W I L D O A T S

### WHY MEN LIKE TO POSE AS VILLAINS

THE faithfulness of men to their wives is, according to Mr. H. L. Mencken, the secret scandal of Christendom. And you will travel a long way, he declares, before you find a married man who will admit that he is faithful to the woman of his choice.

Mr. Mencken is an American. In other words, a citizen of a nation which has popularised marriage by facilitating divorce. But humankind—more especially mankind—is the same the world over.

The average man, in so far as his relations with women are concerned, would as lief be taken for a thief as mistaken for an honest man.

#### *The Proven Fool*

WHY this modesty? Why this masking of the supreme quality of loyalty? Is man so self-conscious a creature that he must be for ever playing a part?

There are certain things about the other sex which every woman would like to know. One of them is the reason for the reluctance of the

average married man to admit his fidelity to his partner.

For on the face of it the unfaithful husband is the proven fool. What is his infidelity but evidence of the fact that either he has been duped in the marriage market or else that he has had the bad taste and the poor judgment to pick the most cloying bloom in the place?

Inconstancy, in fact, is an admission of failure.

#### *From Boy to Bachelor*

THE Benedict is not alone, however, in his predilection for the villain's rôle. It is a part beloved alike by the small boy and the elderly bachelor. A companion of my extreme youth was wont on occasion to lisp "cuss" words despite severe parental admonitions. After a peculiarly trying scene I remember asking him why he persisted in using words which incurred such awful penalties.

His answer was illuminating. "Because they're bad," said he in a

sepulchral whisper. "Do you like being bad?" I queried, innocently. He eyed me scornfully. "S'only girls that's good."

I believed him then. I know better now. I know that the sexes cannot be labelled any more than nations, that the mentality of men and women alike comprises equally what the butcher terms "a streaky cut."

#### *Posing as a Rake*

THE impulse to pose as a rake still persists to-day. Where women preen themselves on their virtues, men proclaim their vices. Are men more conservative than women? Is their reluctance to advertise their good qualities a relic of the days when only the effeminate weakling was able to stand straight on his legs after dinner, leaving the stalwarts for the most part below the table?

Or is it possible that the poor, deluded darlings still treasure the obsolete belief that to be popular with the other sex a man must have the reputation of being somewhat of a

rake? Do they not know that "straight" is the one word stamped on the tape by which man is measured by modern woman?

The truth is, the sowing of wild oats is about as out of date as the sewing of samplers. But men, for some strange reason of their own, are loath to admit it. Why? That is another of the things every woman would like to know.

#### *Seeing Life*

THERE is a third. It has to do with that fine old phrase "seeing life." Why do people talk of seeing life when they do not mean life at all, but, to put it plainly, the red-light district of the city?

Let us put the phrase on its proper footing. Let us make a point of "seeing life"—real, honest, workaday life in its different phases. But let us be careful whom we select as guide.

Let us bear in mind the "secret scandal of Christendom," which is no scandal at all save in the inverted sense of the word!

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

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**THE CLICKING OF MY LADY'S HEELS**  
"MUSIC WHEREVER SHE GOES"

**W**OMAN is traditionally dainty and light of foot, but nowadays, you may have noticed, she walks more noisily than man.

Time was when man enjoyed the music of his tread. He liked to hear the smart tap of his heels on the pavement. The smarter and sharper the tap, the better he was pleased.

And there were some of us who, when we got into the Army and were ironshod, just loved the firm, heavy fall of our feet. We beat the pavements and scrunched the macadam to a fine tunc. And when we were on leave and went into the City to see old colleagues in their offices, we had the joy of a splendid echo in the long corridors of great buildings.

**B**UT post-war leather would not stand the strain. Civilian boots fell all to pieces under our tread. If we would have the music of our heels we had to buy boots of the very best, and pay accordingly. And soon most of us decided that we could not afford it. We had flirted with rubber before the war, but now we took to it wholesale. To-day the majority of us men flap and pad along, rubber-heeled and rubber-soled.

Woman, however, has clung to the music of her heels. Perhaps, being less heavy than man, she wears out her heels less quickly.

At any rate, she has not taken to rubber heels as he has. She still raps

leather smartly on the pavement. When you hear a footfall nowadays, it is nearly always a woman's.

When two or three girls come down the street together, we look, expecting to see a dozen. We cannot believe that two or three can make so much noise. And we are inclined to think that of late years woman has become a very noisy walker.


\* \* \* \*

**B**UT the change is in our own tread. Women walk no more noisily than they did of old. We, however, go muted on our rubbers, and the slow, steady beat of our heels—one to every two of a woman's—is no longer heard, and so women's heels ring out loud on the pavement.

And perhaps we rather envy woman. There is, after all, a tonic in hearing one's heels beat out the way. Nine women out of ten still enjoy that tonic, but nine men out of ten have foresworn it.

Man really dislikes his ghostly walk, feels the less manly and efficient for it, and would gladly be noisy on his feet again. But he cannot stand the racket of constant repairs to heels and soles. So he goes rubber-shod. Women, however, seems to "blow the expense." She will have the music of her heels wherever she goes.

And there is no doubt about it that, hearing her heels, she does walk with a snap that we, padding silently along, seem to have lost.



**Baby's life is like a Flame**

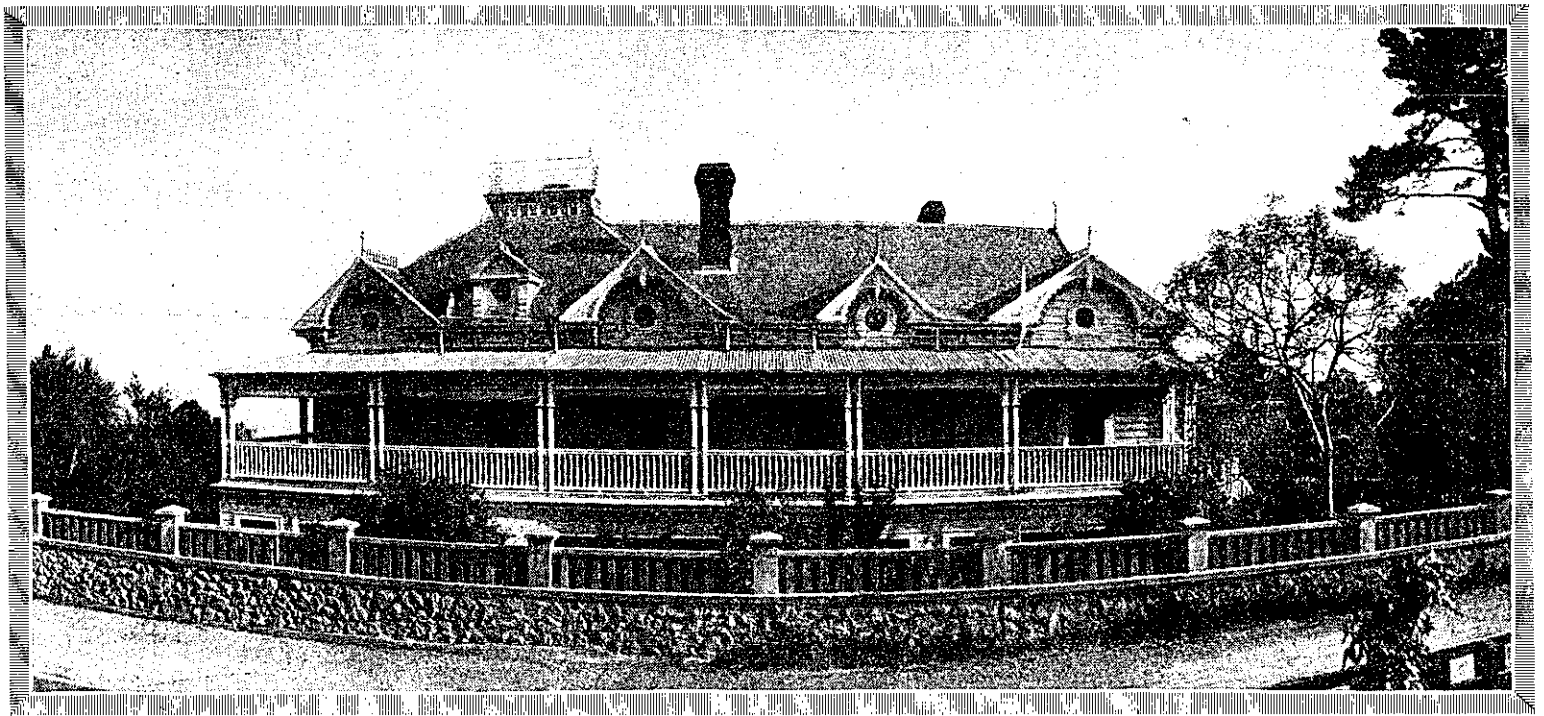
Cherish that tender flame—it is so easily extinguished. The tiny delicate organism needs the most careful nourishment. While you are feeding Baby yourself, enrich the vital food by taking Virol. And at the critical time of weaning, give Baby a little Virol in his milk. It will make ordinary cows' milk a complete and well-balanced food. Virol builds firm flesh, strong bones, and enriches the blood.

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A CHARMING NAPIER HOME  
 "Glen Lomond," Napier, the residence of Mrs. J. A. Macfarlane

Rodgers Bros., photo, Napier

## MR. AND MRS. ARCHITECTS

"MR. AND MRS." is not the sign above our office. It reads, we will say, "*Ward and Ward*," but that sign might mean two men, and so I have headed this article with the sign that really describes our partnership. For our partnership, unlike most business affairs, is a development of marriage; and therefore hangs the tale.

Just before Dave and I were married, I happened to be walking down the street behind him and a friend. I had approached rather close, unwittingly; I meant to challenge Dave when Jack Brent left him, as I knew he would at the next corner. I was near enough to overhear a part of the conversation, and naturally I listened when I heard my name.

"She's the most sensible girl I ever met," Dave said. My heart, which had been pounding, sank with a dull thud. If there is anything a girl about to be married desires her sweetheart *not* to call her, it is "sensible." If Dave had described me as a pretty bit of fluff, which I certainly was not, I would have forgiven him the lie, but I hated to be quoted as "sensible." It sounded as if Dave were marrying me for something aside from my personal attraction. Perhaps he did, but at that time I didn't want to know it. But it was that "sensibleness" that has proved not only a very good foundation-stone for a happy marriage, but has sent us into business together and has kept us there, prospering.

When I married Dave, he was a draughtsman. He called himself an architect, of course; but in "sensible" language he was nothing of the sort. He kept on studying after we were married, however, and actually developed into a real architect some two years later. When he was ready to go into business for himself, he said to me:

"See here, dear: I'm afraid this is going to be a bit hard on you. My income is likely to fluctuate

ARCHITECTURE IS NOT YET A CAREER FOR WOMEN BUT THE AVERAGE WOMAN KNOWS WHAT SHE MOST WANTS IN HER HOME. THIS ARTICLE BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN WHO HAS PROVED THAT THERE IS A SPHERE FOR THE WOMAN IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE MAY SUGGEST OPPORTUNITIES FOR NEW ZEALAND GIRLS

some, and the bank doesn't hold any too much of the Wards' earthly savings." I was in the kitchen, washing dishes, and I looked about carelessly.

"Well, we're pretty well equipped," I said. "We can run on bare essentials for a year or so until you get started."

Dave looked about the kitchen. "Yes, you are well set up," he said. "You certainly do manage to have things comfortable."

I winced at the quick memory of that conversation on the street, somehow, but I went on washing dishes. My kitchen was my delight and as Dave said, I had made it comfortable. That it had any relation to Dave's future never occurred to me.

Dave went ahead, and he did pretty well. He put up quite a number of small places and one large one his first year. The people who built the large house were very cordial and invited me to call. So, as a sensible wife, intending to promote her husband's interests at every turn, I got me into my most fashionable clothes and went to take tea with Mrs. Maddock.

I QUITE thrilled with pride as I walked up to the place. It seemed to me that work like planning a beautiful house and seeing it live, first on paper and then in actuality, must be a happy work, and that Dave ought to glory in it. I rang the bell, and a maid admitted me to a square hall with a hearth and low bookshelves: a perfectly dear place. Mrs. Maddock came down the stairway—which also was a dear, with low,

broad treads, white risers and a white rail with a mahogany top—to greet me.

"First we will have tea, my dear," she said. "And then I want to show you this lovely home your husband planned for us."

It was nice of her to feel like that; it showed me that Dave had something in him besides the mere commercial end of the work; he must have made these people feel that he had a real interest in them as well as the house. I followed Mrs. Maddock through the rooms in ever-increasing admiration of Dave's ability. The house was lovely. There was a long drawing-room for state occasions, a cosy sitting-room,—and this was really a music-room, for the Maddocks found their greatest joy in music and not in books,—a large dining-room also for state occasions, and a tiny breakfast-room just suited for cheery meals for two, when they were alone. Upstairs the bedrooms were airy and well-lighted, and I might never have discovered defects if it had not happened that I found the place so delightful that the day drew to its close and it was dark when I was ready to go. Mrs. Maddock was just showing me a tiny lavatory out of her bedroom.

"It's so nice to have one with a window in," she said. "I never like water in dark, unventilated places. Just push that button, will you, Mrs. Ward?"

I pushed the electric button and turned to the glass to adjust my hat. But I couldn't get a good view of my face. I looked about the room

and found two other lights, neither of which threw any better light on the mirror. Mrs. Maddock seemed to think it was all right, for she watched me step back fully halfway across the room to get the light on my face without comment.

As I went home, I wondered if it was Mrs. Maddock's fault. I tried to think out a different arrangement of furniture in that room. But the room was built so that the bed could have been in no other place, and to change the glass and Mr. Maddock's dressing table would have made a very bad-looking room, and the light would have been but little better.

Dave was waiting when I got home. He was hungry and had therefore fixed himself up in one of my aprons and was frying eggs in the kitchen.

"How did you like the house?" he asked eagerly.

"It is lovely," I replied truthfully. We discussed the different rooms, and when we came to the bedroom, I asked:

"What made you fix the lights that way, Dave?"

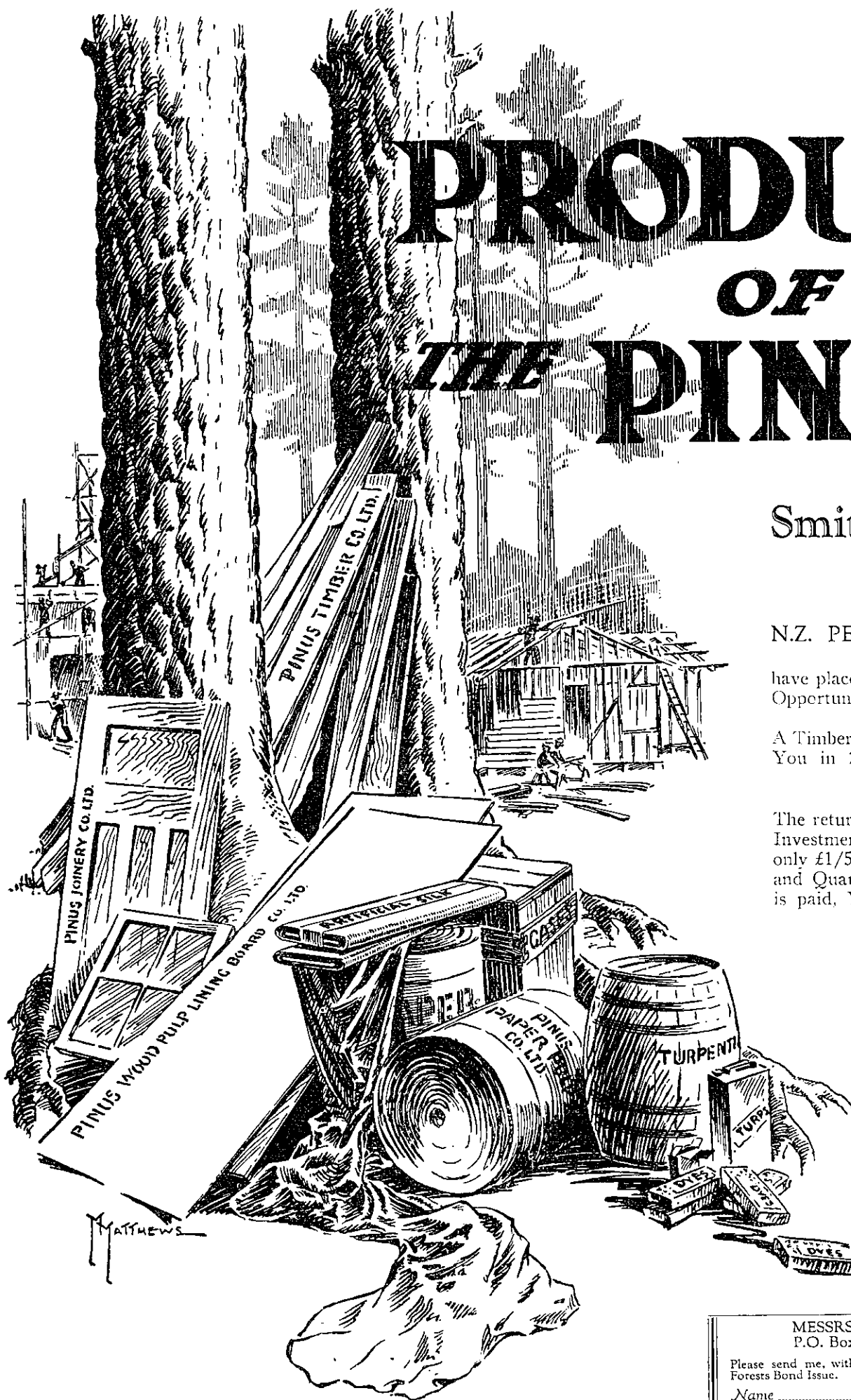
He looked up from his apple pie.

"Why, lights are usually that way in a bedroom," he said. "—one in the centre of the ceiling to light the room, and some somewhere about the sides for extras. Some folks have reading-lights, but the Maddocks are not readers."

"But why a light in the middle of the room?" I asked. "People don't go to bedrooms for light. They go for two reasons: either to dress or to go to bed. A low light is enough to go to bed by, and it doesn't matter where it is. And as for a ceiling light, there ought to be two, one directly in front of each mirror."

"Oh, most people don't care," said Dave. "And in hotels, you know, they put a little bulb on each side of the mirror."

*Continued on page 37*



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MR. AND MRS. ARCHITECT

Continued from page 35

"And those are so near your eyes and dazzle you so that you can't see yourself at all," I said. "I hate those hotel bulbs. The best light for a bedroom is one hanging from the ceiling low enough to light the mirror."

"Where'd you ever see one?" asked Dave.

"Why," I said, trying to think, "—oh, I know, it was in Barbara's house. She has one right in front of her mirror."

"Well, it's a good idea," said Dave. "I think we can use it in that row of houses we're going to put up. They're to be sold on part-time payments, and the agents will need every talking-point they can get. If you have any more ideas on houses, you might trot 'em out, old thing."

DAVE told me afterwards that he hadn't any notion of handing me a job when he spoke. But I wasn't

plained, but at first the things were a mass of lines. By degrees I got to see things straight and on that flat surface to visualise the rooms.

"How high are the stair treads, Dave?" I asked.

"Oh, that's a detail," he replied, "—seven inches, maybe."

"Well, these are houses for families," I said thoughtfully. "Stairs are the bane of a mother's life—and of old people's lives, too. I should think if you could plan a stair that had a low, broad tread, you know, and make it lower and broader than is usually made, you would have a talking-point. Children wouldn't fall down or stumble up as easily, and—"

"By George, that's great," said Dave. "Just let me at it." It took a couple of hours to figure out the stairs, or rather to get space for stairs of the kind I wanted, but at the end of the evening we, or rather Dave, had the stairs. As we went up



A HAVELOCK NORTH HOMESTEAD  
The beautiful residence of Mrs. Maurice Chambers

Photograph by Deighton Studios, Napier.

very busy, and the next day I went down to the library and browsed over a lot of books on houses and looked at all the pictures, and I found so many things to think about that I went home brimming over. I began to look over my own home critically, too. We had a small house that was pretty comfortable. The bedroom light was in the side wall, and by putting the bureau at an angle I could see pretty well, not as well as with a light of the kind I had spoken of, but well enough not to worry.

Dave came home that night looking troubled. "I thought I was sure of getting the order for that suburban development scheme," he said. "There are going to be a lot of houses there, and they want about every one different. But they've got another fellow in to-day, and I have a suspicion he is an architect too. I guess I've got to think up some talking-points better than lights to get that order. We went go broke without it, dear, but the year will be a great one with it. There may be twenty different styles before they're through. If you get any more ideas, trot 'em out!"

"You might let me see the plans," I suggested.

Like most people, I was dense about plans. Dave explained and ex-

plained, but at first the things were a mass of lines. By degrees I got to see things straight and on that flat surface to visualise the rooms.

"Darling," he said, "you've wonderful ideas! That's going to get us that contract."

I waited anxiously for him the next night.

He came in buoyantly, and caught me in his arms.

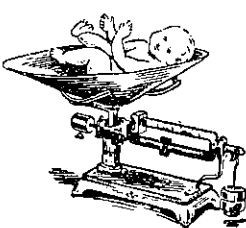
"The stairs did it," he said. "Dear, that other fellow was an architect, and I'm bound to say he had plans of the prettiest places imaginable. But it seems that when they got to discussing them, they weren't all practical. All sorts of things seemed to be coming in the wrong places, somehow. And when I sprung the lights and the stairs, one of the directors of the promoting company said:

"Now, here's a young man with sense. You will be able to get about his houses without breaking your neck. I'm for him."

"I got the contract; and, dear, I'm going to give them the best houses I ever designed. And for heaven's sake, if you have any more ideas in that practical head of yours, don't be afraid to speak out."

"Well," I replied, "of course they ought to have efficiency kitchens, with the food-preparation groups and the clearing groups all worked

Continued on page 38




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## MR. AND MRS. ARCHITECT

*Continued from page 37*

out—"I stopped. Dave was looking at me with his mouth open.

"The what?" he said. "Say it again."

"The food-preparation groups and the clearing groups," I said. "See here, Dave, that's been all worked out scientifically. Our kitchen has it."

"Well, feed me first and then lead me to it," he directed. "Maybe it isn't as complicated as it seems."

SO we had dinner, and then I introduced my husband to his own kitchen.

"You begin here," I said. "The food comes from the pantry in two ways. The cold food goes direct to the dining-room. That to be cooked goes direct by this door to the kitchen. Then you prepare your food by the kitchen cabinet here, set it on the stove right next; those make the food-preparation group. If you have a lot of food, you have the table in the centre of the floor so handy to the cabinet you can reach it without taking an extra step. Then you take your dishes from the stove and put them on the drain-board or in the sink next, where they are washed. You rinse them on the second drain-board, put them on the wheel-tray and roll them to the dish-closet. You see, Dave, you don't have to cross the room a hundred times to do the work."

"But—but how did we happen on such an ideal place?" asked Dave.

"We didn't," I said. "The larder was a wash-house, and there wasn't any pantry. Don't you remember I made the landlord move the tubs into the kitchen along that wall where there was nothing? It didn't cost much, as the water was on that same wall, and I had to have a pantry sink. The kitchen-cabinet can be moved, you know, and the table. I made the landlord raise the sink last year. No woman could work at that before without getting a crick in her neck and a backache."

"Couldn't she?" asked Dave. "How high should a sink be?" "For the average woman thirty-two inches," I said promptly. Dave got out a notebook.

"If you'll say all that again, and slow—no, I'll never get it. Say, dear, come down to the office to-morrow and dictate it to Miss McBride, will you? It sounds great to me, but I'll never remember it all. And where, may I ask, is the outside door?"

"Into the larder, so the cool air of the cellar will keep the larder cool in summer by just leaving the door open. Of course, the icebox goes into the pantry."

"Where on earth did you learn all this?" said Dave.

"Well, every good housekeeper ought to know it," I said, "but a lot don't. Some of it I learned from reading, and some of it I just learned through housekeeping—and being sensible," I added.

*Continued on page 39*

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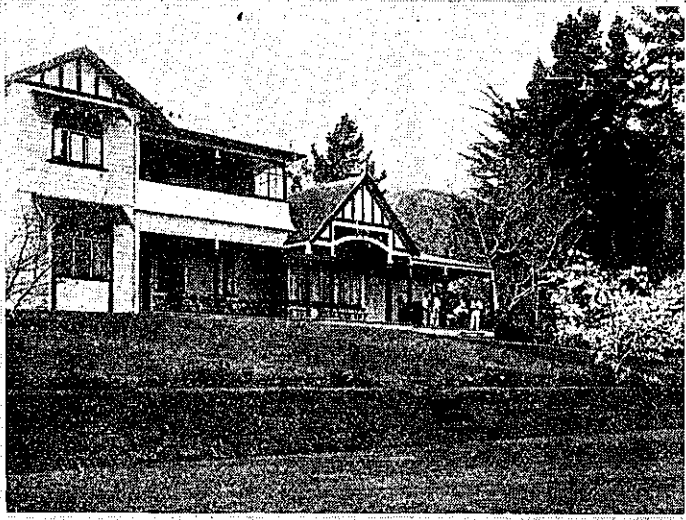
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Photograph by Deighton Studios, Napier.

"CULWORTH"

The delightful Napier home of Mr. and Mrs. McDonald

Dave pulled my ear.

"You're the most sensible—" he began when I flashed back:

"If you say that again, I'll—I'll slap you."

Dave looked utterly astonished.

"Why, you little goose!" he said. And strange as it may seem, I did not object.

THE next morning I went down to the office—after the house was all in order. Thank goodness I did not heed Dave's invitation to let the dishes go and come along with him, for that morning was an epoch-making one in our career. I found Miss McBride waiting for me when I got there about ten-thirty. Dave, she said, had gone out to see about the new contract.

I looked shyly at Miss McBride. She is a big, stout, capable-looking young woman, and I had never dictated a thing in my life. I told her so, and she smiled.

"Oh, just begin anyhow, Mrs. Ward," she said. "I can fix it up." So I began and ran off what I said to Dave the night before. It sounded kind of weak in the morning light, but Miss McBride seemed impressed.

"Where'd you study, Mrs. Ward?" she said. "Mr. Ward said you had developed some suggestions, but these are great. I'd like to live in a house you planned."

We had just finished when the outer door opened, and in came Dave with three men.

"Why, Jo!" he exclaimed. "Gentlemen, I want to introduce you to my wife." I shook hands with a Mr. Earle, a Mr. Fried and a Mr. Grant, all members, as I knew, of the promoting company for the new houses.

"I've been telling some of your ideas," went on Dave. "And as I thought you would be here by this time, we just came over." He took the sheet of paper Miss McBride silently handed him, and exclaimed:

"Here it is! Now, gentlemen, if you please—"

I sat in some confusion while my ideas were read aloud. Then Mr. Earle, a tall, thin man, coughed.

"May I ask, Mr. Ward, if you have figured on the increased cost of all this?"

"Why," said Dave, "it won't cost any more to build a kitchen like

this than the kind ordinarily built. It's only the arrangement that is different."

"Then," said Mr. Earle, "that settles it. It has always seemed to me that houses being managed by women and mainly bought by women, a woman ought to have a finger in the planning."

"You ought to have Mrs. Ward for your partner," suggested fat, jolly Mr. Fried. Dave looked at me with a sudden light in his eyes.

"And if Mrs. Ward has more ideas in her head," said Mr. Grant, "I don't mind saying, for one, that with that new addition coming after this, and the bigger houses, we ought to offer some inducement as a kind of mortgage on them."

They all beamed on me, and I felt rather foolish, but Dave went out with them after a few kindly words on their part, and a few minutes later returned fairly whooping.

"They've given me a bonus, dear," he said. "They are simply wild over those ideas. They had a salesman in this morning, and he says they have the biggest talking-points of any plans he ever saw. And say, they are going in for some big places over on the south shore, and I am to have a look-in. And, dear, it's mainly you." He looked around sharply. Miss McBride had vanished. He drew me to him and said softly:

"You wonderful girl!" It was the first time I had been called that, and it sounded a good deal better than *sensible* to me. And then we fell to work. I stayed at the office until four, when to Dave's great surprise and mine, Mr. Earle walked in on us.

"Mrs. Ward," he said, "we are having a discussion on some of those points, and if you don't mind, could we go up and see your kitchen and see how the thing works out? And if you wouldn't mind one or two of the head salesmen, we could take my car and Grant's, and—we would be so much indebted to you."

AS I said, I thanked my stars the house was in order. So Dave and I and six men rode up and inspected my kitchen, and I explained over

Continued on page 40



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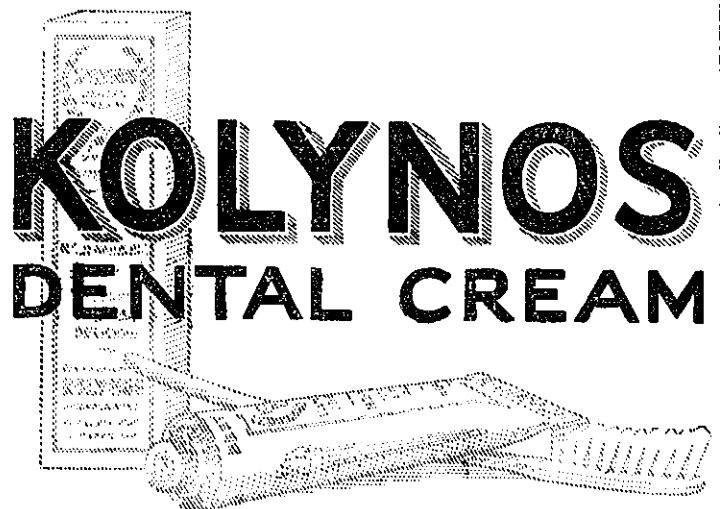
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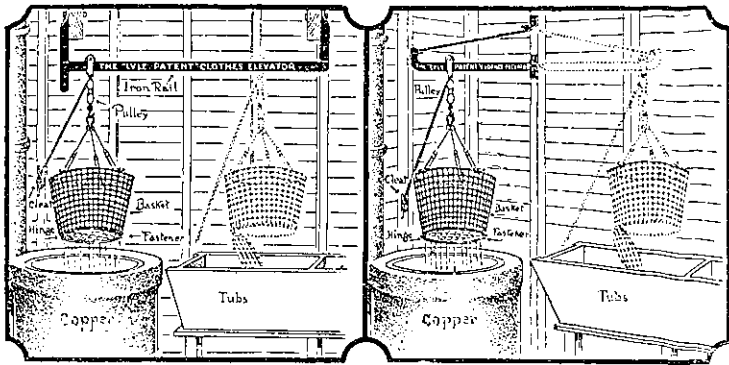


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## MR. AND MRS. ARCHITECT

Continued from page 39

and over what ought to be perfectly plain to everyone, it seems to me, that the fewer steps a woman takes, the sooner she gets done and the less tired she is. But they took it as an entire novelty, and when they left, Dave and I looked at each other, tired but happy, for we could see big things coming.

"Let's go out for dinner," said Dave. "And say, Jo, that partnership idea is no joke. Would you consider it?"

"I don't know enough," I said. "But if you wouldn't mind my studying some, I might, in time—"

Dave patted my hand.

"You little goose!" he repeated, satisfied, no doubt, with its success the night before. "Why, you've given me more ideas in a day than I've had in a year."

But I insisted on the study. And little by little, under Dave's instructions, I began to learn something of real architecture. The day came when I could plan a house myself, not as good a house as Dave's, for I have little artistic sense, but I could do it. And that day I told Dave I was willing to be a partner.

He was busy on a big contract then, a large home for a famous and wealthy man, and he was anxious to make it as complete as it could possibly be.

"Think of all the things you've wanted and have never had," he said to me.

"A clothes-chute," I said promptly, "so that when you have soiled cloth-

ing, you take it out to the hall and throw it down to the wash-house in the basement."

"Got one planned for," said Dave.

"And a cleaning-closet on every floor, so that no brooms or dust-brushes would ever be standing about," I added.

"Got that, too," said Dave.

"And," I went on, "a place for umbrellas where they would be clean and not always falling over, not a jar or stand. . . . Dave, that step before you turn, there, is big and broad; why not a long drawer fitting in the side, for umbrellas?"

"Whoop-la!" cried Dave. "I make it."

Funny as it may seem, that umbrella-drawer actually made a sensation. Mrs. Hamilton is a rich woman and has most things she wants; but she takes the greatest delight in showing off that handy receptacle for umbrellas. It pulls out under—or rather they pull out under, for she has three of them—the three lower steps by the side, and so do not spoil the appearance of the risers. They open easily, and slide back easily, and umbrellas can lie there out of the dust and not be falling over. I have one myself in our own new house, and it is a delight.

THE funniest task I think we have had was the back-in-front house. A very famous woman had bought a large section of land near a main road. The back of the section ran

Continued on page 41

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## MR. AND MRS. ARCHITECT

Continued from page 40

down to a stream, and at one particular point there was a fine view, running down the hill across the stream and way off beyond. But to build a house there and enjoy the view, meant looking at it from the back windows.

"And I hate to do that," said the famous woman, as Dave and I looked the site over. "Of course, the bedrooms on the second floor will be all right, but think of putting a kitchen and a back porch near that view."

"Put the kitchen in the front," I suggested.

It was a most unusual house, but it filled the need, and the famous lady who resided in it advertised Dave and me far and wide until we became known as architects who were willing to take infinite pains to do just what people wanted.

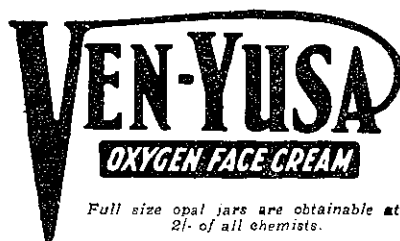
Dave wouldn't finish any house now without me. And in the profession are coming more and more women who have just that practical touch which is needed to make a house comfortable. Women have kept house so long they know house deficiencies better than a man possibly can.

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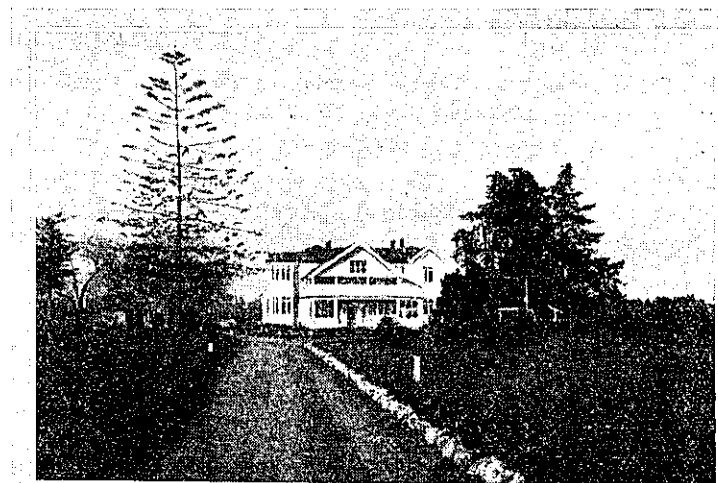
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A KOROKIPO HOME  
The delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. Holt

Photograph by Deighton Studios, Napier.

"But," protested the famous lady, "think of the view from the front road. Why, the people owning neighbouring sections would be here hammering the house down!"

"Well, I can fix a kitchen in front so that no one will know it is there," I said. "And you can have a front entrance for guests, and a side one for the kitchen, with a latticed porch which will be unobjectionable. And the maid will be able to see the road, and that will help you to keep maids, because maids love the road."

"They love it as much as I hate it," said the lady. "If you can do that, Mrs. Ward, it will give me the home of my heart."

We did it, Dave and I. It was a curious house. Outside, possibly, it was nothing extraordinary, though, I claim, well-designed, with the little portico in front and the benches at its sides. But when one went in, the big hall ran from end to end, which is not customary. And guests went through to the big sun porch across the back. The living-room opened onto this porch at one side, and the dining-room on the other; and the living-room had windows also on the side toward the road, as it ran the full depth of the house. But the kitchen windows were exactly like the living-room ones, to balance the house, and were fitted with lattice blinds that could be closed to keep prying eyes out, while the big windows on the opposite side, screened by the latticed porch, gave plenty of ventilation. We made a small passageway between the kitchen and dining-room just big enough for a door to open so that the maid did not have to go through the dining-room to answer the bell, and at the far end was a tiny larder.

There is one row of small houses near us, where there is not a place in a bedroom where a double bed can be placed without crossing a door or a window. I do not know where the architect thought the people were going to sleep; maybe he planned it for single beds. I showed one of the houses to Dave, and he said:

"But, Jo, if the windows weren't that way, they wouldn't look right outside."

Isn't that like a man! Never mind where the family sleeps, if the windows come right outside! "But there could have been one high window," I argued, "over the bed-head, or there could have been narrower and higher windows all around, or two on one side and none on the other."

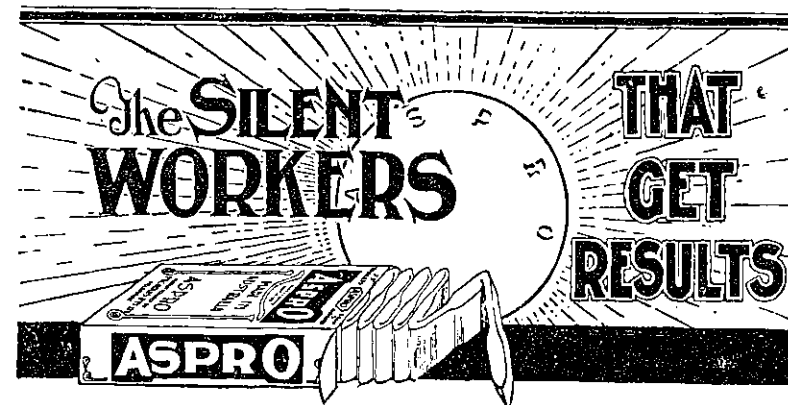
"Well, that's the usual model," said Dave.

"It won't be when women plan," I retorted.

Nor will it. Nor will fireplaces occupy the place where the sideboard ought to be, so that the sideboard has to cross a doorway to get in or be ruined by the steam. Nor will bathroom fixtures be so arranged that the opening of a door gives a full view of all the room. As for cupboards! There will be plenty of them, not too deep, for any woman knows a deep cupboard is a nuisance.

Even with me helping, we do some fool things. But there isn't any question about it, Ward and Ward, specialists on homes, are making good in a way that Dave frankly admits Ward alone would never have done. If there is any profession that just naturally calls for a woman's help, it is architecture.

Wherefore we are, as I said in the title, Mr. and Mrs. Architects.



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# WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR CITIES?

Continued from page 14



A CONTRAST IN BACKS

See opposite page

An eloquent example of the difference between ill and well-designed backs.—From "Town Planning in Practice," by Raymond Unwin.

planning it is often possible to lay out streets so that the focus is on some prominent natural feature, or the vista ended by an important building such as a church or public library.

In England, owing to the closer spacing of the houses and the fact that they are generally two-storied, very definite architectural street pictures are formed, and one must confess their undeniable charm. In our suburbs the architecture becomes secondary to the gardens, each house being detached and standing well back from the road.

It is my belief, however, that we will be forced to build more closely on suburban land, and thus come more into line with English and Continental examples.

It requires no extraordinary vision to imagine Auckland with a population of a million in 50 years' time, and to house anything approaching that number it is obvious that the density of population must be considerably increased.

Hand-in-hand with more intensive building development come various dangers, and if we do not take the necessary precautions against these they will become positive evils. A densely populated suburb not wisely controlled is a potential slum. It is here that the practical application of the Community Spirit comes into play—the recognition of one's neighbours' rights and privileges—or, in other words, the placing of the interests of the whole community before those of its individual members.

There is a type of individual who detests any encroachment on what he terms his liberty. He says: "I intend doing exactly as I wish on my own property," and then proceeds to erect unsightly outbuildings composed of any scraps of material which come to his hand. The ownership of a suburban plot should not entitle anyone to become a nuisance to his neighbours, and the man who wants to express his freedom in such fashion should remove himself from his fellow men, as he is not sufficiently evolved to take his place in a civilised community.

Law and order are the basic principles of all civilised people, and broadly speaking we have come to realise this fundamental truth.

We enact laws against many descriptions of offence, and our local authorities draw up an elaborate code of by-laws governing the whole community.

We are compelled to obey traffic laws, building and sanitary laws, which are framed for the common good, and yet the common decencies are outraged daily by peoples' lack of consideration for their neighbours.

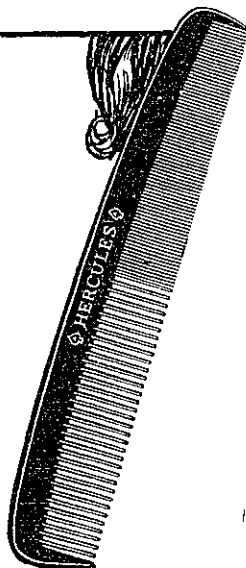
I DO not wish it to be thought that I would clap the whole population into dwellings of barrack-like monotony and insist on their using a standard pattern of garden bed, but wise restrictions might well be placed on the nature and position of outbuildings and all those things which either make or mar a neighbourhood.

Continued on page 43



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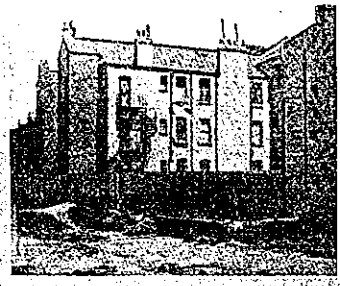
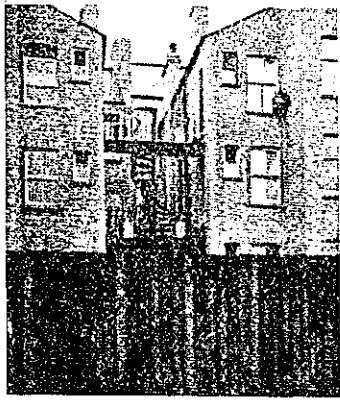
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# WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR CITIES?

Continued from page 42



An interesting comparison with the photograph on the opposite page: The depressing appearance of badly designed "backs."

## The Treatment of Gardens

CLOSER building naturally means smaller sections of land, and consequently a shorter distance between the road and the house front.

This arrangement has led in England to a very simple treatment of the front gardens and a greater elaboration of the back gardens.

The Englishman does not, so to speak, display all his wares in his shop window, but keeps the bulk of his attractive stock inside his shop.

The front plots being too small and too public for private enjoyment, the garden proper is laid out behind the house. I dislike to speak of the backs of houses and back yards—there should be neither in a well-ordered community.

The back of the house should become the garden front, and where aspect permits the living rooms should face the garden. The inevitable piece of untidy yard should be relegated to a small area at the back of the section and screened by trellis or hedge. If hens are kept this is also the place for them, and their runs and houses should be decent in appearance.

## Boundaries

I LIVED for some years in a house in England without a front fence, hedge or wall. It was one of a street of small houses, and not one had a front fence or gate.

The ground in front was sown in grass, the trees were planted at intervals and in groups, and the whole effect was broad, simple and very open.

I do not necessarily advocate the complete abolition of front fences, but I think there is a great deal to be said for the low hedge or rock garden wall which is making its occasional appearance in our midst.

No more suitable boundary than the living hedge can be found for the separation of plots and back fences, and these can in a few years give a fair degree of privacy.

## A Plea for Good Manners

NOW that the Garden Suburb Movement has come upon us we will have the opportunity of stamping it with our national characteristics.

Are we going to repeat the chaos so evident in many of our recently developed suburbs, or are we going to give practical expression to a consistent mode of thought and collective effort. Will the result be a riot of discordant ideas or the expression of a homogeneous community?

Deliberate eccentricity is a form of bad manners whether expressed in speech, dress or in building, and the man whose ambition is to do something original in the way of a building, something different from his neighbours, just for the sake of being different, usually achieves mere grotesqueness and is guilty of a breach of good manners.

It is possible to follow a tradition both in building and in garden design, and always, provided one has imagination, there will be countless opportunity for the expression of originality without breaking away from tradition.

Shut Out The Night! the icy, starless gloom,  
The Scene obscure where ghostlike shadows loom,  
Shut Out The Night! the dreariness and fog,  
Draw to the hearth and turn the glowing log.

Shut Out The Night! welcome the warmth you need,  
And find contentment in "a fragrant weed."  
Shut Out The Night! and dread of colds abjure—  
Remember Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 53

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is to call Rabbit "rabbit" so that all FURS purchased from her carry with them a guarantee of genuineness.

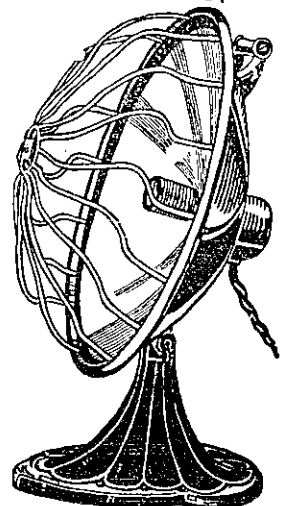
# MADAME MENERE

*Fashion Furrier*

Corner Cashel & Colombo Streets (Upstairs), CHRISTCHURCH

## ONE HEATER TO WARM ALL YOUR ROOMS!

Dining-room, Bedroom, "Den" and Bathroom—wherever there is a heating socket there is cheerful warmth and comfort waiting for you on cold nights. Simply carry this perfect heater into the room, connect it with the point and switch on the current. Quite simple! Absolutely clean! Wonderfully convenient!



*Hotpoint*

## HEDLITE HEATER

A handsome, serviceable member of the famous "Hotpoint" family of servants—the greatest home comfort you could have this winter. See this Heater with its cheery glow in our Showroom—let us give particulars of its economy. Every night will be a warm night with the Hedlite Heater in the home.

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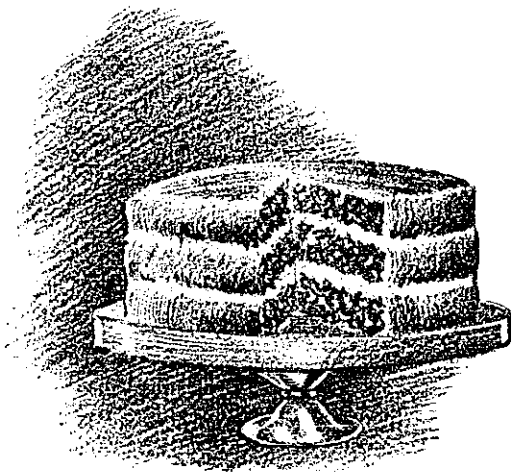
Your  
guests,



**A**PPRECIATE the charm of your home—soft colours, shaded lights, jolly times—the most delightfully tempting meals ~ ~ They think you a wonderful housewife and cook ~

You know that the absolute purity of Edmonds Baking Powder is the secret of your success. That, by ensuring light, tempting food, it very definitely contributes to the welfare, physically and mentally, of your home circle.

It's a happiness-bringer to your home



**EDMONDS**  
- BAKING POWDER -  
**"SURE TO RISE"**

All grocers stock it

All home-bakers appreciate it

# SOME APPLE RECIPES

By

Mrs. L. M. DIAMOND



HERE ARE SOME EXCELLENT RECIPES IN WHICH THE HUMBLE BUT SUCCULENT APPLE PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART

### Apple Cheesecakes

- 1lb. apples
- ½lb. powdered sugar
- ½lb. fresh butter
- 4 eggs
- The thin rind and juice of a lemon
- ½lb. currants
- A little nutmeg
- ½lb. puff paste

Pare, core and cut in slices the apples, boil them with very little water, and the lemon rind, until you can pulp them with a fork. Melt the butter, mix it with the beaten eggs, using the yolks of all, but the whites only of two; add the rest of the ingredients, stir the mixture well; line some patty pans, or a tart tin, with puff paste, fill with the mixture, and bake about 20 minutes.

### Apple Bread

- 2lbs. apples
- 4lbs. flour
- 1oz. yeast
- Water

Peel and core the apples, cut them in slices, put them in a stone jar, which place in a stewpan of boiling water, and stew the apples into a pulp. Mix this with the flour, add the yeast, and as much water as will make a smooth dough; cover the pan and set it in a warm place to rise for 12 hours. Form into rather long-shaped loaves, and bake in a quick oven.

### Apple Charlotte (Hot)

- 12 large apples
- ½lb. sugar
- 1 lemon
- A little grated nutmeg
- 2oz. butter
- A stale sponge cake

Peel, core, and cut up the apples, put them in a stewpan with the sugar, the grated rind and the juice of a lemon, and a little grated nutmeg; stir till in a marmalade, then add the butter; cut the cake in slices ½in. thick, well butter a plain mould, line it with slices of cake made to fit quite close, press in the apple, cover with a plate and bake in a quick oven for three-quarters of an hour; turn out carefully and serve very hot. Thin bread and butter can be substituted for the sponge cake.

### Apple Cake

- 1½lb. apples
- 1lb. lump sugar
- 3 lemons

Peel the apples, cut and core them, put them in a stewpan with the sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the rinds of 1½ lemons grated. Simmer for four hours till it becomes quite stiff, then put in a mould, in which let it remain all night; plunge the mould in hot water before turning out to prevent it sticking.

### Apple and Fig Pudding

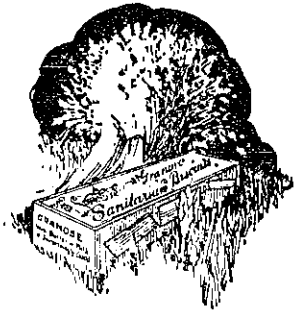
Mix 3oz. of flour, 3oz. of bread-crumbs with 2oz. finely chopped suit, 4oz. of figs cut small, a large apple coarsely chopped, and 2oz. of sugar. Mix all to a stiff paste with milk, adding 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Steam in a greased basin for three hours. Serve with boiled custard.

### Toffee Apples

Choose firm ripe apples, put a stick four inches long in each; boil 3lbs. of brown sugar with 1 pint of water and a teaspoonful of golden syrup in a saucepan until it is quite brittle when tested in cold water. Then add 1 teaspoonful of lemon extract and a little cochineal to colour. Dip the apples in the syrup, turn over and over until they are covered. Put on a buttered plate and remove before they are quite cold. Children delight in these.

### Cheese Savoury

Cut up half a pound of cheese into small pieces, and melt it in an enamel saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of milk. Let it melt gradually, stirring occasionally. Have ready one or two eggs well beaten and pour these gently into the cheese gradually, stirring well; do not let it actually boil. Have slices of toast ready, heap up a little mould on each. A very tasty supper dish and easily prepared.



## Eat Granose and you eat whole wheat

Every flake of Granose is a grain of wheat. Every grain of wheat contains the mineral salts and vitamins necessary to health, growth and life of the human body. This is why you should eat whole wheat at every meal every day. This is why you should eat Granose. For Granose is the best possible form in which to eat whole wheat.

## Granose Biscuits

Eat Granose sometimes with milk or cream, and sometimes eat it dry. This way it is extremely beneficial to sufferers from constipation and digestive disorders. The granary substance of the Biscuit calls for mastication. This induces the flow of saliva necessary to proper digestion.

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Obtainable from all Stores. Prepared by the Sanitarium Health Food Co., Christchurch.



## WRINKLES "COMEN" VANISHED IN ONE WEEK

Method not massage. This is the only facial treatment ever endorsed by the United States Health Board

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## MORE MATTRESSES — BETTER MATTRESSES BUT NO ADVANCE IN PRICE!

HOWARD ABBOTT, Ltd., Auckland, makers of the famous Durodown Mattress, have now installed the very latest machinery, including a buttoning machine which does the work of 8 men.

Another machine rolls and stitches the edge of a mattress in 15 minutes, whereas it took 4 hours by hand.

The Durodown Factory is now as perfectly equipped as any in the world.

FOR PERFECT REST AND WEARS THE BEST

# DURODOWN The Guaranteed Mattress 378/4.

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# Twilfit

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## CORSETS



No. 1010  
Our special reducing model with patented cross supports in very strong white coutil. Fitted with six hose supporters.

Women of every type find perfect ease in one of the many varied "Twilfit" styles. Yet this comfort is combined with an effective body support. This is one of the reasons why "Twilfits" stand alone in the estimation of the feminine world. Whatever your type of figure the "Twilfit" Corset will assure you proper proportions.

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- Trade Only TWILFIT CORSETS, Box 829, Auckland



MISS GRACE E. WITHERS

Who has recently arrived in Auckland to take charge of the Health and Recreation Department of the Y.W.C.A. She is accomplished in teaching Physical Training work, Swedish Drill, Apparatus Work, Fencing, etc. She will have charge of what is the best equipped Women's Gymnasium in Australasia, and will conduct evening and day classes.

### LADIES CAN MAKE MONEY EASILY AND PLEASANTLY IN SPARE TIME

THE N.Z. Chemical Co. require ladies to act as agents for them in every town. You do not have to purchase any goods, and no money is required. All you need to do is a little pleasant talking to your friends or workmates and in return receive a nice steady income. The N.Z. Chemical Co. manufacture toilet and medicinal goods of every kind, they are also mail order druggists, and give any advice within their power free of charge. Here are a few of their preparations: "Hennos," shampoo powders, the original Henna and Peroxide; "Gloria" Beauty Cream, the best complexion improver known; "Petol," the great hair grower and beautifier; "Butogen"—this is the latest scientific preparation for developing and improving the bust. No woman is really attractive who has not a well-developed bust. "Zaro" Paste for making slim, neat and attractive ankles; "Betts" improved female pills for correcting irregularities; "BoroCarbol," the well-known cure for Catarrh. Write to-day stating clearly your name, address, age and occupation to the N.Z. Chemical Co., P.O. Box 133, Dunedin.

Think this over!

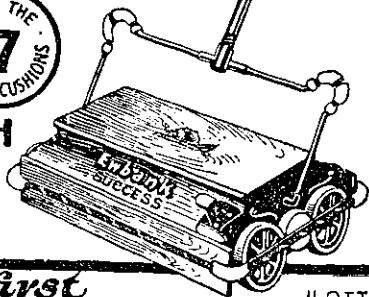


Your wife sweeps 22,000 sq. yds. of carpet per year

Would you like the job? Is it fair to let her go on with the same old back-racking implements which aged your Mother before her time? Give her a Carpet Sweeper—give her a smooth, silent-running **Ewbank**—the Sweeper that cleans its own brush—the all-British Sweeper which operates on ball-bearings and cannot wear because the pulley which rotates the brush is brass armoured. Inspect the handsome oak **Ewbank** to-day—note how the seven safety cushions protect furniture, and hands. You'll be surprised how little the **Ewbank** costs.

**Ewbank** AND THE SELF CLEANING BRUSH

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See THE BRITISH **Ewbank** first

ILOTT

### Up-to-Date Cooking Hints for Every Housewife



BY USING a quarter cup of Duryea's Maizena to three-quarter cup of any good flour the percentage of gluten is decreased and the starch content increased so that home prepared flour will make a lighter and finer grained cake.

If your recipe calls for 4 eggs to 1 quart of milk use 3 eggs, and for the egg omitted use half table-spoonful of Duryea's Maizena.

For smoother, glossier gravies and sauces use a deserts-poonful of Duryea's Maizena instead of a table-spoonful of wheat flour. For lighter, flakier biscuits, pie crusts and muffins, make your pastry flour with one-fourth cup of Duryea's Maizena to three-fourths cup wheat flour.

A little Duryea's Maizena dusted on top of cakes before icing prevents the frosting from running off.

A quarter teaspoonful of Duryea's Maizena put into each of your salt-shakers will keep the salt from caking.

Copies of cook book containing proven recipes can be obtained from

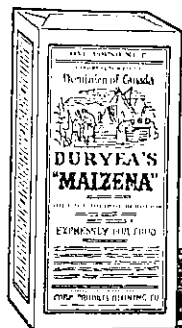
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**AMONGST THE WORKERS**

Both the Duke and Duchess are keenly interested in social matters. They are here seen amongst the workers in the London Docks.

**ROYALTY IN REALITY**

Continued from page 11

It is frequently remarked that the Duke in his great powers of concentration and in his conscientious discharge of rather dull duties, is very like the Prince Consort. The comparison is not pleasing to His Royal Highness, nor is it altogether just, for the Duke has something denied to his worthy great-grandfather, namely, a sense of humour. He may not be so easily stirred to a laugh as is his elder brother, but he has a lively wit, and a very pleasing smile.

*His "Play the Game" Camp*

HIS studious nature does not overwhelm his love of sport. He is the best golfer in the Royal Family, and he can put up a good show at the wicket. As a shot, he bids fair to inherit his father's skill, and he is a fearless rider to hounds. One of the happiest days in the Duke's year is when he visits the "Play-the-Game Camp" where he entertains, for a month each year, a joint party of working-class and public-school boys. Here he joins in all the conventional games, and is not slow in taking a hand in the new games, which, each year, the boys invent.

This camp is, in some respects, an expression of the Duke's character, since it was his own idea, and he takes an active interest in its organisation. The camp knows no class.

The young peer from Eton strolls arm in arm with some "Ginger" or "Nobby" from a factory or workshop. There is but one rule, "Play the Game."

Newspaper men are kept away, so that the Duke can never be accused of conducting the camp for show purposes, and, moreover, absence of publicity, which would surely stress class difference, enables the gulf to be more easily bridged.

In all his activities the Duke is now seconded by his winsome Duchess. Her sweet and "human" nature will soften the tendency to severity which was showing itself in the Duke's character until his marriage. Their home at White Lodge, Richmond Park, is a place where intellectuality and gaiety are happily blended.

Of the Duke's future it is difficult to write. While the matrimonial intentions of the Prince of Wales remain somewhat obscure, it is desirable that the King's second son should not go far afield. When, however, the succession is more definitely assured, it is more than probable that the Duke and Duchess will take up an appointment overseas.

Nevertheless, whether their future lies at home or in the Dominions, the Empire will have near the Throne one whose whole life has been spent in service or in training to serve.

—"A COURT HISTORIAN"

**NOTE THIS TIGHTLY ROLLED EDGE!**

Now a feature of every Durodown, the rolled edge greatly enhances the appearance of this famous mattress.

Hitherto, it was thought impossible to sell a rolled-edge mattress at a moderate price, but the installation of machinery which takes only 15 minutes to roll and stitch a mattress—work which previously took 4 hours—enables us to place this better Durodown Mattress on the market at the same price.

ASK FOR THE NEW DURODOWN—AT ANY LEADING FURNISHER'S.

FOR PERFECT REST AND WEARS THE BEST.

**DURODOWN**  
The Guaranteed Mattress.

379/1

**MAKE SOME JAM**

from this Season's  
**TASMANIAN FRUIT**

*Sealed Fresh in the Fruit Lands, it opens Fresh in your Kitchen*

**Gooseberry**  
5/- per 6lb. tin

**Raspberry**  
7/3 per 6lb. tin

**Strawberry**  
10/- per 6lb. tin

**Black Currant**  
6/9 per 6lb. tin

Sound fruit from this season's crop, and imported direct from Tasmania, is now available at all the Hutchinson Depôts. With a tin of this wholesome pulp you are enabled to make delicious jam despite the fact that the fruit-season is over locally. This is not ordinary preserved fruit—it is free from sugar, and is hygienically sealed in perfect condition so that it comes to you as good as fresh. Get some for a boiling of jam—each tin has full directions for using.

**Order Early to avoid Disappointment**

Free Deliveries City and Suburbs

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HUTCHINSON BROS LTD  
AUCTIONEERS  
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WE SERVE YOU WELL

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS.

Seven Auckland Depôts

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OUR Catalogue No. is full of beautiful Irish Linen illustrations. You can order with perfect confidence from this old established firm, knowing that your wishes will be interpreted correctly. We are continually receiving letters of appreciation from all parts of the world.

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Extra heavy cream linen sheeting by the yard. Exceptional quality for good hard wear.  
70 inches wide per yard 4/6

**LINEN DAMASK** By the yard

Bleached linen sheeting,  
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Bleached pure Irish linen double damask by the yard. Any length cut. A very fine heavy make which will give good dependable wear.  
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72 " " " " 11/3

**PILLOW CASING**

Bleached linen pillow casing. Our standard make.  
40 inches wide per yard 4/6  
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**LINEN TOWELLING**

Extra heavy bleached linen huck towelling. By the yard. A quality you will be delighted with.  
25 inches wide per yard 2/6

Extra heavy unbleached all linen huck towelling. By the yard.  
17 inches wide per yard 1/4  
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# FRESH!

Plenty of good, rich, FRESH cake should always be kept at home. How the youngsters coming from school look forward to and enjoy a good-sized piece of Adams Bell Cake.

The children are great critics—if it's good they endorse it—tell their friends about it, these tell their mothers and so the GOODNESS of Adams Bell Cake has become a household word.

## Adams Bell Cake

All Adams Bell Cakes are made with the purest, richest and most wholesome ingredients that can be bought, and you can buy cake from Adams Bell cheaper than you can bake at home.

*Always include in your shopping list one or two varieties of Adams Bell Cake.*

### ADAMS BELL & CO. LTD.

THREE SHOPS

124 Queen Street

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Three Lamps Ponsonby

Depots in Every Suburb. Agents throughout North Island.

## OUTSTAYING A WELCOME

### A SOCIAL PROBLEM

THE thought a guest should always keep in mind is the avoidance of any possibility of outstaying her welcome.

However hospitable one's hostess, an extra person in the household involves additional work for the servants, possibly augmented meals, and a variation in her usual habits and arrangements for the entertainment of her guest.

When invited for a week-end visit, unless otherwise specified, it is usual to bring this to an end on the Monday, and arrangements should be made accordingly. If the remark that you are thinking of leaving on Monday morning draws an insistence from your hostess that you stay at least to lunch, all well and good; but it is better not to prolong your visit beyond the afternoon.

"Come and spend a few days with us," is an elastic term, but should not be interpreted to mean an indefinite period. It is sometimes difficult to fit in one's visits, sandwiching the short ones between those of specified length, and there is often an inclination to stretch the "few days" into a convenient week or so, especially when the stay is proving a particularly pleasant one.

WHEN a guest observes, tentatively and half-heartedly, that she "must really be going home tomorrow," the hostess is sometimes in a quandary between the dictates of hospitality and the inconvenience she may be put to if her politely conventional suggestion that the visit should not be brought to an end just yet is hastily and eagerly accepted.

The guest should use her observation and common sense when her host and hostess overwhelm her with warm assurances that they are delighted with her company and want her to stay. The status of the household, its position as regards the servant problem, and the many small incidents which reveal "which way the wind blows," are matters the considerate guest will remember, and use her judgment accordingly.

Vague representations of the demands of business in town or the necessity of paying important other visits serve as an excuse to bring her stay to a close.

Sudden illness, a bereavement in the family, or other unexpected happening upsetting to the household should be the signal for the tactful guest to insist upon taking her leave at the earliest possible moment.

## TO LOOK SMART Tailored Costumes

MUST BE WELL CUT  
EVERY LINE MUST  
HAVE RELATION TO  
THE FIGURE

MY 20 YEARS EXPERIENCE  
ENABLES ME TO IMPART  
INDIVIDUAL TASTE IN  
EVERY GARMENT BE IT

COSTUME  
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or COAT-FROCK

Write for Samples and prices I  
can fit you from measurements



Remember my new address:

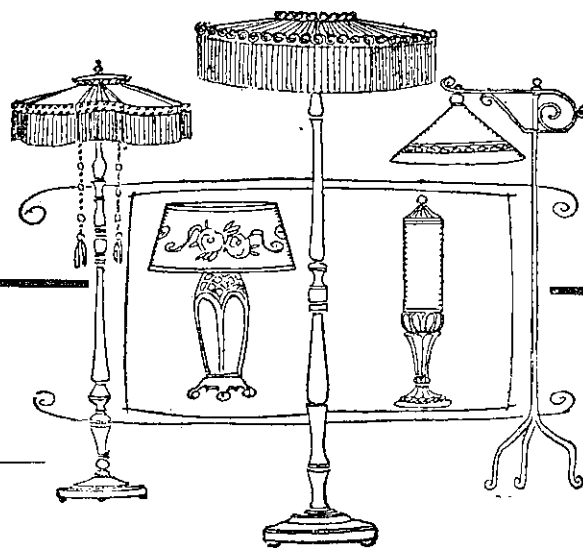
### F. N. SPACKMAN

Ladies' Tailor

10 WOODWARD STREET, WELLINGTON

TELEPHONE 1756

(Opposite Midland Hotel)



## LAMPS of BEAUTY

A charming variety of bronze and oxidised copper hall and table lamp-stands has recently arrived and is now displayed in our showrooms. This range is the best we have yet shown so its inspection will repay you. The prices are very moderate and represent outstanding value.

**Andrews & Clark**  
FURNISHING SPECIALISTS  
Queen St. Auckland.



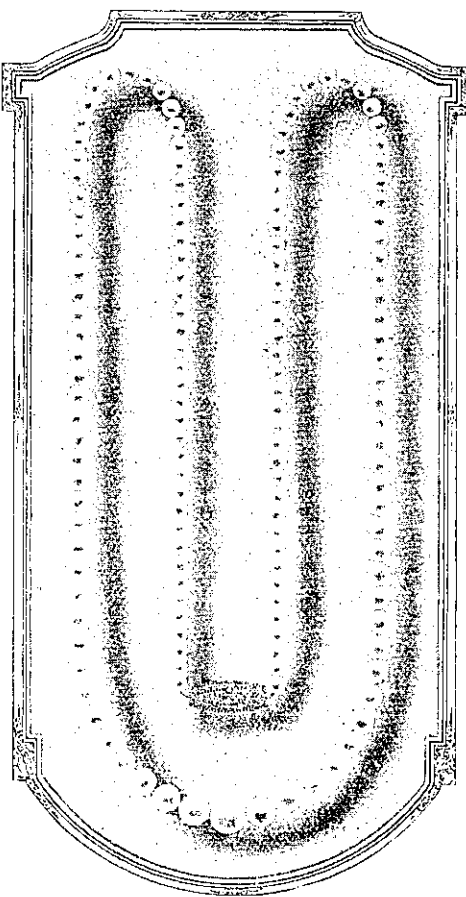
The Order of the Bath

H. S. Cottrell, photo

ERRATUM

ON page 15 of our last issue we regret that the photograph of "The Younger Son of Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Millar" was wrongly acknowledged. This photograph was taken by Madame Pawlyn Huggett, of New Plymouth. On the same page,

the title under the left-hand photograph (circle) should read "Diana, the daughter of Mrs. E. L. Humphries." Our apologies are due to Madame Pawlyn Huggett for the errors detailed above.



Whole Pearl Necklaces

UNDOUBTEDLY the finest selection of Pearl Necklaces in Australia is carried by Hardy Brothers Ltd., and loose pearls of finest quality for increasing or improving existing Necklets form a special feature of the Company's Displays. For Quality and Value, Hardy Brothers' Pearls are unsurpassed—they are backed by a reputation for strict integrity extending over seventy years. New Zealand visitors to the Commonwealth are specially invited to inspect the Company's Displays in Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane. Expert information and advice is given freely and no obligation need be assumed.

Prices of Whole Pearl Necklaces range from £20 to £4,000

Five per cent. discount is allowed on all Cash Purchases.

13 Hunter St., SYDNEY 298-300  
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**HARDY BROTHERS LTD.** COLLINS ST. MELBOURNE  
*The House of Exclusive Jewellery*

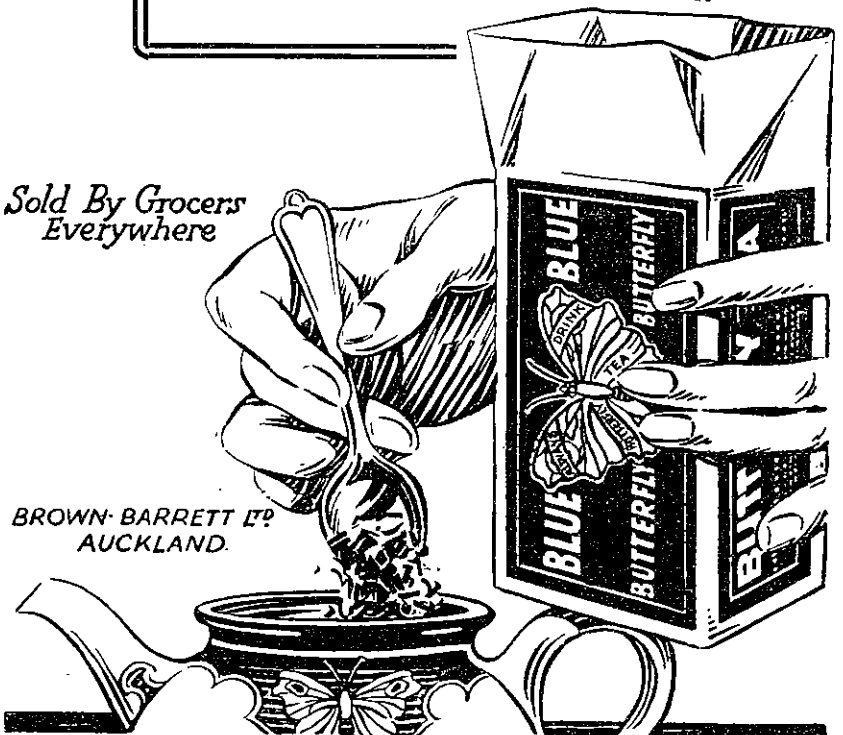
Butterfly TEA

Its Freshness Ensures Fine Flavour

and

Its Quality Means Economy

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## A Perfect Autumn

Ideal weather conditions prevailing during early autumn create within you a wish to live in our beautiful city. Will you kindly read the description of this lovely home, and allow us to motor you out to see it.

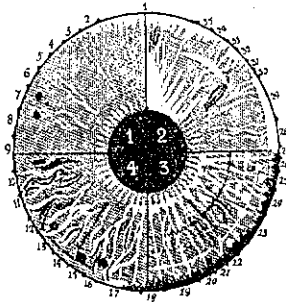
## SLOPES OF MOUNT ALBERT

Magnificent view of Harbour and City. Bungalow, 7 rooms and 2 sleeping porches; tiled roof; fully equipped with modern requisites. The elevation of this section makes it an ideal home for health and beauty. Price is £2200 on terms.

**R. BROWN**  
PROGRESSIVE AGENT

GAZES' BUILDINGS

KARANGAHAPE ROAD



## The Mirror of the Soul

Every organ in the body is represented in the iris—its nerve filaments, through the spinal cord, receive impressions from every nerve in the body. "Diagnosis from the Eye" proves that civilisation is destructive. Section 1 of Iris on left indicates degree of density in bushmen, mountaineers and animals that live close to

Nature; the spots are caused by using iodine. Sections 2, 3, and 4 show hereditary and acquired signs of lowered resistance, drug and mineral poisons; we see such eyes in thousands in the cities. Itch spots in the eye solve to a large extent the mystery surrounding the origin and nature of malignant tumors and tuberculosis.

**The Life Way Plan** (complete) definitely proves the causes of cancer, and is the Most Scientific Course of Normal Living in existence. Guaranteed to teach you much that you have regarded as impossible. Describes Sanatorium Treatment by which seeming miracles are wrought; how to take kinks out of the spine, relieving nerve pressure; how to eradicate hereditary taints. Many people would give thousands to know whether they have a predisposition to cancer. **Iridology proves it**—that diet alone is not responsible. Acknowledged by thousands to be the best Health-Truth Investment they ever made—physically, mentally, morally, spiritually. Must not be confused with any other works in existence. Calculated to save students much time and money. All fees paid refunded in full if our claims are not absolutely true. **Price £3/3/-**, includes all necessary personal advice on diet and other essentials.

Students who take **The Life Way Plan** (complete) automatically become the contestants for one of three prizes (£10, £5, £2) during the year they enrol. Recommended by Sir Arbuthnot Lane, the famous Surgeon.

Any Minor Lessons (1 to 15) that students may need now go with **The Plan** (complete) without extra charge: (1) **Natural Beauty Culture** (every woman her own Beauty Expert), 30/-; (2) **How to Grow Taller**, 21/-; (3) **Appendicitis and Constipation** (drugless and bloodless), 7/6; (4) **Constipation**, 5/6; (5) **Luxuriant Hair** (to cure dandruff, grow, restore fading and falling hair in 30 to 60 days), 5/6; (6) **Save the Teeth** (actually saves abscessed and pyorrhoea-infected teeth), 5/6; (7) **Strong Eyes** (enables many to discard glasses), 5/6; (8) **Tonsils and Adenoids**, 5/6; (9) **Autopractic** (takes kinks out of the spine), 5/6; (10) **Coughs, Colds, Catarrh**, 5/6; (11) **Reducing Weight**, 5/6; (12) **Gaining Weight**, 5/6; (13) **Infantile Paralysis**, 5/6; (14) **Influenza and Pneumonia**, 5/6; (15) **Tobacco Habit**, 5/6. Results and satisfaction assured. **The Life Way** method is different. Descriptive Booklet, 6 penny stamps.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF LIFE

The Correspondence School which teaches the Art of Living

P.O. Box 1638, Auckland Bankers: Bank of New South Wales

(Founded Los Angeles 25 years ago)



### QUEEN OF REVELS

Dell, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moody, of Opotiki, in her prize-winning costume, "Carnival Queen."

Photograph by Firth Studios

## MEMORIES OF MR. MASSEY

Continued from page 12

Mr. Lloyd George he was a trusted comrade whose counsel was invaluable.

In Paris Mr. Massey was the intimate friend of Clemenceau, Botha, Bonar Law, the late Lord Milner, Robert Lansing, a leading member of the American delegation, and Earl (then Mr.) Balfour. Of all the Dominions' delegates Mr. Massey was most frequently the guest of Mr. Lloyd George, then Prime Minister of England, at the famous breakfast conferences, when the policy of the Empire was shaped with the topping of a boiled egg. Outside the sphere of politics in Paris at that time New Zealand's statesman enjoyed a rare popularity among famous artists, admirals, distinguished soldiers with real records, and journalists. His social companions with whom he spent many a delightful hour included men differing widely in temperament and achievement—such as Sir William Orpen, who loathed politicians as a tribe, and the famous, mysterious Colonel T. H. Lawrence, the uncrowned "Prince of the Hedjaz Arabs." In other words men whose actions had placed them above pretence esteemed the unpretentious farmer-statesman

from New Zealand. Sir William Orpen has enshrined in his book "An Onlooker in France," his own estimate of Mr. Massey. Since it was a first impression by a sensitive artist it is worth quoting: "George Adam (then Paris correspondent of the *London Times* and a warm friend of Mr. Massey) gave a great dinner one evening at some little country place near Paris. Mr. Massey, of New Zealand, and Admiral Heaton Ellis were the two chief people present." Massey was a most pleasant big man with fine blue eyes; a simple, honest, straightforward person, large in body and big enough in brain to laugh at himself. He made me feel I was back painting the honest people in the war; he has none of the affectation of the "Frocks." To those who are familiar with the mind of Orpen that tribute is a priceless gem.

One could write a book in the telling of the popularity of an honest man among the peacemakers in those wonderful days of American ideals and other exalted exaggerations, but space forbids such an exercise in a crowded journal. Enough to say that the Dominion's

Continued on page 51

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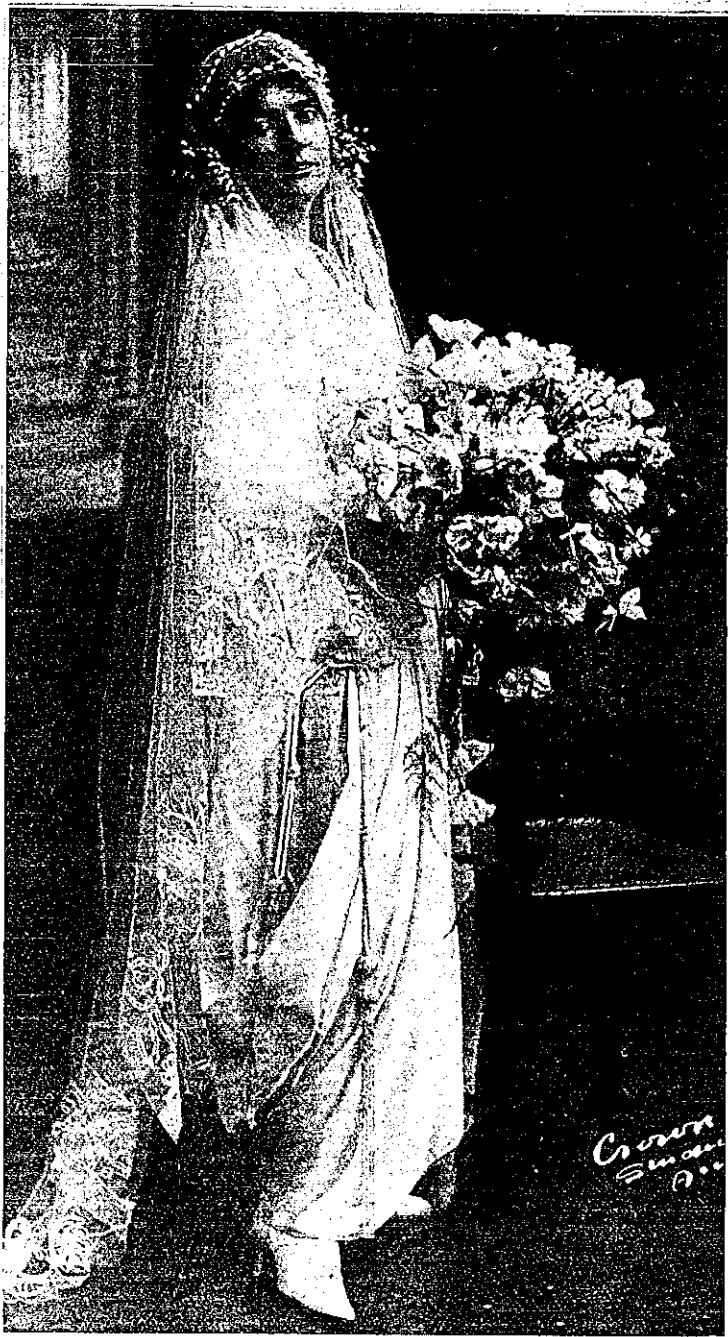
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Crown Studios, Auckland, photo.*

plenipotentiary to the Paris Peace Congress gave of his best, did his work thoroughly and well, and won the highest esteem of the great men of all nations. After all, character is like granite. It endures the test of time.

Mr. Massey sought no honours, but had many thrust upon him. Famous Universities were delighted to confer honorary degrees, and each one of the great cities in the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland made him a freeman. On one occasion he exercised his privileges as a freeman of London, voting at a poll for the election of aldermen, and chuckling with pleasure at the return of his selected candidates. He was the first oversea statesman to receive the freedom of the City of Londonderry.

He could have had the greatest honour that can be bestowed by the King on a citizen of the Empire, but resolutely refused the offer of a peerage. It was with a grateful pride that he declined the proffered reward, which was promulgated by the then First Lord of the Admiralty on the eve of the signing of the Treaty of Versailles.

Once only at the Peace Conference was Mr. Massey nonplussed and embarrassed. This was due to an official discovery that it was essential for each delegate with full powers, to sign the Treaty and seal it with his personal seal. As everybody knows, the only seal a farmer ever has is a branding iron for the marking of live stock. Mr. Massey was in a quandary for a day or two. There was no time to have a designed seal manufactured, and there was nothing else for it than to search the shops of Paris for a makeshift. He and I set out on a round of exploration and succeeded, despite an atrocious exercise of the French language, in discovering a tunic button on which was stamped in relief a fern. It cost exactly two francs, when thirty francs were equal to a sovereign, and went on to the historic treaty as the personal and symbolic seal of the Right Honourable William Ferguson Massey, Prime Minister of New Zealand. And it at least symbolised the man whose memory will live in the history of his country.



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## EVERY HUSBAND TO EVERY WIFE

By SIR WALTER DE FRECE, M.P.

GAY youth, even in the spring in which its fancy lightly takes an amorous bent, should anticipate, and prepare to avoid, the winter of discontent.

Most marriage contracts are entered into in a spirit of adventure and with a firm resolution to do the right thing always. Certain fixed rules of conduct are laid down, sub-consciously perhaps, by both girl and boy, rules which in the main are obvious. Such commandments as "Thou shalt not blow the house up, nor brand thy wife with red-hot irons" are naturally taken as read; but true wedded happiness springs from a deeper source than mere observance of the laws of the realm.

Our Divorce Courts would be comparatively empty if the smaller niceties of married life were more generally observed; for the friction which culminates in estrangement is generally traceable to the little irritations which are allowed to grow and magnify.

If all newly-married couples were to draw up a list of ten "commandments" to each other and rigidly observe them married life would become the sanctuary of happiness it was intended to be. Such a list as this from husband to wife, if resolutely carried out, would obviate many a matrimonial "incident":—

- 1—Honour me, highest among your male acquaintances.
- 2—Don't take too much notice of me when I come home with a "grouch"; grumbling is a mere man's safety valve.
- 3—In matters of household policy mine is the casting vote.
- 4—Don't scold me with your eyes.
- 5—If you must turn the rooms upside down, do it while I'm away at the office.
- 6—Don't give away my comfortable old clothes at the door to itinerant vendors; I never give away yours.
- 7—Remember that a nicely-cooked meal will bring me home quicker than most things after the day's work.
- 8—Don't think for a moment that because I am now married I object to you running your fingers through my hair. No man does.
- 9—When you spend, do it with one eye on the bill and the other on me earning the money to pay it.
- 10—And remember that I like to be made a fuss of at times, even though I'm old enough to know better!

As for the ten commandments from wife to husband, I had better leave those in the hands of my wife, who knows better than any man the things that are nearest the feminine heart.

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A HEROINE OF A SHIPWRECK

Topical Press, photo, London

Miss Kathleen Woodworth, of Rockport, Mass., who was on the schooner Susan B. when it foundered during a violent storm. She, with another woman and five men of the crew left the ship in a small boat during the storm, and drifted around for 53 hours without food or water, until they were picked up by the steamship "City of Atlanta." When in the boat she burned her skirt soaked with oil for a beacon light the first night in the open seas. After five steamships had passed them by unnoticed and the men at the oars had given up all hopes of ever seeing land, she started to sing to keep them cheery, and after she had sang a short while, the steamship "City of Atlanta" came in view and sighted their crude distress signal and picked them up. After reaching shore, Miss Woodworth was unable to walk for four days on account of the hardships which she suffered while in the open boat.

A THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY

SOME OF THESE DAYS

SOME of these days all the skies will be brighter;	And the world—with its sweetest of birds—shall go singing
Some of these days all the burdens will be lighter;	Some of these days!
Hearts will be happier, souls will be whiter,	Some of these days! Let us bear with our sorrow!
Some of these days!	Faith in the future—its light we may borrow;
Some of these days, in the deserts upspringing,	There will be joy in the golden to-morrow—
Fountains shall flash while the joy bells are ringing;	Some of these days.

Frank L. Stanton

ECZEMA—DISEASES OF THE SKIN—

ECZEMA PSORIASIS BABY ECZEMA SCALP TROUBLES

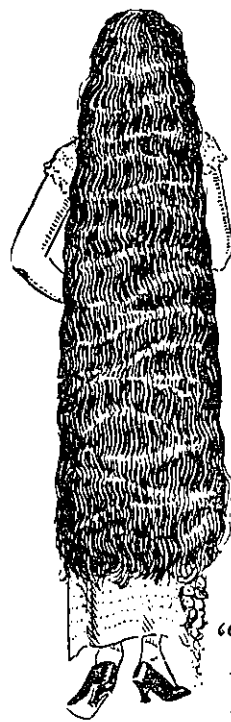
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It is not a dye, but a perfectly harmless tonic, and never fails to do what it states, viz. to completely restore faded and grey hair to its natural shade, and is also excellent for itchy scalps, dandruff and loss of hair from sickness. All reputable chemists and Toilet stores stock it. If any difficulty in procuring send direct to J. R. McKenzie or

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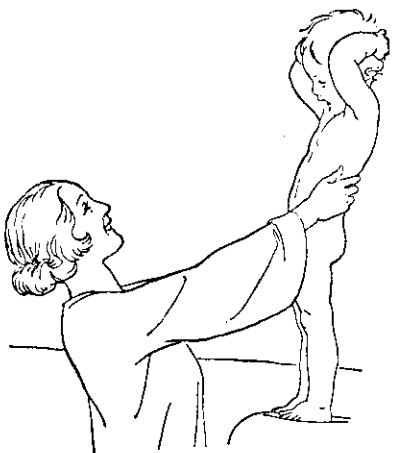
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## A GREAT PRODUCER TO VISIT NEW ZEALAND

**MR. LEON M. LION**, the London producer who was responsible for the early success of Galsworthy, Ibsen and Maeterlinck plays in the West End, announces his intention of visiting New Zealand late in the year with an English company.

Mr. Lion's season in Africa has been a tremendous success. There has been a public appeal through the newspapers that he should make a second tour of the Union before

returning to England. His plays, "The Chinese Puzzle," "The Mask and the Face," and "Outward Bound" have all enjoyed prolonged seasons in Johannesburg and Cape Town, and in both places he has put up a record. When it is remembered that he has only ninety thousand people to draw from for his audiences in Johannesburg, the fact that sixty thousand six hundred and sixty-two people saw him play will give some idea of the interest displayed by South Africans in the theatre.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

THE photograph of the late Mr. Massey, P.C., which appeared on page two of our last issue emanated from the Schmidt Studios, Auckland, to whom our thanks are due.

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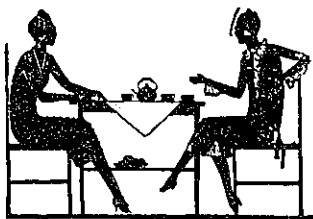
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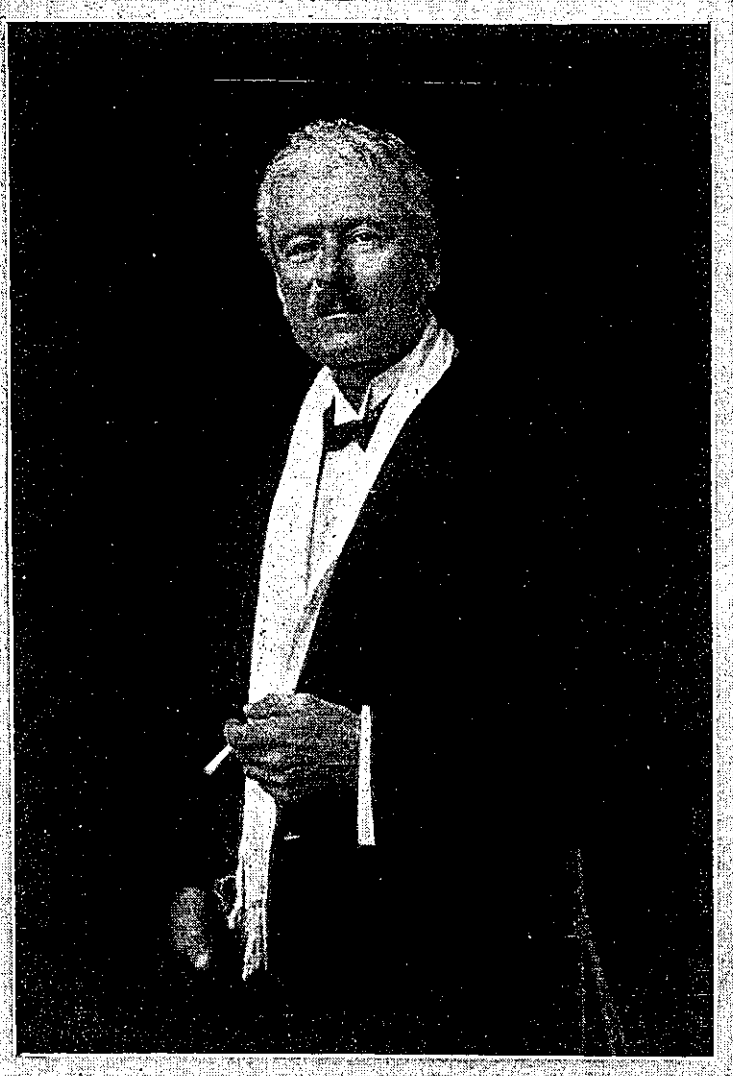
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A WELL-KNOWN NEW ZEALAND ARTIST

Mr. W. A. Bowring, of Wellington, who is at present visiting Australia.  
A photograph of Miss Bowring appears on page 9 of this issue.

Photo—P. H. Jauncey, Wellington.

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AN INTERESTING VENTURE

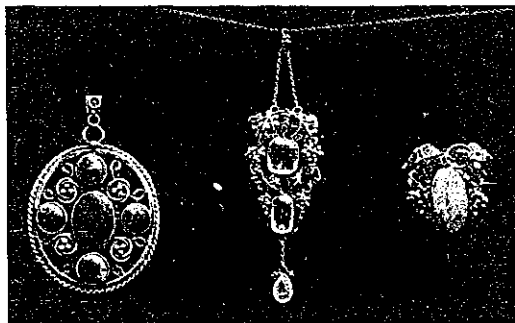
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lished in Auckland the Little  
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est many of our readers. The object  
of the Society, to quote the prelim-  
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reached us, is to provide for "the  
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wrights," and applications for mem-  
bership should be addressed to the  
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Marryatt, 714 N.Z. Insurance Build-  
ings, Auckland. We hope to be able  
to give further details of the pro-  
gress of this excellent idea in early  
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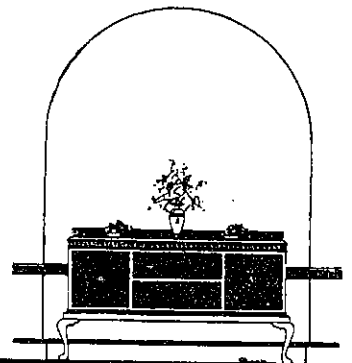
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Opposite Colosseum

IF Kreisler is irresistible when he speaks on his fiddle, he is hardly less of a *grand charmeur* in private intercourse. And the winsomeness of the man explains to some extent the fascination of the artist. For sincerity is at the root of the matter in both cases. The greatest of living violinists is at the same time the simplest and most modest of men.

Kreisler is a man of wide interests who can talk about many other things besides his art. Hear him on his recent visit to China and Japan, for instance, and he will surprise you by the variety of his impressions and the acuteness of his observations.

### The Japanese

THE Japanese especially delighted him with their ceremonial politeness and exquisite manners. He recalled, for example, how he had seen two cyclists collide violently and then get up, not to abuse one another, but all smiles and bows and mutual apologies.

"And then their audiences! Never have I played to any more attentive, although to most of them, I suppose, the music meant no more than Japanese music does to us."

Touching on this point, however, Kreisler mentioned that the gramophone is having a great influence in the East in spreading a knowledge of Western music, although it is responsible also for two somewhat amusing misapprehensions.

"In the first place, they think that nobody can be of much account unless he figures on the records of a certain famous company—fortunately, I did so myself! And, second-

## KREISLER TALKS

THE GREATEST VIOLINIST, WHO IS NOW IN NEW ZEALAND, DISCOURSES ON HIS TRAVELS AND THE NEW MUSIC

ly, they are firmly convinced that all European music consists of quite short pieces of the type that they hear on the records."

"And what about China?"

### In China

"OH! China is equally wonderful, but in a totally different way. I played for the natives there, too—in response to their urgent requests, I should explain, perhaps, for it formed no part of my original programme—and the way in which they listened was perhaps more remarkable still. For I understand that in the ordinary way music in China is invariably treated merely as an accompaniment to conversation. And I wonder if a European audience would listen as patiently and politely to a concert of Chinese music!"

"They not only listened: they actually made me play one piece three times! The work in question was Cyril Scott's 'Lotus Land,' which had, of course, a strong Oriental flavour; and my own 'Tamborin Chinois' I also had to play twice—though perhaps this was merely out of compliment to myself."

Asked his views on latter-day musical developments, Mr. Kreisler expressed himself very decidedly.

"Frankly, I have not the least idea," he observed, "where some of these modernist people are going to

And between you and me, I doubt if many of them know any better themselves.

"Please do not think that I am suggesting insincerity—not in the case of all, at any rate. For some of the most advanced of all I know to be absolutely, even fanatically, sincere—Schönberg, for example. I was actually at school with him, and for some of his earlier works I have the greatest admiration. If I cannot follow him in some of his later manifestations I do not question for a moment his sincerity.

### Stravinsky

"AND the same applies to Stravinsky, who also has given proofs in his earlier productions—'Petrouschka,' for instance—of his ability to write brilliantly what one may call normal music. Where this is the case one can but conclude that when subsequently they go beyond our understanding the fault conceivably may lie with ourselves."

"But, unfortunately, I cannot say the same of all. For whereas I have no doubt that such men as Schönberg and Stravinsky are perfectly sincere, I am afraid too many others seize upon their examples merely as excuses for writing sheer nonsense, and then putting it forth as the very latest thing in ultra-modernism.

"Why do they do this? It is not

difficult, I fancy, to understand the reason, the truth being, of course, that it is very hard, unless you happen to be a genius, to do anything new or remarkable on existing lines. Many are trying to do this, but few succeed. Write nonsense, however—be extravagant, preposterous, outrageous—and you will attract attention at once!

### The Temptation

"HERE, therefore, is the temptation, and I am afraid that too many are succumbing to it at the present time. Music on the old lines is finished, they say. They, at any rate, cannot do anything more in this way. Therefore, they argue, let us start again on entirely new principles, and then we shall have just as good a chance as anyone else.

"Hence, therefore, some of the monstrous and impossible productions which we are asked to accept nowadays—not only in music, be it noted, but also in pictorial art, where the efforts of the atonalist, the polytonalist, and the rest are precisely paralleled by those of the post-impressionists, the cubists, and the like.

"I deny that such exercises bear any relation to legitimate art. They are the product, not of evolution, but of revolution, and I refuse to believe that artistic results of any value can be arrived at in this way. Art means building up, not pulling down, and it is idle to create a chaos in the hope of possibly building a new world on the ruins. But I repeat—for the sincere and legitimate pioneers I have nothing but respect, even though I may be totally unable to follow them."



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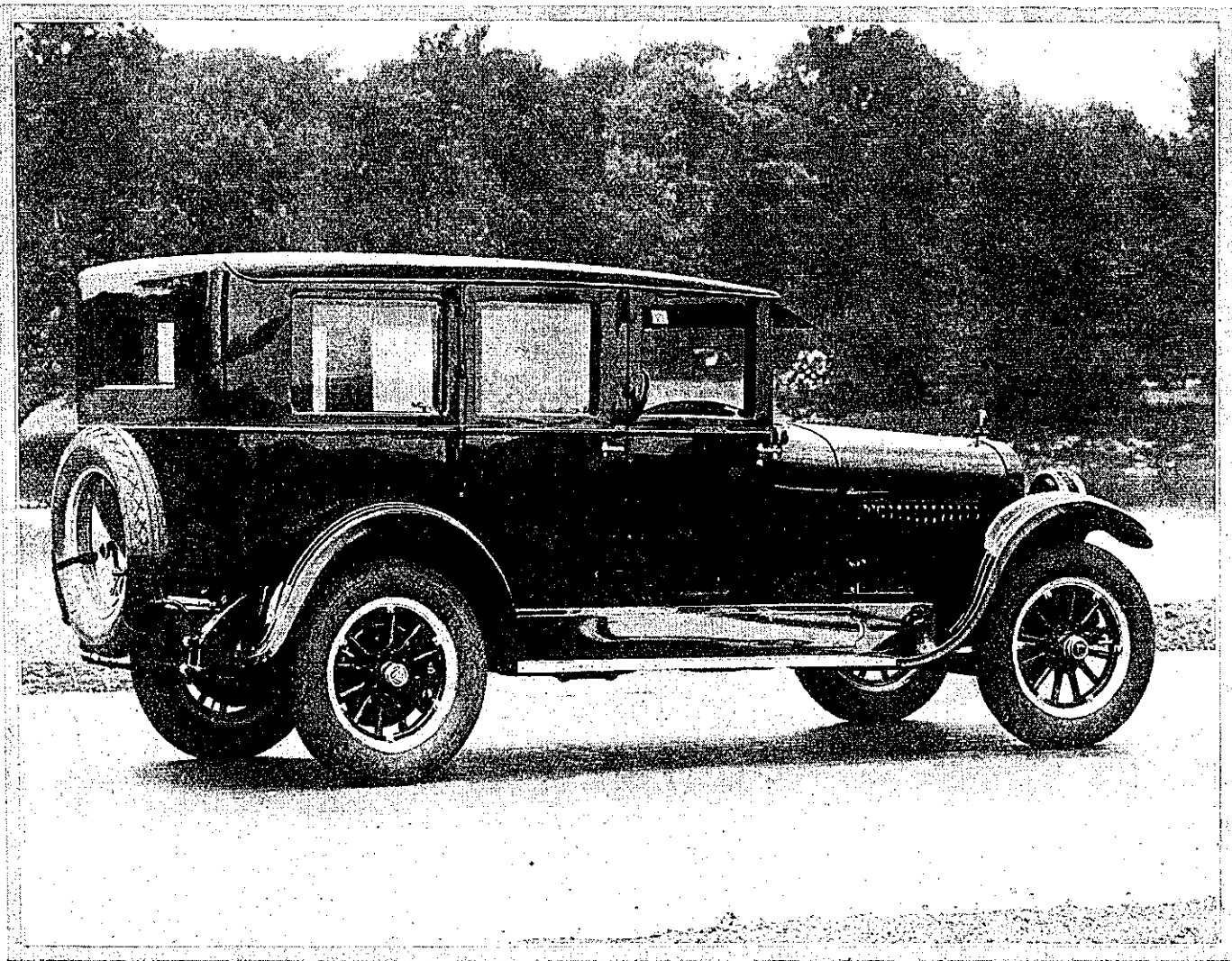
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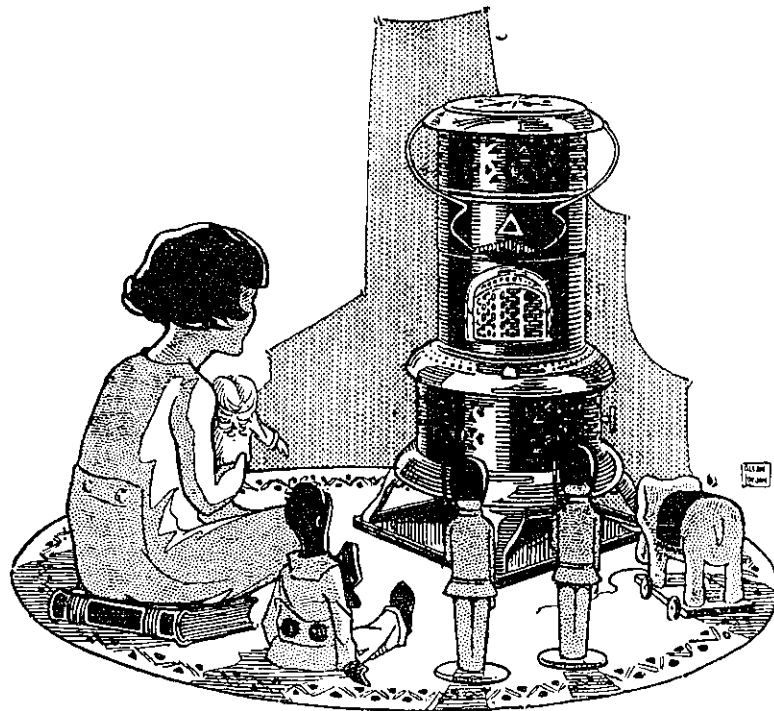
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# THE KING'S HIGHWAY

A MOTORING CAUSERIE

By SANCHO

*Car being assisted across the Waimakariri River  
at Bealey on the road to the West Coast Road  
from Christchurch*

*J. Anderson, photo, Christchurch*



THE Wellington Automobile Club is fortunate in having Sir Joseph Ward as its president, and at the half-yearly meeting of the club recently Sir Joseph touched on a matter of general interest to all motorists. It was his opinion, he said, that motorists should strive to have the speed law made uniform throughout the Dominion. Curiously enough this was a matter the Wellington delegates brought up at last year's meeting of the North Island Motor Union, but the other delegates unceremoniously threw it out instantaneously. Wairarapa declared it a retrograde proposal, that should never have been introduced, and Auckland was also against it. The Union, in short, held that motorists should fight against any speed limit at all. There is not the least sign of any such campaign by the Motor Union against speed limits, and the upshot seems to be that that body sits back and does nothing while Bumbledom from one end of the country to the other fixes any old speed limit it happens to feel like, with the result that the legal speed varies in every different town, village, and county, and none of us on tour have the least idea of where we are so far as legal speed is concerned.

THERE is not the least chance in the world of the Motor Union having speed limits abolished, but it might do excellent service by dropping this chimerical idea and taking up Sir Joseph Ward's suggestion. As it happens, no new legislation would be needed, for the Government has the power under the Motor Vehicles Act of last year to make regulations providing uniform speed limits throughout the country over-riding local by-laws. In America last year the National Motor Vehicle Conference recommended that a uniform speed limit should be fixed throughout the United States on the following basis: In open country, 30 miles per hour; in suburban streets, 20 miles per hour; in urban streets, 15 miles per hour; with the proviso that under no circumstances should the speed be greater than is reasonable and proper, having regard to the use and traffic of the highway, or such as to endanger life and limb or the safety of any property. Streets where the 15-mile limit prevails have to be specially marked in the numerous American States which have adopted these uniform rules, and many have

a further provision for 12 miles an hour past school grounds, hospitals, etc. Uniformity is certainly very badly needed in New Zealand, but, of course, if the Motor Union thinks 30 m.p.h. too low there is no reason against its trying for the Kansas speed limit of 40 m.p.h. in open country. Of the 47 American States only twelve have speed limits of under 30 m.p.h., while ten (in which are located a third of the motor vehicles in the country) have a limit of 35 m.p.h., and 21 have the 30 m.p.h. limit. The 400,000 motor vehicles of Kansas have the privilege of probably the slickest legal travel in the world.

INDUSTRIOUS addition of the official distances scattered over the Highways Board map has revealed the most direct route between Auckland and Wellington as that via Te Kuiti, Taumarunui, Raetihi, and the Parapara road to Wanganui, and thence via Foxton to Wellington. This is nearly forty miles shorter than the route via Mokau and Taranaki—on paper, that is, for it is not the shortest way home when it comes to putting a car across it as it is to-day. The next shortest route, in point of distance, is that via Taihape, Waiouru, Tokaanu, Taupo and Hamilton. This is but a brief five miles longer than the other, and if one went direct without calling at Tokaanu (really a

slight detour) it would be just about the shortest route of all. Now that the Mokau route is metalled right through it will be quite a good idea from every point of view to promote the idea of fixing up the Te Kuiti-Taumarunui-Parapara route so as to be passable in all weathers and to provide comfortable travel. If this is done it will give all motorists in both the northern and southern parts of the island decent access to the Tongariro National Park, which is undoubtedly one of the finest holiday assets this country possesses. At present it is a very bumpy business reaching the Park by road, but the amount of work to be done to provide a reasonably good ride to it is not so prodigious. The road will serve a lot of good farming country, the Parapara part, in fact, taps country with no other access, and this, combined with the fact that it will open the door to happy, healthy days in the park for all of us makes it quite a sound proposition for agitation.

I SEE the Wairarapa Automobile Association is initiating a campaign against the law that the drivers of motor vehicles must stop dead before passing over a railway crossing. This provision the Railway Department thoughtfully brought in for the protection of the public in 1913. Mr. Buddo moved in Parliament to have it struck out of the

Bill, but got no support. It applies only to motor vehicles, but under the older law there is also the provision making it an offence for anyone to be on a crossing when an approaching train or engine is within half-a-mile of the crossing. It would seem, therefore, that the onus is on the Railway Department to provide crossings with a clear view of the railway line for half-a-mile in either direction. Otherwise there is no means by which road traffic can use these crossings in a legal manner except by chance, and we are all made willy-nilly into a nation of law-breakers. People have been hit by trains at crossings where there is no such view of the line, and have (if lucky enough to survive) been prosecuted and fined for being on the line when a train was there. Perhaps if the matter were fought out in the courts it could be established that the Railway Department must either provide the half-mile clear view, or do away with the level crossings where it cannot be provided.

AMERICA is the land of motor-cars, *par excellence*, but it seems that the President of the United States is provided with his official cars in rather a curious manner. There are five cars maintained at the White House. They are all of the same make, but different models. There is a big limousine for the President, an exactly similar one for his Secretary, a laundlet for the President's lady, a special touring car for the Secret Service guard, and a second special touring car for the use of guests at the White House. Since 1909 these cars have come from the same factory. They are not owned by the President, nor by the Government, but are supplied on a rental basis, and are replaced by later models from the same factory as often as wear and tear renders this necessary. If a President takes a fancy to his car on leaving office he buys it, as the late President Wilson did. The extent to which the cars are used may be gauged from the statement by Mr. A. J. Montgomery in the *American Motorist* that the weekly petrol consumption averages forty-four gallons per car. It is said that there is no record of a President being discommoded by a breakdown of an official car on the road.



*When the Waimakariri River is in flood cars have to be assisted through the River. Cars at Bealey waiting their turn for a tow.*

*J. Anderson, photo, Christchurch*

*Continued on page 60*

MR. COOLIDGE, we learn from Mr. Montgomery, drives very little for pleasure and rarely exceeds a speed of sixteen miles an hour. He is said never to have driven a car himself in his life, and to have no desire to try his hand at the wheel. Mr. Taft, now Chief Justice of the United States, was the keenest motoring President, and dearly loved "stepping on the gas" and long-distance touring. Mr. Harding was also not averse to speed, though this was often due to cutting times so fine between one engagement and the next that the only way to be on time was to "let her go." The Presidential motor pace in Mr. Harding's day was in fact a matter of comment in the newspaper after one or two exceptionally quick journeys. Of President Taft a story is told that he once remarked to the mayor of a town on the Canadian border: "Ah, yes, I remember your town. I passed through it on my motoring tour two years ago." "You did, Mr. President, the dust has not settled yet," said the mayor.

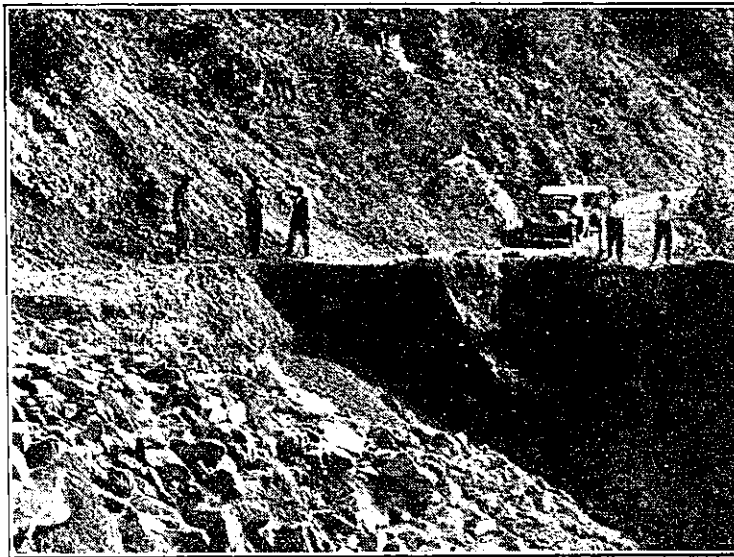
A HUNDRED years ago in Britain it was said that the railways would put an end to fox-hunting, and country squires and their tenants went out blunderbus in hand to drive the accursed railway surveyors off their lands. Now we are informed that the motor car is killing fox-hunting. Motorists not only throng the roads to witness the meet, but tear along by highway and byway beating the hounds to given points, picnicing in swarms by the road side, and generally turning what should be a select gathering of

## THE KING'S HIGHWAY

Continued from page 59

country gentlefolk into a gigantic Roman holiday. It is sad, and salty tears of bitter anguish are being wept by hunting people who find it no longer possible to ignore the mob and its motor-cars. If fox-hunting

out in Britain at round about £50 apiece. To-day the cheapest British light cars start off with retail prices at about three times that figure, and cuts in price have so far proved gradual. Over suitable roads there



Washout on West Coast Road at Arthur's Pass. In this case the car drivers gladly assisted to cut a fresh track round the slip.

J. Anderson, photo, Christchurch

goes what, one wonders, will be left of Britain that is really British?

AN English motor manufacturer has expressed the opinion that before many years have flown by serviceable light cars will be turned

is no doubt that these vehicles provide the most economical form of motoring possible, and with the steady improvement in our roads following the work of the Highways Board there should come an increasing field for them in this country.

There is wonderful wear in some of these little cars. Only a few months ago the writer heard of a little 8-10 horse-power English light car of 1912 which had been in continuous use in this country from that year until the death a few months ago of its owner, a country doctor. Possibly the turnout is still in use. This little vehicle made the run from Wellington to Auckland and back in 1913, and is said to have been the first small car to do so. Its first owner had it on several long runs about the North and South Islands, sold it to the country doctor mentioned above on departing for the war, and on returning four years later offered the doctor what he had paid for it. This offer the doctor refused. The long survival of this tiny car is an excellent demonstration of the fact that the English light car is far from being a mere fragile toy.

WITH a little general support there should be an excellent prospect of getting the Government to set up a small commission to see if the present high cost of running the county councils cannot be reduced so as to free more money for good roads. A request for such an enquiry was recently made by the Wellington Automobile Club, which is seeking the support of other motoring organisations on the matter. If the cost of county administration could be cut from its present ten per cent. of the total county expenditure to the five per cent. on which the Public Works does its adminis-

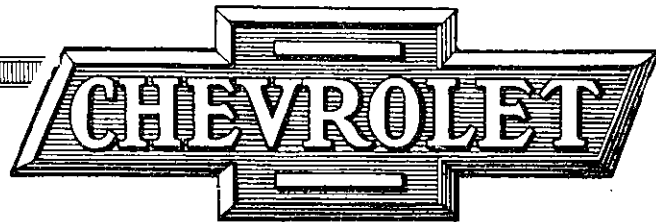
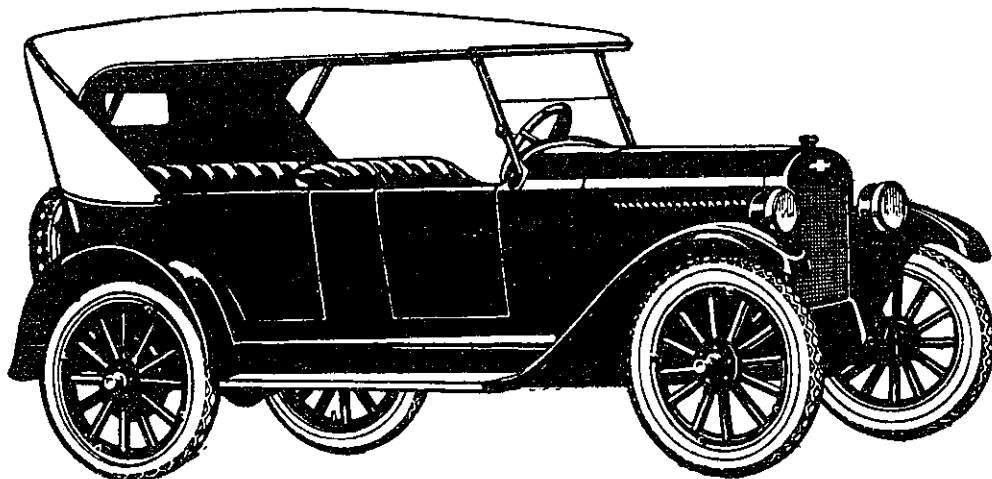
Continued on page 62

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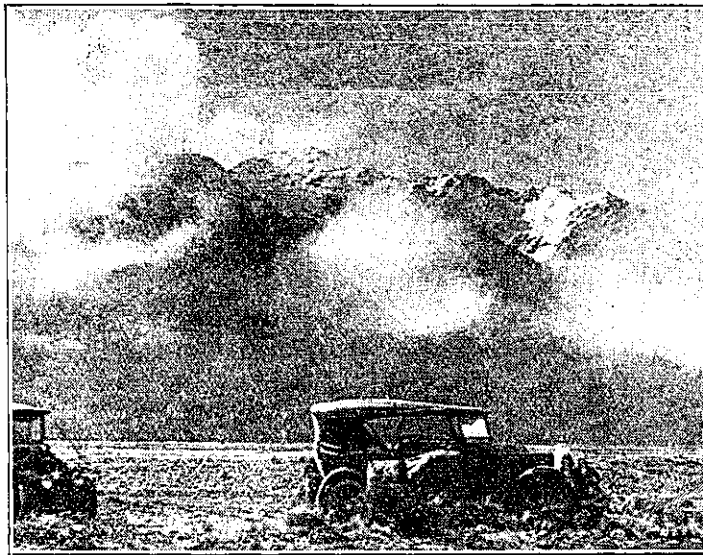
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Waimakariri River, at Bealey, Canterbury. Waiting to be assisted over the river. J. Anderson, photo, Christchurch

# MOTORING ON WEST COAST ROADS

THE incidents depicted in the accompanying photographs\* took place on that mountainous portion of the Main West Coast Road lying between Bealey and Otira.

As a rule it is advisable for the motorist to truck his car at Springfield and rail it to Otira, unless the weather is settled, and even then sudden and violent downpours of rain are not unknown in the mountains.

Rivers and creeks rapidly flood and fortunately fall again as quickly

## THE TRIALS AND PLEASURES TO BE EXPECTED BY THE MOTORIST IN CANTERBURY

By J. ANDERSON

After negotiating the Waimakariri River on the journey West, the next obstacle met with was the wash-out, a mile before the township of Arthur's Pass is reached. Here the water just poured down the mountain side and the road, at that point disappeared into the gully below.

It was not expedient at that time to bridge the gap, so that a road, room enough for a car was dug out by the roadmen, assisted by some of the car drivers.

Rough Creek was the next obstacle, just at the entrance to Arthur's Pass station, usually a trickling stream, now swollen to a raging torrent. Here one car met disaster.

THIS car was an Oldsmobile, making its maiden trip from Christchurch to Otira, with three passengers, one of whom was a lady.

They had negotiated the Waimakariri River before the worst of the storm broke and reached Rough

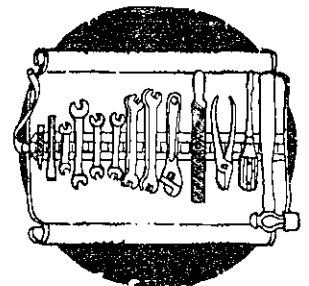
Creek in the darkness, and assayed the crossing. On reaching the middle of the torrent the engine stalled, and failed to start again. By this time the water was over the running boards, and on opening the doors rushed through the car, and was still rising rapidly, so that the car had to be abandoned.

The passengers, of necessity, waded to the bank of the torrent in a deluge of rain. Kindly residents procured the necessary comforts for the unfortunate passengers, and helped to secure the car with a rope. The picture shows the large boulders brought down by the flood in the night and deposited in the car. Fate, in the shape of a large rock which lodged beside the car, had the effect of diverting the stream and thereby saving the car, as it was doubtful that the rope would hold against the fury of the rush of the waters.

By the morning the flood was sufficiently abated to enable the car to be dug out and hauled to the railway.

It was a curious fact that the tail light of the car was still in action in the morning.

The next and last of the troubles to encounter on this occasion was at McGraths' Creek, usually negotiated by a ford built of trees and stones. This ford, however, had vanished in the night. Here, with the efforts of the men of the P.W.D. a temporary ford was constructed to enable the cars to get through. The picture shows one of the service cars crossing this ford.



THERE will no doubt be many to whom it will be no effort to remember the occasion of the Railway Strike.

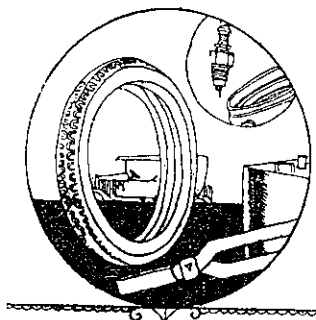
However, to the motorist who prefers to shun the less hazardous trips, and when the weather is fine, the trip is one that is full of interest. The mountain scenery and the mountain air are tonics for the city dweller. Snowclad peaks and glistening glaciers are seen *en route* and the famed Otira Gorge negotiated with its rugged mountain sides, bush-clad and bright with the red of the rata, the Otira River far below at the bottom.

Mt. Rolleston is seen when nearing the summit of the Pass, and many waterfalls leaping out from hidden sources in the bush.

The summit of the Pass, Lily Flat, offers a comparatively flat run of half a mile, and it is here that the motorist crosses from Canterbury into Westland. In the months of November and December Lily Flat is one mass of the snow-white blooms of that exquisite alpine flower the Mountain Lily, which later is replaced by the Mountain Daisy, not so striking a blossom but none the less beautiful.



Crossing McGrath's Creek on the West Coast Road at Arthur's Pass J. Anderson, photo, Christchurch



when the rains cease.

At the best of times the road is rough and calls for skilful driving, the grades are steep and the turns sharp. The surface has not improved since the completion of the railway.

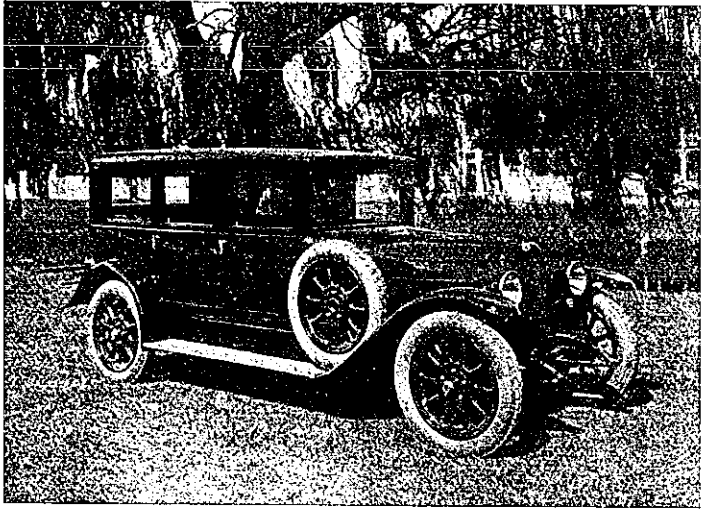
The incidents depicted herewith were the indirect result of the railway strike last year, as all the traffic from Christchurch to Greymouth and in the opposite direction was thrown on to the road.

Coincident with the stoppage of the trains a violent mountain storm was staged with a deluge of rain and disastrous results on the mountain portion of the road.

The Waimakariri River at Bealey is the longest and most difficult crossing, and on this occasion some fifty cars were held up on each bank of the river until such time as the floods subsided sufficiently to allow the cars being assisted across in the manner shown.

One picture shows a number of the cars waiting their turn, and one is of a single car as the rain cleared off and the sun broke through, lighting up the snow on the mountain tops.

\*See also pages 59, 60 and 62.



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The result of motoring on unknown mountain roads in the dark. The party reached Rough Creek, Arthur's Pass, after dark, the creek in high flood so that the car had to be abandoned. Fortunately for the owner the creek changed its course in the night, leaving the car half buried as shown. Note boulders in car brought down and deposited by flood.

J. Anderson, photo, Christchurch

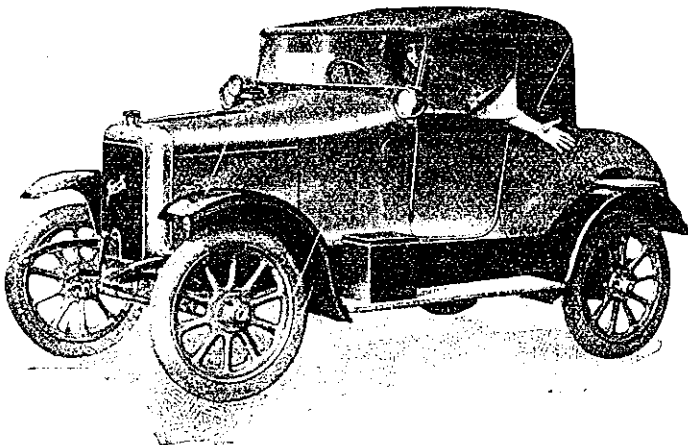
**THE KING'S HIGHWAY**

Continued from page 60

tration, no less a sum than £250,000 a year would be made available for good roads—as much as the motor tax will bring in. A reduction to such an extent may not be practicable, but in the opinion of those who have studied the county council system big reductions in the present very high cost of administration are quite practicable and would lead to increased efficiency. Even though the saving should amount to no

more than half the sum mentioned above it would be still worth having and pay for hundreds of miles of good rural road. It is to be hoped that motorists will rally round the request to the Government to examine the position, for such an examination is long overdue, and if the motorist has to pay for the roads he wants to see that the machinery for expending the money he provides is efficient.

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# CAPE KIDNAPPERS AND THE GANNETS

A HAPPY PILGRIMAGE IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS TO SEE ONE OF NEW ZEALAND'S MOST CHARMING NATURAL WONDERS

By V. MAY COTTRELL

NINE o'clock of a beautiful summer morning, one of Napier's very best, brilliant sunshine with a slight sea breeze to prevent the heat from being too oppressive, sees a gay party of picnickers packed into their various motor-cars and ready to start on the trip to Napier's now famous scenic attraction, the Gannet Nursery at Cape Kidnappers.

Those beautiful sea birds, the Gannets, have made their summer home on this rocky promontory for many years, and it is a most interesting and inspiring sight to see thousands of these graceful birds going calmly about their ordinary affairs, quite unmindful of their human observers.

After making sure that all the

necessary gear is safely aboard the cars, eatables and drinkables,—especially the latter, as it is a thirsty trip—taking care also to see that some of the party are armed with cameras, we are off and away at last. The run out to Clifton is interesting. For the first few miles the road hugs the seafront and visitors have an opportunity to admire our really fine Marine Parade, with its row of beautiful trees.

These stately Norfolk Pines are a much-prized legacy from our early city fathers, and we in our turn are endeavouring to add to their good work by extending the plantation for the full length of the seafront.

Soon the road cuts inland and we

are driving through picturesque country, whose hawthorne hedges, cultivated fields and fine trees remind one of an English countryside. The stately poplars, which appear to march across the fields like well-drilled soldiers on parade, are a notable feature on the landscape.

IN less than an hour we arrive at Mr. F. L. Gordon's homestead, find our way out on to the sea front and, after negotiating some heavy shingle, where it is often necessary for the gentlemen to get out and push, we park the cars beneath the trees at Clifton.

Each member of the party is now loaded up, but not too heavily, with something which will help to satisfy the cravings of the inner man, when we arrive at the Cape, after our six-mile walk along the beach.

This walk is taken some three hours after high tide, which allows us about two hours each way, for the walk, and an hour and a-half to spend at the Gannet Nursery.

## Look Out for the Tide

VISITORS are urged to seek advice from seasoned travellers before taking this trip to the Cape. The tide has been known to catch the unwary and some parties have had some very unpleasant experiences because they did not consult the tide time-table, or seek advice from those who know.

There is no great danger even at the worst, but it is impossible to

work the beach at high tide, as one gentleman knows. He was an over-sea visitor and was caught by the tide and compelled to spend the whole of one cold August night out at the Cape.

On his next trip, a few days later, he made due enquiries beforehand.

Another party consisting of some dozen young people, had to spend six hours in one of the ravines, waiting for the tide to go down. They had no eatables with them, and I have no doubt that the time seemed long to one and all, especially when they thought of anxious ones at home, who would be waiting and wondering whatever had happened to keep their young people out so late.

After this warning to others not so well informed of local conditions, our party will now proceed along the beach, walking easily on the hard, golden sand. This hard sand makes a good cycling track, which reduces the time between Clifton and the Cape to about forty-five minutes. But sometimes after a storm the going is not so good for cyclists because of the heavy shingle thrown up by the high seas, and the big slips which come down from the cliffs during rough weather. A bicycle becomes a hindrance rather than a help when it has to be carried over many rocks and rough places.

Our party, divided up into groups, takes its way along the beach, stop-

Continued on page 64



Along the seashore en route for Cape Kidnappers and the Gannets  
H. S. Cottrell, photo



General view of nesting ground  
H. S. Cottrell, photo

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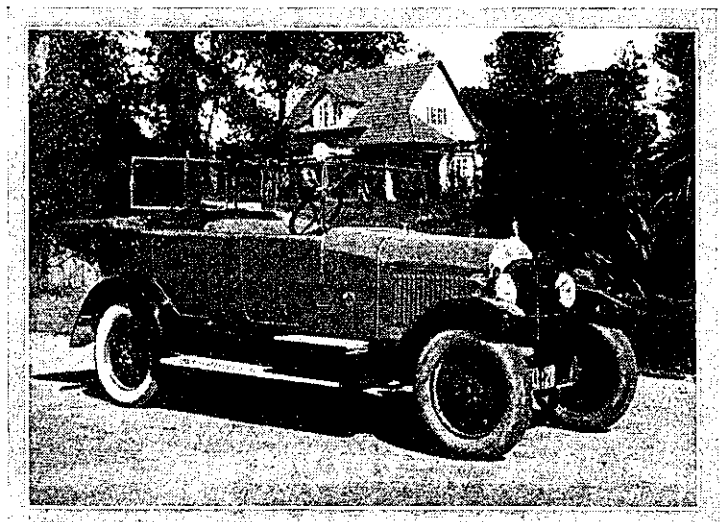
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## CAPE KIDNAPPERS AND THE GANNETS

Continued from page 63

ping ever and anon to gaze at the wonderful cliff formations, or to peer into one of the many fascinating ravines which meet the eye at frequent intervals along the route.

Nature lovers experience a wonderful feeling of exhilaration and well-being during this walk, which prevents them from noticing the distance which must be covered before the Gannet Nursery is reached.

The firm sand under their feet, the salt tang of the sea in their nostrils, and the beauty and grandeur of the stratered bluffs, which accompany the traveller for practically the whole distance, all tending to lift their thoughts above the level of the ordinary everyday affairs of life.

*A Geologists' Paradise*

THE colouring in the stratered faces of the cliffs is very beautiful and varies greatly with each layer of material, brown, flesh colour, blues, greys and black all blending into a fine colour scheme to charm the eye and enthral the senses of the passer by. This has been called a "geologists' paradise," and rightly so, because the history of their formation is clearly written on the faces of the cliffs themselves, for those who have eyes to see and knowledge to understand.

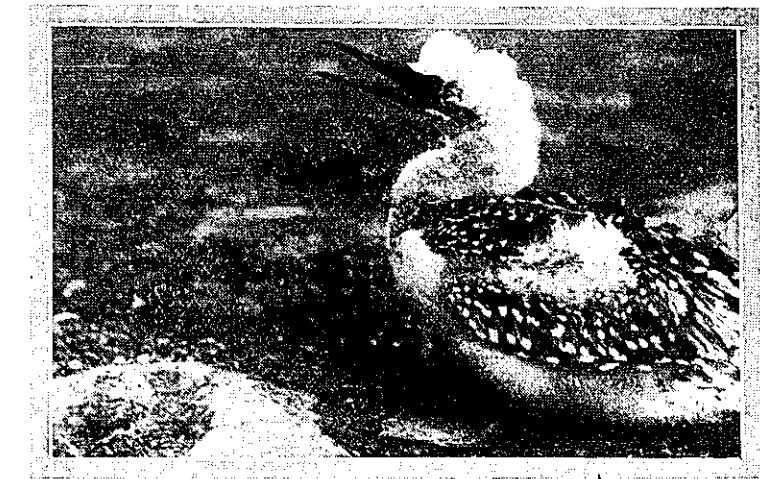
By now our party will have reach-

ed the Black Reef, which looks like a great giant's finger thrust out into the ocean. This rock is deceptive as a landmark, because when one first catches a glimpse of it, it looks rather less than a mile away, but experience teaches that at least four miles must be traversed before it is actually reached.

Having passed the Black Reef the party proceeds along the beach away from the cliffs now, for another mile. By this time everyone is ready for refreshments, especially that of a liquid variety. So we settle ourselves on a grassy slope and soon make short work of the good things which we have brought with us.

Then heigh ho! for the real adventure of the day. There is some stiff climbing ahead of us if we desire to see the gannets at close quarters. The path cuts across country for a few chains, then turns abruptly seawards once more and continues up the edge of a steep cliff for about a hundred yards or so. The sun is hot, our feet slip on the dry grass and some of the new chums are wondering if it is really worth the effort required to reach the top. But presently their gaze is caught and held by thousands of graceful sea birds wheeling, dipping, and circling in the blue high above the nesting ground, which is still hidden from view.

The sight, which gives promise of



Gannet Chick, about five weeks

H. S. Cottrell, photo

good things to come, spurs them on to fresh efforts until presently the whole party is standing on a headland where a distant view of the nesting ground is obtained. There is probably no more inspiring sight in the whole of New Zealand than that which now lies spread out before us. The beauty and grandeur of the scene holds us spellbound.

A deep valley separates us from the end of the Cape where the gannets have their home. From this vantage point we see the sharp pinnacles of the Cape, their rocky sides dropping sheer for some two hundred feet to the level of the Pacific Ocean. The water, which gleams and sparkles in the sunlight as far as the eye can see, is of an enchanting shade of blue, and pure white where the little waves break gently on the reefs at foot of the cliffs. Our gaze is caught and held by the rocky pinnacles at the extreme end of the Cape. Some are almost needle-like in their sharp severity of outline, and even on such points as these a few of the more adventurous spirits amongst the gannets have their homes.

The great bulk of the birds, however, have selected a shallow basin or depression between two towering peaks and here one sees thousands of them sitting on the rough nests,—consisting only of some strands of seaweed,—which they have constructed on the bare surface of their rocky nesting ground. But having rested and gazed our fill at the al-

luring picture spread out before us we will go nearer, taking our way carefully over the steep and somewhat dangerous track which leads us right onto the nesting ground where we can view the birds at close quarters and study them at our leisure.

*The Gannet Nursery*

HAVING negotiated the slippery path in safety we arrive on the nesting ground, seat ourselves within a yard of the nearest birds,—who disdainfully ignore our presence, going about their affairs as usual,—and proceed to study the gannet at home. Viewed at close quarters the gannet is a most handsome member of the feathered tribe. Their plumage is pure white on the body, the wings and tail feathers are white with black tips. His head and neck are a beautiful buff colour and his eyes are a light, bright blue, with white rings round them, which gives him a spectacled appearance. Mr. and Mrs. Gannet dress exactly alike, and there is no noticeable difference in size to distinguish them, either, as is sometimes the case with other species of birds.

The gannet is a peculiarly well-groomed creature. It is rare indeed to see one with its feathers badly ruffled even after one of the fierce fights which they so often engage in. The gannet is rather larger than the common black-backed gull, but it has a very much wider spread of wings.

Continued on page 65



A close-up view of the nesting place

H. S. Cottrell, photo

# Morris-Oxford

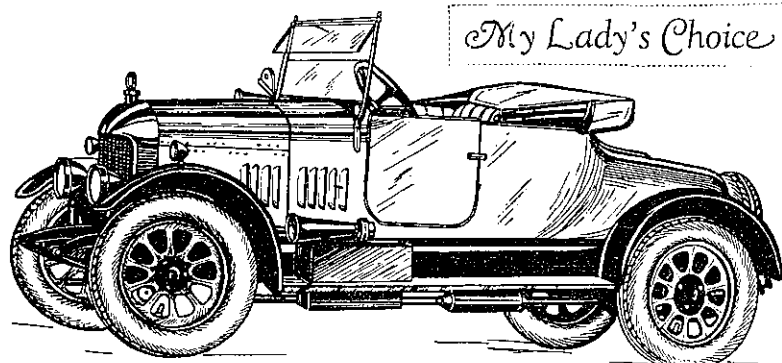
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CAPE KIDNAPPERS AND THE GANNETS

Continued from page 64



A close view of the Gannets, who appear to be interested in the camera

H. S. Cottrell, photo

It is ungainly in its movements on land as it flaps its way to the edge so that it can launch itself off into space. The gannet cannot rise from a flat surface, so those who have the misfortune to build their nests in the centre of the nesting ground have a bad time of it because of the spiteful pecks of their neighbours which fall to their lot as they scramble through the ranks on their way to the edge. They do not appear to show much brotherly love, one to another; in fact, they seem to go out of their way to be disagreeable, or so it would seem to human observers who do not know what old scores they may be paying off!

But they *do* show affection towards their mates and a wonderful courage in the protection of their young. Before the eggs are laid the gannets are timid and will leave the nesting ground as soon as any human being appears, but once they have the eggs or the young ones to guard it is extremely difficult to get them to budge off the nest at all.

If we desire to obtain a photograph of a nest, with an egg in it, we find that we must remove the bird in charge of it by main force, being obliged to actually lift the creature off the nest with a stick and hold it off while the photograph is being taken. It is not advisable to attempt to dislodge one of these birds by hand because they have strong bills and the will to use them to protect themselves from outside interference.

A Loving Pair

MA and Pa gannet take turns on the nest during the incubation period, and later in guarding the young, and it is here that the love-making between the pairs may be observed.

When one bird returns from a fishing expedition or a pleasure spin in the blue, it is interesting to watch the meeting which takes place at the nest. They greet each other with every sign of affection, they twine their necks round each other, tap bills,—probably the gannet's way of kissing,—and do everything in their power to convey to each other the love which fills their faithful hearts.

Faithful for that season, at least! It is not yet known whether they transfer their affections at a later date or whether they remain faithful to one love for life.

Having studied the parent bird we will now see what the eggs and chicks look like. The gannet lays only one egg, which is greyish white in colour and about the size and shape of a turkey's egg.

After six weeks' incubation an ugly little naked dark grey chick is hatched, but in three weeks' time he represents a very different appearance.

The Powder Puff

HE is then covered with soft white down which makes him look like a large animated powder puff. The chicks are so fluffy at this

stage that they often look larger than the parent birds.

In about five weeks white-tipped black feathers begin to push their way through the down until at eight weeks the young bird is fully clothed in a fine speckled suit.

He keeps this colouring until the final stage of development is reached, three years later, when he dons the white and black plumage of the adult bird and with the lady of his choice starts housekeeping on his own account.

Barring Accidents

THE gannets have quite a long life, some having been known to live for at least fifty years.

The chicks and young birds move about very little on the nesting ground, spending their time quietly at home in the vicinity of the nest.

They take exercise, however, and it is very interesting and amusing to watch their strange antics. They clap their wings, stand on tip-toe, bow ceremoniously to each other, and go through all manner of strange contortions which help to develop the muscles of the wings, preparing them for use later on.

The young birds cannot fly when the time comes to leave the nesting ground, they are too fat, so they plane down to the water and stay there until they are thin enough to rise from the waves and begin fishing operations for themselves.

This thinning-down process is supposed to take from two to three weeks, and it is very likely that many of the young birds perish through one cause and another during this starvation period.

High Diving Stunts

THE gannet lives on small fish such as herring and garfish, and these it secures by diving for them. It is provided with a wonderful system of air cells, which protect it as it dives from a great height at a terrific speed into the water in search of its prey.

When the chicks are hatched the adult birds catch fish and bring them to the young ones. The young bird thrusts its bill down the parent's throat to secure its meal.

This fish diet may be nice and nourishing if one happens to be a gannet, and the particular "Plunket System" which they employ in caring for their young would certainly seem to be very successful, judging by the fine healthy youngsters one sees in their nursery.

But it has one rather objectionable feature to human invaders of their privacy, and that is the fishy odour which permeates the atmosphere for miles around their rocky home.

The birds look clean, however, even if the nursery does not smell exactly like attar of roses.

Continued on page 66



Matua-a-Maui—Hook of Maui—named Cape Kidnappers by Captain Cook H. S. Cottrell, photo

This stylish Marcel bar shoe for ladies is made in the new fashionable one strap and button style. The welted sole and medium heel make it an ideal winter shoe. May be had in all leathers and also suedes of all colours.

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**Zealandia Boots & Shoes**

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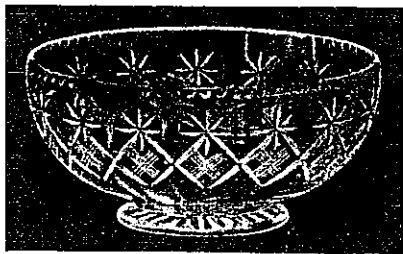
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## CAPE KIDNAPPERS AND THE GANNETS

Just a word about the nesting season before we leave this fascinating spot and wend our way homeward. The gannets usually begin to arrive at the Cape in August, start nesting during September and leave the nesting ground at the end of April.

They do not migrate, but merely disperse over the ocean, probably going where they can find the best fishing grounds. The gannets failed to arrive up to time last season, consequently a rumour was started that these beautiful birds had abandoned their old nesting ground at Cape Kidnappers. Nature lovers all over the country were filled with alarm at this announcement, but in a very little while the gannets were back in their old haunts, in greater numbers than ever before. It seems that the fish were late in coming into the bay that season and the gannets being wise old birds were merely waiting to make sure of their food supply before taking up their abode at the Cape.

### Homeward Bound

BUT now the tide is creeping in, and if we desire to get home fairly dry we must start at once.

Bidding farewell to the birds, who treat us with disdain, we scramble down from the nesting ground, collect our belongings from the beach and make for home. Arriving at the Black Reef we find that the tide has beaten us there. Off come our stockings and shoes and the more independent among the ladies of the party wade in above their knees, risking a thorough ducking from an extra big wave. The timorous ones make the trip round the point on the back of a gallant gentleman, amid many squeals and much laughter from the rest of the party.

Once round the point the going is easy for the most part, as we are walking on firm dry sand once more. On arrival at Clifton we partake of a very welcome cup of tea. Some of the party are weary—it is a fairly long tramp for unaccustomed feet, but all are happy and well pleased with their day in the open.

It is very pleasant sitting under the trees, so very reluctantly we pack ourselves into the waiting cars and are speeded back to Napier.

The sun disappears behind the Ruahine Ranges in a flood of glory, the rosy light lingers and fades. Soon all is hidden in the dim darkness of the soft summer evening.

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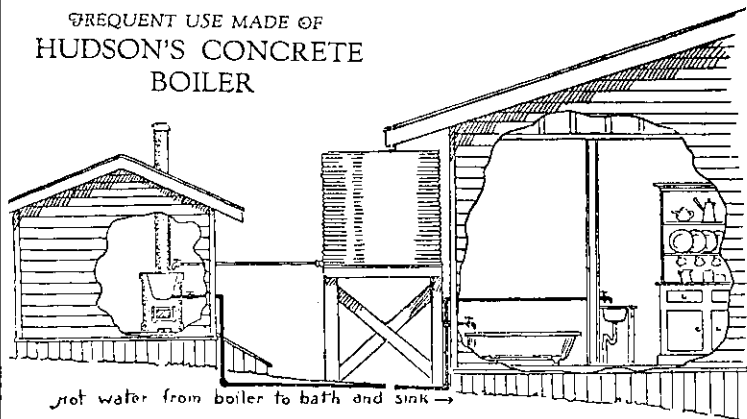
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GOLDBERG

# "RAKIURA"

ISLE OF GLOWING SKIES

By A. H. MESSENGER



SET like a gem on the margin of the great Southern Pacific whose confines extend to the gleaming ice barriers of Rossland, lies Stewart Island, its forest-clad shores a delight and welcome to the seafarer, who, sailing the wide spaces of the world's greatest ocean, finds leisure to anchor awhile in the peaceful waters of Paterson's Inlet, or Port Pegasus, two of the fine harbours for which the island is famous. Twenty-two miles away to the northward looms the high land of the Bluff, the extreme southern end of the South Island, to reach which one must voyage across Foveaux Strait. On a summer's day the strait is peaceful enough, save for the slow heave of the westerly seas, forerunners of the steady trade winds that in the old days filled the sails of the homeward bound woolships and drove them reeling off the wide leagues of ocean towards the frowning barrier of Cape Horn.

Stretching almost across the strait from the Bluff is a chain of rocky islets, each rising from a fringe of foam where the seas fret and toss against the outer reefs. The summits of these islets are scrub-covered, and here many feathered wanderers of the south Pacific make their nests.

Two hours from the Bluff by steamer listening to the stories and legends of "Rakiura" as told by the stalwart Maori at the wheel and enjoying to the full the brilliant sunshine and glowing colour of a summer's day, one senses the romantic glamour which invests these islands with a special charm and interest.

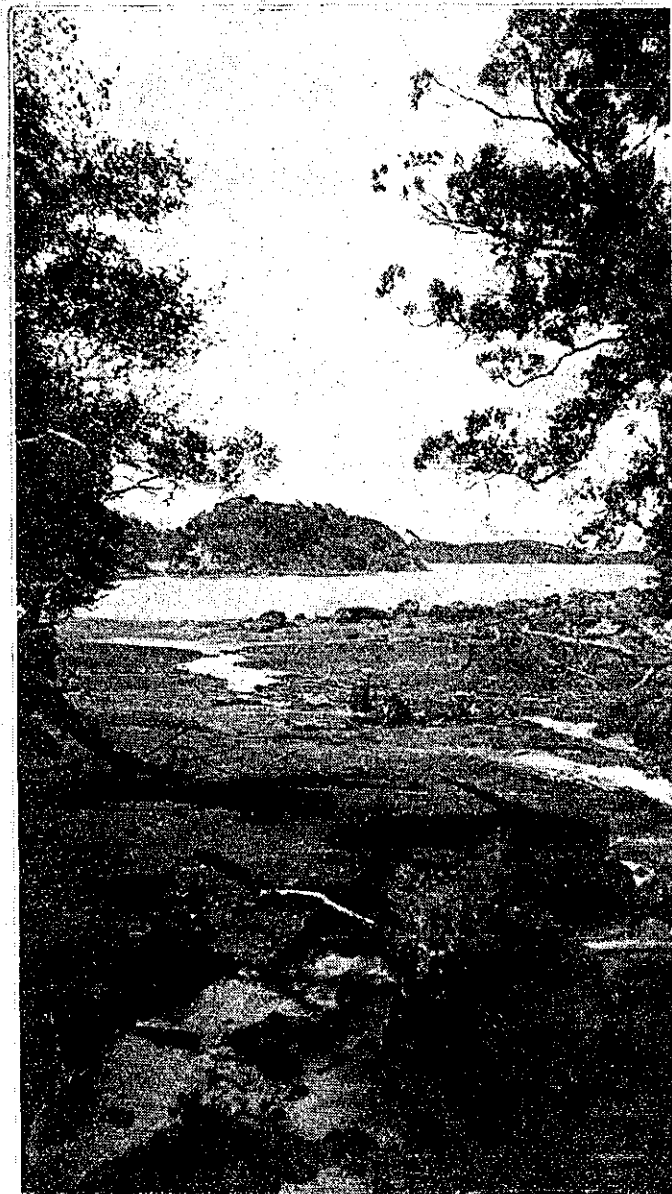
These very waters have been immortalized in Frank Bullen's *Cruise of the Cachalot*. Tacking and thrashing through the swirling tide-rips of the straits came the old American whale ships in chase of the leviathans of the deep, and many a grim

tragedy has occurred in connection with these fisheries between Dog Island and the sea-battered walls of Solander Rock, rising sheer from ocean depths to close upon two thousand feet in the air, far to the westward of Stewart Island.

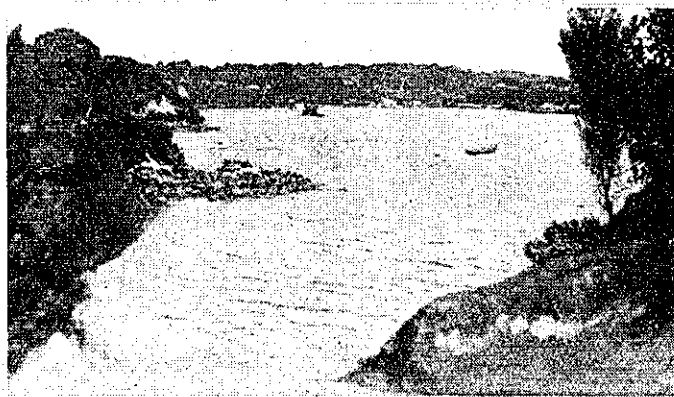
Midway across the straits a little fishing ketch comes bowling along before the freshening breeze, a feather of spray under her fore-foot. Two men aboard wave their caps at the steamer whose crew and passengers line the rail to watch her forging past.

Blue penguins and sooty plumaged mutton-birds swim leisurely out of the steamer's track, and here and there a lordly albatross swings in graceful curves against the azure blue of the sky.

HALF-MOON Bay, with its golden beaches and clustering cottages behind the landing place provides a first glimpse of the beauties of "Rakiura." A fleet of small fishing schooners and launches at anchor lend animation to the picture set against the warm golden-yellow of



*A glimpse of Paterson's Inlet, Stewart Island*



*Oban settlement, Half-Moon Bay, Stewart Island*

glows as though its ancient crater fires were once more kindled.

Who can adequately describe the beauties of Paterson's Inlet? Its peaceful waters forest-fringed from shore to shore, its lovely curving bays each a little paradise in itself. Delightful little rounded islands dot the surface of the water, each one a perfect Robinson Crusoe retreat clad from shore to summit in clustering bushes and trees. Everywhere is heard the joyous music of bird voices, thousands of tiny bells sound from the forest-depths, and wading through a galaxy of ferns beside the tracks the visitor finds his footsteps dogged by inquisitive wekas that venture boldly forth devoid of any fear of mankind. The gentle wild pigeon feeds complacently on the luscious berries of the miro, while being filmed and photographed, and dainty black-headed tits perch and peer within hand-reach of the operator.

WINDING by shore and inlet the forest paths of the island form one of its greatest attractions. Here lies a wide-curving bay with tumbling breakers sweeping beneath the shade of overhanging trees. Further on, a mirrored inlet with a dozen white-breasted gulls bathing and wading in the shallows. Passing from the outer day the pathway winds sun-flecked amid silvery ferns

rimu forest and the soft blue shadows of the hills.

At sunrise may be realised the truth and beauty of the poetic name bestowed upon this scenic gem of New Zealand by the old-time Maori. "Rakiura" literally means "Isle of the Glowing Skies." From the warm flush of the kaka's breast to deeper red and gold, the skies unfold to the splendour of the coming day. The forest tracks ring with the sweet joyous notes of bell-bird and tu, and away to the north-west the great sombre cone of Mt. Anglem



*A forested island, Paterson's Inlet, Stewart Island*

Photographs by  
Government Publicity Department

*Continued on page 68*



## The Princess of Pless

—one of the most beautiful of women—  
praises Mercolized Wax for the Complexion

**M**ERCOLIZED WAX absorbs the old dry and discoloured scarf-skin, leaving exposed the fresh new complexion underneath. Use it for a few nights and see how your wrinkles and skin blemishes will disappear. The fame of this remarkable wax is world wide. Can be obtained from all Chemists and high-class Stores.

*The Princess of Pless writes:*  
DEAR SIR,

"It gives me very much pleasure in writing you in order that every woman may know the benefits to be derived from Mercolized Wax. So much depends on good looks that without a clear complexion and an unwrinkled face a woman does not get very far in this world. I can tell you here, Sirs, with full truth, that people think I am younger than I am, and for this I have to thank your marvellous Mercolized Wax, which I have used since 1921, when I got back to my dear old England and those friends who were left. Anyone like me who has used cold creams and skin foods will see how vastly superior to them Mercolized Wax is for skin treatment.

"My maid here stands next to me whilst I am writing this letter and says that since I have used it I look years younger. I always use it after washing every morning and before going to bed at night, and my skin has become much smoother, and whiter, and my wrinkles have gradually disappeared.

"I write this letter in order to help the poor ladies who really want to know how to treat their skins, and to keep young-looking for a very moderate outlay instead of indulging in expensive beauty and massage treatments. This wax they can use themselves, and in a very short time they will be surprised at the difference it will make in their complexion. It whitens sunburnt skin, and for use on the hands it is most excellent.

Yours truly, "(Signed) MARIE THERESE, PRINCESS OF PLESS."



*A forest pathway, Paterson's Inlet, Stewart Island*

*Continued from page 67*

with the tall straight trunks of the forest trees standing back like pillars supporting the leafy dome overhead.

Launch trips to a hundred harbours of delight may be undertaken for a merely nominal fee. Ulva Cove, Sydney Cove, Golden Bay, and countless other places lie within easy reach of the main settlement. In the early morning and evening may be witnessed the wonderful flight of the mutton birds to and from their favourite feeding grounds. So numerous are these birds that they stretch like a dark belt across the water a mile or more in length.

The visitor to Oban finds comfortable accommodation in one or other of the several up-to-date boarding-houses established there. The island residents, who are mainly

engaged in fishing, are kind and hospitable to a degree not usually met with on the mainland. Their home life is simple and their friendliness is a very pleasant feature of a sojourn far removed from the rush and traffic of our modern cities.

To sit in a warm lamp-lit room listening to the quiet speech of one who knows and loves his island as something apart from the strife and stress of ordinary existence is to experience an enriching of the mind and senses. By the fireside, her silvered hair a crown laid gently by the passing of the years, the woman whose sons are now stalwart toilers of the sea, tells of early days upon "Rakiura," of vanished Maori leaders and of legends that still cling to beach and headland of this romantic island.

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*"New Zealand Made for New Zealand Maids"*

# THE BOOKMAN'S CORNER

**O**VERSEAS the Cross Word

Puzzle craze is assuming gigantic proportions. Even in phlegmatic England the craze is certainly creating a stir, though the U.S.A. seems to be the real home of this fascinating pastime. From a late American journal we learn that so great is the demand for books of reference, phrase books, etc., to help in solving the ubiquitous Cross Word that the Public Libraries are installing special Reference Book Departments for the convenience of the multitude of Cross Worders who come in such numbers as to literally swamp the usual library facilities. Incidentally we may remark that publishers of puzzle books and works of reference are reaping a golden harvest. That cross wording stimulates the imagination and has a certain educational value certainly commend it to a big majority of people. The pastime seems to be rapidly gaining favour in this country also, and the demand for books is growing. We have recently received a number of excellent puzzle books and must confess that we have in no small measure enjoyed ourselves in attempting to solve some of these engrossing enigmas. Published by Hodder and Stoughton are an excellent series of books, the first, second, third and fourth Cross Word Puzzle Books, each containing about thirty puzzles, selling in New Zealand at 3/6. Another very good book is one entitled "The Shilling Cross Word Puzzle Book" with about the same number of puzzles, retailing here at the published price. The *Evening News* Prize Cross Word Book at 2/6 should provide many hours of amusement to the enthusiast. Included in our parcel were a cheaper series entitled "The Best Way Cross Word Books," embracing about six different books and really excellent value at 9d each. If you have the Cross Word fever you can do no better than purchase a number of the above. Our copies through Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs Limited.

**W**E have received a slim volume entitled "Esoteric Healing," the author of which is E. S. Dukes. Mr. Dukes practiced for many years as a registered Doctor, but came to the conclusion that modern medicine and surgery as practiced by the western nations is essentially wrong in foundations and therefore disappointing in results. He maintains that much harm and suffering is caused through the ignorance and lack of knowledge of present-day medical practitioners. He believes that the Eastern nations have much to teach us, and that in many things we can profitably learn from them. For many years resident in the East Mr. Dukes claims to have made a special study of Eastern philosophy as applied to medicine and healing, and the book deals in the main with the special system of healing (Esoteric Healing) evolved from his observation of Eastern practice. Whether we agree with the author or no does not matter here, but those who are interested will no doubt derive some

good in perusing this volume. Our copy comes through Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs Ltd.

**T**HERE has just been published a very interesting little view book entitled "The City of Auckland." It contains some fifty excellent pictures and a really fine panorama of Remuera taken from One Tree Hill. The format is neat and in every way the book is just the sort of illustrated view book that friends overseas or in other parts of New Zealand will appreciate. The price is 2/-. The publishers are Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs Limited.

## Some New Novels

**"THE Thundering Herd,"** by Zane Grey.

Powerful, thrilling, an unsurpassed picture of the old west, "The Thundering Herd" is typical of this great American writer at his best.

And what a picture it is! Mile upon mile of prairie covered by great buffalo herds; reckless, hard-riding plainmen, buffalo hunters, Indians, bandits—the whole colourful epoch of the pioneer, in a story which centres in the description of the thundering herds of buffalo. In this breathless tale of bravery and battle, of white man's courage and red man's daring, Zane Grey has written one of his finest novels. From Whitcombe and Tombs Limited.

**"LIFE—and Erica,"** by Gilbert Frankau.

"Life—and Erica" is undoubtedly the most human novel which Gilbert Frankau has so far written. But it is something more than this. It is an analysis, pitiless yet accurate, of the modern spirit in modern womanhood. Most readers will quarrel with it, and a few will positively hate it, but the majority will agree that Mr. Frankau has accomplished the task which he set himself. The fact that this book ends on a strong religious motive will not come as a surprise to those who have studied this author's other works as they deserve to be studied—thoroughly. From Whitcombe and Tombs Limited.

**"THE Honorable Miss Cherry Blossom,"** by Luellen Teters Bussenius.

A young American falls in love with a picture—and the picture comes to life!

Through the crowded streets of Tokio, the factory where the girls feed mulberry leaves to the silk worms, the parks where the girls of the Yoshiwara walk in gay kimonos, the inn for outcasts with its gambling den underneath the trap door, the curio shop hung with coloured lanterns, the garden of the Ambassador's house aflame with flowers—the story moves with breathless rapidity of an old-fashioned happy ending.

A story as exciting as a ride on a scenic railway, a story charming as a fairy tale, beautiful as a Japanese print. From Whitcombe and Tombs Limited.

**"THE Valley of Adventure,"** by G. W. Ogden.

In the lush-green valley of adventure, Mr. Ogden stages a wholly intriguing drama, centering around the Mission House of San Fernando Rey. Into the valley wanders the American wayfarer, John Miller, whose life becomes forfeit under an ancient and oppressive Spanish decree that sets penalty of death upon foreigners who enter Alta California. Mr. Ogden extracts the last ounce of drama and suspense out of the contest between the soldiers and the priests, who have given sanctuary to John Miller, and varies a most fragrant love interest with pages of tingling excitement.—From Whitcombe and Tombs Limited.

**"SELWOOD of Sleepy Cat,"** by Frank H. Spearman.

One can say, without taking the name of Bret Harte in vain, that this is the sort of story Bret Harte might have written if he had been writing to-day instead of forty years ago—a story of life in camp, on the Overland trail and in a primitive, rapidly-growing town in the far West. Men and women of diverse character and of little or no character at all come together out of civilisation into that place where they are largely a law unto themselves—until the sheriff intervenes—and their different stories, and the main story in which they all become more or less involved grow upon the reader with an intensely human and compelling interest. There is humour and pathos, villainy and rough good-heartedness, and a freshness of outlook and treatment in "Selwood of Sleepy Cat" that make delightful as well as exciting reading. The rugged, kindly Dr. Carpy; the shrewd, cautious McAlpin; "smooth" Dave Tracy; the rascally Starbuck and his gang of gamblers; the tragic romance of Starbuck and Mag Hyde; the happier but chequered love affair of Selwood and the charming, frankly innocent Christie Fyler—these are woven into a tale as stirring and many-coloured and alive with incident as any that has ever come out of the West.—From Whitcombe and Tombs, Limited.

**"MARTIN Arrowsmith,"** by Sinclair Lewis.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis' new novel may be said to deal with the reverse aspect of the human comedy. "Main Street" and "Babbitt" fundamentally were about people who built up a world of comfortable illusion which they super-imposed upon the world of harsh reality, and about their desperate opposition to any rending of that illusory world. "Martin Arrowsmith" on the contrary is about a man driven by an inner urge to be ever seeking reality and thwarted in his search, not only by the people around him who cling to illusion, but—and this is perhaps the more pathetic—by the defects of his own character. The scene is American and in the present, but the striving so vividly narrated has been going on all over the world from time immemorial and is the origin of all

human advance. The most ambitious work Mr. Lewis so far has attempted.—From Whitcombe and Tombs Limited.

**"SWORD of Scarlet,"** by Charles J. Mansford.

The author of this novel of high romance and adventure contributed some years ago a series of stories to the *Strand Magazine*, which were subsequently published by Messrs. Newnes in their popular Sherlock Holmes' series. Turning his attention to books for boys chiefly, Mr. Mansford has written several which have achieved considerable popularity, his "Bully, Fag and Hero" running through a considerable number of large editions, and being still an excellent seller.

In "Sword of Scarlet" the author returns to his love for romance and adventure, producing a book that deals with the slave-dealing days of Bristol, known under its old name of Brightstowe. The story carries us to Cuba and to the West Indies, where new ground is broken, and a graphic and correct historical description of Cuba under Spanish Dons is given, the island itself being well-known to the author. The chief male character, John Simple, tells us himself that he is six feet four in height, "as measured on the edge of Goatcher's door, with heels well pressed to the ground." He is, indeed, a Somerset presentment of Blackmore's immortal Jan Ridd, and Mr. Mansford has evidently caught the atmosphere in which that hero lived. He is, indeed, a man of might, hedger and ditcher by day, and a smuggler of great ability by night, who gets ultimately transported to Cuba. His striking adventures, his hatred of all that was Spanish, his strange passion for the English maiden who became Donna Sara Castillo, and the growth in his heart of a great love ultimately for Juanita, the slave girl, make absorbing reading, as does his escape with the latter after she has, unknown to him, murdered the Don who robbed him of his first love. Through all the pages of this romance there runs the story of a mystic sword, which passes from the Don of Spain to the Englishman and back again, bringing good or ill luck as it is held or lost.

We get a good glimpse of the British buccaneer of the time, while Sir Harry Morgan himself even plays a part in John Simple's exciting career. The manner in which woman was held as a mere chattel is well brought out, and Juanita's life and love story is most illuminating and suggestive. The book is, indeed, a very careful study of the time of King Charles I., and, as a critic in the *Spectator* has previously observed, Mr. Mansford invariably writes as a scholar. The book is good English literature, and has many fine passages in it showing that Mr. Mansford knows and appreciates our best English novelists' work. Viewing life from a new angle, the novel is likely to arouse considerable attention and discussion.—Through Whitcombe and Tombs Limited.



~ and One was fair to look upon ~ the  
Other fading fast ~ A Bedtime Story

"YOU look as young as you did eight years ago, Adele,"—  
"How in the world do you do it?" And a wistful tone of  
envy unconsciously crept into Marjorie's voice.

They are the same age—had been school-girl pals and co-ed chums. And  
now, after eight years' separation, they are having a heart-to-heart "talk-  
fest" and recounting their experiences.

Adele has all her youthful freshness, with the added dash and verve  
that only the woman confident in her charms can register. Marjorie still  
has the contour of beauty, but little lines and wrinkles have crept into her  
face and she is beginning to "show her age."

"I simply try to keep what Nature gave me by exercising care in my  
toilet," replied Adele. "When I have been 'on the go' and feel 'all played out,'  
I refresh and rejuvenate my skin. I use a delightfully soothing and invigorating  
blue-gray pack called 'Boncilla Beautifier.' It lifts out the tired lines,  
keeps away wrinkles, cleanses my skin way deep down into the pores, and  
puts the life glow of renewed circulation into every muscle of my face. You  
must try it, Marjorie, and see what a change it works in both your looks  
and feelings."

Why Look Old Before Your Time?

Boncilla Beautifier is easy to use. You simply apply it to the face and neck,  
and allow to dry. No massaging is necessary. An idle half-hour devoted  
once or twice a week will make you retain your youthful complexion and  
charm indefinitely.

Five minutes after its application, you begin to feel the re-creating, re-  
freshing effects of Boncilla. When you remove it, you can see the renewed  
colour in your cheeks, your skin will be soft and satin-smooth, free from  
pimples and blackheads, and you will experience that delightful sensation of  
having been "made over."

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ities of the skin by absorption.  
You can feel it doing its glori-  
ous work. You can immediately  
see and know its beneficial ef-  
fects. It tones you up. It makes  
the beauty of health radiate  
from every pore.

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Pack O' Beauty, 3/9

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day at your nearest chemist.  
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Boncilla Creams and Face Pow-  
der for four trial treatments.  
Later you will want the larger  
and more economical sizes.

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Send name and address and we  
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helpful 48-page book of toilet  
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It's FREE.

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**Boncilla**  
Clasmic Beautifier

**A Boncilla Today Keeps Wrinkles Away**

W E D D I N G S

Duncan—Amon-Bell

A VERY smart and notable wed-  
ding was that of Miss Arthur-  
ina Daisy Amon-Bell, second daugh-  
ter of Mr. and Mrs. David Bell,  
"Strathspey," Fielding, to Mr. John  
Thomas Duncan, eldest son of Mr.  
and Mrs. T. A. Duncan, "Otairi,"  
Hunterville. The marriage was sol-  
emnised by the Rev. Mayo recently  
at St. John's Church, Feilding, which  
was beautifully decorated by the  
bride's girl-friends. An artistic wed-  
ding-bell, the work of Miss Margar-  
et Hill, was suspended from the  
chancel. The bride, entering the  
church on the arm of her father,  
looked quaintly winsome in the ex-  
quisite wedding-gown of heavily  
beaded white georgette, effectively  
cut on Grecian lines. The bride's  
graceful court-train, embroidered in  
silver roses, fell from her shoulders  
and the filmiest of tulle veils from  
a becoming wreath of orange blos-  
soms. A lovely shower bouquet of  
water lilies, roses and maiden-hair  
fern completed an attractive toilette.  
Her matron-of-honour, Mrs. Charles  
Williamson, of Waituna, was dainti-  
ly attired in the palest of pastel  
pink georgette frock with marabout  
fringed, honeycomb-beaded panels  
and sleeves. A becoming brown  
crinoline hat was worn with a pale  
pink feather rosette at one side, and  
she carried a beautiful bouquet of  
roses and carnations. Miss Kate  
Duncan, sister of the bridegroom, as  
chief bridesmaid, was gowned in a  
pastel pink georgette tunic frock,  
with beaded panels and open sleeves  
edged with pink marabout. A hat of  
grey crinoline, with a large pink rose  
and streamers, was worn, and she  
carried a lovely bouquet of carnations  
and sweet peas in shades of  
white and pink. The wee bridesmaids,  
Miss Maisie Bell and Miss Jeannie  
Duncan were daintily frocked in  
pastel pink, with little bandeaux and  
streamers of roses and forget-me-  
nots round their heads. They carried  
posies of white and pink carnations  
and hydrangeas. The bride-  
groom was attended by Mr. Donald

Rowe (Wanganui) and his brother,  
Mr. Kenneth Duncan as groomsman.  
A reception was held after the cere-  
mony in the beautiful grounds of  
"Strathspey," the home of Mr. and  
Mrs. Bell. Mrs. Bell received her  
guests in an exquisite model gown  
of beige marocain with handsome  
lace to tone. Her black picture hat  
of panne velvet was wreathed with  
a long black ostrich feather, and  
she carried a bouquet of gladioli.  
Mrs. Duncan, the bridegroom's mother,  
was handsomely gowned in  
black georgette and marocain, with  
rich gold and black draperies. A  
smart hat of gold and black was  
worn with this costume, and she  
carried a bouquet of roses. The  
bride's going-away frock was of  
rust-shaded georgette, with golden-  
brown fur forming a deep hem to  
the tunic. With this was worn a  
smart little brown silk toque, with  
long georgette scarf to tone. She  
also wore an extremely handsome  
brown squirrel coat, the gift of the  
bridegroom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Anderson—Marshall

AT St. Matthew's Church recent-  
ly, the wedding of Miss E. Mar-  
shall to Mr. H. Anderson, of Auck-  
land, was celebrated. The Rev. Grant  
Cowen was the officiating minister.  
The bride, who was given away by  
her father, Mr. H. J. Marshall, wore  
a frock of palest shade of pink soft  
satin with inset panel of pink se-  
quins, pale pink veil to match with  
bandeau of sequins and string of  
pearls; also satin shoes to match.  
She carried a sheath of palest pink  
flowers. The bridesmaid, who was  
Miss U. Marshall, looked charming  
in a delicate frock of pale primrose  
georgette and guipure lace insets.  
Tulle veil and satin shoes to match.  
Mr. T. McCall acted as best man.  
The reception was held at the Pic-  
cadilly Tea Rooms, Auckland, where  
Mrs. Marshall received her guests.  
She looked very charming in navy  
marocain frock trimmed with grey  
fur and navy hat to match.

Here is the new "Zealandia"  
patent leather and matt kid  
combination bar shoe with latest  
"cut outs."

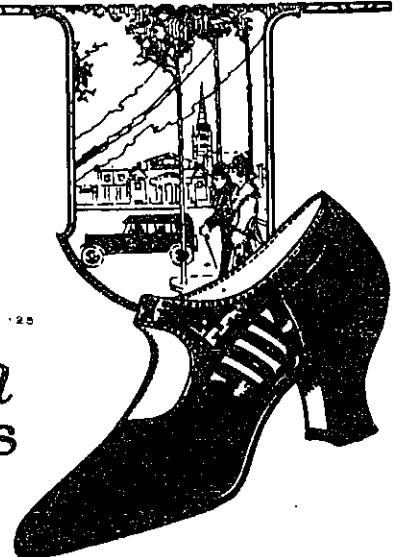
This model has Louis heel and  
may be had with either Pump  
or machine sewn sole.

Your shoe store can supply this  
stylish shoe in practically any  
leathers you fancy.

**Zealandia**  
Boots & Shoes

Made by:

**Skelton, Frostick & Co. Ltd.,**  
CHRISTCHURCH.





# ENGAGEMENTS

THE engagement is announced—

Of Miss Jean Rutherford, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Rutherford, of "Wairoa," Waverley, Taranaki, to Mr. Fred Kingsford, of Cambridge, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cottenham Kingsford, of Dover, England.

Of Miss Gwenllian Stannas ("Gwen") Good, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Good, Whangarei, to Mr. C. Howard, elder son of Mrs. Rent, Featherston Terrace, Wellington, and the late Mr. C. T. Rent.

Of Miss Kathleen Kelly, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kelly, of Napier, to Mr. John Barton Dalziell, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dalziell, "Ryefield," Masterton.

Of Miss Isabel McLean, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. D. A. McLean, Hastings, to Mr. Jeffrey Hawthorne Thompson, second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Thompson, Whetukura.

Of Miss Anna Hawkins, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Hawkins, Eketahuna, to Mr. Hector Palmer, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Palmer, Hukanui.

Of Miss Rose Percy, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Foster Percy, Alfredton, to Mr. A. W. Bird, Pahiataua, second son of Inspector and Mrs. A. S. Bird, Invercargill.

Of Miss Kathleen Pinckney, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckney, Glenarary, to Mr. W. Pinckney, of England.

Of Miss Claris Brass, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Brass, Invercargill, to Mr. J. A. S. Coppard, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Coppard, Whittaker Place, Auckland.

Of Miss Queenie Duncan, second daughter of the late Mr. C. C. Duncan, of Christchurch, and Mrs. Duncan, of Kelburn, to Mr. Raymond S. Campbell, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Campbell, of Maraetoi, Auckland.

Of Miss Nancy M. Speedy, elder daughter of Mrs. Norah Speedy, Grafton Road, Auckland, to Mr. W. R. Maxwell, younger son of the late William Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell, Campbelltown, Scotland.

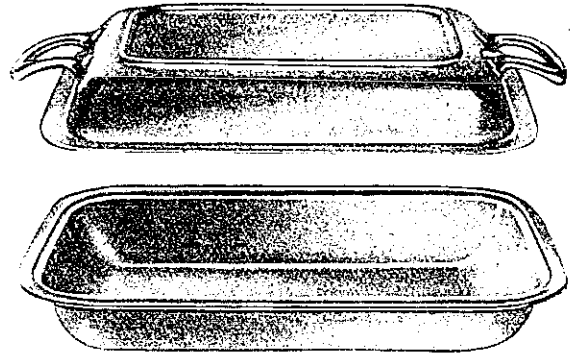
Of Miss Ethel Edwards, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Edwards, of Allendale Road, Mount Albert, to Hubert A. MacMillan, second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. MacMillan, Dumbarton, Scotland.

Of Miss Nancy Ruth Patrick, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Patrick, of New Brighton, Christchurch, to Mr. Laurance Ratcliffe Dickson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Dickson, of Penrose, Auckland.

Of Miss Alison Mifanwy Muir, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Muir, of 31, Woodside Road, Mount Eden, Auckland (late of Birmingham and London), to Mr. William Kinmont, eldest son of the Rev. A. W. Kinmont, M.A., and Mrs. Kinmont, of Bruce Street, Roslyn, Dunedin.

Of Miss Helen Laing, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Laing, of Ashburton, to Mr. Alan W. Free, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. P. Free, of Masterton.

Of Miss Margaret McKenzie Fleming, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fleming, Paeroa, to Mr. Stanley John Hedge, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hedge, Te Aroha.



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Among our large selection of Entrée Dishes the new design illustrated above is one of the most attractive. Made of hard nickel silver and finished with best A.I. quality silver-plate. Size, eleven inches. Manufactured at our own works at Sheffield, Eng.

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THE FLOWER FESTIVAL ON THE RIVIERA  
Gay French girls in a decorated car at the Mimosa Fête at Cannes.

Topical Press, photo, London

## MODERN WOMEN AND FASHIONABLE FIGURES

HOW TO BE SLIM WITHOUT BEING UNHEALTHY

A FEW years ago a famous Belgian prisoner—a man of intelligence and education—was met by a reporter on the day of his release, taken for a drive through the streets of Brussels, and asked what changes in their appearance specially impressed him.

What struck him most, he replied, was a noticeable modification in the figures of women.

"I find them," he said, "strangely elongated. When I last saw them they were all short and dumpy."

A clear proof that woman, "various and mutable," according to the Latin poet, is mutable in more respects than one.

The difference between men and women in this matter is, no doubt, one of degree rather than kind; but it is nevertheless considerable.

His physical structure also undergoes some modification from age to age; but it does not alter perceptibly from season to season.

Nor do its changes seem to depend upon volition or the conscious imitation of a fashionable model.

The John Bull figure has, indeed, disappeared; but its disappearance was not due to any sudden whim or authoritative decree.

What happened was that man gradually ceased to develop on the John Bull lines, as the result, or, some would say, the reward, of adopting a new way of life—living more in the town and less in the country, drinking less beer, eating less fattening food and taking more exercise.

Thus, in the course of a century or so, a new physical type was slowly evolved; and no signs of any reaction towards the previous type are anywhere discernible.

"Hail Season of Mists and Maladies."—Anon.

The approach of the cold days makes necessary the need for protection against chills and influenza. A bottle of Baxter's Lung Preserver is your best health insurance

### Diet and Exercise

WOMAN'S physical transformations are far more radical and rapid.

Indeed, it is not merely the prevalent type of figure, but the actual figure of the individual woman which appears to vary, not, indeed, from day to day, but certainly from year to year, with the result that the Press has lately been full of protests against the violent means by which these ends of fashion are attained.

*Il faut souffrir pour être belle;* now, as of old, that seems to be the guiding motto. Just as the wasp waist was produced by the old-fashioned corset, so the slim figures which we nowadays see everywhere are being artificially created by similar coercion and compression.

It seems a pity, even to those who regard the slim figures as the more elegant; and another citation from another Latin poet may partially explain why one views the practice with regret and apprehension.

"Nature," he says, "though expelled with a pitchfork, nevertheless comes back and reasserts herself"; and it may well be that, in this case also, a sharp reaction may follow.

Those, that is to say, who seek to reduce their too, too solid flesh by squeezing it flat, may find that it is not, in the long run, quite as amenable to the pressure as they were led to suppose.

Wise women will remember that the real secret of a permanently beautiful figure is not any kind of corset, but a healthy diet and suitable calisthenic exercise.

against all such chest, throat and lung troubles.

"Baxter's" is rich, warming, penetrative, dependable. A grand tonic too. Generous-sized bottle 2/6; family size 4/6. At all chemists and stores.

But be sure you get "Baxter's"! 1

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should send six stamps for booklet  
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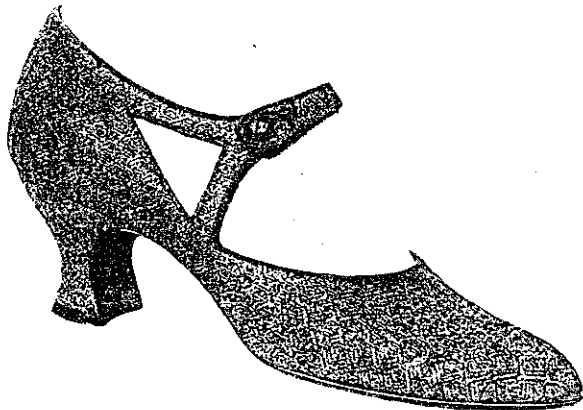
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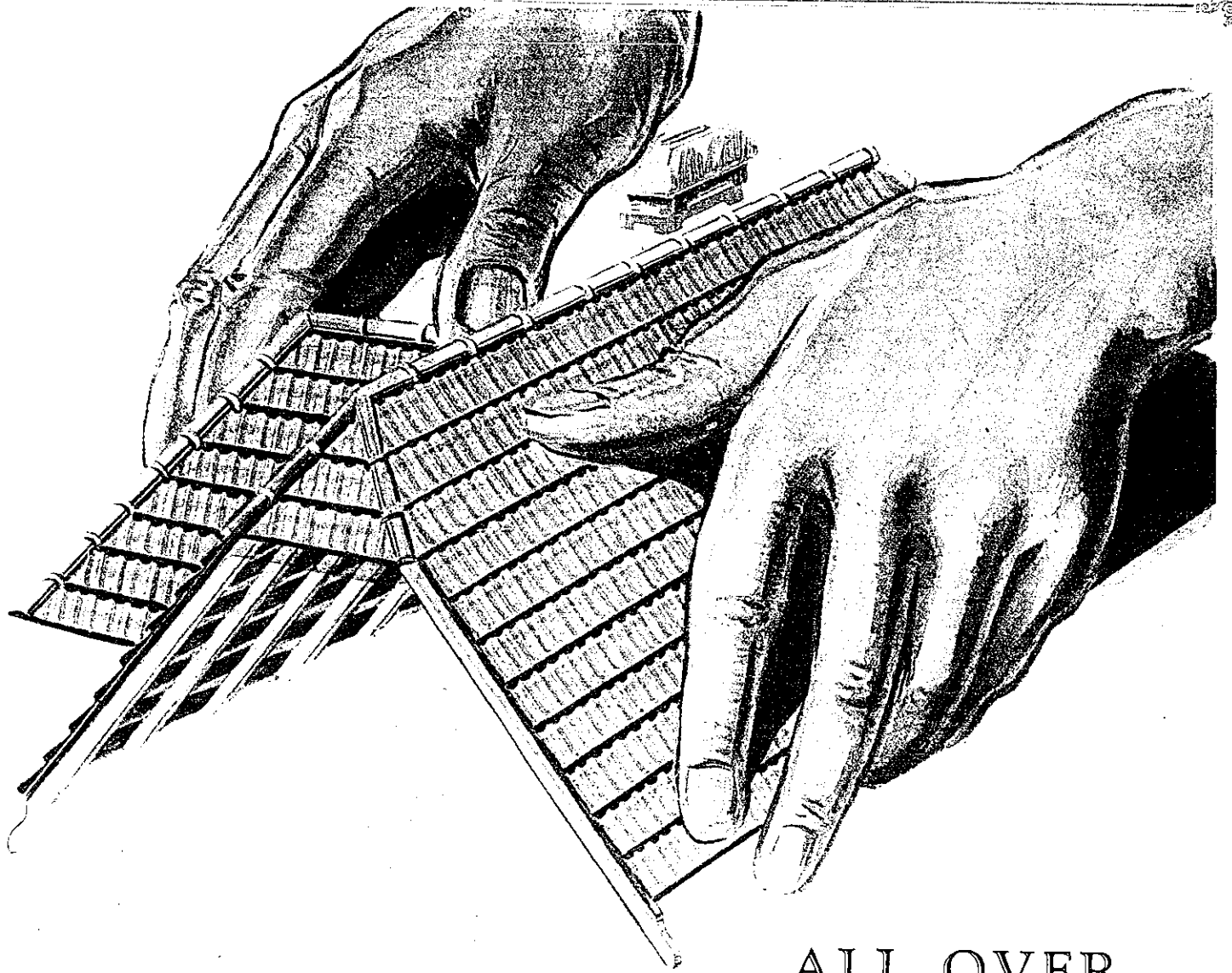
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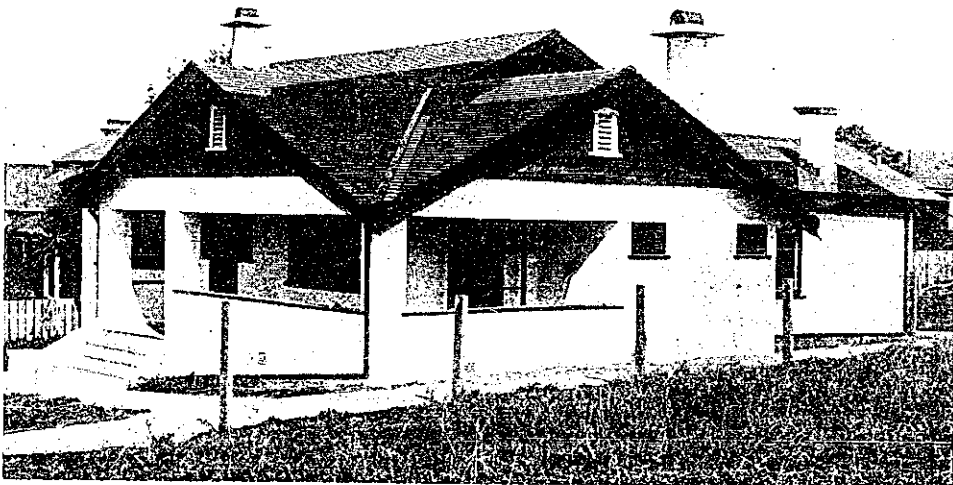


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