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THE

1st APRIL, 1926

MIRROR

THE HOME JOURNAL OF NEW ZEALAND



Noted Hollywood Stars are REXONA GIRLS!

ALL the world over REXONA GIRLS hold the palm for Health and Beauty.

In far-away Hollywood, the home of the Movie Picture Stars, health and beauty are a necessary asset to success.

Hollywood has its Rexona Girls as well as Australasia, for the Movie Stars must have beauty—that natural beauty, which only Rexona and Rexona Soap give to skin and hair.

Rexona and Rexona Soap are the Rexona Girl's aids to beauty. With their assistance she rids her skin of blemishes and pimples, keeps her hair and scalp in such perfect condition that she is the envy of all her friends. But the Rexona Girl is not selfish—she does not keep the secret to herself, but wishes all the world to rejoice with her. Over 5,000 girls have written to the Company the glad news that they are Rexona Girls and find the Rexona Products the most wonderful aids to health and beauty. They say that Rexona Soap keeps their skin and hair healthy and beautiful and should be used by every girl who values her good looks. They say they are always finding new uses for Rexona, the Rapid Healer, and many of their letters contain a photograph which shows by its beauty that these users are getting the best results in health and happiness. Are you satisfied with your looks?

Why not become a Rexona Girl, too?

Miss
RUTH
CLIFFORD

(From a Photo.
by W. Seely,
Los Angeles)



Rexona Soap

For Health
and Beauty

1/6
Per Tablet



Miss
BERNICE
CLIFFORD

Misses BERNICE and RUTH CLIFFORD

the perfect blonde sisters, both with titles of M.P. stars attribute their remarkably fair skin to the use of Rexona Soap. They say:

"IT'S THE BEST EVER."



Britain's leading Face Cream

now in new and Beautiful Jar,
and with choice of two perfumes

ICILMA CREAM

The woman of to-day demands the most up-to-date style in her clothes her amusements—her toilet articles. So Icilma Cream has shed its dress of 1900, and now appears in an artistic frosted green glass jar—a modern jar worthy of the cream.

Icilma has a record of 25 years as the world's leading toilet cream. To-day it is *better than ever*. Non-greasy Icilma alone contains the skin-stimulating water from the Icilma Springs.

Used regularly, this delicate cream cleanses, beautifies and protects. Vanishes perfectly. The best possible powder base. Guaranteed not to grow hair.

CHOICE OF PERFUMES

And the *final* touch is the perfume. Hitherto there has been that glorious elusive fragrance, famous as ICILMA BOUQUET. To-day milady has the choice of two perfumes, for we have added another distinctive and delightful perfume—MAGNOLIA—which many of you will learn to love. But *prove it for yourself*—that's the best way.

MAGNOLIA

This new perfume was produced after countless experiments to find an alternative perfume worthy of Icilma Cream. MAGNOLIA has that quality which is characteristic of all the best perfumery.

FREE Samples.

You can test this wonderful cream—and choose which perfume you prefer—quite free. On receipt of your name and address and two penny stamps to cover postage and packing, we will send you trial tubes of Icilma Cream—one perfumed with *Bouquet* and the other with *Magnolia*. Please write clearly (CAPITAL LETTERS).

"ICILMA,"

C/O Salmond & Spraggon Ltd.,
(Dept. H.), Baker's Buildings,
Featherston Street, Wellington

Post To-day.

Your chemist
has stocks of
Icilma Cream
in New Jar and
both perfumes

Icilma Cream

Price 2/6 per jar—at your chemist

Manufactured by International Icilma Trading Co., Ltd., London,
England. Agents for New Zealand: Salmond and Spraggon
Limited, Baker's Buildings, Featherston Street, Wellington.

Use it daily and look your best

The MIRROR

THE HOME JOURNAL OF NEW ZEALAND

IN WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE LADIES' MIRROR" AND "THE WOMAN'S MIRROR"

VOL. IV.—No. 10

1st APRIL 1926

One Shilling



Isobel Aberdeen

*The Marchioness of
Aberdeen and Temair*

A Great Lady

*Her Grace the Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair
The Best Known Woman in the World*

By E. M.

FROM time to time in the history of the nations, down through the centuries, there have been outstanding personalities, both men and women, who have occupied commanding positions and impressed their individuality and powers of leadership upon the people of their own race, and even upon those of neighbouring states. It has been reserved for our century to furnish such conditions of inter-communication and co-operation between the nations that the stage may be set upon a world-wide scene, where the great ones of the earth enact their parts in the moving drama of the whole human race. Among this illustrious company to-day, Lady Aberdeen fills an honoured rôle.

The League of Nations, the highest achievement of humanity, came into being in 1919 as the result of the desire of poor world-weary humanity, to find a way out of the state of moral, financial and economic bankruptcy, into which it had been plunged by the Great War. But many years before this time the first real League of Nations was formed, when a group of great-hearted women met at Chicago, U.S.A. in connection with the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. Women representatives from over thirty countries attended this meeting, which brought into active existence *The International Council of Women*. The Marchioness (then Countess) of Aberdeen, was elected President of the Council, and has ever since been its guiding star and inspiration.

THIS great world-wide organisation of women has to-day affiliated to it National Councils of Women of thirty-nine countries representing the organised women of practically every civilised race. To the many millions of women belonging to the countless societies and associations affiliated to these great national councils, the name of their world-President, Lady Aberdeen, stands for all that is noblest and best in the aspirations of the thinking women of to-day for the peace and well-being and happiness of humanity. It may therefore truly be said that the world is her kingdom, and she is the best known and most loved woman in the world.

Lady Aberdeen, in her Presidential capacity, has taken an active part in many interesting and historical incidents of the past quarter of a century. One of the great moments of her life was on the occasion when she headed a deputation of women from the allied countries, which waited upon the Peace Plenipotentiaries of the League of Nations Commission. As a result of the representations of these women Paragraph 3 of Article VII. of the Covenant of the League was inserted, opening all positions under or in connection with the League of Nations, including the Secretariat, equally to men and women!

BUT it is of Lady Aberdeen as a woman of charming and gracious personality in the more intimate aspects of life that we would

write now. Additional interest is lent to this sketch by the fact that she has recently, in collaboration with her husband, published two volumes of Reminiscences entitled *He Twa*, covering their joint experiences throughout the many years they have been in the public eye.

In the intriguing pages of the Reminiscences we find the life histories of two singularly beautiful characters, who lived in the closest comradeship and co-operation in all the varied experiences which fell to their lot in the high vice-regal and official positions they filled with

Governor-General of Canada. Daughter of Sir Dudley and Lady Majoribanks, she tells us she first met her future husband, who was then the Hon. John Gordon, at Guisachan, while she was recovering from an illness. All she saw of him then was by leaning over the balustrades and catching sight of a very black head. Some days later her interest was quickened in the young man by her mother remarking on the unwisdom of young people marrying without the prospect of adequate means; but, she added, "There are exceptions to the rule,

should be, and so he remains until this day."

THE writer of this sketch was privileged on one occasion to enjoy the gracious hospitality of Lord and Lady Aberdeen at their beautiful Scotch home in the Highlands, near Balmoral. In the course of conversation the visitor ventured to remark: "I have, of course, always known that Lady Aberdeen is a wonderful woman, but I never realised just how wonderful she is until I had the privilege of personal intercourse with her in the simple intimacy of her own home." Lord Aberdeen, in his charming and gallant manner, replied: "I have known her for sixty years, and my admiration for her increases every week." What more beautiful testimony could any woman desire? This great lady has the simplicity of greatness; and she has besides a genius for friendship, for entering into the interests and the joys and sorrows, of the many hundreds of women of every station and type, with whom she comes in contact, by reason of her world-wide interests and friendships. It is no wonder they all love her.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen made the "Grand Tour" in the 1880's, and in the course of their journeyings they spent some time in New Zealand. They still have the most vivid recollections of our country. Lady Aberdeen had considerable skill as a water-colour sketcher, and she has an album of most interesting sketches made by her own hand, of views around Auckland and in the Hot Lakes district.

LORD ABERDEEN—who, by the way, is one of the most celebrated raconteurs in Scotland to-day—is fond of telling of a little adventure which Lady Aberdeen had in Auckland on the day they arrived in the city. "Wishing to make the most of the time available before the official functions began, she took a little tour of exploration through the town alone, eventually finding herself at the barracks of the Salvation Army. One of the officers was in attendance at the door. He was a pleasant-looking middle-aged man; and, after Lady Aberdeen had asked a few general questions a conversation ensued. After a while the S.A. officer began to describe his own position, namely, that of a market gardener, with a comfortable little house in the outskirts of the town, and doing well in his business, with a good balance at the bank. Then, having asked if his new acquaintance was a stranger in Auckland, and learning that she had only arrived that morning, he took time by the forelock, and made a matrimonial proposal, promising to return to England and settle down if this were desired!

Lady Aberdeen could not resist allowing the proposal to proceed thus far, but she now felt it necessary to explain that (to adopt, in an opposite sense, the words of the Scottish bard), she already had "a husband and bairnies four."



Miss Phylliss Solles—A Dainty Little Bridesmaid

Agnes Shaw, Wellington

such distinction and grace. They were truly one, although they call their story *He Twa*, and their personalities and experiences were quite distinct. The volumes are unique in this respect. It is no easy task for even husband and wife to write joint memoirs, but it presents no difficulty in the Aberdeen family, and the result gains from the collaboration—we have one of the most intimate and refreshing biographies of recent years.

Lady Aberdeen's Love Story

LADY ABERDEEN has been her husband's guide and mentor in all his undertakings, and his true helpmeet in the many exacting duties of the high official posts he has held from time to time, notably those of Viceroy of Ireland and

of course. Now, that young John Gordon, who was with us the other day, is just one of those exceptions with whom any girl could be happy even if they had to live on a shilling a day."

This made such a deep impression on the young Isabel Majoribanks that she took due note of the testimony and never forgot it. Her first personal acquaintance with that same John Gordon was while out riding in Rotten Row on a very muddy day in February, 1871, when she was fourteen. She says: "He came up to be introduced to us, and came round to my side, and he won my heart right away by not treating me as a child, but talking to me as a rational being." . . . "When emerged from the schoolroom he was my ideal of all that a man



From "N.Z. in Picture," Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd.

Lake Kanieri, Westland

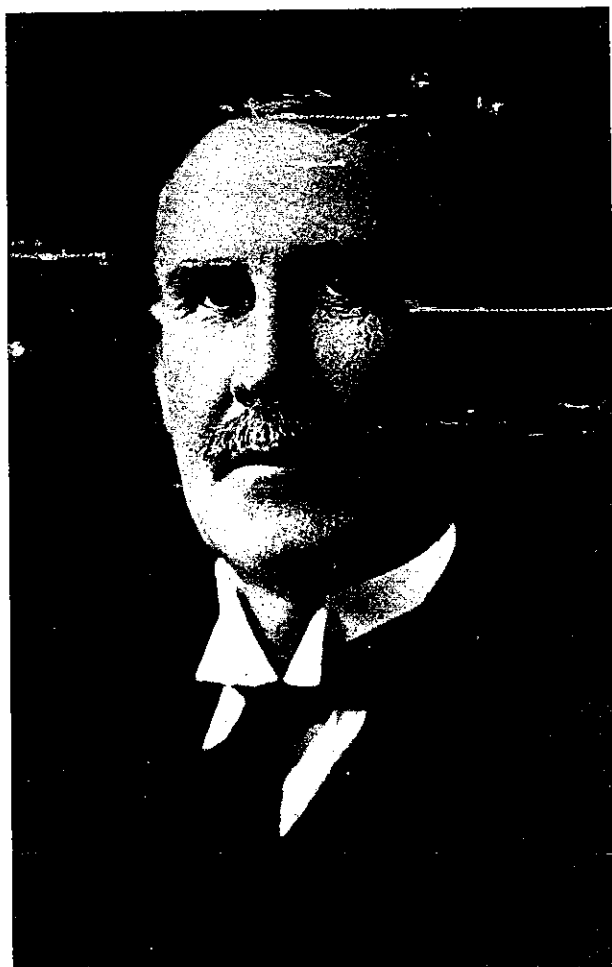
F. G. Radcliffe, photo

In the

CHRISTOPHER JAMES PARR, Knight, is to be the Dominion's next High Commissioner in London. This is an exalted post carrying with it onerous responsibilities which demand exceptional and diverse abilities. The successful occupant must be a financial wizard, a commercial magnet, an astute diplomat, a wise administrator, a courtly knight, a social personality, a good speaker, and above all, to use a Yankee expression, "a hustling go-getter" for New Zealand.

In his new position Sir James—or perhaps in London Sir Christopher would sound more distinctive—will assuredly find scope to prove his mettle and satiate his ambitions. His choice is a wise one on the part of the Government and a fitting reward for a zealous and progressive Cabinet Minister.

Sir James Parr has a marked weakness for publicity which may be epitomised by an alliteration: "Parr is a most prolific and persistent purveyor of personal paragraphs to the Press." As a "booster" he has no peer in the public life of the country to-day, and it is the "booster par(r) excellence" the Dominion needs at the Hub of the Empire.



SIR JAMES PARR

Who has been appointed to succeed Sir James Allen as High Commissioner in London

S. P. Andrew Studio, Wellington

Mirror

FLEET Street will doubtless be all agog to welcome Sir James Parr, and no doubt he will be embraced with open arms by the reporters of the wonderful Street of Adventure, as they have previously welcomed Charlie Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, Tom Mix and other notables who have not been prone to hide their light under bushels.

We feel sure that despite Sir James Parr's close association with our educational system that he still retains some sense of proportion, and will not allow New Zealand to figure as the lesser star. Our new High Commissioner is undoubtedly a patriot and will place his country first even though he may be conscious that New Zealand is proud to claim Sir James Parr as one of her great sons.

In Lady Parr Sir James will have an ideal helpmate. She is a lady of delightful personality and social attainments, who will undoubtedly be a marked success as the High Commissioner's consort.

IN a few weeks now the New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition will be closed. It has proved a truly wonderful success from many as-

Continued on page 6

Happy Motherhood



Mrs. Wilson Travis and her baby,
of Devonport
Home Studio, Takapuna

Right—Mrs. F. A. Abbott,
with her daughter Yvonne
S. P. Andrew Studio, Auckland



Mrs. A. C. Hatrick, with her son
Alexander
Leslie Studios, Wanganui



Mrs. Ralph Stanley Wheeler, and her
son, Ralph, of Auckland
Broadway Studio, Auckland

Views of Rarotonga

His Excellency the Governor-General and party are now on a visit to these 'Enchanted Isles' one of New Zealand's Pacific Possessions



*Above—
At anchor in Rarotongan sparkling waters*



Quaint method of washing. Beating clothes with a heavy stick on rocks

Recell Reynolds

pects, and unstinted credit is due to that resourceful band of Dunedin business men and zealous women who conceived the enterprise. With the greatest pertinacity and dauntless courage they built up their ambitious project until the eventful opening day some months ago.

For many weary months before the doors of the Exhibition were thrown open, there was a tremendous amount of work performed by a comparatively small executive

In the Mirror

Continued from page 3



Mr. J. SUTHERLAND ROSS
President of the Executive of the
New Zealand and South Seas Ex-
hibition.

committee of far-seeing, keen, resourceful, courageous, and energetic men and women, who did not receive the meed of encouragement they deserved from the outside public.

Some, indeed, even went so far as to scoff at the project, and predict failure. Now the pessimistic prophets have been dumbfounded! Nevertheless these hard-working and canny Southerners persevered with characteristic energy. They shouldered enormous burdens, overcame many difficulties, and left their handiwork to be judged by the most uncompromising of all critics—the Public. The verdict has been unanimously proclaimed.

A Notable Success

OF the many achievements of the Exhibition, a prominent place must be given to the excellence of the Women's Section, organised under the presidency of Mrs. Sutherland Ross. It was quite a new departure, and has reaped a worthy reward for the splendid work accomplished, much of which will be of lasting benefit to the womanhood of New Zealand.

From a national point of view the Exhibition will have an enduring value, for which we should be ever grateful to our Southern folk. It has given New Zealanders an insight and wider vision of the national life of their own country. Its agricultural and pastoral productivities; its scenic and sporting attractions; the variety and quality of its industries; and its mineral and forestry resources have all been admirably displayed.

Furthermore it has expanded the minds of many thousands of the rising generation of New Zealanders, and enabled them to see the vast extent of the British Empire, from which they have gained a proud sense of the meaning of the term "Citizens of the Empire." The wonderful range of exhibits combine to impress the retentive mind of the greatness of British power, and the prospects of our own young nation, which should awaken a spirit of self-reliance, patriotism and endeavour.

A Vital By-Election

THE Eden by-election promises to be a keen fight in which it seems possible that the purely political significance may be to some extent lost.

For several years Sir James Parr has held the seat in the interests of the present Government, and in the usual course of events Eden might be regarded as a Reform stronghold. However, there are prospects of the Reform vote being split, and the seat placed in jeopardy. This, of course, is entirely a matter for the electors of Eden to concern themselves with, and as the whole situation bristles with thorns, there is the likelihood of a bitter campaign, in which political issues may be subordinated to personal enmity. This is to be greatly regretted.

The Contestants

ALREADY three formidable candidates are in the field. Sir James Gunson, an eminent citizen of Auckland, who has proved his worth in the civic government of the Queen City, and is a man of outstanding personality and ability. He carries the official nomination of the Reform party, and would undoubtedly be an acquisition to the Government. Then there is Miss Melville, who has been a staunch Reform supporter and has on three occasions braved the dangers and trials of a political campaign. In addition she has rendered devoted service to the women's cause, and is favourably known throughout the Dominion for the part she has ably taken in the municipal and public life of our people.

At the last election Miss Melville put up a gallant fight for Reform in Grey Lynn—a strong Labour constituency—and won the admiration of the party she represented. Her prospects of preferment at a by-election in an Auckland constituency seemed favourable, and the lady not unnaturally expected the party to stand behind her when Sir James Parr's resignation was announced.

A Difficult Situation

THAT Sir James Gunson was selected in her stead to defend the Reform banner at Eden has caused the regrettable split. As THE MIRROR is a non-party journal, we are not going to discuss the merits or demerits of the situation that has arisen, more especially as it has become a squabble within the party itself which cannot fail to cause considerable embarrassment, and may even be helpful to the opposition.

Mr. H. G. R. Mason has been entrusted to fight Labour's battle, and can be relied upon to make a brave assault on this Reform stronghold. He is a worthy campaigner, familiar with the electorate, and who has in the past proved his mettle. His party will assuredly bring every gun to bear on their objective, because the issue is fraught with great possibilities for Labour. At the pres-

THERE is a good deal of cant being talked about the modern girl. When one of her number falls by the wayside and becomes the pitiable central figure of a sordid case in our courts, someone is sure to rush in with a scathing indictment of the whole sex. We have outlived the notion of supposing that every girl is what is called a "good" girl, but that is no excuse for swinging over to the other extreme of supposing that every girl is a "bad" girl.

There are plenty of "forward minxes" to-day; but can we point to any age in history when there were not? Nor is it only in the present year of grace that girls that "run loose" and broken away from parental discipline. By all means let us restrain the tempestuous girl, cleanse the impure streams of society, and encourage the good in life.

But, also, let us be fair to the modern girl. Revelling in the dawn of her new emancipation, she is beset by endless temptations. Some of her sex succumb to them in the first flush of their unaccustomed freedom; but still more are combating them and, in the process, are helping to bring about as clean and fine a comradeship with man as the age-old story of the sexes can show. Let the modern man help her in the great adventure. Let him—to be



Mt. Cook (12,350ft.), Southern Alps

ent time the two parties in opposition to the Government are equal in strength, and if Labour succeeds in the contest their chief will become the Leader of His Majesty's Opposition, for the first time in New Zealand political history.

quite honest—pattern his own moral standard on that he sets for woman, for there is no place for a double morality—one kind for man, another kind for woman—in such an equality of the sexes as we are on the way to achieving.

Types of Maori Women at Rotorua

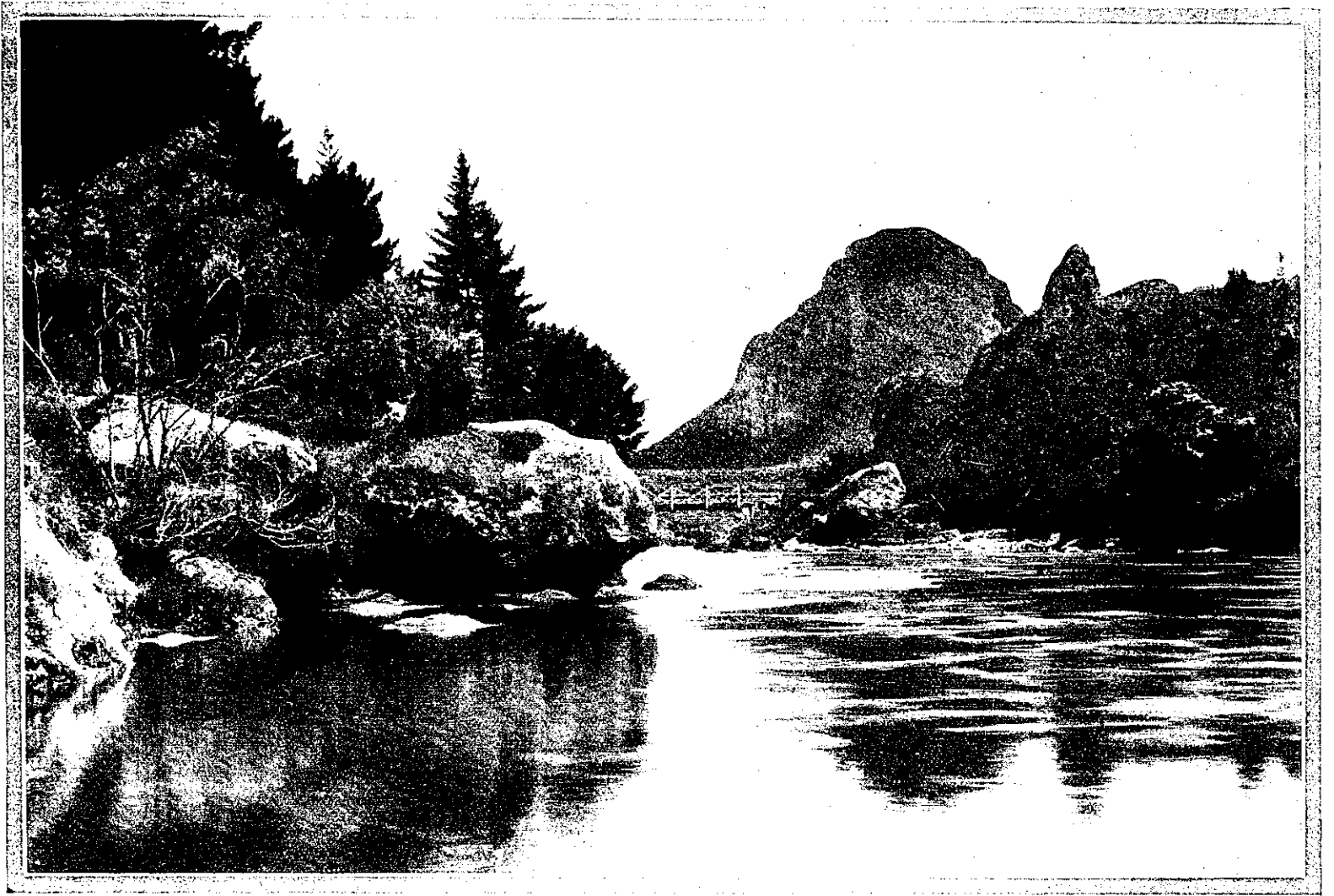


C. Troughton Clark, Rotorua

Native Guides of Our Thermal Wonderland



C. Troughton Clark, Rotorua



On the Waikato at Aiamuri

Heaton C. Peart, Wellington

How frequently it is we overhear a fervid eulogy on the scenic wonders of a far-away land. It is noticeable also the deep interest of the listeners, the avidity with which they drink in the word-picturing; sometimes good, often poor and inaccurate. A special privilege seems to have been accorded the sight-seer; that of learning more of the country visited, in a few days, than the natives have acquired in years.

Far fields, too, are ever the greenest! Many are there, very many indeed, who appear to consider a thing for which they have not paid, is of little or no value; hence, are blind to the beauties surrounding them. They are apt to ignore the unsurpassable pictures, etched and painted, under their very eyes by the greatest of artists—Nature. Only the other day, a new arrival to New Zealand, enraptured at the magnificent panorama before him, remarked upon it. Had he spoken of the cañons of Colorado, the Yosemite Valley, Hawaii, how different would have been his reception! The reply he got was thoughtless, if, perhaps, typical: "Yes, I suppose it is beautiful, but I see it daily!"

Not a case of familiarity and contempt; rather, one of the disinclination of self-advertisement.

LET me attempt (I say attempt advisedly) to describe the scene: it is beyond pen-power to do ade-

quate justice to the scenic beauty.

Long blue distances, replete in every tone of that colour; a background of purple mountains, the tallest peaks barbed in the white fires of snow. Seductively undulating pasture-lands of emerald, dotted with drowsing, browsing cattle and sheep. The road, a gray ribbon, meandered round the hill-side, past yawning chasms, overlooked verdant gorges that breathed mauve mists over a crooning crystal stream. Far away, a solitary cloud, waylorn, strayed across a sun-flecked ridge, strewing prismatic rainbows in its path. The roadside was studded with flame-coloured nasturtiums; dusted with the virginal gold of buttercups; sprayed by the fairy silver of clover; the banks of the cutting lighted

in the scented chrome of broome, the ruddy gold of gorse; starred with clematis and white convolvulus. A hidden huia trilled its mellow lute; a skylark, floating in the sun-kissed blue dome of space, flooded the earth with divine minstrelsy.

And—"I see it daily!"

THERE is a trait common to the Anglo-Saxon that makes him shy of advertisement. Yet it is the same trait—one to be encouraged rather than otherwise—that has given the insatiable thirst for adventure and travel. It may have become a vanity; yet, a pardonable one. It produced the compelling, dominating urge that sent our forefathers venturing across the Seven Seas; gave birth to that virility that

met with, and overcame, every danger and obstacle in their way. It has laid the firm foundations of the greatest empire the world has yet known. The bones of our blood-kinsmen mount guard upon every shore: Egypt, Rome, Greece—these were but as ephemeral empires, sinking into insignificance before that of ours.

To every land its beauty and its charm! New Zealand has received her full share. Why not proudly acknowledge ourselves before the face of the whole world, and not wait for discovery by visitors and tourists? Why wait for them to come to us haphazard? Why not compel their advent. America films and boasts her "Valley of a Thousand Smokes." Are they anything more wonderful than our own gifts from Nature?

WHEN the exigencies of Empire, and living, draw us away from Home, it is then that we remember, and knowledge awakens within us. Sub-consciously the brain has registered, has filed away for future reference, as it were, what we were in ignorance of at the moment. It is through the rose-tinted lenses of memory's glass we, at last, see our Homeland truthfully; as we really saw it, though unaware at the time that we so saw it. Sir Walter Scott wrote, inspiredly, for he was not travelled:

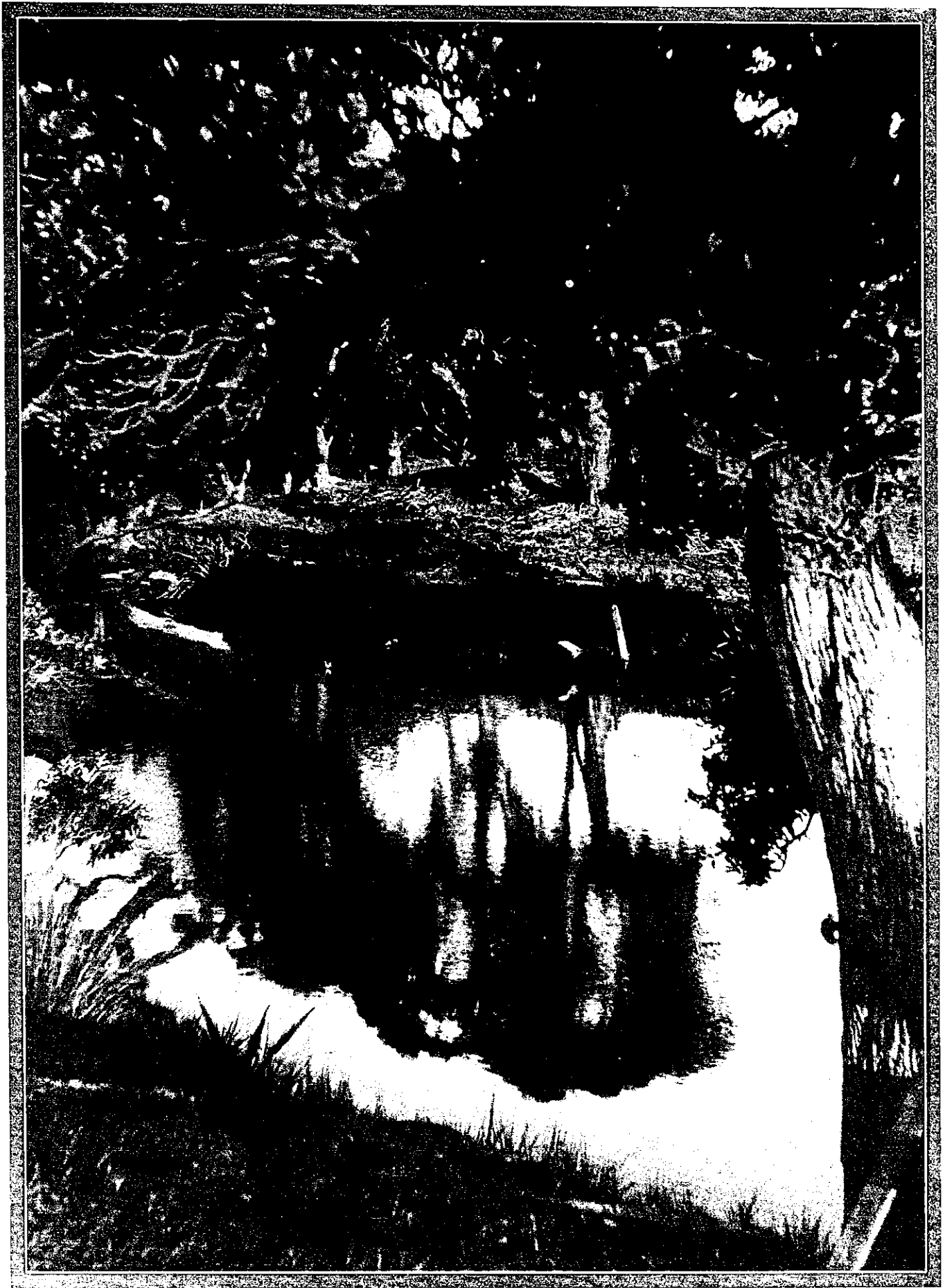
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Pro Patria

Do we appreciate Our Heritage?

In this inspiring article the writer of these "Fortunate Isles"; and emphasises the deplorable fact that so shy in making them known over- New Zealanders often fail to up-seas, that it is left to tourists and appreciate the many and varied charms visitors to discover our wonderland.





Revell Reynolds

Nature's Mirror: Reflections



The Children of Mrs. F. T. M. Kissel, Kelburn, Wellington

S. P. Andrew Studio, Wellington

Continued from page 8

*Breathes there a man with soul so
dead,*

*Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land. . .*

Every exile from Home remembers and treasures his Homeland above all things. The tie of childhood and birth are indissoluble; he is prepared to shed his blood, to lay down his life in defence of his country, be he Britisher, Aussie, or New Zealander. "What greater love hath any man!" Home: the miracle-worker, the imperial: greater than are kingdoms and principalities. Never to be dethroned!

In India, the ruling Britisher, whatever his rank, considers himself an exile. He feels he has a duty to perform, to put through; but he longs for "Home." When he gets furlough, he puts it as "going Home." He alludes to the British mail, private or otherwise, as "Letters from Home." Everything centres and radiates around "Home"; the word is enshrined in his heart of hearts.

THE ancient and crumbling palace of the Sikandar Bagh (lit: Garden of Alexander the Great, B.C. 326), hoary and gray with the weight of dead centuries: pregnant with visions of legionaries, pomp and conquest. Where the plaint of Alexander, "that there were no worlds left to conquer," lingers still among the dilapidated arches and



Miss Constance Leatham, of New Plymouth

Pawlyn Hugget, New Plymouth

façades. All this is forgotten at sight of the Memorial Well at Cawnpore; that belongs to us, is of us!

The magnificent Taj Mahal at Agra, one of the world's seven wonders, with its stately and graceful minarets, its tessalated corridors, its burial vault, enshrouded in a lace work of snowy marble, wrought through the agony and anguish of tears, is dwarfed in the dark and gloomy Tower of London.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon: the perfumed sandal-wood groves of Ispahour; the rose valleys of Arabia; the spice-breathing Celebes; the unconquered majesty of Everest and Kinchinjunga! Do any of these count to the exile with "Home" in view? No! That little garden that mother tended is nearer, dearer, sweeter to his heart; for—it is Home!

This New Zealand of ours is only a small portion, a tiny corner of the Empire; the entire population less than that of Sydney alone. Yet should the Dominion take great pride in herself and her achievements. Her capital cities may not compare with Sydney or Melbourne; but her country towns leave those of Australia completely in the shade. Her climate, her scenery, her hospitality beyond question.

Let us, therefore, look with a keener, a more appreciative eye on our own country, and its beauty and advantages.

"RAJPUT"

Four Homes of Southland



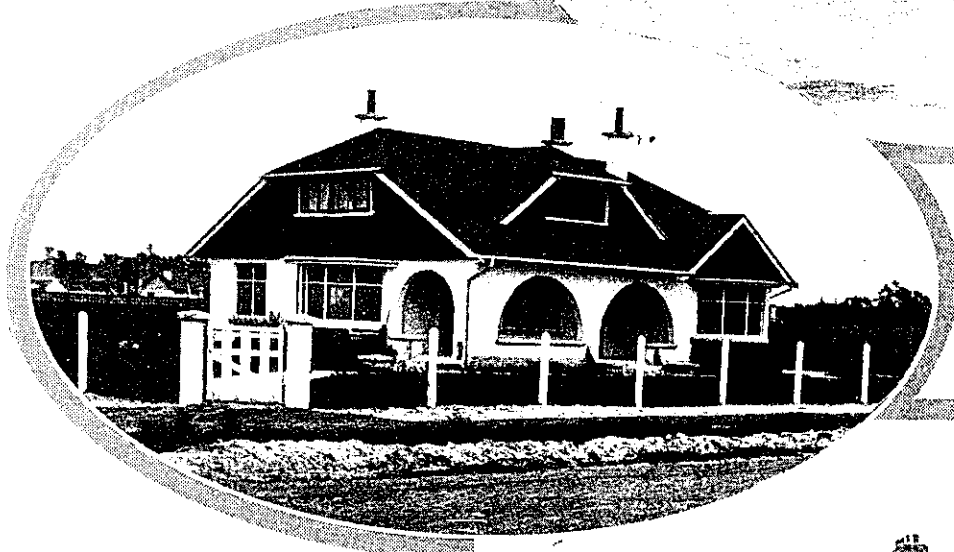
*“To make a happy fire-side clime
For weans and wife;
That’s the true pathos and sublime
of human life.”*

—BURNS

*The home of Mr. A. Hillis,
Richmond Grove, Invercargill*



*Mr. W. Brown’s Bungalows, at
Yarrow Street, Invercargill*



*Above—The Residence of Mr. Arnold
E. McDonald, Gladstone, Invercargill*



*Mr. A. R. Howie’s Home at the
Southland Capital
Sydney Smith, photos, Invercargill*

Graceful Girlhood

*“Be good, sweet maid, and let
who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them
all day long.”*

— CHARLES KINGSLEY



*Below—Kathleen Ngaire daughter of
Major and Mrs. Dudley Butchelor,
of Kimbolton
Crown Studios, Palmerston N.*



*Shirley, daughter of Dr. and Mrs.
Owen-Johnston, Invercargill
Hampton's Studios, Christchurch*



*Below—Jeanette, daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. G. E. March, of Kaiapoi.
Claude Ring, Photo*



*Noel Whitcombe, daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Whitcombe,
Auckland
S. P. Andrew Studio, Auckland*



*Peggy, daughter of Dr. and Mrs.
Leeper, Avondale.
S. P. Andrew Studio, Auckland*



*Jean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
L. D. Paterson, Hāitaitai, Wellington*

Groups of Bonnie Bairns

*"The Youth of a Nation are
the Trustees of Posterity."*

—BEACONSFIELD.



*The Flemming Twins, of
Khandallah
Marie Dean*



*Right—The children of
Dr. & Mrs. G. H. Ussher
of Timaru
Pigott, Timaru*



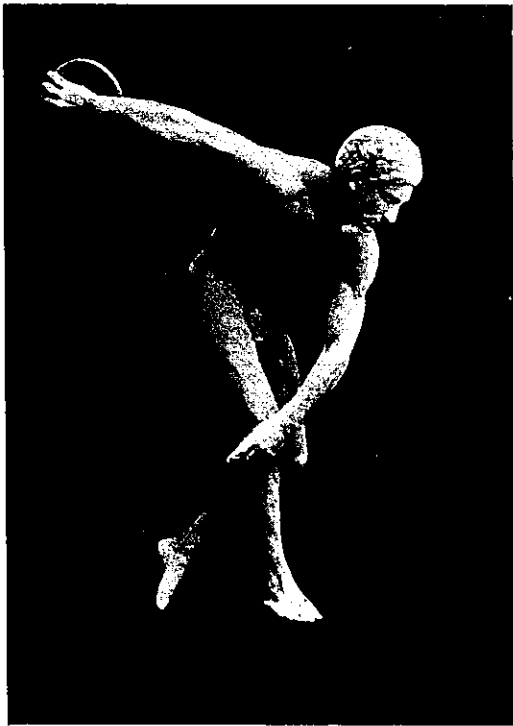
*Above—The children of
Mr. and Mrs. D. W.
Westenra, of Dunsandel,
Canterbury
Claude Ring, Photo*



*Above—The children of
Mr. and Mrs. W. Reynolds,
Methven
Claude Ring, Photo*



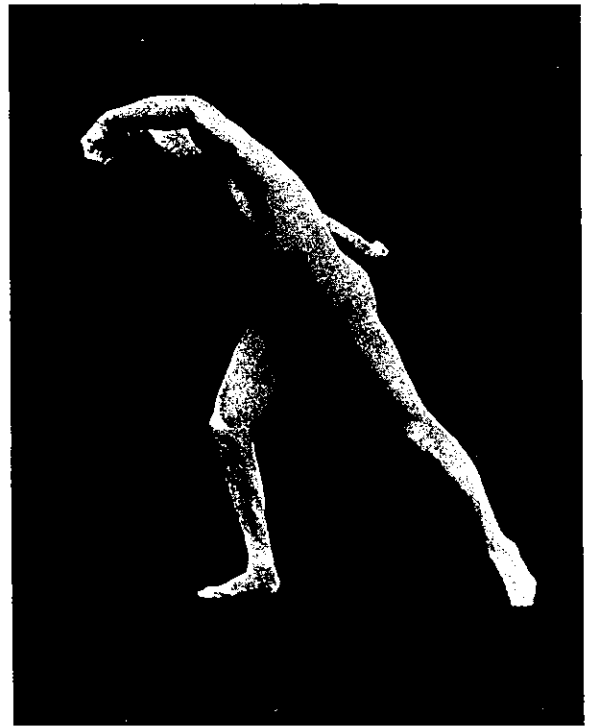
*The Donaldson trio, of
Karori, Wellington
Marie Dean*



Life pose from statue of Mirone's Discobolus



Statue of "Triumph," being the Royal Yachting Squadron's Memorial. Sculptor: Mr. Richard O. Gross.



Life pose from statue, "The Fighting Gladiator" Agasias

Models of New Zealand Statuary

THERE are many striking statues in this young country that reflect the ardent spirit of the ancients who have handed down through generations in metal and stone some of the most graceful and artistic expressions of the human form. It is

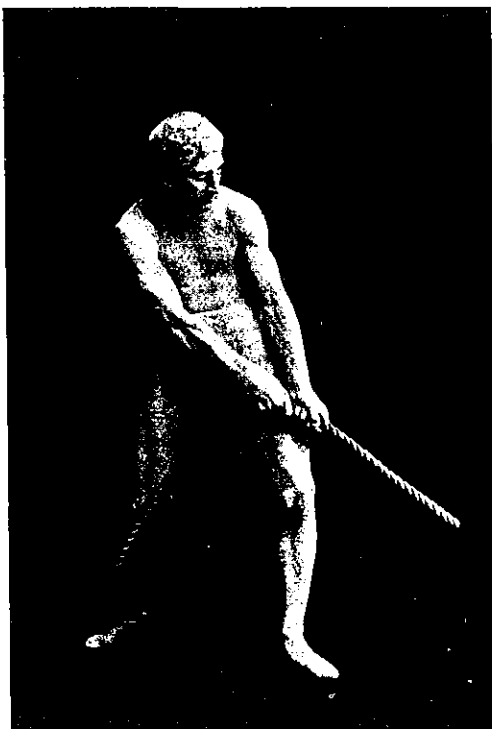
with pride we New Zealanders can claim that after untold decades we can reproduce living replicas of the best types from which the world's greatest statuary has been modelled. Unfortunately the artistic work of one's own generation often re-

mains to "blush unseen." Let us hope posterity will be more appreciative. Most of the statues from these models have been used in connection with war memorials, and are worthy acquisitions to the institutes that erected them.

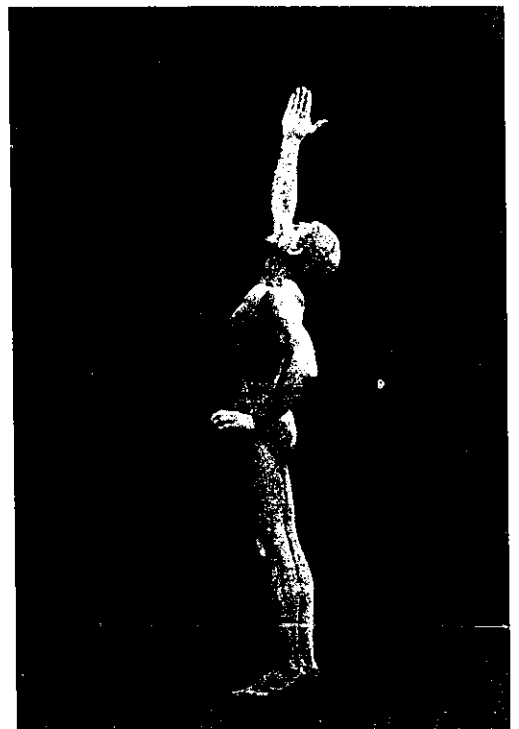
The reproductions are actual poses, specially taken for THE MIRROR, by the well-known Auckland physical culturist, Mr. W. Norman Kerr, and some have been rendered in graven form by another Auckland artist, Mr. Richard O. Gross.



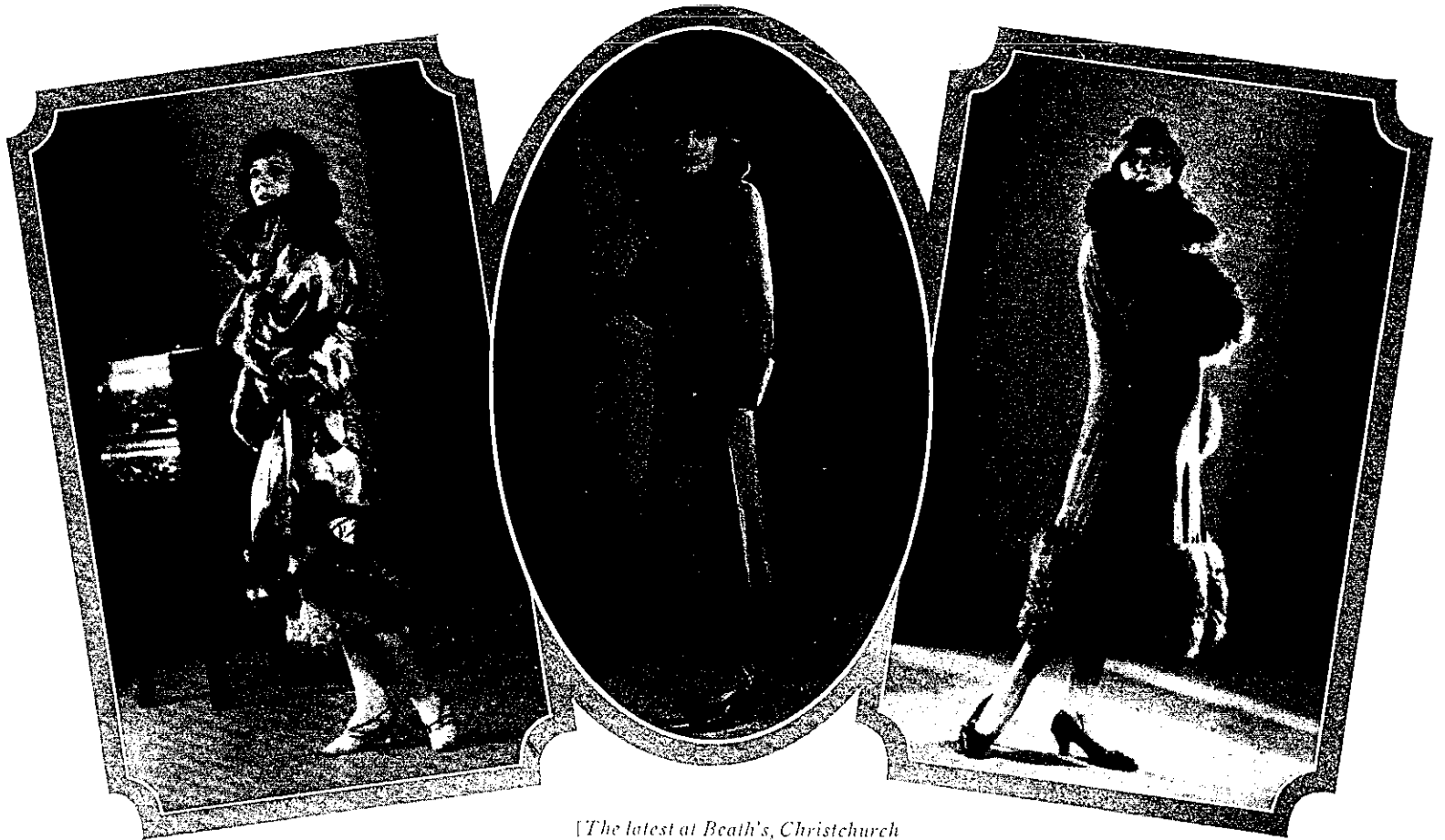
Original pose suggesting "Rest," from the sketch "A Sculptor's Dream"



Original pose suggesting "Strength," from "A Sculptor's Dream"



Auckland Grammar School Memorial "Endeavour." Sculptor: Mr. Richard O. Gross.



[The latest at Beath's, Christchurch

ANTICIPATING COLDER NIGHTS—In Happy Enjoyment

Rahma Studio, Paris

THE most cheerfully disposed person, given to making the most of things, could hardly say we have enjoyed an ideal summer. Of course, the weather might have been worse, but it certainly was not conducive to making a radiant show, or even enabling milady to make full use of her summer frockings—and when the modes were so attractive, too!

Vain regrets, however, are futile. We must go forth to meet the colder months with a contrite heart and a spirit of optimism. Surely we can

look forward to the enjoyment of wearing some of the very alluring things that are now being displayed in the big shops? They are truly

attractive, gay yet dignified, and eminently practical.

There have been protests against the over-extension of the sports

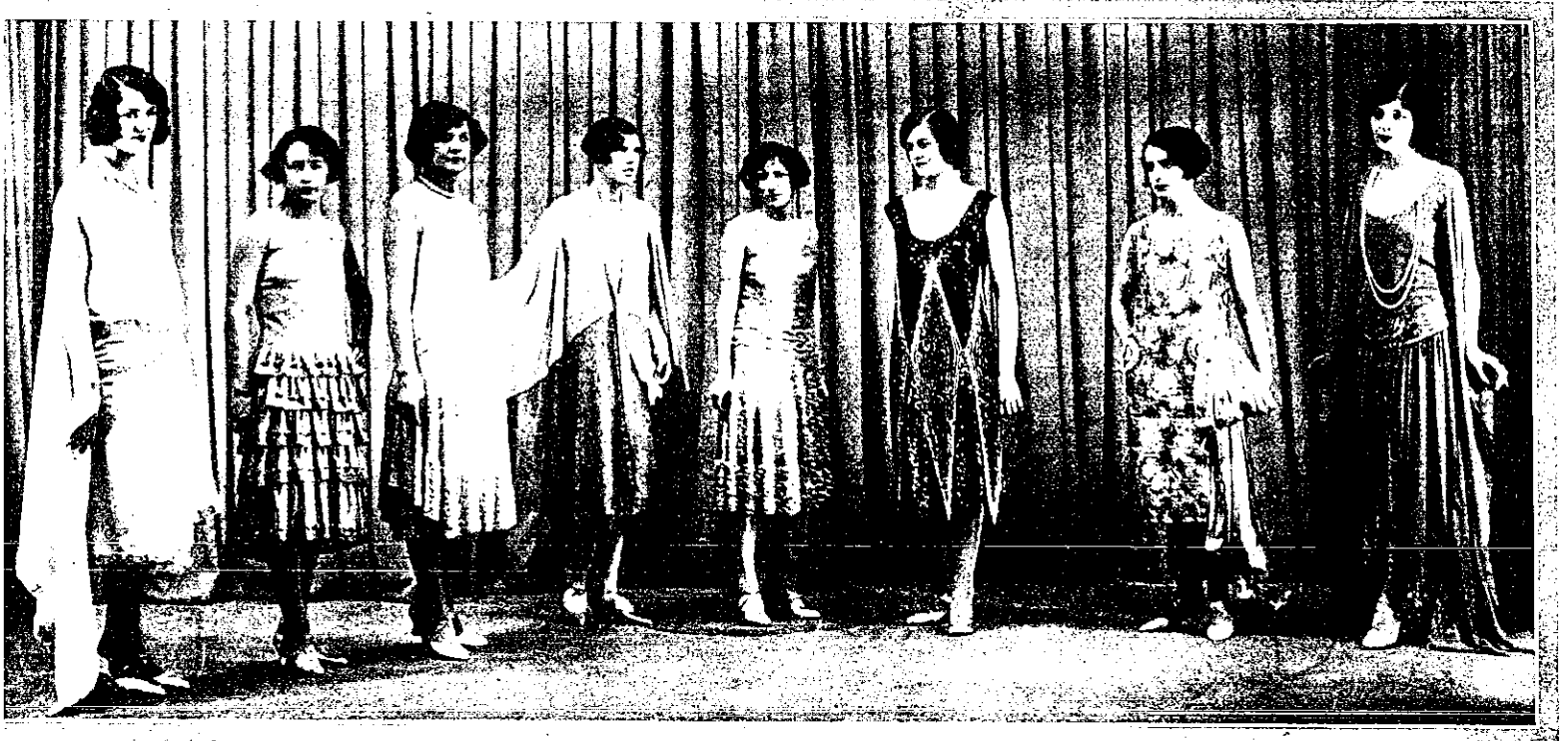
Vanitas Vanitatum



vogue, but there are definite indications that the tendency has been checked. The mood seems to be to return to femininity, and a wider skirt is the fundamental change, which affords more freedom. Comfortable and practical clothes will be the vogue for the coming season.

The jumper dress becomes more attractive on account of the ampler skirt, and there are many details to relieve monotony. The two-piece is *de rigueur* for future wear as the *ensemble* suit was in the spring.

Continued on page 16



There has recently been opened in Regent Street, London, a Model Fashion House. British Models for the British is the slogan of the new establishment. This illustration is of a stage showing some of the mannequins displaying the latest in the modes. Topical Press, London

Smart Clothes for Our Sportswomen



The two figures Nos. 1 and 6 show an attractive "two-piece" sporting costume. No. 2 is carried out in light grey kasha, with bands of darker grey. No. 3 is a suit in mauve stockinette, edged with crêpe de chine. No. 4 is another model in light grey kasha, edged with narrow braid, which is the latest thing in trimming. No. 5 is carried out in heavy white crêpe de chine, with a touch of mauve. All the latest at Beath's, Christchurch

London Calls for Simplicity

WINTER models as displayed at the recently-opened British Fashion House are on the whole simpler than those shown by the French designers.

For outdoor wear one sees models of small frocks in plain and light woollen fabrics of *crêpe-de-chine* or printed materials. They all have plain bodices and skirts with fulness at the sides or in the front; the fulness at the sides is particularly frequent and obtained by one or two inserted godets, by two box-pleats or gathers. The waistline is moderately high and indicated by a belt; the latter is often in front only. Nearly all sleeves are short and plain; the bodices are trimmed with round white, plain or *plissé* collars, in *crêpe-de-chine* or with ties and bands of the same fabric, tied at the decollete in front or on the shoulder.

ONE of the most noticeable features of the changing fashion is the fullness of the skirts, which is either in front or at the sides. There is also, in some cases, fulness all round, but it is obtained by different means.

As an instance, the back of the

Vanitas Vanitatum

Continued from page 15



skirt has shaped flounce or panel, while in front it is widened by box-pleats, plisses or godets.

Coats have a decidedly more accentuated flare; in fact, the flare is most important and becomes more exaggerated in the dressier models. The semi-Princess shape has great vogue.

Most of the collars to be worn will apparently be smaller and straighter, while some of the coats are seen with no collar at all, being merely broadened by a plain or fancy band.

Sashes of printed *crêpe* are to be very fashionable, especially for evening wear; while some made of satin or chiffon are pleasing, but they must have no embroidery.

There is quite a surprising num-

ber of models of the jumper style carried out in stockinette and kasha, which are suited for afternoon or even semi-evening wear.

Chic Fashion Tea

WE have to acknowledge the courtesy extended to THE MIRROR by Messrs. Milne and Choyce, Ltd., in requesting a reporter to attend their Invitation Fashion Tea, and provide a "write-up" of the display of the firm's autumn and winter modes. Although there is no reciprocity between our respective advertising departments, we can nevertheless heartily congratulate the leading drapery establishment of the Queen City upon its enterprise and circumspection.

The firm certainly presented to its fashionable clientele an exceedingly alluring mannequin parade in the artistic setting so pleasingly staged in the restful Tudor tea-room, which is a recognised social rendezvous of the élite of Auckland. No detail was overlooked to display to the fullest advantage the latest in Fashion's vogue.

A delightful prologue depicted the quaint costumes of many nations, while as a finale a series of Maori dances were characteristically rendered by six strikingly graceful native girls.

The parade of mannequins was in every respect artistic, elegant and successful. There was a bevy of stately young ladies beautifully frocked in the latest creations of leading *couturiers* of the fashion world. They represented a chic selection of the smartest ensembles of feminine attire in all its gaiety and dignity. It was a veritable pageant of fashion.

These Fashion Teas reflect the greatest credit upon those responsible for the displays, and they deserve all the plaudits bestowed upon them by the admiring patrons of "M. & C."

Continued on page 18



In Your Hands—

CAPABLE those hands may be—swift and smoothly efficient—but two hands alone could never do all that really ought to be done in your important position of Wife-Mother—and Home-Maker.

To maintain bright and healthful cleanliness in your home is only one task for those hands—but it is a task that robs you of more precious hours than any other.

That is why already the women who preside over five thousand New Zealand homes have turned to Electrolux to take the tiring, troublesome daily round of sweeping and dusting right out of their hands.

Yet because Electrolux is cleaning these homes in a quarter the time, don't imagine they are being cleaned any less thoroughly. On the contrary, Electrolux cleans far more thoroughly than any other method possibly could. It reaches into every nook and corner in every room—and surface dust and deepdown grit are alike equally powerless against the persuasion of its powerful suction.

Spare your hands for other more important home duties—Electrolux is moderately priced, economical to operate and can be purchased on easiest of terms if desired.

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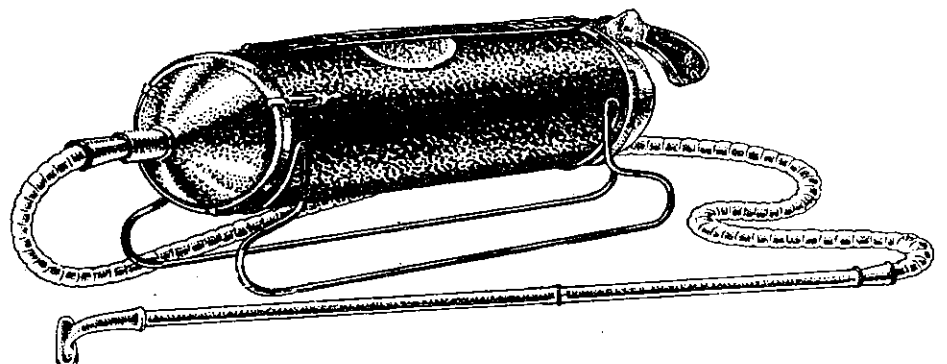
The New Cleanness

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THE SLIM OUTLINE

IS EASILY ATTAINED

Dressing well and being well dressed are synonymous with wearing the TREO Girdle. It is commended by the modistes as it shows their productions to perfection, promoting supple, youthful lines over which it is easy to fit and fashion graceful apparel.

We carry a splendid line of the TREO Girdles—The Original Corset Without Laces—and we have corsetieres who will take pleasure in explaining to you the different features that have won for this particular make so popular a place in the estimation of our clientele.

Sixty models of TREO Girdles, Brassieres, Corselettes, and Reducers to choose from.

THE TREO GIRDLE IS THE ONLY GIRDLE WHICH DOES NOT REST UPON THE SHOULDERS OR THE WAIST, BUT WHICH IS SUPPORTED BY THE BONES OF THE BODY, AND WHICH DOES NOT REST UPON THE SHOULDERS OR THE WAIST, BUT WHICH IS SUPPORTED BY THE BONES OF THE BODY.



TREO FASHIONS *For this Season*

THE TREO GIRDLE IS THE ONLY GIRDLE WHICH DOES NOT REST UPON THE SHOULDERS OR THE WAIST, BUT WHICH IS SUPPORTED BY THE BONES OF THE BODY, AND WHICH DOES NOT REST UPON THE SHOULDERS OR THE WAIST, BUT WHICH IS SUPPORTED BY THE BONES OF THE BODY.

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SOFT
FINE and
STYLISH
UNDER-
WEAR



FOUR wonderful interlocked stitches instead of the usual two—fine and elastic and velvety soft, is the secret of the marvellous wearing quality of MERIDIAN underwear. It will not irritate the most delicate skin; it provides warmth without weight; its porous nature reduces the risk of chills to a minimum and it is hygienically pure. For men women and children. See the trademark on every garment.

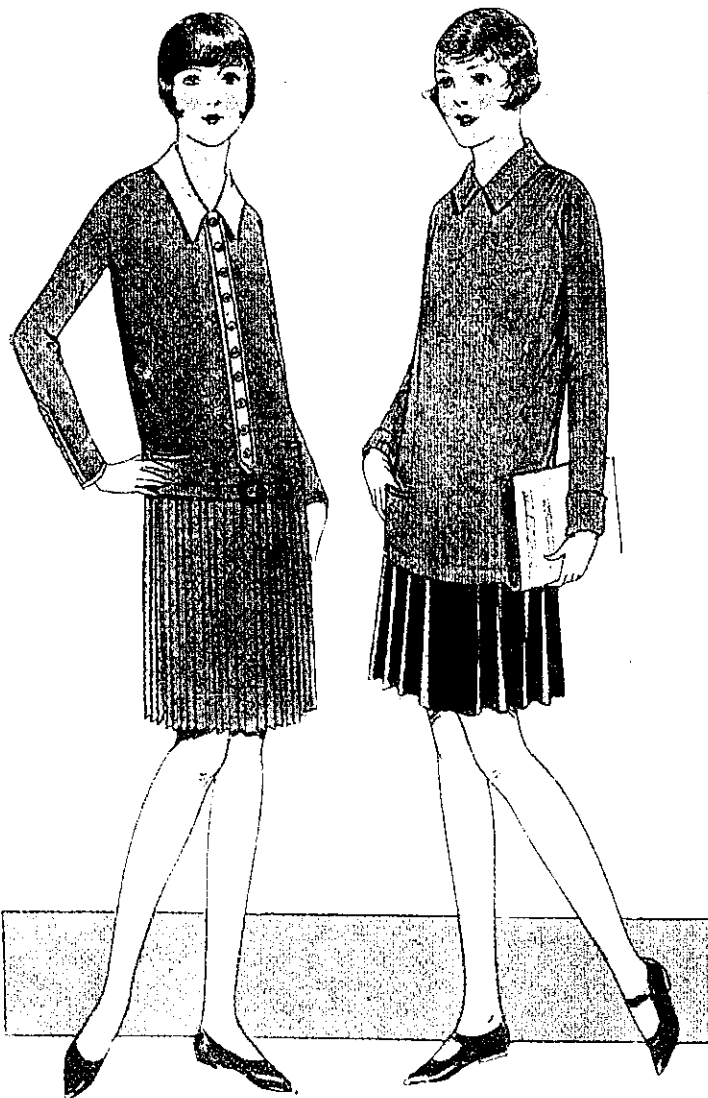
"MERIDIAN"

Interlock UNDERWEAR

ALL COTTON, WITH THE QUALITY OF FINE WOOL

REGD

Modes for School Girls



A chic frock of wool yepb with pleated skirt. The plain top has a collar and strappings of crêpe de chine.

Gym. tunic of navy serge, with wide pleated skirt. [Schoolgirls' outfits in latest styles at Beath's, Christchurch

Vanitas Vanitatum

What Paris Says—

Between Seasons

THE sportswoman dominates the "betwixt and between" season, for what she wears is always serviceable and is not so susceptible to the vagaries of the mode as are other frockings for more formal and ceremonial occasions. Since the accepted reign of *fleur* and the final defeat of its hard-lived rival the *garçonne* style, has only just survived for sports wear.

Sweaters decidedly refuse to feminize, and attempts towards a compromise have hardly led to greater fancy than in the lines of collars and scarfs. This is so because sweaters and skirt costumes have still a wide appeal to sportswomen on account of their simple, practical lines.

Stripes are now considered the chic style for pull-overs, and the graduated stripes are most popular. There is also a new idea in the sports skirts, which are given fullness, apparently by inserted trian-

gular flares and fullness concealed through deep box-pleats.

Vogue of the Two-Piece

AN Englishwoman's observations in Paris, coupled with her individual feeling for clothes, naturally leads to her frankly discarding many of the latest Parisienne modes as impossible for the Homeland or the Overseas Dominions. It would seem, however, that certain points must be remembered when gowns and coats are being chosen for coming wear. The essential points are that the vogue of the two-piece remains paramount, and that skirts, both on dress and coats, must flare. Fullness is demanded round the hem, although the line to the waist is more close-fitting than during last season. This means that the tube-frock is going out; also the three-quarter length tunic, worn over a tight underskirt. Another general observation is that dresses and coats are still to be short, and the sleeves long.

Continued on page 19

Attractive Styles for Autumn Wear



[Modes that anticipate the vogue are found in exclusive designs at Beath's, Christchurch

Latest in Head Wear

MILLINERY does not seem to be tending towards any revolutionary changes, and certainly is not becoming any more decorative. Indeed one finds hats are almost austere, yet chic and smart. Feathers, lace and fluffs have gone quite out of favour. It is the day of the ribbon.

Whenever the modiste tries to convince the Parisienne to wear anything else but felt hats and ribbons, the attempt is a failure. Ribbons seem to have grown into the one and sole complementary trimming of the velours. Ribbon perfectly chosen and matched to shade with claret and ambergine colours are at present the rage, or metal ribbons pulled at regular intervals through the crowns and brims of our hats, play a game of gleaming hide-and-seek with the velours.

Velvet Reigns Supreme

WITH simplicity the keynote nowadays for all dresses; materials must make up for lack of

trimming by their richness and variety. For this reason velvet reigns as the favourite material, because it is wonderful for softening the outline and is becoming to every woman. Most exquisite shades of blues, pinks and greens are being displayed, while the famous house of Jean Patou is specialising in a Bordeaux red, which is a truly wonderful achievement in dyeing.

The straight, tight coat has gone the way of the tube frock, and every model, without exception, figuring in the collections of Paris model houses features flares or pleats of some kind. An interesting feature is that nearly all the fur used is rabbit, dyed, clipped or shaved

beyond recognition, real fur being seen on very sumptuous models only.

Coats are generally collared and cuffed with fur, either dyed to match the cloth or of some soft matching shade. For example, a black coat will have trimmings of imitation chinchilla and a brown, velvet coat for afternoon wear would show shaved rabbit as nearly matched as possible. The round collar fitting snugly round the throat is seen, as well as the long shawl collar extending to the waist. Buttons, either in the self-material or more ornamented, appear in groups of from two to five. Sleeves show an inclination towards the bell-

shape, and are rather more full than last year.

LIZARD-SKIN shoes are beginning to make their appearance. For the morning they are composed of the lizard skin alone, brogued and strapped, and, above all, with a walking heel! For the afternoon black patent shoes with ornate strapings of lizard skin and suède are worn, with medium heels. Evening shoes are wondrous creations of broché, lamé or satin, profusely trimmed with brilliants and strapings of gold and silver kid.

Stockings in every tint of "sunburn" to a dark "mauresque" will be worn by the smart woman this winter, and for evening wear a very delicate shade of mauve is being sold. Tapestry bags copied from old French Gobelin tapestries, with bejewelled or heavily chased silver tops, are being shown now, and, on the other hand, the small flat envelope pocket-book is also with us.

Continued on page 20

Vanitas Vanitatum

Continued from page 18

No Rubbing Laundry Help FOR WASHING CLOTHES



Skunk ~

MANY of the New Fur Models for Autumn-Winter 1926 feature the rich soft Fur of the Canadian Skunk.

The Melba Fur Co. announce beautiful Skunk Wraps, Coats and Necklets for the coming season—Review them at your leisure in the Melba Salon.



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For its graciousness of line its beauty, and its due relation to the whole scheme of perfect dressing, let your next be a Henderson Hat.

Henderson Hats

Henderson Hats at most high-class fashion stores

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Continued from page 19

Sleeves of the Moment

SLEEVES are almost as sure an indication of the way fashion blows as necklines are, and it is often some change in the sleeve that foretells a complete change of silhouette. These sleeve changes may, of course, be merely ephemeral—a mode of the moment—or they may be lasting and have a quite definite effect on the fashion.

When the puff first made its appearance it was a sure indication of the widening of the skirt and the temporary eclipse of the tube outline.

Quite half the models shown for this winter have "puffed" sleeves in greater or less degree; sometimes they are called one thing and sometimes another. They have been dubbed bishops' sleeves and peasant sleeves, and I have heard them alluded to as puff sleeves without an indication as to whether the puff is at the top or the wrist. It has, as a matter of fact, been seen in both places, for in several very advanced French *maisons* definitely leg-of-mutton sleeves have been shown, but these have made but fleeting appearances as yet, and it is the peasant sleeve, either lavishly embroidered or perfectly plain, that is most generally seen.

Fluffy and Severe

THE tight-fitting sleeve that moulds the arm from shoulder to wrist is taking on a new lease of life. It is so very becoming, probably because it follows the natural lines of the arm, and the princess dresses that have found so many followers among recent brides have all been provided with sleeves of this description.

The "handkerchief" is also seen fairly frequently, and it looks very well if it is made in some softly falling material like georgette or chiffon, and if it happens to suit the wearer. These sleeves are generally attached at the elbow to a tight sleeve inset at the shoulder, but they are rather tiresome things to wear if there is anything practical to be done, as they get in the way and irritate us after the perfect comfort of the neat cuffed sleeve we have worn so long on our jumper suits.

For tea-gowns, of which there are two types, the fluffy and the severe, there are sleeves in keeping. Georgette and lace or chiffon tea-gowns are provided with floating sleeves which go by the name of "wing" or "angel" sleeves; others are cleverly arranged with draperies which form capes at the back, but are cut cleverly in order to cover the arms in front.

Chinese Sleeves

THE Chinese sleeve is popular with evening coats and tea-

gowns of the severe type. It is seen, too, on the indoor coat, which can be slipped on over a filmy frock and is a great joy, especially if one happens to be staying in a house where it is chilly. One lovely coat of this type was made in tangerine, silver and black in a rather unusual pattern and bound with bands of dull silver and a narrow piping or orange crepe-de-chine. It was lined with grey georgette, as it was intended to be worn over a slip frock of grey. The colour combination was uncommon, for most people would have bound it with gold.

How "Outsize" Women should Dress

THIN women are in the majority, but the stout must be catered for in the way of dress, and really dressmakers do their best, but these individuals invariably try and order a dress which is never going to suit them, and it requires a vast amount of tact on the part of the *renduse* to keep her stout customers on the right path.

The plain chemise frock is a model for women adore, but they should shun it like the plague, for it is obviously only for the boyish figure. Curves will send it bulging in all directions, and no waistbelt, however broad, is capable of keeping it within bounds. A pleated frock with an overdress on coat lines is far the "best" line that big women can select—it "breaks" the width, and the belt can be so arranged to have the straight line at the back as well as in the front—merely holding the front folds in place.

Then, again, let the generous figure avoid boat necks and round décolletés and stick firmly to the long V. That gives length, and the other two suggest width to a figure that is already too inclined to look wide.

A Golden Rule

THERE are lots of people who simply can't wear a scarf. This may sound funny, but if they don't know how to wear it or if it really is not their particular sort of accessory they appear extra dowdy in one.

The straight tunic suits some stout women, but not all, though, in most cases, it can be manipulated by slashing and cutting here and there, and will be quite a good "reducer." The straight coat is a godsend to the stout woman, particularly now that the flare in front is fashionable.

Please just remember one golden rule: "Let your clothes always be made on the large side." It is the first principle for big women of all shapes to master if they want to look their best.

Squeezing into a frock is simply disastrous, even if you are only tall and proportionately large.

An Attractive Afternoon Coat

Cross-stitched with Wool in Six Shades. The Collar and Cuffs are of Clipped Wool

You will require 3 yards of 48 in. soft cream canvas showing 17 squares across to the inch, 6 to 8 ozs. each of 4 ply Scotch Fingering in navy, royal, saxe, brown, beige and cream. Half yard of 48in. silk or cloth for the front facings and collar lining, one crewel or wool needle.

Cut out your canvas from a suitable pattern allowing about 1 in. on all sides for turnings.

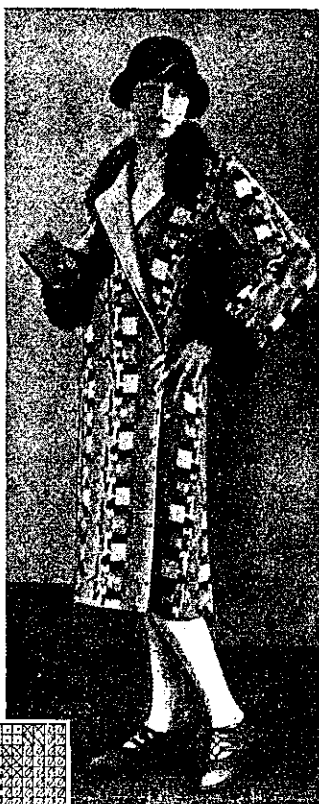
The Darning.—Take the right front piece and begin working in cross-stitch at the lower edge—working from right to left. Darn each cross over three threads along and three threads in depth, following the pattern from the chart below which is quite simple to read.

is better to work the row above, then another row above using up your needleful of wool. If you like you may fill in all the pattern that is in the same colour, but it is really advisable to change so that you are sure of getting the correct spacing between the different colours. (In each successive row, the bottom part of the crosses is worked into the same line as the top of the crosses in the previous row.)

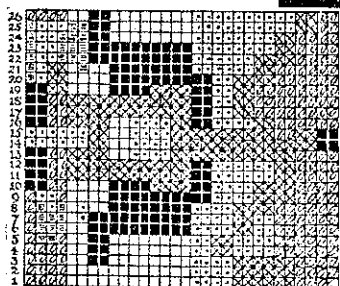
Repeat the 30 cross-stitches across the rows to the side edge and repeat the 26 rows of pattern up to the top of the shoulder and neck edge.

NOW work the left front to correspond, this time working

EACH square represents the amount of canvas to be covered by a cross-stitch. Black squares mean navy blue, the crosses royal blue, the ovals saxe, three horizontal lines brown, dots beige and white squares cream.



THIS very smart afternoon coat is worked in six attractive shades of wool. The revers are of kasha in a pale beige. The collar and cuffs of clipped wool reproduce all the colours used in the coat with really charming effect.



Each square represents the amount of canvas to be covered by a cross-stitch. The black squares mean navy blue cross-stitches, the crosses royal blue cross-stitches, the ovals saxe, the three horizontal lines brown, are dots beige, and the white squares cream.

The first row begins with 4 in saxe blue, then instead of continuing along the row changing colours it

from left to right, but reading the chart from right to left as before.

For the *back* find the centre of the canvas and work in pattern to the left side edge, repeating the 30 stitches on the chart, reading from right to left. Finish the 26 rows then go back to the middle and repeat the chart, reading it from left

Continued on page 28

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GLAX-OVO

THE FOOD WITH THE VITAL PRINCIPLE

The manufacturers of GLAX-OVO want as many people as possible—young and old—to try this wonderful new food drink. Taste how good it is—learn how full of nutriment it is. Test for yourself its wonderful nerve-building, nerve-resting properties. You will sleep better and work better after taking it.

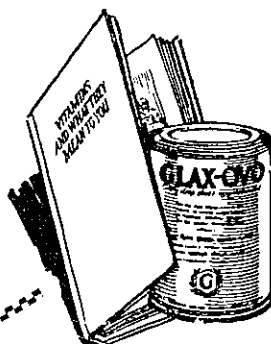
A delicious, creamy blend of milk, cocoa, and malt—GLAX-OVO is the only food that contains the wonderful "Vitamin Concentrate"—the Vital Principle of Food.

You cannot be healthy without this Vitamin—you gain your full necessary supply in Glax-ovo—independent of all other food. Glax-ovo is delicious, morning, noon or night. All leading chemists stock it—4/6 a tin.

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*You need not
envy beauty*

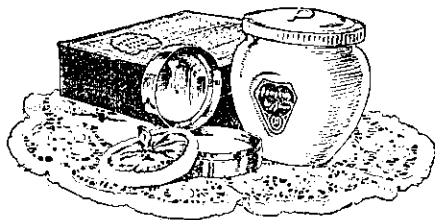
THE subtle charm which fascinates and attracts is due more to sparkling eyes, lustrous hair, and a soft, clear skin, glowing with the delicate colour of the peach, than to regularity of features.

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.

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.



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The Art of Apology

STRANGE that the little word "Sorry!" should be so easy to say when late for breakfast or treading on somebody's toes and often so hard when there is a real grievance. For the lack of that word many hearts have been estranged and friendships broken (writes Mary Johnson in the *Daily Mail*).

How often you hear, "I can't speak to her unless she apologises." Why won't she? From refusal to think she is in the wrong? From pride, obstinacy? Probably the "Sorry" is needed from both sides.

Fortunately the art of apology is not always so difficult. In its easiest form, of course, it is expressed in the graceful note explaining non-attendance at some meeting or social function where nobody is much the worse for your lapse.

More trying is the need for it after the forgetfulness of a dinner party or some special appointment. This kind, indeed, demands great care, otherwise it might double the offence. It must be done quickly; if

the need for it is imperative, delay is insulting.

It will not be, and ought not to be, easy, but grace of manner and a reputation to one's credit will do much to bring forgiveness.

It is an art to know when not to apologise. If your offence has been unintentional you may do more harm than good by alluding to it. Ignoring a mistake, when possible, is often the best way of disarmament. Or, if feelings are seriously hurt, your apology may take the form, later, of bestowing some practical attention or pleasure.

Apologies can be tolerated if they are rare. Nothing is more irritating than the frequent profuse "I am frightfully sorry" of those who are, for instance, systematically unpunctual. You may forgive a big wrong with magnanimity, but how wearied in care the constant small demands on your pardon.

The art of apology is a very useful asset, but happy are those who can cultivate the art of avoiding all necessity for it.



Careless Husbands

*How They Risk Loss
of Their Wives' Love*

"Has Joyce really left Harry after all their years of married life? But why? I always thought he was such a good husband to her."

"He was good, but oh! how dull and unattractive."

WE were discussing a wife's desertion of her husband, and trying to find reasons for the shipwreck of a marriage which for years had seemed ideal.

"Face cream is the clue to the riddle," said June. "Women use it, men don't. That's typical of their different attitudes. Women who want to keep their husband's interest, take trouble with their dress, their hair, their complexions, even their minds, which entails still more effort. Men seldom make any effort whatever to keep the remnants of good looks left to them. It may be from a conceited idea that, however much they deteriorate mentally or physically, their wives will still find in them the charm that first awakened their love; or it may be merely indifference."

"There are," said Jane, "but how few! The attitude of middle-aged spinsters is very illuminating. My aunt came back a few weeks ago from a visit to my recently married sister, sentimentally regretting the happiness she had missed. A few weeks later, after a visit to a married friend of middle age, she was rejoicing that she had remained unmarried, and had escaped 'poor Mildred's dreadful fate.' 'I am really thankful that I never married when I see the lives of some of my married friends,' she said. 'We all grow crotchety with age; but how trying to one's patience men can be. Poor Mildred!'"

Columns of advice to women on how to keep their husbands' love are written, but never have I seen a single sentence telling a man how to keep his wife's love, which is surely equally important. Is it that men consider themselves irresistible until the contrary is proved, and gilding the lily an extravagant occupation?

Perhaps it is well for middle-aged spinsters that the average man does deteriorate so much. Otherwise their life would be full of regrets, instead of rejoicing—as they do—for their unmarried state.

"BUT there are attractive men of middle-age," I protested.

Fashion's Leaders

WE gratefully acknowledge the compliment conveyed in the adjoining letter from Beath's, the "Fashion House" par excellence of the Dominion.

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3rd March, 1926.

Messrs The Mirror Publishing Co. Ltd.,
Customs Street,
AUCKLAND.

Dear Sirs

The March "Mirror" is to hand, and we can compliment you on the issue generally.

We should say that the coat and millinery styles shown this month are particularly pleasing, and we would be glad to have the blocks posted immediately so that we can use same in account folders.

You may be interested to know that one of our London Buyers came across a "Mirror" in a county hotel in England, and was surprised and pleased to find our name figuring under some of the newer productions.

Yours faithfully,

BEATH & CO. LTD.

G. Ross Ogilvie
MANAGER

THE Flapper, of the genus *short-shirtus jazzgarterius*, is one of the most fascinating animals, although it is immensely vain and not overburdened with sensibility. Its passion for self-adornment is well-known. However, it is generally a very charming creature, affectionate, graceful, and of gay plumage. It spends much of its time in dance halls and on the beaches around Auckland, where it mingles with, and seems to fascinate, the male of the species, commonly known as the

The New Zoology

Jazz Buck. The Flapper is not at all timid. Its age varies. Intrepid naturalists report that they have discovered specimens which were fully sixty years old. But it is so skilful at camouflage that its age is very difficult to tell. Moonlight nights are said to be the best to go hunting this fascinating animal.

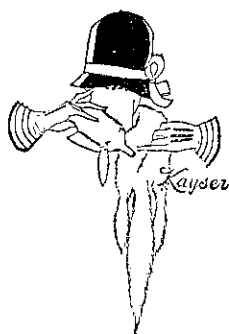
FEW animals are more frequently seen in the city than the Strap-Hanger, a member of the human species noted for its strange habit of hanging tenaciously on to one of the little straps which hang from the roofs of trams. The best time to observe the animal pursuing its practice is between the hours of eight

and nine o'clock in the morning, and five and six o'clock in the evening. Whilst ordinarily quite harmless, it is known to be of a very dangerous temperament while hanging to a strap; it glares and makes little grunting noises at the occupants of the seats. Several naturalists state that they have seen it at times clinging to the appendage when the tram was almost empty, a peculiar trait which they can only ascribe to force of habit. This animal belongs to the genus *tramus martyrivus*.



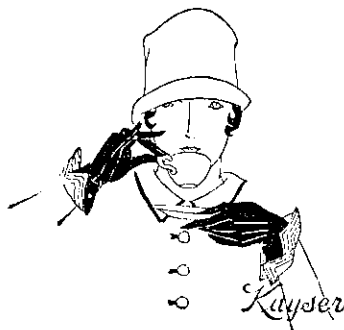
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HHEADACHE is rarely a disease of itself. Far more frequently it is a symptom of some other ailment such as constipation, anæmia, indigestion, or toxæmia. It varies in intensity from mere discomfort to maddening pain. It may be transient or it may last a lifetime. Headache may attack only a small part, e.g., the temples, forehead, the eyes, one side of the head, or it may take possession of the whole head. There is probably no pain which occurs so frequently as headache. It is the unwelcome companion of a great many diseases, including most fevers and acute disorders.

Causes of Headaches

ONE authority lists no fewer than fifty-one different causes of headache! How absurd, then, is the popular practice of relying on one medicine or drug, to cure (?) headache. But these causes may be reduced to the following main categories: Faulty diet, causing a toxic condition of the blood; bad or stale air; smoking, drinking; overwork and worry; too much sleep; lack of sleep; eyestrain; suppressed menstruation or suppressed hæmorrhage; deposits of morbid matter in the head (from fevers, etc.); sunstroke; strong emotions (anger, sorrow, etc.); and various primary disorders (of which headache is but one symptom) such as constipation, indigestion, anæmia, rheumatism, toxæmia, gastritis, hysteria, plethora, sluggish liver, etc.

Farewell to Headaches!

Folly of Palliatives

FORTUNES have been made out of so-called headache "cures." And though the victims of these quackish remedies know perfectly well that the dope only relieves them for the time being, they still go on using the wretched stuff, instead of seeking out the first cause and removing *that*. Let me warn the headache sufferer most emphatically that these various headache powders and tablets are disastrously harmful. In relieving the pain they cause other disturbances of the system far more serious in their consequences. Of aspirin, that popular palliative for head pains, a leading English medical authority says, "It would have been infinitely better for the race if aspirin had never been invented. Its indiscriminate use injures the heart and the stomach." The same is equally true of phenacetin, antipyrin, and exalgin. The deadly after-effects of bromides on the brain ought to be far better known. Menthol, and evaporating lotions, may give the sufferer slight relief from pain, but is it worth while when they do but cause other troubles, and certainly never by any chance cure headache permanently? The popularity of these dope-drugs is

eloquent testimony to the inherent laziness of human nature in matters pertaining to health. Unceasing effort is put forth to acquire more money. But for health (more precious than fine gold) we will give no more effort or thought than is required to swallow a few tablets.

Nature Cure for Headache

THE Nature Cure Practitioner first of all seeks the primary cause of the headache. If there is gastric trouble, or rheumatism, or constipation, or anæmia, or plethoric congestion, it is obvious that these troubles must first be set right before the headache can be cured. The treatment for anæmic headache must, of course, be quite different from the treatment for the congestive type. The treatment for the rheumatic kind of headache is again quite different from that for gastric headache. A permanent cure depends entirely upon removing the primary ailment which is responsible for the headache. The anæmic headache is usually somewhat relieved by lying down. Here the best cure would be to live as directed in my recent article on Anæmia. There could also be local treatment of the head by cool or cold water head baths of five to fifteen min-

utes' duration. After drying, rub and press the scalp with the fingers the palm of hand. The congestive headache, common in people of the full-blooded type, is usually marked by throbbing pain and flushing of the face. The hot mustard bath, or cold leg packs, to draw the blood away from the head, should be persevered with. A strictly abstemious diet is very important. Alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, white sugar, meat extracts and gravies, and red meats should be avoided. Two meals per day, with an occasional fast for 24 hours, is an extremely good plan for the plethoric type of headache sufferer. This is certainly a good deal harder than swallowing a headache powder, but if you want real cure, you must work for it, you lobster!

Nervous Headache

"**O**H! my headache is due to nerves, you know." Is it? Then why on earth narcotise your nerves so that they no longer give you a friendly warning that something is wrong in your upper storey? Give your nerves a chance. Stop poisoning and irritating and weakening them with daily doses of théine, caffeine, tannin, aspirin, phenacetin, antikamnia, nicotine and the like. Strengthen your nerves with fresh, pure air, sensible exercise, adequate rest and relaxation, cheerful thought, cold water inside and out, and last but by no means least, pure food and drink. Sometimes, of course, nervous headache

Continued on page 28



Have you seen the new Tarantulle colours? All the latest shades—sunset, shrimp, orchid, apricot, turquoise, peach, rose and mignonette. Every one guaranteed. The most delicate shade is as reliable as the deepest. In fact many women boil coloured Tarantulle without injury.

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Topical Press, London

The Queen of Roumania Looks on Life

Changing Ideals of Love and Marriage



IN several of my articles I have spoken about love—only just a quarter of what I would have liked to say, though!—and now I speak about marriage.

You might observe, "But is it not one and the same thing?" and if I could answer that with a loud and ready "Yes," as we are supposed to say before the altar, then indeed I would be wiping half the tragedies, comedies and dramas out of life.

Marriage! In this world of ours which is changing in such a disconcerting way, the word has rather a different sound than it had, let us say, even ten years ago.

Old-Fashioned

IT used to mean the supreme aim of every girl's life, her ideal, her dream. The dream varied, of course, according to the quality of the girl. For some it meant Love with a huge capital L. With others it meant money, luxury, position, ease; and for the humbler merely a home, a corner to call her own, a house to direct, look after, to possess. Women love to possess, to be at home.

For many it also meant children, but this is most of all seems to have become an old-fashioned ideal.

In this new world, then, marriage is no more the supreme goal. It remains the aim of most girls, but they know that if they do not marry there will, all the same, still be for them somewhere an honourable corner where they can be happy, useful, or merely content.

Large possibilities open out before them and, as in many ways girls are being brought up more wisely than formerly—more practically, anyhow—they will certainly know how to seize these possibilities. But I feel like calling out to them to be careful not to overreach, not to lose their birthright in straining towards sex equality.

THERE is great talk about getting rid of marriage for free love: there is also talk about modifying marriage. Of course, I follow all that is being said and discussed, and have had time in my day to come to my own conclusions, which does not mean that I am not still learning.

Free love sounds alluring, but I do not belong to those who would vote for such a complete upsetting of old rules, laws, institutions, traditions and morals.

Human beings, at best, are none too great lovers of order and convention, and if no restriction of any kind were put upon them I am sure that soon they would find the world becoming a perfectly impossible place to live in. I am, though, inclined towards modifying certain things in marriage if it could be done in a non-destructive way.

Being a Queen, and my words being almost torn out of my mouth to broadcast over the world at large, I have quite naturally to be somewhat reticent when handling subjects, in case I should be misunderstood and my opinions unduly amplified and given out either as advice or criticism while I am merely discussing them as would anyone who has learned to think.

Marriage is not the simple affair fairy stories make it out to be

("And they lived happily ever after.") There may be complications during the time of wooing, but the problems and conflicts begin with that loud or whispered "Yes" before the altar, uttered in perfect good faith but often with just as perfect ignorance of what the "ever after" really means and entails.

OF course, like all Anglo-Saxons, I incline towards love matches and am always rather horrified when I see or hear of marriages being arranged solely for reasons of interest, everything being well thought out and calculated.

The inclination of the two young people towards each other should be the sole guide. But I have seen real love matches end in disaster, and I have known more than one "marriage *de raison*" to succeed quite admirably.

I belong to the age when marriage meant a bond we had not the intention to untie. It was with that conception that I was brought up, and I must confess that it has always remained mine. "For better, for worse" had a literal meaning. We believed in the vows we were taking and we stood the "worse"

Continued on page 31

What Shall Middle-Aged Women Wear

THE wonderful transformations that Fashion has decreed, and our "younger set" has so assiduously resolved to adopt in its exaggerated modes, leave the older generation very undecided as to what its attitude towards Fashion should be. The middle-aged woman obviously must be somewhat more conservative in her dress than her daughter. For this reason, the matron of today has not found a style of her own. The strange thing is that the coutueurs and dressmakers give little help in this perplexing situation. They prefer to model and make for the young and lithe rather than for the elderly and set. Still, a woman of middle age should evolve a style to suit herself, because it is in the prime of life that she should dictate and not be dictated to.

There is no reason, for example, why a middle-aged woman should have to wear sombre colours always, yet there are so many who fall back on them as "safe." When they do go into colours they make such unhappy mistakes that lookers-on who recognise them take vows never to fall in the same way. Yet colour expresses something of the

Are they Neglectful of their Appearance

character and should be used. Frenchwomen know how to use purple and mauve very well, and they excel in the manipulation of browns and golds. With black they can put colour, too. Frenchwomen do not mind cutting out trimmings and hiding their favourite colours. They know so well how to practise restraint in dress, have learned how to be subtle in their taste and how to make grandeur look like simplicity. Again, they know how to wear their clothes as if they were unconscious of them, whereas Englishwomen so often look painfully self-conscious.

IT is, indeed, in the wearing of her clothes that the middle-aged woman fails most. She looks bold in them, or femininely shy, monumental or masculine, or as if she had bathed in her bandbox and come out of it covered with in-

numerable bits of finery. She rarely walks well, sits well, or seems as if she enjoys what she wears. Frenchwomen always look as if they liked their clothes, no matter what they may be.

Americans know how to dress, too, and their middle-aged women have created a style of their own. They wear such neat clothes and have such trim collarbands. They dress their hair well, and have such well-shod feet. They move with such deft assurance and give you the impression that they have a right to look their best and know how not to abuse their rights. South American women dress amazingly. They go one better than the Parisiennes. Italians have a lazy grace which does not always go with their voices, but they dress to suit their figures and their faces. Russians, who now help largely to populate Paris, have adopted the Parisian

chic and added to it a bit of Slav barbarism.

It is the middle-aged Englishwomen who least express dignity and beauty. There are, of course, some brilliant exceptions, but, speaking generally, the Englishwoman has most to learn about dress, and there is no reason why she should mind learning it since she needs only to express herself in a better way. No one who loves her wishes her to change her nature or become anything but what she is. All that is asked of her is that she shall look as nice as she feels. Her daughters have realised the necessity of looking their best if they are to hold their own among the daughters of the world.

IT is, again, not so much to the few as to the many that the appeal is made. The few have always dressed well. The many have only just begun to. Dressing well is a habit and becomes second nature with practice. There is no need for middle-aged women to be fashionable. They can follow fashion at a distance if they like, or they can adopt a style of their own which is not too marked, and keep to it.



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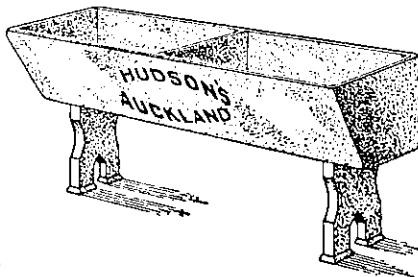
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Farewell to Headaches!

Continued from page 25

arises from mental excitement. The obvious remedy is to live less intensely. Cultivate the quieter pleasures of life. In women, menstrual difficulties frequently cause nervous headache. Only when the irregularity has been put right by improved habits of life or by the restoration of natural functions through natural methods will the headache cease.

whilst the powder simply adds more encumbering poisons to your aching head. The most important factor in cure, however, is undoubtedly the diet. A correct, purifying diet will cure the primary cause, whether it be poor blood, toxic blood, a foul colon, or a sluggish liver.

Brain Tumour or Abscess

THE possibility of tumour or abscess of the brain should always be borne in mind where headache is very severe and very persistent. In such cases the headache usually increases at night, is associated with nausea and vomiting, and sooner or later with optic neuritis. Even here the resources of Nature Cure may be hopefully applied. With non-suppressive treatment the morbid matter may be encouraged to vent itself through the ear or the nose. Fortunately such cases are comparatively rare.

Eye Strain

WHEN due to over-use or other abuse of the eyes headache can, of course, be cured by taking greater care of the eyes. The common advice is to have the eyes seen by a qualified optician. The wearing of suitable glasses will frequently help to relieve eye strain and thus relieve headache.

Migraine

THIS is a particularly painful form of headache, characterised by suddenness of attack, paroxysmal in type, and usually one-sided. There are usually gastric disturbances, vomiting, etc., and visual disorders. The cause is usually disturbance or irregularity in the circulation of the blood. It may arise from stagnation of the blood in the brain, from anæmia, from irregular or suppressed menstruation, or there may be some morbid condition of single nerve trunks. Vigorous massage of the arms and legs is a remarkably good remedy for this condition, by helping a more equalised state of the circulation. A lukewarm hip bath daily for 15 minutes, a cool wet rubbing of the whole body, and the bowel douche are admittedly more trouble than tipping a headache powder on to your tongue. But the former really removes causes,



JOAN: "I suppose you find home awfully comfortable now your wife is away. What do you miss most?"
BROWN: "The last train."

An Attractive Afternoon Coat

Continued from page 21

to right and working on the canvas to the right side edge.

Work the sleeves in the same manner starting in the centre and working first to one side edge, then to the other.

The Cuffs and Collar are worked differently. They are covered with loops of wool, using a different colour for each row. Thread your needle with a long length of wool in one colour, leave a margin for turnings, then proceed to pick up one thread, miss the next, pick up the next and so on, leaving loops

of about 1½ ins. when drawing the wool through. Work like this in every alternate row, or in every row if you want the loops thicker. Also you can use your wool double if needed. When the canvas is covered, rub soap on the wrong side and press warm iron to keep the wool secure. Clip the loops and trim evenly.

Join the sides, shoulders and sleeves by machining the edges, then open out, press flat, and hem down. Stitch in the sleeves and press, then face in the fronts. Line the collar and cuffs and stitch on.

Speech in the Past & Present

By MISS LUCY COWAN, *Christchurch*

SPINNING the memory round to the wane of the nineteenth century, when our worthy pioneers were the principal speakers; when chips of all nationalities tilled the land, built fences, coaches and railroads, connecting up with the ever-growing cities in a continuous endeavour to get into touch with the Old Blocks, of which they were a part, one wonders how the speech of to-day has withstood the test of the English examination master.

professor, doctor, pastor, and cultured man were the well-equipped leaders of the rising generation in town and country.

The old-fashioned family circle readings, an entertainment in which every household member delightedly participated, formed a link between past and present generations; but the value of that conversational exercise is now, unfortunately, the missing link. Let the average youth of to-day endeavour to make himself under-



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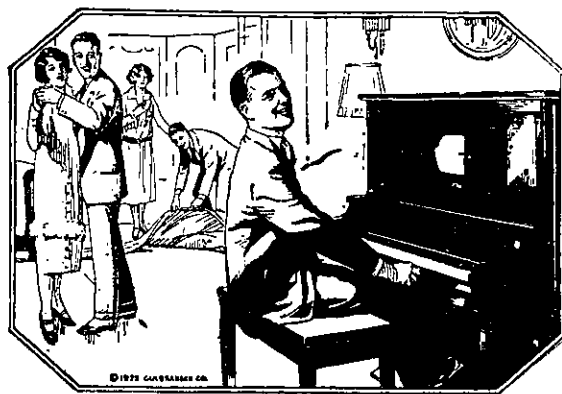


Princesses Elect of the Auckland Boys' Catholic School Queen Carnival Campaign

The burr and rock-like consonant of the sturdy Scot, mingled with the mellowing round-vowelled brogue of the Irish, sent the echoes reverberating round the hills in response to the loud call on the faithful sheep-dog. There followed on the Lowlands the queer mixture of Northern and Midland English, the occasional French accent, and, in their wake, the Cambrian or European who, once they touched the sunny Southern shores, decided to throw in their lot and language with the rest. The respect in which the man of education was held would cause the soul of the present-day schoolmaster to long for the "good old times" when

stood on the radio, and his poverty of articulative consonantal sounds will make his listeners in wonder where he learned English.

Truly the English spoken abroad is the reflex of the language in the home. A revival of circle readings would restore intellectual appreciation of the written word, nullify those minor failings in diction, such as "w'y," "w'en," "w'ere," "w'at," and "w'ich."—merely an isolated omission—and the speech of the present generation would become as expressive and entertaining as the most perfect English introduced into our country by the finest of early pioneers.



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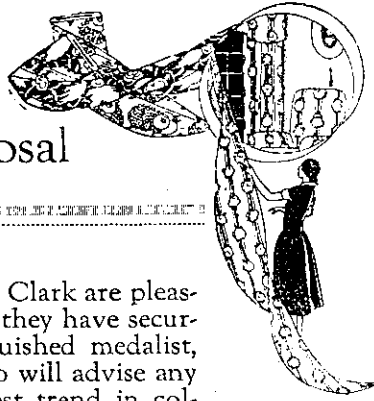
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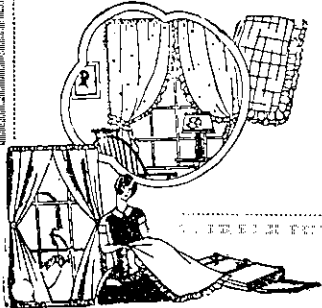


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GOLDBERG

Youthful Forties!

*Keeping Time—and Women—
at Arm Length*



WHEN Sir George Alexander, in his fortieth year, produced *The Man of Forty*, he said: "This looks like getting on in years, doesn't it?"

That was a popular idea at the time, but we have grown older and wiser since then. To-day the man of forty is quite a youth compared with his predecessor of twenty-five years ago, and looks a mere boy beside the whiskered ancients of forty as drawn by Charles Keene and George du Maurier.

At the present moment, according to the figures of the Registrar-General, there are five thousand Englishmen of forty who don't even consider themselves old enough to marry, and so much is this the day of the young man that sixty-seven thousand over forty and well beyond it remain gay and debonaire bachelors who would probably scorn any suggestion that they "were getting well on in years."

running after him. They aren't; or, if they are, they don't marry him. Five out of every six men of forty are married, but the proportion of bachelors who wed at that age is very small—only one out of every 156. The marrying time for men is from twenty-one to twenty-eight. After that they appear to get shy of matrimony.

If a man has not married by the time he is forty, it is a 22 to 1 chance against his marrying at all. Despite his supposed attraction (in fiction) for flappers, it is very rarely that a man of forty marries a young girl.

Only one in a hundred has a bride under twenty, a mere 12 per cent. marry women of twenty to twenty-five, and less than 20 per cent. take wives of twenty-five to twenty-nine. The largest group wed women of thirty, but 43 per cent. of the brides are between thirty and forty.

It is not to be supposed that those latter groups of brides are all dashing and merry widows. Nearly one-half are spinsters. Of bachelors who wed at the age of forty only one out of four marries a widow. Even when the men of forty are themselves widowed nearly 72 per cent. of them prefer spinsters!

Forty and the Flapper

IN this generation the man of forty, clean-shaven, well-groomed, carrying himself erect, looks and feels as young as the early-Victorian youth of twenty-five. I don't say that all the young women are

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Engagements

WE have pleasure in announcing the following engagements:—

Miss Eileen Rawcliffe, of Hawera, to Mr. Lewis Torrens, of Patea, the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Torrens, Bay of Plenty.

Miss Jeanette Russell, of Napier, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Russell, of St. Leonards, Dunedin, to Mr. Lancelot Tuckwell Herbert, of Pahiatua.

Miss Phyllis Maude Grieve, of Dunedin, to Dr. E. B. W. Smyth, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Smyth, Wellington.

Miss Mary Seton Norris, of Kelburn, Wellington, to Mr. Arthur De

Terrotte Nevill, R.N.Z.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Nevill, of Auckland.

Miss Grace Crawford, of Auckland, to Mr. George Burtenshaw, Taumarunui.

Miss Mabel Crozier, of Moturoa, New Plymouth, to Mr. Geoffrey Hardy, Wellington.

Miss Joyce Anita Stewart, Bay View Road, Takapuna, to Mr. Leslie Allan Jack, Arch Hill, Grey Lynn.

Miss Nancy Isabel Wright, of "Nga Nikau," Levin, to John Sutherland Sinclair, youngest son of Sir John Sinclair, of Dunedin.

The Queen of Roumania Looks on Life

Continued from page 26

even if there was little "better" about it.

Here in Rumania divorce is looked upon as very natural; marriage is, in fact, just a trial, an association an experiment which can be broken or thrown over at any moment. I never could get accustomed to this conception of things, but, then, I am a home-lover.

Not an Experiment

I AM also passionately a mother. I like to create my corner and stick to it, and, though I was born courageous, I never felt as though I would have had the courage to break my life to pieces and begin it all over again with another man in another place.

But, of course, for a Princess or a Queen to divorce would mean an awful row and upset, so perhaps I cannot judge the question impartially, let alone the religious side

of it, which means something to us.

I am afraid that a new head and mentality would have to be screwed on to my body to make me really agree to the idea of marriage being looked upon solely as a contract that, like any other, can be broken at any moment just because one or the other wants to try the same experiment with somebody else.

The Path to Chaos

HOME and family give to the world a feeling of stability for which, I think, it has great need. If we tear down all existing traditions, principles, and institutions we shall soon find ourselves in an inextricable chaos in which each man will be grabbing things for himself, having done away with all feeling of duty, honour, and responsibility. And then where shall we be?

After the Theatre—a Convenient and Delicious Supper!



THE throng of home-goers at the exit—a space and then thoughts of, "What for supper?" To those who know, "King Oscar" Brisling (Sardines) offer a tempting repast that cannot be excelled. Serve them on hot buttered toast! Your grocer stocks "King Oscar" brand—ask for them by name!

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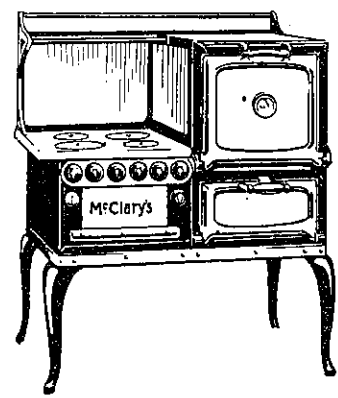
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Philosophers on Marriage

The Shiek Type "Out of Date"

WHEN Mr. Bernard Shaw was asked to contribute to "The Book of Marriage," which Count Keyserling has just given to the world, he sent this message in reply:—

"No man dare write the truth about marriage while his wife lives. Unless, that is, he hates her, like Strindberg, and I don't. I shall read the volume with interest, knowing that it will consist chiefly of evasions, but I will not contribute to it."

With this intimation Count Keyserling ushers in a distinguished company of professors of ethnography and psychiatry, doctors of medicine and letters, of both sexes, whom he asked to help him to compile a "symphony of marriage," illuminating all the spiritual aspects, and those only, of man and woman in their legalised relation to one another as creatures of different sex, not merely as the mothers and fathers of the next generation.

The result is a book of real importance. A mystic and a visionary, Count Keyserling desires to help mankind to solve the problem of why marriage is so difficult an undertaking.

Low Percentage of the Hen-pecked

THE newest and most intriguing aspects of the problem are those presented by Dr. Kretschmer, Professor of Psychiatry at Tubingen. Under the heading "The Body in Relation to the Soul in Marriage," he discusses marriage according to type, and gives concrete examples of well and ill-matched pairs well on in married life, a hundred in number, whom he has studied with exhaustive thoroughness. Of this hundred he found that only thirteen were a justification of the popular superstition that men and women grow alike, even in externals, after many years of living together. Sixty-three were still the extremes in temperament and appearance they had always been, while the other twenty-four were "indifferent," offering no striking signs of having reacted either way. It is the short, plump, active, serenely-balanced, cheerful pair who grow to look alike, it seems—probably, one imagines, as stoutness increases. But as two very lively people do not attract one another, this cheerful type seldom finds the proper mate.

Only eight men of the hundred were of the domestic tyrant or "Sheik" type, which, the Professor

assures us, when not due to nervous disturbance, is out of date. Four of these had wives who possessed humour and managed them; the other four had reduced their wives to pale, resentful, depressed shadows. On the other hand that popular couple of the comic papers, the hen-pecked husband and his Xantippe partner, were only once represented among the hundred.

The Two Fidelities

PRINCESS Mechtild Lichnowsky, one of the most brilliant women writing in Germany to-day, on "Marriage as a Work of Art," gives food for thought.

"Sexual fidelity means less in marriage than fidelity in regard to pulling together as a social and economic entity. Whichever partner breaks up a home for the sake of a new passion is more immoral than Messalina, who remained empress by day, wherever she chose to spend her nights," says the Count.

"Let married couples keep strict regard with regard to what they let their surroundings see and hear," says the Princess, and advocates a certain amount of reserve as regards private thoughts and actions towards one another. Uncertainty enhances the charm of life. Her basis of the perfect homelife is perfect politeness.

Woman's "Common-Sense"

COUNT Keyserling is easily the most provocative writer of the twenty-four. He considers the non-intellectual aristocrat who only seeks a life-partner of his own standing the most easily satisfied in marriage, and of all nationalities on earth the Englishman of this type the wisest in his choice. He sees marriage as a masculine problem only. Woman, he thinks, endowed by nature with more practical realism and common-sense, and also more capable of altruism and sacrifice, was obviously destined to make the best of things as she finds them. This, he argues, should be easy, as she originally chose the man, supporting his view of woman's predatory qualities by citing Germany's leading feminine psychologist, Dr. Mathilde von Kemnitz, who has long pleaded for protective associations not for young girls but for adolescent boys. One misses a Latin point of view in a book predominantly German in tone in spite of the foreign collaborators.

Making Flowers Last

AS most of us regard flowers not as a luxury but a necessity, it is worth while taking a little trouble to make them last. Nearly every woman will see that her flowers have fresh water and that their stalks are cut every day; but in order to prolong the life of the blooms to the greatest extent it is advisable to make a round of your

rooms last thing before retiring and remove all the flowers from the vases, plunging them into a big jar or bowl with more water than they can possibly get during the day.

This is the time to nip their stalks and put a pinch of salt in the water, and the bowl into which you have plunged them should be left in a dark cool place.

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You do not need any experience or practice to use the DUPLEX AUTOMATIC HAIR CUTTER; it is absolutely FREE with outfit, and comes to you ready for instant use, and five minutes after you receive it you can have your hair cut better than it was ever cut before.

Write us to-day. Enclose 1½d. stamp, we will tell you absolutely FREE and without obligation, how to have the most delightful Marcelle Wave imaginable.

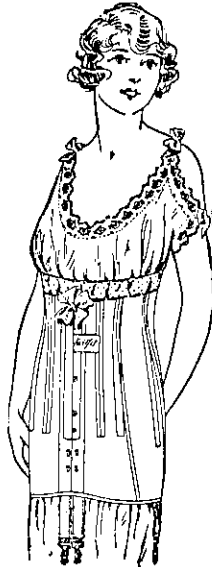
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FOR the years ahead, in the days when you are over the crown of the hill, will those little faces be as care-free and happy as they are to-day? For their sakes surely you will invest in, at least, one 2/- “Big Three Ticket”—perhaps to win—why not?—£1000. Better still, take out a £1 book for the whole family and share 1296 chances of winning big prizes between you.

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Women I Admire

By SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

IT is rather like filling up a questionnaire to catalogue the women I admire, for their number is infinite.

In the United States, where I was interviewed twice a day, the second thing on which I was ordered to stand and deliver was my opinion of American women. Didn't I think they were the finest women on God's earth? At first I was inclined to be patriotically discriminating in my appreciation. Oh, gee! They didn't want to hear about English

creetly discuss the tendencies of modern drama; but they are not the sort of women. I would prefer to see on the other side of the breakfast dishes every morning.

There was a judge who married his cook because she was a very good cook; but the mischief was that after he married her she never cooked for him again. A friend of mine married his secretary, and everybody said what a fool he was. Not at all. She was a nice woman, and, during the eighteen months ere



Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Salmon, Roslyn, Dunedin
J. J. Webster, photo

women—everybody knew they had thick ankles and big, flat feet—what they wanted to know was, had I ever in my multitudinous wanderings come across such perfectly lovely, cultured creatures as the women I had met in the most exclusive circles of American society?

In time I learnt to give the pertinacious interviewers exactly what they wanted. "Your women!" I would declare with enraptured gesture. "they are the most beautiful peaches that were ever sent from heaven." Thus I learnt the art of becoming popular with the American public, and I was able to read in the *Toledo Blade*, the *Omaha Bee*, or some similar enterprising journal: "British Nobleman Boosts American Beauty!"

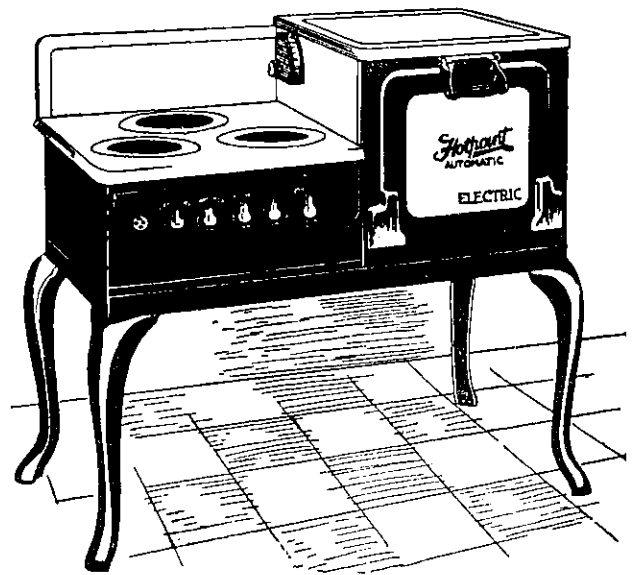
OF course, there are many women one likes for particular occasions, and a very few women that one can like on all occasions. There are captivating creatures with whom I love to dine and to dis-

he discovered he was in love, he saw her in the morning mood, noticed she was punctual, conscientious, had a lively intelligence, could write a sensible letter, read good books, was courageously independently, and generally worthy of esteem. He was less likely to make a mistake than if he had let his heart slip to some sylph whom he met at dances, and the chief thing he knew about her was that she was jolly good fun in a punt on the Thames.

IT is the habit of men who have reached my urbane age, the amiable fifties, to be just a little pontifical about the carryings on of the modern young woman, with her shingled hair and bobbed tresses, wagging her powder-puff and manipulating her incarnadine lipstick in public, and making her waist-band encompass the least slender portion of her figure.

My philosophy is that the customs

Continued on page 38



Your Oven Heat Controlled—Automatically

If you have an electric range you know how constantly the switch has to be watched to keep the oven at an even temperature—how easy it is to "forget"—and then to find the cooking burned to a cinder.

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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Before you purchase an electric range, call and see the Hotpoint—ask to see model RA73. You owe it to yourself—and to your family—to instal the Super Automatic Time and Temperature Controlled Hotpoint Electric Range.

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2/- & 7/6 a Jar.

HAND EMOLLIENT

Make Baby Beautiful

By "A MOTHER OF THREE"
Toilet Tips for the Nursery

A HEALTHY baby ought to be like a flower, sweet to look at and sweet to smell. So many bonny little people, it seems to me, are not made the best of by their mothers. You can hardly travel in a train or bus without seeing some lusty youngster who with a little care might be quite beautiful,

are being tied, will lift up their voices with every reason in the world.

SOFT, downy hair, however little there may be of it, and however small an inclination it may show to curl, is another point in the good looks of a baby; hair that one can



Mrs. W. L. Perkins (née Miss Reira Hurst), with her Bridesmaids, Miss Gwyn Jones and Miss Eileen Fitzgerald
Tonquist Studio, Auckland

but who in his present state is rather "untempting" to all but the born lover of babies.

For once let us consider the question of baby's beauty culture, rather than his health culture! One of the greatest charms of a well-kept baby is the exquisite softness of his skin; yet rough, "scurfy" little cheeks are to be seen on many an otherwise pretty child. Indigestion, in a few cases, may be responsible, but more often, especially at this season of the year, it is merely a matter of carelessness. A very little good cold cream, rubbed gently on at bed-time, and before going out into the cold wind, will prevent this unbecoming (and, somehow, so *unsuitable*) roughness of baby's skin. At the teething, dribbling stages, we must be particularly careful about baby's little chin, and the folds of skin just beneath it; poor wee mites often suffer misery from chapping hereabouts, and, when bonnet strings

enjoy kissing, too! But if baby's head is allowed to become overheated with too hot prams and too thick woollen caps, the hair soon develops a lifeless look. It should be washed *every day* for the first eight or nine months; later, every other day will do, and, after the first year or so, I really think twice a week is often enough. But when I speak of washing baby's hair every day, I *don't* mean continually washing it with soap. A very, very little soap is enough at any time, and, four days out of the seven, a gentle sponging with warm water is enough. If mothers used less bath-soap (which at its best isn't meant for hair) on baby's head, I believe there would be fewer cases of scurf in the scalps of young children.

A brown scurf is very liable to appear on any baby's head, particularly towards the front and over the ears. It is often due to "sweating"

Continued on page 40

"Life's a jest and all things show it."—Gay.

Still a summer cold or chill is no joke. The obvious remedy is, of course, Baxter's Lung Preserver. A short course of this rich and penetrative specific gives gratifying relief and speedily banishes the most chronic throat or chest ailments.

"Baxter's" also possesses splendid tonic properties. No home should be without a bottle of Baxter's Lung Preserver in the family medicine chest.

Obtainable at all chemists and stores. Generous-sized bottle 2/6. 2

"No man can serve two masters, unless he is a house agent," says an English Judge. Or unless he is a husband whose mother-in-law lives with him, too.

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How may one hope, by mere words, to conjure before you a fragrance that surpasses the first soft breath of morning in a summer rose garden? Yet such is the entrancing perfume that pervades the delightful *Ashes of Roses* series of toilet preparations — Bourjois' most seductive masterpiece.

Never should you overlook, before dinner or the dance, the final touch of *Ashes of Roses* Perfume "just behind the ears"—it means so much.

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(BOURJOIS-PARIS)

Bourjois, the famous Parisian perfumer and chemist, in producing the new *Ashes of Roses* Depilatory—a toilet accessory of the highest and finest type—has given to ladies a distinct improvement in the means available for the removal of superfluous hair.

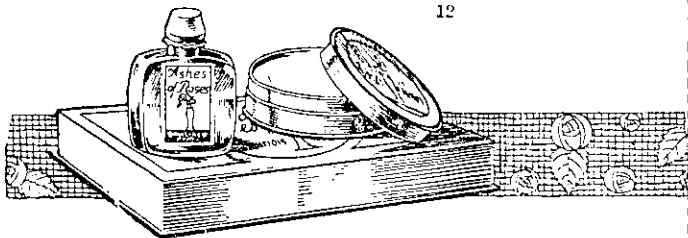
In order that you may test these exquisite Preparations, fill up the attached Coupon, and post, together with 2/6 Postal Note to the Proprietors, when this beautiful presentation case, containing the Perfume and Face powder, will be sent to you post free. Be sure to mark on the Coupon which set you prefer.

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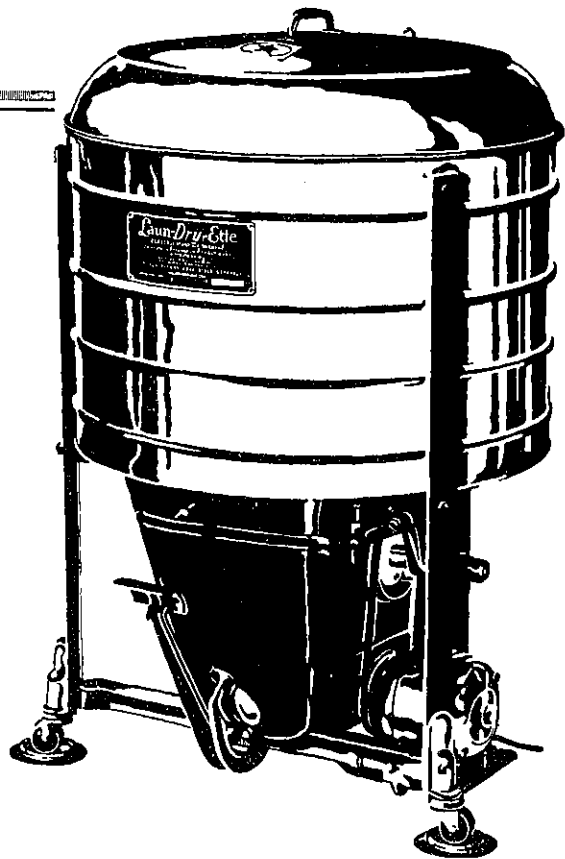
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Women I Admire

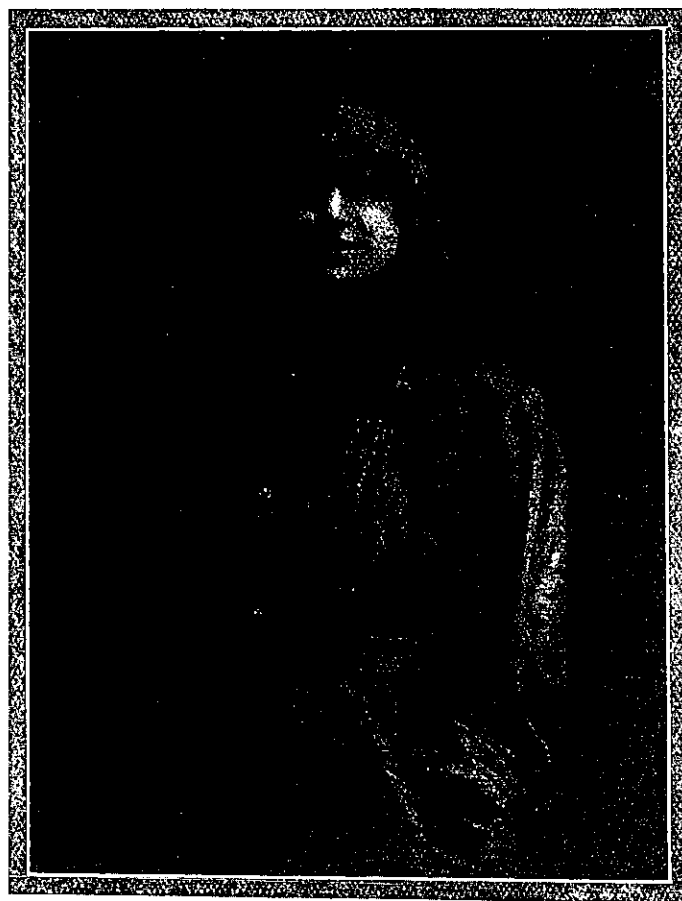
Continued from page 35

of an age are exactly suitable for that age, and, therefore, the ways of the young lady of the period are just about what they ought to be. Yet I expect that a quarter of a century hence the girls of to-day, who come in for so much reproof from frumpish elders, will be telling their own frolicsome progeny their conduct is absolutely unbelievable, and certainly nothing of the kind was done in the more refined and restrained far-off days of 1926.

When I seriously think about it I fancy it would be easier to write about the women I do not admire than about those I do—for one can

Not at night time, when you are full of sumptuous fare, and the lights are low, and the music divine, and the atmosphere sensuously alluring, should a man make up his mind about a woman; but in the morning, when the light is clear, and she is her real self.

If I were giving advice to a young man I would say: "Do your sweetheating in the morning. Invite the girl to go a long walk with you before breakfast. It is very nice to be out before breakfast, especially in the woods. And you will learn more about the girl you are fond of in half a dozen such walks



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let oneself go if disparagement is the work in hand, whereas admiration must not be jaunty or flippant, and praise must not be laid on with a trowel, though I have met women who pant with ecstasy when receiving a double measure of adulation.

NO man should talk or write about the women he admires unless his admiration is founded on deep respect. At dinner parties and little supper-and-dance gatherings after the theatre, I am constantly meeting the most captivating of women, sprightly and graceful, and with little laughs that sound delicious across the champagne glasses; but I don't admire them. I have an idea that most of them have breakfast in bed, and I have a gruff prejudice against women who do not come down to breakfast.

than a whole season of evening parties and crushes, and dances and theatres, and junketing at cabarets."

NOTHING is more idle or ungracious than to praise the women of one country by implied depreciation of the women of other countries; besides, it is bad manners.

The women of all countries have their adorable half-hours.

It is sweet to recline in a Venetian gondola close to a soft-breathing Italian woman whilst watching the lights of the Lido in the distance. It is, or was, a soul feast to sit through the white night of Russia in June with a Russian woman, temperamental and emotional, and discuss things that don't matter, but are very pleasant. It brings a smile to recall exquisite little "affairs" in

Continued on page 47

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Make Baby Beautiful

Continued from page 36

of the scalp, or to insufficient rinsing where soap is used; and sometimes it appears where every care has been taken, to the best of one's knowledge, which makes one wonder if it isn't then associated with digestive trouble.

DON'T attempt to remove this scurf until it has been well soaked with vaseline or olive oil for twenty-four hours; that is to say, when you bath baby, rub the vaseline or olive oil well into the hair, and leave it until you bath him next day. He will look a queer little object, but never mind. Wash and dry the hair, then gently raise from the scalp as many of the scurf patches as will come off easily; use a special baby-comb for doing this. If any of the scales seem at all obstinate, repeat the greasing process and try again next day.

Once baby has suffered from scurf, always keep a careful watch

them such "easy" teats to their bottles that they have no need to exert themselves to get their food. It is the exercise of all the fine little muscles around the lips and jaws that help to give firmness and fitness of contour to the mouth and nose.

You will find the prettiest mouths among babies who have had to "work for their living" so far as sucking goes! And not only the prettiest, but the healthiest mouths; the mouths that later on have good, strong, well-placed teeth. Healthy throats, too, are engendered by vigorous sucking—throats with a far better-than-average resistance to the modern plague of adenoid growths and enlarged tonsils.

WHAT could be prettier than a little baby's hands and feet?—"sea-shell pink," Swinburne called them. Yet they will not be what they might if we neglect the wee



Kenneth and Ronald Chalmers

Clarke, Oamaru

for any further symptoms, and, however slight the tendency may be, rub in a very little vaseline immediately to prevent its getting worse.

Scurfiness gives a baby's head such a dirty, neglected look, and so very soon spoils the growth of the hair that it is well worth guarding against with all your might. As I have suggested, many a baby's head suffers from insufficient ventilation; it is kept too warm, too moist, and the scalp gets into an unhealthy condition. The daily brushing and combing of such a very small amount of hair may seem to some of us hardly worth while—just a smooth-down, we think, and that's all it needs. But the brushing and combing help to ventilate the hair, just as the sieving of flour helps to aerate the pastry: you can do without it, but the result is not so good.

In a tiny baby, these are often allowed to grow so long that they inflict long scratches on the poor little owner's face; and how ugly they look. At first, the nails are so soft that they may be carefully "peeled" to the right length, but later they should be regularly cut. The same applies to the toe-nails, which should be cut across squarely, not rounded off more than is necessary to prevent scratches. It is a good plan to begin these small attentions quite early in baby's life, so that he takes them as a matter of course; I have known babies scream with fright (or indignation) at having their nails cut, but probably this is because their mothers didn't begin soon enough, or because of some past carelessness with the scissors, so that actual pain was inflicted.

A normal happy baby rather enjoys these little details of his toilet, if only mother carries them out in a spirit of sympathy and fun; and, as I write, there comes back to me an engaging picture of my first-born, aged two, trotting up to me with a radiant face and saying, "Mumma, my toes wants nailing!"

WE all want our babies to have pretty mouths and noses, and these they will never have if we allow them to lie sucking "comforters" by the hour, or if we give

The Well-Groomed Shingle

WHEN it is well-groomed the shingled head is invariably charming. But when it is not, the result is quite as bad as, if not worse than, a neglected head of long hair. We hear much of the expense of keeping short hair trim; but actually a little home care, given at odd times, between occasional visits to the hairdresser, will give you a well-shaped, glossy shingle. And you will save not only money, but the trouble of making frequent appointments at inconvenient hours with a hairdresser.

Take the various items of hair care—shampooing, trimming, waving, scalp massage—and let us see where professional aid can be reduced.

SHAMPOOING can be done at home by the shingled, as short hair is so easy to wash and dry. Many shampoo mixtures, either bought in packets or bottles, are unnecessarily expensive, and experience proves that a small piece of Castile soap shaved into hot water makes an excellent lather, and is quite as good. Inadequate rinsing much more often spoils a home shampoo than simple ingredients. If possible, get a second person to pour several jugs of warm water over your head while you bend over the basin or bath, and if the juice of half a small lemon is squeezed into the final rinsing water, it will soften it beautifully and give a gloss to your hair when dry.

Thorough drying is most important, and gentle rubbing and shaking are distinctly better for the hair than gas or electric driers. During drying, the hair should be thoroughly brushed and combed. Brush the hair *well upwards from underneath*, gollivog-wise, using a light brush. If this brushing up is done to damp hair, and it is brushed down

smoothly when dry, the sleek shingle outline will not be marred.

TRIMMING at first sight seems an unavoidable expense, but it's only partly so. Every shingle needs expert trimming and re-shaping monthly; but between whiles it is easily kept neat with a sharp pair of scissors. The old-fashioned shaving glass with side mirrors set at right angles is particularly useful in enabling you to see the sides and back of your head.

Nothing gives a more unbecoming appearance than "stubble" on the sides of the nape of the neck, especially if it is dark hair. This growth often wants attention at least once a week, which is much too often to be running to the hairdresser. A pair of clippers will save the few shillings they cost over and over again, and are perfectly safe and easy to use. You can generally find someone who will use them for you.

WAVING is an adornment on which few women grudge professional fees, for there are very few shingles which look attractive unwaved. It is money well spent to have a proper Marcel occasionally. But it is worth while to buy a *good* pair of straight curling irons with which the side pieces can be curled up inwards quite successfully.

If one simple rule is strictly observed, the hair will never be singed. After every heating test the curlers on white tissue paper. Should it brown in the slightest, the iron is too hot for safe use. This rule is infallible. Little methylated-spirit heaters are sold cheaply for heating irons, and are invaluable when travelling or when minus a gas ring.

Nothing does more to keep the good line of a shingle than the use of a netted shingle cap at night over smoothly combed locks.

"Don't go Bald"

DOES the modern shingled girl miss the exercise she formerly got by brushing her long tresses? According to a well-known medical man, the girl who used to brush her long hair for five or ten minutes in the morning and evening was by the long swinging movements of the brush helping to keep herself graceful and supple and developing her muscles and chest.

"One thing against short hair," he states, "is that it usually does not get nearly so much brushing as long hair. A girl either flips it with the hair-brush, attacks it with a comb, or perhaps just pats it into place. On the other hand, the woman with long hair will usually spend a cer-

tain amount of time in keeping it well brushed. By the mere action of brushing she moves her whole body, and bring into play certain muscles until the process becomes quite an excellent physical exercise."

Brushing long hair also helped to keep the scalp loose, which was a prevention against baldness, maintained the doctor. "You will notice," he said, "that men's hair invariably begins to get thin on the top before anywhere else, because the scalp here is not so loose and flexible as at the back of the head."

The moral would seem to be: If you bob or shingle, don't forget to brush your hair thoroughly.

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Kiddies Sunshine Circle



DEAR KIDDIES.—THE MIRROR has been in the past of most interest to your mothers, aunts, sisters and the grown-up members of the family, but in order to make it more truly "the Home Journal of New Zealand" the Editor has promised to reserve one or two pages for the little ones, who really are most important people, aren't they?

We will call this section the "Kiddies' Pages" because kiddies is such a friendly and cheery word to use when we wish to refer to the bright young souls who are the life of every true home, and of whom a poet sings:

"In books, or work, or healthful play,

Let our first years be passed,
That we may give for every day
Some good account at last."

Therefore I am going to try and make these pages so interesting for you all by printing bright, instructive stories with pictures and sketches, which I hope will please you; also we will have riddles and competitions for our clever little readers to puzzle out and write to me about.

It is said by another poet:
"And he who gives a child a treat
Makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street."

I want you all to help me to make our pages interesting and let our motto be: "Always merry and bright." Soon we will start competi-

titions which will give you all a chance of gaining prizes and becoming members of our "Sunshine Circle."

In the next number of THE MIRROR I shall tell you what the Editor is planning to make our winter evenings cheerful and give you interesting recreation. Meanwhile I want some of my little sisters and brothers to write me short letters of about one hundred words written in ink on one side of the paper only, to tell me how they like the idea of the "Kiddies' Pages," and what would make them most interesting to you. A useful little prize for the best letter received. Be sure to write your name and address clearly, and state your age (which on this occasion must not be more than 15 years).

Hoping you will all rally round the "Sunshine Circle" and help to make it a big success.

Best wishes to all my little friends, from your big sister,

"SUNSHINE."

Address: THE MIRROR, Customs Street East, Auckland.

In Sunny Ceylon

JOHN lives on a tea plantation in Ceylon. You would think from his Christian name that he is an English boy; but he is not, as you would guess at once from his family name if I told you it. But it is really so long and so hard to say that perhaps I had better not!

John is a Singhalese. His father is a *kangani*, or overseer, on a big tea estate among the hills in the middle of the island, and works for an English tea-planter.

It is beautiful up there among the hills, and not nearly so hot as in the plains along the coast. John lives in a land of eternal summer, and rarely puts on many clothes. Not far away the hills rise into mountains, and on one of them, called Adam's Peak, there is a wonderful temple, which John often visits.

On the hill slopes are the tea bushes, all neatly planted in long rows and all kept pruned down to

about four feet in height. Here and there are palms, or rows and rows of young rubber trees to give shelter to some of the tea bushes that need it.

Down below are the wide-roofed buildings of the factory where the tea is made ready for use; for a great deal has to be done to it after it has been picked from the bushes. And on a sheltered slope is the fine bungalow where the planter himself lives.

IN a little valley below runs a tiny stream along whose banks are the "coolie lines" where the labourers live who work on the estate. John's family live down there, but in a separate little white-walled hut thatched with dry brown palm leaves. His people are Singhalese, and of a different race altogether from the people who do most of the work on the plantation.



"Feeding Woolly Molly"

The tea pickers are Tamils, and come from Southern India. Some stay in Ceylon; but very many go back to India as soon as they have saved a little money, and buy a tiny bit of land for their own. I do not suppose they earn much more than a penny a day, if as much; but they have nothing to pay for house rent or for the doctor at any rate. Their food is very cheap, for rice is grown in the island; and the climate is so warm that clothing is not an expensive matter at all.

On this plantation the coolie line where the Tamils live is a long low

building of one storey, which is divided up into separate rooms, one to each family. It is not much, but they spend most of their lives in the open air; so it does not matter.



"Little Bright Eyes"

Each gang of coolies has its *kangani*, or overseer, who not only sees that they do their work properly, but when necessary speaks for them to the *dorai*, or master. The *kanganies* are often Tamils, who understand the workers better; but John's father knows Tamil and the Tamils, and does very well.

WORK begins shortly after day-break. The coolies are drawn up in two lines like soldiers on parade, but not so smart! They consist of two or three hundred men, women, and children, and are sent off in gangs—some to do this and others to do that. The men usually do the pruning, and the women and children the plucking. Men do the heavier work on the estate, too.

There is no winter in Ceylon, and the tea bushes put forth new shoots all the year round. But from time to time the planter must give bushes a rest, and it is then that the delicate work of pruning is done by the Tamil men, who are born gardeners. If you saw a field of newly pruned bushes you would think that they were all ruined; for they look just as if locusts or caterpillars had been at them—just bare stems and cut-back branches.

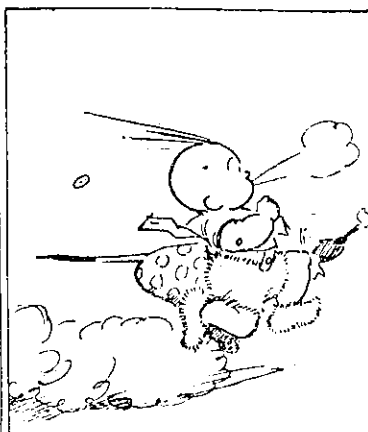
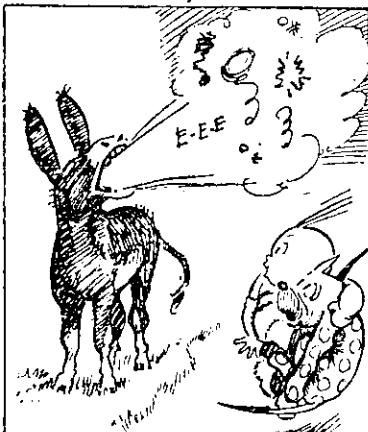
But in a month or two the pruned bushes are fresh and green again, so wonderful is the climate of Ceylon for making things grow.

Continued on page 43



A bright specimen of the Native Race
Snapshot Competition

BILL.—Reprisals.



BY CHARLES GRAVE

Plucking is done when the bushes are "flushing" or budding, as they do when bright sunshine follows heavy showers. Each field is plucked about once every eight or ten days. Only the young and tender leaves are of any use.

Tamil girls and children, dressed in loose white garments, with long veil-like head-dresses to keep off the sun from the backs of their heads, go up and down the neat rows, plucking the tender leaves with clever fingers, and putting them into the tall wicker baskets they bear on their backs. Twice or thrice during the day the leaves are sent down to the factory, when they are weighed and then spread out to wither on *tats* or shelves in the lofts.

AFTER that many other things have to be done, and machinery must be used to deal with so great a quantity. The leaves must be *rolled* and sifted, and then left to ferment or turn black. It is *fired* by passing currents of dry hot air over and through it, and then sifted and sorted again.

Much of the tea goes over-seas and unless properly packed gets spoiled by the sea-air. To keep it out the tea is packed in wooden chests lined with thin sheets of lead, so that the sea-air cannot get at it. When the tea gets, say, to London, it is mixed and blended and then packed up in the neat packets we buy at the shops.

John's greatest treat is to go with his father by train down the pleasant hills to the big city of Colombo by the sea, especially when the south-west monsoon is driving heavy black clouds full of rain before it, and making the sea sprout in giant columns of foam upon the long breakwater that shuts in the splendid harbour and the big ships.

He always goes to the *Pettah*, or native part of the city. For Colombo has a European quarter, with fine houses and big buildings, and a native quarter, which is thronged with shaven Tamils, white petticoated Singhalese, with big combs stuck in their hair, turbaned men from India, Arabs, Malays, Parsis, and hosts of other Eastern people.

SCORES of tiny native shops are on both sides of the way, where you can buy brightly coloured cotton cloth, pottery, curry stuffs, fruits, sweetmeats, and so forth. Huge two-wheeled bullock carts, with palm leaf thatch on them, rumble slowly along; lighter carts drawn

by a single bullock carry passengers. From the trees huge black crows swarm down for tit-bits; barbers shave heads in the open streets; and here and there is a little crowd around snake charmers and their baskets of big cobras.

Cobras and other snakes, as well as lizards, live in the palm thatch of the little one-roomed huts in which many of the poor live. No Singhalese would dream of killing a cobra, if he could help it. But if he gets too afraid of it, he traps it, pops it

beans from mother, and a yard and a half of the thread only costs a penny or two.

Soak the beans in coloured water till they are soft enough to stick a needle through them, but don't let them get too soft or they will split.

The water can be coloured by using a bit of any dye, some bright-coloured ink, or even ordinary washing blue.

When the beans are soaked enough, dry them carefully with a cloth and start to thread them, making a knot before and after each one.

Then you'll have a lovely necklace which will make a fine present for a little sister.



And they call her Winsome, too!
Snap-Shot Competitions

in a wicker basket and sets it afloat on the river.

A nice find for the person who is inquisitive enough to open the basket, isn't it?

[This story is taken from one of two delightful little books that were sent to the Editor called "Children of the Field and Forest" and "Children of the Mountain and Plain," by "Uncle Robert." These children's books come from Messrs. A. & C. Black, Ltd., Soho Square, London, and can be had at any of the leading booksellers.]

Try this Kiddies

GET a handful of small haricot beans and a long piece of silver or gold thread. You can get the

The Three Yawns

YVONNE was always sleepy at lesson time, and she used to yawn and yawn, until everyone near her began to yawn also. This worried her Mummy so much that she asked Yvonne's godmother about it. She was a fairy godmother, and knew magic. So it was always best to ask her help.

"I'll speak to Yvonne," she said; "it's such a silly trick, and most annoying for the rest of the family. Send her to the old oak tree in the wood next Saturday afternoon." So Yvonne went, and she was so excited that she quite forgot to yawn at all. Her godmother gave her a lovely time and never said anything scoldy until the end.

Then she said, very seriously: "Now, you must learn not to yawn at the wrong time, little one." Yvonne did not answer rudely, because she was afraid of her fairy godmother, but she thought to herself that when she got home she would yawn as much as she liked.

Then her godmother told her she could have three wishes, but only if she deserved them! And when Yvonne asked how she could deserve them, she said by not yawning when she was with anyone else. And she told her to swallow three little sugary pills, one for each wish. So Yvonne kissed her, and went home. The wishes were not to begin for three days.

For two whole days Yvonne did

not yawn at all, not even alone, but the third day she got out of bed the wrong way, and did not care for anyone or anything.

She was so idle in school that the teacher made her stand up by herself. And Yvonne was in such a rage that she opened her mouth and shut her eyes, and made a huge and quite hideous yawn.

Presents

You Can Make with Acorns

AS you will see by the illustrations, ever so many toys can be made out of acorns. Collect as many acorns as you can, a few burnt-out matches and a short length of wire, and a small drill. In April the acorns are getting rather dry, and they may split when you try to bore holes in them, so it is a good plan to soak them for a few hours to render them less brittle.

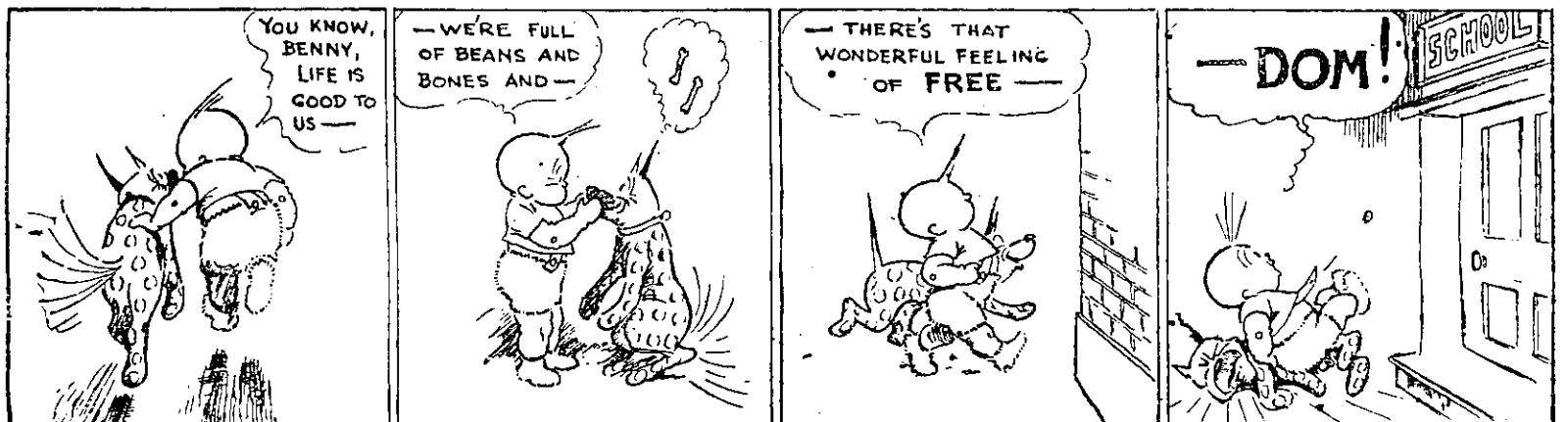
The little man with his pipe is made out of two acorns—one large one for his body, and a small one in its cup for his head. Two holes are bored at the blunt end of the larger acorn for inserting the legs, a small one at the top for the neck, and one on each side for the arms. The cup of the smaller acorn represents his hair, and is cut back in front to reveal his forehead. One fine hole is made for the neck in the lower pointed end of the head acorn, and one where the mouth is drawn for the stem of the pipe. Cut matches of the right length for the arms and legs. Join head and body by wire and cut a tiny piece of wire for the stem of the pipe.



The little lady's head is made in much the same way. Her bodice is made by an acorn placed sideways, with a hole at either end for arms. The skirt is half a large acorn.

BILL.—Some Day.

BY CHARLES GRAVE



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The Ultra-Modern Girl

By J. JEFFERSON FARJEON

AMONG the great changes of recent times, none has been greater or more sweeping in its effect than the transformation of womanhood.

A dozen years ago the Victorian girl, although referred to retrospectively, was not entirely a creature of the past. One found her here and there in the cities, and she lingered in the provinces in slightly greater numbers. While the majority of

that is, into this fresh conception of the status of womanhood? Even more important, is the fresh conception a good and a lasting one?

MALE writers from Mr. W. L. George upwards or downwards are apt to consider that they have explored and discovered all the secret depths of a woman's soul. Certainly I make no such claim, feeling indeed that there are innumerable



Geoff and Bill Wachter, of Napier

Deighton Studio, photo, Napier

men were not attracted to her, a minority could still kneel to her lavender and lace.

But now, though perhaps not quite extinct, she is practically prehistoric. She evokes man's interest, not his passion—just as a prehistoric monster in a museum evokes his curiosity and not his fear. And in her place has arisen an astonishing new woman, a creation of mushroom growth. A dozen years is nothing in the history of human development, and the growth of the modern girl, together with our acceptance of her, forms a miracle which puts wireless in the shade.

Do we accept her because we have to, or have men, by their own new attitude and requirements, called her into existence—forced her,

able depths of my own soul quite beyond my comprehension. There are, however, certain obvious expressions and tendencies in the modern girl which may be reviewed and commented on without any pretensions to subtlety.

Generally speaking, the modern girl has, during the past dozen years, either acquired or increased her regard for:—

- (a) Drinking and smoking;
- (b) Paint and powder;
- (c) Slang;
- (d) Pastimes demanding physical vigour;
- (e) Work, apart from the household variety;
- (f) Individual independence and freedom of action;

Continued on page 45

The Ultra-Modern Girl

Continued from page 44

- (g) Speed;
- (h) Late hours.

This list is incomplete, but it will serve sufficiently for the present purpose.

Two days ago one of the nicest girls I know told me, quite seriously, that she liked drinking a little more than was good for her occasionally, and that she thought there was nothing wrong in it. It rather amused her that I should disagree, and—since the year was 1926 and not 1913—I discussed the matter with her without betraying any mor-

ill health (with its glorification of temporary substitutes), and a general lowering of our spiritual standards.

Then who is responsible for this new conception of the feminine attitude—the girls themselves, or the men?

The common practice of those who blame is to blame the girls. Well, they must take their share. But the greatest blame, when an individual commits an offence, lies sometimes with some other individual who has urged or goaded or tempted him into committing the offence; and we may be quite sure that the modern girl of to-day would not act as she does if the majority of modern men did not want her to.



"Always merry and bright"
[Snapshot Competition]

al indignation. We were quite calm and academic, as though we were merely discussing a point of grammar or the best way to make an omelette.

IN the Marylebone Road the other day I saw a girl stop, open her bag, consult a mirror, discover that her nose was slightly shiny, and apply the remedy. Meanwhile, a taxi-driver, voicing his views but not acting upon them, made a big curve round her and refrained from running her over.

You think I am inventing? Journalists have been known to do such things. The incident, however, is quite true.

"Damn" is the mildest expletive of more than one girl of my acquaintance. (They are jolly nice girls.) Recently I appeared at the breakfast-table after a small girl who was beginning her egg. She solemnly finished her egg, took a drink of tea, and then remarked, "Hullo!" (She is a jolly nice little girl.) My last tennis partner, in apologising for a bad stroke, admitted that she had been up till three-thirty a.m. (A perfectly nice tennis partner.) And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Now all these things may be right, and I may be wrong in thinking them wrong; yet I do believe they are working against rather than for the general welfare, and that they are tending to induce neuroticism.

THE way, spiritually, is a long way from being over. Man still suffers from the aftermath, requiring excitement rather than peace, and action rather than thought. He gravitates towards the girl who can best accompany him in his prevailing moods, and the girl, though she, too, is caught up in the confusingly swift current of the age, is afraid to swim out of that current into the backwater. She fears that, in the backwater, she will be overlooked. She thinks she must court to the sound of the jazz band.

I have seen more than one girl initiated into the ironical joys of cocktails because of a man's urging, and she has feared to displease him. Perhaps the men do not deserve more than fifty per cent. of the responsibility; but, certainly, they deserve that much.

But *all* girls—and *all* men—do not hurl themselves without thought into the vortex of excitement. Between the prehistoric Victorian girl and the ultra-modern girl there is a girl of sound sense and limb who exists, happily, in comfortably large numbers. One may not hear so much about her, but she is here, among us. And she is the girl most likely, I think, to carry on the world's story—and with whom the world's story will be in the safest keeping.

Acknowledgment

"A Man Under Authority"

THE ability of Ethel M. Dell to write an ingenious and interest-compelling novel has placed her in the front rank of women novelists ad amongst the writer of "best sellers." In her latest book, *A Man Under Authority* (Cassell and Co., per Messrs. A. J. Harding Ltd., Auckland), the character drawing is strong and convincing. The hero is a young vicar who falls in love with an attractive young widow, but also possessed of "a past." There are many pleasant passages and good humour running through the novel, which is altogether most entertaining reading and ends in quite an unexpected way.

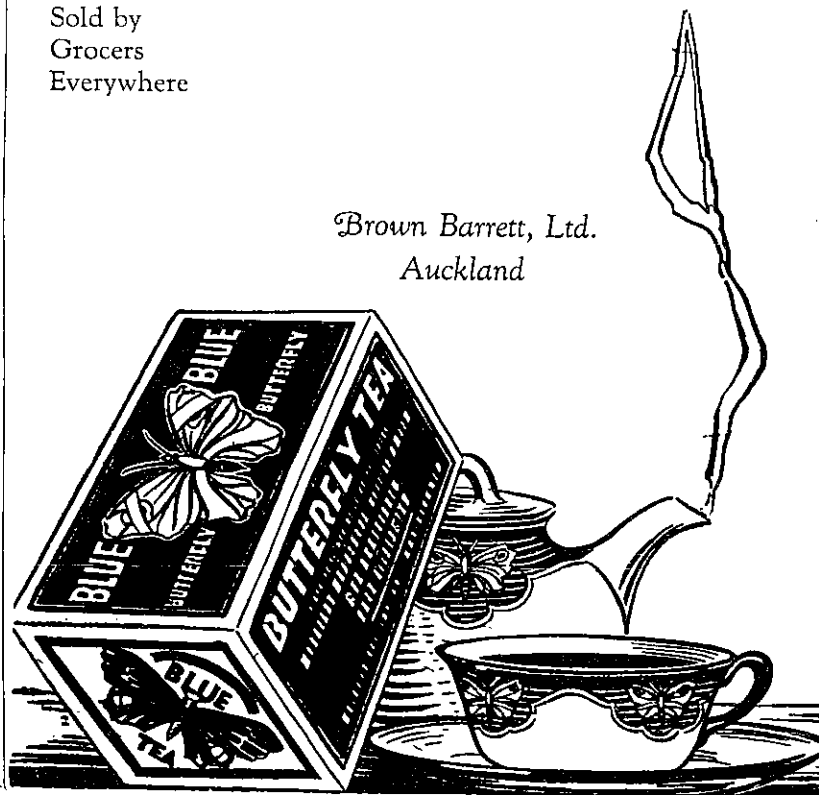
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Master Muir Fitzherbert Chilwill, aged 17 months

Cornie Lloyd, Takapuna

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Care of Silk Stockings

THE care of silk stockings should begin immediately one gets them home. Sew a piece of narrow tape four inches long into the top of each stocking and tie the pairs together. Next soak the stockings for five minutes in cold soft water, no matter how delicate their texture or how dainty their shade. For this treatment will set the colour and double the life of the yarn. Then hang them up by the tapes and allow them to drip themselves dry, states a writer in an English exchange.

When the day arrives for washing them, use lukewarm water in which a little pure white soap has been dissolved. Squeeze them softly but thoroughly, and when clean rinse them well in cold water. Silk stockings should never be soaked directly; should never be ironed; nor is it necessary to wring them. Every woman knows that suspender buttons are the most frequent cause of ladders. The irritating looseness that middle-aged stockings acquire forces one to take a fresh hitch on the top and fasten the suspender lower. This stretches the stocking to straining point and encourages it to ladder at the slightest additional strain.

AGAIN the cold water cure is the best preventative, because thus soaking the silk stockings causes the yarn to resume its natural position and elasticity so that

the stocking fits more snugly to the leg and the suspenders may be worn looser. Dancers who have to buy long, expensive trunk hose use this soaking method to make their stockings fit neatly and closely to the leg and prevent their stretching. Regulate the suspender to every fresh pair of stockings, for lengths are seldom quite the same, and on no account fasten the suspender button below the stocking's top hem.

The neatest and best way of mending ladders is to pick up the bars with a steel crochet hook, but for those whose eyesight forbids such methods there are shops that make a speciality of ladder mending at a reasonable charge. For the impatient there remains the useful if unsightly way of sewing up the edges of the ladders. No sensible person would use cotton for mending silk stockings, for the hard smooth thread would probably break the delicate loops and result in a couple of companion parallel ladders. Having got silk the exact shade of the stockings, the first thing to do is to secure the slipping loop. A fine needle should be used, and the silk thread carried down the ladder for a few inches before picking up the loop that has slipped. Sew neatly with close stitches, taking only two of the side loops at each side and fasten off securely. This method applies to a stocking leg and should never be used on the ankle.



Women I Admire

Continued from page 38

Egypt and in Japan, in Hungary and Argentine, in Spain and in India, of moonlight nights in the Mediterranean, and joyous sunny picnic days amongst the woods and lakes of North America—soft, luscious memories of innumerable women whom one has admired awhile and lost long since.

BUT what is the kind of woman I admire most of all?

She is an Englishwoman, not radiantly beautiful like a picture postcard actress, but with the sweetness of her nature shining in her countenance. She is in full womanhood, and she is not ever dabbling her face with powder in public. She is fond of dancing and the theatre, and of parties, but she is much fonder of life in the country. Loves horses, and knows something about other animals. She does not spend her afternoons at bridge parties, preferring to be in the garden, gloved, and with a trowel in her hand. She is respected by all the folk in her neighbourhood, and

when she goes out to tea she has something else to talk about than the foibles of other women. She plays tennis a little, and golf a little, but her affection is centred in her home, and she has some acquaintance with the linen cupboard and the kitchen and is by no means the sort of woman who gigglingly confesses she knows nothing about cooking. She is fond of a really good novel, but she likes to read the newspaper and learn what is happening in the great world. She does not fuss and meddle in public affairs, but knows there is a lot of quiet, good work for women to do, and she does not advance the perpetual excuse she is "much too busy" when asked to do some of it. She does not worry about the war between the sexes; she regards man as a pal, a big baby sometimes that needs mothering, but the staunchest friend in the hour of need. She is just a good healthy-bodied, healthy-minded Englishwoman.

Yes, that is the kind of woman I admire most of all.

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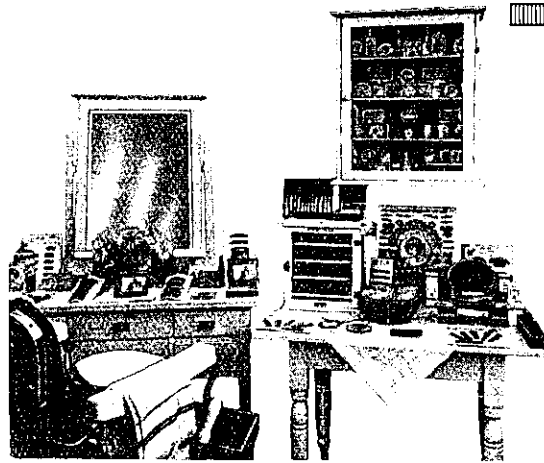


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My Lady's New Boots

THE vagaries of Fashion are utterly beyond the comprehension of the dull-witted male—a fact which, since the said male is the very last person to be considered in these matters, in no way perturbs those dressmaking autocrats who attain limousines and a rich old age by compelling Woman to scrap all her clothes once a month and replace them by a new, more costly, and differently shaped outfit. The mere trousered thing cannot understand why a garment which is all the rage on Monday must necessarily be hopelessly out of date on Tuesday; but what matters that? His not to reason why; his but to keep on paying until the bailiffs beg him to desist.

For this reason I can only marvel blankly at the sudden outbreak of pseudo-Russian footwear which has lately ravaged the country like some sinister epidemic. But a few short weeks ago a Russian boot was as rare in London as a laugh in Manchester; to-day she is woefully behind the times who is not clad from the knees down in objects which no self-respecting moujik would be found dead in.

UNLESS my memory is at fault, we were similarly afflicted only

a year or two back. Then, as now, your lady of fashion would have Muscovite legwear, or none at all. Then, as now, untutored Man was stirred to rude mirth by the repeated spectacle of Russian boots upon legs wholly unfitted to wear them. Suddenly they vanished, only to rise again, after a lapse of years, on the

mens of bootery which may be seen about our streets to-day we are risking a violent quarrel with a nation which has shown itself quick to take offence.

TO the masculine eye this new or re-born fashion manifests itself in a bewildering variety of shapes.

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stepping-stones of their dead selves to uglier things.

For it cannot reasonably be denied that, in at least sixty per cent. of cases, they are ugly. Indeed, it seems to me that by describing as "Russian" the extraordinary speci-

There are some who, evidently dreading varicose veins, wear boots so large and roomy that they might serve as funnels to a Channel steamer. Others have the brazen nerve to venture forth in what at first sight appear to be a couple of withered

concertinas. Yet another school of thought affects boots which would not disgrace the legs of a film cowboy, but which look slightly out of place upon those of Mrs. Pilbury-Piubury, of Golders Green.

NOR, so far as I can gather, are there any restrictions as to colour. I who speak have seen boots whose glittering lustre shamed the sun and dazzled the beholder; boots obviously selected to match the gown, the complexion or the temperament of their owner; brown boots, grey boots, boots yellow and mauve and green. It will not be long, I hope, before we have boots striped in red, white and blue, or chequered after the fashion of ar-morial bearings.

I would not have it thought that I am inveighing against this innocent craze, for such is not the case. These are mournful times, and any little contribution to the gaiety of nations will be thankfully received. To be absolutely candid, my observations on the subject are dictated not so much by disapproval as by envy, inasmuch as from my earliest years I have longed to wear cowboy boots myself, though I have abandoned all hope of ever having an opportunity to do so.

Hudson Essex Prices Reduced



1926 is seeing a record demand for Hudson-Essex. New Zealand—and the entire world—are appreciating, more and more, the fact that the purchase of either a Hudson or an Essex motor car means obtaining high quality at the lowest possible price.

Hudson Super Six Tourer	£450	Hudson Super Six Coach	£465
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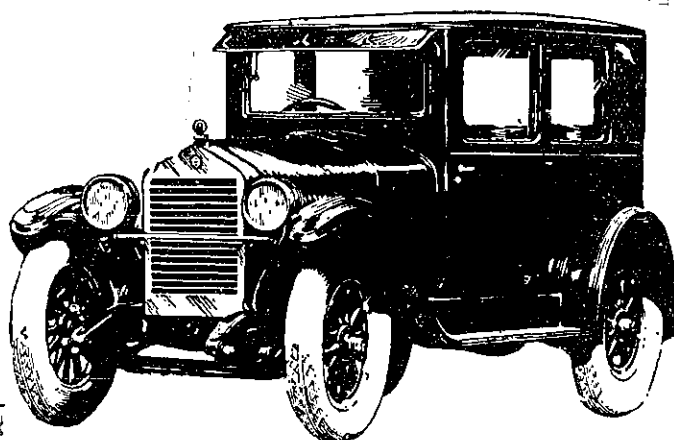
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From "N.Z. in Picture," Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd.

The King's Highway

A Motoring Causerie—By Sancho

THE British-made motor is becoming a much more prominent object on the roads of New Zealand than it was a few years ago, but it has a long way to go before it gets to where it ought to be. With the big factory shortly to go up in Wellington's suburban industrial area, the American-made car so far as several well-known makes are concerned, will become very much of a local industry. It is true the plant to be erected is only an assembling and body-building plant, but the fact remains that America's trade is extensive enough to warrant a big factory here, whereas the British motor manufacturer continues to be an inaccessible person at the other end of the cable.

GRADUALLY the public is waking up to the fact that the British light car is an economical vehicle that stands up perfectly well to the ordinary run of New Zealand roads. The light car is the leading development in the British motor trade of post-war years. It is a development forced by the British national motor tax of £1 per horsepower per annum, and by the demand of the British purchaser for a vehicle which shall be as economical in running costs as possible. The British light car made its first bow to the public about fourteen or fif-

teen years back, and some of the earliest specimens still survive in this country, flatly refusing to wear out. The writer was out the other day in a ten-year-old English light car which, after about fifty thousand miles on New Zealand roads, was running as quietly and sweetly as one could wish, and making excellent time on the road. Its owner, in fact, remarked that nearly every stranger to whom he gave a lift remarked on the smooth running of the car and gasped when told of its age.

THERE is no getting away from the fact, however, that if English cars are to be sold in quantity in this country the English manufacturer must lay himself out to taken an active interest in the market. There is a tremendous amount of lee-way to be made up, and the idea that the light car is little better than a toy still persists in many quarters, and requires to be combated. The manufacturer also needs to make himself more familiar with the special requirements of our market, and establish much closer contact between himself and the

New Zealand purchaser. With more ginger in the selling end, and more backing and support from his local agents, the British manufacturer could undoubtedly do very much better in this country than he is doing. Once he sets out in real earnest to keep his end up here he will find plenty of support.

AMERICA had its car show in New York soon after the New Year, and the trend for 1926 seems to be in the direction of smaller six-cylinder engines, automatic chassis lubrication, shorter wheelbase, and a great range of colours in the body finish. Balloon tyres are established firmly, but the demand is for six-ply tyres, as the four-ply balloon tyre has been found to have inadequate strength. Apart from four-wheel brakes, the braking generally has been improved on all cars, and even the cheapest have improved the size and width of their brake drums. A dozen or more makes were shown with the new double beam headlamps. In these the long light ray for driving is shortened and deflected downward when another car passes, but without any dimming as

in the past. This result is attained by the use of a second filament in the headlight, placed below that supplying the usual bright light. The driver shifts a switch lever on the steering wheel and the current is shifted to this second filament, which is out of the true focus of the reflector and so placed as to give a bright field of illumination immediately in front of the car, and somewhat broader than usual so that the ditches and sides of the road are well lighted.

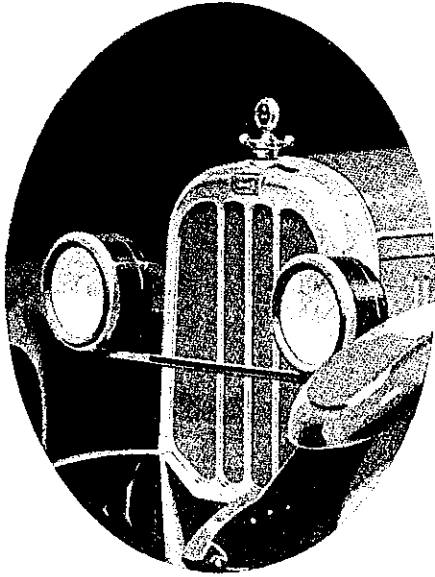
ANOTHER feature at the New York show this year has been the return of the roadster and dicky seat. The closed car has now become the standard, instead of the luxury article as it was of yore, but there are always many people who want something different from the usual run, and for them the sports roadster with luxurious equipment is being freely provided by numbers of American makers.

ONE thing to be thankful for in connection with the Dominion's good roads movement is that the extreme distrust of the Highways Board appears to be dying out in the South Island. A year or so ago the board was regarded as a sinister device created for robbing the South

Continued on page 50

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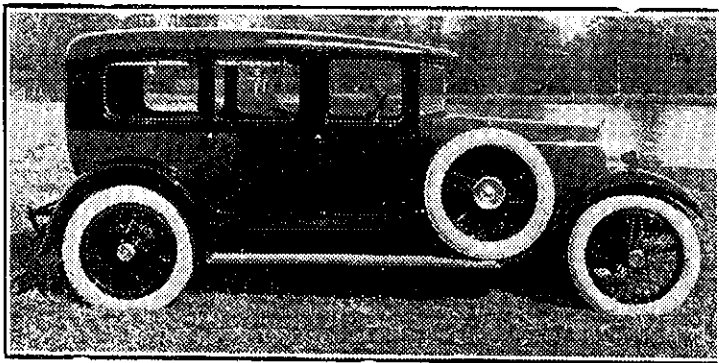
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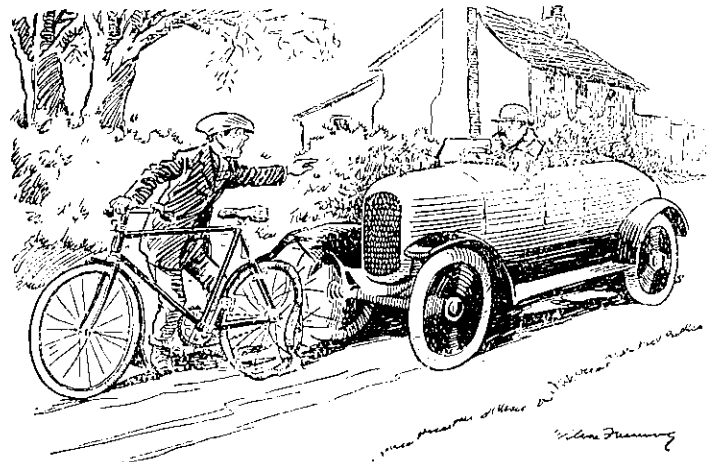
The King's Highway

Continued from page 49

Island motorists for the benefit of the North. During the recent tour of the Highways Board there were very few complaints on this score indeed, and the old demand for a separate board for the South seems to be as dead as a door-nail. The South Island, however, is still far behind the North Island in taking advantage of the subsidies under the Highways Act to improve its roads, but on the other hand its roads as a general thing are much better than in the sister island, and can be kept in order on a considerably smaller expenditure.

A POINT to which attention has lately been directed in the press, and which is worth the attention of motorists is that the main roads boards in most of the Australian States have power to initiate improvement works, whereas in the case of our Main Highways Board the initiation rests with the County Councils. Our system makes a uniform standard of work impossible, and means that the rate of progress is determined by the county councils, among the one hundred and twenty-nine of which there are still

This tax was imposed in 1917, but not enforced until 1924, and in the interim its dormant existence on the Statute Book was completely forgotten when the national motor taxation scheme was formed. The local tax was intended to defray the cost of a concrete surface four and a-quarter miles long on the Hutt Road from Wellington to Petone. It produced much more money than was needed for the bitumen surface ultimately laid, and the surplus is being used to finance the bituminous paving of an additional thirty-five miles of road, the work being controlled by a board representing the local bodies who are contributing about a quarter of the cost, the other three-quarters coming out of the motorists' pockets. Paving has been laid at break-neck speed, but faults have developed in all sections laid last season, and a portion of main road paved this season has been condemned by the Main Highways Board as not complying with the specifications submitted. As the motorist foots the bill the local bodies do not appear to be worrying much, and so long as local motor tax funds last will no



INDIGNANT YOUTH (to motorist who has run into his bicycle):
"I'll tell my big brother of you; 'e drives a motor lorry!"

a number of unlightened and unprogressive bodies. As the Highways Board now has power and funds to defray half the cost of improvement works, it would seem to fair thing that the initiative should be with it. Under the Australian system the main roads board for the State decides what wants doing, has the work put in hand, and bills the local bodies for their share. Objections by the local bodies have not been numerous, and where there is objection a right of appeal lies to an impartial tribunal. Something on these lines would hasten the good work here.

WELLINGTON motorists who are in the unique position of paying a double motor tax are finding that they are not getting all they might for the thirty shillings a year they pay in Hutt Road tax.

doubt go on digging up the pavements as cheerfully as they put them down. Taxation without proper representation is seldom satisfactory.

RALPH de Palma, the famous American racing motorist, had a railway crossing smash recently, and after it took some rides in the cab of an engine to see what the crossing hazard looked like from the engine-driver's point of view. Mr. de Palma was bowling along one night to Detroit and hadn't noticed a crossing when an express shot across it, and collision with the train was avoided by turning into the gutter and hitting a telegraph pole. As a result the hero of the racing track has had seven perfectly good teeth replaced by seven synthetic molars, and has had his

Continued on page 51

The King's Highway

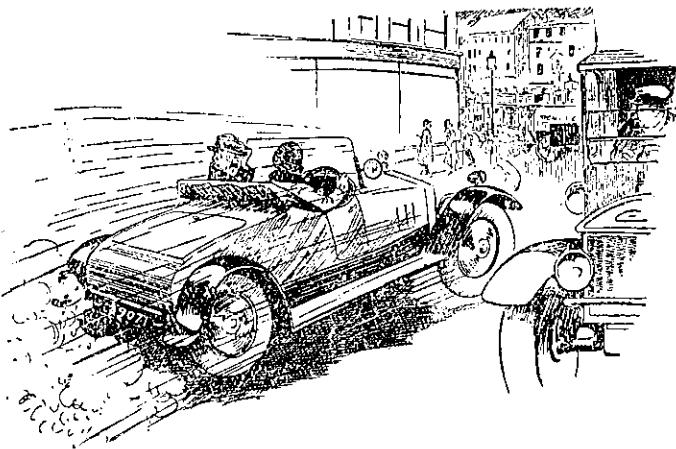
Continued from page 50

chin hand-embroidered by a skilful surgeon. After looking at the crossing from the engine-driver's viewpoint, and reflecting on his own experience, de Palma declares that the man who races a train over a crossing has qualified as "a charter member of the Order of the Utter Damn Fools."

MR. DE PALMA selected for his ride a run on the Long Island railways over which about a thousand trains a day run, and on which there are six hundred level crossings. There used to be nine hundred crossings, but a third of these have been eliminated at a cost of about £4,000,000. On one fifty-five mile section traversed there were a hundred level crossings across most of which the engine raced at fifty miles an hour. After his ride the racing motorist said: "The engineer can have his job. I want none of it. Driving an automobile around a banked speedway at one hundred and twenty miles an hour or better is a cinch in contrast to piloting a railroad train at the more leisurely gait

of fifty or sixty miles an hour. I have only myself to look out for. But the engineer not only is responsible for the safety of those who ride in the coaches behind him, but he must also be constantly on the alert for thousands of motorists who try to beat him to the crossing. I don't know how much he gets for handling the throttle, but I'll tell the world that it isn't half enough.

MANY motorists who are touring the South Island to the Dunedin Exhibition make a round tour of it, proceeding via the West Coast on the southward journey. A recent traveller states that in ralling his car from Springfield to Otira he encountered an obstacle at the last minute that resulted in delay. This was the discovery that for ladies to travel in the goods train with the car a special permit is necessary, and must be obtained in advance. He suggests that I pass this tip along for the benefit of others making the grand tour of the South Island.



SPORTING NIECE (brightly): Isn't it funny, uncle? I've been driving for nearly a week now, but I still get muddled up between the foot-brake and the accelerator!

Real Road Sense

IT would appear to be a widespread belief that once a man is sure of himself as a driver, and knows the capabilities of his car, he can drive with the maximum of safety. That belief ignores two vital points. One is that a motorist never knows the skill of another driver; the other is that there is such a thing as allowing a margin for this unknown quantity. It is in providing that margin that a man best shows road sense.

Road sense is most frequently called into play in overtaking and passing another car, and again in meeting an oncoming one. A driver deficient in this quality forgets or does not appreciate that in the one case the speed of passing is the difference between the pace of the two cars, and in the other the sum of the two speeds. This knowledge ought to govern his actions. If, passing a

car doing twenty-five miles an hour, he speeds up to thirty miles, then he draws ahead at no more than five miles an hour, a good walking pace only, which, whilst the passing is in progress, does something to obstruct the road to others. The best way is to pass quickly, to keep up the pace for a brief period until well clear of the other man, then come down to normal speed. By this means the road is kept clear, and the one left behind is not inconvenienced. In meeting another vehicle it is advisable to slow down a little and to pull well over out of the way, so as not to flurry the oncoming driver by the sudden sensation of speed created by the rapid passing of the two machines. Nervous or inexperienced drivers are apt to swerve inwards when so disturbed, and there is some excuse for them. For the sensation can be an amazing one.

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Modern Motoring

A Review of the British Motor-Car Industry

Better Value for Money

TECHNICAL writers of recent articles in English papers have not been backward in expressing their depreciation of the fact that the British motor industry has allowed foreign cars and foreign competition to seriously challenge British supremacy.

In reviewing the last great motor show in London, Mr. Gordon Aston, one of the foremost experts on motor-car construction, has some very pertinent remarks to make that are well worth reprinting here for Dominion motorists to ponder over.

While admitting that British cars are doing better than ever before, which is good for the private owners, Mr. Aston remarks: "... We can hardly shut our eyes to the enormous number of foreign motor vehicles that are running on our roads to-day. In the case of the popular American six-cylinder cars of low price, of which there are a couple of outstanding examples, my opinion is that they deserve the vogue that they have achieved, and I wish I could see some intention on the part of British manufacturers to produce similar vehicles. Obviously, there is a huge demand for a cheap and good six-cylinder, preferably with a closed body, but so far we have done nothing at all towards supplying it."

Superiority of Small Cars

IN the case of the numerous foreign small cars, the article goes on to say, which came to us from France and Italy, the writer remarks:

"I am at a loss to understand the position. We may not, over here, be able to produce the best in all classes of cars, but in the light car category I maintain that the British vehicle is supreme. Those who buy imported stuff are definitely not getting as good value for money as they can get at home."

From this point on we have made excerpts from a lengthy article, of a more or less technical nature. However, what follows will, doubtless, appeal to our readers.

With regard to the motor show itself, it brings forward very little that can claim the interest of an innovation. This is not because no progress has been made, far from it, but rather because motor makers

senses, would buy a new car after August at the latest, and also, what was far worse, that the private owner would find his vehicle suddenly superseded and depreciated out of all knowledge. Things are much better



MRS. NEWLYWED: "Well, tell him to take it back. I ordered a parcel marked C.O.D., and he's waiting at the door."

MAID: "Please, mum, there's a man from the fishmongers with flounders."

have become more sensible and now introduce their new designs as and when it best suits them to do so. Thus, quite a number of important new models have made their appearance during the last few months. Formerly they used to consider it a sacred duty to produce something entirely new each time the show came round. This was possibly the silliest policy imaginable. It meant, in the first place, that no one in his

now, for improvement takes place a little at a time, and the "date" of a car is neither so arbitrary nor so overwhelming a factor in its value as it used to be. Already, for instance, there are numbers of genuine 1926 models on the road, though there is quite a lot of 1925 yet to go. Perhaps it will not be long before we cease to differentiate cars in this way, and, instead, refer to the "series" to which they belong.

TAKING the exhibits as a whole I should say that the most conspicuous development is in the direction of better value for money. As a matter of fact, there have not been many notable price reductions. It is rather that makers have improved their cars, particularly in respect of body-work, front-wheel brakes, and equipment generally, and have kept them at the same price. An extraordinarily good car, wanting no detail to make it thoroughly road-worthy and complete, can be bought to-day for an astonishingly small sum of money.

In the realm of the moderate-sized "family" car, the production of which is far greater than that of any other type in this country, it is abundantly evident that there is "room for all." Britons are inherently individualistic, and the mere fact that their next-door neighbour has an 11.9 h.p. Asterisk induces them, rather than otherwise, to go in for a 12-h.p. Apostrophe, so that they will at least have something different. Meanwhile the former, by being turned out in huge quantities at an attractive price, is spreading the gospel of motoring far and wide. In England, at all events, it is abundantly evident that however large his scope of operations may be, no single manufacturer can "collar" any particular class of car and make it peculiarly his own province.

Visitors to the show can hardly fail to be struck by the number of "straight-eight" cars on view. Most of them came from the other side of the Atlantic, but there is no lack of European support for this new principle of engine design. Some authorities are convinced that it is a type with a tremendous future, but I, myself, am not so certain of that, particularly when I find makers such as Rolls-Royce and Bentley content with six-cylinders in their latest luxury cars. It is perhaps easier to make a good eight than a good six, but I really do not see how a good six can be much improved upon.

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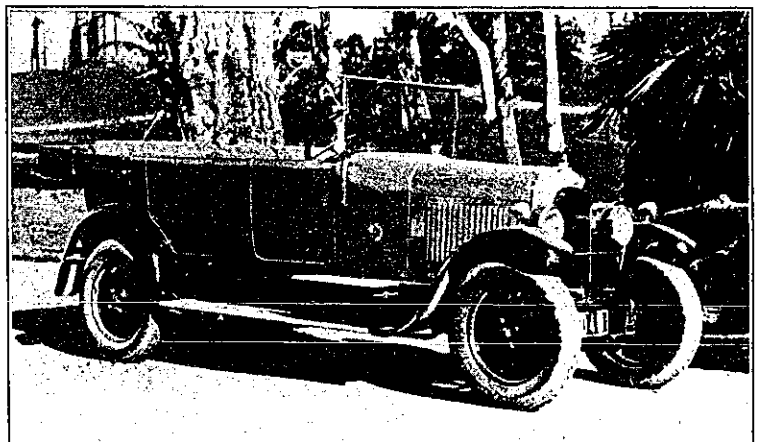
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The Mysteries of Food

By MAURICE LANE NORCOTT

Are we eating good, nourishing and wholesome food nowadays? Many say we eat what food cranks dictate is the correct diet. A writer in "London Opinion" entertainingly discusses the "virtues" of calories, vitamins, albumen and such like in humorous vein.

IT is all very well for politicians and journalists and food "specialists" to tell us that what is the fearful Bolshevich propaganda that is going on in our midst, but is it the fearful Bolshevich propaganda? We men of the world often walk about for days and days without coming across a single piece of Bolshevich propaganda, and even if we did come across some we should only scowl at it and pass by on the other side like parasites and singers. We should never let it enter into our blood and turn our white corpuscles red.

Yet the fact remains that something is making us poisonous just now. What is it?

In my opinion, it is the food that is causing all our internal troubles to-day. Food has become altogether too scientific. In fact, strictly speaking, it isn't food at all now. It is just a chemical compound to be swallowed three times a day with a little liquid, such as near-beer, or hardly-port, or rarely-whisky.

IT used to be quite different fifty or sixty years ago, when everybody was thoroughly ignorant and healthy. Food was very strong meat then and most delicious to eat, on account of its being solid all through. It didn't consist of little particles of this and little molecules of the other in those days. Steak was simply steak and potatoes potatoes, and if they weren't there was a fearful row about it. A man wouldn't be palmed off with a lot of calories and trash then. If he had thought that there were such things in his meat he would have taken it back to the butcher at once.

"Here" he would have said roughly. "What do you mean by sending me round such stuff? Just you cut me a bit of real steak instantly, and let's have no more of your nonsense!"

Oh, they were very bluff, outspoken men fifty or sixty years ago! They wouldn't have tolerated calories for a moment. They wanted something they could get their teeth into. If they couldn't get their teeth into it they didn't want it, no matter what it was.

YOU see? These fine old men were absolutely unhampered by science. They never took chemistry with their food. Day after day they sat down to table and ate real steak-and-kidney pies, real roast beef, real roly-poly puddings, real cheese, and real biscuits. No wonder they grew up strong and dogged and won the battle of Waterloo, or

whatever it was. They were so well-nourished.

We aren't well-nourished. We may think that we are, but we aren't, really. We eat such ridiculous things; things that hadn't been invented fifty or sixty years ago. Instead of enjoying delicious luncheons as our fathers used to do, we just sit down and toy with a few proteids, followed by a little plate of vitamins with some farinaceous matter on the side, and perhaps a piece of starch or a cup of alkaline to finish off with. It is enough to kill us, I think.

BESIDES, what are these things, anyway? Vitamins, for instance. What are vitamins?

It is all very well for scientists to tell us that vitamins are marvellous little things found in food that give off energy when eaten, but how can we be sure of that? It doesn't sound very probable.

EASILY PLEASED

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,
And never, as people now do,
Did he note the amount of the caloric count—
He ate even if it was stew.
He wasn't disturbed, as at dinner he sat,
Destroying a roast or a pie,
To think it was lacking in granular fat,
Or a couple of vitamins shy.
He cheerfully chewed every species of food,
Untroubled by worries or fears
Lest his health might be hurt by some fancy dessert—
And he lived over nine hundred years!

Personally, I rather doubt if there is such a thing as a vitamin. After all, nobody has ever seen one. Well, not actually. I dare say a man here and there may think that he has seen a vitamin after a Masonic banquet or a reunion gathering, but he hasn't, really. It wasn't actually sitting on a pork pie washing its ears with its feet. It didn't really hiss venomously at him when he went "shoo!" to it, or peck him savagely on the nose with its wicked, hooked beak. He just imagined that it did. The scarcely-champagne was responsible for it all.

IF there is such a thing as a vitamin—and I don't absolutely deny its existence—it must be a germ. Otherwise how could it get into our food? Very likely there is a minute vitamin moth that flutters about the meadows at night and lays its eggs in the verdant grass with the deepest cunning. Then in the morning the poor, stupid cows come out and swallow the grass, little suspecting

Continued on page 55

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The Mysteries of Food

Continued from page 54

that that is just what the clever, subtle moth wanted them to do.

Naturally, the delicious warmth of the cow's interior acts as a perfect incubator and it isn't very long before the baby vitamins hatch out in their millions and thrive on the rich milk. Then when the milkman calls in the afternoon we buy a jugful.

Proteids, I dare say, are different. They may be of the vegetable kingdom, like primulas, and peonies, and potatoes. Or even more probably they are just little weeds that grow in farinaceous soil, such as porridge. How the roots come to be there, of course, I can't say for certain, but that is porridge all over. The stuff is one of Nature's greatest mysteries. You can't possibly understand it. It is too Scotch. You must either leave it or lump it. That is, unless they have lumped it in the kitchen already. If so, leave it.

ANOTHER very dreadful substance, to my mind, is albumen. Quite a lot of people. I expect, think that albumen is just a polite word for "stomach." It isn't, though. That is abdomen. Albumen is starch or Glöz and is found in Rinsø, cheese-cakes and other compounds.

It is either a by-product of coal tar, like soap or asphalt, or it is the sticky extract of glucose, and is used for the manufacture of saccharine, seccotine, and the rough side of sandpaper. It is true that people eat it to-day, but fifty or sixty years ago a gentleman who was a gentleman invariably left his albumen on the side of his plate.

IT is the same with carbon. Nothing would have induced our fathers to eat carbon. They didn't mind using it for their lead pencils and they blackened their faces with it at parties, but they knew just where to draw the line. They never took it with their meals.

To-day people eat anything, even sago. No wonder that our constitution is undermined. It isn't undermined with Bolshevism, though. Not really. What is destroying it is calories, vitamins, proteids and such trash. They—

But I mustn't write any more now. My supper is ready. It is just like bread and cheese to look at, but I know it isn't, because science has been playing about with it. At heart it is only starch and vitamins.

How utterly depressing!



JEALOUS FEMALE (hearing youthful bride is laid up just before the wedding): "What's the matter with her—teething?"

After an Accident

Duties of Motorist

MANY motorists are lazy as to the duties devolving on them when they are concerned in an accident. Their obligations are, however, very clearly defined in the Motor Vehicles Act, 1924, and, as failure to fulfil them renders the motorist liable to a fine of £20, the section is worth quoting.

Section 31 of the Act says: (1) Where an accident arising directly or indirectly from the use of a motor vehicle occurs to any person, or to any horse or vehicle in charge of any person, the driver of the motor vehicle shall stop, and, if required, shall give to any constable, or to any person concerned, his name and address, and also the name and address of the owner, and the registered number and the distinguishing mark or marks of the motor vehicle.

(2) In any such accident involving injury to any person it shall be the duty of the driver of the motor vehicle to render all practicable assistance, and, if the accident has not already been reported to a constable, the driver shall forthwith report the same at the nearest police station.

Failure to comply with any obligation imposed by this section makes the offender liable to a fine of £20. It should be noted that motorists are not required to notify every accident to the nearest police station, but only those involving injury to some person. The police state, however, that it is advisable to report all accidents, whether involving injury or not, as a report made directly after a mishap is the best sort of evidence in any subsequent proceedings.

A definite note has been struck in Costume fashions by the *Choice Tweed productions* of the

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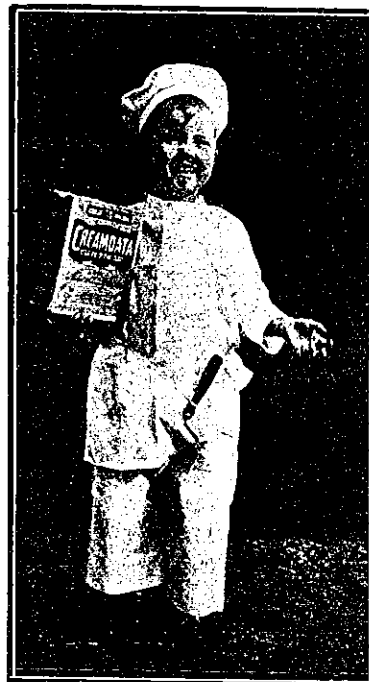
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Your Men—Your Manners

An Open Letter to Women from

NOEL COWARD

IT isn't your fault, Eve darling!—you don't quite understand what modern man expects of modern woman. He usually succeeds in making himself as clear as mud when talking to you, especially when throwing out gentle hints to you.

You learned in the Great War that we needed your help in many ways, and you have gone on trying to beat us at our own games ever since. Some of you have cropped your hair and are wearing monocles. Some of you are only concerned with your sports or your intellectual progress, while a certain section of femininity remains purely feminine.

Unfortunately, the roguish, coy or ingénue pose is adopted by the plain and dowdy woman who stands about as much chance of social success as a celluloid doll in Hell; and the hail-fellow-well-met-no-nonsense about-me attitude is assumed by the pretty woman who could be perfectly adorable if she wanted to. It is all a trifle disconcerting.

The trouble is that you've got us wrong at heart; you don't know that both the highbrow and the sporting pal type of woman leave a man's deeper needs untouched. What he wants a woman to be is his complement, not his echo.

Personally, I rather like clever women, so long as they take pains to conceal, rather than to reveal, their brains in the presence of men. It is always a fatal mistake for a woman to argue with a man. If she is wrong, it irritates him; if she is right, it infuriates him! It is equally foolish to crow about sex equality and your love of independence if you still expect us to rush to open doors for you, to stand when you stand, to light your cigarettes, carry your parcels, and relinquish our seats to you in buses and trains.

Only the other day I witnessed the horrible sight of a flat-footed super-woman flopping into a seat which a frail young man had given up to her. She didn't even thank him; she took his seat in much the same spirit as she would have taken his watch if he had offered it to her. She considered it her due as a woman when in reality she was but a feeble caricature of a man.

YOU see what I mean, Eve dear.

don't you? If you really mean to usurp all our time-honoured prerogatives, by all means go the whole hog about it and don't complain when we try to treat you as equals. If you will persist in jostling us in the fields of sport and of commerce, you must not object to getting a hearty slap on the back and being called "old chap!" A woman who can beat a man at golf till he looks like a whipped puppy must not expect him to go down on his hands and knees every time she loses a ball in a muddy stream, and she must not expect him to help her over bunkers. Women of that type rob a man of all his chivalrous impulses

—they stifle romance at its very birth.

When you come to throw the whole of human endeavour into the melting pot you will find that love of power is all it boils down to. Men have to fight for power, but women can win it by subtler methods. You should learn to preserve your womanly charm, at all costs, since it is the most vital weapon in the whole battle of life.

I would like to add a few words of protest concerning the manners of women where the men they love are concerned.

I HAVE watched these little side-shows of Life's Pageant very carefully, and it seems to me that



Mr. Noel Coward

once a woman has got a man badly in love with her, she delights in humiliating him in the presence of other people, although (and I have this on good authority?) she is perfectly sweet to him when they are alone. There can only be one reason for this—obviously, she wants to say to the World: "Not only has this rare and precious creature chosen me out of all the billion-trillion women he has met, but I can treat him like a worm or a newly born baby and—*viola!*—he still adores me!" But, does he?

If only you knew how this cheap bravado lowers you and the whole of your sex in his eyes! A man knows no horror more ghastly than to be made a fool of, and he never forgives it.

If I were a woman, my slogan would be: *Save his vanity!* It is the only way women can lure big men to their little feet and keep them there. We want gentle wisdom, not overwhelming brilliance—understanding, tact, and a sense of humour.

When you come to consider how much a man can mean to you—your home and car, your bath salts and caviare, you may as well learn to "treat him right!"

Now is Apple Time

*The Housewife who pins her faith on apples
will never be accused of monotony if she
tries the following recipes*

French Apple Tart

INGREDIENTS:—1lb. short pastry, 1lb. puff pastry, 1lb. cooking apples, 3ozs. loaf sugar, 1oz. butter, the rind of half a lemon, two tablespoonfuls of water, two tablespoonfuls of apricot jam, the white of one egg, a dessertspoonful of granulated sugar.

Line a deep sandwich or flan tin with short pastry. Peel and core the apples, cut them in quarters if small, or if large cut each quarter in two.

Rub the yellow part of half a lemon rind on to the loaf sugar, put it in a stewpan with the apples, the water and butter, and toss them over gentle heat until the apples are about half cooked. Leave until cold. Then pile them in the lined tin, cover with the jam, then with a layer of puff pastry. Brush over with whipped white of egg, sprinkle with sugar and bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes.

Apple and Quince Pudding

INGREDIENTS:—1½lbs. apples, one quince, 1oz. butter, the rind of half a lemon, 3ozs. granulated sugar, ½lb. quince jelly, suet or short pastry.

Peel, core and cut the quince in very small pieces. Put them in a stewpan with enough water to cover and stew until they are tender. Leave until cold. Peel, core and cut up the apples. Line a basin or pudding mould with the pastry. Put in a layer of apples, then a little quince, sugar and grated lemon-rind, and repeat until the mould is quite full. Cover with pastry, then with buttered grease-proof paper and steam for two hours.

Make the quince jelly quite hot. Turn out the pudding, cut a small piece of pastry out of the top and pour in the butter, made liquid. Pour over the quince jelly and serve.

Marlborough Pudding

INGREDIENTS:—2lbs. apples, 2ozs. loaf sugar, the rind of one lemon, 2ozs. butter, 1pt. of milk, one tablespoonful of caster-sugar, two tablespoonfuls of rice, a strip of angelica, a few glacé cherries, a small piece of cinnamon.

Peel the apples, cut each one in halves and remove the cores. Butter a fireproof dish with 1oz. butter, put in the apples, core-side downwards. Rub off the yellow part of a lemon rind on to the sugar, then crush the sugar to powder. Sprinkle this over the apples, and pour over a tablespoonful of water. Cover closely and bake until tender in a moderate oven. Put the rice in a stewpan with 1oz. butter, the caster-sugar, milk and cinnamon. Simmer until thick and creamy. Pile it on a

dish, arrange the apples on it, place a glacé cherry in each half apple, and stick with pointed strips of angelica. Pour the syrup over the apples and serve either hot or cold.

Jellied Apples

INGREDIENTS:—Six medium-sized apples, six cloves, one gill of cream, half-pint packet of raspberry jelly, 2ozs. loaf sugar, the juice of a lemon.

Boil the sugar with half-a-pint of water for five minutes; add the lemon juice. Peel and core the apples without breaking them, and stew them with the cloves in the syrup until tender. (Only one or two can be cooked at a time as the syrup must cover the apples.) Cool a little. Then take out the apples and place them in a glass dish. Remove the cloves, melt the jelly in the syrup from the apples and when it is cold and just beginning to thicken, pour it slowly over the apples. Leave until set, then garnish with whipped cream.

Apple Cream

INGREDIENTS:—1lb. cooking apples, 3ozs. caster-sugar, a bay leaf, a small piece of cinnamon, 2oz. gelatine, a gill of cream, a dessertspoonful of Maraschino, a few drops of carmine.

Peel, core and cut up the apples, put them in a stewpan with the sugar and a breakfastcupful of water, add the bay leaf and cinnamon and cook gently to a soft pulp. Add the gelatine, previously soaked in a little water, and when it has dissolved, rub the mixture through a sieve. Leave until almost cold; then add the cream, lightly whipped, the carmine and the Maraschino. Mix well. Turn into a wet mould and leave until required. Then turn out and serve.

Apple Souffle Pudding

INGREDIENTS:—1lb. cooking apples, four cloves, half teaspoonful grated lemon rind, 2ozs. granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, 1oz. butter, one egg, one dessertspoonful of caster-sugar, half pint milk.

Peel, core and cut up the apples, put them in a stewpan with the cloves, granulated sugar and two tablespoonfuls of water. Cook gently to a pulp, then rub through a sieve. Put this *purée* in a buttered fire-proof dish.

Melt the butter over gentle heat. Stir in the flour and when smooth add the milk gradually, then the sugar and lemon rind. Take off the fire, stir in the beaten yolk of egg, and let it cool a little, then fold



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Continued on page 60

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Marjorie Fume

Are Your Children Overplayed?

"The tendency nowadays is for the serious instruction of children in sport. At an early age many become accomplished athletes." This quotation is the text of an article by Mr. F. A. M. Webster, in the "Royal Magazine" whose remarks we have adapted in considering the same query from the Dominion point of view

ARE children overplayed? The question needs a deal of answering. Long ago, when we were children, we made and played our own games by the light of nature and in accordance with the degree of our own inventive faculties. The children of to-day crave instruction in the technicology of athletics, swimming, tennis, and other strenuous pastimes, which were not properly considered "games" for children in the days of our childhood.

Active participation in competitive sport was, in fact, withheld until the schools had claimed us. Even then the matter was not taken seriously in the preparatory stage of our education. How things have changed! The speeding up of school education and the wider cult of competition in sport have both set their seal upon the present generation.

Indeed, children nowadays take part eagerly and efficiently in public competition, and their photographs get into the papers.

It is true that the youngster who gains too great or too early success, and perhaps gets a little newspaper boom of its own, is apt to become precocious; but, whatever the parents' feelings may be, the faces of our scholastic authorities are still sternly set against the public exploitation of youthful talent, and therein lies our saving grace. It is true, also, that some fond and foolish parents forget that early success is bound to be ephemeral, if it is developed to the stage where the naturally gifted child is turned into an infant prodigy.

THEN again the child's own instinct turns it against specialisation and undue concentration upon any one phase of sport. It is the inclination of every healthy-minded child to flit from game to game, as a butterfly from flower to flower. The normal child does not mind how well or how badly it may play so long as it enjoys the game and, without knowing it, finds a means of working off its own superabundant energy.

Every child seeks change, and until the cranks prevail and that very natural, very healthy desire is educated out of the youngsters there is no fear that our children will be overplayed.

In the process of initiating many children of preparatory school age

into the mysterious first principles of athletics, cricket and football, it is found that they very soon tire of what they are doing, and want to try something else. In other words, the average child would rather play at games than practise them seriously in the competitive spirit.

If children are allowed to follow their own inclinations no possible harm can befall them; but, in this respect, parents are very often the worst offenders. The man who has won his place in Ranfurly and Plunkett shield matches, to say nothing of champions who gained "All Black" honours, is dead keen that his son shall attain equally high honours. He, therefore, bids him concentrate his thoughts upon the game in which he himself has proved super-excellent. In one case out of a hundred the boy follows in his father's footsteps; but normally, the parent's over-insistence upon the importance of his own pet particular pigeon so bores the child that it turns its attention to some other branch of sport.

FORTUNATELY the present generation of games-masters understands child psychology and realises the limitations of the growing youngsters. The whole system of sport at our secondary schools is based, therefore, upon Kipling's creed that "The ship is more than the crew." Each boy is taught to play for the honour of his side, and the individual who is out to make a name for himself does not find favour.

That is why team games, such as cricket, football, hockey, swimming, and basket-ball are still so much more popular at our schools than tennis, or golf, in which the individual has a greater chance to shine alone.

Our secondary schools system of sport is not all that it might be. Boys are expected to play all the standard games, and alternative recreations are the exception rather than the rule. For example, a great many boys nowadays have no affection for cricket, and others small aptitude for football.

At the present time there is a distinct and very proper inclination to teach children to play efficiently and to practise proper methods from the very earliest age. The result of this is that the standard of performance has improved very con-

Continued on page 59

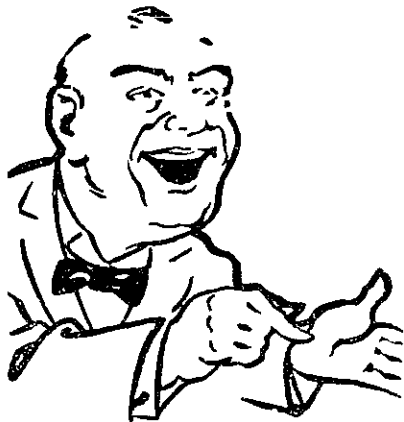
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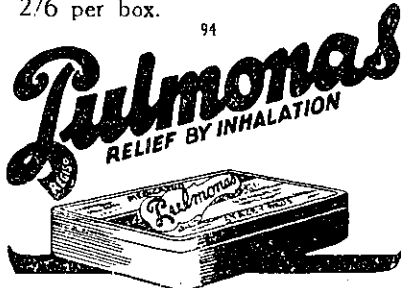
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Are Your Children Overplayed?

Continued from page 58

siderably of recent years. Modern children enjoy their play more fully than we did, and do not over-strain themselves by unduly exerting strength and nervous energy in attempting to attain results which they do not know how to achieve.

IF parents were allowed to exploit their youngsters in any way they liked, then all the arguments of the opponents of the system of teaching sport to children would hold good.

Up to a few years ago it was customary for children of exceptional athletic ability to be dragged all over the country upon pot-hunting expeditions by their parents. This was particularly evidenced at sports meetings where dancing was a feature of the gatherings. Fortunately the vogue for this class of entertainment is not so pronounced to-day as it was, and the heavily bemedalled youngsters, and their parents, who so often exploit them, are a less conspicuous feature of sports gatherings.

Then again the amateur swimming authorities, while they do everything to encourage boys and girls to become good swimmers, they absolutely discourage the giving of swimming exhibitions by children of tender ages, and also the participation of youngsters in long-distance events.

Most parents have sense enough to see to it that their children do not get exploited and overplayed. But, still, parents are queer folk, and the very mother who has always vowed that she will never let her son train for the sports, lest he develop that mysterious and purely mythical complaint "athlete's heart," is often the first to grumble if she finds her young hopeful among the "also rans" at the conclusion of the races.

ONE branch of sport in which the good little player is apt to turn into the bad little prodigy is lawn tennis. The courts are never free of kiddies nowadays. One admits the wisdom of teaching youngsters early how to develop their strokes, but tournaments are no place for children. From the English illustrated papers it would appear that the tendency to encourage youthful tennis players to compete in public is unfortunately increasing. Let us by all means avoid this tendency here. We note that these young English tennis proteges are talked about and written up and their antics provide the press photographers with some pretty pictures. Such children, through over-strain of immature nerve forces, may finish their sporting careers at the time when more normal or less exploited youngsters are beginning to play in public with natural and ever-increasing zest. Fortunately in New Zealand we have not yet come to exploiting youngsters on the tennis courts, but it is to be earnestly hoped the tennis authorities will set their faces resolutely against children taking part in public tournaments.

The common sense of most parents, the inclination of the children themselves, the stern opposition of the scholastic authorities against publicity for children, and the wise legislation of governing bodies are factors upon which we can rely to keep matters well within bounds, so that our children to-day are not overplayed. The child that knows how to play and to manage its body is far less liable to strain than another which plays by the light of nature alone and achieves its results by sheer brute force and a quite disproportionate expenditure of nervous energy.

My Ideal Girl

BEAUTIFUL? Why, of course! All perfect girls are beautiful. Dark. I see her, with eyes full of laughter, and a lithe young body. But she need not be brilliantly athletic, though fit she must be—fit to tramp the downs in the rain with me, to swim in cool seas, to ride over the moors.

She will love the country, my ideal girl. I see her more often in tweeds than in evening clothes. But she will not be a fool. Her conversation will be worth listening to, she will love books and pictures and music and old furniture, though she will be far removed from a blue-socking—did I not say she was beautiful?

She will love the good things of life, without needing to be constantly surrounded by luxury. In fact, she will rather like roughing it sometimes. For she will be a friend, as well as a lover.

She will be quick and responsive; quick to feel a mood, ready with a sudden smile. She will know the meaning of hospitality, and she will

not believe that good manners are a relic of the past.

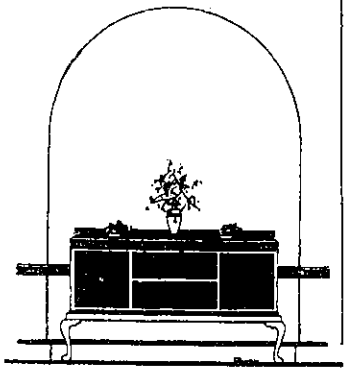
She will like my men friends, and she will love doing things on the spur of the moment, and she will not be fussy about domestic details.

She would sooner go with me in a rusty "tramp" to the Spice Islands than to Waitomo in a Rolls-Royce.

Above all, she will be alive. Alive from dawn to dark. She will live gladly, like Robert Louis Stevenson, and, like him, be ready to face death with a laugh.

I often imagine her, my ideal girl. I see her coming to meet me, swinging down the road with a spaniel at her heels. I think of the little foolishnesses just between us two. I see her sitting in the evening, the soft lamp-light on her dark head, hear her laughing, or singing gay little songs. Sometimes—ah, sometimes—I can almost feel her lips on mine. . . .

Perfect pal, and perfect lover. . . . Does she exist? I do not know. I have never met her yet. But one day, perhaps, one day . . .



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Apply to N.Z. Agents:
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Wellington

Now is Apple Time

Continued from page 57

in the stiffly whipped white of egg.
Pour this on the apple purée and
bake half-an-hour in a moderate
oven.

Queen Apple Pudding

INGREDIENTS:— Puff pastry,
1lb. apples, 2ozs. caster-sugar,
2ozs. fresh butter, two heaped table-
spoonfuls of fine bread or cake
crumbs, grated rind of half a lemon,
two eggs, 2ozs. sugar.

Butter a piedish and line the
sides only with puff pastry; garnish
the edge with a plait of pastry.

Peel, core and cut up the apples,
stew them until soft with very little
water, beat to a pulp, and add the
sugar, lemon rind, butter, bread-
crumbs, and beaten yolks of the
eggs. Turn this mixture into the
lined dish and bake for half an hour
in a moderate oven. Then beat the
whites of the eggs until stiff and
dry. Fold in the caster-sugar, pile
or pipe this on the pudding and
set in a just warm oven.

Compote of Apples

INGREDIENTS:— Six cooking
apples, 1lb. red-currant jelly, a
few drops of carmine, 2ozs. almonds,
2ozs. granulated sugar.

Peel the apples and remove the
cores without breaking them.

Make a syrup with the sugar and
three-quarter pint of water, and
cook the apples until tender in this.
Then take out the apples and boil
the syrup rapidly until it is reduced
to a gill. Add the carmine and red-
currant jelly. Pour this over the ap-
ples and leave until quite cold.
Blanch the almonds, cut them in
strips, and stick them into the ap-
ples. Garnish with whipped cream.

Apple Flan

INGREDIENTS:—4ozs. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$
teaspoonful of baking powder,
the yolk of one egg, a pinch of salt,
2ozs. butter, a good tablespoonful
of water.

Mix together the flour, salt and
baking powder and sift them. Rub
in the butter. Beat the egg yolk;
then mix the water with it and stir
it into the flour. Mix well. Roll out
and use to line a flan tin that has
been well greased. Prick the paste
well, line it with grease-proof paper
and fill with rice or peas. Bake for
twenty minutes. Then remove rice
and paper.

Fill the pastry case with thin slices
of apples, arranging them in rows.
Pour in two tablespoonfuls of lemon
syrup and bake until the apples
are tender. Serve hot or cold.

Magistrate: Can't this case be set-
tled out of court?

Mulligan: That's what we were
trying to do, your honour, when the
police interfered.

All easy ways are downhill. You
don't notice it till you start to
climb back.

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Potatoes Can be Interesting

*Baked Boiled and Fried -- and after that the housewife's imagination is exhausted.
But there are other ways*

Fluted Potatoes with Tomatoes

INGREDIENTS: 1½ lbs. potatoes, a sprig of parsley, two medium sized tomatoes, 2ozs. butter, a gill of gravy, a dessertspoonful of lemon juice, salt and pepper, a few drops of carmine, a teaspoonful of arrowroot.

Choose waxy potatoes, not floury ones. Peel and cut them in fluted strips with a cutter and put them in cold water. Slice the tomatoes, put them in a stewpan with the butter, the arrowroot mixed with the gravy, and the lemon juice, salt, pepper and carmine. Simmer gently for a quarter of an hour. Rub through a hair sieve and reheat.

Put the potatoes in a saucepan with cold water to cover and a pinch of salt. Simmer until tender, but be careful not to overcook or they will break. Pile them on a hot dish, pour the tomato over and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Potato Cones

INGREDIENTS: 1½ lbs. potatoes, the yolks of two eggs, 1oz. butter, two dessertspoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper.

Steam the potatoes until quite soft, then rub them through a sieve. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the milk, and when it is quite hot, put in the sieved potatoes. Mix well with a good seasoning of salt and pepper. Stir in the beaten yolks of eggs (reserving a little for glazing), stir over gentle heat for two or three minutes, and then leave until cold.

Form the mixture into cones, place them on a buttered tin, brush over with beaten egg and milk, and bake in a quick oven for eight minutes.

Pommes de Terre au Parmesan

INGREDIENTS: 2lbs. potatoes, 2ozs. butter, salt, pepper and cayenne, 2ozs. grated cheese, half a gill of cream.

Steam the potatoes and rub them through a sieve; mix with them the grated cheese, butter and cream, and season well with salt, pepper, and a little cayenne.

Place three-fourths of the mixture on a fireproof dish and pipe the remainder through a forcing bag, using a large rose pipe. Then lightly brown in a hot oven.

Potatoes Croquettes

INGREDIENTS: 1lb. potatoes, 2 eggs, 1oz. butter, a pinch of pep-

per, bread-crumbs, fat for frying, half teaspoonful of salt.

Steam the potatoes, and leave them for a few minutes to dry, then rub through a sieve. Mix the butter with them, also salt, pepper, and a well-beaten egg.

Mix well, spread out on a plate and when cold, form into croquettes. Flour them, dip in beaten egg and breadcrumbs, and fry a golden brown in boiling fat.

Potato Scallops

INGREDIENTS: 1lb. cold boiled potatoes, 1oz. butter, ½ lb. lean tongue, half teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, salt and pepper, one tablespoonful of thick cream, half pint white sauce, half teaspoonful of finely chopped chives or shallots, a tiny pinch of mace.

Well butter some scallop shells, cut the potatoes into shreds and half fill the shells with them; then add a layer of grated tongue and a sprinkling of parsley and chives. Mix the cream and mace with the white sauce and cover the tongue with it, add pepper and salt. Add a thin layer of potato and a few scraps of butter. Bake in a moderate oven.

Potato Souffles

INGREDIENTS: 1lb. of potatoes, the yolks of two eggs, 2ozs. grated cheese, the whites of three eggs, 2ozs. butter, a few grains of cayenne, a pinch of salt, bread-crumbs.

Steam the potatoes and rub them through a sieve. Mix with them the well-beaten yolks of the eggs, cheese, 1½ozs. butter (made liquid), salt and cayenne. Stir in the stiffly whipped egg whites and mix. Almost fill *soufflé* cases with the mixture. Sprinkle a few bread-crumbs and a little grated cheese on the top. Put a scrap of butter on each and bake twelve minutes in a moderate oven. Serve as soon as they are done.

Victoria Tart

INGREDIENTS:—½ lb. apples, 4 ozs. caster-sugar, 2ozs. butter, 3 tablespoonfuls of milk, six sweet almonds, the grated rind of half a lemon, a dessertspoonful of brandy, the whites of two eggs, puff pastry.

Line a pie tin with puff pastry. Peel, core and grate the apples and mix the caster-sugar with them. Melt the butter in the milk and stir it in. Add the lemon, the almonds, blanched and sliced, the brandy and stiffly whipped whites of eggs. Turn it into the pastry-lined tin and bake in a moderate oven for half-an-hour.

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is, perhaps, a vice, but it helps to make life pleasant. No need to sacrifice it. Just safeguard yourself by adopting another comfortable habit—morning and night use Kolynos, the Dental Cream that cleanses without the aid of harmful grit. Thus, though you keep friends with your old pipe, your mouth will be healthy and your teeth clean and white.

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Cradle Education

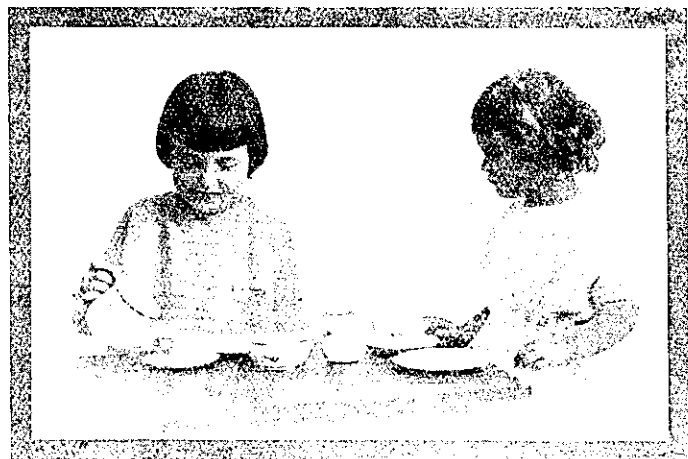
Persistent crying in a perfectly healthy baby is a sign of a faulty cradle education. Some of the most common causes are mentioned below

“CRADLE education!” some people will say. “Why, how can you educate a baby? He has no mind worth mentioning. Besides, why not leave the poor mite in peace for a little longer before beginning to educate him?”

But it is time we got rid of the idea that education is a tedious, unpleasant process, intimately connected with school and school books, wholly divorced from the rest of life. Education, in its widest sense, concerns itself with teaching the individual to live efficiently and rightly, from the mental and moral and from the physical point of view.

never learns to adapt himself to his environment because everything conforms to his whims and wishes. Such a child is subjected from the first to an ill-organised, badly planned, unsuitable life. This may go so far that a baby cries every time he sees his mother and needs expert treatment to cure this extremely annoying habit.

Everybody knows the “badly educated” baby—even though it is not always recognised that it is the education and not the baby that is at fault! He is the baby who will not lie in his cradle, the baby who insists on being cuddled and amused



Joan and Margaret, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Robertson, of Wanganui. Tesla Studios, Wanganui

What mother does not want this for her baby?

Every mother knows, too, that Baby has a mind. It is not expressed at first, for the child's physical weakness, his inexperience, his lack of knowledge prevent this, but it is there all the same, and it develops surprisingly quickly during the first weeks and months of life. How soon the baby learns to recognise when he is about to be fed! Babies of four weeks old cease their cry of hunger when they are taken up in the nursing position. How soon the baby learns to recognise the faces around him! How soon he begins to hold out his arms mutely asking to be taken up; how soon he knows if a cry will get him what he wants!

The truth is that education, whether we will or no, *does* begin at birth. It may be a good education, the baby being trained from the first, by patience and self-denial on the part of his mother, to regular habits of feeding and sleeping; or it may be a bad education. In this latter case the baby is frequently given what he wants simply because he cries. Thus his mother sets a premium on his crying by giving him pleasure every time he cries. He

the whole time he is awake, the baby who will not wait for his feeds, the baby who will not sleep through the night.

Forming Regular Habits

THE first point to consider is *regularity*. The baby from the first must be taken up regularly to be fed, but if it is not his feeding time any cries for food must pass by unheeded. (One must always be sure, of course, that he is not in pain or needing other attention.) The normal, healthy baby does best on four-hourly feeds—at 6 a.m., 10 a.m., 2 p.m., 6 p.m., and 10 p.m., and there is no fear of his injuring himself if he is left to cry even for half an hour at a stretch. The crying will not continue for many days—unless, of course, the child is exceptionally delicate and really needs food more often—and after the initial battle, Baby usually resigns himself to his fate. He has learnt his first lesson—that he is not a potentate and there is no magic in his cry; that his will is not law to the world.

Continued on page 63

Salad Dressing

Cornwell's Vinegar, slowly aged and mellowed, imparts to a dressing that delightful flavour which epicures appreciate—and without which no salad would be an entire success.

CORNWELL'S VINEGAR

PURE MALT VINEGAR BREWED FROM Malted Grains

DOMINION COMPRESSED CYCLIST VINEGAR BREWERY, CHRISTCHURCH

26 FLUID OZS

Cradle Education

Continued from page 62

Danger of Over-Feeding

ANOTHER very important thing to remember is that the baby must not be overfed. Many young mothers, nursing their babies themselves, are in a constant state of anxiety lest their milk may be insufficient for the child's needs. But it is necessary to realise that over-feeding is far more common than under-feeding, and that it is possible to overfeed a baby not only from the bottle but also from the breast. The risk of over-feeding is as a rule less for breast-fed babies, because they usually need to suck more vigorously at the mother's nipple than at the teat of a bottle to obtain the same amount of nourishment.

Very often an overfed baby gets rid of the surplus milk after each feed by vomiting. This may set up

but the moral results are equally important. "On sound health, a good character leans confidently," and training in regular habits is also one of the best ways of training the will.

There is a good deal more need for moral training during the first few months of life than is generally realised. Take the baby of three months. He was born without any knowledge at all. He did not even know his body belonged to him. But in twelve weeks he has gained enough knowledge of his own personality to try to get his way with others. He cries to be picked up or to be amused, and if his fond mother always reacts to his cries, she sets a premium on his crying. Then comes a delightful time for him when Baby uses his power without scruple. He has discovered the "Open Sesame" for all his desires



MAN: "I'm in a terrible funk! A fellow wrote me a letter saying he'd shoot me if I didn't keep away from his wife."
 WOMAN: "Why don't you keep away from his wife?"
 MAN: "He didn't sign his name."

a habit of vomiting which worries the mother and also has its effect on the child's health in that he may retain too little food for his needs. The moral effect of over-feeding must not be forgotten either. Is it a mother's part to form in her child habits of gross living? Let us remember that more people die of over-eating than of over-drinking.

Cleanliness is another most important factor in cradle education. A baby's toilet should be attended to immediately he needs it. Careful watching is necessary if the right moment is to be seized, but the trouble is certainly worth while, for it is possible to train a three months' old baby to be clean and regular in his physical habits if you go about it in the right way.

Need for Moral Training

THE first object of cradle education, then, is to regulate the physical behaviour of the baby so that good habits become automatic and remain so throughout life. This is obviously important for health,

and naturally enough he utilises it to the full.

Interpreting Baby's Cries

OF course, he starts out with an advantage over us. Crying is so worrying if one does not know the cause. The cry is the only language of the baby, and it is necessary for the mother to learn to interpret it. There is the cry of pain which ought to be relieved if possible. There is the cry of hunger which, if it occurs repeatedly soon after meals, should lead one to suspect that the child is underfed. There is the cry of temper which may be judiciously neglected. There is the cry of discomfort which may mean that the baby has grown tired of lying too long in one position and must be turned over, or that he wants changing. An experienced mother always knows by the sound of the cry what the baby is telling her, but the young mother needs to listen very carefully and must often

Continued on page 66

To the Mother who cannot rear her baby in nature's way

Here is a Food which has stood the test of a century, and which has been blessed by countless Mothers, Nurses and Doctors.

Unequaled for developing the digestive organs, and rich in bone-forming salts, it is a real builder of healthy, happy babies.

When teething troubles and similar infant complaints tend to upset the child, NEAVE'S FOOD is a special boon.



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 The Safe Food **Food**

Don't Leave Film on your pretty teeth

See how this new way combats it

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. Even when you brush teeth, much of it clings and stays.

That is your teeth's great enemy. Let this free test show you how millions now combat it.

That cloudy coat

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings and stays, because old-way brushing cannot effectively combat it. Soon it becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

No one can hope to escape such troubles without fighting film.

Now there are ways to do that, due to modern research. One way disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Dental authorities have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created so all might



apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists the world over now advise this method.

A test will show

Pepsodent results are very quick and convincing.

Send the form for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. See how they become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will soon convince you that this method is essential. Cut out form now.

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When the hot weather comes, bringing stomach pains, diarrhoea, and sleeplessness to your children, give them Woodward's Gripe Water. It is absolutely harmless, contains no opiate, and yet soothes and strengthens their delicate digestive organs. For acidity, flatulence, heartburn, and hiccoughs, it never fails.

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Household Hints

To Clean a Sponge

WHEN a sponge becomes slimy try soaking it in vinegar and cold water, using twice as much vinegar as water. Then rinse first in warm water, then in cold, and dry in the open air.

Cleaning a Porcelain Bath

WET the surface and then sprinkle dry borax on a pad and rub this over the affected parts. Then wash thoroughly with warm water.

Tar Marks on White Shoes

THESE can be best removed by rubbing with butter, then apply some benzine and rub it well in. The marks will disappear and the shoes may be cleaned in the ordinary way.

Remove Iron Mould Marks

STRETCH the stained part over a basin and pour boiling water through. Then apply a little salts of lemon, using a bone spoon, and gently rub it in. Pour through more water. Rinse the stained part in a solution of carbonate of soda, and when the linen has been washed in the usual way the disfigurement will have vanished.

Kitchen Hints

TO freshen stale vegetables, soak for an hour in cold water to which the juice of a lemon has been added.

As potatoes get old add a little sugar to the water in which they are boiled. They will taste as good as new ones.



SHE (who has just refused him): "You don't seem very upset!"
HE (airily): "Oh, dear no!—that was only a rehearsal, I'm trying my luck with one of the Goldenstein girls later on."

Marking Linen

WHEN marking linen take a rather blunt lead pencil and write the name or initials, and follow over the pencil mark with ink. The lead prevents that tiresome running of the ink, and the marking will be very exact and neat.

Laundry Tips

GLYCERINE is useful in softening the water in which flannel articles are to be washed. A couple of teaspoonfuls in a small tumbler of water is the amount required.

When washing a white silk blouse add a few lumps of loaf sugar to the rinsing water; roll tightly in a clean cloth, and iron damp. This makes it just the desired stiffness and looks like new.

If a white blouse or any garment is stained under the arms, put it to soak for half an hour in warm water to which a little ammonia has been added (use no soap, as it sets the stain). Then wring, and if the mark has not quite gone, squeeze a little lemon juice on it and rinse it clean, warm water. Afterwards wash in the ordinary way.

Ink or shoe polish stains may easily be removed from cotton goods by immediately placing the stained material in fresh milk and let it remain there for a couple of hours.

While your aluminium saucepan or kettle is full of hot water, try this: Take a damp cloth and rub over it. In two seconds it will be bright and shining.

Cleaning White Paint

THE water in which onions have been boiled makes a magic cleanser for white paint. Boil the onions till the goodness is quite out, then use the water with or without soap, and the dirt will disappear very quickly, leaving the paint white and glossy.

If milk is kept in a large, shallow basin it will remain sweet for a longer time than if kept in a deep jug.

To prevent cut cheese from hardening place a couple of pieces of loaf sugar in the cheese crock, and the outside will keep soft during the hottest weather.

Tea leaves are often used to sweep carpets, but they should not be too wet or left lying too long or the colour may come out of the carpet. Another purpose: Store for a few days, and then soak for about one hour. Strain off the water. This will make an excellent wash for varnished paint, and makes it look equal to new. Window sashes and oilcloth should always be washed with it, as it gives an excellent polish. It is

Continued on page 65

Household Hints

Continued from page 64

good for window-panes, looking-glasses, picture glasses. The unpleasant odour of fish can be removed from knives and forks by leaving them in it.

Kerosene added to boiling water for scouring floors will keep a bright shine on the linoleum, and also help to keep fleas away.

After washing linoleum, wipe it over with water to which a little thin glue has been added. This gives a polish, but doesn't make the floor-covering slippery. It also prolongs the life of the linoleum.

When preparing a cabbage for cooking, shred the leaves as for a salad, then put it in a saucepan together with a teaspoon of butter, some pepper and salt and a cup of boiling water. Cook for about fifteen minutes. It is much nicer done this way, and it does not boil away.



FIRST TYPIST: "I wish the boss wouldn't keep his pen behind his ear. I'm always frightened that I'll get my cheek scratched when he says 'Good-morning!'"

Water in which potatoes have been boiled is a fly poison. Treacle or sugar should be added to attract the flies to it.

When dripping becomes rancid, slice a potato and fry it in the dripping until it is quite brown. The dripping will then be good again, and may be used for cakes, pastry, etc.

Acknowledgment

"HEALTH and Happiness" is an excellent little book on simple cookery, which has for its main object the substitution of wheatmeal instead of white flour. However, the book is by no means the product of a faddist on dietetics. It is indeed a very practical, commonsense and carefully compiled work giving a full range of tested recipes for wholesome dishes and covers a wide field in general cookery, besides containing many exceedingly useful hints on health and dietary which have the endorsement of the medical profession. One of the chief reasons why we recommend *The Blue Cookery Book—Health and Happiness* to our readers is that it is a New Zealand publication, written by Miss M. Frances, and printed by Messrs. H. L. Young Ltd., Palmerston North. Messrs. Gordon and Gotch have circulated it amongst all leading booksellers, and is sold at the modest price of 1/6. It is splendid value for the money.



Eat Wheat

Whole wheat is a perfect food. Man can live upon this food alone, retaining perfect health and mental and physical power. For wheat, the whole grain, contains properties known as fuel foods. It contains them in correct proportions to ensure proper functioning of the machinery of the human body; to repair the daily wear and tear of the abdominal muscles; to build good strong bone and teeth.

Granose Biscuits are whole wheat in its most perfect form. Every flake of Granose is a grain of wheat. Every Granose Biscuit is made up of these grains, perfectly cooked and pressed into compact form. None of the goodness of the wheat is lost in preparation. All its valuable vitamins and organic salts are retained. When you eat a Granose Biscuit you eat wheat—whole wheat.

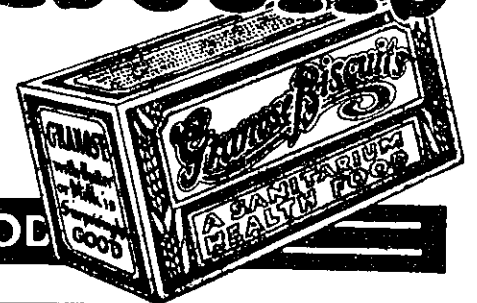
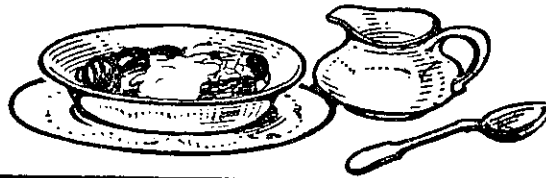
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It is because Virolax is not a mere aperient but a *nutrient* laxative that doctors are everywhere advising it in cases where the system needs some aid to regularity. Aperients are often irritant and harmful to the delicate internal membranes, but Virolax, which combines the lubricating properties of pure refined paraffin with the well-known strengthening powers of Virol, not only removes the results of intestinal weakness but tones up the system and so removes the cause of the trouble.

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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 to 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."

Gradle Education

Continued from page 63

go to look at Baby before she can distinguish between the various cries.

Babies suffer a good deal from our ignorance of their language. A physician tells the story of how he was called in to relieve a baby of three months who had been screaming for several hours. He undid the binder and "found—of all things—a fork!" By the way, a binder should never be used after the cord has healed, and should be of a sensible pattern. The yards of flannel often wound round a baby are unhealthy and uncomfortable abominations.

The right treatment of crying, then, is an important feature of cradle education. The child has a right to expect from his parents protection from pain and fear and physical discomfort. But he also has the right to expect them to help him wisely to subordinate his will by ignoring cries of temper or pcevishness. There are other more constructive ways of training the will. These belong to the mental and psychological side of cradle education.

Baby Begins to take Notice

IT is important, for instance, to do all in our power to help on the development of concentration, so that when the child is old enough to undertake certain tasks he may have concentration enough to do so. Very young babies will stare at an attractive object for several minutes at a time and it is most unwise to distract their gaze needlessly. By doing so we may hinder the development of the power of attention. The baby of three months or older begins to try to handle things, and

later on to investigate the feel of them. He has the will to learn, and it is our bounden duty to encourage him in this by giving him a variety of suitable material to experiment upon. Old cards, a string of spools, rattles, india-rubber animals and dolls provide ideal touch-experience for baby fingers.

The baby of seven or eight months usually begins to pull himself up in his cot or his baby pen. After making suitable provision for his safety, this should not be discouraged unless the child is obviously over-straining himself. The baby beginning to pull himself up is finding out the great joy of achievement—one of the greatest pleasures of life.

Always be Consistent

THEN, too, every baby must learn certain elementary rules of behaviour. How much more complicated we make his task of finding out what is the right thing to do and what is not, if we are not consistent in correcting or in praising him! It is essential to be *consistent* in training the baby to know the difference between right and wrong. It is no use to laugh at him when he does something in the privacy of the home and to punish him when he does the same thing in the presence of visitors and strangers.

We must be consistent not only with the baby, but with ourselves. One cannot expect the baby to continue for very long in regular habits if his parents live in a haphazard and irregular fashion.—*The Home Magazine*.

When a Woman Fancies

"YES, it's a rotten car," said my friend apologetically. "You see, my wife bought it. *She fancied it.*" The emphasis of those last three words told the whole story—his annoyance, his despair, his martyrdom.

A husband's continual fear is that his wife without warning will buy "something she fancies," regardless of its practical worth. To tell her that he could have bought the thing "twice as good at half the price" merely amuses her.

For a woman realises the sheer ecstasy of obeying Fancy's impulse. This delight, in her eyes, compensates for any material loss or disadvantage that may be necessary. Her husband's solemn, almost painful, inspection of catalogues to find the best and cheapest lawn-mower is exasperating to her. If the money must be spent, she argues, why not enjoy spending it?

This illustrates a marked difference between the sexes. To a man, the value of possession is what

matters most; but to a woman, the joy of selecting is the supreme attraction.

Her zest for Fancy makes a woman in many ways more "sporting" than a man. On the little excitement of "fancying" a jockey's colours she will back a horse regardless of form or of betting odds. Her ideas of finding the winner may be unmethodical, impulsive and reckless; but the point is that they make her far happier than is the sporting gentleman who religiously studies the whole history of the Turf before he lays out a penny.

Moreover, it is a mistake to confuse a woman's fancifulness with her fickleness. For a woman is always very loyal to her "fancies." Over these "small things," as she calls them, she feels that her whims have every right to be indulged. Whatever may be the results, and whatever her head may afterwards tell her, she retains all faith in the choice of her heart.

A Tiresome Convention

ALTHOUGH the sole object of introducing people is to make them acquainted with each other's names, it is no exaggeration to say that nine times out of ten they are as wise after the introduction as before. What happens?

You are at a party, and your hostess or host says, "Oh, let me introduce you," and you are dragged up to a crowd of people who stare at you without interest, and your host or hostess, who knows them all intimately, says, smiling, "Mrs. Zxy-mch, Miss M-m-m-m, Mr. Schsch," and you smile and bow, and later on, alone with one of the people to whom you have been "introduced," you suddenly become aware that you don't know the creature's name.

You murmur something about "not having quite caught it," and you learn that the creature is Mrs. Brown, or Miss Smith, or Mr. Jones, and he or she says, "And you are, let me see. . . . I'm so sorry, I was introduced to you, I know, but I seem to have forgotten your name."

The unfortunate creature, of course, never really knew your name, any more than you knew his or hers until this moment.

A Social Farce

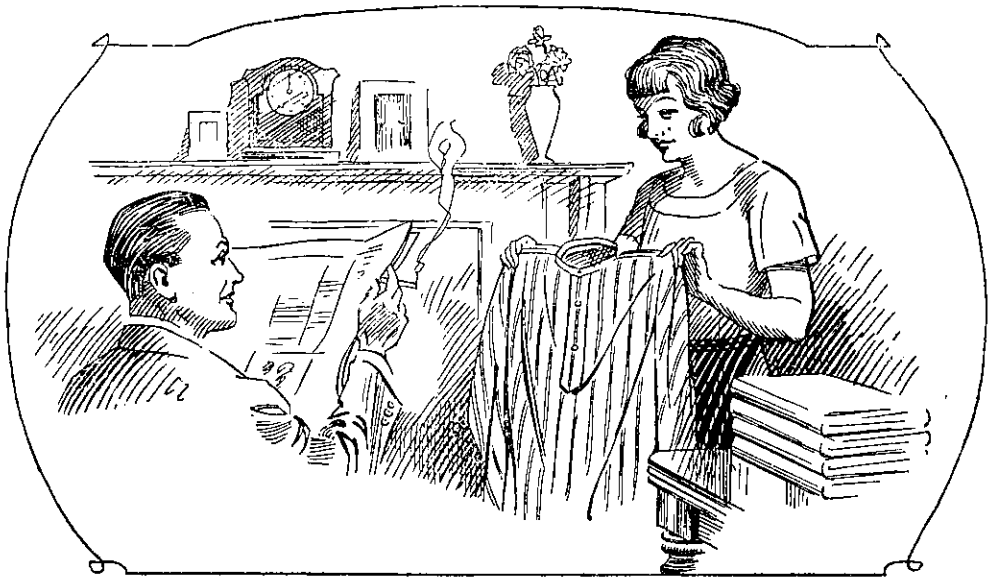
THIS game of so-called "introducing" is one of the biggest of all the farces in our social lives. Sometimes it happens that your host has himself forgotten the names of the people he is introducing to you. Is he abashed? Not a bit. "Mr.—er—er," he smiles, and you bow and say, "How d'you do?" and you haven't the faintest idea to whom you are speaking.

Sometimes it doesn't matter, and you wonder why on earth you were introduced at all; but sometimes it does matter, for you are called upon to converse with "Mr.—er—er," and you are reduced to calling him that yourself, and then proffering that fantastic, formal excuse, "I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch your name."

Formal and unnecessary introductions to people in whom one is not interested, and will probably never see again, are one of the most tiresome conventions, but if they must be—and one supposes that in the conventional world of every day they must be—they ought to be real introductions, not mere inaudible mumbblings.

To stop a bad toothache pour a little vinegar in a saucer and place in it a piece of brown paper folded to about three thicknesses. When the paper is wet, pepper it well and hold it on to the part affected. This does not hurt the skin, and never fails to relieve the ache.

After haricot beans have been soaking all night, before boiling try rinsing them well twice in boiling water. This takes away the bitter taste which is often the main reason of this wonderfully nutritious vegetable being disliked.




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Whether the reproach of being out of fashion affects him or not, every husband is proud of a wife who e careful washing prolongs the life of his clothes and helps in household economies. The economical way of washing shirts is the Sunlight way—it is the easiest, happiest, and best way of washing all kinds of clothes. For personal linen, sheets, pillowslips, tablecloths—everything that simply must be a good colour, Sunlight Soap is best; and if you can spare just two minutes before going to bed, to tumble the white things into a tub or bath of Sunlight-soapy water, you will save a lot of time in the morning.

Start a savings account with the money you save on clothes by using Sunlight Soap.

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It is just as easy to decrease your measurement and weight as it is to put on condition if you know how—and you will know how, you will be told about a simple home treatment, without injurious drugs and endorsed by doctors—if you send six stamps, right away, for booklet "Good News for Stout People" to

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

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

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Variation in Sponge Cakes



SPONGE CAKE is essentially a summertime cake; there is something about its fairy-like lightness, its delicacy of texture that makes it peculiarly appropriate for serving with the cool, refreshing drink that is always associated with warm-weather entertaining, and the very fact that it is lacking in those richer qualities which constitute the appeal in many popular cakes makes it even more intriguing and attractive.

In making sponge cakes of any type it is very essential that the ingredients be of the highest quality. Fine granulated sugar is the only kind that will make a perfect sponge cake; powdered sugar is apt to make a paste when beaten with the eggs, and the coarser types of granulated sugar will produce a coarse-grained, hard-textured cake. Pastry flour, of course, is desirable in making any type of cake, and is particularly essential in making so delicate a thing as a sponge cake. As to the eggs, naturally one will endeavour to have these as fresh as possible, but it will be well to remember that an egg that is two or three days old will beat more satisfactorily than new-laid eggs, and that storage eggs, if of the highest quality, will prove very acceptable.

The correct flavouring of a sponge cake is important. Fresh orange or lemon rind and juice make the most refreshing and delicious cakes, and in the sponge cake which contains neither butter nor leavening the acid supplied by these juices effects a more complete coagulation of the egg albumen, and thus helps in the leavening of the cake. Therefore the orange or lemon juice acts in two ways to improve the cake. In cakes leavened with baking powder, however, it would be very dangerous to the best results to use an acid juice for flavouring, though the grated rind of the fruit, which will supply a very delicate flavour, may be quite safely used. Flavouring extracts—vanilla, almond or lemon—are all appropriate for this type of cake. In the simpler forms of sponge cake, a tiny pinch of mace or nutmeg combined with grated lemon rind will add a very intriguing flavour.

Sponge cakes are temperamental things, in a way, almost every recipe for making them calling for a different method of procedure in their manufacture. Those included here are some of the more unusual varieties.

Golden Glow Angel Cake

Ten whites of eggs, five yolks of eggs, 1½ cupfuls of granulated sugar, 1½ cupfuls of pastry flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, ½ tea-

spoonful of lemon extract, half teaspoonful of vanilla.

BEAT the yolks of the eggs to a stiff foam, then add the sugar, sifted three times; beat all to a light, lemon-tinted cream in which no grains of sugar are apparent. Next fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten until stiff and dry with the cream of tartar, add the extracts and combine all thoroughly. Finally fold in the flour, sifted, measured and sifted again four times. Bake in a tube pan in a hot oven from forty-five minutes to one hour.

Balmoral Cake

Four eggs, half cupful of granulated sugar, seven-eighths cupful of pastry flour, one teaspoonful of vanilla.

BREAK the eggs into the upper part of a double boiler, add the sugar and place over hot water on the back of the range or just off a low flame, if gas is used. Then with a rotary egg beater whip the mixture over the hot water until it almost doubles in quantity and becomes thick and creamy; it should get quite warm, but not hot, during the beating. Add the vanilla, then the flour, which should be sifted several times. Pour into a greased and floured pan and bake for about forty-five minutes. Ice with a thin orange confectioners' icing.

There is no more practical and useful cake, and scarcely one that is more attractive and delicious than the jelly roll. Sponge cake to be used as a roll must be baked lightly and quickly; therefore the batter should be spread very evenly and thinly in the pans, which should be of the very shallow dripping pan variety. In preparing the pans grease them well, then dust generously with flour. In rolling coax the first fold gently, then finish expeditiously. Wrap it in the cloth for a while after rolling; ice, if desired, but not until it is almost cold. Use for filling, lemon honey, beaten jelly, chocolate or coffee cream, orange filling or whipped cream.

Sponge Jelly Roll

Three eggs, one cupful of granulated sugar, quarter cupful of cold water, one cupful of pastry flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, quarter teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of hot melted butter, one teaspoonful of lemon extract.

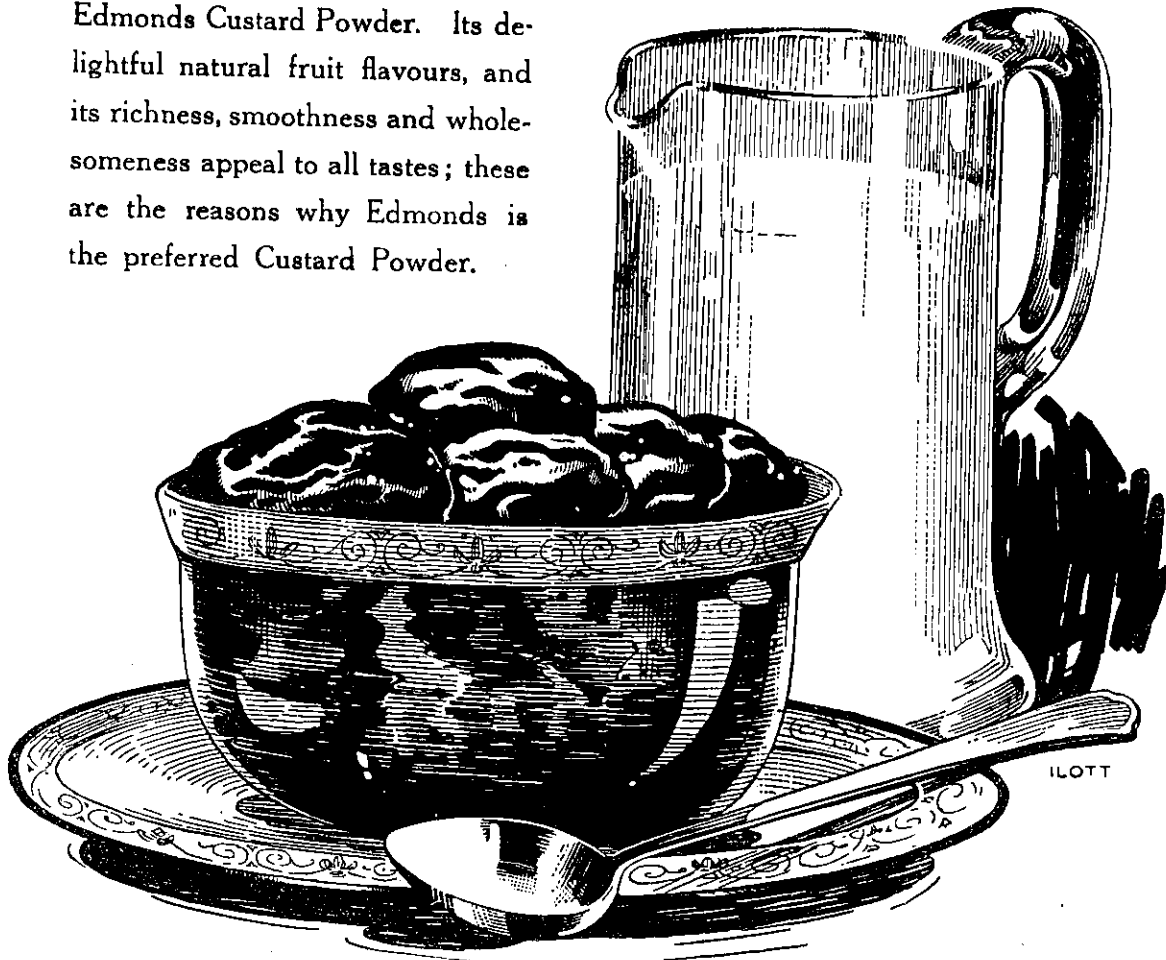
SIFT the flour once and measure it, then add the baking powder and salt and sift all together once more. Break the eggs into a mixing bowl and beat to a froth, beating

Continued on page 69

CUSTARD

Rich-Creamy & Wholesome

There's a deliciousness that is unique about custard made with Edmonds Custard Powder. Its delightful natural fruit flavours, and its richness, smoothness and wholesomeness appeal to all tastes; these are the reasons why Edmonds is the preferred Custard Powder.



Make a Custard according to the simple directions on the tin and serve with stewed or tinned fruits, and you have a dish that is at once palate-pleasing and nourishing.

Edmonds Custard Powder is sold in five flavours—

*Almond — Banana Cream — Lemon
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EDMONDS

CUSTARD POWDER

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In the Bookman's Corner

Our Mountain Region

MISS B. E. Baughan is undoubtedly one of the best-known writers of literature descriptive of New Zealand's scenic beauties. Her latest book, "Arthur's Pass and the Otira Gorge," gives ample scope for her fine powers of picturesque description and keen observation.

Snow-capped mountains, rushing torrents, mountain flora and fauna all serve their purpose in the thread of a most interesting and informative description of this mountainous district. The region described, through the Otira and over Arthur's Pass to Westland, contains some of the most rugged and inspiring scenery in the Dominion, and Miss Baughan's facile pen has done full justice to its many beauties. It is a little book that all lovers of our land should possess. The book contains a number of fine illustrations. The publishers are Whitcombe and Tombs Limited.

On Household Management

A NEW cookery book compiled by E. Futter, and entitled "Home Cookery for New Zealand," has been issued by Whitcombe and Tombs. There are some thousands of modern recipes, all compiled with an eye to economy. A unique and handy feature for those who entertain is the section dealing with the preparation of liquors and cocktails. Special sections are devoted to jam, biscuit and confectionery-making. A selection of extremely handy general household recipes round off this admirable publication.

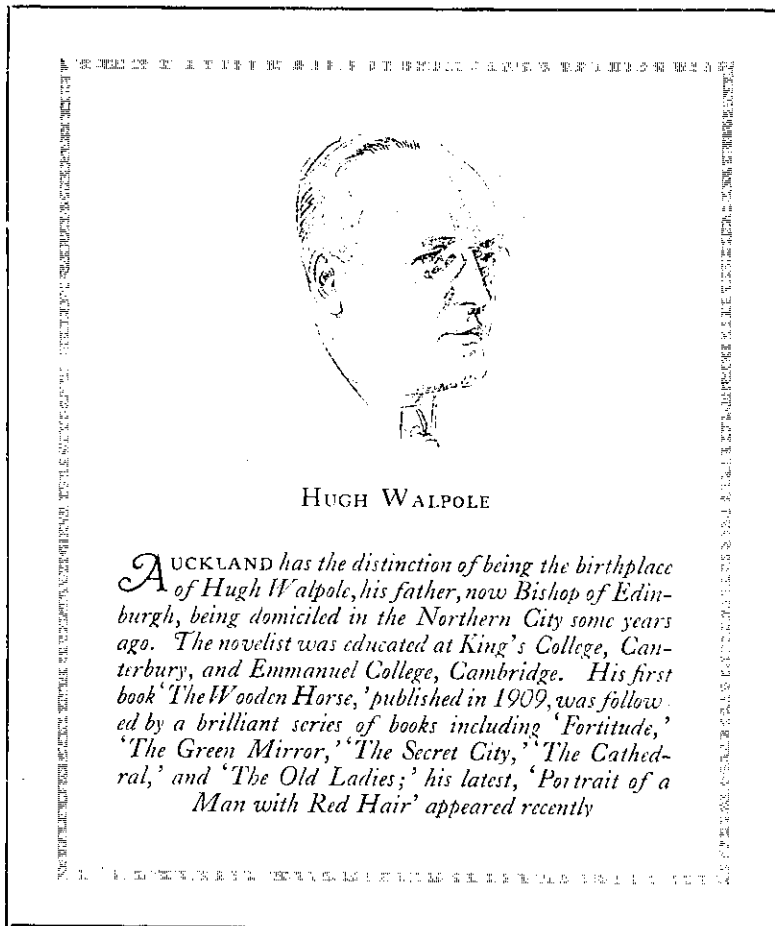
A Great Journalist

FROM the pen of Frederick White comes a most comprehensive and instructive biography, "The Life of W. T. Stead" (Jonathan Cape; 2 vols.).

Stead was undoubtedly one of the outstanding personalities of his time. He was a great publicist and wielded an enormous influence in the moulding of public opinion. His journalistic career commenced early and at 21 we find him editor of *The Darlington Echo*. Some few years afterwards he was invited to join the staff of *The Pall Mall Gazette* as assistant to Lord Morley, and on Morley's retirement, in 1880, Stead assumed the editorial chair, conducting the *Pall Mall Gazette* until 1890 when he founded *The Review of Reviews*. On Morley's retirement Stead instituted a complete change in the policy of the paper, and introduced what became known as The New Journalism. He conducted vigorous campaigns, drawing public attention to many of the blots existent in the social fabric, one of his earliest being his famous "Maiden Tribute to Modern Babylon." For his outspokenness Stead was prosecuted and served a period of imprisonment in Holloway Goal. However, various changes in the Criminal Law were the outcome of his disclosures. Stead's activities were astounding. He maintained a remarkable correspondence, receiving

and exchanging opinions with kings and statesmen, with ecclesiastical dignitaries, explorers, artists and artisans. His friendships extended from the highest to the lowest, not only in England, but throughout the world. He was an ardent imperialist, believing that England should not further extend her Dominion, but should devote her attention to the development of her existing territories. He did not approve of our war with the Boers, and gained for himself, during this period, the stigma of pro-Boerism. He was intensely religious, and as the son of a Non-conformist Minister, his early

a really good novel, depicting life in this country. "Far Flung" (John Long Ltd.) is a fine study of out-back life in the little town of Mawanui and the surrounding country. The author's characterisation is good (Mr. McConchie, the erratic and delightful tailor, is a masterpiece of fiction character creation), and the descriptions of scenery and country life are true to nature. His one fault is that he is apt to amplify dialogue at the expense of the action of the story. Particularly good is the awe-inspiring description of the great bush fire which brings devastation to Mawanui. The hero



HUGH WALPOLE

AUCKLAND has the distinction of being the birthplace of Hugh Walpole, his father, now Bishop of Edinburgh, being domiciled in the Northern City some years ago. The novelist was educated at King's College, Canterbury, and Emmanuel College, Cambridge. His first book 'The Wooden Horse,' published in 1909, was followed by a brilliant series of books including 'Fortitude,' 'The Green Mirror,' 'The Secret City,' 'The Cathedral,' and 'The Old Ladies'; his latest, 'Portrait of a Man with Red Hair' appeared recently

upbringing in a typical Victorian religious atmosphere was strict in the extreme. In the early years his outlook on life was certainly narrow, but broadened considerably as time passed. His interest in spiritualism and the famous "Julia" did not commence until late in life. His new faith aroused much hostility and criticism amongst his friends, but he strongly clung to his beliefs right up to the time of his tragic death in the great *Titanic* disaster. In writing the biography, Mr. White has performed a difficult task in admirable fashion. The book is not only the life of an outstanding personality, but is a most interesting review of events between the years 1880-1905.

HARVEY H. COOK, a New Zealander born and educated in Christchurch, is responsible for

of the story is Silas Bond, an uneducated but strong personality, determined to carve a fortune from the saw-milling industry. His meeting with Millicent Hastings, the school-teacher, and their subsequent romance, is the thread on which hangs the rest of this entertaining story. We are looking forward to more from the pen of this gifted author. (Through Whitcombe and Tombs.)

"A CABINET Secret and Other Stories" is the title of a collection of short stories from the pen of E. R. Wheeler, another New Zealand writer. While not possessing any great outstanding literary merit, the stories are well told, and should provide entertainment in whiling away an odd hour or so. Our copy through the publishers, Whitcombe and Tombs.

"HELEN," by Edward Lucas White, is the story of the romance of Helen of Troy and her three husbands, Menelaus of Sparta, Paris of Troy, and Deiphobus of Troy; told in seven tales, the seven crises of her life. In the author's words, "the tales are the outcome of years of pondering on the possible historical events out of which grew the legends of the Homeric tale of Troy." Here we have the heroes of the ancient world stripped of the supernatural aid of gods and goddesses, living, thinking and fighting as just ordinary mortals. Helen stands out the most womanly of all women, with all the inconsequentialities of her sex delightfully portrayed and held up for our criticism. It is a daring experiment to so tamper with Homer, but Mr. White succeeds delightfully.—Our copy from Whitcombe and Tombs Limited.

Recommended Book List

FICTION

- Borden, Mary—*Jericho Sands* 6/-
 Chambers, R. W.—*Marie Halkett* - - - - - 6/-
 Farrere, Claude—*Thomas the Lambkin* - - - - - 6/-
 Frankau, Gilbert—*Masterson* - 6/-
 Grey, Zane—*The Vanishing American* - - - - - 6/-
 Maxwell, W. B.—*Fernande* - - 6/-
 Maughan, W. S.—*The Painted Veil* - - - - - 6/-
 Paris, John—*Banzai* - - - - - 6/-
 Parker, Gilbert—*The Power & the Glory* - - - - - 6/-
 Rees, Rosemary—*The Lake of Enchantment* - - - - - 6/-
 Thurston, E. Temple—*Mr. Botley Docs Something* - - 6/-
 Wallace, Edgar—*The Three Just Men* - - - - - 6/-

GENERAL

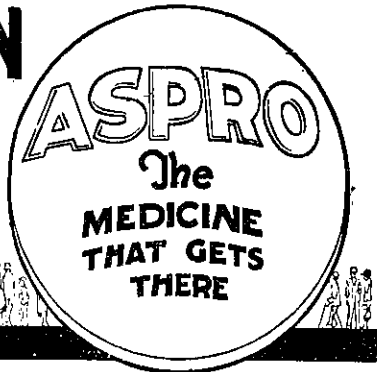
- Blatchford, R.—*More Things in Heaven and Earth* - - - 4/6
 Cameron, I.—*More About the Doctor* - - - - - 2/6
 Cathedrals—With 74 Illustrations and 74 Drawings - - 3/6
 Downes, Olin—*The Lure of Music* - - - - - 6/6
 England, Paul—*Fifty Favourite Operas* - - - - - 16/-
 Foster on Auction (new edition) 9/6
How to Own and Equip a House—A complete guide to ownership and equipment - - 3/6
 James, M. R.—*Abbeys*, with 100 illustrations, 56 drawings, etc. 6/6
 Livingstone, W. P.—*Mary Slesor of Calabar* - - - - - 3/6
 Lucas, E. V.—*Ziggys in France* 7/6
 Tetrizzini, Madame—*How to Sing—A Practical Guide* - - 6/6
A Treasury of Verse—Poems of To-day and Yesterday - - 4/6

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THE VERDICT OF THE PEOPLE

**CONFIRMATION
BY
ACTION**



There must be Thought before an action, otherwise any human action would be impossible. "SO ACTIONS REVEAL WHAT PEOPLE THINK." Now, we haven't received 5,000,000 testimonials from different individuals, but we have 5,000,000 people using ASPRO Tablets every month.

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3 Tablets Will Relieve Influenza in One Night.	2 Tablets Will Relieve Headache in Ten Minutes.
4 Tablets Will Relieve Rheumatism in One Night.	2 Tablets Will Cure Toothache in Fifteen Minutes.

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ASPRO is now made in New Zealand by ASPRO LTD., 15-17 Marion St., Wellington, (P.O. Box 29), under direction of the holder of the original Australian formula.

Reflections

This funny old world is a mirror,
you know;
Turn its way with a sneer, or face
of a foe.
And you will see trouble.
But meet it with laughter and looks
full of cheer,
And back will come sunshine and
love true and dear.
Your blessings to double.
Suppose you try smiling.

To please her husband when they
dine,
So that he'll kindly say, "Let's go
To see the corner movie show!"
This house is waiting for a bride.
And, dear, I wanted you to ride
Around this way to see if you
Could make the house believe you'd
do!

SUMMERTIME LOVE

When the weather is hot,
And the sun's beating down,
Then I'd rather be not
In my office in town.
Mid the heat and the murk
Of a hot summer's day
I prefer not to work,
For I'd much rather play.
When the mercury climbs up to
ninety degrees
With a pipe and a book I would
loaf at my ease.

When winter goes with cold and
cough,
And sun that never shone,
I take my woollen undies off
And put on silk ones on;
When summer comes my cheeks to
tan.
My daily prayer is this:
"Oh, send me some delightful man
Who'll teach me how to kiss!"

But when winter comes round,
And the air's crisp and clear,
And there's snow on the ground,
And the wind nips your ear,
Then I long for the clime
Of the tropical Turk.
That's the season when I'm
Quite unfitted for work.
For the winter's the time when I run
true to form;
And I sigh for a place that is rest-
ful and warm.

A LOVE STORY

They walked by each other, Their
eyes met.
They rode together. Their lips
met.
They went to the minister. Their
souls met.
They lived together. Their law-
yers met.

QUITE LONG ENOUGH

THIS HOUSE IS WAITING
FOR A BRIDE

This house is waiting for a bride
To keep it scrubbed and scoured in-
side,
To keep its doorways white and neat
For the approval of the street.
This kitchen craves a mistress who
Will make its woodwork look like
new:
Will make its pans like mirrors
flash;
And use its chopping bowl for hash.
This brown, unspaded, awkward
yard,
With straggling weeds, is wishing
hard
To grow to be a garden where
She'll find a rosebud for her hair.
And lettuces and spinach fine

At a country show the man who
had judged the dogs was approach-
ed by an unsuccessful competitor.
"See here," said the competitor,
bringing his small dog forward,
"why hasn't this dog got a prize?"
"Well," said the judge, "his points
are wrong."
"How," demanded the dog owner,
"you just tell me where he's
wrong."
"He's wrong in several ways,"
said the judge. "For instance, his
legs are too short."
"Too short," shouted the other.
"How can his legs be too short?
They touch the ground, don't they?
What more d'ye want?"
"Is it true, doctor," asked the
gushing young lady, "that you are a
lady-killer?"
"Madam," replied the doctor, "I
make no distinction between the
sexes."

OUR GUARANTEE.

ALL advertisements appearing in *The MIRROR*
are guaranteed. You are safeguarded to the
extent of your purchase.

If you buy any goods you see advertised in *The MIRROR* and they do not justify the claims made for them, your money will be refunded.

Make your complaints direct to *The MIRROR*, giving all facts relating to the transaction, and they will be promptly investigated.

The only condition is that, in making purchases, you state at the time that you read the advertisement in *The MIRROR*.

SYMINGTON'S

(Regd. Trade Mark)

COFFEE & CHICORY ESSENCE



The Clever Maid, of Symington's, says:
"My motto is: 'Keep the kettle boiling!'—
Then I can always have a cup of
Symington's instantly."



THOS. SYMINGTON & CO., Edinburgh & London

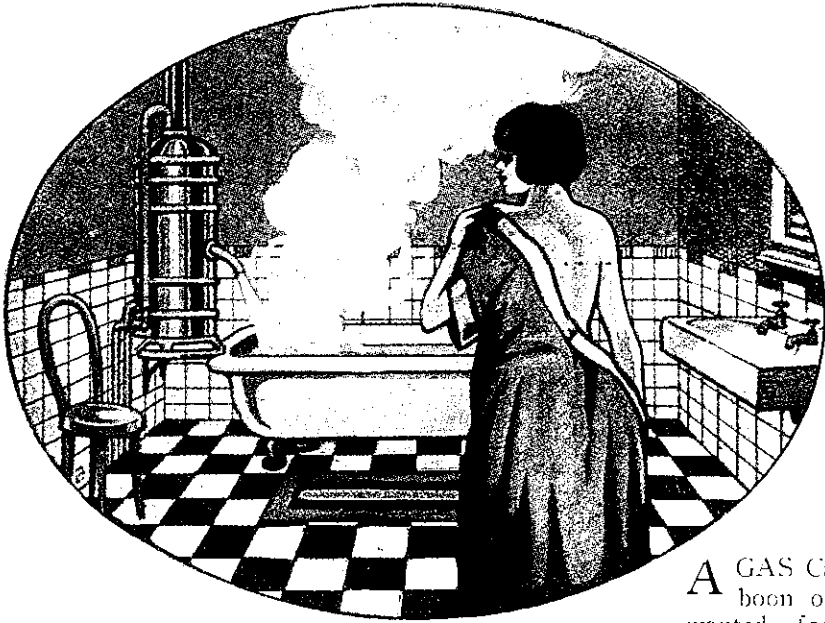
The Steady Heat of STOCKTON COAL

Makes cooking easy for the housewife. Stockton Coal produces more heat, requires less attention, burns more completely, leaves less ash. Order Stockton Coal from your dealer, and if he hasn't got it communicate with

WESTPORT-STOCKTON COAL CO. LTD.
CHRISTCHURCH



M'W



Immediate
& Unlimited

Hot
Water

There's absolutely no work involved in a Gas Califont. You merely turn on the water tap and light the Gas.

A GAS Califont confers on the household the inestimable boon of supplies of hot water *immediately* they are wanted—for baths and all domestic requirements. It makes the bathroom, and the household generally, independent of the kitchen range. It enables all members of the family to bath just when they wish—even though all the others have just had their baths.

GAS CALIFONTS

An extensive range of Califonts can be seen at all the Company's Showrooms.

HEAD OFFICE: Wyndham St. SHOW-ROOMS: Wyndham St., corner Pitt & Beresford Sts., Auckland; Onehunga, Devonport, St. Heliers, Otahuhu

Floors to smile at you—

Among the many cleaning problems of the busy housewife is

How to Keep Floors Clean—

- 1 Polished floors have to be mopped
- 2 Rugs brushed
- 3 And the bathroom and verandah need scrubbing

The FULLER WAY
provides a FLOOR SET

of three tools to save you TIME and BACKBREAKING EFFORT

THE 'NEW IMPROVED' SWIVEL HANDLE MOP

DOUBLES THE USEFULNESS OF THE FULLER MOP

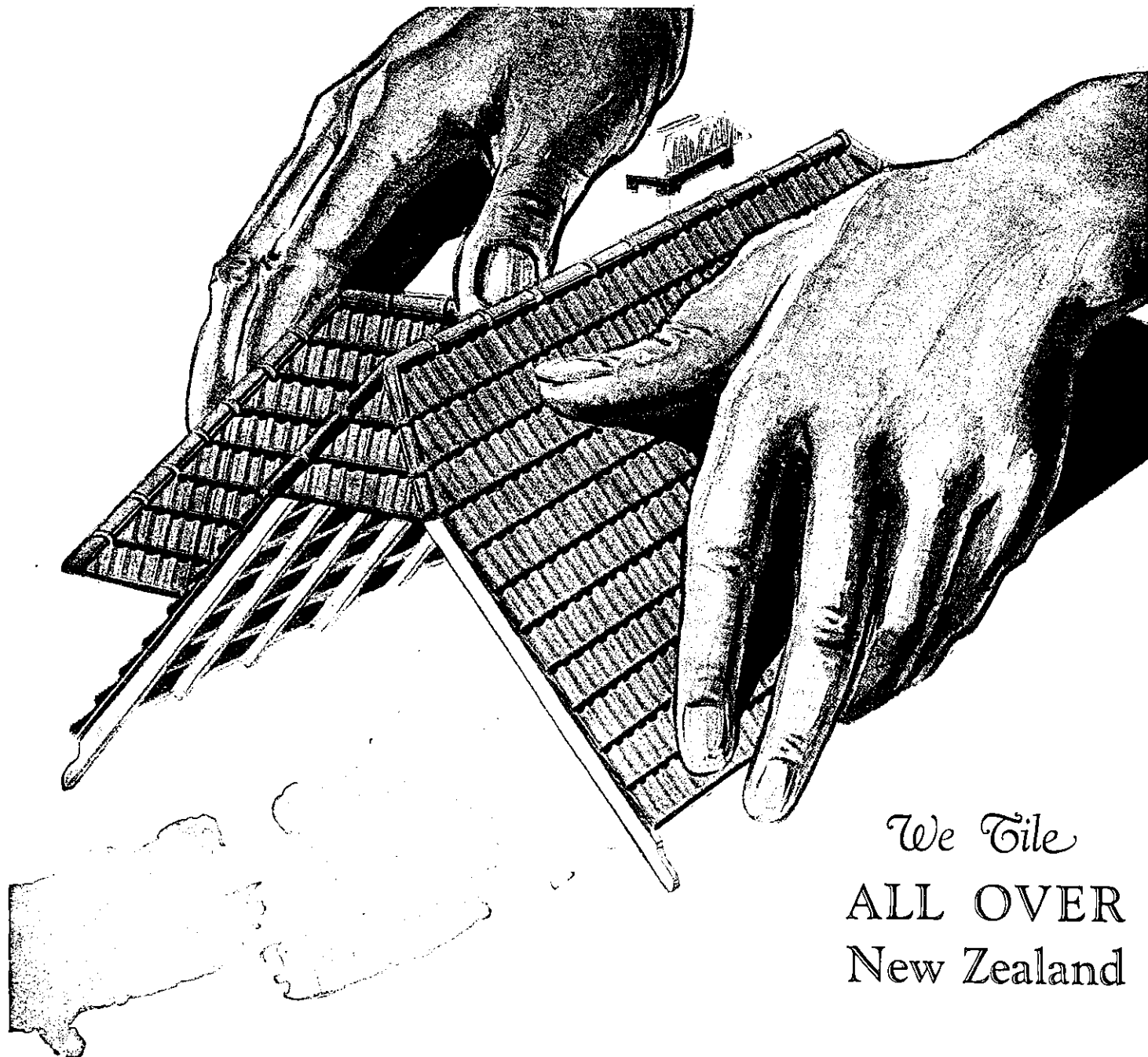
ASK THE FULLER MAN TO SHOW YOU HOW THIS FLUFFY DUST ABSORBING MOP CAN BE USED -

- 1 to get UNDER the lowest things and upright in a jiffy
- 2 to save difficult cleaning under the piano with its 2,400 dust collecting strands on each side and reversable four ways
- 3 to get the dust from corners
- 4 in 180 positions

WELCOME THE FULLER MAN WHEN HE CALLS

His duty is to assist you with your cleaning problems

Branches at Quay Street, Auckland. 22 Customhouse Quay, Wellington. 183 Cashel Street, Christchurch. 179 Princes Street, Dunedin. P.O. Box 22 Napier. 21 Rangitikei Street, Palmerston North. Perry Street Masterton. Phone 335, Hamilton. Tekapo Buildings, Timaru. Phone or write for Fuller Man in your town

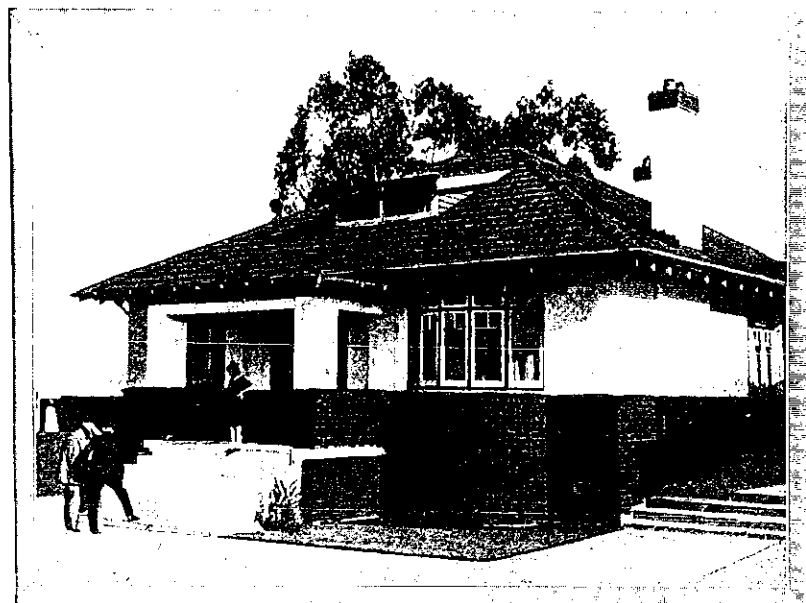


We Tile
ALL OVER
New Zealand

WINSTONE'S

Give a harmonious, refined effect, and in the end prove Cheapest and Best of all Roofings

Tiles



Residence of Mr. W. Thomas. Builder. Mt. Eden. Auckland

The object of this advertisement is to make it widely known that we undertake roofing in our well known Marseilles and Rosemary pattern tiles anywhere in New Zealand. We manufacture the tiles in New Zealand, lay the roof and guarantee the job. Costing little more than common iron, a Winstone tiled roof adds less than 3% to the cost of the home, and yet greatly increases the value and appearance. Home builders are urged to get our quotations.

WINSTONE LTD.

AUCKLAND . WELLINGTON - TAUMARUNUI