

Peace seems to have settled on Wellington, socially speaking, at least, judging from a glance at the past month.

Already there is a gentle little simmer of interest rising over the coming Royal visit, and the personnel of the staff is announced. So far we have not discovered any particular connection with the Dominion, except that Mr. Batterbee was here with H.M.S. *Hood*. Then a brother of the Countess of Cavan, Captain Mulholland, was out here a few years ago and did a lot of fishing at Rotorua. One supposes that Royalty will follow the usual procedure, the Duke will specialise in returned soldiers, the Duchess in babies, and both in the school-children. So wise of them, this last, as it does strengthen the bonds between us and the Old Country.

It was a great moment for Marsden School when at last the opening ceremony was performed, with all the importance of a Vice-regal function. The early history of the school goes back to 1870, when Mrs. Swainson opened it. Miss Baber succeeded her, and is still headmistress, though now under the Anglican Church. Sheila and Barbara Coates, who are boarders at Marsden School while the Prime Minister and Mrs. Coates are in England, presented the bouquets, and the senior girls handed round tea, and enjoyed doing it enormously. An ex-pupil of Marsden, who became famous, was Kathleen Beauchamp, who, under her pen-name of Katherine Mansfield, won a very high place in the literary world as a writer of short stories, until her early death a few years ago.

Another "Swainson" girl, who is shortly returning to New Zealand after many years' absence, is Lady Fergusson, a sister-in-law of the Governor-General's consort. She was formerly Miss Githa Williams, one of the well-known T. C. Williams family.

Birthday greetings have poured in on Sir Robert and Lady Stout lately. Somewhere about Christmas time an exceptionally interesting wedding anniversary is due.

Health Week has kept us on the Microbe Hunt this month. As much amusement was mixed with the information, it went down well. But some of us got a surprise when we heard an apparently harmless meal of tea and bread and butter described as "a curse!" Tradespeople and confectioners who handle food with their fingers, came in for severe reproof, and also the unpleasant people who lick their fingers whenever they turn a page. So it is to be hoped we shall all be happier, and healthier, than before.

The only way in which Wellington City can get enough flat ground for any sport is by cutting off the top of a hill. Players who come from other places are apt to complain that looking over the edge makes them dizzy, and puts them off their game, but Wellingtonians are quite inured.

Just now the croquet season is opening, and the Mayoress is busy hitting the first ball through the first

Breezes from the Capital

hoop as she visits the various clubs. Mt. Victoria had a tura the other day—a new club, this.

With a team of crack Australian golfers, and the best players from all over New Zealand taking part, Miramar is the centre of interest for golf players. The very latest thing in pull-overs and plus-fours is being seen, but it is curious that so many men now play in long trousers. It must be on account of our climate, because one of the Australians complained of "the gale" when we only thought it one of our breezes from the Capital. But then, his plus-fours were very plus-y indeed, and did rather flap in the breeze. Someone has suggested that

a "minus-four" would be the right kind of nether garment.

Mrs. Massey is still very much of an invalid, so when it came to a question of investing her with the honour of Dame of the British Empire there was the quietest little ceremony at her own house, or rather her own flat, which is in the house of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Salmon.

All New Zealand is the poorer for the death of the Rev. Mother Mary Joseph Aubert, but Wellington feels it particularly, as her home was here for so many years. A most impressive sight was the funeral, when the highest and

lowest in the land followed the little old lady to her grave.

His Excellency the Governor-General is very conservative in his opinion on the subject of hair—unless, indeed, it is that he is very advanced? Each time he visits a girl's school he talks to them on the subject. At one he asked the assembled school to turn round. Much surprised, the girls did, then at his request they all turned back again. "Only six girls with long hair," observed the visitor. "I hope when next I see you there will be sixty!"

Though the Hon. Lady Cecil and her daughter paid such a flying visit, they did a good deal in the time. After speaking on Women Immigration, they dashed off to see some native bush, and were particularly delighted with the reserve of Wilton's Bush, which is now, we are told, the only open-air plant museum in the world.



A ROMANTIC WEDDING IN AN ORIGINAL SETTING

A romance which began in a bathing pool in America resulted in the marriage of Mr. Paul West, of Panama Canal, and Miss Nancy Ackerley, of Richmond, England, at the Church of Corpus Christi, Midden Lane, London. The bridegroom travelled 4,500 miles to claim his bride.

Topical Press