

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!"

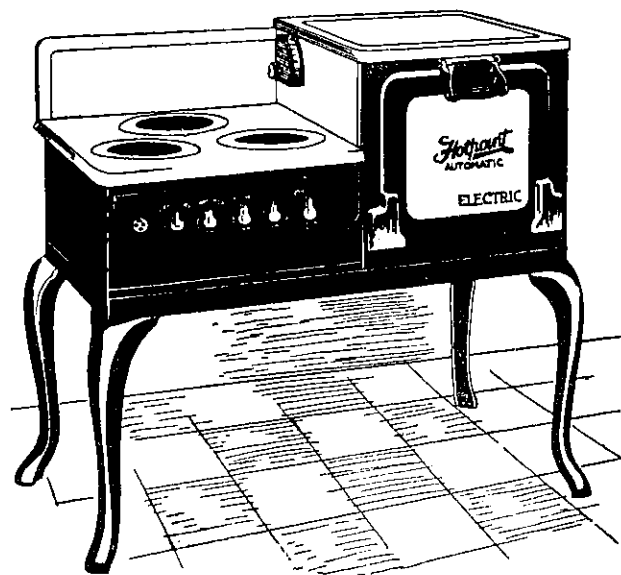
OF course, there are many women one likes for particular occasions, and a very few women that one can like on all occasions. There are captivating creatures with whom I love to dine and to dis-

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

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