

MIRROR

THE HOME JOURNAL OF NEW ZEALAND



Acknowledgments to
"The Tatler," London

By Chloë Preston

"TWO TO ONE ON THE FIELD"

The LADIES' MIRROR

"The Home Journal of New Zealand."

WE PROCLAIM SUCCESS

THE MIRROR was launched four years ago to provide a new and higher standard of Magazine than had hitherto been produced to New Zealand. The project was ambitious. Our journal passed through the vicissitudes inseparable from journalistic enterprises, but difficulties, obstacles and opposition have been overcome, and we can now proudly proclaim our triumph.

THE best evidence of the public acceptance of THE MIRROR is the persistently growing circulation, and its advertising pages to-day carry the highest class of national and overseas publicity. None but reputable announcements are accepted, and we are therefore able to guarantee our advertisements (see page 40). You can trust THE MIRROR'S Advertisers.

IT may well be asked how a Magazine such as THE MIRROR can be profitably used by advertisers, when by the use of newspapers they are able to cover the Dominion thoroughly at a comparatively low cost per thousand of circulation. Yet in spite of this fact our Magazine enjoys unusual support from advertisers, and for several reasons.



IN the first place THE MIRROR, by reason of its unique standard of quality, has built for itself a circulation of readers comprising mostly the well-to-do people throughout the country. Thus the advertiser, who has quality goods to sell, has at his disposal a selected field of prospects, which is approached by no other journal in the Dominion. This is a bold assertion, but we make it advisedly and conscientiously.

SECONDLY, while newspapers provide the driving force so necessary in modern advertising, they lack the essential properties which enable an advertiser to present his product or commodity in all its attractiveness. Thus it is that, while the progressive business-man is forced to use newspaper space, his goods become better known as the result of presentation in a quality publication such as THE MIRROR.

QUINTESSENTIAL publicity is constantly used by the largest users of newspaper space, in order to give a broad, lasting background to the quality of the advertising. The newspaper is the dynamic urging force; the Magazine provides the quiet, persistent effort which builds up a reputation for quality, with the resulting goodwill the value of which is immeasurable.

For the above reasons the pages of The Mirror are being used to-day by the keenest advertisers in the Dominion. They realise this magazine is the most valuable link in their publicity scheme.

THE MIRROR PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED
AUCKLAND, N. Z.

Strike a Match!

then

ABUNDANT
WARMTH

THE absolute convenience of the Gas Fire is a revelation to those who have been used to antiquated heating systems. Under any circumstances, at any time, day or night, you can transform a cold room to a haven of warmth by merely turning a tap and striking a match.

GAS FIRES

Before deciding on Fires for your home consider the many outstanding advantages of the modern Gas Fire—its convenience, its abundant and hygienic warmth, its artistic finish.

AUCKLAND GAS CO., Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE - - - Wyndham Street
SHOWROOMS—Wyndham Street, corner Pitt
and Beresford Streets, Auckland, Onchunga,
Deconport, St. Helier's, Otahuhu



Slimmer
Trimmer
Ankles
for
Every Woman



You will welcome the slenderising effect of the Kayser

SLIPPER HEEL

Kayser

Just try on a pair of the Kayser Silk Stockings with the new Slipper Heel. Notice how they slenderise the ankle, how much slimmer and trimmer it seems. You'll immediately appreciate the dainty grace this new Kayser feature gives. And "Slipper Heel" is but one of the exclusive advantages which have made Kayser the hosiery of supreme elegance and quality. There's the "Marvel Stripe," which prevents runs and garter tears, and above all, there's the rich beauty and lasting wear for which Kayser is world-famed.

FULL FASHIONED SILK HOSIERY

Write for our booklet "The Care of Silk Hosiery."

Posted Free on request.

Wholesale Distributors: L. & E. MARKS & SAULWICK Pty.

FOOTE'S BUILDINGS, ELLIOTT ST.
AUCKLAND

EMPIRE CHAMBERS, WILLISTON ST.
WELLINGTON

Some popular colours are:
Black, White, Sunburn, Cheri,
Toreador, Mauresque, Rose
Marie, Circassian, Rachele, Al-
uminium, Rosewood, Chaire,
Hoggar and Nude.

Use "LUX"
For WASHING
'KAYSER'
Silk Hose & Gloves

Our experience urges us to strongly recommend LUX for washing KAYSER Silk Stockings and Gloves.



*The Gossard
Line of Beauty*

Gossard Corsets and Brassieres hold, from girlhood to white-haired years of dignity, that line of beauty which swings in and out in wondrous rythm from shoulder to knee. It is the ideal line of perfect womanhood—the Gossard Line of Beauty.

Gossard Corsets and Brassieres properly fitted by the expert corsetiere in your favourite store guarantee youthfulness of figure long retained.

THE CANADIAN H. W. GOSSARD CO.
114 Castlereagh Street
Sydney, N. S. W.

Gossard *Corsets
and Brassieres*

Competitions

THE LADIES' MIRROR OFFER TO ENCOURAGE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

As the days grow longer and we approach sunshine-time, amateur photographers will again be taking up their fascinating hobby with renewed enthusiasm.

During "camera-time" THE MIRROR proposes to hold monthly competitions to encourage amateurs who take their hobby seriously and can photograph interesting and topical subjects for illustrating purposes.

THE MIRROR can offer unique facilities for reproducing photographic prints, as it is the best illustrated paper in the Dominion, so that amateurs will have the opportunity of seeing their work creditably adapted to the art of photo-engraving.

Every amateur will be eligible to compete, and there will be no restrictions as to the size of prints or the style in which they are finished, provided they are of good technical quality. If, however, very small prints (less than quarter-plate size) are entered for competition they must necessarily be very clear, bright and sharp.

Black and white prints on "gas-light" or bromide paper are preferred, but "glossy" P.O.P. prints, not too highly toned, are acceptable. Rough surface papers or coloured photographs are unsuitable. Photographs need not be mounted.

Conditions.—Cut out the coupon on page 72, fill it in clearly, and attach it to the photograph. If mounted paste the coupon on the back.

Prize-winning prints will become the property of THE MIRROR, and the Editor may reproduce any photograph sent in. All that are published will be paid for at the rate of 5/- each.

Photographs will only be returned when stamps and addressed envelopes are sent for the purpose, but the Editor assumes no responsibility, nor can he enter into any correspondence in connection with the competitions or regarding photographs submitted.

The Editor's decision will in all cases be final.

Entries close on Wednesday, November 25. Address all entries to the Competition Editor, c/o THE MIRROR, Customs Street, Auckland.

Prizes will be awarded as follows:—

Senior: First Prize, One Guinea; Second Prize, Half-a-Guinea.

Junior (open to all children under 16 years of age): First Prize, 10/-; Second Prize, 5/-. Additional prizes may be awarded if the entries justify it, or any prize may be withheld if the quality of the prints submitted are not of a standard suitable for reproduction.

First Competition (Senior): Outdoor Snapshots, to include street scenes, photographs of players at their games, or any outdoor groups not set or posed. Subjects of topical interest preferred, with description of incident and names of people given where possible.

Second Competition (Senior): Sunlight Pictures. By this is meant snapshots taken of scenes depicting outdoor life in its numerous phases at home, in the country, at the seaside, in the bush, or on the water, with a preference for pictures illustrating New Zealand national life, including the pastimes and activities of our people.

Third Competition (Junior): Child and Animal Subjects, likely to be of general interest to readers of THE MIRROR.

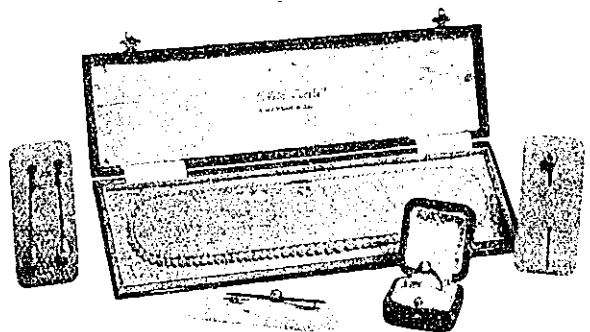


NETA PEARLS

*Perfect replicas of the Real—
sent to you with a Guarantee*

In their perfection of sheen, colouring and natural form, Neta Pearls possess a charm that no woman of taste can resist.

Let us prove to you that Parisienne Artistry has, by scientific means, captured their perfect fidelity to Nature. Send for any of the "Neta" Pearls portrayed below. Keep them a week, then, if they fail to satisfy you in any respect whatsoever, send them back and we will refund your money in full.



Strings of Pearls obtainable in		
Grade	Length	Price
1st	18in.	£1 15 0
2nd	18in.	1 7 6
1st	20in.	1 17 6
2nd	20in.	1 10 0

Other lengths at corresponding prices

Ring (9ct.), 17/6; Earrings (9ct.), 20/-; Brooch (9ct.), 20/-; Tie Pin (9ct.), 10/-.

(Also made in 18ct. and 15ct. gold—prices on request)

*Catalogue of other interesting items
FREE ON REQUEST*

LAUCLAN & COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE—

16a VICTORIA ST., WELLINGTON

And at Palmerston North, Wangarei & London

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. IV.—No. 5

2nd NOVEMBER, 1925

One Shilling



S. P. Andrews, Studios

*The Grand Old Minister of
the Presbyterian Church
Rev. James Paterson*

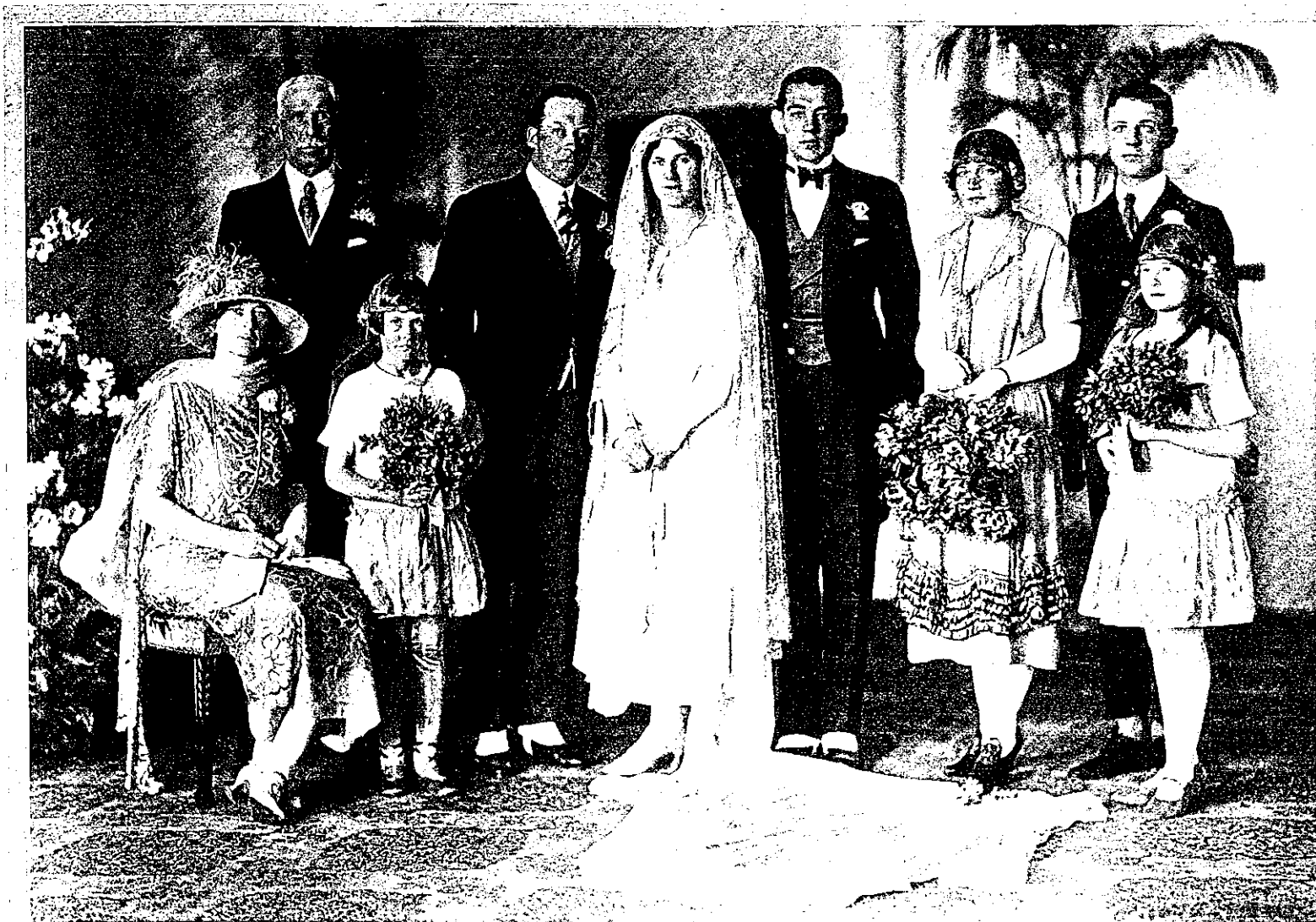
See Page 14

Camera Studies of Pleasing Subjects



Top Row—Miss Nora Cottan, Napier (Deighton Studio); Miss Daisy James, Auckland (Zaza Studio); Miss Evie Fookes, New Plymouth (Pawlyn Huggett). Centre—Miss Mira Jackson, Wanganui (Tesla Studio); Miss Gwen Scott, Hataitai (Elizabeth Greenwood); Miss June Batchelor, Dunedin (Jas. J. Webster). Bottom Row—Miss D. Watson, St. Clair (Zenith Studio); Miss Goodson, Hawera (Elizabeth Greenwood); Miss Leah Davison, Amuri (Claude Ring).

Vice-Regal Wedding at Government House



Left to right—Lady Alice Fergusson (seated), Sir Charles Fergusson, the Bridegroom, the Bride, Mr. D. J. Keswick, best man, Miss Orr Ewing, bridesmaid, Mr. B. E. Fergusson. The two little bridesmaids are Miss Elfie Reed (left) and Miss Margaret Peters.
Photograph taken by Command at Government House

S. P. Andrew Studios, Auckland and Wellington

"Where'er ye be, by land, by sea,
Fair Fortune send Prosperitie."

NEVER before in New Zealand has the daughter of the King's representative been married in the Dominion, so there were enthusiastic crowds of spectators on October 20th at St. Paul's, Wellington.

No other bride in her family has been married ten thousand miles away from her own land. Miss Helen Fergusson must have had thoughts of the soft cloudy skies, the grey stones and the purple heather of Scotland. But great happiness has come to her in this far-away land, and on the eventful day New Zealand's sun shone with warm radiance, the sky was the bluest possible, and everything green and fresh with Spring.

Then as Sir Francis Bell said, in his congratulations to the bride, she was not only the daughter of our Governor-General, but also the grand-daughter of two former Governors, so she should surely feel at home here, where all wish her and her husband so well.

Beauty, simplicity and dignity were characteristic of the wedding, and everything worked with the smoothness of excellent organisation.

Robed in gleaming ivory satin beaute, with the sparkle of diamonds softened with old lace the bride entered the church with her father, looking dignified and happy.

Her veil of priceless old Brussels

lace was arranged off the face and made a most becoming setting to her delicate features and clear pale colouring, and Brussels lace also bordered the diaphanous train. The veil had previously been worn at the wedding of her grandmother, Lady Edith Ramsay. Instead of a bouquet a small ivory prayer-book was carried. Against the background of dark carved wood and richly coloured stained glass windows she made a picture one could not forget.

Miss Orr-Ewing was her cousin's bridesmaid, and there were also two little maids, Margaret Peters and Elfie Reed. Azalea Mollis, in shades of amber flame and orange made their bouquets, and their georgette dresses and veils were of the apricot tone. There were rows of narrow copper fringe bordering the long tunic on Miss Orr-Ewing's dress, and on the children's were tiny garlands of flowers. Each also had a sprig of white heather from Scotland.

The bridegroom, Major Leonard Proby Haviland (Indian Army), is a son of the late Rev. A. C. Haviland and Mrs. Haviland, St. Albans, England.

Mr. David Keswick was best man. Her Excellency Lady Alice Fergusson arrived at the church escorted by young Mr. Fergusson, and attended by Captain Vernon-Wentworth. She wore silver grey lace over grey georgette; her floating

tulle scarf was of love-in-the-mist blue, and there was a soft blue plume in her grey hat. A cluster of pink carnations on one shoulder, and a bouquet of pink carnations and lilac had a charming effect.

The reception rooms at Government House were fragrant with flowers, and in the drawing-room Their Excellencies and the bride and bridegroom greeted the many guests. In the ballroom the bride cut the cake with her husband's sword, and their health was drunk. There were only two speeches.

Shortly afterwards, amid cheers and good wishes and a sprinkling of rice, Major and Mrs. Haviland left on their tour. The going-away dress was of navy marocain with touches of red and with it she wore a gay little red hat.

Major Haviland is, of course, Military Secretary to the Governor-General. Mr. Keswick is also on His Excellency's staff.

Miss Orr-Ewing is the daughter of Lady Augusta Inskip, and therefore a niece of Her Excellency.

The Bishop of Wellington celebrated the ceremony, a choral one, at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, which was beautifully decorated with arums and palms. Girl Guides formed the guard of honour, and a squad of bluejackets from H.M.S. Dunedin kept the route clear through crowds of cheering spectators, and white-frosted children waving flags

lined the drive at Government House.

Their Excellencies' gifts to their daughter included a pair of silver candelabra, a jewelled necklet, a silver tea service, and Lady Alice gave the house linen.

The many presents that came to the bridegroom included a travelling clock from Their Excellencies, a barometer, and many books, one of which, *Histoires des Acaemies*, was not so dry as it looked.

Guests from other parts of New Zealand included Sir Heaton and Lady Rhodes, Mrs. Algar Williams, Hon. R. and Mrs. Scott, Commander Boyle and Miss Boyle from Christchurch, Mrs. Vernon Reed, Colonel and Mrs. Tracy Inglis, Mrs. W. R. Wilson, Hon. E. W. Allison and Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Hope Lewis, from Auckland; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Clarke, Miss Helen Williams, Miss Wilkinson, from Dunedin; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Izard from Wanganui; Mr. and Mrs. W. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Williams, Wairarapa; Lady Hunter, Hawke's Bay; Mrs. Birch, Misses Wilson, Hon. E. and Mrs. Newman (Rangitikei).

Commander Boyle, R.N., and Miss Boyle, of Christchurch, who are relatives, were staying at Government House, and so were Mrs. Peters, A. and Mrs. Vernon Reed (Auckland), whose little daughters were bridesmaids.

In the Mirror

NOVEMBER, at last! All these months we have been waiting expectantly for Spring. This is the month in which only the dullard fails to hear the Pipes of Pan: the month in which men and women put on gay colours and seek pleasure in all its alluring places.

This is the month when we go a-racing at Ellerslie and Riccarton and lose ourselves in a sea of colour and try to accustom ourselves to the beauty of Maoriland's feminine beauty in the charming settings of a New Zealand springtime.

This is the month when we start to laze on the beaches and plunge into the briny; writhe with excitement on the tennis courts; enthuse with delight at the countryside; and seek enjoyment everywhere.

We have passed through a hard Winter, and Spring has started late.

*"Sunlight runs a race with rain,
All the world grows young again."*

But now we are on the threshold of Summer, and once we can brush aside these vexations and noisy elections let us imbibe to the full the spirit of the joyous season.

The Exhibition

OUR national road to nationhood will show another striking milestone when the New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition is opened at Dunedin this month. The wonderful progress of this young country has been achieved by the enterprise,

pluck and hard work of our primary producers and industrialists. The effect of their labour only finds expression in exhibitions such as our worthy Southern friends have promoted and carried to their ambitious consummation with such commendable zeal.

Far be it, however, from supposing that this great exhibition is to represent merely a museum for the display of our country's products and tangible evidence of our great progress as a producing nation. It will be the social rendezvous of the Dominion for some months to come. It will be the meeting place of all classes of the community, the Mecca of musicians, the goal of holiday-makers and pleasure-seekers, an attraction for tourists, the meeting-place of athletes. Indeed the Exhibition, apart from its great educational value, should radiate gladness, because nothing has been spared to provide for the enjoyment and pleasure of visitors to Dunedin.

The Women's Section in itself should be a veritable magnet. It will represent the greatest organisation yet attempted in the Southern Hemisphere to exhibit the handicraft and activities of womankind in all its phases.

The Elections

ALL afflictions come in cycles, we are told. Last season we had the infantile paralysis epidemic, which was tragic in its consequences, this season we are happily spared any serious physical affliction; but have instead a mental one in the General Elections and Licensing Poll. We turn from the tragic to the ludicrous and inane. It is indeed an affliction to have to tolerate the garrulity and bickerings of our would-be politicians on the hustings, and to be compelled to gaze upon garish posters and hideous advertisements in the newspapers blazing forth the turpid propaganda of the contending forces on the Liquor Question. THE LADIES' MIRROR fortunately holds aloof from party politics, and refuses to take sides on the licensing issue. Indeed, this journal is unique in as much as it is the only popular journal in New Zealand that has actually refused to accept advertisements from the contending forces in this bitter controversy that is thrust upon the people to arouse discord and heartburnings. We all know our country's laws are not perfect, and that great issues have to be faced and decided in moulding the future of a young nation; but for heaven's sake save us from these periodical plebiscites in which the true issues are unfairly placed before the electors, and in which the opposing sides are so vituperous and fanatical. Let us by all means be progressive, and when reform is needed, seek them along practical and commonsense lines; but not by throwing the whole community into a whirlpool of the bitterest controversy.

Barrier to Reform

THE only reason we cannot obtain legitimate reform in our



*Loy, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rhodes,
Te Teko, Whakatane*

Crown Studios, Auckland.

Licensing Laws is because what we call, for want of a better name, "the Trade," on the one hand, represented by most powerful vested interests, while on the other hand we have the Prohibitionists, who are actually putting obstacles in the way of reform by endeavouring to force on the People most drastic, and in some respects most unfair, restrictions upon our liberty. Neither side is prepared under existing conditions of perennial referendums to approach the much-needed reform of our Licensing Laws in a conciliatory and broad-minded way. The consequence is New Zealand has the great misfortune of being the most backward young nation in the world in providing its citizens with reasonable laws to control the sale of liquor.

There certainly is a so-called middle issue, which electors can vote for if they so desire, namely State Control. This issue, however, is a farce. It is a mere subterfuge to camouflage the big issues, and has no substantial backing of Capital or Conscience, and has no possible hope of being carried. Even if it were it would by no means settle the main issue of License or No-License.

Spineless Legislators

WE elect legislators to our Parliament ostensibly to enact the laws by which our country is to be governed, but those who succeed at the polls are in the aggregate such a spineless lot of non-entities once they take their seats and assume the privileges of M.P.'s, that they forthwith shirk their duty on fundamental political and social questions, and

become mere units in party wrangles. "Talkers are not good doers, and dignity is hazardous to weak heads." They have not the pluck to tackle their obvious responsibilities with the consequence that the country is thrown into a political turmoil - and put to enormous expense—every three years to try and determine an issue that the Legislature has not even the courage to place intelligently before the People.

Continued on page 5



*Mr. J. SUTHERLAND ROSS
President of the Executive of the
New Zealand and South Seas Ex-
hibition, to be opened this month.*



*Mrs. J. Sutherland Ross, President
of the Women's Section of the N.Z.
and South Seas Exhibition; also
President of the Dunedin Branch of
the Y.W.C.A.*

Zenith Studio, Dunedin

If our Parliamentarians were not so much like jelly-fish they would tackle the question of Liquor Reform in a statesmanlike manner, and enact laws that would remove the excuse for these everlasting referendums, that do so much to excite enmity and divide the people against themselves. As it is now the Licensing issue overshadows the elections, and the country suffers from the fact that we do not have the selection of candidates for parliamentary honours we deserve. Most of those seeking the suffrages of the electors nowadays rise little above the status of party hacks, and so instead of New Zealand progressing on broad lines towards a model state governed by forceful, intellectual and patriotic statesmen, we have perforce to make our selection from a varied assortment of candidates of a nondescript order, more gifted as talkers than legislators.

The Aim Not Abolition

TO revert to the Liquor Question (without political implication) let us hope our next Parliament will be led by a Government sufficiently strong to introduce some sense into our licensing laws.

Our hotels should be remodelled. The sale of liquor should be a secondary consideration; not, as it is, the sole reason for their existence, an enemy of family life, an occasion of dissipation and all manner of social evils—often the subject of much exaggeration. This revolution can be made, and the men you send to Parliament, if they will (this is written advisedly) can bring it about. We believe that the present licensing laws are hindering the growth of real temperance. If only the Trade had not such a grip on the licenses and there was freer competition, we might in time evolve a type of public house which would serve as a social rendezvous. It is, we contend, safer and better to try to reform, not to abolish. To this end the first principle is that the consumption of drink should be made an incident, and not the object of a publican holding a license. Our present system goes on the opposite principle.

Rational Drinking

SO far from insisting that hotel bars should offer no counter-attractions to the consumption of liquor, we would suggest creating other attractions, in the expectation that drinking habits would thereby lose their coarseness and become rationalised. The idea might, indeed, be carried further and extend to *bona fide* restaurants and club licenses. This would tend to encourage enterprise in catering for the people upon rational lines, so that people could get away from the cares of work and business, hear some good music, get some good talk, perhaps have a dance, or a game. Does the mere man never reflect that the home is a woman's workshop and business, and that she, too, has a right to get away from it sometimes and meet congenial company under congenial surroundings?

As it is now the hotel is a man's domain, where for the most part he would be ashamed to introduce his wife or sweetheart. It should not be so. The hotel should be as accessible—under rational conditions and

proper control—as much to the woman as to the man. Let us be progressive: let us be tolerant: let us be cheerful.

Our Lady Candidate

MISS MELVILLE is the only member of her sex who has braved the hustings at the General Elections as an aspirant for Parliamentary honours. Whether Grey Lynn will be represented in our next Parliament is for the electors to decide. Possibly the novelty of a woman being privileged to put M.P.

Equality for Men

IN the feminine campaign for political and civic equality its champions have ever made their battle-cry "Equal rights," and (very humanly) said nothing about "Equal liabilities." Our predecessors were at least logical in treating the woman as the inferior and when they limited her rights also limited her liabilities. Admittedly they did not strike a fair balance; the penalties of sex far outweighed the privileges. But now the balance has swung the other way. The penalties have van-

ished, for the reason that the managing director of the firm that employed him was his wife. Plainly, this "equality" business is not working out according to Cocker.

Husbands and Wives

WILL woman, in her quest for equality, ever bring herself to demand that the present legal obligation on a husband to support his wife shall be remodelled to cover the obligation on a wife to support her husband? We are doubtless approaching that consummation. It may be thought that this is written in half-jest, not in dead-c earnest. Still, many a true word is spoken—and written—in jest, and this particular jest does pull the full equalitarian up sharp. Equality of opportunity and status is a one-sided affair unless it carries with it equality of obligation also. It is one of the banes of to-day that we are loud in the assertion of our rights and silent about our duties. Sex equality has aroused a good deal of thoughtless enthusiasm among those who have not followed out its full implications. Equality is attainable over a large field of life, but it may be doubted whether women will accept the legal responsibility of keeping their husbands.

Our Competitions

THE Editor has received a number of letters from prospective entrance for our Photographic Competitions complaining that there was not sufficient time allowed between the announcement of the conditions and the date of the closing of entries.

We appreciate that some readers do not receive THE MIRROR until towards the end of the first week in the month, and that to close the Competitions on the Tenth of the month does not leave much time to prepare prints.

Naturally we are anxious to meet the convenience, as far as possible, of competitors; consequently it has been decided to extend the date of closing of the Competitions announced last month until *Wednesday November 25*. See page vi.

Our Holiday Number

THE next number of THE LADIES' MIRROR will be an especially attractive issue. In addition to the usual popular features of our Journal it will be enlarged and finely illustrated on art paper with numerous pictures depicting the beauties of our country and reproducing many charming studies of the youth and beauty of New Zealand's fair inhabitants. Also the outdoor life and national activities of our people will be shown with pictorial grace.

Of recent months the popularity of THE LADIES' MIRROR has been most generously manifested in the ever-increasing lists of subscribers, and also by the big demands of newsgagents for more, and still more copies. The order for our December issue, which will be both a Christmas and Holiday Number, will be a record one, but even so readers who are not actual subscribers or who have not already bespoken their copies for December, should be sure to place their orders early to save disappointment.



"Joan," a Bonny Child Study by Marie Dean, Wellington.

after her name may be her heaviest handicap because the public mind in this Dominion is slow to adapt itself to the idea of the fullest emancipation of womenkind. However, whether Miss Melville succeeds or fails at the polls, and apart altogether from her political leanings, this energetic social worker and city councillor is to be admired for her pluck, and will in days to come be remembered as one who helped to blaze the trail to the eventual goal of women's rights.

ished, but the privileges remain.

Hence the rising in the House of Lords recently of Lord Danesfort, that former anti-suffragist, to plead for equality for men. He demands protection under the law for the married man. The wife cannot have it both ways. If she won't be a chattel but an equal, she must stand on her own feet and be responsible for her own actions.

Meanwhile we note that a woman has appealed to a magistrate because her husband only worked when he

Members of the Younger Set



"Give me a look give me a face,
that makes simplicity a grace"

Left—Miss C. M. Orbell, Ashburton
H. H. Clifford, Christchurch

Right—
Miss Margary Reynolds, Christchurch
Claude Ring, photo

Below—Mrs. J. J. Mackersey, "Orui,"
Wellington
Tesla Studio, photo, Wanganui



Above—
Miss Anne McGlashan, Napier
Draughton's Studio

First Right—
Miss Myrtle Le Lievre, Akaroa
Sundish and Procco

Right—Miss Jean Broxon, Auckland
S. P. Andrew, Auckland



A Fashionable Hawke's Bay Engagement



*Lieutenant W. Rodger Marshall
H.M.S. Dunedin*

*Miss Margaret H. A'Deane
"Ashcote" Takapau, Hawke's Bay*



*Photos by
S. P. Andrew's Studio*

The Joys and Thrills of Sydney

The City of Pleasure

THE WRITER OF THIS ENTERTAINING ARTICLE IS MR. H. J. KELLIHER, OF AUCKLAND, WHO WAS A VISITOR TO SYDNEY DURING DERBY WEEK. EDITOR

THERE is no doubt that New Zealanders have earned for themselves the reputation of being intensely patriotic, especially to the particular place to which they belong, their own home town invariably being the only place fit to live in. Aucklanders are considered to be the worst offenders in this respect. According to the views held by a certain well-known young lady who hails from one of our most delightful southern cities, she most emphatically declares that Aucklanders have a very exaggerated idea of their city, which she attributes to a lack of knowledge on their part of our other beautiful towns. This reminds me, dear lady, of the wisdom of that great poet who said "O wad some power the giftie gie us tae see oor-sel's as ithers see us." It is certainly interesting to know what others think of us, even when such views are expressed on board ship, to wit, between Auckland and Sydney, where anything from a friendly debate to a game of deck tennis helps considerably to relieve the monotony of the voyage.

But I could not possibly credit the statement of another well-informed passenger who declared that Dunedin was being run by the Scotch, Christchurch by the English, Auckland by the Jews, and on being asked who was running Wellington, replied "Oh, well, that's cosmopolitan." However, notwithstanding the good-natured rivalry which evidently exists between the more important centres, it augurs well for the future prosperity of our Dominion to hear on all sides the unanimous opinion that New Zealand is indeed "God's Own Country."

BUT wait until you have seen Sydney, and our harbour, remarks an Australian lady, and you will have something to talk about for the rest of your life. Sydney, as everybody knows, lies only a few days' sail from New Zealand, but Sydneyites differ from New Zealanders in this respect, they are too busy enjoying themselves to trouble about what others may think, or do. Their chief concern is pleasure and the proper enjoyment of life. In Sydney, where gaiety is so well catered for, and having a good time regarded almost as a duty, the most popular pastime with the vast majority is undoubtedly horse-racing. And with in easy access of the city a race meeting is held practically every day in the year. Like London, with its famous race-course, Epsom Downs, and Paris with its Grande Prix, Sydney also has its favourite course, and at Randwick my lady's latest creation in frocks are paraded to full advantage. There is certainly something fascinating about a fashionable racing meeting, the magnificent thoroughbred horses seem in keeping with the beautiful women, and to the student of psychology race-course crowds are always of absorbing interest. On gala days everyone who can find the wherewithal finds his or her way to Randwick. The ladies are well conversant with the betting terms of the bookmakers, and having taken or given the odds in approved fashion, they enter a memo for the amount of the bet in

their race-books, and retire to the refreshment lounge to partake of a cocktail or some other mild stimulant before the ordeal of watching the result of their investments. Had

the thousands of race-goers who thronged to Randwick for the recent Derby an inkling of the sensational race they were to witness that day, they might have been pardoned

for seeking something stronger than mere cocktail as a nerve steadier. But it would require a famous novelist like "Nat Gould" to do full justice to that great race, and surely here were all the dramatic happenings requisite for a stirring novel.

The report of the attempt to put out of action the public fancy "Manfred" on the eve of the Derby, was a fitting prelude to that colt's wonderful achievement in the race itself. What would win the coveted Derby? The stake alone worth £8000. Already the name "Manfred," Australia's greatest three-year-old, and backed to win a fortune, was on everyone's lips, as the horses line up for the start in front of the grand stand.

ALL eyes of approximately 90,000 people are focused on the horses and the starter, until the barrier flies up with a great cry from the crowds. "They're off," and off they are like a flash; all but one, and that one the popular fancy of the thousands—the favourite "Manfred," left at the post, and has apparently lost all interest in the race. The vast crowds are stupefied, there must be some mistake. But no, there he is, the big bay, No. 2; the colours, black, with blue sleeves, red sash and cap, no mistake. I felt my arm grasped in a vice-like grip by a stranger, and I looked into the clearest blue eyes I have ever seen, and shall probably never forget. "Is that Manfred," he asked in a whisper. I nodded. "That settles me," he said tersely. "I'm ruined. I dreamt he would win, and backed him for all I possessed. I kept this for luck." And he smiled grimly at the sovereign in his hand. I was about to expound my views on the evils of horse-racing in general, and the rashness of pinning one's faith at any time on that fickle jade, the Goddess of Chance, when a bookmaker, already counting his gains, flouted in a moment of exaltation. "I'll lay 500 to 1 the favourite." Nobody heeded him. Indeed, the odds looked thousands to one. But my blue-eyed friend, with the sang froid of the horn gambler, handed the sovereign to the bookmaker, with the quiet remark "I'll take you; it's my last." And now the jockey has succeeded in getting the great colt into action, but surely even a super-horse cannot give these others seconds start and have a ghost of a chance! Ridden however, with splendid judgment the favourite gradually creeps up, and the crowds watch fascinated as at the right moment the jockey makes his great effort and, swooping down on the field, shattering all Australasian records, passes everything in the race like a flash, and wins comfortably by a length and a-half. The tumult and excitement on the stand is indescribable, and a tremendous ovation awaits both horse and jockey as they return to scale with the reputation of running the greatest race of a century.

RANDWICK, in 1922, provided the setting for yet another Sydney sensation, which was to reach its sensational climax during Derby

Continued on page 12



Miss Goring-Johnston, of "Oakhurst," Palmerston North, whose engagement has recently been announced to Lieut. Gladston, R.N., of Llandaff, South Wales.

Z. A. Merton, photo

"Scare Up Fun!"

I OVERHEARD a father say to his lugubrious young son, complaining of the horrid day, "Forget your woes, and scare up fun." To "scare up fun," a pungent phrase, it really does appeal to me. Apply it in a score of ways, its strength of wisdom you will see.

Suppose that life begins to pall, begins to make you fume and fret (at times this state attacks us all), then, brothers, let us not forget to scare up fun. Yes, scare up fun: it's lurking for us everywhere, I know for fact it can be done. I found some fun beneath a chair!

There's fun in everything we do, in thoughts we think, in sights we see, even in pots of office glue; just think awhile, then you'll agree. Slang phrases often jar and grate, but some are vital, strong, and wise. To "scare up fun" has strength and weight, and makes one's drooping spirits rise!

The Governor-General's Daughter Weds

*Married at St. Paul's, Wellington
20th October, 1925*



*Major Flaxland
Crown Studios, Wellington*



*Portrait Study of the Bride
Miss Helen Fergusson
before her marriage
S. P. Andrews, Wellington*

Breezes from the Capital

Reflections by the Way

*Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny's so long at his beer.*

THAT, ladies and gentlemen, is, with a few minor variations, what full fifty per cent. of the hard-working housewives of this vast metropolis are saying to themselves, to the next-door neighbour, and, in fact, to the entire community, when, at the hour of curfew, they hover anxiously around oven doors, convinced that if they august lords and masters don't take it into their heads to return home immediately the delicately-browned dinner chops will take on the complexion of a sun-burned son of Ethiopia. And what, you may quite possibly ask, is the reason for this cold indifference on the parts of our horny-handed sons of toil to the insistent demands of their inner men? Simply this: a man may, unless his true and lawful spouse is one of those large ladies who attend physical culture classes, ask for and receive well-browned chops, not to mention sizzling onions, at practically any stage of his career. Time was when he felt himself free, especially just after pay day, to spend the hour betwixt the dark and the daylight in some sequestered nook—one, let us say, with a sanded floor and a convenient brass railing in lieu of a footstool—where he might either chat more or less quietly with his bosom friends, or sit wrapped in maiden meditation, drinking in the beauty of the scene and—er—other things. But the woe—beg pardon, we mean the sober, righteous and godly elements of this community—are, according to their own sworn statements, going to change all that. Already our decorous and peace-loving old town, which once, in better days, somewhat plumed itself upon its artistic eye, is plastered all over with enormous blue and white placards, proving, if not to the simple-minded working man, at least to the satisfaction of the afore-mentioned sober and righteous, that this country is going in a very short space of time to become a close imitation of the great Sahara Desert, and that we, in consequence, will have to change our title to "Simmoons From the Capital." (N.B. A simmoon may be defined as a hot, dry wind blowing from a desert.) However, every desert has its oases, and, even if the worst comes to pass, we daresay that we'll be able to sustain ourselves with lemonade and the consolations of Holy Writ. But it is a well-known fact that among certain less philosophic sections of the community the slogan "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we're dry," has been adopted. This, then, is the reason why the allurements of the erstwhile infallible grilled steak and onions are, so to speak, handed the frozen mitt.

BUT let's leave all these sad and solemn speculations to the consideration of the Merely Masculine, who, like our old friend Mrs. Gummidge, are never happy unless they're miserable. Even the almost irrepressible frivolity of the soi-disant fair sex has of late undergone a temporary eclipse. How can it be other-

wise when we can't walk down the street, look inside a letter-box, or, indeed, so much as show the extreme tips of our noses outside our front doors without being assailed by interesting little election-time pamphlets advising us that if we don't cast

"Nationalist," or "Labour-Socialist" and come together to wish each other *bonne voyage*, and not too much mal de mer while sailing the stormy seas of election. Now that our eighty legislators are headed full steam ahead for the hustings,



Mrs. H. T. Adams, Idris Road, Fendalton, Christchurch.

Millard's Crown Studios

our vote in one direction we'll all be murdered in our beds by wild Bolsheviks, or, as an alternative suggestion, that if we continue to support our present Government, we will probably end by supporting seventeen starving children on a maximum wage of sixpence ha'penny per diem? We ourselves are ignorant enough to believe that every Government is very much like every other Government, only perhaps a little more so, and that Wellington no matter who happens temporarily to occupy the seats of the mighty. The pleasantest day in Parliament is, in our humble opinion, the very last day of the session, when members forget that they are confined in neat little water-tight and air-tight compartments labelled "Reformer,"

Wellington has become a strangely disorganized—almost a demoralized—old town. Pamphlets, as we have already hinted, fly about in coveys, and without any provocation whatsoever invade the most peaceable domestic dove-cots. Stately edifices—buildings which seem never to forget that they are historic piles, and that their first duty is to look the part—break out in what appears to be a kind of political scarlet fever, and flourish large red-lettered placards cordially inviting the startled beholder to "Vote for Labour." This is in itself a little unnerving. However, I suppose that once Election Day has come and gone Wellington will once more mount upon its pedestal of calm, cold, unapproachable dignity, and will remain seccotined thereto for another three years.

BY the way, have you noticed the narrow margin between the date of the elections and that generally held sacred to our old friend Guy Fawkes? Personally, I think that the Government have missed an unrivalled opportunity of combining the two occasions into one never-to-be-forgotten festival. Think of the chance one would have of burning a candidate one didn't personally admire in effigy. Think of the small boys who, with life-like representations of our Ministry enthroned in wheel-barrows, would march from door to door declaiming

*Guy Fawkes Guy!
Stick 'im up on high,
Stick him on a lamp-post
And there let him die!*

Think, too, of the salubrious effect of a life-sized, stuffed M.P., with a string of double-bangers affixed to his august coat tails! However, what's done can't be undone. Men in general, and M.P.'s in particular, have absolutely no imagination.

TURNING from matters politic to things frivolously feminine, we want to ask you a very serious question. It has no relation whatsoever to your views on Pussyfoot Johnston, nor yet to your opinions of the present Government's land policy. It is simply this: Have you, or have you not, ever seen an Oxford trouser?

Down here in Wellington, in our so-truthful daily newspapers, we have read so many bulletins containing reports of the threatened invasion of the Oxford "bags" that we are absolutely on tiptoe with expectation. Every time our husbands, poor, dear, innocent souls, attempt to smuggle some large, mysterious, bulgy-looking parcel into the *soi-disant* sanctuary of their own rooms, we hold our breath, expecting, next morning, to see a figure arrayed in nice, bright, cheerful Oxford bags—shrimp-pink ones, with pale purple stripes—slink furtively down the back stairs and out into the comparative privacy of the great city. But, alas, we have been disappointed so often that we are beginning to look upon Oxford trousers as just another beautiful myth, like mutton-chop whiskers, maiden modesty and the age of chivalry. Men are so inconsiderate. They can quite clearly see the good points of being surrounded by typists and stenographers in demure—but not too demure—little frocks which bear the hallmark of London or Paris firmly imprinted on their flimsy surfaces. In the sanctity of their own homes, they consider that they have a perfect right to grumble and complain if their wives fail to appear in exactly the right style of artistic but inexpensive tea-gown. Variety is the spice of their lives; that is why the average man's existence resembles in composition and flavour an Indian curry of the type favoured by apoplectic colonels. But when, may we ask, has one of the Lords of Crea-

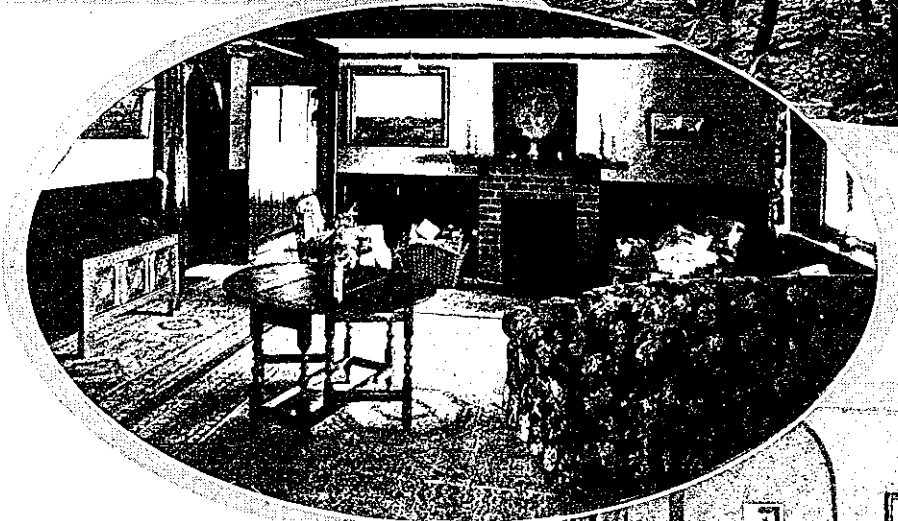
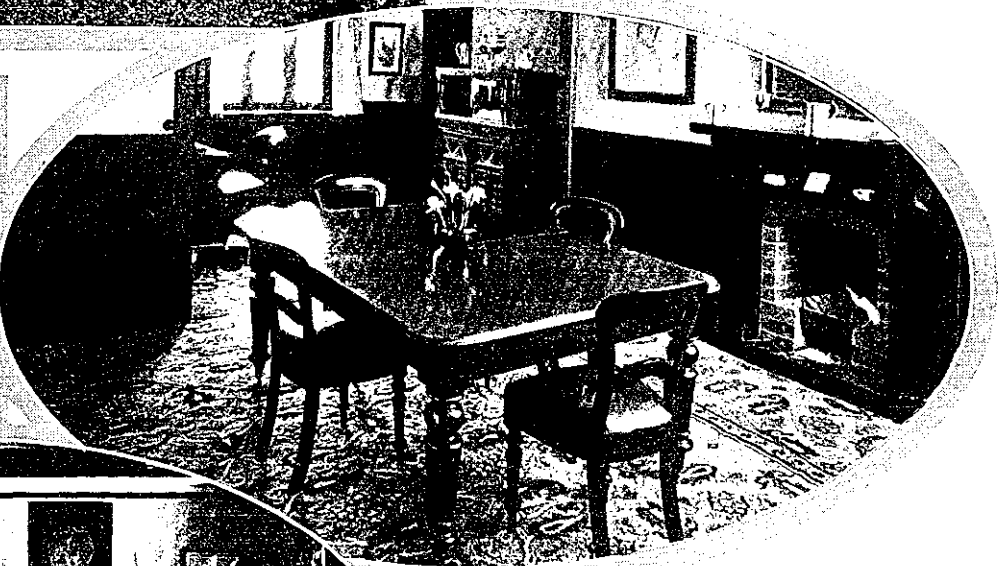
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An Historical Canterbury Home

"Middleton Grange"

Residence of John Studholme, Esq.
Formerly the home of
Sir Chas. Bowen at Christchurch

To the left—Front view, from which there is a most attractive outlook, in a rural Old English setting. The small view shows a side elevation.



Right Oval—A section of the Dining Room.

Left Oval—The Entrance Hall.

Right—The Drawing Room.



Photo by
Stefano Webb
Christchurch

The Joys and Thrills of Sydney

Continued from page 8

week of 1925, for it was at the Randwick races that the beautiful French woman, Madame Andree Lauzame first met Arnold Resch, the wealthy Sydney brewer. It may have been love at first sight, but at any rate their association became very close, and they decided to live together, a Rolls-Royce car, a flat, and a liberal dress allowance being part of the consideration. But love, it would appear, even under these unconventional conditions, does not always run smoothly, and Madame leaves on a holiday to her beloved France, and during her absence she writes her erstwhile lover such letters of tender love and passion that he implores her to return as life in the meantime without her has become a burden to him. So great is his joy on her arrival that he proposes to marry her, but Madame is loath to do so, having had a previous matrimonial venture which was not altogether satisfactory, but eventually she consents, and they should, if popular fiction be any criterion live happily ever after. But again a breach occurs, and on this occasion Madame takes action for breach of promise to marry and claims £25,000 as balm for her wounded heart. Her able counsel, with all the skill and eloquence of his profession, proceeds to convince the judge and jury that it by no means follows that because a woman lives openly with a man she is necessarily a bad woman. Oh no; on the contrary her action is much more honourable than the woman who marries a man for his money. When the *très charmante petite Madame* goes into the witness box, and with all the emotion for which the French are famous, tells the story of her love and passion that grew and blossomed in her garden of romance. It was quite evident that

she had all the sympathies of the jury with her, and when reference was made to her former lover, who was seated with his counsel in the Court, and her flashing black eyes flashed defiance in his direction. It was quite clear, in the language of the poet, that "Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned." And it certainly looked as though the wealthy brewer would be relieved of the necessity of paying income tax on a very substantial sum of money. However, another sensational finish was in store for the expectant crowds who flocked to the courtroom to hear the latest details of Sydney's most sensational breach of promise case. But their hopes were dashed to the ground when Counsel announced that a settlement had been reached out of court, and the services of the jury could be dispensed with. It was subsequently reported that £6000 changed hands as the result of this *affaire-de-court*, and no doubt Madame finds some consolation in her share of the proceeds.

Such is life, dear Lady, in Sydney's gay city, where the sun pours its disturbing rays on a restless populace, and incidents of this nature are soon forgotten in the whirl of festivities.

Derby week was certainly the occasion for some splendid functions, probably the most brilliant being the opening of the new hall-room at the Hotel Australia. With all the wealth and beauty of Sydney represented, and such places as the Wentworth, the Ambassadors, not to mention scores of less fashionable places of enjoyment, were all thronged with eager pleasure seekers.

To those well-meaning people who are wont to deplore our loose methods of living in New Zealand, and

who prate so eloquently against the cocktail and cigarette, short skirts, and bobbed hair, I would say unto them go to Sydney my friends, visit some of the places I have mentioned

and you will return to New Zealand quite convinced that we are a God-fearing people, and our fair Dominion is rightly called "God's Own Country."



Mrs. W. Machin and her two youngest children. Mr. Machin is a prominent figure in the business and public life of Christchurch, and amongst other offices he holds is President of the Canterbury Chamber of Commerce.

H. H. Clifford, Christchurch

Engagements

WE have pleasure in announcing the engagements of

Miss Phyllis Mildred Campbell, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Campbell, Wanganui, to Mr. Gordon Meeks, also of Wanganui.

Dr. William Tregonwell Collier, M.C., of Oxford, to Miss Dorothea Gwendolen, youngest daughter of Mr. G. M. Butterworth, formerly of Christchurch.

Miss Hilda Southcombe, of Patea, to Mr. H. Woodyear-Smith, of Frimley, Surrey, England.

Miss Constance May Pye, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Pye, of Lyall Bay, Wellington, to Mr. Claude Francis Petherick, of Wellington.

Miss Elizabeth Butler, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Butler, View Road, Henderson, to Mr. Andrew Littlejohn Sutton, Valley Road, Henderson.

Mrs. D. Polson, with her son Peter and her niece Nina Rutheford
S. P. Andrew, Auckland

Miss Mary Dove McArthur, daughter of Captain and Mrs. McArthur, of Lower Hutt, to Mr. Philip Vernon Graves, of Hawera.

Miss Lolla Duthie, of Wellington, to Mr. Eric Reeves, of Wellington.

Miss Lola Elaine Davies, of Ponogaro, to Mr. Austin P. Campbell, of Wellington.

Miss Sylvia Alice Curtis, Mt. Eden, Auckland, to Mr. Arthur Chapman, of Grey Lynn, Auckland.

Miss Eva Robertson, "Bridgeholm," Remuera, Auckland, to Mr. Harold I. Simpson, barrister and solicitor, Auckland.

Mr. Hugh Morison Carson, of Greytown, to Miss Constance Francis, of Seddon, Marlborough.

Miss Phyllis Bates, of Wellington, to Mr. Arthur McNaughton, of Hawera.

Miss Ethel Watts, East Tamaki, Auckland, to Mr. Aubrey R. Franklin, of Papatoetoe.





Simple Walking Dress. The light three-quarter Coat is lined with material to match the jumper. —Worth, Paris.

Very smart out-door Frock in fawn Kasha, trimmed with black velvet ribbon.

Robe in lavender blue Voile, trimmed only with tucks. —Lucien Lelong.

[From Paris to Beath's, Chrischurch.

THE drabness of winter has dragged well into Spring and the broken weather almost excuses us for being a disgruntled community. We haven't yet had a chance of decking ourselves out in the radiant frocks that have been such a bright feature in the shop windows for weeks now. However we must keep our pecker up, and cheerfully sing "There's a Good Time Coming."

Our friends who read the signs of the heavens and study the science of meteorology tell us we are in for a piping hot Summer, so that if Spring is late—and perhaps a bit ashamed of itself for its tardy arrival—we must prepare for much sunshine and heat.

Some venturesome ones have tempted providence and set at naught wisdom by rushing into summer clothes too early, and, of course, there is the usual crop of nasty, stuffy colds abroad.

The Motherland has had a very hot Summer, so that we may expect the same, and take our cue from our English sisters on the way to keep cool in the "dog days." Our shops certainly reflect some very charming styles that promise to be the vogue during the coming season, and the most cheerful features of them are their brightness and simplicity.

Vanitas Vanitatum



The demand will be for ease and comfort in fashionable clothes. Costumiers and dress-makers will have to concentrate on an alliance of beauty and commonsense.

We have already come to appreciate that the straight line that conceals slim, supple folds, includes cleverly-cut godets, and enables us to move gracefully, is essentially the fashion to-day; in other words the modified silhouette. To add to the charm of style we are to add the delight of bright, cheerful colours; flowered chiffons with crinoline hats, little kasha three-piece and bright-coloured sunshades.

Demure little frocks get an added touch of freshness from the lingerie collars and cuffs which are worn with them. All sorts of new ideas in collars are being evolved.

Smart Thin Coats

IN our variable climate where sunshine and rain, heat and cold, wind and clamminess intermingle so unexpectedly, the latest notion in *petite-couverte* or thin coats should appeal to milady in these Fortunate Isles. The most recent Paris fashion journals are full of these dainty creations made of such gossamer-like materials as georgette, chiffon and lace, worn with frocks of equal fragility. These thin coats for warm days need to be illustrated to be appreciated, but here is the description of one:—

"Both the frock and the coat are pleated. The back of the dress is arranged panel-fashion; a clever arrangement by which the broad back is given an illusionary appearance of

slimness. There are the tiniest of sleeves, but this is purposely done so that the sleeves of the coat only cover the arms, giving that look of transparency which is so much sought after this season, and, of course, a dress of this description could be worn in the evening.

"This ensemble relies solely on its perfect line—and it is marvellously slimming to those who are inclined to stray beyond the lines of the sylph-like silhouette of the moment; its utter simplicity and the excellence of the workmanship and pleating, for further elaboration there is none, and in that, perhaps, lies its greatest charm."

Even coats of more substantial pretensions are seemingly quite thin. They may be lined with some light material like printed chiffon—to go with the chiffon frocks which seem certain to be the craze this summer, but which are already giving place in England to beautiful hand-painted fabrics. The thin kasha coats are lined with their own material in a lighter or a contrasting colour and worn over dresses made to match the linings. These frocks are usually cut on the lines of the popular jumper suit; in fact, the jumper suit

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THE year 1830 is a long way back, but that is when the Reverend James Paterson was born, so he is by far the oldest Presbyterian Minister in New Zealand. Over ninety-five he is now, but his recollections of old days is specially clear and good, so he greatly enjoyed the talk with their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Alice Fergusson, who went to see him soon after their arrival in New Zealand. For it was in Ayrshire, at Kirkoswald, and at Girvan, that his youth was spent, and Kilkerran Castle, Sir Charles Fergusson's Scottish seat, was only a few miles away.

Learning appeals very powerfully to the Scots' mind, and young James Paterson, as a boy, used to go about the scattered moorlands teaching the grown-up cottagers to read—for every household had its Bible—and to write.

Edinburgh was his University, but it was a call from England that took him to Liverpool for something like twelve years.

A minister wanted in a far-off little colony at the uttermost ends of the earth, brought Mr. Paterson and his wife to New Zealand, and after a long, long voyage in the *Bullarat* they landed in Wellington in August, 1867. Lambton Quay then was really "The Beach," and waves were dashing over the place where big shops now stand with electric trams and motors passing by on bitumen roads. Sir George Grey was Governor and the Maori War was being fought out. Even now people talk of the moving and inspiring sermon Mr. Paterson preached as a farewell when he left St. John's after twenty years' service.

Life is easier for the modern minister. Frequently he drives his own car, and plays a good game of

golf or tennis. But when the Rev. Mr. Paterson innocently thought of joining the newly-formed Bowling Club, his church sternly discouraged him, on the grounds of waste of time! Now Mr. Paterson lives a serene and peaceful life in his home at Buller Street, Wellington, happy in the loving care of his younger daughter, Miss Lily Paterson, who has devoted her life to her parents.

Frequently he goes for walks about the town he knows so well, but, on a bad day, he is to be found at home, in an arm chair by the fire in his study, a sprig of white heather in his buttonhole, secured by the "Early Settlers" badge, of which he is proud. Round him on the walls are portraits and photographs of old friends, some of whom are the most

distinguished in the land. Many come to see him, bringing the third, and sometimes the fourth, generation to receive his blessing. His birthday on May 28 is always a great occasion, and letters of congratulation pour in. All classes and all creeds, too, unite in honouring him, and wishing him continued health and happiness.

Only a few days ago came a long-distance message of congratulation from a Scotsman, aged 85, Mr. MacMaster, living in Canterbury, England, who, in a copy of *The New Zealand Times*, had recognised Mr. Paterson as the young schoolmaster who had taught him at Girvan School in Ayrshire in 1848, over seventy-seven years ago! Another of his old pupils is Mr. Potts, of Park Street, Hokitika, who is aged 89.

The Reverend Mr. Paterson's son is manager of the Bank of Australasia in Waipukurau; his elder daughter, Mrs. E. W. Porritt, is living at Paeroa, and there are grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

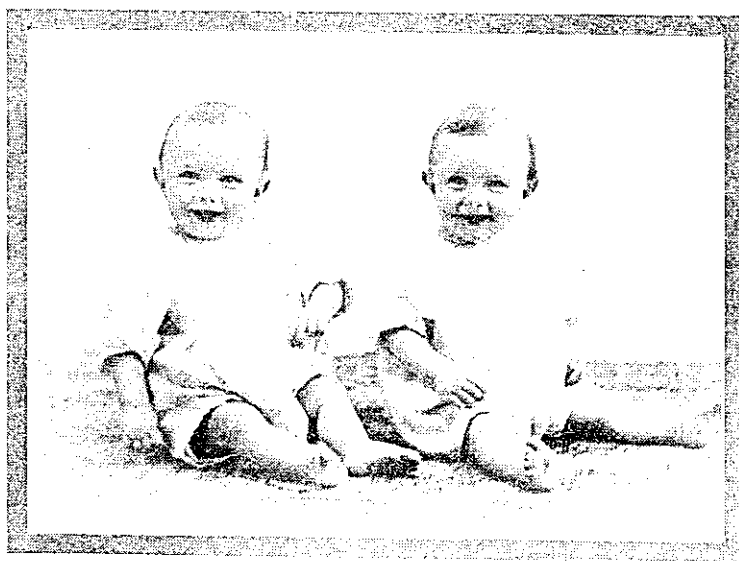
tion paused to consider the monotony of the existence of the average woman, who, year in and year out (and it seems longer) sits opposite the same dingy Stetson hat, the same colourless but correct bow tie, the same striped or spotted waistcoat, and exactly the same snuff-coloured suit? Or, anyhow, if she doesn't, she's supposed to. Think what a splash of colour Oxford trousers such as we have described above would make in the grey desert of the married woman's days. In time, she might even come to like sewing on her husband's buttons. Women, as everybody knows, have such an insensate passion for matching things, from silks to young and innocent acquaintances, and we are quite sure that the average woman would positively enjoy haunting bargain counters in a vain endeavour to find canary-coloured buttons to go with dear Archibald's lavender bags. However, there the situation is, and there, to our sorrow, it seems likely to remain. The main ambition of every man is to look so precisely similar to every other man that his own wife, not to mention his own mother, might, from a casual inspection, quite easily mistake him for the man who lives next door. Indeed, she quite frequently does. But can it be possible that all really exciting fashions, such as the crossword puzzle jacket, the gin-sling and the Mexican tango, find Auckland such a congenial habitation that they positively refuse to descend further south? If this be so, we will confirm a half-formed resolve to spend our very next holidays in Auckland.

"Summer is icumen in,
Loud sing cuckoo!"

WE wonder if the gentle old rhymster who thus commenced a delightful ballad was, when he referred to the loud singing of the cuckoo, thinking of the loud but far from melodious—one might almost say dirge-like—refrain of the long-suffering husbands called upon to pay for the oh-so-simple little lavender frock across the way? Summer-time is, *par excellence*, the season of "ribbons and laces and sweet pretty faces," and those who have, at some stage of their careers, showed a marked preference for afore-mentioned sweet pretty faces by marrying one, or, at a later date, more

Breezes from the Capital

Continued from page 10



Jack and Desmond, twelve-month-old twin sons of Mrs. C. Rosser, Epsom
T. H. Asher, Onchunga

than one of them, must be prepared to pay for their indiscretions. Of course, it's rather ungrateful of us to refer to the poor dears as that those recently fitted out with "cuckoos"—though we are quite sure new and expensive wives will agree upon the justice of the imputation. But really, even the Spartan sisterhood who set out, market basket on arm, with the fixed intention of expending their just and lawful monthly dues upon red flannel for Johnny's undergarments and darning wool for Tommy's socks, are liable, unless they set their teeth very hard, to fall by the way. The other day, for example, we, full of the good intentions that pave the path to bankruptcy, set out to buy a cheap little frock which would do for the inevitable afternoons at home. Then, halfway down Lambton Quay, the Great White Way of Wellington, we encountered The Frock. It was a confection of cyclamen pink ninon—the kind of frock that simply evaporates if you speak to it unkindly—and, as far as the human eye could see, it was composed mainly of three frills and a few furbelows thrown in for good measure. And over it was perched a shady little hat which might have been worn by a dairymaid or by Marie Antoinette masquerading as a dairymaid. So there we were, weren't we? Sometimes we wonder if men don't wish that Adam, their august progenitor, had had the sense to "stay put" in the Garden of Eden whilst he had the chance. There were, if you will take the trouble to think back, no dress-makers' bills in the Garden of Eden.

A Present for Christmas

Make a list of your best lady friends who you wish to please with a
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They are sure to appreciate. With a remittance of 12/- for each, send their addresses to us, and we will post them a copy of

The Ladies' Mirror

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No present could be more acceptable, because not alone will it be a suitable Christmas greeting, but remind your friends of you each month of the year.

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Brightest and Best

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Erratum—Timaru Golf Tournament

THROUGH an oversight the full-page illustration on page 35 inadvertently passed through the printer's hands without a caption or title. The omission is regrettable, but one of those mishaps that will happen. The page consists of a number of pleasing snap-shots of the successful competitors at the recent South Canterbury ladies' golf championships held on the Highfield links at Timaru. This tournament was inaugurated by the Timaru Ladies' Golf Club, and proved an unqualified success.—Ed.

Bright Types of Young New Zealanders



Top Row — Barbara Logan, Wellington (Marie Dean); Croydon de Montalk, Frankton (Firth, photo); June Philpot, Oamaru (Clarke, photo). Middle Row—Marie Vollemacre, Whangarei (Art Studios); Celia Mary Kinder, Parnell (Toruquist Studio);

Mand Nevill, St. Clair, Dunedin (Patillo Studio). Bottom Row—Alan James, Rangiora (Coronation Studio, Christchurch); Audrey Booth, Wellington (Hardy Shaw); Frances Mary Hanna, Clinton, Southland (Mora Studio).

seems likely to remain as popular as it was when it first appeared on the horizon of fashion.

Durable Stockinette

STOCKINETTE, which is cheaper and more durable than kasha, is being woven in the most delicious colourings, either plain or speckled, and suits are made with the new chain fastenings, which were first used to secure our golf bags and gradually found their way on to tobacco pouches, and from there to our frocks. These have been amazingly popular in the Old Country and on the Continent this season. More often than not these jumper frocks are provided with a coat to match. A most becoming model we have seen is well tailored and has a row of buttons and buttonholes down the front. The collar is neat, and turned back with some contrasting colour, with cuffs and lining to match. Thin and light these coats most certainly are, and yet they are very warm to slip on in the cool or even chilly days which we not always expect but get in this climate!

London in Sunshine Array

OH, the lovely sunshine! After a brilliant springtime England has had a heat-wave that has sent us all hurrying out to buy printed chiffon, georgette, voiles and muslins. The optimists who foresaw a hot summer were the lucky ones, of course; they hadn't to hurry through their summer shopping, and they are looking cool and fresh in their summery attire; they are reaping the benefit of their foresight. This is a tip to New Zealanders. Your seasons follow ours: so expect heat during the coming months.

Shady hats are once more in fashion, for they are a real boon on sunny days. Many, however, still cling to their beloved cloche and mushroom shapes, provided they have shady brims. The favourite shades are putty, delphinium blue, pale green, cerise, and rose.

Choice printed chiffon is first favourite for frock material. Designs that consist of bright flowers on a dark background—others that are just a confused blur of blossom in soft shades—others again that show natural flowers in all the pastel hues—just black and white—cool and effective—there's no end to the possibilities of chiffons, that carries out the styles of frocks in the accompanying illustration.

The Motoring Outfit

SO many people go motoring nowadays that motor coats have become as decorative as they are necessary. Made of shiny mackintosh material in various colours to match the lining of the touring car, they look charming, and protection from the cold winds is guaranteed by the lining of white bunny.

The hat question is a vexed one. "Travel light" says the advertisement and the giver of good advice. The best solution of the hat difficulty is to have one hat made to fit you absolutely. This should be of the lightest weight felt, and if the right colour is chosen it can be worn with half-a-dozen different coloured frocks of almost any material. Many people have their hats made of the tweed to match their dresses, but this means a hat to every suit. The light-weight felt solves that difficulty.

Vanitas Vanitatum

Continued from page 13

THE vogue in bathing gowns is most charming. Some of them are in stockinette, others in schappe silk, and the caps for shingled hair that go with them are very pretty and smart. Gay colours, of course, are the vogue.

Tennis rigs include pleated skirts to be worn with jumpers. Nearly all, by the way, are attached to a bodice lined with silk. It is the best way because in these days of corset-bands instead of corsets, a skirt which fastens round the waist is apt to be uncomfortable. It is much better for all one's clothing to hang from the shoulders.

printed materials which are such a gay feature in the shops, must not leave their shopping too late. The wise woman will hurry off at once and buy what she needs.

There is a vast difference in the materials of this description. Unlike many imitation things, machine-printed georgettes cannot hold their own against the genuine hand-printed ones. There is a difference both in the texture and even more in the colourings. No machine-made article could even have approached some of the very newest ideas in flowered georgettes.

There is one thing about a printed



PRINTED CHIFFON—FIRST FAVOURITE FOR RACING FROCKS

There's no end to the possibilities of chiffon, carried out as in the three Frocks above. Note the little georgette Coat in the centre, with its tie collar, devoid of trimming, save for the picot edge. Expressed in one of the colours of the frock worn beneath it, it's the very latest in wraps. —"Ladies' Field."

[Fashion's vogue at Bath's, Christchurch.]

Oh, what will the Weather be?

THE weather has been so unsettled of late, and Spring so long in settling itself that one can almost think of the Clerk of the Weather as a horrid, perverse old creature who grins defiance at us when we look ahead and try and select our summer clothes. The shops are full of nice things, but we hear some say: "I will not be caught with a wardrobe of exquisite summer creations I won't get a chance to wear. I'm for frocks of the strictly utilitarian order. Mackintoshes, not muslins, for me." However we are going to make a bold prophecy and declare that we may look forward to a brighter summer than we have had for many years past. Therefore out with your georgettes and chiffons; but those who would have the pick of those lovely

chiffon frock: If, peradventure, the wise prophecy does not come true you will, if you buy one of these airified frocks and cannot wear it in the daytime, have a most enchanting evening dress, and if you are young enough, it will be equally suitable for big and little occasions. So if you take our advice and hurry off to get this type of garment, you will have no real cause to blame us for having led you into extravagant paths.

Imported Models

THE great number and variety of really beautiful models that our big drapery firms have imported this season may have a far-reaching effect. It would seem that the day of the little home designer is finished. The amateurish efforts of the inexperienced are often deplorable and their clients suffered in appearance in consequence. It is not even necessary to trust to sketches now when

models can be bought and copied and friends are often very kind in lending frocks which have been designed by a master hand. No possible excuse now for lack of balance, for unbecoming lines, or bad cut, which are the three black sheep in the fold to be guarded against by every dressmaker, whether she be professional with a small or a large list of customers, or one of the many amateurs who still find pleasure and profit in making their own frocks.

For the benefit of the latter we would like to add a plea for good workmanship. Frocks may be comparatively simple, but the needlework must be good if the correct effect is to be gained. More dresses are discarded on account of bad needlecraft than for any other cause. Remember that the well-finished and well-sewn dress of an amateur will be forgiven much as long as the stitches are small and bindings and tucks evenly arranged.

Jumpers and Waistcoats

DO you remember the time when we always wore the waists of our blouses under our skirts? Perhaps that is why the Americans still call them "waists." And do you remember how the blouse would pouch over the waistband at odd places in a most unbecoming manner?

Some women still wear their blouses under their skirts, but they never think of appearing without a coat in this kind of rig, because it marks them, more or less, as being out of date. How very different it is with the smart jumper!

The evolution of the jumper is a very interesting one indeed. About twelve years ago what was then called the "middy" blouse made its appearance, and was chiefly worn by girls of from fourteen to seventeen. It was practically a jumper with a sailor collar, and, as I have said before, only very young girls wore it. But it was the forerunner of the smart jumper which everyone wears to-day.

Knitted Jumpers

SOON after the "middy" jumper made its appearance came the craze for knitted jumpers. For the time being, any other kind of jumper was forgotten. Women knitted themselves jumpers, morning, noon and night. They knitted them in wool, in silk, and in mixtures of silk and wool. Knitted jumpers in those days could be worn on almost any occasion, woollen ones for sports and morning, silk ones for smarter occasions, being a pretty general rule.

But gradually we came to realise that though the knitted woolies were all right for sports wear, for smart town wear the knitted silk jumpers had disadvantages. They lacked that dainty collar and cuff and lingerie touch on which the well-dressed woman prides herself these days. Hence the evolution of the more elaborate jumper of silk, crepe de chine or satin, which forms so indispensable a part of a "three-piece" or coat and skirt.

If you are wearing a present-day smart jumper you can take off your coat and be certain that you are quite well turned out. You don't have that half-dressed sort of feeling given you by a blouse and skirt worn without a coat in the old days. This smartness and trimness is all to the good. *Continued on page 18*



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the skirt, while it is interesting to note that corsages of the cross-over persuasion are coming into their own.

Tunic Skirts

THERE is something particularly satisfactory about the tunic skirts which have the *fourreaux* slit up on one or, it may be, both sides, the tunics being arranged with inverted or box pleats. This preserves the straight silhouette, and at the same time the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. Silk fringe will continue to appear on the more elaborate frocks; another conceit is to slash the material so that it suggests a fringe which is about half-an-inch in width. It is pleasant news that the third piece of the *ensemble* suit frequently takes the form of a cape. It is far cooler than a coat, and lovely artificial flowers make the collars, or it may be that the collars are of gauged georgette strewn with petals.

Sydney Styles

PRINTED georgettes flourish. The more exclusive models are combined with plain black or one of the predominating colours. Painted materials are even newer. They are not necessarily figured, and one example is of white georgette with squares of varying shades of beige all over the surface.

Though lots of frocks are absolutely sleeveless still and resemble evening dresses so much that it is

almost impossible to tell where the difference lies there are just as many models with a long, straight sleeve to the wrist. It is a fallacy to think that bare arms make for coolness!

The big hat enthusiasts are having a field day during the heat wave. Everyone wants some sort of shade for the eyes. Crinoline is the most fashionable of straws for the hot weather. It is so light to wear.

Many tulle hats are making an appearance also, but they are for more formal occasions. Even more fashionable are the hats composed of two materials—faïlle and lace, crinoline and taffetas, and so on.

Feathers are to be found encircling brims or huge flat flowers are set round the crowns, and the tall woman looks her best in this sort of hat, but beware of the exaggerated brim if you are short of stature.

The tiny cloche hat, whether of feather-weight felt Bangkok or any of the cheaper straws, has become more trimmed—a couple of flowers at the side, a jewelled pin thrust through the front, but even these pins are more elaborate in design than the neat diamond arrows which have pierced so many hats for so long—the Prince of Wales feather, the true-lovers knot, circles of jade surrounded by diamonds with star-like ends, small glittering birds and beasts representing some of the old fables like the tortoise and the hare, the dog and the duck are to be seen in place of the arrow.

Continued on page 19



Destined to be seen in alliance with the Frock on the left is this beige and brown Kasha Coat, which cleverly shows the much-approved flare.—Eve.

VANITAS VANITATUM

Continued from page 16

What Paris Says—

THE Paris couturiers are searching for a new style of silhouette to please the ever changing vanity of milady in her appeal for something new. It is always difficult to get accustomed at once to a new silhouette; yet it is the habit of a few Parisienne *elegantes*, who are absolutely sure of their figures, to be among the first ones to adopt a daring innovation which will attract general attention. But although as yet the average woman hesitates to wear a dress with a normal waistline, in time one tires of the straight loose dress and longs for a change. The early summer collections show how the *couturiers* are trying to solve the problem; those who have presented a very low waistline are now indicating a higher line; while the more daring, seeing that the majority of people are not ready for the change, are proceeding by more moderate measures.

SO Jean Patou, for instance, who has surprised, and alarmed us perhaps, by some of his models with very tight waists, now shows models that are perfectly suitable for

present wear. The waistline is not far removed from its normal place and only just follows the curves of the body. His afternoon coats and dresses are particularly smart and pleasing, and nearly always show a variation of the Princess shape, which is the most fashionable line at the moment and one that is seen in nearly every collection. The bottom of these dresses are widened either all round or in front only, or at the sides and again at the back, while the upper part is rather straight but rarely close-fitting.

Martial et Armand also adopts the Princess shape, both in coats and frocks. The tendency certainly seems to be to widen the skirt and to tighten and shorten the bodice.

THE heat wave has upset all calculations in trying to gauge the vogue, but the tendency is quite clearly pointing to the return of the Princess shape. At present, however, lingerie gowns have come into their own, they are dyed pale green, rose pink, pansy blue and orchid mauve, and are decorated with lace of the same shades and tiny pin tucks. Sometimes a shaped flounce of georgette of a darker shade appears in



"Between the Seasons" dressing is always difficult, and the happiest choice for early Summer wear is the coat frock, with the addition of an outer wrap. Cedar-wood brown rep expresses the left-hand model; black rep, with scarlet braid trimmings the centre one; and kasha, in the new shade of burnt oak, the frock on the right.

[Simple and chic frocks at Beath's, Christchurch.

VANITAS VANITATUM

Continued from page 18

The flower bouquet or posy finds fleeting resting places first in one place and then in another, but it is reluctant to absent itself altogether from our frocks. It has ascended from the waist-line to the middle of our frocks in front exactly in a line with the chin.

It is not every type of dress that can stand this somewhat unusual place—nor every type of face, which is, perhaps, even more important! It has the advantage of complete novelty and is very popular in Sydney just now.

What Size are your Hips? Suggestions for the Woman of Generous Proportions

HOW is it, I wonder, that American fashion papers all have a kindly thought for the woman who inclines more to weight than slowness, while the English and French fashion designers seem to ignore her?

Fashions are much the same, whatever the figure. It is the little touches that show genius and change a woman from being a frump into a gracious and pleasing figure.

The largely proportioned woman must be careful in her choice of fabric. A woman of this type came to see me last week wearing hugely patterned, stiffish material that made her look exactly like an animated piece of upholstery. If she had been an artist in dress she would have chosen unpatterned browns and greys for outdoor wear, soft mauves and blues for the house. And she would have realised the "invisibilising" quality of black, with gold or silver adornments.

Material that falls as Greek drap-

eries fall—you can see them in the Greek Gallery in the British Museum—are the choice for the large woman. Greek women, the most beautiful the world has ever seen, were much more amply proportioned than the modern woman. The soft materials, glorious colours and simple line of their clothing gave grace and dignity.

Trimmings should be avoided above all. Yet how many women fail to realise this, and think to take away from their width by fussy little bits of drapery and ornamentation?

THE older woman, whether inclining to stoutness or not, will be wise to avoid the sleeveless fashion. Floating wing sleeves will give grace and dignity to an evening frock for a day dress, wrist or long elbow sleeves are *de rigueur*.

There is another thing to remember. Many a plump woman has such pretty feet and ankles that she wears short skirts to accentuate them. This is a mistake. Add inches to your skirt and you add to your grace.

For the neck, the V-shaped opening or the very high neck are both becoming, the latter only for a woman with a small face and long, slender neck.

Children's Summer Clothes

THE days are gone when clothes for children were a secondary consideration. Now they are of equal importance with the frocks of their mothers and grown-up sisters. Whole departments in the big shops are given up to catering for the younger generation, and never has there been a larger selection in the matter



THERE'S A FASHION IN LINGERIE AS IN ALL ELSE

Simplicity in Lingerie rules the day, with no lack of dainty touches in lace and insertion.



The older woman can adapt this youthful style to suit her figure by replacing the belt with buttons on the left hip and the short sleeves with long ones. The frock on the left is straight from shoulder to knee, but the stout woman can wear this style if she adds a jabot and side panels to soften the effect.

of dresses for the child, whether it be boy or girl.

Linen is an ideal summer fabric; it is porous and light, and yet substantial enough to withstand the rough usage it is sure to receive, and now that there are so many uncrushable varieties on the market the one prejudice against it—that it crushed too easily—is no longer there.

THE same applies to those delicious organdi muslins which seem to be the very embodiment of youth. These very elaborate-looking frocks with all their tucks, insertions, their scalloped edges can be produced at home—thanks to the ingenuity of the material makers. You buy all this by the yard, and the most incompetent of mothers ought, for the expenditure of a few shillings, to be able to make her child a frock that looks as if it had just come from a Paris atelier. But really in hot weather dressed-up frocks are not what we ought to be thinking about.

Delicious overalls, enchanting bathing suits and fascinating crawlers constitute an important part of the child's outfit nowadays. Gay linen with beasts, birds and flowers applied on to the frock are an endless source of amusement to the children, and even distracts their at-

tention from the unwonted heat.

No socks is the order of the day, and sandals replace heavy shoes, even sand shoes are terribly hot for the feet—and should rope-soled canvas ones be substituted the children will rejoice. We all suffer in this sort of weather with indiarubber soles.

THE sun is too hot on occasions for the no-hat brigade, to compel the children to go hatless. There are some very nice light broad-brimmed hats, but the sun bonnet is a great protection, as it covers that most sensitive and important part—the nape of the neck.

Bathing dresses are of the simplest and meagrest kind, and the gay towel-wrap will be more an inducement for them to come out of the water when asked to than if a mere huckaback is waved to them from the shore.

Much of the children's discomfort in the heat is due to the mismanagement of the menu. If only people would realise that fruit and vegetables are so much better for them during heat waves than meat there would be fewer fusses at table and fewer minor ailments to deal with. The green blinds to the nursery and green shades to perambulators will all help to keep the younger children cool.

MARRIAGE—AND BEYOND

"WHEN we are married, we'll have sausages for tea, sausages for tea, sausages for tea," warbled dear little Meggie Albanesi in "A Bill of Divorcement." Desipient as the lyric is, how truly it

metaphor, there is no reason why girls should be encouraged to leave their post-wedding futures to luck. Adventure and discovery there must be, but matrimony should certainly not be a plunge into darkness. Molly

sensible or beautiful girl reader of this article will deny that her previous objective was to secure a suitable husband. When that is done, and the ceremony over, it astonishes Molly to find what a listless world it can be. You see they were not girls or married women who begged her to go to this party and that excursion in the past. They were young men. And now there is only one young man, and he, in all probability has his work which keeps him occupied by day and makes him frequently tired by night.

In the average case, Molly would be very ill-advised to choose a post-marriage avocation which would involve evening work, or, at any rate, evening work outside the home. Of course, the girl who can write or paint has no prospect of idleness, but it is astonishing how many think that marriage is a signal for stopping the study of music. It is then that it might begin in all seriousness, because the mind is not distracted by another objective. The girl with a voice can take singing lessons daily after marriage, and the moderate pianist can easily become accomplished to the great delight of her husband. But how many girls think the trouble worth while?

I remember my mother telling me that on her return from her honeymoon she at once began a course of lessons in cooking at a famous school in South Kensington. She was not about to become a cook, but she wished to acquire a most valuable accomplishment and fill her spare time usefully. Women fond of the needle, whether short and sharp or of the knitting length, can also take

lessons with profit, though a man must admit that to advise such domesticated creatures on the subject of time-killing savours of impertinence.

Occupations and Studies

QUITE the most enchanting occupation of all for the woman who owns a garden is the control of it. She can easily get a man to do the heavy digging and the rest cannot be drudgery, even for the most fragile. The danger is—I speak as a man—that Molly may get so keen that she can talk of nothing else.

Dr. Johnson praised the ladies of his age, insisting that they were more faithful to their husbands and more virtuous in every respect than in former times, because their understandings were better cultivated. If that were true in 1776, how very much more true is it to-day. If Molly has no *flair* for art, no taste for music, no fancy for cooking or sewing or gardening, I decline to accept her as a normal girl if she does not take pleasure in developing her education.

Girls frequently marry so young that education must go on after the wedding. Never forget that most people do not begin to learn and cannot learn until they are adult. Your studies may be most happily interrupted, but you will take them up again, rejoicing in the knowledge that some day a little creature will sit by your knee, a little creature with inquiring lips and inquiring eye.

Make sure of being able to answer.



Miss Iris Montgomery, of Christchurch, who recently judged Dancing at the Auckland and Hamilton Competitions.
Tornquist Studio, Auckland

represents the average girl's attitude towards matrimony.

A wedding to her signals the end of restriction, and the opening of a great and glorious freedom, a period which will be freely punctuated with blissful pettings, new frocks, hats and slippers and plenty of good things to eat and drink. She will be a "missus," and will command the respect or jealousy, and certainly the social seniority, of all her single girl friends, older though they may be.

How much farther does Molly look? How many of them looked beyond the honeymoon? How many beyond the wedding ceremony?

When Miss Molly Trefusis, of Austin Dobson's poem, married, the poet abandoned her, though doubtless with a tear or two.

"Thereupon . . . but no further the student may pry,
Love's temple is dark as Eleusis,
So here, at the threshold we part,
you and I,
From dear little Molly Trefusis."

An After Marriage Plan

I'M not so sure that love's temple would have been so dark if a rhyme had not to be found for Trefusis. But granting the poet his

should be prepared with a plan; for marriage is a threshold, not a back door.

How many girls realise that when they return from the honeymoon they will be confronted with the problem of what they are going to do?

"Why," Molly will retort, "there will be the running of the house or the flat, and people to visit, and games to play, and books to read and everything."

Well, it is astonishing how little time it takes per day to supervise efficient servants. It is astonishing how little use the young married woman soon has for visiting and being visited. A certain amount is inevitable, but it lessens in quantity and is apt to pall. Of course games must be played, and the theatre and the library patronised, but I maintain most strongly that it is the experience of nearly every young wife that time hangs very heavily on her hands. There is not the swirl of her old home to carry her on. And I warn Molly that people do not read because they have an hour to spare, but because they want to read.

LET every girl contemplating matrimony realise that after the honeymoon she will have to find new interests and new objectives. No



Ula Winton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard R. Jones, of Wanganui
Tesla Studio

DRESS FOR THE "FRANKLY FORTIES"

THIS is an age of youth we are told—an age when the average woman of forty looks not a day more than twenty, if she is clever and knows how to preserve her looks, and how to dress.

But there are many women of forty who look every bit of their age, and this through no fault of their own.

Sometimes it is a matter of build, at other times the skin and complexion are at fault; at other times a woman's mental attitude is responsible. She is forty, and she knows it, and lives up to it, and her parents, friends and relations are inclined to keep on reminding her of the fact. Relations are rather

merciless on this score. They seem to take it as a personal grievance if a sister or a cousin or an "in law" without any apparent effort manages to look younger than they do.

Present-day life, present-day fashions—all help a woman to look young. She ought to be fresh and active at forty without any effort, but as I have said before, there are women of forty who are—well, let us say—*frankly* forty. They are proud of their age, and live up to it. They don't make any attempt to hide it, and look down with calm contempt upon those of their sister women who, though they are "forty-

Continued on page 22



Mlle. Lenglen, the world's Champion Lawn Tennis Player, on the Riviera.

Removal Notice

F. N. Spackman, Ladies' Tailor, has taken Larger Premises in the new Druids' Chambers, corner of Lambton Quay and Woodward St., Wellington.

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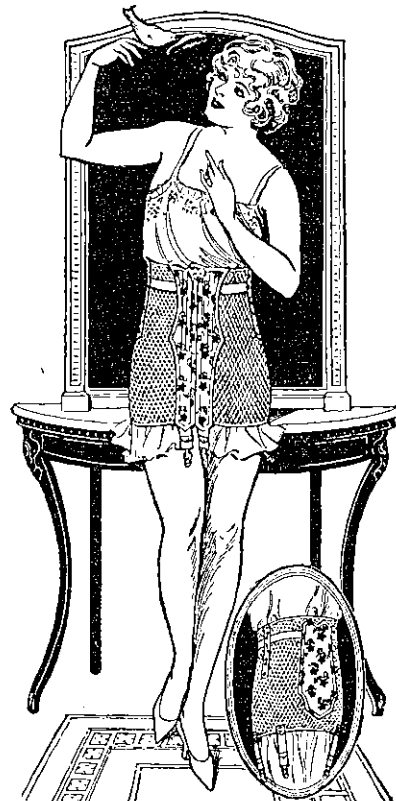
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DRESS FOR THE "FRANKLY FORTIES"

Continued from page 21

ish," look young. It is just those "frankly forty" women who more often than not, these days, find their dress somewhat of a difficult problem.

Dress styles are all so simple, so youthful and so pretty that the "frankly forty" woman doesn't care to adopt them. She clings instead to the fashions of ten or fifteen years ago, and is hurt when her husband doesn't want to take her out because she looks dowdy, and has nothing fit to wear. She gets annoyed with her children when they express a wish that her next frock should be a really smart one, and in trying to live up to her forty years, she does more—she often makes herself look as much as fifty or sixty instead.

I do wish the women of this type would alter their mental attitude towards their age. What's the harm in not looking your age if you make no flagrant effort to disguise it? There are women of forty who look very young indeed without any kind of "make-up" or hair dye or other such subterfuges. They merely keep young in their mental outlook, lead healthy lives in healthy surroundings and cultivate a good taste in dress.

They avoid extremes in fashion, and yet at the same time take care not to be out of the fashion. They leave jumper frocks and fluffy bobbed hair to the girl of sixteen, and choose simple well-fitting gowns made on long, becoming lines, and if they must wear their hair short they have it nearly shingled. There can be a great deal of dignity about a neat shingle, as you all know.

THE woman who is forty and looks it must resign herself to her fate, but she needn't resign herself to be a dowd for all that. Let her keep up to date in her dress, and her menfolk will be proud to take her out and be seen with her.

The very thin, angular type of "frankly forty" woman looks her best in high collars. These need not be stiff or hard—a softly-draped throat-band with an upstanding white plissé georgette frill is becoming to most women who have a long neck, but more especially so to the woman whose throat has become "stringy" with advancing years.

THE stoutly-built woman of forty with a double chin and a more or less florid complexion is even more difficult to dress than her angular sister. She should keep to dark and neutral shades and have her gowns built on cross-over lines in front, and straight or with a pouched effect at a low waistline at the back. Soft, easily draped materials, such as marocain and crepe de chine, are more becoming to a full figure than cloth, gabardine or serge. And the stout "fortyish" woman should never wear satin or other materials with a shiny surface. The duller the material the more becoming it will be for her. Needless to say, she should have her gowns cut as long as possible without being dowdy, and she shouldn't wear light flesh-coloured stockings like her sister woman who is forty and looks twenty. She should have her stockings to match her gowns instead.

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DAUGHTER: "Oh, father!"

—"The Bystander."

KING GEORGE AT SIXTY

THE story is told that when "George" was chosen as the name of the King, Queen Victoria entered a caveat. Having made her protest, she added with characteristic sagacity: "However, if the dear child grows up good and wise, I shall not mind what his name is."

Had Queen Victoria possessed the power to read horoscopes she could not have more faithfully forecast the essential qualities which the young life which she saw sixty years ago in its swaddling clothes—and squalling, probably, after the manner of all nice babies—was to show in manhood and kingdom.

Good and Wise

TO-DAY, when King George has passed the sixtieth anniversary of his birthday, his lieges are proud and happy to acclaim how these two outstanding traits have made for the well-being and contentment of the people and the stability of the Commonwealth. Goodness without wisdom is apt to be ineffectual; wisdom without goodness may be positively dangerous. Goodness requires wisdom to inform it; on its side, wisdom requires goodness to inspire it. The combination of the two qualities in King George has resulted in raising the Throne to a degree of prestige which may be called epochal.

Monarchy's "Bad Lives"

"CROWNS are cracking," someone remarked in the overthrow of 1918. They were: dynasties that seemed as secure as Gibraltar Rock passed in a night. Of those that

survived several are to-day so precarious that if monarchy had its own insurance company they would rank as "bad lives." And the unique thing is that, in this general depreciation in monarchy in Europe has suffered, monarchy in this country has so strengthened its hold that even the tepid republicanism of Chamberlain and Dilke is recalled by the present generation as fantasy rather than as fact.



The King has, in his sixtieth year, the most treasured knowledge that, in an age of swift change, kingship has in his keeping taken its secure place in the hearts of his people everywhere.

This new status of the Monarchy was interestingly shown when the Socialists took office. The King, devoted to his constitutional role, of course, drew no distinction between Socialist and Conservative. The So-

cialists were his Ministers, and they were treated in all State matters on the strict constitutional footing.

Socialist Royalists

BUT a memorable thing happened: those who might have been expected to affect contempt of kings and crowns were, in fact, the first to concede their fealty to them. The Socialists appreciated the power for good and for stability which the Monarchy is; they appreciated not less that the man behind the Monarch is unceasing in his thought for the happiness of all classes.

The criticism that King George is not a brilliant King is a compliment rather than a criticism. More crowns have been lost than won by brilliance. The ex-Kaiser was Europe's most brilliant monarch; but his brilliance availed him nothing when the people withdrew their esteem and allegiance. King George has what brilliance may supplement, but cannot supplant—he has humaneness.

Those who stand near to his daily life know how utterly unaffected he is in all things; how simple and homely are his tastes and sentiments; how wedded he is to the family circle; how, too, the dominant passion of his life is unselfishness—to serve his people to the fullest extent that his position in the State and his own abilities allow.

Hard Work in a Palace

FEW men, in fact, work harder than he. His recent illness, necessitating a protracted rest-cruise in

the Mediterranean, was directly due to the unremitting zeal with which he applies himself to the multifarious affairs of State. His doctors' orders that he must spare himself more have been honoured in the breach rather than the observance. Since his return to London the King has, if anything, worked harder than ever. Scarcely a day passes without some call on his services over and above the transaction of purely State business.

His apprenticeship to kingship was marked by the same overmastering sense of service. No King has seen so much of Britain overseas, or studied so closely the problems of its peoples. It is hardly betraying a secret to disclose that the King himself determined that the Prince of Wales should visit the whole of the countries of the Commonwealth as preparation for the day when he would assume the responsibilities of Imperial kingship.

The Imperial strain is strong in King George, and it is one of the greatest services of his reign that he has so knit the Imperial ties that the Throne is the accepted symbol, even in those parts of the Commonwealth where republicanism and actual rebellion lately flourished.

King George, the Wise and Good, has raised the Throne to its present prestige and popularity, not by spectacular and meretricious means, but by the display of qualities men and women love—homeliness, unselfishness, conscientious service, and sincerity in sharing both the common joys and the common sorrows of the people.

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RETIRING PARLIAMENTARIANS

Patriots who have Devoted many of their Best Years to the Country's Service are now retiring from Active Politics

LIKE time, the will of the people brings its revenges. Every general election takes toll of the gentlemen who have made the country's laws for the preceding three years. It is calculated that the political mortality rate among members of the New Zealand House of Representatives at each election is from 20 to 25 per cent. Happy those members who after years of service are

ity, which shone in times of conflict "like a good deed in a naughty world." The gracious figure of Lady Rhodes, seen with such regularity

supporter of Mr. Seddon, and later acknowledged the leadership of Sir Joseph Ward. Neither Mr. Witty, nor the electors of Riccarton, would hesitate to describe the member for that electorate as "rough and ready." He never aspired to wear the mantle of a statesman or an orator, but no one in the House looked after the interests of his constituents with

from his obligations as a Methodist minister in order that he might promote the cause of prohibition and social reform generally as a member of the legislature. Mr. Isitt, after his election for Christchurch North, certainly fulfilled his intention, but it must be admitted that his voice in Parliament on the subject of prohibition was always rather like that of one crying in the wilderness. In later years he earned distinction as one of the "dauntless three" already referred to, and as an uncompromising opponent of what he always termed "extreme Labour." He repeatedly introduced his Religious Exercises in Schools Bill, and as often saw it defeated. Mr. Isitt will be remembered as almost the only orator in the successive Parliaments he adorned.



Hon. J. A. Hanna



Sir Heaton Rhodes



Mr. L. M. Isitt

LAST on the list comes the Hon. D. H. Guthrie, Minister Without Portfolio, and previously, from 1918 to 1924, Minister of Lands. Mr. Guthrie made his debut in 1908 as member for Oroua, and from 1911 to 1918 was a useful Reform whip. As Minister of Lands he was assiduous and capable, and did much to develop swamp country in the north by means of drainage. Among visitors to Parliament he was best known as one of the two speakers whose remarks were inaudible in the galleries, the other being Mr. T. K. Sidey, of Dunedin. After 1922, owing to persistent ill-health, Mr. Guthrie took no part in debates, but his experience and advice, when he was able to attend, were greatly valued by his colleagues in the Cabinet. His benign figure will be missed by all who have business to transact in Parliament House.

Which of the five members will be elevated to the Upper House is uncertain, but some at least of them are due for that honour. The chosen, it is good to know, will be able to sit in the Legislative Council gallery and join the cloud of witnesses with which the House of Representatives is compassed about.

able to retire with all the honours of war.

Among such legislators this year are five men well known the country over. They include three ex-Ministers, and their aggregate Parliamentary service amounts to over a century—111 years, to be exact. Each has had the distinction of serving one electorate without intermission for the whole of his career in the House. All five are among the best-known figures in the elective chamber, and they will be sadly missed.

Two of them tie in years of service, and of these it is fair that Sir Heaton Rhodes should be mentioned first. It is safe to say that no minister of the Crown in recent times has earned warmer personal respect than the retiring Minister of Defence. A native of New Zealand, but an alumnus of Oxford, he represented in Parliament the older political tradition, not of conservatism, but of service. Sir Heaton belongs to one of the wealthiest families in Canterbury, and had he seen fit he might have led all his days the life of a country gentleman upon his estates at Tai Tapu. Instead, he sought election to Parliament for Ellesmere in 1899, and represented it as a private member until 1912, when the accession of the late Mr. Massey to power elevated him to the Cabinet as Minister of Defence. During the war he obtained leave to visit Egypt and other war zones as a commissioner of the Red Cross, and in 1920 his public service was rewarded with a knighthood, which his personal qualities fitted him well to carry. All parties in the House will miss his unvarying good humour and urban-

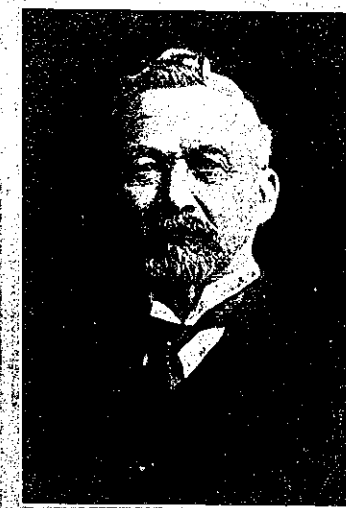
day by day in the ladies' gallery, will be missed no less.

The Hon. J. A. Hanan entered Parliament in the same year as Sir Heaton Rhodes, but took his seat upon the other side of the House. His electorate was Invercargill, and has been ever since. Few more earnest and assiduous members than Mr. Hanan have ever made their voices heard from the Liberal benches. He was ever a doctrinaire, and humour rarely found its way into any of his speeches, but his undying enthusiasm for Liberalism earned him a tribute of respect from comrades and opponents alike. Mr. Hanan attained Cabinet rank in the short-lived ministry of Sir Thomas Mackenzie, who made him Minister of Education. When the National Cabinet was formed, he took up the same portfolio again, and that of Justice as well. Most Ministers of Education are loquacious; they have to be, both inside and outside the House. Mr. Hanan, however, is still remembered among educationists for the number and length of his speeches at that time. In later years he was best known by the perseverance with which he advocated the elective executive. Session after session he introduced his Election of Ministers and Party Government Reform Bill, a measure which never achieved its second reading. The member for Invercargill was a distinct personality, and his departure will be a loss on that account.

MR. G. WITTY, known to everybody in the House as "George," is a veteran whose service goes back to 1902. He entered Parliament as a

greater care. Three years ago Mr. Witty came into prominence as one of the three men, not in the Reform ranks, who pledged themselves to support the Government upon all no-confidence motions, and by so doing kept it in office. Mr. Witty served over twenty years as chairman of the Railway Committee of the House, and it is common knowledge that before Parliament dissolved he received a handsome presentation from his fellow-members as a mark of their warm personal friendship.

MR. L. M. ISITT is too well known to require any introduction. His Parliamentary career began in 1911, when he was released



Hon. D. H. Guthrie



Mr. G. Witty

DETERMINE TO BE BEAUTIFUL!

WHY is it that the Englishwoman who wants to be smart goes to Paris for her clothes? And, more interesting still, why do you, when you go into any English store that caters for beauty specifics, always find the best ones made by French makers? Obviously, demand creates supply. It is because the Frenchwoman has always made a fine art of her appearance that her dressmakers, dress-designers, and beauty salons are the finest in the world. It is because the average Frenchwoman really *knows* how to wear her clothes and how to make the most of her beauty, that women from all over the world go to her for ideas.

A Form of Flattery

THERE is a strange phenomenon in France and England to-day that strikes the woman whose life is shared between both countries. That is, the way in which these two countries are copying each other. Englishwomen have always copied the Frenchwoman to a great extent, although they have such a reputation for insularity. But it was only during the War that Frenchwomen realised that there was anything they could learn from their sisters across the Channel. They met Englishwomen intimately for the first time in their lives in large numbers. They saw the devoted work of English nurses, the free camaraderie and jollity of the V.A.D. girls, and they—the great middle class who in France as in New Zealand form the backbone of the country—realised that there was much they might, with profit, copy.

Tricks of Fascination

YOU don't copy a nation or an individual, to any great extent, consciously. Their personality soaks into you; you imitate unconsciously, almost as children do their parents. So we have the strange spectacle of the French girl, formerly carefully chaperoned, ultra feminine, *soignée*, coming out into the open and demanding the emancipation English girls won much earlier. Nowadays you will find the French girl in short skirts that her mother would never have thought of wearing, running about with men friends as she never did before, demanding the right to be boyish as she likes. While at the same time the English girl who rubbed shoulders with her during the War is learning all the little tricks of fascination and charm that were Greek to her only a few years ago.

Perhaps the most interesting thing to note is how, with all her emancipation, her boyishness, the French girl retains her charm and her cool, well turned out appearance even on the most strenuous holiday. You find her always in harmony with her surroundings, and this applies to the French matron as well as the girl; indeed, the matron has never changed; she follows her own way, smart, calm, tranquil. And her daughter, for all her strenuous amusements of to-day, is the same.

MRS. ARNOLD BENNETT, WHO WROTE THIS ARTICLE, IS THE WIFE OF THE FAMOUS AUTHOR. SHE TELLS YOU HOW THE FRENCHWOMAN MANAGES TO PRESERVE HER AIR OF CHARM AND SERENITY, WHEN SO MANY ENGLISHWOMEN "LET THEMSELVES GO" AND BECOME DISHEVELLED



Perfection in Dress

THE secret of it is that the Frenchwoman, from her cradle, knows exactly the right dress for the right moment, and even more important, understands perfectly the accessories of that dress. She believes in simplicity to-day, in the perfect cut, the perfect line. At the sea she will nearly always wear

that they should dress up to their complexions, which are the most beautiful in the world. Vivid colours kill, instead of bringing out, the beauty of the human skin. It is, of course, that the workers on holidays wear their "best" clothes; and "best" clothes are still uncomfortably elaborate and showy. The French girl's clothes are so harmonious and so simple that they



Portrait Study of Mrs. F. E. Sandford, M.B.E., Remuera

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

white or some clean, natural colour, and she will have everything to match.

If you go to the English seaside resorts where everybody makes holiday, your eye is pained by many and vivid colours, and by dress much too elaborate for the occasion. Then again, English girls do not realise

never look out of place; a few well cut dresses of linen, a smart skirt and jumper—and that indefinable charm which is our birthright.

You seldom see a Frenchwoman with beetroot red face sitting in the sun being burnt to death, nor do you see her with skin peeling and great sun blisters. I have seen Eng-

lish girls in evening dress at the seaside with white shoulders and an ugly V of bright red or brown skin on the neck.

BEFORE she motors or goes into the water at the seaside the Frenchwoman will prepare just as an actress will, with creams and lotions, so that her skin is not spoilt by the hard sea water. No girl will let her hair remain in sea water, knowing that it will take away the natural oil and the beautiful gloss. No girl who values her complexion will subject it to the action of sea water, sun and wind. Savages might, and suffer no evil consequences, but you must remember that savages are living in a natural condition where sunlight and sea water does not hurt them. And even savages oil their skins a great deal—and many savages in the South Sea Islands, where they live a great deal in the water, suffer from skin complaints. There is a chemical property in sea water that destroys the human skin; there is an activity in sunlight that is so powerful that it is used by doctors to destroy diseased tissue. Obviously, if it will destroy diseased tissue it will destroy skin. This is scientific knowledge. The English girl's skin is much more sensitive than the skin of the brunette races. A pigment is formed by the action of the sun through many generations, and this pigment protects the skin, thickening and coarsening it. The beauty and sensitiveness of the English skin comes from England's dampness and lack of sunshine.

I do not say that the Frenchwoman knows all these scientific facts as a general thing, but the maker of skin and beauty specifics does, and he applies his scientific knowledge to making something protective and harmless for the skin.

Dancing and the Powder-Puff

THERE is a queer fact about Frenchwomen that I have noticed since the War. That is, that the standard of dress for the middle classes is more luxurious. Evening dress, if ever worn, was reserved for really important occasions in the old days, but to-day every girl has one or two evening dresses, simply because, as in England, dancing is so popular that almost every girl or woman of every social grade will dance for hours in the evening. And with this comes the prevalence of make-up. Once make-up was reserved for the demi-mondaine and the actress, to-day, everybody flies to the rouge-pot and the powder-puff, the little pot of cream and enamel. It is not noticed, everybody does it. And it is a clever device. You can hide your emotions behind a powder puff and a touch of rouge. You never look flustered or heated or chilled!

To sum up. The Frenchwoman always looks smart and cool and collected because she *knows* that she is wearing exactly the right thing, that her face is weather proof and mood proof, and that whatever comes her way she is suitably and pleasantly dressed to meet it.



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WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

By BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR.

WHEN FEAR HAS BLINDED YOUR JUDGMENT,
YOU GIVE AN ADVERSE CRITICISM. IS THAT
WHY MOST MALE CRITICISM OF WOMEN IS
SO IRRITABLE AND SO ACRIMONIOUS?

IT has always seemed to me an extraordinary thing that until quite recent times most of the men who have taken pen in hand to write about women have been misogynists. They nearly all, that is to say, began at the same point—that woman was the fundamental blunder of creation—and travelling in a circle came back again to the same spot. The outpourings of most of these commentators upon women, therefore, can quite conveniently be summed up in Nietzsches phrase that woman was “an object to be shut up, something predestined to domesticity.” And they wrote, as Nietzsche did, because it had occurred to them, as to him, that woman was “forgetting her fear of man.”

So it comes about that, though between them the dead and gone misogynists have talked a good deal of nonsense about women, they cannot be said to have indulged that much-vaunted male characteristic of originality of thought upon the subject. They have, indeed, been a most lamentable chorus. Tolstoy, Strindberg, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer—of them all it is true to say that their contempt for women is “flawless and unanimous.” The story of woman, “told by a man with a man’s ideas about people,” as Dorothy Richardson’s Miriam says of a Tolstoy novel. “It was not true, but it was true for men. Skimmed off the surface, which was all they could see, and set up in forcible, quotable words. The rest could not be shown in these clever, neat phrases.”

It is with that “rest” this little article will attempt to deal.

Ignoring the Distinguished

IN the days when the opportunities for women were very limited, when the way of the rebel was beset with difficulties, there was some sort of excuse for the hasty conclusions at which men arrived concerning

them, though it must be remembered that some of the most virulent critics of women were driven into print less by their contempt for the ordinary woman than by their fear of the woman who had dared to step out of the ranks. But in these days when women have given proof that in a short space of time they can make enormous strides in self-development, it is a little arbitrary of the male critic to pretend that in an ever-changing universe woman remains the one unalterable factor.

That considerable list of distinguished women which the last fifty years have given us has, for certain masculine critics of women, no significance at all; they still judge the sex by the lowest common denominator, and, worse, refer to the “rare woman of character,” as though they really believe their adjective a just one, as though they agree with the much-quoted monomaniac, Weininger, that “these talented women are worth nothing as specimens of the human race.” And even in an age which has given us a Sir Henry Maine, a Stuart Mill, a Jean Finot, an Ibsen and a Shaw, there are men-writers who judge all women by the old bad standard and by the “average” woman which that standard has produced. They carp at the woman who has no interest in life but sex, and at the same time pour scorn upon the woman who cultivates her brain and endeavours to extend the boundaries of her human existence. And once again it is an echo we hear—a Nietzschean echo:

“When a woman has scholarly in-

clinations there is generally something wrong with her sexual nature.”

Are Men Afraid of Women?

SOME of them come to us with a text-book in their hands asserting, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, that woman is little more than a perambulating disease. Others, like Mr. Mencken from America and Mr. Anthony Ludovici (from the Middle Ages) call the books they write about us “Defences” and “Vindications.” What they really mean is that they are prepared to like women very much so long as they toe the line and restrict themselves to their “proper” sphere, but are prepared to dislike them quite considerably if they persist in their efforts to meet and challenge men on the plane of general human endeavour. What they will not have is feminine competition. Why? Can it be that whilst women are losing their fear of men, men are discovering their fear of women?

A “Defence” of Women

MR. MENCKEN and Mr. Ludovici, to be sure, quarrel not only with women but with the universe. Humanity, as they perceive it to-day, is a poor thing, and Mr. Mencken’s “defence” of woman seems to consist in his belief that most of the things men do are not worth doing and that women show sound common-sense in refraining from them. Beethoven, he says, apol-

ogising for the generally-accepted belief that women can’t do arithmetic, would have found some difficulty in multiplying 3,482,701 by 99,999, and infers, quite correctly, that this doesn’t matter at all, since Beethoven could do things of immensely more value.

Putting aside the fact that the positivism of Auguste Comte had for precursor a woman, Sophie Germain, one of the cleverest mathematicians the world has ever known; putting aside also the testimony of Professor Hickson of the Manchester University that women, when admitted to mathematical studies, show themselves the equal of men, let us admit that there are things of more importance for women than the working of multiplication sums.

That does not commit us to agreement with Mr. Mencken that women who want to be mathematicians or to follow any other career only do so through some frustrated sex instinct. “Normal women,” he says, “have few serious transactions in life save with their husbands. . . . The business of marriage is their dominant concern from adolescence to senility.” It is easy to see, of course, how Mr. Mencken interprets the word “normal,” and safe, I think, to assume that it has never occurred to him that the feminine “norm” is itself a thing of artificial growth and encouragement, women having taken the imprint of their surroundings and believing, as they were taught from the cradle, that feminine existence was a thing of emotions, with no concern at all with the world of thought.

The Role of Wife and Mother

LIKE all men who would restrict the activities of the feminine

Continued on page 28

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WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

Continued from page 27

half of the world to the purely physical, Mr. Mencken pays an exaggerated respect to the woman in the rôle of wife and mother. I say exaggerated, because he has no real respect for a woman if she fails to perform this dual function. "A woman who has not had a child," he informs us, "remains incomplete, ill at ease, and more than a little ridiculous." In short, a woman justifies her existence, as the late Marriott Watson once said, only in so far as she performs these purely physical functions. But why? Surely a woman is more than a wife and mother? She is a human being.

Mr. Ludovici's argument is like unto Mr. Mencken's—only more so. Mr. Ludovici's quarrel with the universe is more bitter and emphatic. It has produced this race of office hermits which he despises, and life, he says, in what seems to be a moment of real insight, "is not an office or a factory." If that moment could have been somehow prolonged he might also have come to see that neither is life a colossal nursery.

Masculine Estimates

MR. LUDOVICI accepts all the old masculine estimates of femininity from his dead and gone masters. He has been an apt and docile pupil. He really believes that all women are liars, imitative animals with a mental life that is no more than a pale reflection of their emotional exercises; that they are unscrupulous by nature, fundamentally lacking in taste, inherently vulgar and with an undying thirst for petty power. But do not imagine that Mr. Ludovici dislikes us for these things. This is where he goes one better than his masters. He sees clearly that these things are but the defects of our qualities—tricks, all of them, of Nature's, the better to serve her own ends.

All would be enormously well if men had not deteriorated into this race of office hermits no longer able to keep us under proper control. Man is a negative creature who plays cricket and tennis, babbles of freedom and companionship between the sexes and can actually be left alone with a young woman in safety. The spectacle revolts our critic to the point of a passionate appeal for a return to the "medieval system of respectable and honourable se-

questration of old maids," and a demand that women in general shall be placed under the domination of their men folk.

Her "Proper" Sphere

MOST of the men of my acquaintance would regard this as a fearful bore, and will be relieved to hear that Mr. Ludovici does not intend to ask them to undertake the impossible task. He will wait for the coming of the Complete Man, the super-man who will be capable of "wisely directing and ordering his womenfolk at every juncture of their lives," and with which magnificent creature women could not dare to try to compete. Automatically she would return to her "proper" sphere and the world's problems would be at an end.

Mr. Mencken and Mr. Ludovici are not without support in this last effort to hold the fort of the world for men. They have a goodly company of followers, not all of them sufficiently courageous, however, to put their signatures to their opinions. But they all worship at the same shrine. They all believe that women have no lives at all apart from men—which is such a very humourless thing to believe. They have only one contribution to give to life—their sex. They depend upon men for moral support. At all times and in all circumstances they are predominantly sexual. They cannot create, and when they write it is but a form of hysteria. All their energies in whatsoever direction, have a physical cause. They are sex-ridden, sex-driven.

I feel a little sorry for these gentlemen because they were so obviously born too late. They would have been much happier—and much more comfortable—in, say, the Middle Ages. And there is really no hope for them at all, because more and more are women refusing to be regarded merely as sex-creatures or to be trained for sex purposes only. Motherhood no more than fatherhood is the whole of life; life is something more than a "consecration of relationships." Women have been wives and mothers since the beginning of time, but they are only just beginning to realise that that has not always made them very satisfactory human beings. Women want their place in the sun.

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THE SEVEN DEADLY ATTRACTIONS AND HOW TO ACHIEVE THEM

IT is extraordinarily difficult to select from a woman's many possible good points the seven which the majority of people would consider the most attractive, and, if combined, make the nearest approach to perfect beauty. Colouring appeals to one, eyes to another, the figure

ing and a wonderful skin, though perhaps more fascinating than these, are of a loveliness less lasting.

A PERFECT figure is one of a woman's chief attractions. It should be well-proportioned, slender without being thin, and, above all,



A Classic Figure: One of the "Seven Deadly Attractions"

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to a third, and so on. A celebrated French writer declares that a woman would be irresistibly lovely did she possess the hair of a Hindoo woman, a Greek nose, an English mouth, the complexion of a Viennese lady, the figure of a Georgian, Chinese feet—does he mean natural or cramped and tortured variety I wonder?—Egyptian teeth, Flemish arms, Italian legs, Spanish eyes and the grace of a Persian.

The Seven Deadly Attractions might be catalogued thus—features, figure, the arms, the hands, the hair and the eyes. Perfection of colour-

supple. Very few women are born with perfect figures; and while, of course, it is impossible to make limbs shorter or longer, or to increase the length of a short, thick-set body, by exercises and massage very much may be effected. A graceful carriage, easy graceful movements, give the impression of beauty, even where no beauty exists. The figure should never be let go, but be kept in condition by exercise, diet, and the wearing of a proper corset, or corselette, which will give suffi-

Continued on page 31

THE SEVEN DEADLY ATTRACTIONS

Continued from page 30

cient support and follow the natural figure at the same time.

BEAUTIFUL arms are a great asset. They should be well moulded and taper to a slender wrist ending with a shapely, well-kept hand. The skin should be white and satin-smooth, and the elbow round and dimpled, if they are to be good to look upon. In order to improve the colour and texture of the skin, the arms should be washed with warm water and soap, dried, and plenty of friction should be applied at night with a loofah. A cucumber and benzoin lotion may then be rubbed in and left to dry on. The elbow should be well rubbed with the hand for five minutes daily with lanoline reduced to the consistency of cream with olive oil. The hands should be well kept and the nails never over-polished, nor many rings worn.

PERFECT legs and feet are very rare possessions—so often they miss the happy medium. The shape, however, can be improved in the same way as the arms, by massage and exercises. Massage and exercises bring back to the normal, making them just right. Suspenders should be worn rather than garters, which, unless too loose to hold the stockings up securely, are apt to constrict the circulation and do a great deal of harm.

AS to the mouth, it should receive scrupulous care both inside and out. The teeth should have their fair share of attention. The lips should be kept full and a good colour by lip tincture or a natural coloured lip salve; they should never be rouged an unnatural colour, and should only be lightly anointed, otherwise they will wither prematurely. And the hair. This can be brightened naturally by plenty of brushing and combing, and plenty of air and a very occasional sunbath.

A PERFECT profile is perhaps the rarest of the seven attractions. The woman who has it is usually handsome all her life, and most so when she is over thirty. The perfectly proportioned face can be divided into three equal parts—the forehead, nose and mouth should measure exactly the same number of inches. A beautiful nose, however, can become most unbeautiful, if it becomes red and swollen. When this is the case the treatment must begin from within, for the trouble invariably arises from digestive troubles, especially those that arise from the intestines—it is little, if any, use attempting outward applications without setting the house inside in order.

IT is an excellent plan, when the redness is persistent, to take a wineglassful of senna-pod infusion—(soak eight or more pods for half a day in cold water, and add a few drops of essence of ginger to prevent painful symptoms—overnight, and then to live for thirty-six hours on vegetable broth and herbal tea. The broth is made by simmering every conceivable vegetable—peas, beans, greens—for eight hours; the liquor is then strained off and that, alternately with a cup of camomile or anised tea, drunk every two hours. At the end of thirty-six hours begin to take light food again. The vegetable broth disinfects the intestinal tract and cures indigestion marvellously. Local treatment of the nose consists in first of all freeing it from powder with cold cream and then thoroughly washing it at bedtime, otherwise the pores become enlarged and blocked; for the same reason friction with a coarse piece of flannel should be given every night to keep the skin fine and free from blemishes. There is no need for anyone to have a really disfiguring nose nowadays. There are surgeons who can make a handsome feature out of a nondescript affair!



VENUS DE MILO was centuries ago proclaimed to possess a perfect figure, and her dimensions have been handed down through the ages as the proportions to which all maidens should aspire to possess if they hope to attain the admiration of mankind. Whilst outward fashions have altered the ideal figure of the past is still virtually considered the ideal figure to-day. We give below the measurements of California's modern Venus, and compare them with those of the Grecian Goddess.

	Ancient.	Modern.
Neck	13 1/2 in.	12 1/2 in.
Upper Arm	11 "	10 "
Fore Arm	9 1/2 "	9 1/4 "
Wrist	6 "	5 1/2 "
Bust	34 "	34 "
Waist	27 "	27 "
Hips	34 "	34 "
Thigh	21 1/2 "	21 "
Knee	13 1/2 "	13 1/4 "
Calf	13 1/2 "	13 1/4 "
Ankle	8 1/2 "	8 1/4 "
Height	5ft. 4in. 5ft. 5 1/2 in.	
Weight	123lbs.	135lbs.

California's Most Perfect Figure—Marjorie Williamson, & the Trophy her Form won in a recent Contest at Los Angeles. "The Sketch"

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MORALS PAST AND PRESENT

By LADY SUSAN TOWNLEY

THE question of comparative morals between one generation and another often crops up in conversation between women, and always leads to interesting discussion. Is the youth of to-day more moral or less so than its immediate predecessors? Of course it is difficult for one who faces west to gauge with perfect fairness the rising tide of youth around her. A woman of a past generation naturally inclines to favour the ideals of her own day, even though she may have suffered under the limitations which they imposed upon her. Yet personally I don't feel out of sympathy with youth, and I don't see why contemporary manners and morals should necessarily suffer by comparison with the past. The social conventions of to-day are in essentials the same as those of yesterday. They are still based upon the Law of Moses as set forth by the prophet in the Ten Commandments given to the Chosen People, and they are as binding upon us as they were upon them. It is not *morals* that change from one generation to another, but the angle from which life is viewed, and the degree of acceptance or rejection of the constraints they impose. Good taste, however, that great safeguard of morals, is stretched nowadays to a limit of tolerance that would fairly have taken away my grandmother's breath.

UNDOUBTEDLY the total and complete independence of parental control which is the leading characteristic of modern education promotes self-reliance. Maybe it is responsible for the excellent spirit with which youth of to-day faces

life with its ups and downs. In many ways I think that young people are more tolerant and charitable, more easy going, and better tempered than we were. Possibly modern sport has helped to develop these traits. But liberty, intoxicating as it is, is a dangerous gift to place unrestricted in the hand of youth. I am sure that things happen now which never could have happened to girls whose lives were sheltered as ours were.

I DON'T pretend that we were as happy as the young ones are to-day. Indeed, I personally was often very unhappy, being particularly high-spirited, and invariably ridden on the curb. Many a tear have I shed in secret over a tryst I could not keep, a letter I could not answer, or a lark I could not enjoy because the maternal surveillance was so strict, so absolutely uncompromising! We might not walk in the streets unattended when I was young; we might not choose our own hats, far less our partners; we might never enjoy unrestricted comradeship or uncensored correspondence with even the safest of the other sex. Yet I think we were more feminine and more nice-minded than the girls of to-day, though I am quite sure we were not so attractive to look at. In the matter of hair-dressing alone, how could a "bun," secured with an army of hairpins, bear comparison with a "shingled" head? I don't blame the girls of to-day, who giggle as they turn over the pages of our old photograph books. Oh! how terribly we were handicapped by the fashions of those days. When I think of myself



Mrs. S. E. Thomas, wife of Commander Thomas, R.N., who is serving on the China Station.

Furnquist Studio, Auckland



Mrs. C. L. Orbell, "Pentlow," Timaru
H. H. Clifford, Christchurch

at eighteen, with heavy skirts trailing on the pavement, with a waist forcibly reduced to twenty-three inches, with "leg-of-mutton" sleeves, and strings to my bonnet—how I envy the modern Diana in her short, transparent chemise-frock and her charming "cloche" hat.

YET we had one advantage over the girl of to-day, we were "modest," a quality most precious in a feminine make-up. In those days there was no toleration, far less encouragement, of indecency in any form. Mixed sun-bathing had not become an accepted pastime, nor aquatic tea parties, where boys and girls in skin-tight bathing suits fool in a garden pool in the intervals of swallowing cakes. Bedroom hospitality, pillion riding, and flirting at night in the public squares were not forbidden, because they were unthinkable diversions.

WE were innocent, too, in more ways than one. The natural processes of Nature as far as they concerned child-bearing, often remained mysteries till the very eve of marriage. I actually remember a girl friend of mine telling me, a young married woman, that she did not much care for the man she was going to marry, but had accepted him for the sake of having a baby. "How many times must I let him kiss me to make sure of it?" she asked.

THIS was perhaps an extreme case, and I can hear the modern girl laughing at my poor little friend

—but all the same I am not sure that something may not be said for her, when I think of another young friend of mine, a modern girl this time who, with possibly, nay, probably equal ignorance and innocence, recently accepted from a ballroom partner the second berth in his wagon-lit compartment because there was no other accommodation available in that train. She herself saw no harm in it, and marvelled at my prudishness in objecting to it.

ANOTHER modern young friend, travelling by herself in France, gambled at some casino or other, and so ran short of money for her return journey to England. She was lucky enough, according to her own story, to meet a man friend in Paris, and without hesitation she tacked herself on to him. He took rooms for her at the Ritz, and incidentally laid himself out to give her "a good time" in the gay capital. Shades of my grandmother!

AFTER all "autre temps autre mœurs." The girl of to-day is the product of her generation, just as I was the product of mine. Anyhow she is luckier than I was, in so far as she suffers from no restraints whether of stays, hairpins, or public opinion. The world moves on, whether we like it or not. Even queens march with the times; they may publish their emotional experiences in the Sunday Press, or they may pass, unchallenged angels of mercy, tolerance, and hope, through the wards of a girl-mothers' home. "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

YOUR NEW TENNIS FROCK

MATERIALS.—1lb. 4ozs. of "Beehive" 4-ply wool. One pair of bone knitting needles, size 9, and three steel needles pointed at both ends, size 12. *Measurements.*—Length from top of shoulders 45 ins. Width all round skirt and bodice 44 ins. Length of sleeve from neck edge 11 ins. *Tension.*—13 stitches to 2 ins. in stocking-stitch and 15 rows to 2 ins. in depth, measured after pressing.

For the bodice and skirt back you should get six stitches to the inch with the bone needles.

Begin at the lower edge of the skirt front and with bone needles cast on 200 stitches. Knit a plain row into the back thread and commence the ribbing:—

1st row.—*Knit 18, purl 8. Repeat from * 7 times, ending the row knit 18.

2nd row.—*Purl 18, knit 8. Repeat from * 7 times, ending the row purl 18.

Repeat these two rows for a depth of 18 ins. Cast off.

For the bodice begin at the front waist and, with the same needles, cast on 132 stitches. Knit a plain row into the back thread, then work in the following rib:—

1st row.—*Knit 1 into the back thread of the stitch, purl 1 in the ordinary way. Repeat from * to the end.

2nd row.—*Knit 1 in the ordinary way, purl 1 into the back thread of the stitch. Repeat from * to the end.

Repeat these 2 rows for 10 ins., bringing you to the front panel.

WITH the right side of the work towards you knit 56 in the ribbing and put these stitches on a spare needle. Cast off 20, knit 56, turn, knit 56 in ribbing. Continue on this half only for 10 ins., then for the sleeve cast on 2 stitches at the beginning of each row when the work is the wrong side towards you, until you have put on 12 stitches, then cast on 18 at the beginning of the next row, making 86.

Continue on this number for 1½ ins., bringing you to the neck shaping. Cast off 2 stitches at the beginning of each row when the work is the right side towards you, until you have taken off 20 stitches, leaving 66. Continue on this number until the sleeve edge measures about 5½ ins., when you will have reached the top of the shoulder. Now knit twice into the end stitch on the neck edge in every row, putting on 18.

Finish off with the wool at the neck end, break off and put the 84 stitches on a spare needle.

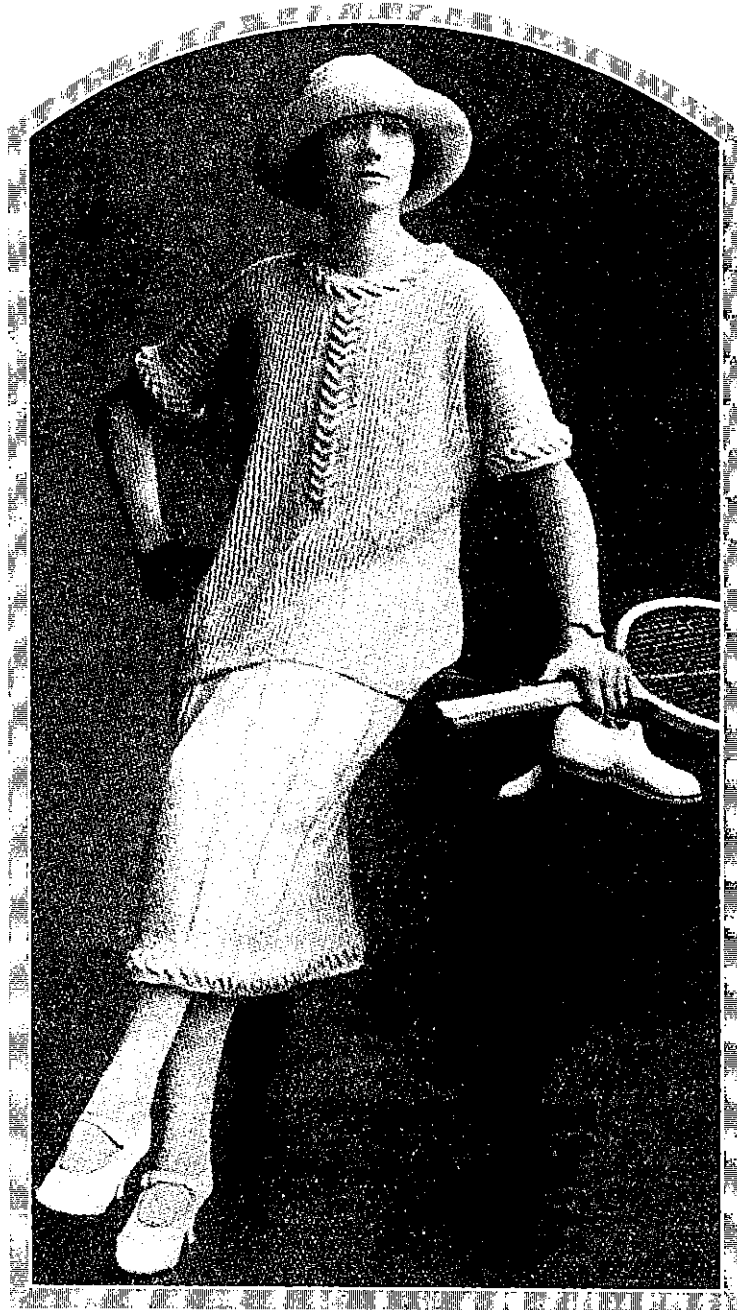
Take the 56 stitches from the other spare needle and work up this side to correspond, but casting on for the sleeve at the beginning of the rows when the work is the right side towards you and casting off for the neck with the work the wrong side towards you. When you reach

TO BE REALLY "IN THE SWIM" YOUR NEW TENNIS FROCK MUST LOOK LIKE A SWEATER AND PLEATED SKIRT IN FRONT YET SHOW A LONG STRAIGHT BACK. YOU NEED NOT HAVE THE ATTRACTIVE PLAITED HEM IF YOU ARE A STRENUOUS PLAYER, IT IS SEWN ON SEPARATELY SO CAN BE OMITTED IF YOU WISH



the top of the shoulder knit twice into the end stitch of every row at the neck end, putting on 18, then cast on 24 at the same end and knit

across the stitches from the spare needle making 192 altogether. Continue down the back in ribbing on this number of stitches until the



A simple ribbed stitch is used for this smart little sports frock. It has a pleated apron effect in front and a long, straight back. The original plaited borders form a very effective trimming.

sleeve edges measure 11 ins. from the beginning. Now cast off 18 at the beginning of the next two rows, then cast off 2 at the beginning of each row, taking off another 12 at each side, leaving 132. Work on this number until it measures the same length as the front from the top of the shoulders.

The Plaited Bands

FIVE strips of trimming are required. One measuring 44 ins. for the skirt hem, two measuring 11 ins. for the sleeves, one measuring 13 ins. for the bodice panel, and a narrower strip to fit round the neck edge.

Cast on 22 stitches with steel needles and knit two rows plain.

Next row.—* Knit 8, turn, purl 4, turn, knit the 4 just purled, turn, purl 4. Work backwards and forwards in stocking-stitch on these 4 stitches for 10 rows altogether finishing after a plain row. Slip these stitches on a spare needle, then slip the next 5 stitches from the left hand needle to the right one. Now take the spare needle and on to it knit 9 from the left needle to the end. Turn and knit two rows right across the 22 stitches.

Next row.—Knit 8, turn knit 4. Work backwards and forwards in stocking-stitch on these 4 stitches for 10 rows, finishing after a purl row. Slip these on a spare needle, then slip 5 stitches from the left needle to the right one. Now take the spare needle and knit the remaining stitches from the left needle on to it. Knit two rows plain across the 22 stitches. Repeat from * for lengths required. For the narrower strip cast on 16 stitches and begin with knit 5 instead of knit 8, also use 3 stitches instead of 4 for each plait.

To Make Up

TACK down each side of the wide ribs making them meet and forming box pleats—the purl ribs being invisible on the right side, but forming the pleats on the wrong side. Press flat with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Press the remaining knitting on the wrong side without the damp cloth. Join the front skirt to the bodice by oversewing the edges on the wrong side, then join the side and under-arm seams in the same manner. Stitch in the front panel, then stitch on the sleeve bands and the lower border over the knitting. Join the neck border into a round and stitch one edge to the neck making the seam come in the centre of the back. Stretch the edge of the band as you stitch it round to make it set well. If you are going to wear it for tennis omit the border round the hem, it will allow greater freedom for movement.

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TOILET & HEALTH—WHY GROW OLD?

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION

By ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

AFTER a woman passes her fortieth birthday she remains young as the result of consistent precaution. Youth is no longer a matter of course. The task before her is not so much to cling to a fictitious girlhood as for a time to prevent age, a kind of miracle that in our days—thanks to modern science and scientists—is at least possible to almost any intelligent person. Only, when a woman is forty she takes chances if she waits until the damage is done before she attacks her problem. "Prevent" must be her watchword.

She should have her eyes examined by an oculist at least every two years, whether or not she herself believes her sight to be failing.

She should have her teeth examined and cleaned by a dentist every six months, no matter how perfect they seem to her; and have them X-rayed every year.

She should give special attention to the care of her ears, so that she may discover at once any failure in hearing.

She should give her hair regular attention of not less than one hour every week.

She should weigh herself at least once a month, so that she may be sure that she is maintaining the correct and healthy weight.

TAKE the matter of her eyes. At about the age of forty a woman's sight does change. No matter how young she may feel, an actual physical difference takes place in the construction of her eye. And from forty on to about sixty years of age her sight changes every five years. Therefore, the only sane thing for a woman of forty to do is to consult a reputable oculist, because attempts to deny or ignore these physical conditions are not only silly, but may make her sight worse than it would be under proper conditions.

Moreover, anyone squinting and scowling in an effort to see certainly seems older than she who regards you easily through glasses.

Although there is no way of avoiding glasses, once your hour has struck for them, a woman may put back the hands of the clock somewhat if she keeps a few common-sense rules in mind.

One should be that she ought not to read in bed. But, having eased my conscience by transcribing this edict, I may add that even oculists admit that nobody ever pays any attention to it. So, if you do read in bed, have the light placed above your head and behind you, and have enough pillows beneath your shoulders to make you sit almost upright. Reading in bed is a strain upon the sight because of two factors—the light is apt to be wrongly placed, and part of the fun for the reader is to lie almost flat while reading in some comfortable but highly unscientific position. One reads easily and normally only when the book is held a little more than a foot away and just a little below the level of sight, so that the eyes remain fairly wide open. One of the bad phases of reading in bed is that one is inclined

to hold the book so far below the level of the eyes that the reader looks out almost horizontally. Oculists say that this posture while reading is bad for the eyes.

Resting the Eyes

OF course some women have to put on glasses sooner than others. There are defects of sight that have nothing to do with age. But the woman with normal eyes may know that she should consult an oculist when she begins to hold whatever she is reading farther and

farther from her. Around fifteen inches is the average distance from the eyes for reading. However, women hold books and papers nearer than do men, because their arms are shorter. They have accustomed their sight to the more comfortable position.

Moving pictures, as smoothly run as they are now, ought not to tire healthy eyes. But, on the other hand, oculists believe that reading while travelling upon modern trains is injurious. This is not so much because of the shifting light as because of the vibrations of rapid progress, that

make it impossible to hold the print steady. Incidentally, a book always is physically easier to read than a newspaper, because the longer lines of the paragraphs in the book do not cause the eye to shift back and forth so often. In other words, the longer the line on the printed page the less the muscular effort demanded of the eyes. Which is not such a bad thing to remember in selecting books or magazines to be taken upon a long journey.

Oculists also advise women who are sewing or knitting or bending above any fine task, occasionally to put down the work and gaze off into

Continued on page 38

Peter and Judy

THE splendid health which these children enjoy is due to proper and adequate nourishment.

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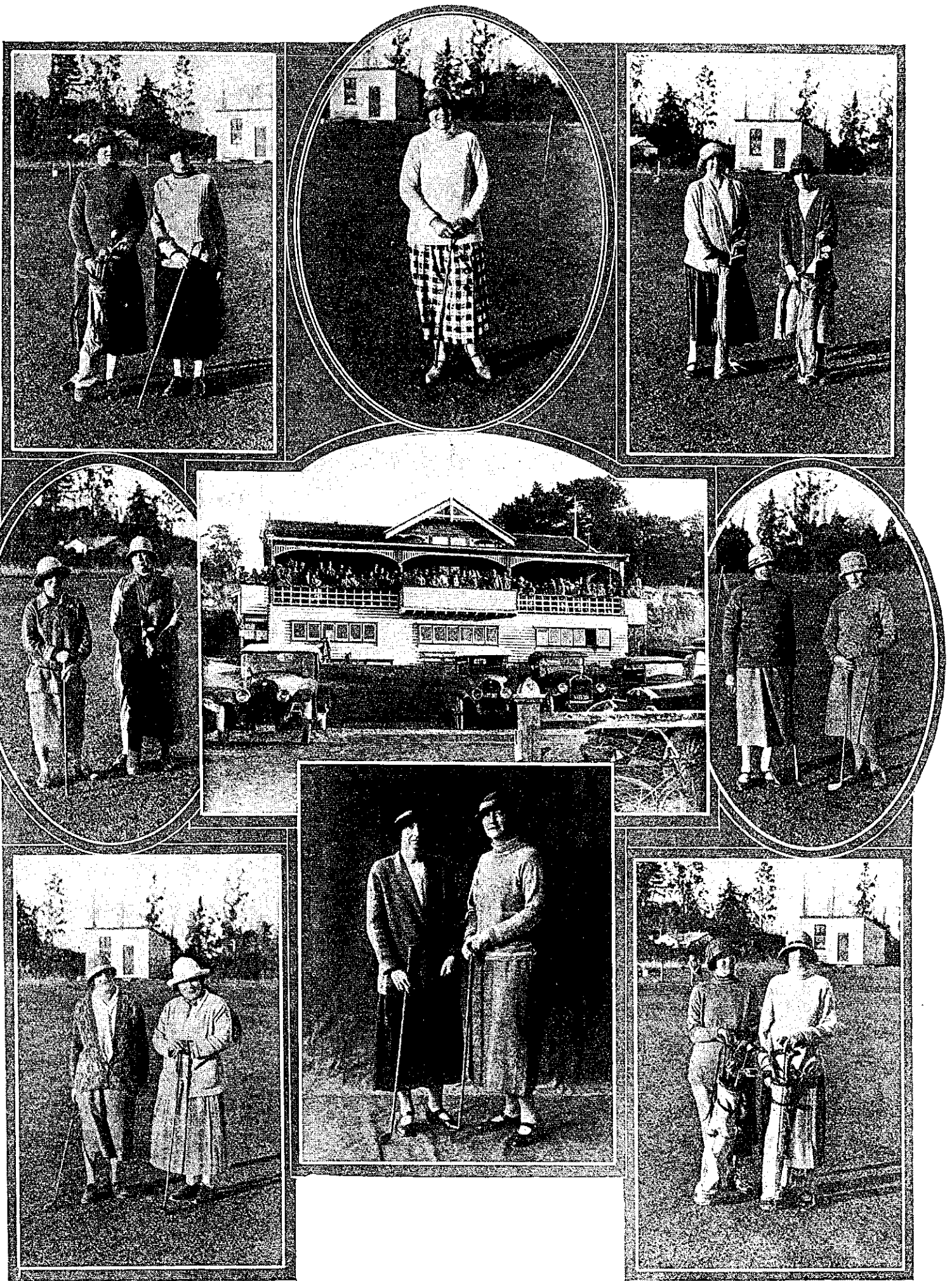
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L.T. PIVER

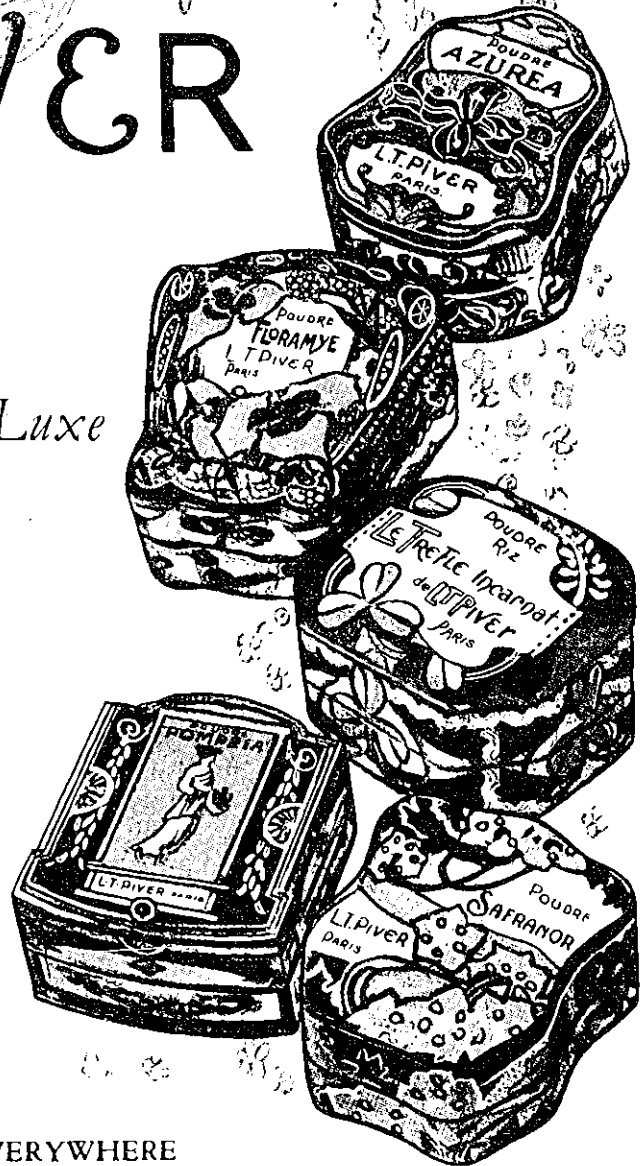
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LESSONS LEARNT AT WIMBLEDON

By SUZANNE LENGLEN

THE FAMOUS "SUZANNE" IS "LEADING LADY" IN THE LAWN TENNIS WORLD, AND HER REMARKS ABOUT DIFFERENT PLAYERS, AND HOW SHE WON, CANNOT FAIL TO BE OF INTEREST TO KEEN PLAYERS IN THE DOMINION, BECAUSE THEY ARE INSTRUCTIVE

THERE is a critical time coming, during which the older players, who have held the field so long, must give place to the pressure and the progress of the younger ones. Lawn tennis is a game in which the attainment to form of the highest class is slow, even for those who display a genius for it. We must brace ourselves to meet the fresh conditions and different ideas which the rising generation, if it is to be a useful one, must necessarily bring with it.

ONE thing that must happen, and is happening, is an increased stringency in the administration of the rules.

Lawn tennis is fortunate in having a code. These rules should be kept to as strictly when playing at home or in the club as at a tournament. It is through carelessness mainly in ordinary play and practice, that the footfault rule is so constantly broken.

YOU will like me to say something about the players I met and beat on my way to the championship. To give what they call a "peep behind the scenes."

First, I had a "walk-over" from Miss Edgington, who had to scratch owing to illness in her family. I was sorry, because she is nice, and her heavily cut returns would have given me practice in hitting low bounding, breaking, and twisting balls with a sort of trajectory which is deceptive. Her excellent anticipation makes her able to get back strokes which would beat many players.

So I met Miss Ryan without any previous match. She began with more confidence than I did, and made the best use of her ability to attack. My forehand was not as good as it might have been. I missed

a service return. I do not do this often, even against Miss Ryan, though the result of her service for the receiver is hardly what you would think from the wholehearted labour she puts into its production. It was not until the fifth game that I really got going. Then I won twelve games in succession, but

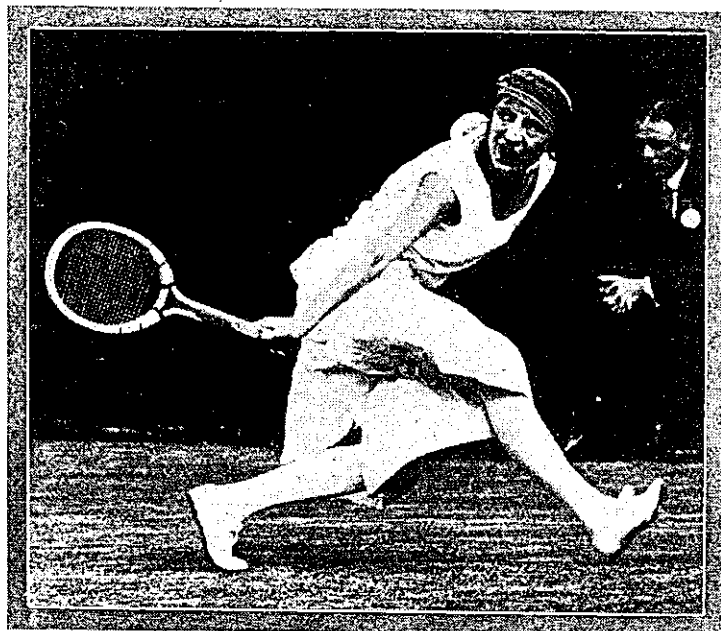
Miss Ryan fought hard all the while, getting to deuce in three of them. The last of these was the first of the second set. After that, I felt that I could not do wrong. It is often that way in a match. One's feelings count for a lot.

In the third round I played Miss E. A. Goldsack, a pretty, well-built

young Surrey girl. She was too nervous to do herself justice, but in the game she won she surprised me with some fine strokes, beating me at the net once and down the lines. She is quite a new arrival, so to speak. It was her first Wimbledon. We shall see in the future how she will shape.

MY next opponent was Mrs. Beamish, who seemed quite unable to face the game. She is a baseliner, and I was better at it. She has been playing the same kind of game for so long now that she is not likely to change it. A little while ago, though, she did change from an underhand to an overhand service. The other one was, I think, less easy to judge and to hit, and was certainly more puzzling. Her footwork is good; she does not run with long strides, which are apt to take you too far into the ball and cramp your stroke.

In the semi-final there was Miss McKane, who won the championship last year. It is true that I beat her 6-0, 6-0, but they were the closest two love sets I have ever played. She was attacking all the time, tirelessly, courageously. Many times I had to attack in return. I went more to the net than I have for a long while, because I found that I must in order to keep my control of the game. Her backhand is powerful and she can place it well; sometimes it is difficult to tell where, because she controls the direction till the last minute. She was hitting her forehand hard and was unlucky with her big ones to the backhand corner, which frequently went an inch or two out when she had a strong position at the net from them. She plays a game rather like a man against me, with which I am stimulated and made keen.



A characteristic snap-shot of the World's Champion Lady Tennis Player, Mlle. Lenglen

Topical Press, photo, London

Continued on page 40

distance. Any woman can demonstrate the value of "day dreaming" by trying it. After looking into space for a minute or two, one is able to see the work at hand much more clearly.

Of course women forty years or more old have been told before this to relax completely for at least an hour in the middle of the day. This is undeniably good advice for the woman who can follow it. But many of us have neither the hour nor the place in which to relax. Still, specialists now prescribe a way of resting the eyes which is practicable even for the busiest woman. The treatment is particularly good for stenographers, book-keepers, proof-readers, and so on, or those women whose working day is a constant tax upon their sight. Such women are advised to sit down for a minute or two, several times in the day, and close their eyes. But, since light comes in even through closed eyes, a greater degree of relaxation can be obtained by excluding it. For this purpose cover the closed eyes with the palms of the hands, the finger crossed on the forehead, and the palms cupped slightly over the eyeballs so as not to press on them. Now sit as tranquilly as you can for as long as you can, in this little darkened place that you have made for yourself, exactly as though you were in a darkened room.

IF your brain and your eyes are very tired, instead of the restful dark your closed eyes will seem to see clouds and forms of flashing and rolling colours. Try then to sit quiet with covered eyes until this phase passes. With practice it will pass

TOILET & HEALTH—WHY GROW OLD?

Continued from page 34



"Memories"—Photo Study by Evelyn Huggett, New Plymouth

more and more quickly, because with practice one learns to relax more quickly and completely. And do not say that you cannot find time for this or any other way of snatching a few moments' rest. Even one minute twice a day, or two minutes out of your whole eight working hours, probably will preserve your sight.

If you work or live in a city, form the habit of using an eye cup with a solution of boric acid before you go to bed at night. Personally, I always use an eye cup to remove any particles of dirt before I sleep, after train or motor travel. I asked a well-known oculist if the constant use of an eye cup could injury or dry the membranes of the eye. He assured me that it could not. Though I must say, in spite of all these suggestions, that I believe if a woman thinks too much about herself physically—her eyes, her ears and the colour of her hair—she soon becomes a nuisance to herself and to everybody else.

I recently noticed in a newspaper a dispatch that informed the public that a beauty doctor in Paris had sewn hair into the eyelids of a patient, and that these hairs had taken root and grown.

So many women yearn for sweeping eyelashes that after reading this item I sallied forth to discover if there was hope for them along these lines. The suspense may be relieved at once by announcing that the chances are slim—very slim. I verified the fact that the operation, exactly as it was described in the newspaper, probably was not possible.

Continued on page 39



"May I have an A.B.C. frock like Peggy's?"

The little ones are delighted with the various nursery designs offered in this season's Tobralco.

You'll also find lovely multi-colour effects, stripes, checks and plain colours for yourself and the older children. For tennis frocks nothing can be nicer than white haircord Tobralco.

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T.O.C.2

TOILET & HEALTH—WHY GROW OLD?

Continued from page 38

A surgeon could not sew hairs into flesh and have them take root. But eyelashes have surgically been given patients by grafting a strip of skin that contains hair roots upon the eyelids. This sliver of skin, for example, can be taken from the scalp. Then the hair—or eyelashes—can be trimmed in as shapely a way as possible, and if the skin grafting is successful the patient is equipped with a fairly good set of lashes. But observe the "fairly good," because a surgeon, who had performed this operation many times, believes that these grafted lashes are only better than none.

"With grafted lashes the hair seldom grows evenly along the edge of the eyelid," he explained, "and the patient cannot be sure that the hair will grow either the usual length or follow the usual line. Even if a woman's eyelashes are scanty she would better get along with what she has than attempt to beautify her eyes through surgery."

A new school of oculists maintains that nearly all cases of near-sightedness, farsightedness and the failure of sight due to age will respond to exercise and treatments that preclude the necessity for glasses. Several of these oculists advertise extensively and have written books and pamphlets. I read their literature carefully and then took the questions that arose in my mind concerning them to several oculists of standing. Their attitude towards these new "treatments" was summed up in the words of one of them.

"Don't" to Safeguard Hearing

"THE very names of these oculists," said he, "who advertise that they can make people who need glasses see without them, are like a red rag to a bull to me. During the last few years these men have pestered every oculist I know in an effort to have their claims supported. Personally I consider this 'perfect sight without glasses' campaign dangerous to the public. Of course some apparent cures are accomplished, because what is practiced is a kind of autosuggestion. There are plenty of people in the world who like to believe themselves sick when there is little or nothing the matter with them. Naturally, it is not difficult to persuade such persons that they have been cured when they were well in the first place. Not that scientists have any objection to that kind of 'cure,' either. But it seems to me cruel to hold out hopes of sight to patients for whom there really is no such hope. Moreover, some of the advertised treatments actually might injure the eyes. Observe the bills that these men send, and the story is told. When any physician both advertises and charges exorbitant fees, he at least is not building his practice along lines endorsed by the recognised members of his profession."

The sight of a woman of forty is more apt to begin to fail than is her hearing. Still, deafness often grows upon a woman past girlhood, through recurrent infections of her nose and throat. Remember at forty the watchword "Prevent," and so,

among other things, to safeguard your hearing:

Don't dive in cold water. In all diving possible infectious materials is forced up the Eustachian tube. And the danger to the hearing is increased in salt-water diving. The salt clears the mucus from the nose and throat and leaves them bereft of Nature's normal protection against infection. Protect your ears with cotton when you dive.

Don't use a hairpin or any other metal instrument to clean your ears. Clean them gently by carefully syringing them with warm water or by wiping the walls with a wooden applicator well swathed with cotton.

Don't viciously dig out superfluous wax in your ears. Leave some of it, anyway. Nature has it there for a purpose.

Don't drop warm oil into your ears for earache; and don't put warm raisins in them or stuff cotton far into them. It is safe enough to apply heat to the ear by sleeping on a hot-water bag, but it really is safer still to consult a physician in any and all troubles with the ear.

AND since we are speaking of preventing the appearance of age, I must say a good word in this respect for my permanent wave. Maybe I cheer because my own waves have been successful. I have had eighteen or twenty permanent waves, and yet my hair is not burned, it does not break, and it certainly looks much healthier and prettier than it did in the years before waves were invented, or before I knew about them, anyway.

The women I meet casually and socially seem interested in my permanent wave. But there is little to say more than to tell of the process and its approximate cost. You must decide for yourself the momentous question whether to wave or not to wave, or consult a specialist before you have it done. Because, after all, maybe mine is the quality of hair that "takes" a wave, while yours may be the kind made frizzy by it.

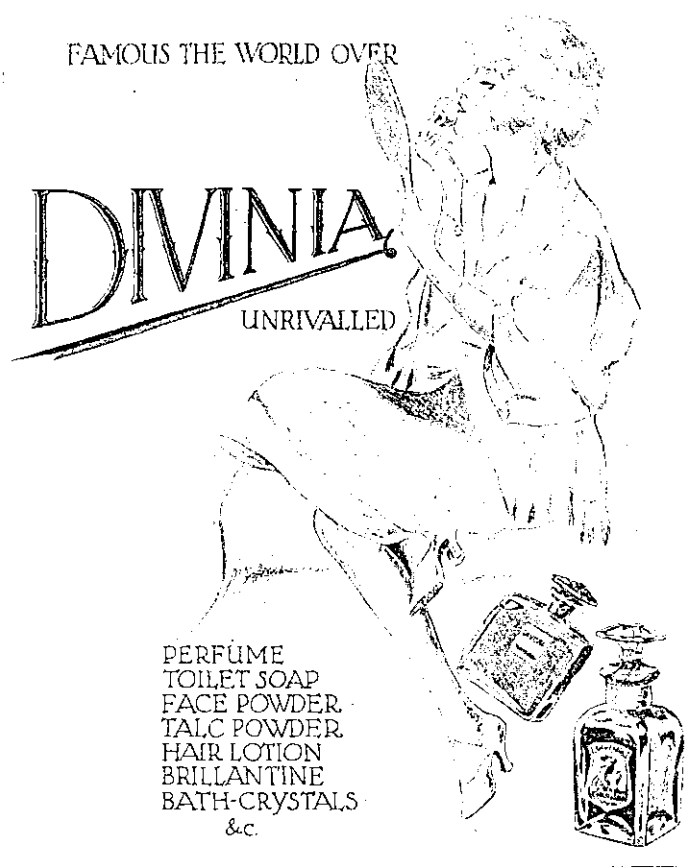
The Cost of Permanent Waves

PERMANENT waves, I believe, first were shown to the public about seventeen years ago, and it took between seven and ten hours to get one in those days. I had my first permanent wave about ten years ago. My last one, a few weeks ago, took only two and a-half hours. But then the heat on my hair is turned on for only seven minutes. Sometimes, for other women, according to the quality of the hair, the heat is turned on for fifteen minutes.

But since the process as a whole involves washing the hair and drying it; winding it for the waving; turning on for heat; allowing it to cool, then washing the hair again; drying it again; and finally "setting the wave"—I do not see how it could be done in less than a couple of hours even with the most skillful haste. However, all this need only be endured twice a year. And it is not painful, merely tedious.

Continued on page 42

FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER



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LESSONS LEARNT AT WIMBLEDON

Continued from page 37

I SHOULD like to mention my countrywoman, Mme. Billout, ex-champion of France, who made her way to the semi-final, where she was beaten 6-2, 4-6, 6-3 by Miss Fry. They tell me that her style resembles mine, and that if only she could remain accurate all through a match she would be second to none. This may well be. When her cross and down court forehand drives are coming off, they are beautiful and she is never hurried; but her backhand is not so powerful and her volleying in a single is not as sure as it is in a double.

I should have liked to see the Australian ladies do better, because they make full use of their brains as well as their bodies. Miss E. Boyd, when Miss McKane beat her 6-1, 6-1 on the centre court in the fourth round, was so nervous that she simply was not there for more than a few games.

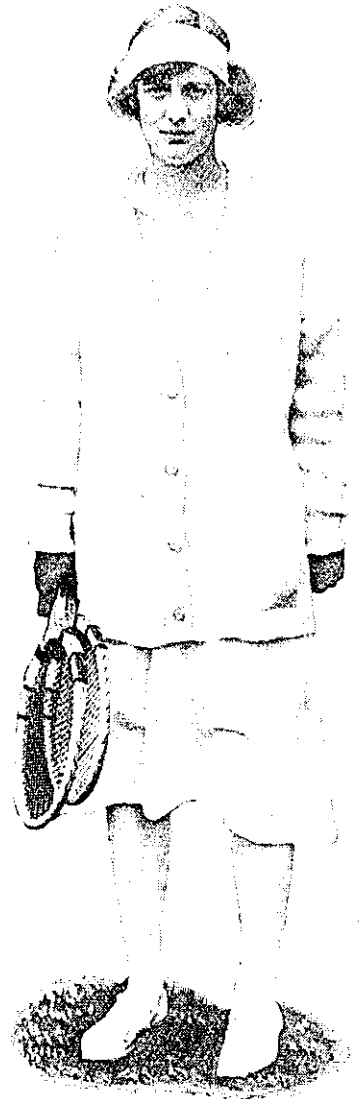
MISS JOAN FRY'S much discussed appearance in the Final of the Ladies' Singles was unexpected. She is an object lesson of what keenness, perseverance and the refusal to accept difficulties as setbacks can accomplish. Her backhand is unorthodox and she can play nowhere but at the back of the court, but by her determination she kept the ball going for longer rallies than most—she has a future before her.

IN that there is another lesson. Tennis is not standing still, when young people can assert themselves like this. I have noticed that the tendency of the past which was towards a stereotyped method of play and stroke production was not in evidence this year. There was, on the contrary, much more variety. A sports journalist once made the remark, exaggerated, no doubt, but indicative, that he could write an account of any lawn tennis match from the score alone without seeing it. I am sure that anyone who had endeavoured to do this at Wimbledon would have been courting disaster, because all over the ground there was evidence of the attempt players were making to gain variety, to do the something different that surprises and may so score a point.

MY own game this year was slightly changed, and general opinion seems to favour the view

that it was for the better. I altered my pace more often and was hitting my volleys harder, particularly overhead. I managed continually to get a good deal of swerve and cut on my second service. It is the swerve in flight, that deceives your opponent as much or more than the break or kick after the bounce.

The lessons of Wimbledon are the lessons of lawn tennis, which is the game of nations, and is teaching us all what men and women we really are.



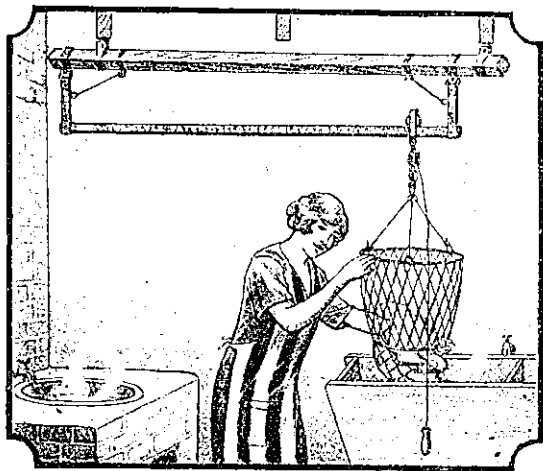
Miss Joan Fry, "England's Best" Lady Lawn Tennis Player this season, who, however, was defeated for the Championship by Mlle. Susanne Lenglen.

Typical Press, photo, London

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AT THE

Auckland Winter Show



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Your gladness greet the break of day,
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NAPIER—THEN AND NOW

By FLORENCE INGLEBY

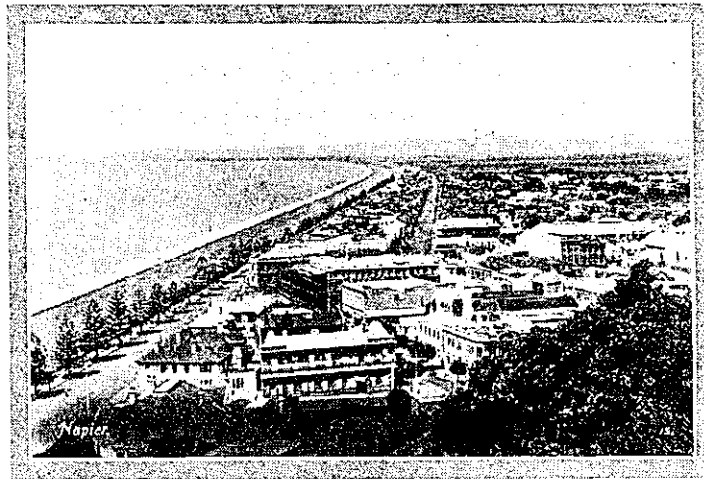
MANY years go—how many I will not let the grizzled locks of my old-maidhood betray me by telling—I made a month's stay at Napier, the delightful seaport of the Hawke's Bay province. The recollection has always been a cherished one to me, tinged with a sadness of association that it would profit little to mention here. We are all too prone, in our reminiscing years, to let personal experiences intrude where they have no rightful belonging, are we not? But, apart from these, how well I recall the miles-long crescent sweep of breakers, booming in from the wide Pacific upon the dusky shingle. Behind one then, I remember, rose tier upon tier of bosomy hills dotted with only occasional houses that pleasantly contrasted with the sombre greenery of the dense native bush. These again were alternated with sheer cliffs rising dizzily above one, almost from the ocean front. The tang of the spray-salted breezes and the riotous spill of golden sunlight whipped a colour into my cheeks and filled my heart, too, with a splendid gladness. Truly that month's holidaying in Napier—so many, many years ago—has ever been a red letter event in my not wholly uneventful life's calendar.

And now I have returned to Napier to live through, as quietly as may be, the evenings of my days, accounted somewhat of a recluse,

perhaps, but still the treasurer of many golden friendships.

Napier has changed! Yet in its changing it has linked to itself other, rather than lost, any of its original

shops. In the window of one of these I saw only this morning such a little dream of a hat. It was trimmed with . . . but la! la! la! there's the old Eve breaking out again. I apolo-



The Marine Parade, Napier

Annand Series

charms. True, it has become a city. It has boroughs and tramcars and harbour boards and movie shows and really quite stunning drapers'

gise. So to resume. Yes, we have all the paraphernalia that civic adolescence gathers to itself, yet, strange as it may seem, we are glad and we

are proud of it. I will tell you why! Bumbledom has no meaning here. We have no Bumbles in Napier. Public spirit is a living force with us. When we do wrangle, we wrangle among ourselves about such merely minor things as the dog tax and the Inner Harbour and reclamation dredging. To the outside world, and in all that goes to make a stranger welcome within our gates, we are in glad accord.

Listen! Let me whisper you a secret. We have a Thirty Thousand Club! Every Napierite is a member of it—in spirit, if not in finance! The latter we are going to adjust one of these days, the former calls for no adjustment. And the achievements of the Thirty Thousand Club can be accepted as the measure of its aims. Let me describe a typical Beach Day, conducted under its kindly aegis.

Picture an inland school. Hundreds of school children gathered in the grounds—boys and girls of all ages, right up from the tiny toddler to the sixth standard men and women in the nearing. Parents too—scores of them: young parents, old parents, grandparents—cow folk, sheep folk, township folk—but kindly, happy, expectant folk withal. Off they all go to the railway station. A special train, commissioned by the

Continued on page 44



This pattern is contained in "Helps to Knitters," No. 34.

Knit these pretty Summer Garments in your Spare Moments

SUNNY afternoons on the verandah or quiet after-dinner evening hours can be most restfully and profitably employed in knitting lighter garments for summer days. Of course Paton's famous Knitting Wools will be your choice. Evenly spun, soft, durable and elastic, Paton's Wools can be relied on to give long wear and to wash perfectly. Obtainable from leading drapers and needlework depôts.

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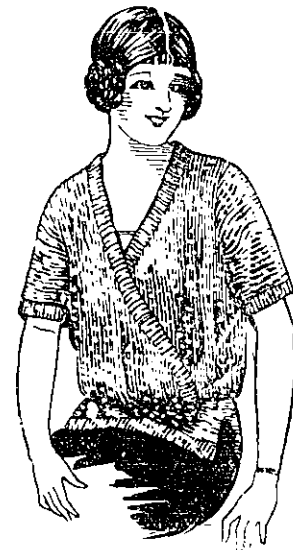
PATON'S WHITE WOOLS

PATON'S MAY QUEEN LUSTRE WOOL

Children look very trim and smart in white suits and frocks worked with Paton's Super Scotch Fingering—2, 3 or 4-ply. Beautifully soft quality—also suitable for the daintiest of infants' wear.

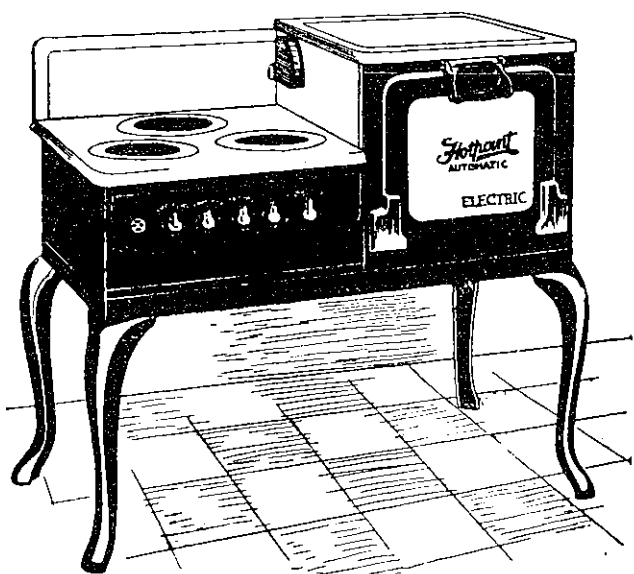
No summer wardrobe is complete without a frock or jumper in the new "May Queen" Lustre Wool—a dainty soft yarn with a bright artificial thread in colours to tone or contrast. Obtainable in a large range of artistic shades and mixtures. A special feature of this yarn is its novel "loop" finish. Sample fringe sent free on request.

Many delightful patterns for children's garments are contained in "Helps to Knitters": No. 33, Girls' Frocks; No. 34, Small Boys' Suits; No. 44, Boys' Jerseys. 5d each posted.



For working in "May Queen": No. 45, Ladies' Jumpers; No. 46: Ladies' Dresses. 5d each posted. Of interest to all Knitters—Paton's "Universal" Knitting Book (new edition). Price, 9d posted.

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What a blessing if some one could watch your oven-temperature for you. And this is just what the new Hotpoint Range does—with the ingenious Automatic Electric Timer! Simply set the lever for the exact temperature necessary for your cooking operation and turn the switch—the temperature is maintained automatically, just as long as you want it!

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AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC RANGE

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National Electrical & Engineering Co., Ltd.

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Also at HAMILTON and WHANGAREI

TOILET & HEALTH—WHY GROW OLD?

Continued from page 39



A permanent wave is expensive, or so it seems to me. Not that mine is comparatively expensive.

THERE are bobbed heads that cost fifty dollars, and more, to wave. Since the charges in nearly all places that do this work are from one dollar to one and a-half dollars a curl, the first impression is that the cost can be kept down. In my case I do not have all my hair waved; instead I have only fifteen or eighteen curls. Even so I pay about twenty-five dollars every time my hair is waved, and this happens twice a year, because while permanent waves do last six months, they last only that time.

And the actual permanent wave is not certain to be all the expense. For example, since my hair is fine and inclined to be dry, I take every precaution to keep it from becoming brittle. To this end it has to be treated never less than an hour a week, often for two hours. The woman who treats my hair naturally does not do it for nothing. So, in short, the care of my hair costs about one hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. As I write it, that seems appalling. Nor is it even entirely necessary. A woman, if she wished to do so, could care for her own hair—that is, do to her own hair all that I have had done for mine—and thus save about one hundred and twenty-five dollars each year.

Fortunately, too, hair that has been permanently waved under the newer processes does not require the care that the first waves did. I believe most honest experts admit that the old processes of permanent waving were almost sure to discolour white hair. Now they maintain that present and perfected methods not only will not discolour white hair, but actually will help to keep it white. But if I had gray hair and wanted a permanent wave, I would investigate carefully before I submitted to the process. But then I believe in modifying all rules with common sense and personality. For instance, I never have followed the advice about shampooing that is given women by the wave experts. According to them, I always have had my hair washed too often for health. I have a shampoo about every other week. Experts say hair should not be washed more than once a month. “It could be made unnecessary, too,” they say, “with the proper dry cleaning.”

A SPECIALIST'S idea of “the proper dry cleaning” is to wipe the hair and scalp with soft paper. I was told that porous white Japanese napkins would take off the dirt and yet leave enough natural oil on the scalp to protect it.

But when I am living in the city and see each night the dirt that I wash from my face, I want the accumulation of it washed from my hair pretty often. It should be a comparatively simple matter when the hair is clean, if the scalp seems dry, to rub a little clean oil into it.

But I am told my methods are unscientific, although my own hair flourishes under the treatment.

In caring for the teeth and preventing their decay a woman should know what frequently causes cavities in them. Acid is the usual enemy. Acid eats and cracks the enamel of the teeth and allows the germs that cause cavities—the decaying particles of food—to lodge in the cracks.

So to preserve your teeth, guard against too much acid in your mouth. If your digestion is not good, the chances are that the saliva in your mouth is acid; therefore rinse your mouth with some anti-acid solution before going to bed. Milk of magnesia is excellent for this purpose.

Do not use dental floss or orange sticks to clean your teeth unless a dentist shows you how to use them. Improperly used they may injure the gums.

WITH women of about forty years of age modern dentists are putting in fewer crowns and more bridge work in caring for their teeth.

Roughly, the theory is that no tooth is better than a diseased tooth, and a dead root always is a possible source of trouble.

The teeth always should be cleaned thoroughly every night. While you sleep, if the conditions of your mouth are not healthy, cavities form and pyorrhea begins.

All women past forty should have their teeth X-rayed every year or at least every two years. For, at that age, rheumatism sometimes gives a warning twinge. Often devitalised roots—what are commonly called “dead roots”—are infection centres for rheumatism. Many of these troubles are revealed only by the X-ray.

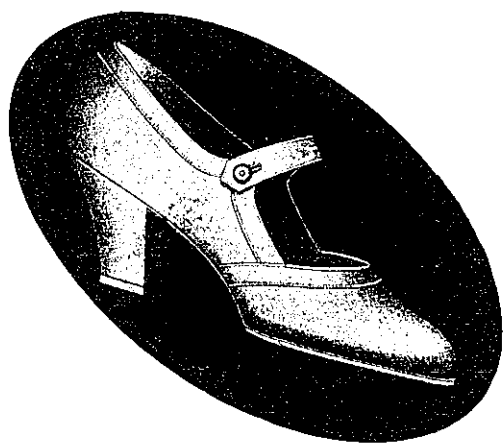
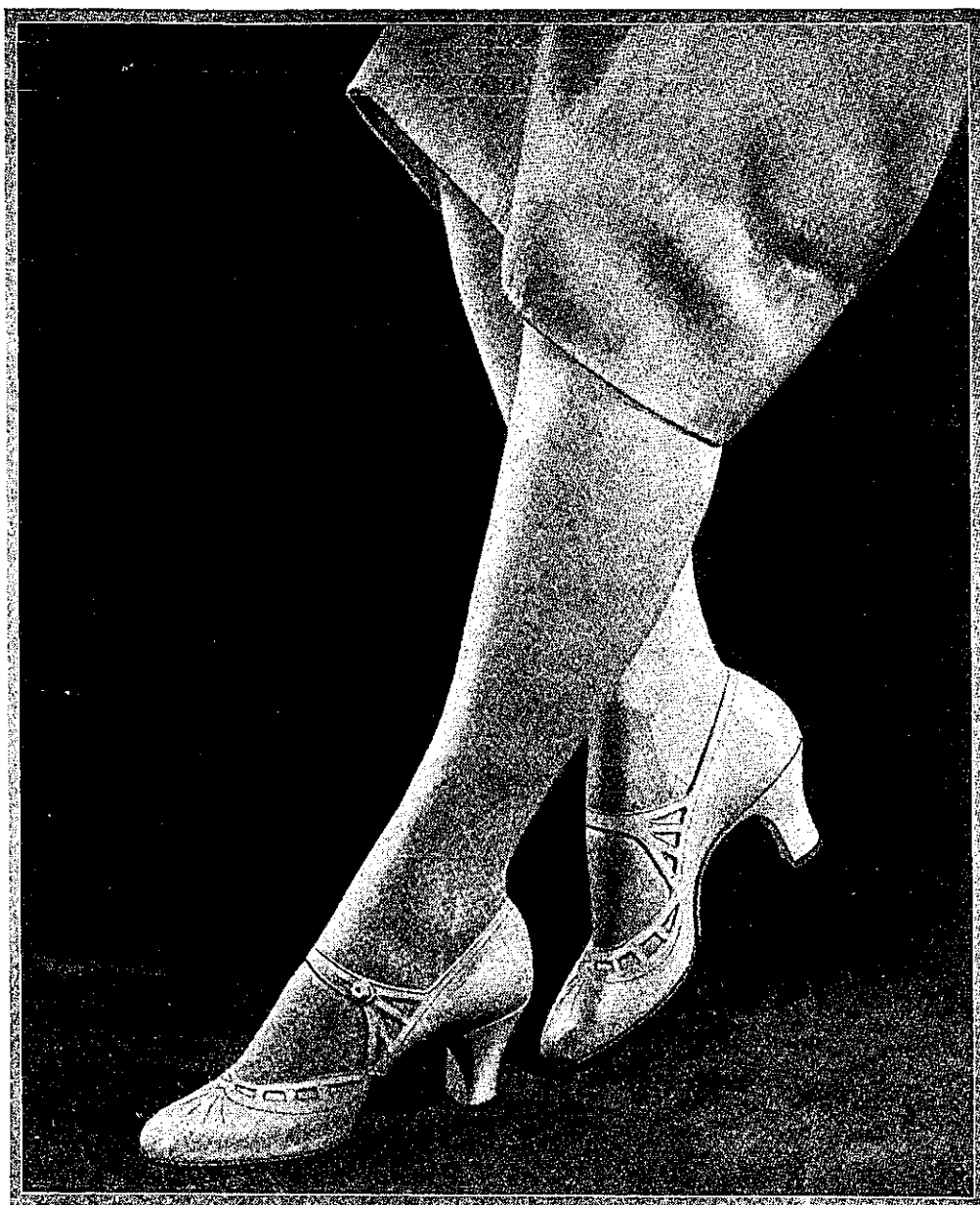
The woman of forty to-day who makes intelligent and regular care of her health a habit of mind will find her reward in something very like prolonged youth.

CHILDREN'S KNITTED FASHIONS

VERY fetching little white knitted frocks and suits for summer wear can be easily knitted at home. Paton's Super Scotch Fingering, obtainable in 2, 3 and 4-ply, is very pleasant to work with. It is soft, fine and even in weave, besides being a beautiful washing quality. Paton's “Helps to Knitters” provide

a variety of smart patterns. No. 33, girls' frocks; No. 34, small boys' suits. These helpful booklets are 5d each posted. No. 45 contains ladies' jumpers, and No. 46 ladies' dresses in “May Queen” lustre wool—also 5d each, from Messrs. Patons and Baldwins Ltd., 2-4 Willis Street, Wellington.

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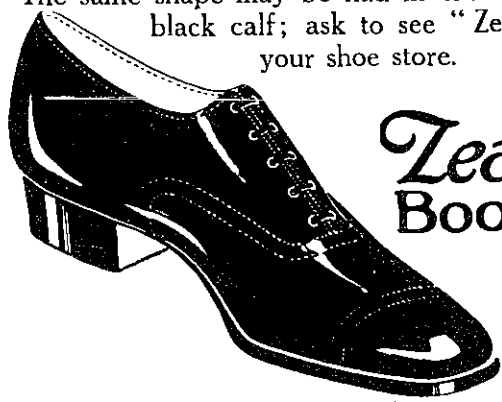
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Sunlight purity is seen in Sunlight-washed clothes, white, soft, sweet-smelling. There is no free soda in Sunlight, no adulterants of any kind. Each bar bears a £1,000 guarantee of purity, a guarantee that is expressed in straight-forward language, which cannot be misunderstood.



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386

Sunlight Soap

NAPIER—THEN AND NOW

Continued from page 41

Thirty Thousand Club with the economic connivance of the Railway Department, awaits. They all throng in. And just how they do throng in—what a merry noising, what a buzz of excitement. Then a shrill whistle, a rattle of mechanical under-gear. Puff! puff! puff! goes the engine. Puff! puff! puff! echo the kiddies, and they are away, bound for the El Dorado of their school-day dreams.

For, you see, the Thirty Thousand Club has imagination. In spite of its numerical title it has the Inward Vision! It knows the spell of the sea, the witchery of moving waters, and most of these little mites to whom it is a ministering and collective Angel will see the sea for the first time in their little inland lives. Napier to them will soon become the Dream made Manifest, the Perfect Circle of which their happenings before have been but the Broken Arc.

"Napier!" the guards call out. What a waste of Departmental breath! As well label the sunlight or catalogue the dream! Singing, tumbling, shouting, every expression of ecstatic youth is heard. And off goes the merry troupe to the Ocean Front, the Mecca of its sweet imaginings.

But what are the Thirty Thousand Club doing all this while? Maybe you imagine them, standing thirty thousand strong in serried row, posing for the camera man? Don't be Uncle Willie, as the kiddies

say. Why, for the nonce, they are just kiddies themselves. They hand out wooden spades and buckets to the wee folk. Some stand behind great cans of milk for free distribution to all who require refreshment. Others paddle with the youngsters in the municipal paddling pond, to see that they come to no hurt. Others again supervise the bathing in the City Baths or in the open surf. More still teach the young idea how to shoot the chute or stride the sea-saw or manipulate the many contraptions provided by the Civic Fathers for the little people's pleasure.

What a day in the youngsters' lives. Can't you just imagine it. Think that as many as fifteen hundred school children have been catered for in one day, and that the aggregate in one season reached over five thousand. From as far away as Pahiataua they have come to the Guest Beach of Napier—and left there the healthier, happier and sweeter because of it.

That is only one activity of the Thirty Thousand Club of Napier. To other cities situated somewhat as they, I have only one message: "Go thou and do likewise!" To the carping critic who would say "Where does the profit come in" let me refer him in advance to the Secretary of the Thirty Thousand Club at Napier. It *pays* in drawing trade to the city, adequately—but enormously, to what is far, far more important, in its meed of love and loving-kindness.

GOOD NEWS FOR STOUT PEOPLE



If you have been putting on flesh, and your figure has become lost in rolls of annoying, useless fat; if you are short-winded, puff when you walk, and puff when you talk; if you feel heavy and cumbersome; if your skin is sallow and pasty through inactivity, or red and flushed after any exertion; if you have any symptoms of indigestion, flatulence, and constipation: DON'T DESPAIR! You can treat this condition by a simple home remedy, without drugs, and endorsed by doctors. You need not be fat any longer. You can reduce right from the start, restore your figure, and regain your former health and activity.



EVERY STOUT LADY should send six stamps for booklet "Good News for Stout People" to
THE HARRISON O.B. CURE, 56-L Manners St, WELLINGTON

Advisable Investment

Control your own affairs and thus be conversant with what you own. The undermentioned property is well worth your consideration.

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R. BROWN

PROGRESSIVE AGENT

GAZES' BUILDINGS

KARANGAHAPE ROAD

TAKING THE SUNSHINE

By "A PHYSICIAN"

TIGHT and heat are great and, as we would have said lately, rare luxuries, but it does not follow that we can always make use of them indiscriminately and unrestrainedly to our advantage.

A young clerk cooped up all the week in a dingy office takes a drive in an open car, or goes for a "blow" in a ferry boat, or yet again takes a tramp in the open, and removes his hat the better to bathe in the life-giving warmth. In the evening he finds his head throbbing, his heart beating weakly, and a cold damp sweat breaking out on his skin. That sun-bath has done him no good.

I find a distinguished medical authority saying: "The sun is our greatest physician. It is a healer, an antiseptic, and life bringer." Yes, that is true, but not always when other circumstances are taken into account. Some infective diseases are more prevalent during hot weather than in cold.

Colds are also prevalent during heat waves. The series of events is of this kind. The heat wave often comes quickly. The average man sallies out in his average clothes.

He becomes unduly warm. He perspires. Then, perhaps, he sits in a draught, or even if not, he remains long enough in his moistened wear to endure the same effects as would follow from being "wet to the skin" in a downpour of rain. He is, in fact, wet to the skin.

BUT let us come to a few practical hints. For headgear a turban is the best, but as we New Zealanders can hardly dare to appear in that fashion, then the nearest approach may be used—a white hat of soft material. Straw hats should be protected round the temples. Black hats can be worn only by the most sun-drilled individuals.

Light-coloured clothes are also better. Next to the skin a light silk singlet may be worn. If flannel has been used, it should not be too readily discarded, but a thinner set substituted.

For drinks—it is best to drink as little as possible. The best of all is a cold drink of water and oatmeal, or, again, cold weak tea, or something of the mint julep order sucked through a straw.

BIG PREMIUMS AND HAIR

THERE is a serious side, it seems, to hairdressing. There are false pretences to be found in the business as well as false hair, and many a young woman has found this out to her cost. And some of the cases are rather pitiable.

Put quite crudely, the trouble in the hair-dressing business is that certain members are taking pupils at a premium and guaranteeing to teach them the art in three or six months and to turn them out ready for a situation at £3 to £4 a week.

Now, it cannot be done. These people might as well promise to make their pupils into University graduates in six months as fully-trained hair-dressers.

My guide, philosopher and friend in matters relating to the hair tells me that during the war he was approached by a representative of the Government—a woman—who talked airily of hairdressing as "a nice easy business to learn" and asked for information as to where girls could be trained in six months to

earn their living. My friend's reply was to show her the work of a hair-dresser in all its different phases and send her away a sadder and a wiser woman.

SO widely is this inefficient training in exchange for a big premium being practised to-day, and so great is the extent of the evil wrought through the inefficiently-trained themselves turning round, when they find their money gone and a situation as far off as ever, and practising the same hoax on others, that some steps should be taken to put a stop to such practises.

The scandal of taking premiums has been gone into thoroughly by the Incorporated Guild of Hair-dressers, Wigmakers, and Perfumers of Great Britain, and although plans are still under discussion the members seem to be agreed that an apprenticeship of three to four years is needed for men's hairdressing alone and a period of four years at least for women's work, which is more difficult.

Are you TOO THIN or TOO FAT!



A box of Nurse Challoner Figure Alteration Tablets, price 12/6, will banish thinness, develop or restore flat chest and quickly fill out hollows. An alternative treatment similarly supplied for those requiring figure reduction.

Read these convincing testimonials: "One could scarcely credit such quick results."—F.D. (Nurse). "You should see me now—it seems a transformation."—M.S. Figure alteration book, 3d. Send 1/2d postal order for sample and full particulars in sealed envelope direct from Nurse Challoner Co. Department C4, New Bond Street, London W1.

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It's astonishing how grey hairs age one, but still more astonishing how two or three weeks treatment with

Dr. Wilson's Regenerator

makes the grey haired look ten to twenty years younger.

It works that miracle by restoring grey hair in Nature's way to its original rich colour without dyeing, stain or risk of injury. It is a British Specific therefore absolutely reliable.

It is sold by leading Chemists and Hairdressers throughout New Zealand at 4/- per bottle, and is also obtainable at all J. R. MCKENZIE'S Toilet Depots.

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HAIR SPECIALIST, DUNEDIN

Who controls the Australian and New Zealand Agency, and he will post a single bottle for 4/6 or 3 bottles for 12/6 to any address direct.

Is there anyone ill at home to-day?



ANYONE who is completely run down through over-work or neurasthenia? Anyone just up after a serious illness? Anyone whose health wants thoroughly rebuilding?

If there is—it's a case for a course of WINCARNIS. More than 10,000 doctors have recommended this great tonic wine for building up the human frame after serious illness. WINCARNIS feeds the nerves, repairs the wastage of tissue, revitalises the whole system. And it looks and tastes just like rich red wine and does you over so much good, because it contains valuable body-building extracts of meat and malt.

Get a bottle of WINCARNIS to-day, and start the treatment at once, a wineglassful two or three times a day after meals. Don't be without WINCARNIS. Always have some handy in the home. You may need it to-day or to-morrow, for yourself or someone else; it will prove most useful. WINCARNIS is obtainable from all wine merchants, licensed chemists or grocers.

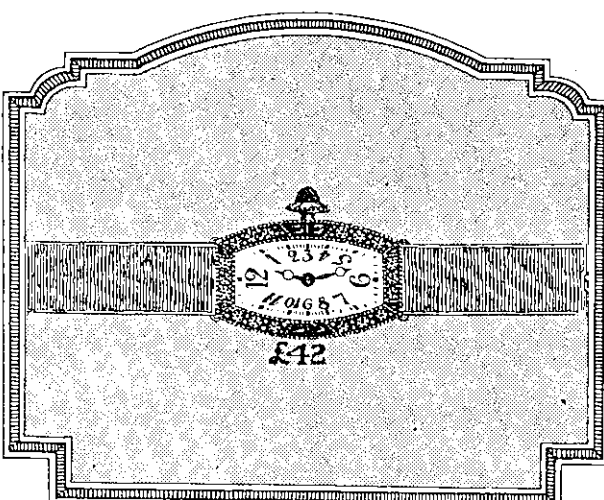
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THE SCIENCE OF ELIMINATION

IF you have a pain and mention the matter to a doctor these days, there's almost no limit to the things that may happen to you. That is, if you consult an up-to-date physician. The old-fashioned doctors, of whom a few happily remain, still continue the old-fashioned comforting treatment. They tell you what's the matter with you, plainly and unromantically and, not infrequently, accurately, write you a prescription, give you directions, take their fee and let you go. You go home, follow directions as well as you can remember them and either get well or die. Even if you die, you perish decently, modestly, intact.

But the modern doctor is different. He apparently considers it as a breach of professional etiquette to diagnose an ailment in the presence of the person most vitally concerned. And besides, he evidently regards diagnosis as a dull business. He would rather explore. To him, you aren't a patient; you're an adventure.

IN the elder and unenlightened days, a pain in your stomach was caused by your stomach being in pain. Doctors, in that primitive time, gave your stomach something that would take its mind off its troubles. Modern medicine scorns such direct action. It adheres to the theory that all organs and appendages to the body are allied in a sort of protective union. Therefore, if you have a pain in your center of gravity they jump at once to the conclusion that this agony is merely camouflage for real distress in some far-distant precinct of your person.

So the modern physician doesn't diagnose and prescribe. Instead, he prepares gleefully for an expedition of exploration. He announces, with a boyish delight, that first he must find the true seat of the trouble. As a preparatory step he sends out to have an X-ray taken. All the secrets of your vitals must be exposed shamelessly upon a photographic plate, not in the hope of finding what's wrong with you thereby, but simply to make sure that you are complete and properly organised before the elimination begins. The X-ray is merely a map of the terrain about to be penetrated.

CERTAIN that your stomach ache is caused by a revolt somewhere else, your doctor prepares a number of hypotheses and then eliminates them one by one, after the fashion of detective story detectives, eliminating some portion of you with each hypothesis. Probably he suggests first that the seat of the trouble is in your teeth and advises you to have them extracted.

Perhaps during that ordeal your stomach may realise that it is out-classed as a disturber of the peace,

and quit. Yet it may be that, when the agony subsides, the stubborn organ will renew its pain.

"Then it wasn't your teeth," the doctor says. Somehow that doesn't comfort you as it should.

"The trouble may lie in your tonsils," he continues cheerfully. "Better have them removed immediately."



The cheery son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Eyles, of Brightwater, near Nelson

SO you sacrifice your cherished tonsils on the altar of internal harmony. When you are able to swallow again and can turn your head without the fear that it is going to drop off, you find the pain in your stomach still on duty.

"Hum," mutters the doctor delightedly. "Then it's almost certain to be your appendix. We should operate at once."

You don't protest. You're beginning to feel that you no longer have a quorum present to make a personal protest legal. Every day in every way you are becoming lesser and lesser. By the time your appendix is out, your stomach ache has probably realised the vanity of attempting to remain in business against such competition and has retired. If it hasn't, you return to your doctor for further deletion. You have become to him nothing more or less than a problem in subtraction.

The science is still in its infancy. The spirit of adventure is only just beginning to spread its wings. Ten years from now, if the school of elimination continues to develop, physicians will probably be able to whittle down a patient, like a pine stick, until there isn't more than enough left of him to contain a pain. Then they will know for certain where the seat of the trouble is. But by that time there won't be enough left of the patient for him to apply the first personal pronoun to himself without tremendous exaggeration.

"What perils do environ mankind."—Anon.

The advent of the chilly weather increases the risk of catching colds and coughs, unless you are safeguarded with Baxter's Lung Preserver.

"Baxter's" is a rich and warming

specific that speedily gets to the root of all winter ailments. Always gives sure relief in the case of bronchial and chest affections. Baxter's Lung Preserver is also an efficacious building-up tonic. Generous-sized bottle 2s 6d, all chemists and stores; family size 4s 6d. But be sure you get "Baxter's"!

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The basket of washing is no longer the bugbear of housekeeping—save the time and the labour which it involves by utilising this economic and satisfactory new system—the

"BAGWASH"

Strictly hygienic conditions assure an absolute cleanliness, while carefulness and attention mean complete freedom from damage. There is decidedly no danger by having your laundry done the "Bagwash" way. Have one of our vans call for your next laundry and test the efficacy of this new time and labour-saving service. It costs but

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SEA-BATHING SEASON

THE sea-bathing season may be said to have begun, although a good crop of chills have doubtless resulted from venturesome ones imagining summer had come, when it hadn't. Our seasons have certainly been erratic, but we may now reasonably hope the sea water will keep at a fairly warm temperature from now on this season.

"You can't catch cold with sea water!" they quote glibly. Yes; but you can catch cold when you have no protection other than a wet bathing-suit against a chill, treacherous wind. You can catch cold also as a result of staying too long in the water and bathing several times a day; the cold in this case often taking the form of a chill on the liver. And then you'll wonder why your skin gets an ugly yellow colour and you feel tired and languid; until at last you'll make up your mind that sea-bathing disagrees with you, and give it up, when it might have been a splendid health tonic if you'd only used common sense.

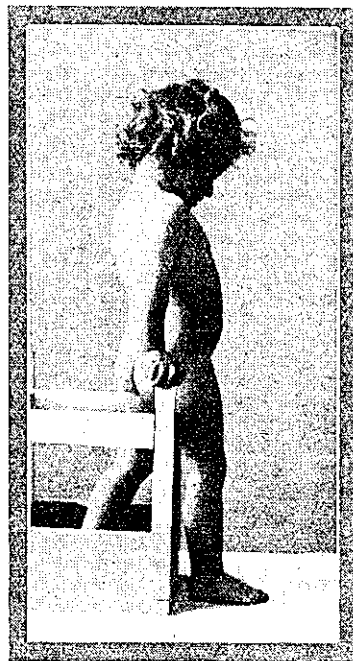
BUT it's always the same! Though reams have been written about the folly of going into the sea straight after a heavy meal; of lounging in the hot sunshine in sea-sodden garments just to dry in the sun. There are girls and women who will persist in doing these things, and as a result have to pay for their folly. There is no more invigorating tonic than a good swim followed by a prompt rub down, and perhaps a glass of hot milk or a cup of tea. Even a mere bobbing up and down in sea water when you can't swim is good for you if you take care to get completely immersed in the water before you start your bobbing, and hurry back to your tent and a good rub down as soon as you get out of the sea.

All the same, there are girls with whom sea-bathing definitely does not agree, and these should never bathe. As a fact, if they consult their doctor, he will tell them emphatically not to. When sea-bathing agrees with you, you should feel a warm, healthy glow afterwards. Once your teeth begin to chatter and you start to shiver all over when coming out of the water—well, it's best for you to give up bathing for a time.

OVERDOING sea-bathing is the cause of a great many complexion blemishes contracted when at the sea. When once your skin begins to get that jaundiced yellow, it takes ages to get it right again. Another foolish thing is to rub sea-water over your face and hands and arms and let it dry into the skin in the hot sunshine, just because you want to get sunburned. If you have a delicate skin, it will often blister painfully and get very inflamed and rough, taking some time to heal. I have known unpleasant skin diseases contracted as a result of very acute sunburn like this.

Girls and women who have shingled their hair should remember

that by so doing they have left that part of the neck at the back, undue exposure of which to hot sunshine often causes sunstroke, unprotected. That is why you should be careful to wear hats which pull well down over the back of the head when at the seaside. The scarf again is an infinite boon to the shingled. It protects against both sunstroke and sunburn, and makes such a pretty finish to one's costume. I don't ad-



A Child Study

vised the shingled to lounge hatless on the beach in the glaring sunshine. They are asking for trouble if they do.

Bathing suits this year are likely to be smarter than ever. Some of the smartest have a distinct "tailor-made" touch.

Seaside Colours

BY the way, it is all-important to select the right colours for seaside wear. It makes all the difference to your looks. Town colours such as golden browns and bois de rose do not look at all well at the seaside. You cannot do better than keep to navy blue serge and white serge for the cooler days, choosing fresh white linens or linens in various shades of blue, pink, and some shades of green for very bright days. A pleated white serge skirt with jumper "en suite" always looks well.

Plaid linens and patterned linens of all kinds, to say nothing of the homely gingham, are very effective and, of course, there are the always-sensible woollies which are a good stand-by. But your woollies must be chosen in the right colours, too.

Then there's no more sensible seaside headgear than the neat little felt hat. Felt hats are so cheap now that it's quite a simple matter to have one to match each frock.

VIRTUE OF THE SHINGLE

WHY MODERN GIRLS TAKE MORE PRIDE IN THEIR APPEARANCE

THE hairdressers are getting ready to speed the shingle on its parting way. At least, they say so, but, perhaps, it is only the love of change which is inherent in all who order our fashions, whether in figures, skirts, or hair. Before we all begin struggling through the hair-growing stage I should like to put in a few words in favour of the shingle—and the bob, too—which the most zealous advocates of short hair have somehow overlooked.

In the pre-bob days you could never encounter a traveller just returned from a holiday overseas who did not sing the praises of the neatly-coiffed heads of the midinettes.

He would compare them with the tousle-headed waitresses who served him in the tea-shops or the chambermaids he saw in our hotels, and ask why girls of the working classes took so little trouble with their personal appearance. Since short hair became general these unpatriotic comparisons have entirely ceased.

I CONFESS I had not noticed their absence until a woman hairdresser with a big business pointed it out to me. "The shingle," she said, "is making the business girl and the shop girl pay more attention to her personal appearance than she has ever done. Nearly all my customers are business girls, who come to me regularly every fortnight or three weeks for a trim and once a week for a wave.

The appreciation of neatness works slowly all the way from the head to the feet, and you never find a neat shingled head accompanied by a costume in need of a brush or down-at-heel shoes."

IN other words, the feeling that she has not got a hair out of place has the psychological effect of making a girl want her clothes to look as well groomed as her head, with the result that our girls who work in offices and shops are gradually developing that habit of dressing neatly which has always been the particular mark of the Englishwoman of the upper classes. If this is so, then let us keep the shingle.

Toilet and Beauty Preparations

MYSTIC FRECKLE CREAM

This Cream will remove Freckles entirely and improve the skin. Apply a little each night and the Freckles will vanish. It is absolutely pure, and makes the skin clear and smooth. 3/6 jar. Post Free.

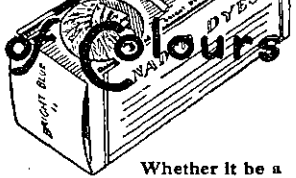
MYSTIC BLACKHEAD CREAM

Will remove those annoying blackheads which are so disfiguring. It is a positive cure and is very simple to use. 3/6 jar. Post Free. All Orders promptly attended to. Mail Orders a Speciality.

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"NADCO" Dyes are obtainable everywhere. Send for interesting and instructive free booklet, giving directions for any shade desired, to the N.Z. Agents,

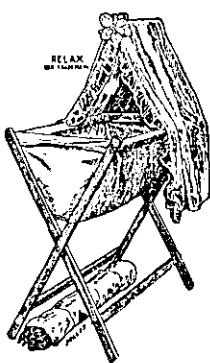
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THE subtle charm which fascinates and attracts is due more to sparkling eyes, lustrous hair, and a soft, clear skin, glowing with the delicate colour of the peach, than to regularity of features.

Besides having an exquisite, almost bewitching perfume, **Pompeian Beauty Powder** has the desirable quality of unusually long adherence. After once using it you will readily understand why it is fast becoming the choice of discriminating women all over the world.

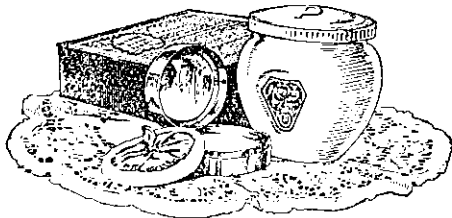


We will send two of these beautiful 28" x 7 1/2" Art Panels in colours, entitled "Beauty gained is love retained," and two sets of samples of Pompeian Beauty Preparations on receipt of 1/- Postal Note.

Pompeian

*Day Cream (Vanishing)
Beauty Powder (four shades)
Bloom (a non-crumbling rouge)*

Try gently massaging the skin with **Pompeian Day Cream** (vanishing). It makes it soft and velvety and forms an excellent base for **Pompeian Beauty Powder**. Then a deft touch of the proper shade of **Pompeian Bloom** (rouge) to add a little colour. You will be surprised and delighted at the immediate transformation.



THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
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20 Brandon Street, Wellington

Owing to our inability to dispose of the vast quantities of stamps received for Pompeian Art Panels, we can now accept only 1/- Postal Notes, for which we will send two Panels and sample sets. You can give one to a friend or have her share the expense.

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I enclose 1/- Postal Note for two 1925 Art Panels and two sets of samples offered.

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SKIN PROTECTION WHEN MOTORING

THE modern girl is a true sports-woman, and is not daunted by wind or rain.

It frequently happens that the occupier of an open motor-car is an indoor girl all the week, and has to get a plentiful harvest of fresh air in a short space of time.

While the lungs get invigorated, the poor complexion, and often the hands and feet, suffer from the sudden change of temperature. Dashing through the air at a speed it is often best not to mention, is certainly chilly work. The fact that it is so bracing and enjoyable makes people forget the harm it may be doing to their "beauty" if a little trouble is not taken to prevent it.

Veils over the face are the safest preventative against a rough skin; if the wind is cold a gauze one should be worn.

Special care must be taken just before going off for a ride and directly after the return home. Those are the times when a few hours in a car either make or mar the beauty of the motor girl. Also there is sure to be a rest somewhere for refreshments, and that is another time when "beauty" makes its demand.

A Home-made Cream

THERE is no question of a lot of attention being necessary; what is wanted to be done is quite simple. Before going out a little cream must be rubbed over the face; it may be a vanishing cream, or else the following preparation will be found very satisfactory. It is quite easy to make; any girl can prepare it herself. All that is required is a gas-ring (or a kitchen stove), a saucepan of boiling water, and a gallipot. Half an ounce of stearine must be placed in the jar, which must be standing in the water. As soon as it has melted one drachm of carbonate of soda in powder must be slowly sifted in, using a bone paper-knife. Then twenty grains of borax must be added. As soon as the powders have been well stirred in, the jar must be removed from the saucepan, and one ounce of glycerine poured in. The preparation must be stirred until it is cold.

Just a touch of this well rubbed into the skin will fortify it against cold winds, and it will not be found

at all greasy, as it is what is called a greaseless cream. The same preparation must be used again on the return home. The great secret is to rub it well in.

If cream is not used, a little powder must be dusted over the face just before starting. If the roads have been very dry, even in winter, there is dust about when a car comes along, especially if it is going at a good rate. So when the motoring is over—at least, for some days—the face should be steamed for just a few minutes the last thing at night; but on no account if there is to be another spin in the car again next day. It will remove all trace of grime that the face has perhaps picked up during the travels.

A Hand Lotion

THE chief thing to prevent the hands from getting red and rough is to keep them very warm, and at the first sign of a chap or chill to apply a lotion. The following is a very useful one, and, like the cream, is quite greaseless.

Thirty grains of tragacanth (it is well to notice it is "tragacanth," and not "compound powder of tragacanth," which is quite different—amateurs make mistakes over this and think it is all the same) must be placed in a bottle, and three drachms of spirits of wine poured on to it and the bottle rapidly shaken. Then two ounces of rose water gradually added. Four more ounces of rose water must be poured in all at once, and the solution must be left to stand for forty-eight hours, when it must be strained through very coarse white muslin. The muslin must be pressed to make the solution pass through. Three drachms of glycerine must then be added to the solution and well mixed with it.

A little of this lotion will be found very effective if applied to the hands just before starting off, and again on the return home. If the face has got at all blotchy with the cold, there is nothing better to use than a little cold cream the last thing at night. It removes any inflammation quickly, and there is usually some. Even the "open-air girl" often finds a spin in a car is a mixed joy if she has a fine skin, but if she takes a few precautions all will be well.

HOME DRESSMAKING THAT BRINGS SUCCESS

NOT so very long ago to practice dress-cutting at home was to court disaster or, at best, but little success attended the patient needle-woman. But things have changed with the introduction of the Sel-phit System of Dress-cutting. Scores of women in New Zealand acclaim the unparalleled simplicity and accuracy of the Sel-phit System to be the greatest aid to good dress-making since the invention of the sewing-machine.

The amazing thing about it is that those who use the Sel-phit System

of Dress-cutting need have had no previous experience. It is easily learned in one or two short lessons and, once mastered, it is found to be applicable to cutting garments for every member of the family, accurately and stylishly.

The Sel-phit System of Dress-cutting is the new way, and the only way yet devised, that makes home dress-cutting a most pleasant and profitable occupation. And by its use high costs for professionally-made garments are entirely eliminated.

The Ladies' Mirror Motor Section

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

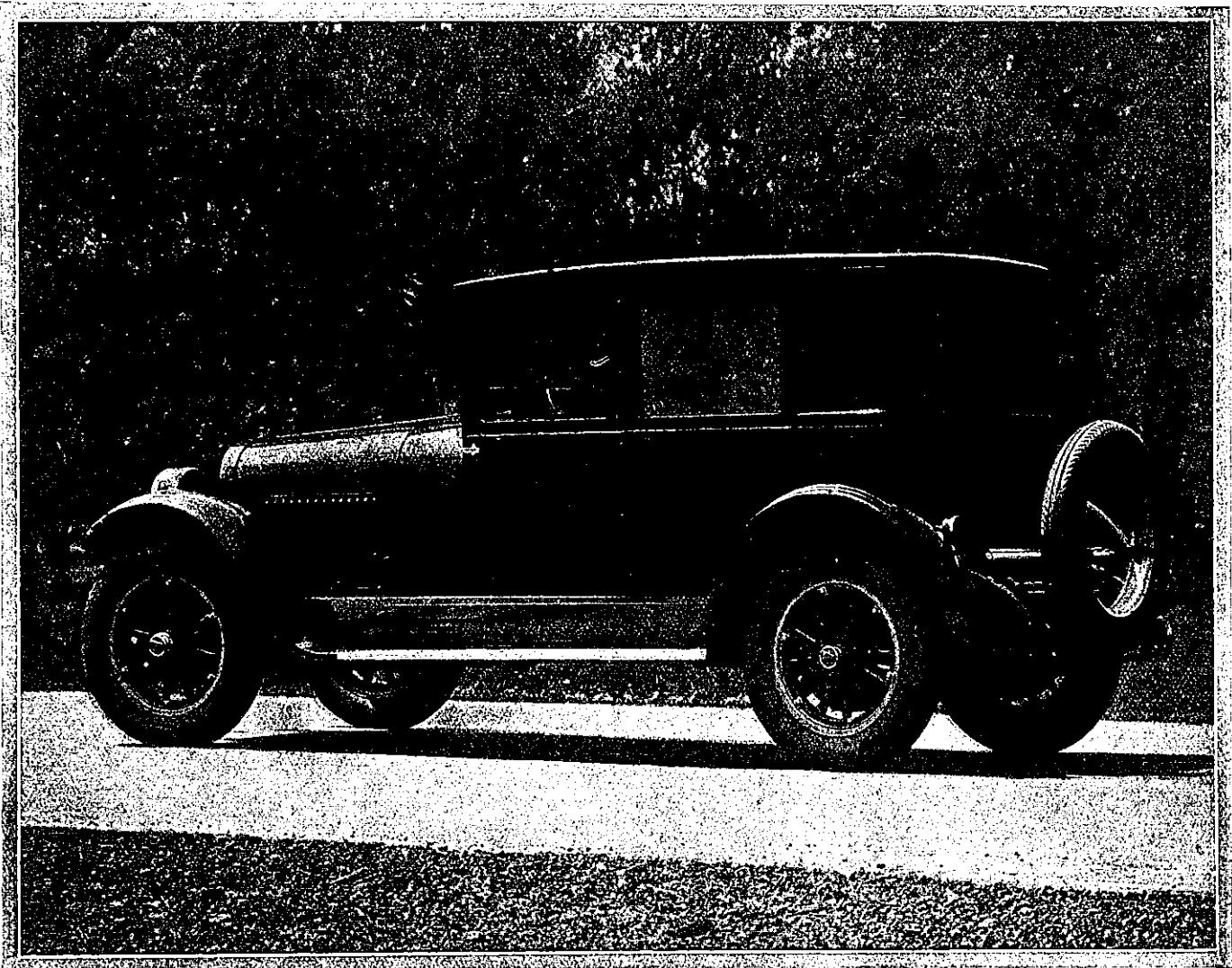
ARE women drivers more dangerous to encounter on the road than men? The other Sunday on a busy thoroughfare we arrived just after a bumping match had taken place. A young lady driving a limousine and going into town, in crossing the stream of outgoing traffic to reach a cross street, had bumped into a large touring car. Apart from the upset to the feelings of all the ladies in the two cars, the damage appeared to extend only to a broken lamp, a bumper knocked off, and

A MOTORING CAUSERIE—By SANCHO
 crumpled wings. It was quite an upset, however. The two cars remained *in situ* across the fairway, old ladies sipping glasses of water were seated on kitchen chairs in the middle of the road, cars were pulled up everywhere roundabout, and their occupants swarmed round to view the damage. The usual officious Public Adviser emerged, laying down the law to everybody. "Women

again!" he declared. "They're the very devil on the road. Butted right into him." Having said so much, the P. A. rushed off to the old gentleman who had been driving the other car and told him emphatically that he must not let the lady move her car until the police came, and that he would ring up for the police. He also laid it down that it was the lady's business to have given way to

the other car, as main road traffic had the legal right of way over traffic in and out of cross streets.
 WHEN we departed agitated females were going about looking for witnesses, arguments on law points were proceeding *ad lib.*, and traffic was crawling as best it could past the battered cars and the circumambient humanity. The only person missing was the policeman, hailed per phone by the Public Adviser.
Continued on page 50

THE HUDSON COACH



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THE KING'S HIGHWAY

Continued from page 49

but maybe he had heard that voice on the wire before. So far as we know there is no legal obligation on anybody not to move a car after an accident until the police have viewed the damage, nor is there even obligation to report an accident to the police unless injury has occurred to some person. As to main road traffic having the legal right of way over side-road traffic, no such legal right exists so far, apparently, as the Motor Union has discovered, for it has been asking for some considerable time for the provision of a definite right-of-way rule in the law. We don't know whether the lady was to blame in this particular case or not, not having seen the collision, nor in the absence of statistics would we care to venture an opinion as to whether the ladies have more accidents relatively than the men. In the United States where they have dug into the subject to a certain extent, the women drivers make an excellent showing. Thus in Chicago last year there were 265 motor fatalities, and of this number only three were caused by women drivers.

THE ladies showed up most creditably in some reaction-time tests carried out recently by Dr. F. A. Moss, in the course of research work for the United States National Conference on Street and Highway Safety. Dr. Moss, who is professor of psychology at the George Washington University, Washington, desired to discover the average period that elapses before a driver reacts to a warning of danger. If a car is travelling at a speed of thirty miles an hour and it takes the driver one and a-half seconds to shift his foot

from the accelerator to the brake after perceiving the dangerous situation, the car will have travelled sixty-six feet before the brakes are applied, and on the brakes being applied another eighty feet or so will be required to stop, making 140 feet in all. If the driver reacts to the danger in half a second only 22 feet will have been travelled before the brake pedal is touched. For his tests Dr. Moss placed two pistols under the running board of a car. The first was fired by an observer in the car pulling a cord, and was the signal to stop; the second was fired automatically as soon as the brake pedal was touched. The pistols were loaded with red lead which left a red splotch on the road, and to ensure further accuracy a chronometric tachometer was used instead of an ordinary speedometer. Thirty-five university students were put through the test, ten women and twenty-five men. The average reaction time of the women was 0.56 seconds, and of the men 0.59 seconds. Precautions were taken to see that all the students tested had approximately the same amount of prior experience in driving. The result goes to show that a woman reacts to danger fully as quickly as a man.

THE number of cases in Dr. Moss' tests was not sufficiently large for sweeping assertions to be made. Each of the individuals was tested several times to discover the amount of variability in their reac-

tion times, as it was felt that the same person might respond quickly to danger on one occasion, but be slower on another. The average variability of the ten women was 0.17 seconds, and of the twenty-five men 0.22 seconds. This lends no support to the idea that women are apt to be the more erratic. The test, to be sure, was the relatively simple one of putting on the brake at a given signal. More important is the question whether a woman is able to "keep her head" in an emergency. The ability to maintain one's composure in a crisis and to be able to cope with all sorts of unexpected situations is, of course, one of the important factors in driving. A driver may be quite capable of handling a car under ordinary conditions, but let an unforeseen emergency arise and he "goes to pieces" to such an extent as to be totally unable to apply the brake or turn the steering wheel. Only a few weeks ago we heard of a man whose first action on sweeping round a corner on his wrong side on to another car was to lift his hands in horror from the wheel. He recovered in time to avert a crash, and is still on the road, a highly potential danger. Are women more likely to behave in this way than men?

TO answer questions like this one has to keep turning to American research, as they delve into such matters there far more painstakingly than elsewhere. All the avail-

able evidence goes to show that, in the words of Dr. Thorndike, professor of psychology at Columbia University: "The individual differences within one sex so enormously outweigh the differences between the sexes in the intellectual and semi-intellectual traits that for practical purposes sex differences may be disregarded." In another test made by Dr. Moss, who has already been quoted, women showed themselves equally as capable as men in recognising potentially dangerous situations. The persons tested were handed photographs in which were shown without especial prominence typically dangerous situations such as should be avoided by a careful driver. In one was a car parked on a curve, in another a car passing a tram which had stopped to unload passengers, one car passing another near the crest of a hill, a car cutting a curve, and passengers getting out on the wrong side of a car in the way of oncoming traffic. The tests were given to a hundred of each sex, with instructions to write down the danger noticed in each picture. The differences between the sexes was so slight as to be negligible, and altogether it may be said that the ladies emerged with flying colours.

LAST month we commented on the new draft motor regulations issued by the Department of Internal Affairs, and the inability of the Minister to state that there had been any practical test of the various novel requirements therein imposed. It now appears, for in-

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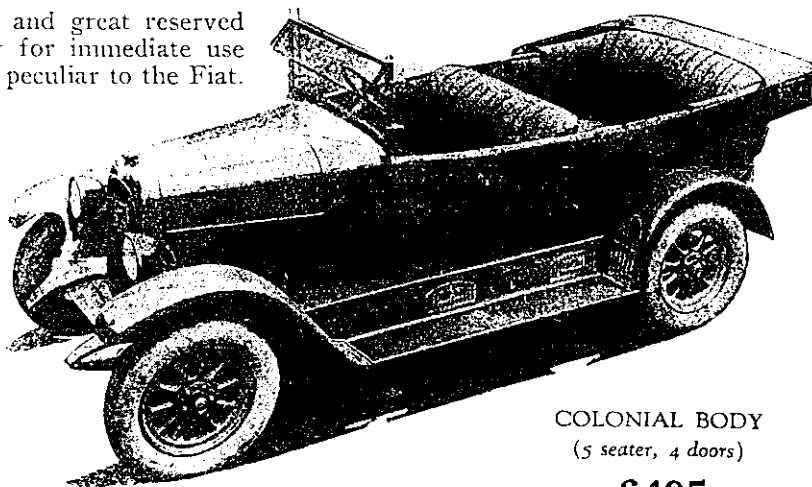
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FIAT

stance, that the Department in its wisdom copied some Illinois rules as to the distances in which cars must stop at given speeds on application of the brakes. The rules were for cars, but in copying them the Department in the innocence of its heart, applied them to *motor-vehicles* generally, and so far as can be gathered, the heavy solid-tyred vehicle is not in the least capable of coming within the requirements. Further, nobody seems at all clear, in the absence of a proper try-out, whether the distances are what a car should attain with its brakes newly adjusted, or the lowest requirements compatible with safety—two entirely different things. If motor traffic is to be efficiently regulated in this country it will scarcely be by playing around with the subject in this way, borrowing regulations from other countries without testing them, and muddling them up in the copying out. It is high time we had a proper motor bureau to look after all these matters.

A NOVELTY in motor conferences was one held in Wanganui a while ago. It was a meeting of representatives of the local automobile association with representatives of the drovers and farmers to discuss the etiquette to be pursued when stock are met on the road. It was agreed that the sounding of the horn was inadvisable in passing stock, and that on bridges motorists should give the right-of-way to stock. Another rule was that it should be regarded as an act of discourtesy for motorists to drive so as to force stock back on to a drover, and equally for a drover to take no action to get stock past a car. On narrow roads it was laid down that on a motorist overtaking stock the motorist and the drover should co-operate to turn the lead so as to get the stock to run back in an opposite direction to that in which the car is travelling so as to facilitate a passage for it. In meeting stock proceeding in an opposite direction to the car the great thing is to drive quietly and avoid turning the lead. If the lead is got past the car the other animals will tend to follow quietly by, but if the motorist dashes up as the lord of creation and scares the lead back the mob is bunched up, and unnecessary delay and annoyance follows on both sides until matters are straightened out again.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

Continued from page 50

IT is good to learn that the Survey Department has an up-to-date road map of the Dominion on the stocks. It is, from what one hears, to be a re-issue of the old ten-mile map—that is, on a scale of ten miles to the inch. This ten-mile map, now out of print, was one of the best and clearest maps of the Dominion ever published. It is quite a good scale for a first-class road map, for it means ten inches of map to a hundred miles of country, and anything bigger than that is a nuisance in a car. In fact, the ten-mile, to be handy for use on the road, needs to be cut down into well-thought-out sections. When it is said that this map is in hand it does not mean that it is precipitately to appear forthwith.



MRS. MACPHERSON (to visiting minister): "Will I gie ye a cup o' tea?"
 MINISTER: "No tea!"
 MRS. M.: "A cup o' cocoa, then?"
 MINISTER: "No cocoa!"
 MRS. M.: "A cup of coffee, mabbe?"
 MINISTER: "No coffee!"
 MR. MACPHERSON: "Hoo about a wee drappie whiskey an' water?"
 MINISTER: "No water!"
 —"Bystander."

They don't do things like that in the Government. Oh dear, no! The position is that some of our children, or our children's children, may see it. At the moment nobody knows in the least just which of the roads shown on the shoals of maps issued by the Government are real roads, which are merely bridle tracks, and which are merely mouldy surveyors' pegs in the ground. There are a lot of the latter, for many surveyors in the old days ran road lines on the shady side of the hill when they might just as well have taken the sunny side, and did other eccentric things with the result that when a road was really wanted it was made somewhere else, but the old unmade road remains on the map, and nobody in the map office has the faintest idea now what is real and what isn't. And this in spite of the fact that we are supposed to have the most efficient Civil Service in the world. Poor old world!

There are a lot of brain waves about maps and sign-posts afloat at present. The Highways Board proposes to have signs put up bearing the numbers of the highways, so that a motorist getting on, say, No. 1 Highway at Kaitiāia has only to follow the number to arrive at Wellington. Official designs for new standard direction posts and signs have been approved, and it is laid down that the numbers are to be painted on the posts, and names of places on the finger boards. Thus at a cross-roads or a fork in the road there will be boards with names pointing every way, and on the post the number of the highway—but with nothing on earth to show to which of the roads at the junction the number belongs. The poor traveller who starts out with the idea that he has only to look at the numbers to reach Wellington from Kaitiāia is much more likely to reach Jericho—or Avondale—than anywhere else. At least such is the view of an automobile association friend who has been studying the matter with a view to planting new standard pattern signs about the countryside. Anyway, why worry! Doesn't the poet tell us "there is no place under heaven so blue that's fairly worth the traveling to," and advise us to "allow the streams in civil mode to direct our choice of roads." Half the interest in life, too, is in taking all the wrong turnings on the broad highway.



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OF all the hundreds of thousands of individuals who hold driving licenses, only the smallest percentage can lay claim to be really able drivers. The majority simply make their cars go, turn them to the right and left when necessary, reverse occasionally, and manage to find their way to the garage every night.

A lady driver of my acquaintance, who has recently taken lessons in driving, was enthusiastically discussing her recent purchase of a car. I enquired about the make of carburettor. She looked mystified and said, "Oh, yes; carburettor; that's the funny little thing that makes the electric light, isn't it?"

Such an example of the above is typical of the cause of bad driving and lack of the motor sense. A non-technical person purchases a car, and acquires only just sufficient knowledge to make the car go. Thereafter he or she is considered an accomplished driver.

Mechanical Knowledge

I DO not suggest for a moment that every prospective driver of a car should serve an apprenticeship to engineering, but one thing, all-important, is to have a reasonable idea of what happens when the engine is started, and some knowledge of what happens subsequently. Only thus can anyone hope to acquire the true "motor sense."

And what is the "motor sense"? It is a perfect unison between the eyes, ears, hands and feet, of the

"MOTOR SENSE"

DRIVERS WITH MINIMUM OF ABILITY TRAINING FOR EMERGENCIES. By MAJOR A. C. FORBES-LEITH, AUTHOR OF "BY ROAD TO INDIA."

driver. His car should be trained well enough to be able to "sense" any sound that indicates the first sign of an error on the part of mechanism.

done. If he can do this, there are plenty of good mechanics available who can correct any fault.

And now let us take another point,



FATHER (disapproving son's nether garments): "That young ass! Any tomfool fancies that spring up he's got to follow them."
MOTHER: "Oh, well, dear—he's young—he'll grow out of them."
FATHER: "Grow out of them! Great Scott! My dear—look at 'em!"
—"London Opinion."

If one is conversant with the principles of automobile construction, this is not a difficult matter, and any diversion in sound from the ordinary smooth running should enable the driver to stop before any damage is

the co-ordination of hand and eye. I was driving with a man a short time ago who was so oblivious to anything on the road one hundred yards ahead of him that he would make no effort to control the car until he was al-

most on top of an obstacle; then he would either brake in a hurry, or swerve to right or left, in his efforts to avoid trouble. Driving cannot be anything approaching a pleasure to such a person as this. It is only pleasurable when hand and eye are trained to work together.

If you watch the perfect driver you will hardly notice any movement of the steering wheel when he is driving. He looks in the direction in which he wishes to go, and his hand moves instinctively with his eye. What is more annoying to the good driver than the sudden exclamation, "Look out!" or "Mind!" from anyone sitting next to him. The reason why he is annoyed is that his eye has probably dealt with that danger immediately in front of him and is working two hundred yards ahead.

Early Days of Driving

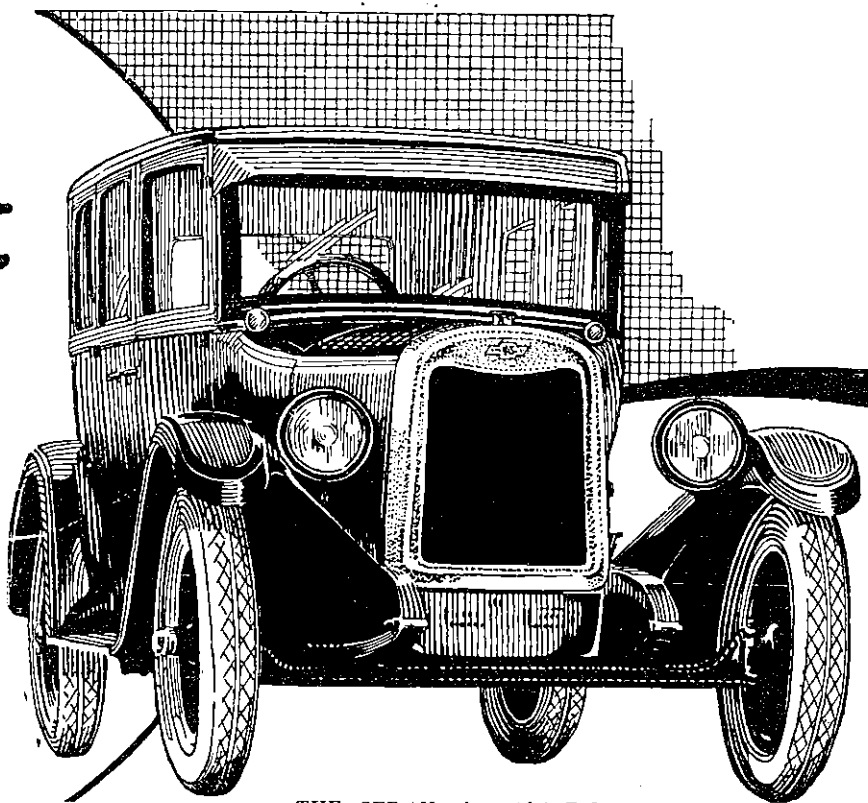
TO all prospective drivers may I tender the following advice. Before you attempt to handle a wheel, spend a few hours learning why the engine goes, what keeps it going, what is the mechanical effect of anything you handle on it. If you follow this advice you are immediately at a great advantage. When you reach the stage when you can drive the car, never let your eyes concentrate only on what is immediately in front of you. Let them take in a panorama of everything that is within two hundred yards. For your first thousand miles, until, by a cer-

Continued on page 53

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"MOTOR SENSE"

Continued from page 52

tain amount of experience, you have gauged the capacity of your engine, never let your speedometer needle pass the twenty mark. If this be done, it will be found that, subconsciously, the hand on the wheel will act in conjunction with the eye, and guide the car in the right direction. The "motor sense" will develop to a point where you will never be conscious of any effort to keep your car safe, whatever the conditions; instinctively you will do the right thing.

Drive next to a good chauffeur if possible, and try and "sense" the

without unnecessary hard-braking. In these days of four-wheel brakes, it is advisable to notice if the car in front of you has a red triangle painted on the back. This means it has four-wheel brakes, and can pull up very quickly. On the other hand, should your own car have four-wheel brakes, remember there may be someone behind you who has not.

Changing Oil

I have lately run across many cases of "big-end" bearings melting, from no apparent cause, when run-



CHILD: "The new lady at the lovely big house spoke to me to-day, Mummy."
 MRS. SOCIAL-CLIMBER: "Did she, dear. And what did she say?"
 CHILD: "Don't swing on my gate." —"London Opinion."

sound of a good-running engine. The engine will always indicate by sound any unfair strain that is put on it. Study this, "get the hang of it."

Try this Test

ANOTHER component part of "motor sense," and a very important one, is to get used to distances from other objects, and to know in what distance you can pull up your car. A very good way to practise this is to get on a quiet road that has a tree or post on the side, and approach this object at your ordinary driving speed and see how close you can stop to an imaginary line drawn straight across the road. At first you will find that you come to a stop three or four feet on either side of the mark. Practice until you can stop within six inches

ning in plenty of oil. In nearly all of these cases the trouble can be traced to the fact that oil has not been changed as often as it ought to be. It is well to remember that, when oil is continually kept at a high temperature, it gradually loses its lubricating qualities. Adding to it is not enough. After 1500 miles of running, drain off all the oil in the sump, wash out the crank cases with paraffin, and replenish with fresh oil. Be sure all the paraffin has drained out before filling with fresh oil.

This entails a little extra expense at the time, but will save a lot of money in the long run. I saw a car a few weeks ago being overhauled for the first time after 48,000 miles running. The big-end bearings were almost perfect. The owner had made it a principle to change the oil every 1500 miles.

Tyres, Oils and Benzine

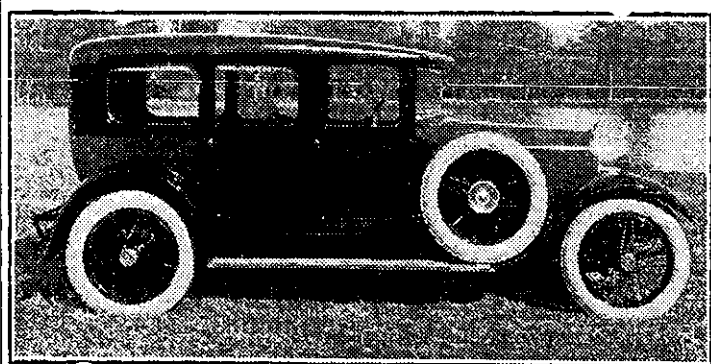
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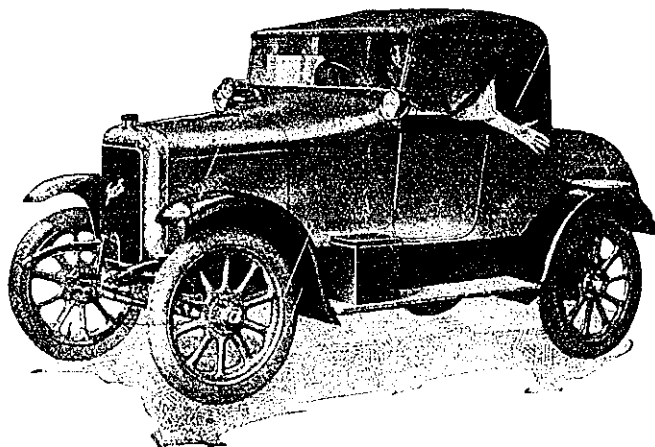
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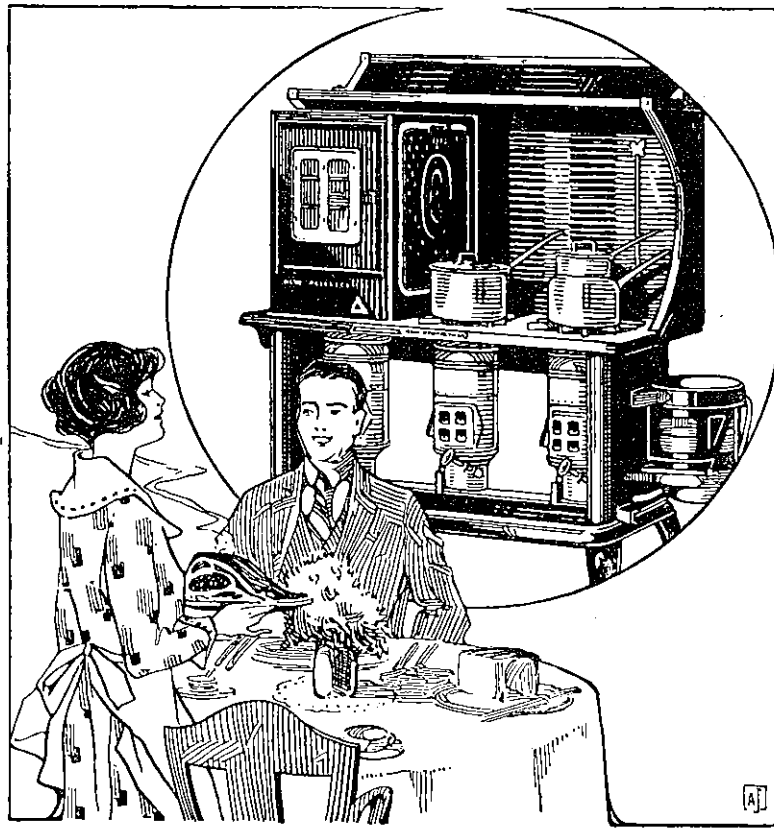
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THE night's rest is the keynote of success or failure on the camping trip. If the camper's bed is a good one, his sleep will be refreshing and the day's trip will be made more enjoyable.

Unfortunately, there has been implanted in the mind of many an experienced camper, the idea that when night comes, he has merely to spread his blanket beneath the sky, remove his shoes and sleep soundly until next morning. A few nights of this and he will decide that "roughing it" isn't all that it's cracked up to be.

With the many excellent types of beds, designed solely for camping, it is not necessary to sacrifice com-

CAMPING OUT

THE VITAL BEDDING PROBLEM

fort on the camping trip as many of the beds are patterned after the ones used at home.

One of the simplest, yet most comfortable of these, is the folding spring bed. The marked feature of this contrivance is the square link fabric used in its construction, designed to prevent sagging, thereby eliminating one of the most objectionable features found in most camp beds. There is nothing to get lost

or broken, as no bolts are used, and the legs are chained to the sides. When it is folded it takes up but little room on the running board of the car.

The canvas cot ranks next in popularity due to its light weight and small size when folded. It really cannot be termed a comfortable bed unless completed with a mattress. If it is used without the mattress, a heavy piece of oil cloth or canvas

should cover it before bedding is laid. This will keep the cold air from coming up from beneath, but even with this the sleeper will want as many covers under him as over him.

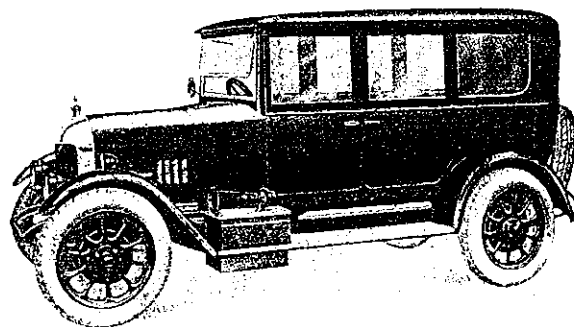
ANOTHER type of bed that meets with approval among many motor campers is the air bed or air mattress. This really is a combination bed for through its use no bed, mattress, or springs are needed, yet the same degree of comfort is afforded. Regardless of where it is laid, the camper is assured of a good bed, for it forms itself to the contour
Continued on page 56

Morris-Oxford Saloon

THE 14.28 h.p. Morris-Oxford Saloon is a full-sized enclosed car, the long wheelbase enabling four doors and six windows to be incorporated in the body. Thus maximum ease of entry and exit for all passengers is assured. A roof ventilator is fitted, while the four front windows have inside winding lifts. The rear seats are provided with arm rests with glove boxes, and the double front seat is adjustable to the driver's reach. Upholstered in hair-lined cloth the body is sumptuously comfortable, and convenience has been studied to the last degree. The thick carpets match the deep upholstery, the instrument board is of polished mahogany, and a combined luggage grid and spare wheel carrier is fitted. Equipment includes as standard 30 x 5.25 Dunlop Reinforced Cord Balloon Tyres, four-wheel brakes, electric wind-screen wiper, and interior lighting.

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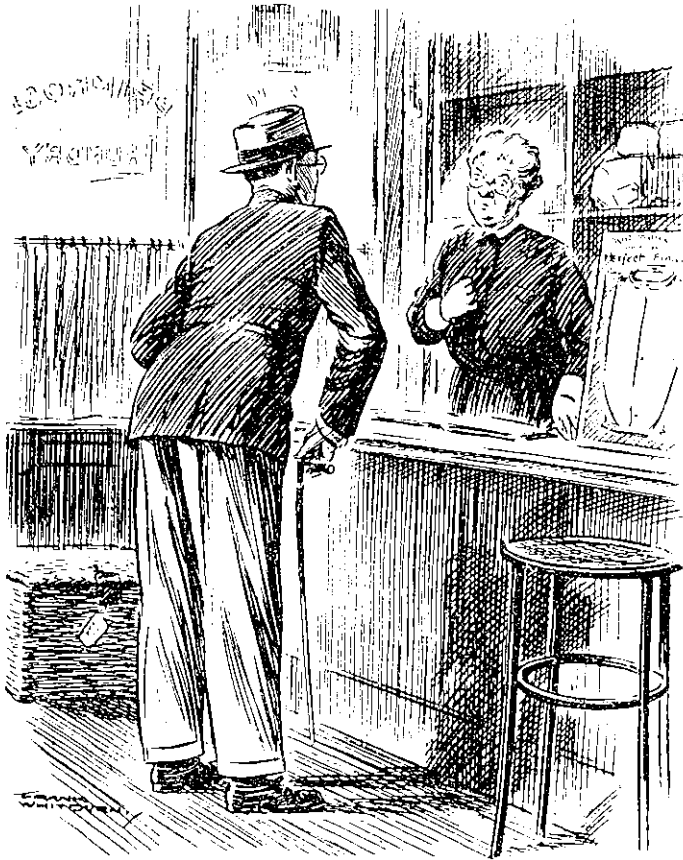
CAMPING OUT

Continued from page 55

of the ground and makes as level a bed on a pile of rocks as on a smooth surface.

A large pump with a big air chamber may be had for this bed, so that it requires but a few minutes' pumping to fill it. The remarkable

The folding mattress is made in four sections, and is so constructed that when folded the sections lay one on top the other. This makes a bundle about the same size as the seat cushion, and on long trips many campers, to conserve space, leave the



HORACE: "I've—er—come about a cuff marked A.F.169."

MANAGERESS: "When did you lose it, sir?"

HORACE: "Well—er—I hope it isn't lost. You see, there's a recipe for a jolly little cocktail on it."

—"Passing Show."

feature about the air mattress is its compactibility. When it is inflated it makes a full-size bed, yet when the air is let out and the mattress is folded it makes a package so small that it easily fits under the seat cushion in the car.

BUT the bed is only half the story—correct bedding is the other half. The poncho mattress is a very good type, as it has a waterproof pantasote backing which protects the bedding from the dirt. When the poncho is used all the bedding may be rolled up inside it and the entire outfit can be carried on the running board.

cushion at home and substitute the folding mattress in its place.

NOW the bed covering: By all means use woollen blankets, for cotton blankets are worse than useless on the camper's bed. They absorb moisture and hold no heat. Cotton sheets are also not advisable as they too gather moisture. Wool blankets, preferably those with a loose weave designed for outdoor use, are the best procurable for the camper. Take plenty of them, for if the sleeper is cold he will not enjoy his rest no matter how wonderful his bed may be.

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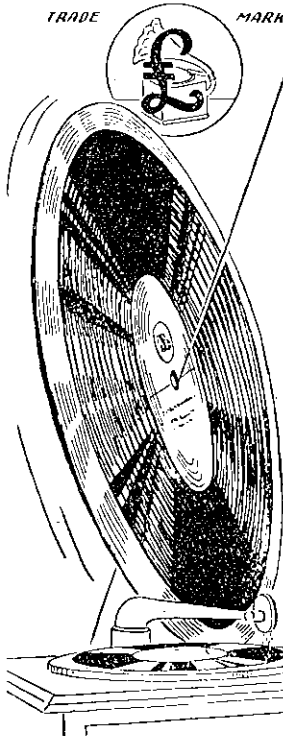
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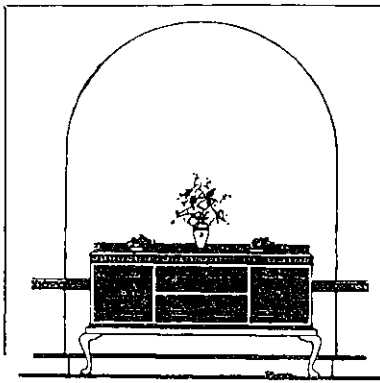
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WHAT TO SERVE WITH—

EVEN GOOD COOKS ARE SOMETIMES AT A LOSS TO KNOW THE MOST SUITABLE AND APPETISING ACCOMPANIMENTS TO VARIOUS DISHES. IN THE OLD COUNTRY FAR MORE ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO THIS DETAIL THAN IS THE CASE IN NEW ZEALAND. NEVERTHELESS, A SUITABLE ACCOMPANIMENT TO FISH, MEAT, GAME, ETC., ADDS SO MUCH TO WHAT IS SERVED WITH IT, THAT THIS PAGE SHOULD BE KEPT FOR REFERENCE, AND IT WILL HELP YOU IN TIME OF DOUBT.



WITH pea soup hand separately very finely chopped fresh or dried mint.

For mock turtle and hare soup allow one small forcemeat ball for each serving.

Serve boiled rice with mulligatawny or any soup containing curry.

Cut lemon should accompany spinach *purée*.

Grated cheese should be served with white soups, such as cauliflower, artichoke and turnip.

Crontons may be served with any variety of thick soup.

To make them: Cut toast or bread into dice, fry a golden brown in a little dripping, lard or butter. Drain well before serving.

Fish

Steamed or boiled: Garnish with cut lemon, parsley or fennel.

Cod Fish: Oyster, egg, parsley or anchovy sauce.

Salt Fish: Egg sauce, mashed parsnips.

Haddock: Anchovy, egg, or piquant sauce.

Mullet: Anchovy or Tartar sauce.

Salmon: Lobster or Hollandaise sauce, cucumber.

Trout: Bechamel, Hollandaise or parsley sauce.

Schnapper: Anchovy, parsley, or caper sauce.

Meat

Roast Beef: Yorkshire pudding, horse-radish sauce.

Boiled Beef: Dumplings, carrots and turnips.

Steak: Oyster or butter sauce, chip potatoes.

Roast Lamb: Mint sauce.



Boiled Mutton: Caper or parsley sauce, carrots and turnips.

Roast Mutton: Onion sauce or red currant jelly.

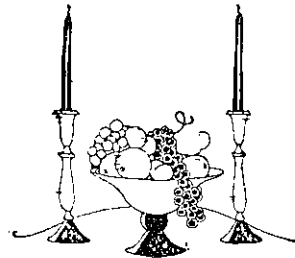
Mutton Cutlets: Piquant or tomato sauce or fried mushrooms, mashed potatoes.

Boiled Pork: Pease pudding, boiled cabbage.

Roast Pork: Apple sauce, sage and onions.

Boiled Veal: Fried bacon, cream or parsley sauce, cut lemon.

Roast Veal: Boiled ham or bacon or salted pork, forcemeat balls, cut lemon.



Calf's Liver: Fried rashers of bacon, cut lemon.

Calf's Head: Fried bacon, brain sauce.

Roast Venison: Red currant jelly, port wine gravy.

Curried Meat: Boiled rice, chutney.

Hash or Mince: Border of mashed potatoes or macaroni, triangles of toast.

Fried Sweetbreads: Rashers of bacon.

Braised Sweetbreads: Mushrooms or green peas.

Boiled Rabbit: Pickled pork and onion sauce.

Poultry and Game

Chicken, Fowl, and Turkey: Herb, chestnut or sausage forcemeat, bread sauce. Sausages or boiled ham or fried bacon. Watercress or salad.

Chicken, Fowl (boiled): Boiled ham, bacon or pickled pork, or fried rolls of bacon. Parsley, caper, celery or oyster sauce.

Roast Goose, Duck or Ducklings: Apple or orange sauce, sage and onions, forcemeat.

Roast or Jugged Hare: Red currant or crab apple jelly, forcemeat balls, cut lemon.

Pheasant: Red currant jelly, bread sauce, fried breadcrumbs, watercress or salad.

Quail: Fried bacon rolls, watercress.

Wild Duck: Watercress, orange sauce or salad. Stuff with crumb of a roll soaked in port wine, or wild duck and teal may be stuffed with sage and onion.

Wild Pigeon: Watercress and cut lemon.

Te Aroha House

TE AROHA

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Moderate Charges Individual Attention All the Comforts of Home.

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Mrs. MORLEY

Te Aroha House Te Aroha

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The fragrant and hygienic French Face Powder. Ideal for Ladies' and Infants' toilets.

Use Crème Simon and Poudre Simon daily

H O U S E H O L D H I N T S

Brandy and Salt

LUCKY is the woman who has learnt early in her home life of the virtues of brandy and salt as a healing agency! She will already know from experience that in the rearing of her family this safe and simple remedy has been a perfect godsend. The healing powers of salt are well-known, but when allied with brandy they become almost magically potent.

Prepare the medicine thus: From a bottle of prime quality brandy take one-third and put it away for future use. To the remaining two-thirds add salt through a funnel till the bottle is almost full. Then shake for five minutes to dissolve the salt, and your "cure" is ready. Cork very tightly.

If the pain is internal, take one tablespoon diluted with one tablespoon or more of water. If external, rub on neat.

The mixture is decidedly effective against all complaints of an inflammatory nature; the redness or inflammation quickly subsiding when it is applied. Even for ear-ache, which is such a delicate and serious complaint to treat, it is splendid. Rub it on behind the ear and put a drop or two directly into the ear. It is also effective for inflamed eyes, sore lids, etc., while severe eye trouble, where inflammation of the ball of the eye was intense, loses all redness and discomfort after the brandy and salt was applied for a day or two. The eye was fearfully swollen and inflamed and had not been improved by a specialist's attention.

For sore lips or gums, or any such inflammation the liquid acts like magic. In ulceration of the stomach it is very healing. It has been found to give great relief in cystitis—and any woman who suffers from these wretched attacks knows how difficult it is to get the slightest relief, even from a medical man. For hives or any itching complaint it acts remarkably.

It has even been claimed that this simple remedy will check cancer if the treatment is applied in the very early stages of that deadly growth. Quite an ugly mole, which threatened to become malignant, has in many cases disappeared in a few weeks; though it had disfigured a friend's face for many years.

Once this "cure-all" is established in a home the family soon learn to resort to it on all occasions, and it saves many a doctor's bill. It is so easy to apply, and handy to use if help is needed at night for such torments as toothache.

Some aver that inflammation of the appendix can be subdued by its use—and it seems feasible. Anyhow, brandy and salt is a perfectly safe and valuable household remedy.

Steamy Windows

WINDOWS look very unsightly when covered with steam. This can easily be prevented if, after cleaning, you put a little glycerine on the duster. Rub until the glycerine is almost invisible.

This is also a very useful hint if you wear glasses. Rub a little on before going out in the wet, and you will not be troubled with rain-drops on your glasses.

To Remove Stains from Glass

TO remove the chalk deposit that collects on the inside of water-bottles, and is difficult to remove by ordinary washing, add about half a teacupful of vinegar and thoroughly well shake. Allow the vinegar to re-

main in the bottle for about half an hour, shaking from time to time, then pour out the vinegar and thoroughly rinse, when the glass will be clear. To remove the brown stain often seen on the inside of a vinegar cruet, fill with a strong solution of washing soda, leave for a short time, then wash in the ordinary way.

A Hint for Washing Day

RICE water makes excellent starch for table linen, blouses, muslin collars—in fact, anything that requires to be moderately stiff. Stiff linen collars and cuffs must be starched with ordinary laundry starch.

Continued on page 59

Marmite

Marmite is a pure vegetable extract, rich in organic salts and in vitamin-B. In appearance it resembles a beef extract, but Marmite is entirely without the dietetic disadvantages of meat. It is of high nutrient value, and possesses a delicious flavour, piquant and savoury. In addition to its own positive food value Marmite has a beneficial effect upon other foods it meets in process of digestion; it helps in their assimilation, helps them to deliver all their goodness to the system.

Everyone likes Marmite, and Marmite is good for everyone. There are very many ways of using it. It is particularly valuable in the kitchen. Every savoury dish, every stew, all soups, sauces and gravies you make should be enriched by Marmite. This vegetable extract, this vitamin concentrate, immensely improves their flavour and increases their nourishing power. Marmite is highly concentrated, and therefore should be used sparingly. Too much spoils the flavour.



*Buy large jars
— Why? —*

Prices have been reduced and the larger the jar, the greater the reduction, hence increased economy. Obtainable from all grocers throughout New Zealand and The Sanitarium Health Food Co's., Shops: 174 Queen Street, Auckland. 83 Willis Street, Wellington. 708 Colombo Street, Christchurch. 93 Princes Street, Dunedin.

Marmite is extremely popular with athletes. And no wonder. It is a delicious food-drink that is at the same time restorative and sustaining. And it's very quickly made. A teaspoonful of Marmite in a cup of boiling water is the best drink of all at the end of a gruelling day on tennis court or links. With it, serve Marmite sandwiches.



M.7 30.

SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD CO.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Continued from page 58

To Repair Torn Curtains

PLACE torn lace or net curtains that require repairing flat on a table with an ironing blanket or folded cloth underneath the torn part. Take a piece of lace or net curtaining to match as nearly as possible, and large enough to cover the hole, dip it in cold starch, wring out tightly, place it over the hole, and press with a hot iron. The join will be almost invisible, as the patch merges into the fabric quite smoothly.

When Packing Medicine

THERE is always a little uncertainty about packing a bottle of medicine in a suit-case of clothes for fear the cork should leak. A splendid preventative of accidents is an old leather finger from a glove pulled over the top of the bottle and tied down firmly with string round the neck. This will both keep the cork securely in its place and prevent leakage.

Storing Cheese

TO prevent cheese going mouldy moisten a piece of muslin with vinegar, wrap it round the cheese, and store in a dry place.

To Render Flannelette Non-inflammable

NON-inflammable flannelette loses its fire-resisting properties on being washed. This property may be restored by rinsing the material in warm water in which alum has been dissolved (1oz. to 1 gallon). Flannelette that is treated in this way acquires a measure of resistance to flames.

Cleaning Straw Hats

FIRST brush to remove all loose dirt, then place flat on a clean wooden table and scrub with a soft nail brush, using warm water and soap. Rinse to remove all soap, then apply a solution of salts of lemon, working it in with a nail-brush.

"First Aid" for Table Manners

KEEP a packet of plain white blotting paper on the sideboard and when anything is spilled on the dining-room linens use one of the blotters for first-aid treatment instead of taking a freshly laundered napkin or rushing to the kitchen for some material—which is never available just when it is wanted, in a hurry. The blotter absorbs the liquid immediately instead of spreading it over a larger area. If milk or water is spilled the blotter takes up the moisture so quickly and thoroughly that the linen may be used several times more. If the stain is fruit or coffee the blotter system is especially efficient in that it keeps the spot as small as possible, so that there is less of the linen to be scalded or rubbed.

Continued on page 63

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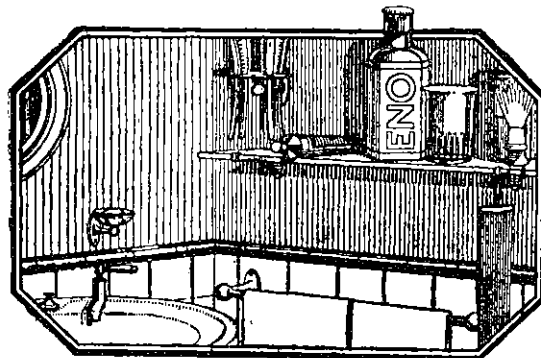
The Particular Value of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

and its superiority over all other preparations lie in its natural action, its fresh, invigorating, pleasant taste, and in the fact that ENO assists Nature without supplanting her methods. As a safeguard against those digestive ailments which often beset us—as a blood purifier—as a gentle corrective for liver troubles—as an aid to those who are subject to rheumatism or gout—as a refreshing thirst-quencher—ENO's "Fruit Salt" is unequalled.

All who value health and internal cleanliness should drink ENO—just a small teaspoonful effervescing in a glass of water first thing every morning.

ENO's "Fruit Salt" is pure, highly concentrated, most pleasant in taste, and entirely free from purgative mineral salts, sugar or artificial flavouring. ENO does not form an undesirable habit, but can be taken at any time with perfect safety by young and old.

First Thing



Every Morning

HANDY SIZE—Widely used by travellers, for office use and week end bag 2/6

PLEASANT TO TASTE
GENTLE IN ACTION
TRUE AID TO NATURE

HOUSEHOLD SIZE—Best for family use; most economical 4/-

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"Morven," the Dunedin home of Lady Ross

REFLECTIONS

"MOTHER, can I have those apples on the sideboard?"

"Yes, dear!"

"Oh! I'm so glad you said yes."

"Why, are you so hungry?"

"No—but I have eaten them already."

A CERTAIN traveller, while visiting a country town, called at a barber's shop for a shave. The barber, noticing he was a stranger

in the town, decided to find out who he was, so opened up as follows: "Have you been here before for a shave, sir?"

"Yes, once," was the reply, "and that was two years ago."

"But I do not remember your face, sir."

"Very likely not, because its healed up now!"

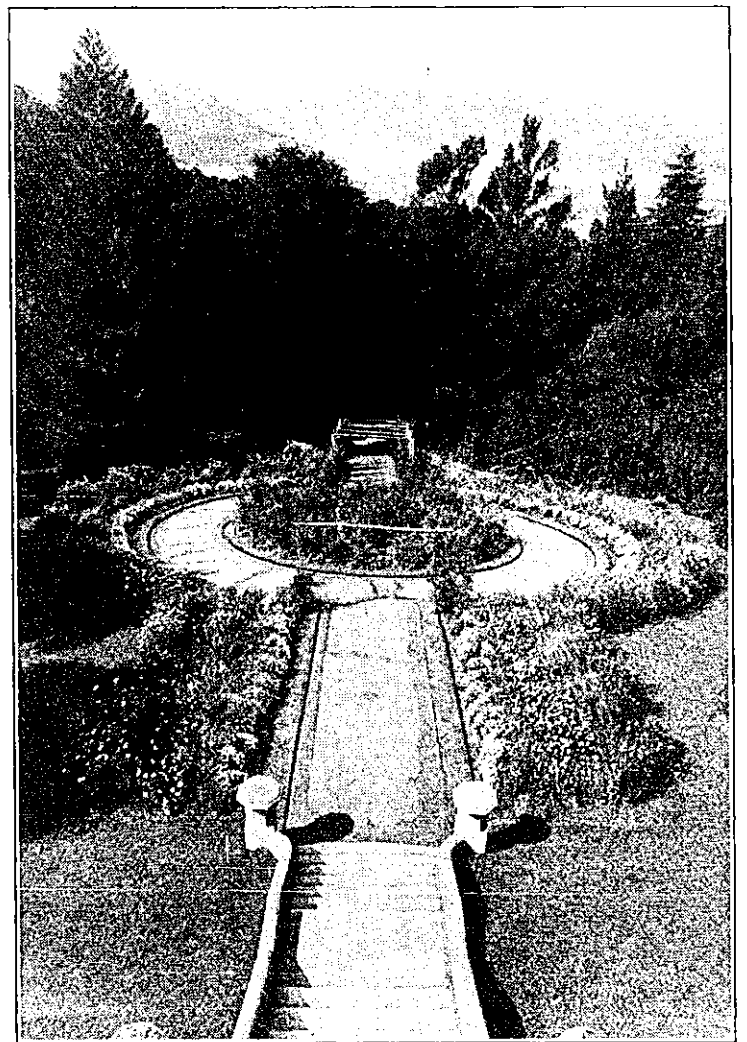
THE following comes from *Simbeams*. Pat Murphy was on the spot when the explosion occurred. He was blown up, and they couldn't find a trace of him. When his wife called, the foreman said quietly, "He's gone, mum." "Gone," she said, "for good?" "Well, in that direction," said the foreman.

NEW lipsticks for feminine use are said to be practically indelible. Lovelorn youths are taking the precaution of carrying pumice-stone.

ONE of the guests at the dance had done himself very well during the evening, and finally deciding that he might as well go home, he unsteadily wended his way into the cloak-room and started to smash several silk hats he saw there. "Stop, sir," cried the horrified attendant! "What on earth are you trying to do?" "'Slike this, ole boy," explained the genial one, "I'm looking for my own hat . . . it's an opera hat you know . . . co-co-collapsible . . . and none of these seems to me to be it."



Lady Ross, wife of Sir John Ross, of Dunedin. Lady Ross, who is keenly interested in many Otago charitable institutions, and her son, Mr. J. Sutherland Ross is president of the Executive Committee of the Dunedin and South Seas Exhibition.



A view of the Garden at "Morven"

BEAUTIFUL FIGURES

How most Ladies can improve their figures and appearance

A LADY'S chief attractiveness is not so much her eyes, hair and complexion, but is chiefly her figure. No woman with a flat chest and undeveloped figure can be classed as attractive.

In these days when science has developed to such a high pitch it is now possible for every woman to have a proper figure and be as attractive as her friends. The New Zealand Chemical Co. have obtained the rights for the great French scientific preparation "Butogen," which is building up thousands of delighted women. Write to the address below and enclose 10/6 for course of treatment. If you are not satisfied money will be refunded. The New Zealand Chemical Co. will also be pleased to give you advice for any complaint free of charge. —The New Zealand Chemical Co., Box 133, Dunedin.

SPORT & MOTHERHOOD

By A LADY DOCTOR



IT is a good many years now since organised games and sports generally became part of the modern girl's curriculum, and anyone who sees many of the modern girls' babies can only be struck by their health and development.

After years of preaching by doctors against tight-lacing, long insular skirts, and all the other atrocities of thirty years ago, it took Sport in some guise or other to bring about the reforms imperceptibly but definitely. Even the Parisienne now has a series of garments in her wardrobe which she seriously dons *pour le sport*.

A London doctor announced recently that anæmia among the younger generation of girls had practically disappeared, and it is only the open-air life which can be thanked for it. And looked at from any point of view, the open-air, free, vigorous out-door type of girl cannot fail to be a more efficient and healthy mother than her stay-at-home sister, who sits all day "and sews a fine seam," or more probably lounges about the house eating sweets and reading a novel.

OF course, no one suggests that the very violent forms of exercise are desirable, but it is only the exceptional girl who considers them. Any form of sport which entails the danger of twisting or sudden wrenches is always bad for women, as all sorts of misplacements may occur with prejudicial effect afterwards. Hockey, jumping, and long distance walking, all come under this heading; but golf, tennis and swimming, are probably the most perfect sports for women for all-round development.

Good health, good poise, good muscles, and a reserve of strength are the benefits derived, and there are others all good for the individual and for the race. Sports teach women to be sensible in food. The girl who has been in the house all the morning may content herself with a cup of tea and an egg for lunch, but the girl coming in from a round of

golf will demand good nourishing food to satisfy her healthy appetite.

THERE is a popular idea that indulgence in sports gives women a kind of male pelvis, which makes child-birth difficult or impossible, but I have never heard of such a case, nor do I know of anyone else who has. The idea was that muscles became over-developed and rigid, but strong muscles are the greatest help to easy child-birth, and many modern doctors tell their patients to train for child-birth as they would for any other physical ordeal demanding strength and endurance.

In any case, even if muscles are exceptionally rigid, with modern



means of anæsthesia, it is possible to get them relaxed without any resulting danger to the child. I remember one woman who had a remarkably easy confinement with her first child, who had played in, and won, a tennis championship six weeks before her baby was born, and certainly she suffered from no ill-effects.

And, anyhow, a girl is far more likely to get a chance of marriage and motherhood if she has the run of a tennis club or a golf links where eligible males are to be met, than if she stayed in the confines of her mother's drawing-room.

Colorite STRAW HAT FINISH Made these 4

different looking hats from one shape

This Free Book shows you how. Write for your copy today.



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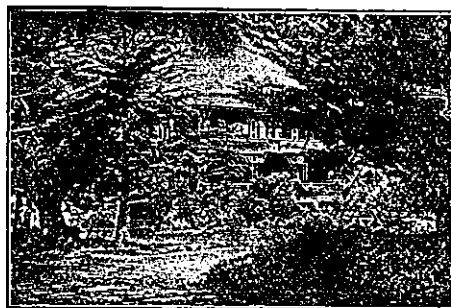
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Beautiful Situation near sea and hills.

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THE GERM-KILLING INHALANT
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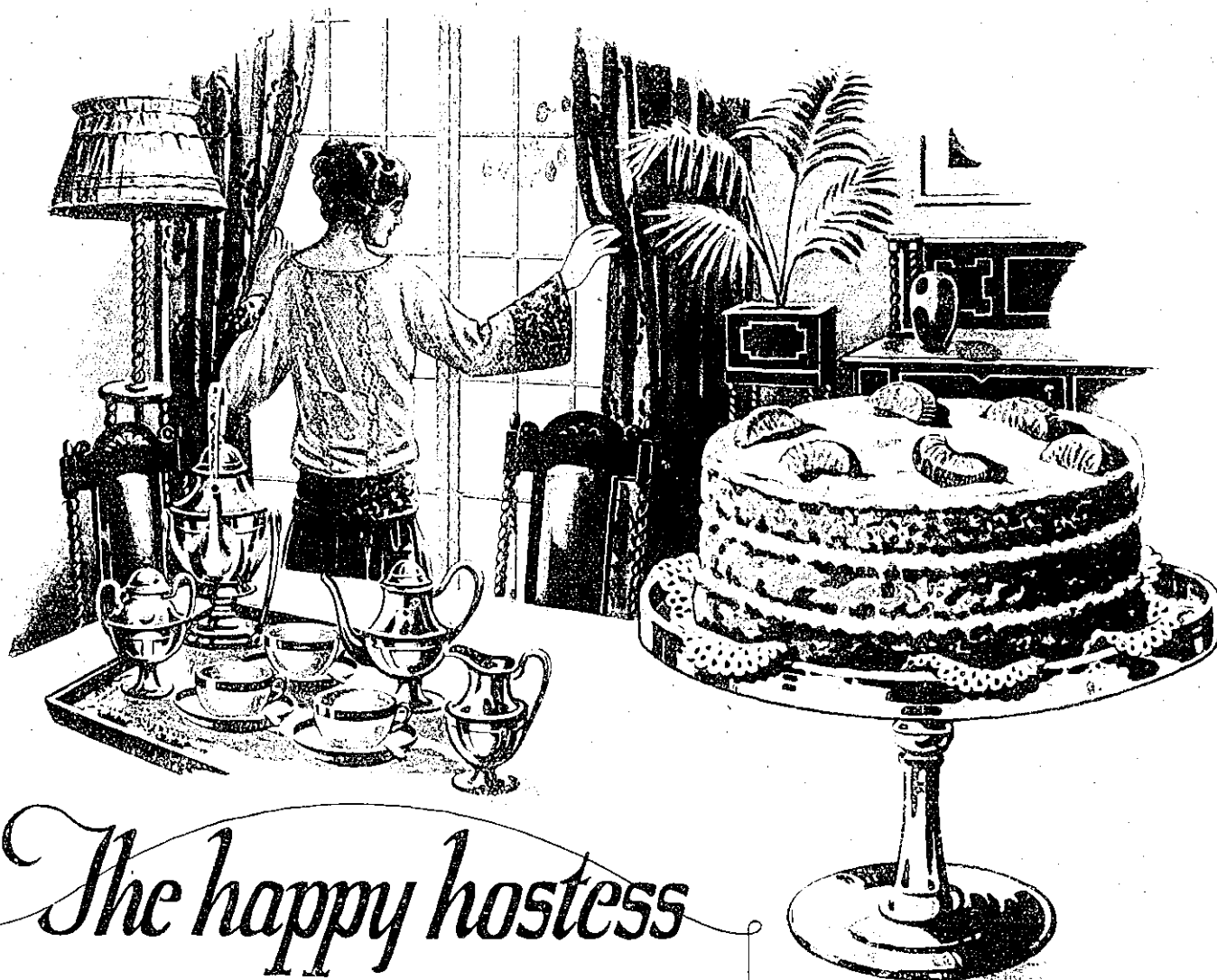
MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs"
Dependable Laxative for Ailing Baby or Child



When baby is constipated, has wind, colic, feverish breath, coated-tongue, or diarrhoea, a half-teaspoonful of genuine California Syrup of Figs—"Califig"—promptly moves the poisons, gases, bile, souring food and waste right out. Never gripes or overacts. Babies love its delicious taste.

Ask your chemist for California Syrup of Figs—"Califig"—which has full directions for infants in arms, and children of all ages, plainly printed on bottle. Of all chemists and stores 1/9, or 2½ times the quantity for 3/-. Look for "Califig" on the package.



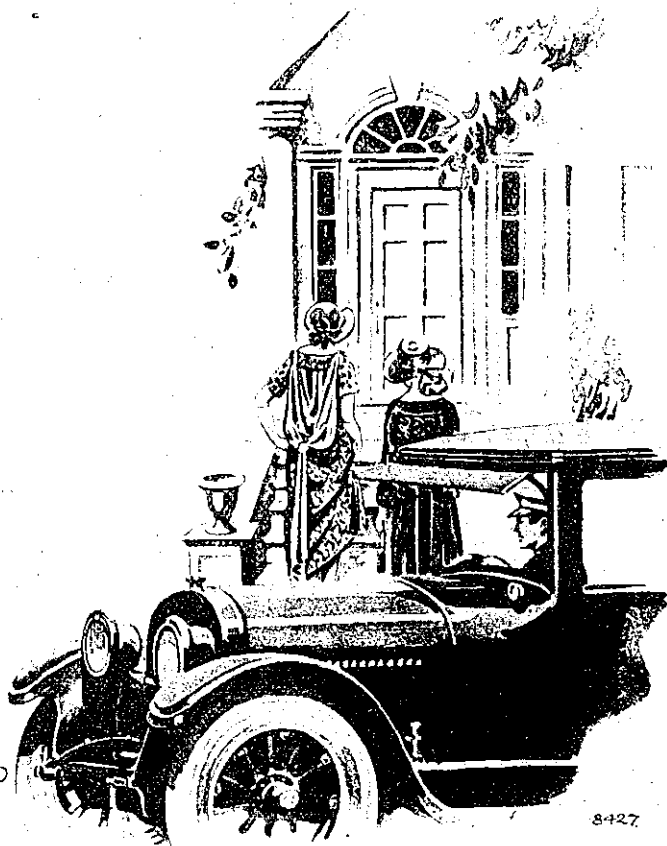
The happy hostess

HAPPY indeed is the hostess who can look forward to the arrival of her guests with the assurance of her hospitality being enjoyed to the utmost.

For over 20 years, Edmonds "Sure to Rise" Baking Powder has been a boon ally to the successful hostess.

Made from Cream of Tartar derived from ripe, luscious grapes, Edmonds has won a Dominion-wide reputation for its purity and uniform quality, and its making of cakes, scones and pastry of a finer, lighter and more tempting quality.

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BAKING
POWDER
"SURE TO RISE"



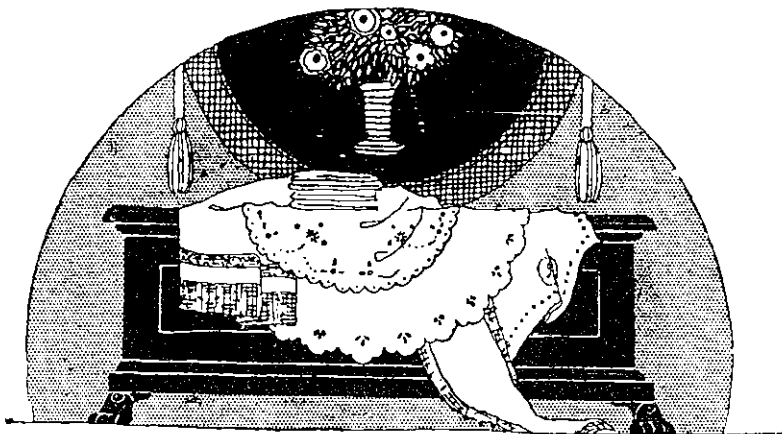
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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Continued from page 59

Stop Night Coughing

LINSEED tea is one of the best remedies for colds, particularly for children who cough a good deal at night. To prepare it, pour three tablespoonfuls of linseed into a jug, with some liquorice broken up small, and pour over it 1½ pints of boiling water. Cover the jug, and let stand for some hours. Then strain it, add the juice of two lemons and sugar to taste. Let the patient drink freely of it going to bed, and through the night if cough is troublesome. It has a soothing effect and is considered nourishing.

Home Made Shampoo

SHRED a good soap into a saucepan and cover with hot water. When dissolved set aside to cool, and then turn into a jar. When required to use mix this soap jelly with warm boiled water, and when cool stir in the well-beaten yolk of one egg. If the water is hot the egg will curdle. Do not rinse the hair in cold water. Rub dry with clean towels, and then begin to comb out the hair carefully, starting from the ends. Brush for ten minutes, parting the hair into separate strands. Finish off by rubbing a good hair tonic or a little olive oil into the scalp. A few drops of bergamot will make the oil pleasant to use.

For the Feet

IF the feet are very tired, when resting let them be a little raised. Just place a pillow at the foot of the bed, but do not fly to a hot-water bottle; if they are cold cover them up warmly instead. A little toilet vinegar may be rubbed on and will refresh them, and when dressing be

sure a fresh pair of stockings are put on; this is most important.

It is by attention to small details that fatigue is overcome. The tired worker must make the most of the short time she has for rest, and then by doing so she need not curtail her hours of recreation.

Useful Hints

Add a pinch of salt to eggs while they are being beaten and they will be much lighter as well as easier to beat.

If you want to make a hole in a piece of glass or a bottle, just drop a little turpentine on the spot where you want the hole to be, then work the hole in with the pointed end of a three-cornered file.

Much time can be saved when preparing oranges or grape-fruit for salad if the fruit is covered with boiling water and allowed to stand a few minutes. The peel can then be removed quite easily.

When frying sausages, roll them first in flour and they will not burst out of the skins.

If a child cuts itself or gets a scratch that bleeds profusely, sprinkle the place freely with pepper. This does not smart, and will stop the bleeding almost at once.

When soup is too salty, try putting into it a few slices of raw potatoes, and cook for five minutes. Much of the salt will be absorbed.

Cut flowers will keep fresh much longer if a little sugar is added to the water in which they are placed.

Treat discoloured gilt frames by rubbing them very lightly with a piece of raw onion, renewing the piece by cutting off the soiled part.

SYMINGTON'S
(Regd. Trade Mark)
COFFEE ESSENCE



The Coffee Maid, of Symington's, says: "My way of making delicious coffee is the Symington way. A teaspoonful in a cup of boiling water, and there you are."

THOS. SYMINGTON & CO., Edinburgh & London



When the doctor's not at hand

A safe remedy, and a sure one, is the greatest comfort any mother can have—especially where distances are great and the doctor may be hours in coming.

For flatulence, griping pains, acidity, and teething troubles, Woodward's Gripe Water gives instant relief, and, at the same time, is perfectly harmless. Adults, too, will find half a wineglass of Woodward's Gripe Water infallible against minor digestive ailments.

"How nurses use Woodward's Gripe Water" is a really valuable little book on childish ailments. Write for a free copy.

Physicians all over the world recommend this universal English remedy



WOODWARD'S

TRADE MARKS
"Gripe Water"
keeps baby well

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Stationery that sets the highest standard in quality and that adds distinction and dignity to your correspondence, such is our



A delightful cambrie finished paper obtainable in three fashionable colours, white, azure and quaker grey—envelopes to match in the new regent shape

Writing Pads, plain or ruled - 1/- and 2/- each
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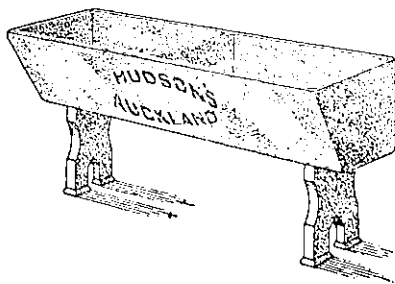


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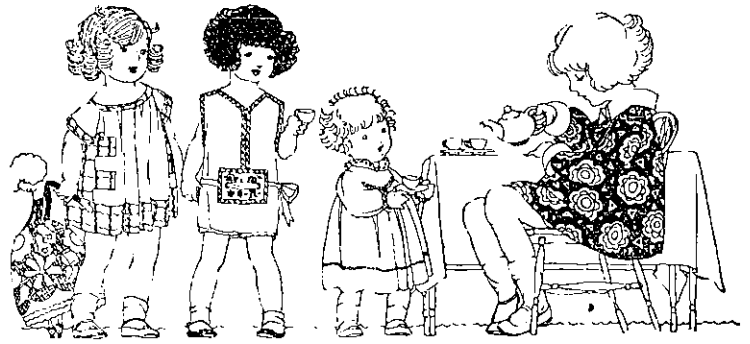
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SIMPLE SWEETS FOR CHILDREN

SUGAR is one of the most important food elements we have; it is classified as a fuel or energy food. It is one of the carbohydrates, starch being the other one. We all need a certain amount of sugar; this is proved by the fact that in the best food provided by nature, which is mother's milk, the percentage of sugar is quite high. In cow's milk we have only about half as much sugar as in mother's milk. For this reason when we "modify" cow's milk to try to make it more like mother's breast milk, we have to add some form of sugar to it to bring up the proportion.

In modifying milk for young infants, several different forms of sugar are employed. Lactose, or milk sugar, is the sugar obtained from milk; hence it is often used to increase the sugar in cow's milk for young infants. By taking three level tablespoonfuls of milk sugar to each twenty ounces of the milk formula we get approximately the same amount of sugar that is found in mother's breast milk. Lactose, or milk sugar, is expensive in really good grades, and if inferior grades are used impurities are often found. In the case of many infants, milk sugar is digested better than other forms of sugar, and it is less apt to ferment; still there are many other babies who can take cane sugar just as well, and much expense is thus saved.

If cane sugar is used in milk mixtures for young infants, only two level tablespoonfuls will be needed to each twenty ounces of the formula. There are some babies who do not thrive well when either milk or cane sugar is used. In such cases malt sugar may be tried. Maltose is very easily digested. It will often make a child gain well in weight, but if the child is inclined to have frequent stools, the maltose sometimes increases this tendency.

Three level tablespoonfuls of maltose to each twenty ounces of the food formula should be taken for the first few months of a baby's life. As the baby grows older less sugar in the milk mixture is needed, until by the time he is one year old none should be used at all. He will be taking other foods that contain enough sugar to supply all his needs at that period of life. Many mothers think that sugar is added to milk formulas for babies because this makes the food more palatable. This is not the real reason at all; it is added to supply one of the most essential elements to promote the growth of the body.

Get the Right Balance

ONE may ask, then, if sugar is so much needed by babies, why is it that some of the infant foods so very rich in sugar are thought to cause rickets and similar ailments? This is because the sugar is out of all proportion to the other elements. Protein, fat, mineral salts and vitamins all play a most important rôle in the food of infants. Foods that contain an excess of sugar at the expense of these other elements may make a baby fat, but do not promote the growth of muscle and bone as do breast milk and correctly modified cows milk. Here again we find that too much of a good thing may prove a very bad thing. To get the right balance of all the different food elements in the feeding of young infants is the point, and it is only when we succeed in doing this that the child will really thrive.

Mothers should never add sugar to water or to orange juice to make a baby take these. The sugar in either the breast milk or the modified milk is plenty for the baby and an excess of sugar will sooner or later cause indigestion in some one of its forms.

By the time baby is a little "run-about" he may have his needed allotment of sugar in the form of junket, soft custard and stewed fruits. Sugar on cereals may be needed in some few cases where the child is inclined to be underweight, but it is not wise to use it as a routine thing. In fruits, such as stewed apples, baked apples, apple sauce, prune pulp, stewed pears, peaches and apricots, we have a very good form of natural sugar.

An occasional lady finger, or small piece of gingerbread may usually be given a child of sixteen to eighteen months. Also a little pure honey, maple syrup or homemade jam spread on a little bread as dessert at the end of a meal. Home-made vanilla ice cream and frozen junket may be allowed sometimes as a special treat. Sweets should under no circumstances be given between meals. They satisfy the appetite and often cause mucus or fermentation in the stomach of a child if given in this manner; then when regular mealtime arrives the child will not take enough of his nutritious food to really nourish him.

Many vegetables contain much sugar in a very good form, beets and carrots being special instances of these. These, with the simple

Continued on page 65



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SIMPLE SWEETS FOR CHILDREN

Continued from page 64

sweets named above, are quite enough sugar for young children until they arrive at the age of five or six years; then they begin to go to school, and sooner or later the question of candy will come up.

Avoid the Candy Habit

CANDY is responsible for more digestive upsets than almost any other one article of diet. It is usually because when once begun a mother does not know where or when



excess are almost sure to cause an upset.

Soda water, with its various sweet syrup flavourings, should never be allowed young children under ten years of age at least. Ice cream cones, ice cream sandwiches, and such articles, so freely bought by children, do a vast amount of harm. If children are not allowed to form the candy habit they will not miss it any more than any other bad habit to which overindulged children are accustomed.

Desserts may be made more varied by the time the child is four or five years old, and these should satisfy the natural craving for sweets to some extent at least. Brown Betty, apple snow, apple whip, prune whip, bread and rice puddings with a little maple-sugar sauce and the various fruit gelatins—all contain considerable sugar in different forms, and may be made very attractive for children.

Simple sponge cakes, one-egg or cup cake, with a little pure sugar icing, may be given as an occasional treat also—never between meals, but as a dessert, after the first nourishing courses have been disposed of.

Cocoa, made mostly of milk, may be used on cold mornings or evenings, sometimes by way of a change. This has a little sugar in it, and is a warm beverage for a child to take before starting off to school.

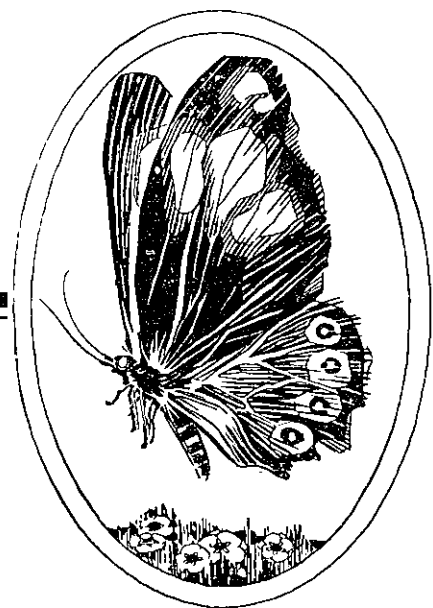
It is hard as Christmas time draws near to be firm and make up one's mind to forbid an excess of rich sweets; but if a mother handles her children in the right way they will be contented with the list of simple sweets suggested here. Do not pity them because they are not allowed a box of rich chocolates. Give them peppermints and other simple candies.

to stop. The safest way is to allow no candy at all, but this advice is seldom followed. Hence if candy must be given, it should be an invariable rule to have it follow directly the end of a meal. Rich and highly flavoured candies should be absolutely forbidden. The safest candies are homemade molasses candy, barley-sugar candy, maple sugar, pure peppermints, pure gumdrops, and marshmallows.

Sometimes a little pure milk chocolate may be allowed. Rich chocolates, with nuts and other flavours, should never be allowed. Chocolate contains considerable fat as well as sugar, and these two elements in

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I N T H E K I T C H E N

Potato Recipes

THE potato measures up well with wheat bread and even has the advantage over it in supplying certain salts which the body needs to counteract the acidity resulting from the use of such foods as cereals, meat and eggs.

Good food material is lost if potatoes are pared before they are cooked. Besides a loss with the paring itself, even when carefully done, food substance is dissolved out of potatoes when they are pared and then soaked or cooked in water, especially if they are put on to cook in cold water. Steaming and baking cause the least loss of food value. If cooked in water (1) they should not be pared until after they are cooked; (2) they should be put on to cook in boiling salted water.

Potato Soup

INGREDIENTS.—Two cupfuls of hot riced or mashed potatoes, one quart of milk, two slices of onion, three tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, celery salt, pepper, cayenne, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

Scald the milk with the onion; remove the onion; add the milk slowly to the potatoes. Melt the butter; add to it the dry ingredients; stir the mixture until it is well blended. Add this to the liquid mixture, stirring it constantly, and boil the soup for one minute. Strain it, if necessary, add the parsley and serve it.

Potato Salad

INGREDIENTS.—Six cold boiled potatoes, four tablespoonfuls of salad oil or melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, half tablespoonful of salt, cayenne pepper, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, few drops of onion juice.

Cut the potatoes into half-inch cubes. Make a dressing by mixing thoroughly the other ingredients. Pour this dressing over the potatoes, and allow them to stand for fifteen minutes. Drain off any dressing that may not have been absorbed by the potatoes. Garnish the salad with sprigs of parsley, and serve it with boiled dressing. One cupful of chopped celery or two hard-cooked eggs, chopped or sliced, may be added.

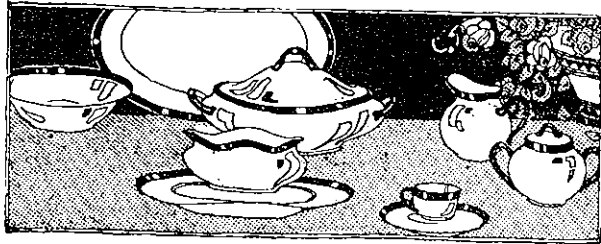


Potato Cookies

INGREDIENTS.—Two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, two cupfuls of corn syrup, three-quarter cupful of fat, two cupfuls of flour, four tea-

spoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, half cupful of raisins, two teaspoonfuls of salt.

Mix the ingredients in the order given, and drop the mixture by spoonfuls on a slightly greased tin. Bake in a moderate oven.



Potato Pancakes

INGREDIENTS.—One egg, half cupful of milk, one cupful of mashed potatoes, half cupful of corn meal, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of corn syrup.

Beat the egg; add the milk, the potatoes, the syrup, and the sifted dry ingredients. Bake the cakes on a hot greased griddle.

Potato Dumplings

INGREDIENTS.—One cupful of mashed potatoes, half cupful of flour, one and a-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one egg, half tablespoonful of chopped parsley, water to moisten if needed, half teaspoonful of salt.

Sift the flour with the baking powder and salt. Add to the mashed potatoes, and moisten with the egg slightly beaten. If the mixture is too dry—that is, if it will not hold together—add a few drops of water. Add chopped parsley, and drop by spoonfuls into the stew.

Breakfast Dishes Without Meat

TO poach an egg round (no cup or ring needed).—First salt the water, then stir vigorously until it moves about the pan in the form of a "whirlpool." Then quickly drop the egg carefully into the very centre of the "whirlpool" and when the egg is cooked it will be quite round and even.

Wholemeal Bread

WHOLEMEAL bread is necessary for the physical well-being of the race, writes a London specialist in *The Spectator*. Ordinary "brown" bread as sold by some bakers is not germ bread at all, but white bread made with devitalised flour, to which has been added a certain amount of "offal" or bran, almost worthless as food, and withal indigestible.

The true wholemeal or germ bread, which was the staple food of England seventy or eighty years ago, can only be made from flour from which the vitamins have not been extracted. This flour, so vital to the stamina of our race, the elaborate roller mills of this country are un-

able to produce, he says. Only the old-fashioned stones of the old-fashioned mills, most of which have been dismantled, could produce it. The majority of us at some time or other have held a few grains of ripe wheat in the palms of our hands, and noticed that they are covered with a golden-coloured skin, with a hard and

somewhat shiny surface. If one of these grains could be cut in half with a sharp knife we see that the interior consists of a dead white substance, which bears much the same proportion in bulk to the skin that encloses it as does the contents of an egg to its shell. Now this dead white interior is little more than starch, and comparatively worthless as a food, whereas the skin contains almost all the blood and bone-producing vitamins of the wheat. As corn is at present milled in England this skin is entirely eliminated. Consequently, when eating white bread we are simply eating starch; and when eating "brown" bread, as at present supplied, starch plus a little meal or bran, fibrous, indigestible stuff which the bakers mix with white flour to discolour it, so that the public may be led to believe that they are eating the old-fashioned stone-milled vitalising germ bread of our fathers, the true staff of life. Such a condition of things in the production of the most vital item in the food of the nation must surely be of the utmost importance to all. It calls for immediate legislation. It is an Imperial matter. There is no exaggeration, no scaremongering.

Baked Rarebit

TWELVE ounces grated cheese, two and a half cups bread-crumbs mixed with one teaspoon salt and cayenne to taste; one and a half cups milk, three eggs. Butter a pie dish well (use a heaped tablespoonful of butter) and fill it with alternate layers of cheese and crumbs. Pour over the cheese and crumbs the milk and eggs mixed together and slightly beaten; bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. If this dish is used as dinner savory it is better cooked in small individual dishes, and then the time of cooking will be somewhat reduced.

Roly-Poly Pudding

MIX $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped suet, half teaspoon baking powder, and a salt-spoon of salt into a paste with cold water. Roll out into a long roll about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, and spread with jam. Moisten the sides and one end with water, then roll up lightly and press down the edges and end. Tie up securely in a hot pudding cloth and boil for one and

a-half to two hours. If preferred, bake in a good, quick oven for half that time.

Coffee Junket

INGREDIENTS: One pint of milk, two tablespoons of coffee essence, one tablespoon of sugar, rennet tablets according to directions on packet. Warm the milk just slightly as for making ordinary junket, add the coffee and sugar, stir well, then add rennet tablets dissolved in water according to directions on the packet. Put in a warm place for ten minutes, then in a cool place until needed. Be most careful not to shake the bowl or the junket will break into curds. Serve with whipped cream.

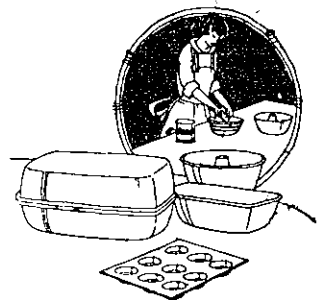
Force meat for Fish

INGREDIENTS: Two ozs. bread-crumbs, one oz. suet, six oysters, a pinch of powdered mace, a good sprinkling of salt and pepper, three tablespoonfuls of cream, one egg.

Shred the suet very finely, add the breadcrumbs, the liquor from the oysters, the oysters cut in small pieces, and the other ingredients. Stir over very slow heat for five minutes. Leave until cold, then use.

Tasty Nutties

THIS nice recipe improves with keeping. Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sugar, one egg, three-quarter cup of chopped nuts and dates $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of



plain flour, half teaspoon of baking powder, one teaspoon of cinnamon, half teaspoon of carbonate of soda dissolved in one teaspoon of boiling water. Cream butter and sugar, add egg and cinnamon, then a little of the flour, then soda in water, remainder of flour and lastly dates and nuts. Bake from ten to fifteen minutes in patty pans. When cool, ice with soft white icing and decorate with crystallised cherry or walnut and dust with browned desiccated cocoanut.

Apple and Orange Salad

INGREDIENTS: One apple, half orange, one dessertspoonful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of mayonnaise, a sprinkling of salt and cayenne.

Core the apples and scoop out the centre, leaving a casing. Shred the fruit finely, and mix it with the orange (or grape-fruit may be used). Cut in small pieces and free from pips and pith. Add the other ingredients and fill the apple cases with the mixture. Serve on lettuce leaves.

TRY THEM FOR TEA

Glovelly Scones

INGREDIENTS: One teaspoonful of baking powder, the grated rind of half a lemon, half lb. flour, two ozs. butter, one egg, a tablespoonful of milk, a pinch of salt.

Beat the egg and mix it with the milk. Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour and sift them. Rub in the butter, add the grated lemon rind and mix to a dough with the egg and milk. Form into small round scones, and place on a buttered baking tin. Brush over with egg and milk and bake for about ten minutes in a quick oven.

Serve with jam and Devonshire cream.

Orange Crescents

INGREDIENTS: Half lb. flour, one dessertspoonful of rice flour, a pinch of salt, five ozs. butter, grated rind of half an orange, two ozs. castor-sugar.

For the Icing: Half lb. icing sugar, the juice of one orange, crystallised oranges for garnish, orange marmalade.

Mix the flours together, add a pinch of salt and sift them. Stir in the sugar and grated orange rind. Rub in the butter and knead it to an even dough. Roll out, cut into crescents with a biscuit cutter and bake a deep cream in a slow oven. When cold join them in pairs with a little jellied orange marmalade that does not contain thick peel.

Rub the icing sugar through a fine sieve. Mix to a thick cream with strained orange juice and coat the biscuits with this. Garnish with pieces of glacé oranges.

Geneose Tartlets

INGREDIENTS: Quarter lb. flour, three ozs. castor-sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two ozs. butter, two eggs, three dessertspoonfuls of milk, apricot jam.

For the Almond Mixture: Quarter lb. ground almonds, a dessertspoonful of lemon juice, a tablespoonful of cream, the white of an egg, six ozs. of icing sugar.

Butter some fluted patty pans, sprinkle in a little castor-sugar and flour, then shake off any superfluous flour.

Beat the butter and sugar until quite soft and creamy, add the eggs and beat well. Then stir in the flour mixed with the baking powder and finally the milk. Half fill the patty pans with the mixture and bake for

about ten minutes in a moderate oven.

Next make the almond mixture. To do this, rub the icing sugar through a sieve, mix it with the ground almonds, add the strained lemon juice, then the cream and enough whipped white of egg to form a soft paste. With a fluted funnel pipe a ring of this round each little cake, and sprinkle lightly with icing sugar. Put a small spoonful of apricot jam in the centre of each and garnish with a glacé cherry.

Cocoanut Pound Cake

INGREDIENTS: Three-quarter lb. flour, half lb. fresh butter, the white part of a small cocoanut or half a large one finely grated, half lb. castor-sugar, a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of grated orange rind, four eggs, a gill of milk.

Beat the butter and sugar to a soft cream. Sift the flour with the baking powder and salt, and mix with them the grated orange rind. Add these gradually to the beaten butter and sugar, also the grated cocoanut. Beat in the well-whisked eggs. Beat for ten minutes. Add the milk, then beat for ten minutes longer. Bake in a tin lined with buttered paper in a moderate oven for one and a-half hours.

Quince Sandwiches

BETWEEN thin slices of white bread and butter spread quince jelly, sprinkled with finely blanched almonds. Cut in neat squares.

Olive and Cream Sandwiches

SPREAD with soft cream cheese some thin slices of brown bread and cut in triangles. Cover with finely chopped olives and a little mayonnaise and top with another slice of thin brown bread.

Fish Sandwiches

POUND four ozs. of boiled salmon or other fish, mix with it one tablespoonful of mayonnaise and one oz. of creamed butter, also six drops of anchovy essence. Pound all together. Cover slices of bread and butter with the paste and add a layer of cucumber cut in very thin slices. Cover with bread and butter and cut into diamonds.



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Beauty

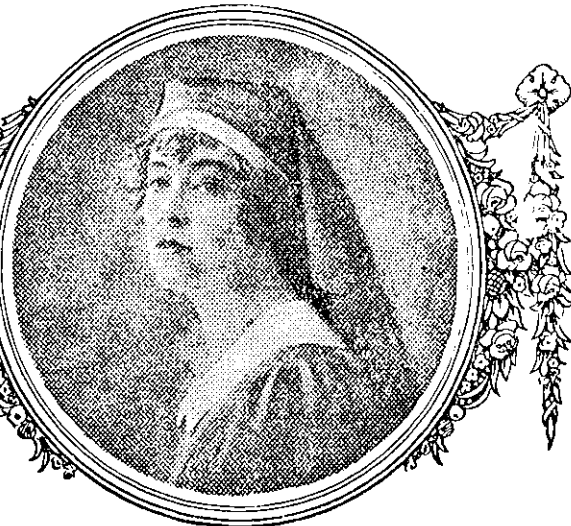
may be more than skin-deep, but the care of the skin goes a long way towards making beauty. The right skin tonic and one which gets well into the skin cells, nourishes them, and makes the complexion glow with vivid health and beauty, is

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— one of the most beautiful of women —
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MERCOLIZED 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 SIRS,

"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."

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THE CARE OF THE EYES

THE eye is an index of the character, disposition, health, and various attributes of its owner. The tired eye usually means a tired body, but not always. A bright eye means good, cheerful spirits. The eye can do much to make or mar a face.

It is so easy to take proper care of it, both for health, utility and beauty's sake. There is no excuse for the too frequent neglect. Straining the eyes when by rights glasses should be worn, often accounts for "crow's feet" in quite young girls.

A habit should be made (especially by girls who do much secretarial work) not to face a strong light; let it fall on the work, and not directly on the eyes. This is especially important when using artificial light. Avoid a white light by using lampshades. Nothing is better than the familiar green shade.

Lighting-up time

SOME people are too fond of what they call "catching the last of the daylight." Unwise, indeed, just when the eyes are tired; rather let "lighting-up" time be directly the light fades.

There is nothing better to use as a lotion than the well-known boracic acid (or, to use its other name, boric acid). It is quite simple to prepare at home. Half an ounce of the acid (in powder, not in crystals) must be added to fifteen ounces of hot water. An average tumbler measures ten ounces. The lotion must not be used until all the powder has dissolved.

The Useful Eye-bath

BORACIC can be used hot or cold. It must not be heated by adding hot water, but by placing some lotion in a jar and standing it in a saucepan of boiling water. In bathing the eyes it is important not only to treat the lids, but to let the lotion get inside; an eye-bath is the correct thing to use.

When the eyes feel very tired nothing is more refreshing than to dip a pocket handkerchief into hot boracic and lay it across the closed eyes and leave it there for ten or twelve minutes. If the lids are swollen it will soon reduce the swelling.

Milk is excellent for bathing the eyes, but it must be quite free from preservatives, so is really only to be used with safety by the country

lass, who can get it direct from the cow.

Weak tea is a very useful eye lotion, but it must be poured off from the leaves almost directly it is made, or not allowed to stand for more than a minute. It can be used hot or cold, but hot is best.

Tear Traces

TEA is almost the most satisfactory thing to use to remove all trace of tears; the lids must be well bathed with it, and a compress, e.g., a handkerchief dipped in tea, left over the closed eyes for about ten minutes, as was recommended with boracic lotion.

To keep the eyes healthy and bright, they should be frequently bathed, especially by town dwellers and also by those who motor a great deal along dusty roads.

In using an eye lotion, the greatest care must be taken that all the ingredients are dissolved before the eyes are bathed with it; in home-made preparations, some people are apt to be in a hurry, and use them too rapidly, but it is most unwise.

A Warning

ON no account must anything ever be dropped into the eyes to improve their appearance; unfortunately the habit is becoming fashionable again among young girls who value their looks more than their sight. A bright eye is really a sequel to good health, and especially a good digestion. Another thing to guard against is not under any consideration to touch the eye lashes, if they are insignificant looking then they must remain so, no touching them up must ever be thought of, it is far too dangerous.

Many people sleep with their blinds up, in which case the bed must not be placed so that the light falls upon the eyes (of course, on dark mornings to early risers this does not apply). It is so much more restful to sleep without a glare of light, and in these days of strong artificial lights the eyes require more consideration than they did when soft lamplight was in vogue. Bright eyes, and healthy eyes, are only retained (or obtained) by care over small details, but the trouble taken bears a two-fold fruit; it not only results in making them attractive, but preserves that untold blessing—good sight.

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THE MODERN GIRL IS SHE TRUE TO HER NATURE?

TIME was when almost every girl wished that she had been born a boy.

That, however, was in days "before the war"—days which now seem astonishingly remote and dreamlike.

No present-day girl ever wishes she were a boy. The motive for such a wish is gone.

A modern girl has no temptation to envy her brothers or any other boys she may know. And this for the one simple reason that law and custom now permit her to cultivate that bit of the boy which is in her nature.

Wants to be a Boy

THIS bit of masculinity always has been in the nature of every girl and woman, and the thwarting of it made her wish she were a boy.

Does this sound strange? We are told often, and evidently it is true, that all men possess a certain percentage of the feminine within them (writes Elsie Grange in the *Liverpool Weekly Post*). It is quite as evident that all women have in their nature a percentage of the masculine. This percentage varies in amount and intensity in different individuals.

Bred the Feminist

IT was that artificial thwarting of the masculine in woman that not only made girls wish they were boys, but also bred the feminist; it gave us the "advanced" woman and the modern girl—the wage-earning, sports-loving girl—as well as the professional woman, the woman in public affairs.

It was the boy in her nature that kicked the traces; that made her discard the music stool for the golf club, drawing room dyspepsia for countryside health, cumbersome clothing for sane attire.

She is perfectly contented now that the 100 per cent. of her nature has free play and opportunity for full development. She is satisfied

with her sex, for she feels true to her nature. She never wished to be a boy really, but only the emancipated girl she now is.

But there is an important side to this issue—a side apart from mere fairness and satisfaction to the girls themselves. Women being now true to their nature more so than men are, in a generation or two great changes must result.

Man's Softer Nature

IT cannot be denied that man's nature is not yet developed to the full. The bit of girl in him, the percentage of feminine in his nature, has been thwarted as deliberately, as cruelly, as used to be the masculinity in woman. Every boy and grown man has tucked away in a corner of his heart beautiful feelings, wishes, dreams, emotions which, did he reveal them to the light of day, would be deemed "unmanly."

And so we lose the softer, sentimental, emotional side of man which is his by nature. He hides it away out of sight; he dreads the reproach, the smile, the sneer evoked by being thought "sentimental," and he often affects hardness or indifference to hide his kinder feelings for fear of appearing womanish.

The Brave and the Fair

THE world, civilisation, misses much by this artificial thwarting of a man's true nature, just as much as bygone generations missed it when it was considered unladylike for women to be otherwise than distinctly all-feminine.

Now that women have achieved 100 per cent. of truth to their nature, will men remain content with their 90 per cent.?

Or are they too timid to face the critics, as women have faced them during the last quarter-century?

If so, we must perforce label woman the brave as well as fair sex!

FEMININE FANCIES

Shingle Mirrors

The reason for the much larger vanity bags women are carrying this season is to allow room for the expanding mirror with side pieces that enable them to obtain a really comprehensive view of the shingle.

Pockets on Hankies

Formerly the handkerchief was destined to go into the pocket. Now the latter is non-existent, and the hankie provides its own pocket! A tiny embroidered affair set in one corner and secured by a pearl button, it holds a puff or lipstick conveniently.

New Hats

Frilly hats made with a light crown of chiffon and georgette and a brim of finely pleated net are just coming in for summer wear. The accompanying dress is usually of the material and has net collar and cuffs.

Daisies and Dewdrops

Daisies are a conspicuous note in this seasons flower trimmings. Soft little flowers made from ruffled net have diamanté centres and here and there a crystal dewdrop. They form the only trimming on many simple frocks in white or pastel shades of green destined for the debutante.

New Bangles

All bracelets are flat just now. Bands of flexible gold, beautifully worked in patterns after the Italian fashion, are new. So are those composed of flat links of onyx and coloured stones.

Leaf Parasols

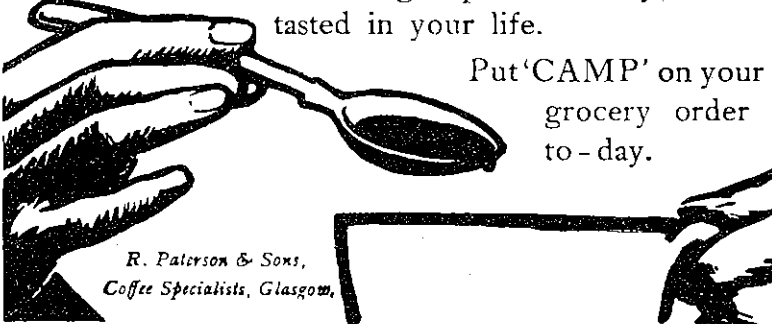
Large green leaves, rather resembling the foliage of the banana tree, form the newest parasol. Lace sunshades, especially in black over white, are specially liked this year.

How
to prepare

'CAMP' COFFEE

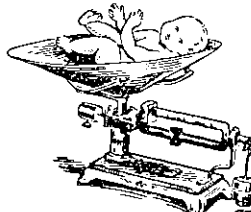
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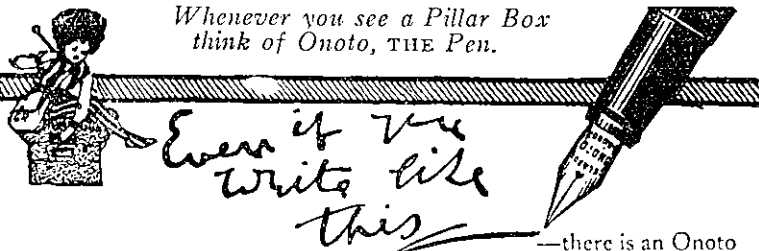


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YOUR CHILDREN'S FOOD

"IS YOUR BABY THRIVING? ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT HIS HEALTH OR DIET?" IF THESE PROBLEMS CONNECTED WITH YOUR CHILDREN'S WELFARE ARE TROUBLING YOU, DOUBTLESS YOU WILL PROFIT BY THE PRACTICAL ADVICE GIVEN IN THIS ARTICLE.

THE dyspeptic man, grey-faced, sat in his easy chair and railed at Fate, failing to realise that not Fate but bad digestion was at the bottom of all his troubles. He had been born with as good a digestion as any man, but, like many others, he had never had the food Nature intended for him, because from birth he had been overfed on wrong foods.

He would be considered a fool who expected a motor-car to run on paraffin, yet, almost from birth, the much more delicate human machine is subjected to even more senseless treatment. And once the digestive powers have been upset, once wrong habits of digestion have been formed, it is almost impossible to rectify matters later on.

Many reasons are given for putting the baby on the bottle—but undoubtedly 99 per cent. of the women who are able to bear children are able to nurse them. And the quality of mothers' milk is rarely to blame, as Dr. Ulysses Moore says in his book "The Nutrition of Mother and Child": "No experiments have ever been published that breast milk is ever poor in quality."

The Best Food for Baby

WHEN the child is properly fed he is less trouble and anxiety than a bottle-fed child. He is always bright and happy. When breast feeding does not agree it is therefore worth while to ascertain what is wrong in the method of feeding and adopt the right way rather than to put the child on patent food. Mothers should remember that even if the baby has not been on the breast for some time or even if former babies have not been nursed, it is still possible to get the breasts to function.

But though every effort should be made to give the baby the only food that really supplies his needs, there are occasionally combinations of circumstances which make this impossible. Then the very best possible substitute must be chosen, and it is absolutely essential to work with your doctor to obtain a food that resembles human milk as closely as possible.

After the age of three months it is a good plan to give both breast-fed and bottle-fed babies orange juice each day.

One other point must be remembered in the feeding of all babies. Milk is a food, *not a drink*. Babies, like everyone else, need *water* to drink. When a healthy baby cries at night a drink of water will pacify him, whereas a feed often gives him colic.

Weaning is a critical period. The child must pass from a fluid diet consisting of milk or a substitute to a mixed solid diet. He must learn to chew and swallow. He must acquire the taste for new things at altered times.

Weaning should begin at nine months, should be accomplished very

gradually, and avoided while the baby is ill or teething or during the hottest part of the summer.

Starting a Solid Diet

MOTHERS are puzzled by contrary directions that are given for feeding after weaning. They are told that baby must have soft, easily digestible foods. They are also told that baby must have foods upon which he can use his teeth and learn to chew. But these directions are not so contrary as they sound. Children should not have raw vegetables and salads, for instance, until they have learnt to chew properly at the age of about seven. Any pieces accidentally swallowed are most indigestible. Neither are many boiled vegetables suitable for children under four until they have been beaten through a sieve to form a *purée*.

On the other hand, double-baked bread, often called "Zwieback," or crusts, must be given from the time the child cuts his teeth. Thus he learns to use his teeth and, if occasionally he swallows a piece, no harm is done, for it turns soft in the stomach. A raw peeled apple is also good to give the teeth some work to do but this must be given *whole*. If a slice is given the child may bite a piece off and swallow it but from a whole apple he can take little more than juice and scrapings.

Introducing New Foods

NEW foods suitable for children and introduced in small quantities so that the child may become accustomed to them gradually, should be commenced as early as possible after weaning. Many a mother lays up trouble for herself by waiting to begin vegetables, for instance, until baby is three years old and has formed pronounced likes and dislikes. If all suitable articles of diet had been introduced during the first months after weaning he would eat each dish as a matter of course, because he had learnt to eat it very early before he had too pronounced tastes.

Once the child is fully weaned, the question of feeding is simple, if the mother will follow certain cardinal rules.

First, *the right food is essential*. Fried foods, veal, salmon, eels, fresh-water fish, mackerel and shell fish are *absolutely forbidden* for children under seven. So are high game, cold ham, hard-boiled eggs, new bread and cakes, all dried and potted meats, muffins and crumpets, and mushrooms. Coffee and tea, as everyone knows, are very bad for children. Of course, it is far wiser not to put these foods in the child's way, and unless parents will restrict themselves to the simple diet of a child, it is better for the children's meals to be served separately.

Another rule is that *the right foods must be prepared in the right way*.

Continued on page 71



Radiant Health

is baby's greatest blessing. Every mother would wish that her child should be healthy and well, yet how often does she fail to realize the importance of correct feeding during the early stages of baby's life. It is quite clear that proper attention to this vital matter enables baby to resist or overcome the many minor ailments to which he is subject during this period, and helps him to build up a sound constitution, which will stand him in good stead in later years. In all cases where it is impossible for a mother to nurse baby, either wholly or in part, the

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should be adopted. A striking illustration of the benefits to be derived from these foods is provided by the accompanying photograph of this bonny 'Allenburys' baby who has been reared on them. This system of infant feeding resembles nature as closely as possible and provides a food adapted to each stage of baby's developing digestive powers.

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YOUR CHILDREN'S FOOD

Continued from page 70

In the home the commonest error is over-cooking. Anyone who has eaten over-done cauliflower knows how nauseous it is; yet very often we set equally unpleasant dishes before our babies and then complain that they will not eat!

Children Need Variety

LACK of variety is another common mistake in children's diet. Nearly all the meats, first shredded and minced, but later when the child is older, cut into thin slices, are suitable for children when given in small quantities. Most vegetables are suitable—there are peas, boiled lettuce, cauliflower, asparagus, spinach, and carrots. If these are cooked and beaten through a sieve into a *purée* every three-year-old should have a half-cupful of one or other every day. Eggs can be served in a dozen different ways. They suit most children very well, but when they are found to upset a child they should never be given. Even traces of eggs in the food make such a child ill.

Fruit should be given to children of all ages. Orange juice is first introduced at the age of three months, later on grape juice or the pulp of stewed fruit of an apple to suck; later still, mashed pears, bananas, peaches and so on. Strawberries and other acid fruits are not suitable for small children, and as it is difficult to strain off the tiny seeds from most berries they should not be given to children under seven.

Sugar in the form of honey, sweets and jam are of high food value, but they must be given in small quantities and never on an empty stomach. Sweets should be given *after* and not before meals, and they must be pure and limited in amount.

With all these articles of diet at her disposal, the mother should certainly be able to provide a varied diet for her children.

As has been pointed out before, milk is a food, and not a drink. Children need plenty of water—a

quart a day is not too much for a child of five—and liquid may also be given in the form of thin broth, but except in special circumstances, no child over fifteen months should have more than a pint of milk a day, including that in his puddings.

Another rule worth remembering is, *food must be given in the right quantities*. Every child should be allowed the satisfaction of emptying his plate and asking for more. Medium helpings should be given so that the child can ask for a second; in this way he will eat less and relish his food better.

Forming Regular Habits

REGULARITY is another cardinal rule for feeding children. Three meals a day, served very punctually, so that regular habits of digestion may be formed, is quite enough for the child of five. It is very common to provide too many meals a day. The child's digestion is then always overtaxed.

But the feeding of children is never a complete success unless the child is happy. One often hears of children being fed quite scientifically, yet they do not thrive. On further inquiry it is almost always found that these children are lonely little creatures looked after by experts but cheated of their birthright of love and family happiness. This is where the mother scores over all the institutions in the world—she is able to give each child the love he needs to make her scientific treatment a success. Digestion depends so much on psychology that without happiness there can be no health. Keep your children happy; make their meals joyous events of the day; let them laugh and chatter as much as they like, provided they do not dawdle over their meals. You will be surprised then how they will grow in health and beauty, and you will never begrudge the trouble you have taken to make meal-times a success.

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DYEING HER HAIR

By A PHYSICIAN

RECENT successful claims for damages against hairdressers for injuries caused by hair dyes serve to show that the simple process of tinting the hair is not so free from danger to the health as might be supposed.

The dermatologist is seldom consulted either by women or men as to what preparation should be used. He is, however, only too frequently called upon to deal with the dermatitis, or skin inflammation, produced by some of these dyes.

A patient once remarked to me that she could understand any woman who had mouse-coloured hair attempting to dye it.

Except in similar rare cases, most physicians would strongly advise against the use of hair dyes when it is only a question of changing the natural tint of the hair to a more fashionable colour.

For one thing, the eye that is but slightly practised recognises the artificiality, however good the technique. Thus, on the bleaching of dark hair the adept is immediately struck by the fact that the eyebrows and eyelashes have a different appearance from the hair of the head.

The two tints most frequently sought after are auburn and light golden.

For auburn hair henna dye is used, and it is on the whole harmless. The powdered leaves of the henna plant are made into a warm paste and left on for varying periods according to the shade required.

Unfortunately, henna does not quite reproduce the natural, dark au-

burn tint which is so sought after. Other dyes have to be added in order to darken it, and herein enters the element of danger.

Light golden hair—which is not nearly so fashionable at present as it has been—is produced with the aid of peroxide of hydrogen. Hair dyes containing hydrogen peroxide are not always so absolutely harmless as is commonly believed. Protracted cases of dermatitis with considerable loss of hair do occur after its use.

* * * *

WE can turn to the question of tinting grey hair with more sympathy. The temptation for women to disguise the signs of advancing years is obvious and easily understood.

Again, whereas in the case of members of the learned professions grey hairs may be an asset, in many of the humbler walks of life they only bring increased difficulty in finding employment. For this reason both men and women may seek to make their appearance more youthful.

We have, therefore, to face the fact that a large proportion of women at least will persist in dyeing their hair. Should they seek a physician's advice, it were better for him to recommend one of the comparatively harmless preparations than to allow them to drift into the hands of quacks.

In all cases, before applying the dye to the living hair, it should be tested on a probe of hair which has been cut off.

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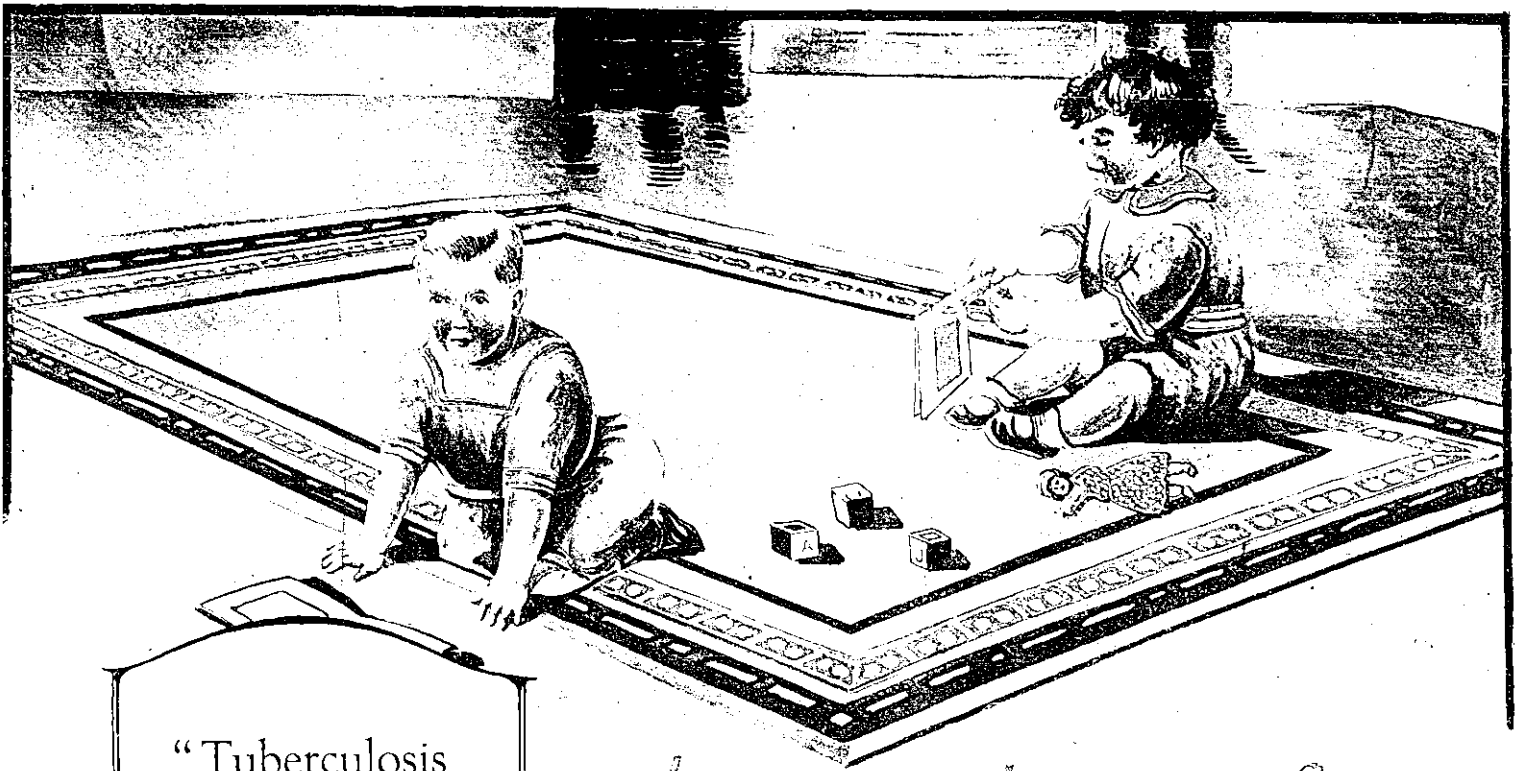
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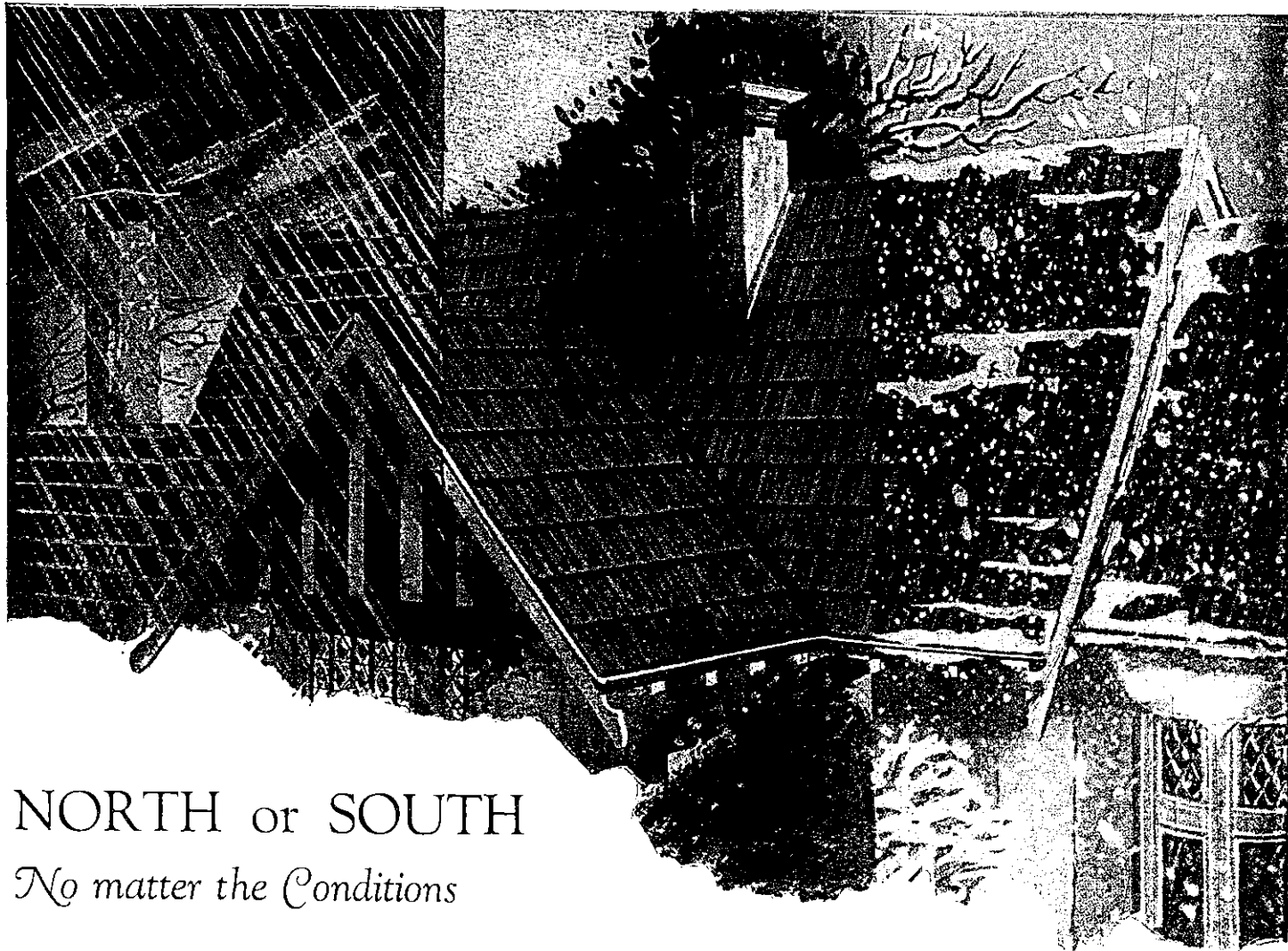
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