



*You need not  
envy beauty*

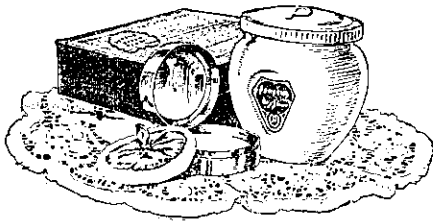
THE subtle charm which fascinates and attracts is due more to sparkling eyes, lustrous hair, and a soft, clear skin, glowing with the delicate colour of the peach, than to regularity of features.

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 wear 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.