

# Racing at Trentham



# Fashion & Sport

E. T. Robson



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the day, and when the man who appears without a badge, buttonhole, or flag in his coat lapel is looked upon as austerely as if he had appeared in his pyjamas. There are Rose Day, Kindergarten Day, Poppy Day, and a thousand extra-special and extremely sacred days on which one is expected to show one's love for one's country by banging "sax-pence." Well, it's all for the cause—though what the cause may be, nobody knows.

BY the way, if, on strolling down the street (any street will do) you encounter a lady with only one huge, ornate, oriental carring dangling beneath her hat, don't go up to her and say breathlessly: "Please, mum, you've lost your carring—the left one—I mean the one that isn't left, that's right." Lop-sided ladies are the very latest. You brush your shingle severely from left to right, leaving a large, fat, sausagey curl under one ear. (Ears are quite respectable members of society nowadays.) In the same ear dangles your one carring. You may also wear a beauty-spot at one corner of your mouth, completing the over-balanced effect. Fashion hasn't so far decreed that you must wear a Louis heel on one shoe and a Cuban on the other. But you can, if you like. It's a free country. Anyhow, powder your little nose with dark powder (ochre has



Mrs. J. R. Dumozon, of Napier, with her children, Bob and Mary

made its appearance in Wellington circles), wear still darker stockings and a velvet shawl, and you'll know that you could pass along the boulevards of Paris without local inhabitants remarking "Regardez donc. A mad Englishwoman." So hard to decide, in these days, just who is sane, isn't it? Sartorially, we are all delightfully mad together.

Heigho! All the most interesting part of the year seems to have slipped away overnight, leaving us clutching wildly at a few torn-off leaves from an already dog-eared calendar. They were so pretty, those calendars, when they looked enticingly at us from among our New Year's gifts. Each New Year is a wonderful adventure until we find ourselves in the exact middle of it—and then, to our dismay, we find that it's just the same old year camouflaged under a new number. The truth is that there's no such thing as a New Year—we simply get the old one rechauffee—and not very well rechauffee either.

This is pessimism of the rankest—I think, mesdames, that the most appropriate thing would be for us to drown our sorrows in a Spode cup of the best China tea—two lumps of sugar, please. Give you good even, ladies.