

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.

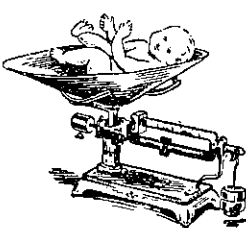
"The stairs did it," he said. "Dear, that other fellow was an architect, and I'm bound to say he had plans of the prettiest places imaginable. But it seems that when they got to discussing them, they weren't all practical. All sorts of things seemed to be coming in the wrong places, somehow. And when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




BABY'S WEIGHT to a quarter ounce
Baby's daily progress, whether breast or bottle fed is measured exactly with

WOOD'S BABY SCALES
(capacity 40lbs by 1/4oz)

Government stamped, easy to read, nickel-plated finish
As supplied to Plunket Societies, Karitane Homes and Maternity Hospitals. ENQUIRE PARTICULARS

J. W. WOOD,
Scale Maker.
169 MADRAS ST. CH'CH.



SYMINGTON'S
Regd. Trade Mark
COFFEE ESSENCE

Symington's is the original coffee essence—the genuine, fragrant, highly-concentrated essence from a spoonful of which you can make a cup of **real coffee** in a second or two. Ask for Symington's—your grocer sells it.

Thos. Symington & Co., Edinburgh & London.



Go to the shop which sells "Onehunga"

ONEHUNGA Flannel is made by highly skilled New Zealand workers from the best New Zealand wool, and has been a popular household fabric for many years.

Flannel that is as Perfect as it can be made.

The materials and the workmanship in Onehunga Flannel are uniformly excellent and it is as flawless as human skill and up-to-date machinery can make it. High quality also ensures hard wearing service.

ONEHUNGA FLANNELS

We want you to try Onehunga Flannel first because it will give you the best value your money can possibly buy, and secondly, because it is a New Zealand product. Ask your draper for it.

Proprietors and Wholesale Distributors:
SARGOOD, SON & EWEN, LIMITED
Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin

Become a Subscriber
Fill up a Form TO-DAY

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention the "Mirror"

Please pass this
Copy on to your Friends