

# THE MIRROR

THE HOME JOURNAL OF NEW ZEALAND



*The Joy of Christmas*

**SPECIAL CHRISTMAS  
NUMBER**

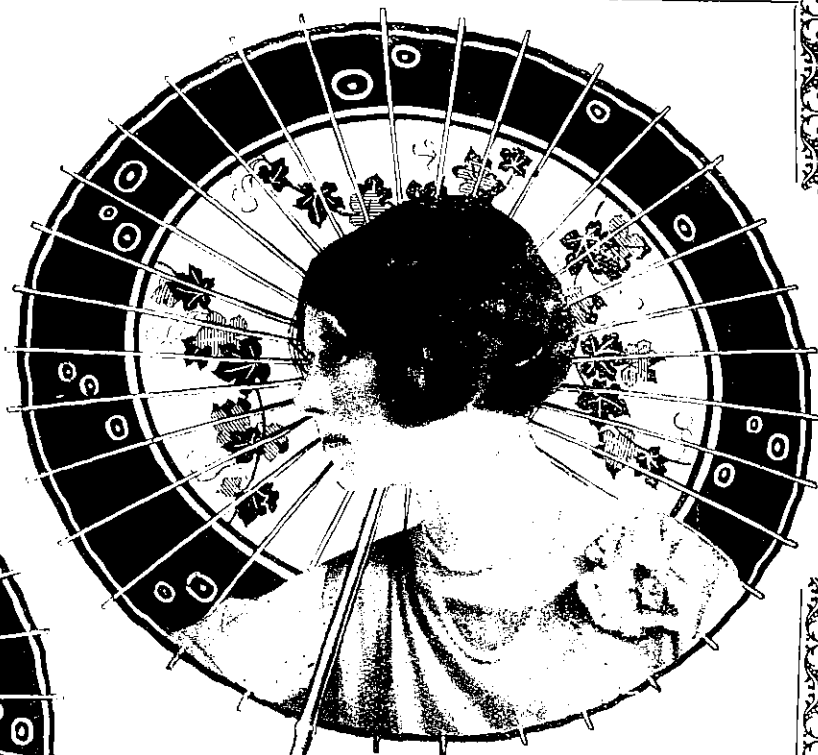
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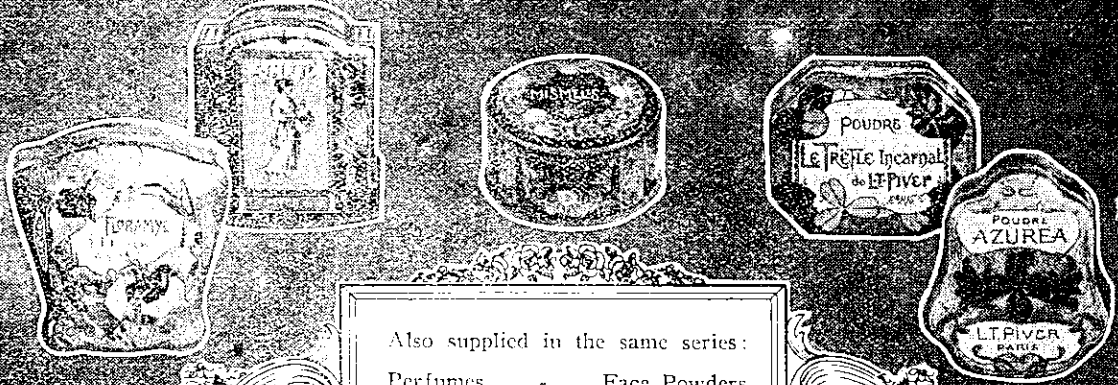
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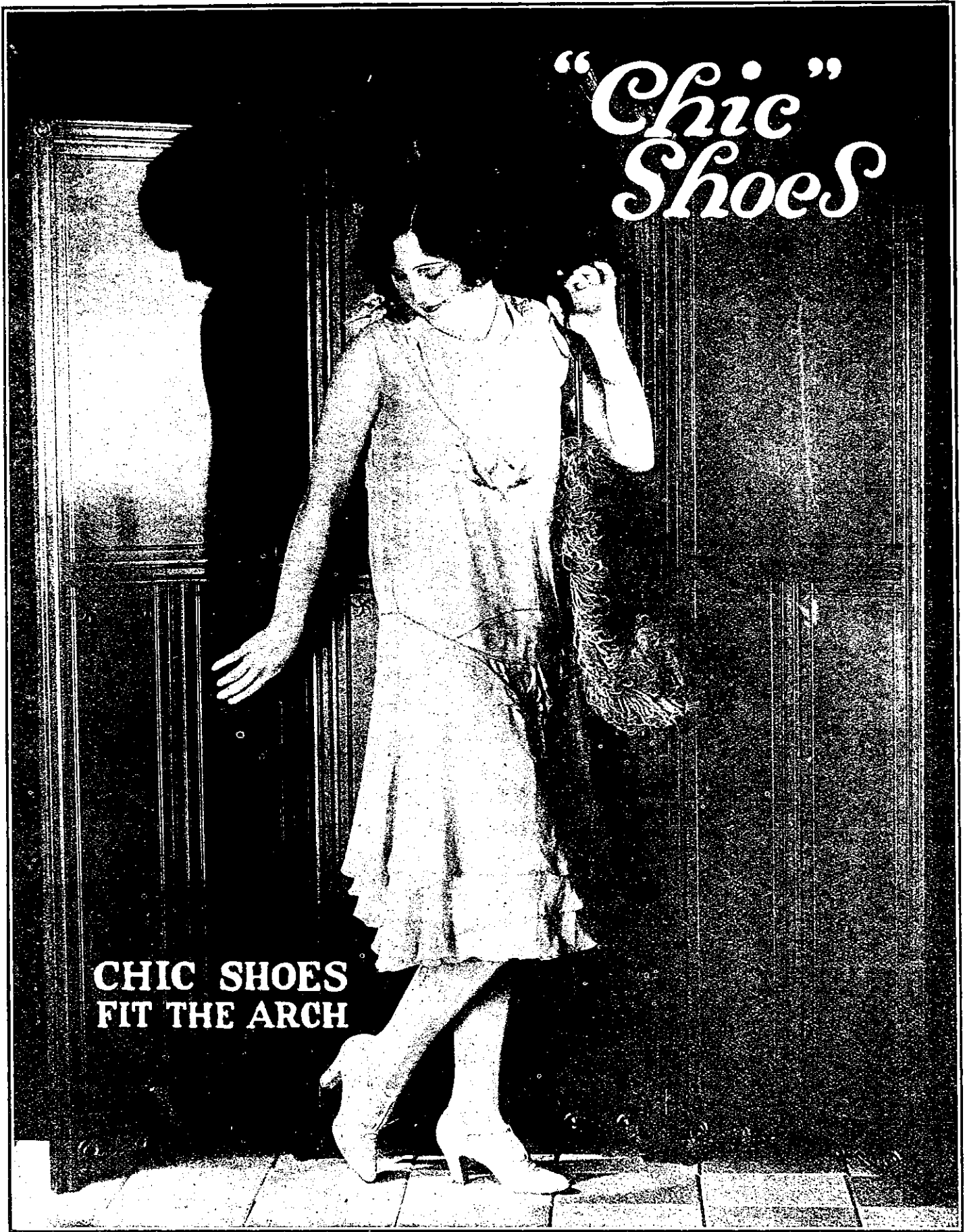
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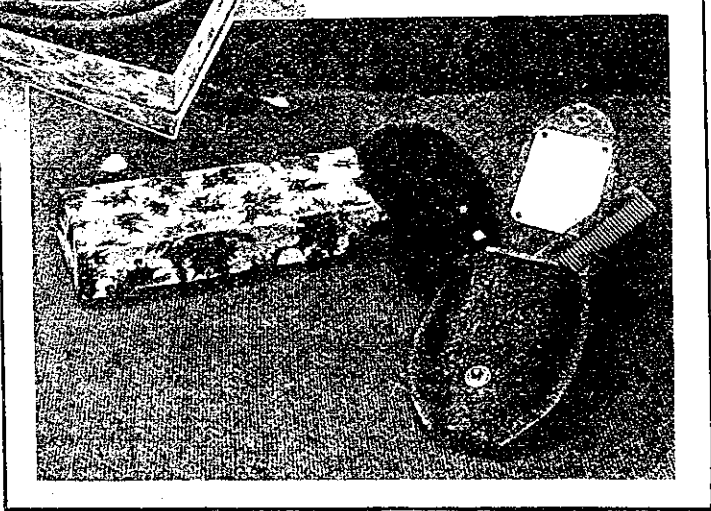
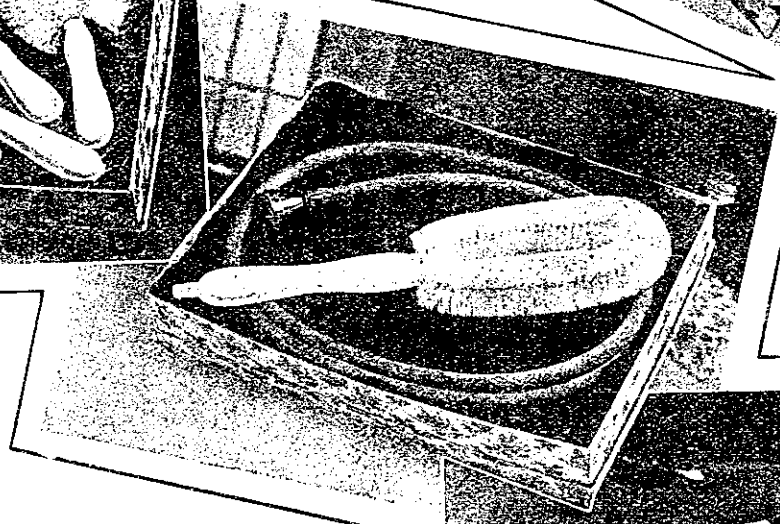
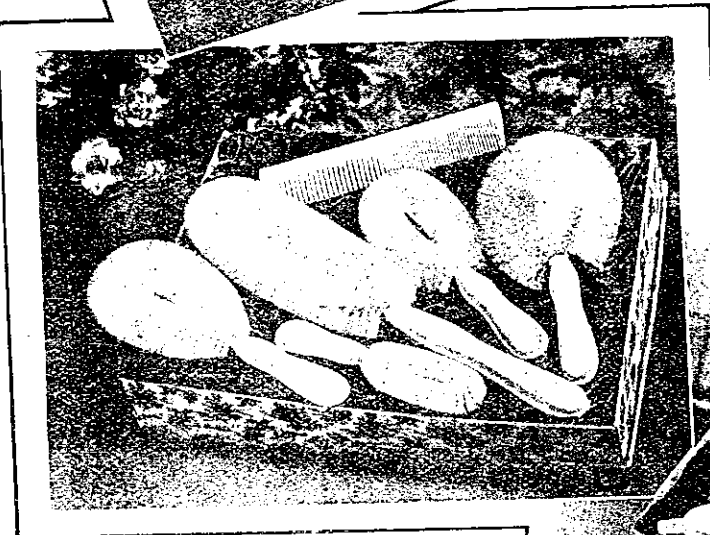
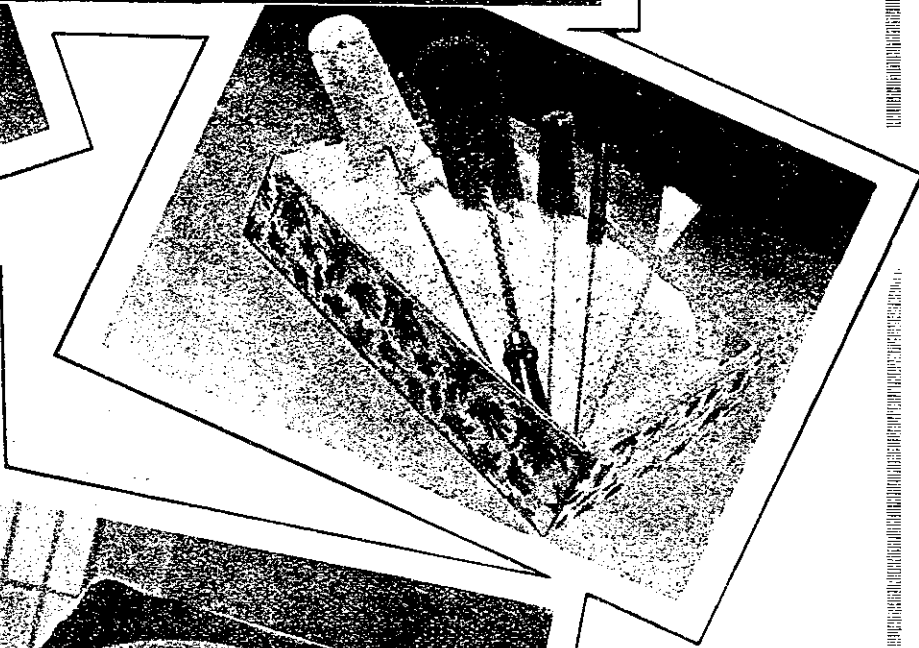
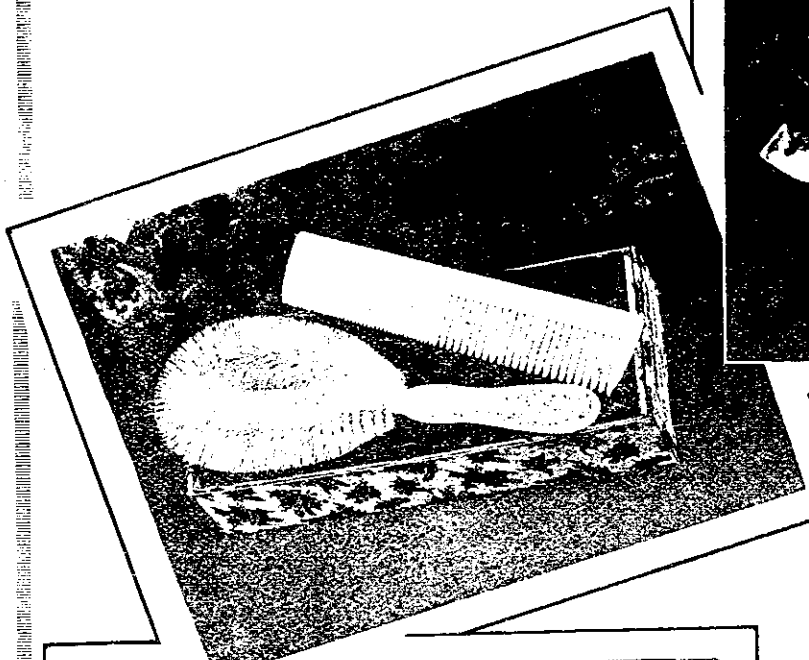
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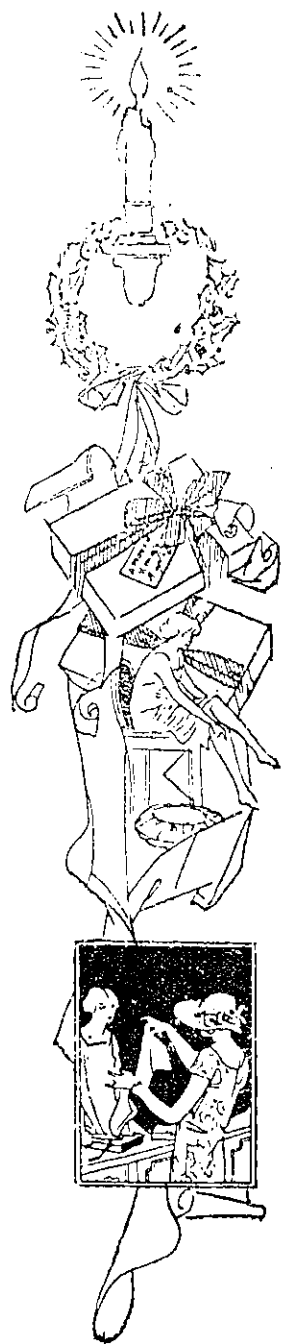
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Reflections for Christmas
The Real Peace on Earth

FOR two thousand years... we are told—the word "Christmas" has been associated in human minds with "peace." The joys of the Christmas Season are aptly expressed in the adapted phrase: "Peace on earth, goodwill towards all." One forgives one's enemy, as at Christmas time the spirit of good fellowship fills the air.

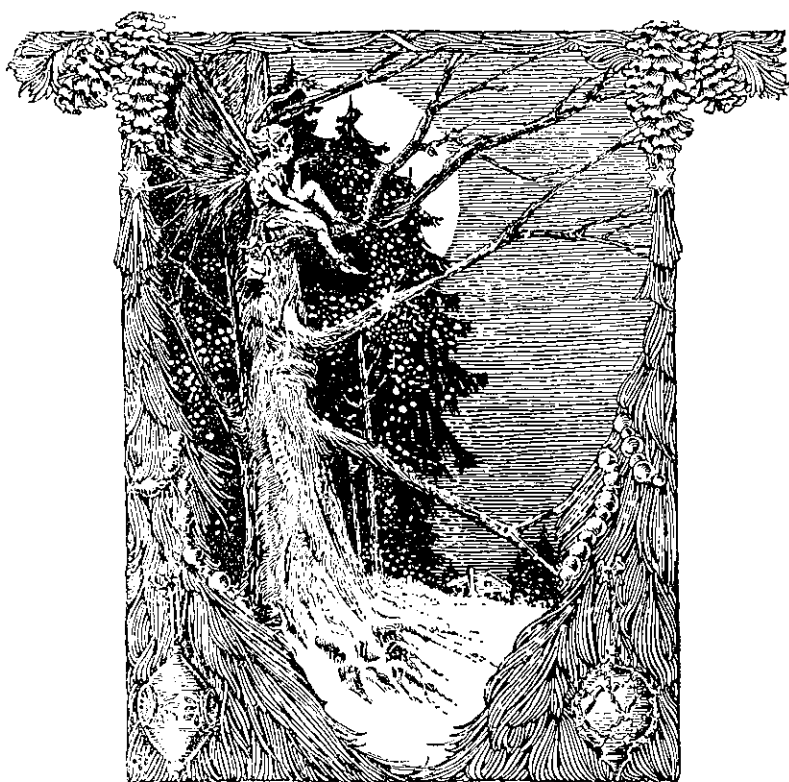
We can well afford to accept the great fact that peace on earth lies not in the hands of kings and princes, but in each individual heart, and so long as that endures peace cannot be destroyed.

If peace reigns in the home, the troubles of the outside world can at least temporarily be forgotten whilst the spirit of Christmas prevails.

Every mother in New Zealand who has a home, with others around her, has the opportunity to establish and maintain in that home a peace colony of infinite importance to the happiness of those she loves, as well as a definite centre of influence in her community.

PEACE, the dictionary tell us, is: "A state of quiet or tranquility; calm; repose; harmony or concord." To reach this state is the first aspiration of the normal soul, and the first essential of individual achievement.

In the ordinary course of life a woman may unconsciously make of her domestic life an interminable petty warfare, as demoralising for herself as it is difficult for her family. Trifles irritate her, disappointments embitter her, disillusionments harden her. She grumbles, she fault-finds, she nags. The children "worry her to death"; the



neighbours "drive her mad"; even her husband is selfishly absorbed in his business affairs or his work, and fails to share her burdens.

All the philosophy of the ages teaches her, however, that she is the captain of her soul, and the serenity and the happiness of those at home are dependent, to an amazing extent, upon her. The realisation of this knowledge enables a woman to build and live up to her ideals. Therefore she does not pass her petty daily cares on to those she loves. They have their own. Neither is she impatient nor supercritical, nor intolerant. She is sympathetic and understanding. Then each morning her family goes forth strengthened for the work of the day.

To us all, in the final analysis, home is the place to which we turn most hopefully in our eternal quest for happiness. With the maker of the home, first of all, and then with each individual in it, lies the duty of maintaining there—because it is there that one has the love and the power—tranquility and concord. And this not for a season, but for every day every year.

It rests with each woman of this fair young land to begin on her own hearthstone her work for peace and happiness. Such work lies close to her hand and heart and brain. It is at once her nearest duty and her greatest.

Now as we approach the Lenten Season let us all cherish the ideals that are the heritage of all New Zealanders and turn to our homes to find that love and tranquility which should call for our special thanksgiving at Christmas time.

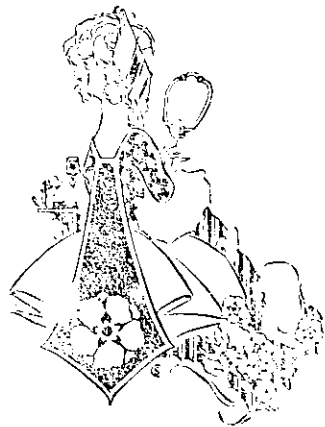
Christmas Greetings
to Readers of
THE MIRROR

MAY your heart be merry, and your spirit glad; may nothing mar your Christmas Day; may nothing make you sad. May many signs of friendship kindle your Christmas Joy; may Sweet Content and Cheerfulness bring you your heart's desire.

May you have many tokens, proving that Love is true; that they whom you hold dearest are thinking now of you. May lovely memories return, sweet guests of Christmas cheer; and Hope and Courage visit you to last throughout next year.

And may a heartfelt jollity be yours on Christmas Day; and when the shadows gently fall—may Peace and Goodwill stay!

# In the Mirror



Armistice Day passed quietly last month, and will doubtless in the course of a few years be a forgotten anniversary to the great majority of people.

There has been just a little canting and insincerity written on the observance of this culminating day of the Great War.

The ugliest thing about war is the hate that it engenders, not so much in those who do the fighting as in those who do the talking and writing. Common hatred is not natural to man.

Surely it is obvious that the keynote of our celebration of Armistice Day ought to be the ending of the war. A day of democratic rejoicing that the hate, which is not natural, has passed and that the world may live in neighbourly love. Yet this note has rarely been struck.

It is a comfort, on the other hand, that no one wishes to make it a day of hectoring triumph in victory; no one surely feels that way in regard to peace.

The war lasted so long that we never felt the fierce joy of victory, for the victors had quite as many wounds as the defeated.

It is also quite inappropriate to make the day one of mourning for the gallant dead. If they could speak they would doubtless be the first to cry shame on those who canonise them merely to point a disagreeable contrast with many who still live.

Joy should be the dominant note of Armistice Day. There is a time to mourn and a time to make merry. We owe a duty of remembrance and of mourning over those who died that we might enjoy a securer life. But the anniversary of mourning ought rather to be the day the war broke out, not the day on which it ended.

It seems straining at a gnat to insist on a note of solemnity and sorrow in our celebrations of peace which brings all the wickedness of war to an end, when we have allowed the anniversary of the day which began it all to go by without any rebuke of the sin or any tears over the failure of reason and charity.

We are now approaching the festive season when much will be heard of "Peace on earth and good will towards all," and it is to be hoped these sentiments will tend to temper the hate generated by the Great War, and to bring about a better understanding in the future. By the Locarno Pact the statesmen of Europe paved the way to a brighter era. Let us follow the

noble precepts of that great culminating event in anti-war statescraft and forgive our enemies.

Auckland City has become the proud possessor of a Royal Academy art masterpiece (reproduced on the opposite page). "The Spirit of the Summit" has been presented as a token of gratitude to the citizens of the Queen City by Mr. Moss Davis, one of its early pioneers and successful business magnates, now a resident of London.

This celebrated picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1894 by Lord Leighton, then president of the Academy. "The Spirit of the Summit" later, in 1897, was again at the Royal Academy at a memorial exhibition of Lord Leighton's selected paintings. Since then the picture has been in private possession.

A few months ago the collection of Mr. Robert English was sold at Christie's, and this masterpiece was secured by Mr. Moss Davis. "Makers of British Art," reviewing the picture, now a valued acquisition to Auckland's Art Collection, said: "The most striking picture of the set was undoubtedly 'The Spirit of the Summit.' Leighton appears to have aimed at a pictorial rendering of his ideal so as to unite things heavenly and things earthly in one superlative creation. Inspiration and invention could hardly join in the realisation of a transcendental theme more idyllic. This may be held to be Leighton's truest expression of all that was best in his Art. The superb figure of a fair-haired girl, with blonde complexion and features, and head eclectic in their beauty, sits like a queen upon a snowy peak, gazing with upturned face to the starlit sky. She is in thick pure white draperies, which reflect the silvery illumination of the night."

M. de la Sizeranne, in writing of the picture, said that Leighton might have called it "The Spirit of My Painting."

The finely etched reproduction of this masterpiece of British Art was done by the Auckland Photo Engravers, from a photograph supplied by Mr. Ernest Davis, of Auckland, son of the donor of the picture.



A Chief of the Arawa Tribe

F. Stewart, Auckland

**Kia tau te koa me te rangimarie  
ki a koutou katoa**

(May joy and peace descend upon you all)

When last THE MIRROR had a few words to say about the so-called "Beauty Competition," the Editor received a literary chastisement from several very terse correspondents, who variously described him as "a catty thing," "a mean killjoy," "a wet blanket," and other refreshingly frank names.

(Continued on Page 4)





“The Spirit of the Summit”

Lord Leighton



A Silhouette of Youth

"E.C." London

Now that Flapperdom has been exploited to the limit for the artificial boosting of newspaper circulations, and as a catch-penny stunt for a vaudeville venture, excitement has waned and the "beauties" themselves have resumed their usual dull vocations in factories, shops and offices, our irate correspondents may admit that after all there may have been some wisdom in our criticism.

The gullible public swallowed the medicine prescribed by the enterprising quacks, and they are feeling rather sore at being so cleverly "commercialised."

The "beauties," or, rather, the "fanciers," certainly had their hour of triumph, and were treated as spoiled youngsters. They were welcomed from the stage-doors to the embankments by the lads of the villages, and gained much cheap notoriety which may possibly enhance their chances in the marriage market; but otherwise the experience is more likely to leave them as disillusioned moths who have been scorched in the flame of publicity. They will probably not take too kindly returning to the modest work-a-day existence from which their vain ambitions tore them for temporary adulation.

The chosen few doubtless enjoyed the glamour of the footlights and the plaudits of the public, but the aftermath of such experiences does not make for contentment.

Our attitude on this subject has been prompted more out of sympathy for the deluded ones than from any desire to belittle the contestants in the competitions or depreciate their physical charms. Hence we publish an article: "Quest for Beauty" (page 7), by a correspondent who, but for her inherent modesty and retiring disposition, might have vied with "Miss Enzed" for her honours!

## In the Mirror

(Continued From Page Three)



It is a commonplace that we usually fail to see things as they actually are. If we buy New Zealand-made goods, or at least British, we are at once assured they carry the hallmark of quality, besides which, by "Buying Within the Empire" we show practical patriotism and business shrewdness in supporting our own people. Indeed, we would be wise to regard it as a proof of good citizenship, if not actually as a duty we owe to our country to "Buy British Goods."

Furthermore, if we could see things more clearly we would make every endeavour to keep the money from our labour and the profits from our products, and so enhance the welfare of our country. Money we send to foreign countries to buy their goods is money often lost, because in most cases foreigners will not buy our products in exchange, and if the process of buying outside the Empire continues we will surely exhaust our own financial resources and impoverish our industries.

As we approach the Festive Season it certainly behoves us to prove our national pride and "Buy British Goods," because at no season of the year is New Zealand so swamped with foreign-made toys, nicknacks, trinkets, and other more or less trumpery trifles, to say nothing of so-called "luxury gifts," that are "dumped" in the Dominion to absorb a large proportion of the ready money which circulates so freely at

Christmas-tide, when one's purse-strings loosen to interchange gifts and spread the spirit of happiness.

It may be argued that foreign goods are usually so much cheaper, and one must make one's money go as far as possible in buying presents. That may be, but cheapness does not represent value. Indeed, the two terms are as far asunder as the poles. More often than not cheap goods are usually of poor quality and fail to give satisfaction. They are merely "made to sell" and are not lasting, besides which the money spent on cheap goods mostly goes to foreigners, and is lost to us altogether. On the other hand, goods manufactured within the Empire by our own kith and kin can be bought and accepted with genuine pride by all Britishers worthy of the name. Therefore, let us one and all resolve during the next few weeks to net up to the slogan: "Buy Within the Empire," and give preference to our own people and kinsmen overseas.

The Mirror, with this issue, completes its most successful year. It is now firmly established as "The Home Journal of New Zealand." We are proud of our achievement, which is best evidenced by the ever-increasing number of permanent subscribers that are added monthly to our lists, while news agents' sales have also shown how eagerly The Mirror is looked forward to each month by casual readers.

This is a very gratifying indication of public good-will; a fact fully appreciated by advertisers. The MIRROR today carries the highest class of national and overseas publicity because it affords the highest standard of quality and gives a broad, lasting background to the advertisements which is an outstanding feature of modern pictorial publicity.

With the New Year we intend introducing further new features to brighten our pages, and we have no reason to doubt but that our hosts of readers will continue to increase, and thus enable us to give them still better value.

We offer the suggestion that now would be an opportune time for our readers and well-wishers to make a suitable present to some of their friends, which would be highly appreciated. Fill in the name of a friend on the subscription form on page 61, and we will send The Mirror each month for a year to the address indicated, together with an appropriate card in your name.

"THE JOYS OF CHRISTMAS," the title given to our cover design, reflects the spirit of gladness that is one of the supreme joys of early childhood on Christmas morning, when the gifts of Santa Claus are retrieved from capacious stockings and pillowslips that hang from the mantelpiece or bed-rail.

This charming study is from a photograph taken by the Belwood Studios, Auckland, where a speciality is made of child studies. Indeed, some of the finest examples of the photographic art depicting happy children have come from Belwood's. Illustrations, Limited, are responsible for the block-making introducing the colours.



*Reflected  
in the Mirror*

*E. T. Robson, Wellington*

# Echoes of the North



After all, it's only right that each season should have its own particular holiday, so that people who live in towns may snatch a long week-end in the country and see what's happening. What do we Aucklanders know of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, beyond varying our clothes and lighting or not lighting our fires? Summer is well provided for by the Christmas vacation; Autumn has Easter, and, fortunately, Spring scrapes in with a few hours on Labour Day. We will willingly forego a long week-end in the country in Winter. It's so muddy, and gum-boots distort any self-respecting ankle.

These thoughts passed through my mind as I sat in the Rotorua train on the Saturday before Labour Day Monday. Almost with a start I realised what a busy time it was in the country. Lambs with long tails were getting "grown up" and almost sedate as they nibbled the grass quite a long distance from mother. Some of the older sheep were even sheared! I wondered if any colouring could be more vivid than the daring blue of the sky, the emerald green of the low-lying fields, the clumps of yellow broom, and the almost fierce red of the corrugated iron roofs of solitary homesteads. A roof of soft-coloured tiles, mellowed with age and moss, suits an English scene. Life there runs along definite ruts of tradition and custom. The atmosphere is not so clear, and the colours blend more softly. But in the country here everything looks so fresh and young, and so full of vitality, just like New Zealand itself.

The floods had upset the usual Spring effects round Mercer. Paddocks were turned into lakes and trees seemed to be sitting in them, rather than standing. "We can't swim; we're stuck," they seemed to say. The cabbage trees become O'Cedar maps without any handles, and the poor rushes looked as if they were drowning and crying for help. The willows must have wished they had been shingled. Their new tresses were all muddy and floated in the water. Land and water were all mixed up, and a car passing along a canal-like road was up to its axles in water. Further on, the water vanished and the dry land appeared, decorated with blossoming may-trees, pale yellow wattle and the starry flowers of the manuka.

New Zealand trees have not travelled far, except, of course, in botanical gardens. Manuka, rimu, and pohutakawa are not found among the trees in other countries like the Australian gum. The eucalyptus is a veritable "globe trotter." It waves its long grey leaves throughout California and its long, slim, silver trunk adds to the beauty of Southern France, Italy, and the English South Coast. The only New Zealand native tree I have ever seen outside New Zealand is the cabbage

tree in Torquay, the popular "all-the-year-round" sea resort in South Devon.

The train seemed to go along its way to Rotorua very leisurely. Probably the floods were responsible, but it gave an Australian tourist the opportunity to repeat a favourite story against the New Zealand train service. He said that an inspector had told a railway clerk that a local farmer was going

The Auckland Sketch Club held its second exhibition in the Art Society Building last month. Over three hundred pictures were hung, and this testified to the keenness and enthusiasm of the fifty or sixty members. Mr. Page Rowe, the president, called on Professor Pitt to open the exhibition. Professor Pitt spoke on the need of spontaneity in art and in life. He said that civilisation, with its artificial conditions, deprives us



Pert and Pretty

Torquist Studios

Joan Kavanagh of Devonport

to take action against the railway, because some of his cows had been killed by the trains.

"You've got it all wrong," replied the clerk, "he's not complaining about his cows being killed."

"What's his complaint then?" asked the inspector.

"Merely," replied the other, "that the passengers lean out of the carriage windows and milk his cows as the train passes."

all of spontaneity, that instead of dancing and singing in a tram, if we feel like it, we have to repress all these joyous natural feelings until we find an isolated spot. Then, perhaps, the mood has passed. Sketching, however, can be done anywhere and at any time, just when and where the mood happens. Some of the sketches hung on the walls looked as if they had been done anyhow, and there certainly

appeared to be spontaneity in the use of colour. However, there was a good number of landscapes, an excellent water colour of a garden in summer, and one or two well-drawn heads in pencil. It seems very hard luck that keen and talented, as some of the members undoubtedly are, that good tuition is so hard to get in Auckland. What a pity there is not a scheme for "assisted emigration" and a good job guaranteed for artists who have learned their business in the world's art centres.

Pictures come and pictures go every week, and it is seldom that one makes any definite impression. Now and again there is a film which moves the audience to praise or blame, and still more occasionally there is one which makes it think. Last week I saw "Nell Gwyn," alleged to be a British picture, although it is shown in New Zealand through an American film company. We all know that Britain cannot technically produce films as well as America. Nevertheless, we all feel that Britain can produce films with better stories and a saner and more wholesome atmosphere than the average American film producing company. At the present moment the problem of British films is agitating the whole of the Empire and it is generally hoped that the Imperial Conference will come forward with some life-saving scheme for British films. "Nell Gwyn" demonstrated how desperate is this need. Why must a British film company (unless it is financed by America) employ an American screen actress such as Dorothy Gish to play the part of Nell Gwyn? Dorothy Gish is probably an excellent screen comedienne for American characterisations, but that does not qualify her to play the part of an essentially English character such as Nell Gwyn. There are hundreds of suitable and capable English actresses who could have played that part in a British film. It is impossible to imagine a worse travesty of Nell Gwyn than that given by Dorothy Gish. Her behaviour is suited to a modern third-rate American cabaret, but never to the English Court in Charles XI's reign. The title of the picture should have been "Dorothy Gish," for neither the story of Nell Gwyn nor any other character get a chance. Apart from Dorothy Gish's salary, this production must have cost very little. The settings are cheap and unambitious, and apparently the story has just "happened" by the stringing together of a few incidents which give Miss Gish and her figure scope for displaying their several charms. If British films can only be helped to success by such intervention from another country, rather let them stumble along in the old way which was at least sincere, or die an honourable death.

It is interesting to see that quite a number of the chosen "Beauties" in the "Miss New Zealand" Contest had long hair. Five of the chosen

(Continued on Page 33)



AT THE CROSS ROADS

E. T. Robson, Wellington.

There hasn't been such excitement in Auckland since the Prince was here—or the American fleet. Electioneering for beauties holds more thrills than any political or prohibition campaign, although they are run on much the same lines. Money and enthusiastic supporters were just as powerful factors in the New Zealand Beauty Contest as in any other campaign.

Once the twelve candidates for the title of "Miss Auckland" were chosen, interest in the Beauty Contest was thoroughly aroused, in spite of the fact that we all said it was a deplorable commercial concern, and that the exploitation of pretty girls for profits was not quite the thing. The shops displaying photographs of the candidates were always surrounded with a curious crowd, and staid respectable-looking folk were as interested as the flappers and lads of the town. "After all," we said to ourselves, "the girls who enter know that the prize is given for beauty of face and form, and if they choose to prove to the general public that they think theirs are the best; well, it's their own business."

"Miss Auckland" was fortunate in having enthusiastic supporters. In fact, they were so enthusiastic that they bought tickets by the dozens, and gave them away, or sold them for less, on condition that the recipients voted for their choice. Other electioneering experts brought trumpets and streamers, so that when the chosen one appeared on the stage at His Majesty's Theatre they could single her out with their attentions.

On the opening night of the vaudeville show in which the Beauty

## A Quest for Beauty



Contest finalists were to appear, the theatre was only moderately filled, although the streets round about were packed with people anxious to see the "beauties" arrive in their cars. However, business improved on the second night, when it was advertised that "The New Zealand Beauties will parade in Bathing Costumes." The girls, as they appeared on the stage, looked very charming, and attractively unsophisticated. Shy little "Miss Canterbury," of the golden hair, looked just like sweet "Little Alice Blue-gown." In spite of being only sixteen, she had more poise and natural dignity than any of the others. "Miss Otago," tall and well built, with fresh colouring and a pretty smile, looked the right type for "Miss New Zealand." Even taller, was "Miss Wellington," who went through the trying ordeal of walking slowly across the stage, with quite a stately grace. Directly her Maid of Honour appeared, there were howls of delight from the gallery. Her dainty figure and coquettish manner were most effective on the stage. "Miss Auckland" had perhaps the most beautiful face of all of them, but, like the other Auckland girls, appeared awkward on the stage.

On Friday night, when "Miss Auckland" was to be announced at the end of the show, the atmosphere was electric with excitement. In

fact, the gallery was so talkative, that an American vaudeville "turn" on the stage became quite terse, and said: "One fool at a time. If you don't want this turn, it's easy to ring down the curtain and put on the next." Wanting full value for their money, the gallery quieted down. The curtain dropped after the final item, and the gallery stamped, hooted and shouted. I discovered afterwards that the delay was caused through the "Miss Auckland" badge being mislaid.

The curtain slowly rose, and on the stage were the four Auckland finalists, looking particularly well groomed and pretty. Behind them was a bank of flowers, chocolate boxes, and dolls overflowing on to the floor. People shouted, trumpets squeaked, and streamers whirled through the air on their mad dive for the stage. The Mayor couldn't speak for some minutes, so he dodged the onslaught of streamers instead. At last he was able to declare Miss Sutherland the winner, and Miss Ford as her Maid of Honour. The theatre fairly rocked with cheers.

On the final night, when "Miss New Zealand" was to be announced, there was a full house, but it was much quieter. After the last item, the eight finalists appeared on the stage against a background of flowers and gifts. Mr. Louis Cohen, of

Wangamui, the announcer and one of the judges, waxed poetic over this modern search for pretty girls, and almost made us think that we had been engaged on a noble, altruistic quest for Truth and Beauty. "The Age of Chivalry is not dead; this is another aesthetic renaissance, we said to ourselves," when a curt voice from the circle broke in with: "Who is Miss New Zealand?" Mr. Cohen stated that the deciding factors were proportion, physical fitness, charm, grace and poise. (Evidently beauty didn't come in it at all!) He then declared Miss Thebma MacMillan, of Otago, to be "Miss New Zealand," and Miss Isobel Wilson, Maid of Honour to "Miss Wellington," as second. The girls all kissed each other and then received their presents. "Miss New Zealand" was presented with a cheque for £250; Miss Wilson with a cheque for £100, and each of the eight girls with a cheque for £25 each.

"Miss New Zealand" seemed quite ready to make a speech, but her "I thank you all" was cut short by cheering and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" on the stage.

And so the search for "Miss New Zealand" is over, and the eight finalists will soon have to return to prosaic vocations. It has been a wonderful dream to them, and an experience that they will never forget. Some had never stayed in a hotel before, and none of them had any of the wild ways accredited to the modern flapper. They were just simple, everyday girls, with parents who became anxious when their girls were proclaimed "winners," in case their heads might be turned by the sudden whirl into gaiety and popularity.



In Touch with Nature

New Era Co., Auckland

## South of the Straits

It was ever thus. The wayward son is nearest the parents' hearts, and a certain pride underlies the recital of the previous doings of Bad Brother Ben. It was the prodigal son who was clasped to his father's bosom, and regaled upon stuffed veal. The little Avon moves innocently between its circumscribed banks, but it is the naughty Waimak (note the affectionate abbreviation!) that is the pride of Canterbury's heart. Full of the ebullience of youth, and of water, it brooks no control, and in search of high adventure explores the surrounding country, to the great inconvenience of the settlers. Lately it has set its heart on a trip through the Cathedral City, and only the vigilance of the River Trust has prevented it from dropping in to call. In its playful exuberance it has flooded far and wide, and washed away wheat and drowned the potato supply. But prodigal sons were ever thus—bless their hearts!

Cup Week has come and gone once again, and our hard-earned savings have disappeared into the capacious maw of the totalisator. Perhaps our sympathetic nature inspires us to select the poor little neglected horses. Still, there was consolation in our race frock, so discreet with its sleeves and its collar. Last year these ad-

juncts were missing, and this season the material has been removed from the hems of our skirts to allow for them. No mountaineer walks lighter than we. "Dresses on the Lawn," say the papers, and describe the frocking with enthusiasm. Presumably, the proletariat, outside the sacred enclosure, attends the function very lightly garbed.

Vegetables and frocks have both gone up for the races. In November our local market gardeners hope to extract an honest penny

from the hungry hordes who descend upon us in Carnival Week—to be fleeced or to fleece. And talking of fleeces, brings us to the Agricultural and Pastoral Association's Show, the greatest event of its kind in New Zealand. The Annual Show is as much a part of Christchurch as the far-famed 'Nor'wester, and dates from the day when the course consisted of five pioneers and a pig. This year, though the unjust may have drawn the deluge that descended from rolling, thunderous clouds, the just dripped just as freely. Protesting cattle paraded through slush, led by a Pipe Band

that blew bubbles, and little dogs yapped vainly for Noah and an ark.



Tetrad Press

### THE FIRST MOTHER TO SWIM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

Mrs. Millie Clemington Corson is a 27-year-old Danish-American, and the mother of two children.

When working for others, why shouldn't we seize a little snick of pleasure for ourselves? A deep and pure motive can underlay the evolutions of the Charleston, and deserving causes will be none the worse because we have jazzed merrily for the augmenting of their funds. Race week gaieties were not without their meal of thought for others, and two orphanages—St. George's Hospital, and the Lady Truby King Fellowship were the worthy objects round which we made our philanthropic gyrations. Much thought and some generous impulse, had gone towards the fashioning of the Spanish cabaret: only the torreador and the bullfight were needed to give it the final realistic touch. At the Truby King dance, roses, donated by a Plunket enthusiast, subtly suggested the scent of the Fuller's Earth, beloved in the nursery.

The Lady Truby King Fellowship is Canterbury's own particular child. Truly, the rest of the Dominion has taken our little nursing to its heart, but we cannot forget that the idea was born and cradled in our

(Continued on Page 19)



*Geo. Chance, F.R.P.S., Dunedin*

"A TRANQUIL STREAM"  
WINCHESTER, SOUTH CANTERBURY



*E. T. Rolson, Wellington*

MAORI WAHINE AND TAMAITI  
Carried according to Native Fashion





SANTA CLAUS IS REAL!

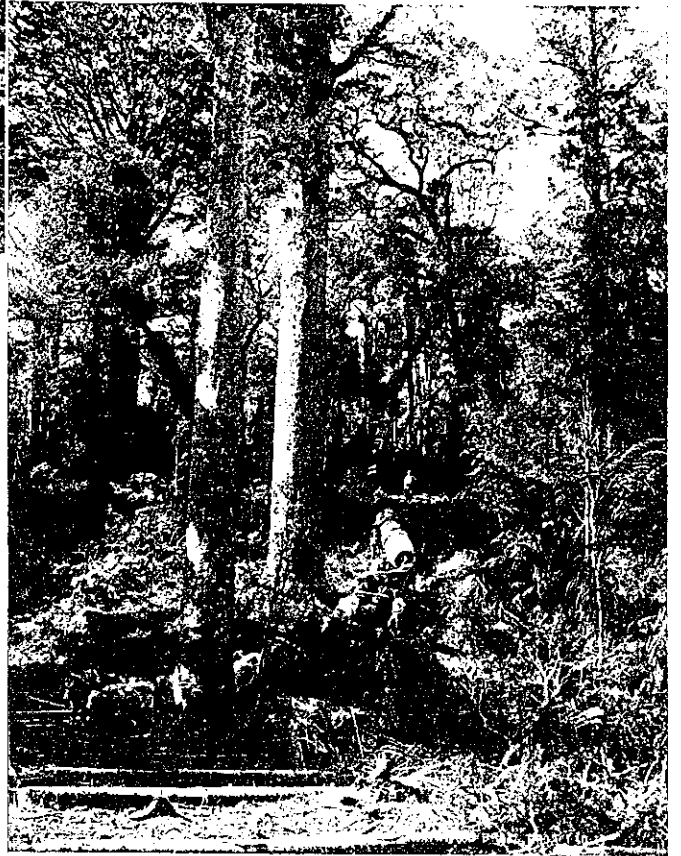
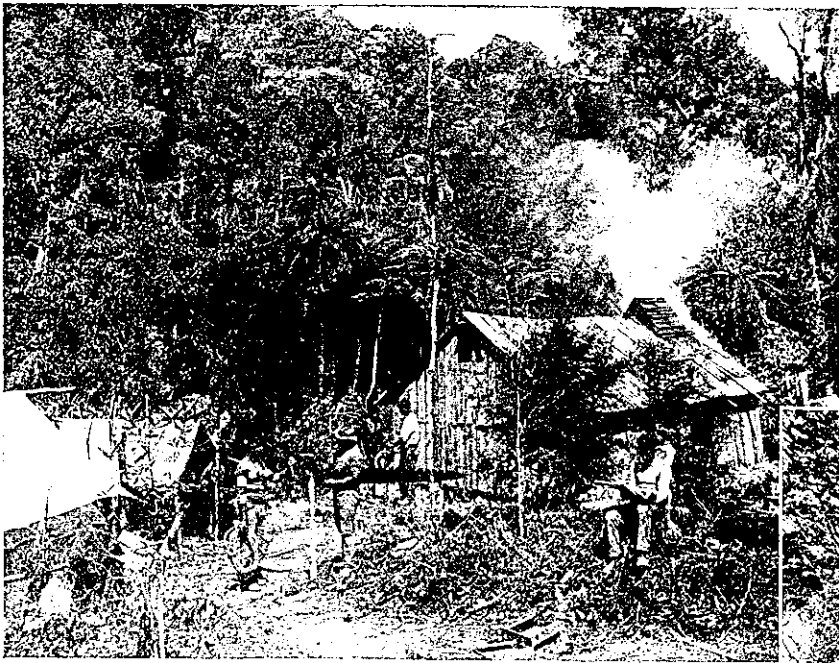
*Tornquist Studios, Auckland*



"A REST BY THE WAY"

*Geo. Clancey, F.R.P.S., Dunedin*

# Reclaiming Forest Lands for Pasture



*Kauri Forests being razed to make way for the advance of settlement in North Auckland*

*Belwood Studios, Auckland*

# A "Surprise" Visit

How often have we followed the alluring adventures of our favourite screen star on board one of those graceful gliding steam yachts, all white paint and gleaming brass, that never seem quite real, but more like dream-ships. And now it has been our experience, not only to see one, but to roam all over it and see its stately rooms and its cosy corners, and we find it is real, and, what is more, it is a real home—the floating home of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey H.

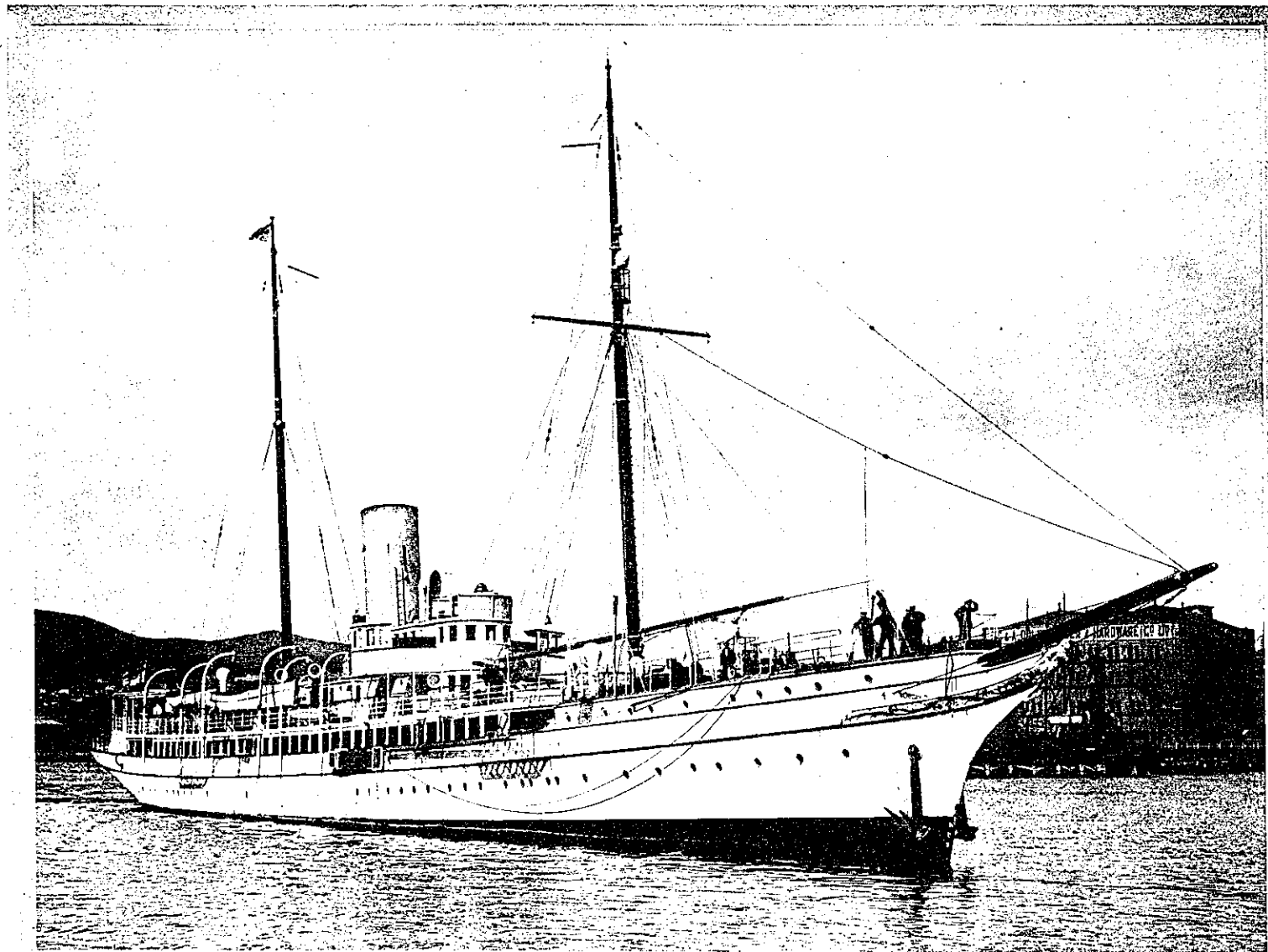
## Life Aboard a Resplendent Pleasure Yacht



cheerfully glowing in the grate, a comfortable Elizabethan suite set about the room, and a wondrous array of China which seemed to be everywhere — a cabinet of priceless Staffordshire and Warwickshire pieces on either side of the

stacks of Home mail awaiting him on the infrequent visits to shipping ports. And from the same bright little vestibule off the main deck long "French" doors lead to the drawing room, daintily furnished in French Empire style in gilt and rose

nishings and their position, being far amidship. There is the smoking room, just large enough for a circle of men's chairs and a table or two, yet this is not unattractive in its severe treatment, for is there not a corner cupboard full of Elizabethan pottery and an occasional jar placed just where it is not in the way of a lounging man. Here the family spend their after-dinner hours at sea, and the daughters are snug in their dainty little sitting room next door, where idle fingers



S.Y. SURPRISE—ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

Williams, of Aberpargyn, Wales. The "Surprise" sailed quietly into the Waitemata a few weeks ago and dropped anchor off Stanley Point, which but served to accentuate its clear lines and delicate upper structure.

As we ascended the easy steps, gently lowered on the approach of our launch, and stepped on to the bare white stretch of the main promenade deck, we felt a little like a Royal entourage, albeit a trifle strange, but we soon found ourselves at ease. Perhaps it was the gracious manner of our guide, the efficient doctor-secretary.

All preconceived ideas of ship-board life were banished with the first glimpse of the hostess' sitting room, with a real coal fire

mantel whose mirror reflected its Satsuma vases, the occasional tables and tiny shelves, each with its special attraction in books or china, the predominant thing in our eyes being a very wonderful figure, some 12 inches high, carved from a magnificent piece of jade. And we shuddered at the thought of packing all the knick-knacks every time the ship moves on, but on examination we found each precious article is carefully wired and screwed in its allotted position. In a corner by the door we noticed a business-like desk stocked with blue writing paper seemingly made to tone with all the furnishings and the blue upholstery of the suite.

And so to the large and airy smoking room, which is also the office of the busy owner who finds

brocade — even the delicate parchment shades on the electric candles set in pairs round the walls reflect this colour scheme which appears again in the very fine treatment of the dome ceiling which, of course, provides the light for this part of the ship. Here are more beautiful vases and many delightful pictures which we understand are all that remain in their places when at sea, for here is the slippery parquet dancing floor where many jolly evenings are spent, with the player for "orchestra."

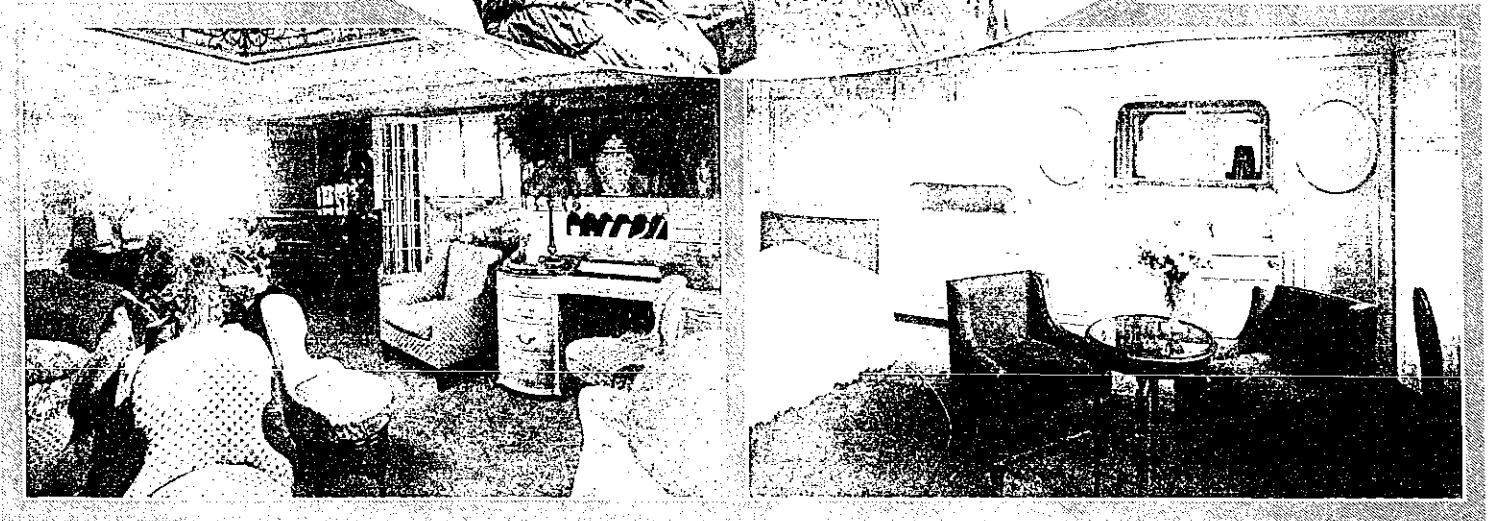
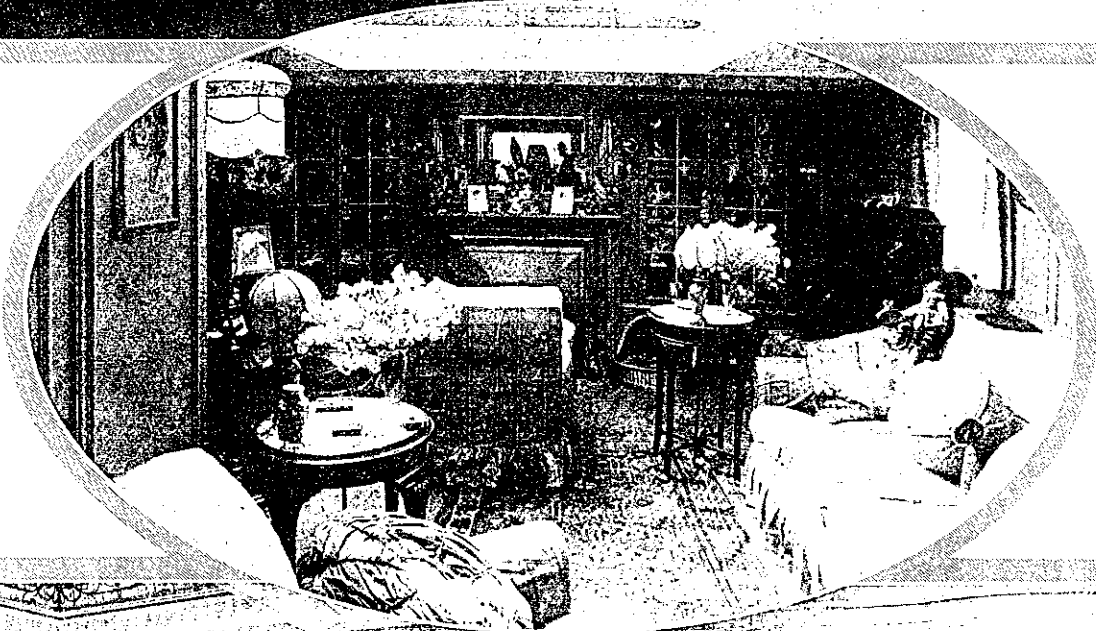
That it is in truth a ship is brought home to us by the steep and narrow steps we must climb to the upper deck where we find the family's favourite rooms, small in comparison with the company rooms below but comfortable in their fur-

may always find occupation at the piece of tapestry slowly growing to recognition as an old English scene.

And here we have the first sign of the real business of the ship — the white capped officers pacing the decidedly "comfortable" looking bridge, covered in to protect them as far as possible from the stormy seas to be met on their world-wide travels.

And now below again — two "floors" down by a real carpeted staircase this time, lined with gold framed pictures whose painters are not often met with on the high seas — to the dining-room. Even here it is difficult to believe we are in a ship's saloon, as the portholes are

(Continued on Page 30)



LUXURIOUS FURNISHING ON THE YACHT SURPRISE



At Home  
in the  
Bush

8

(Left)  
In the Midst  
of a Kauri Forest



A Settler's  
First Homestead

Photos by Belwood Studios, Auckland.

# Sequestered Pathways

In the Heart of a Busy City

Right:

In Grafton Gully  
Auckland



Under the most traversed bridge in  
New Zealand--Grafton Bridge



A Sunlit Glade in Auckland Domain

Photos by  
New Era Co.

# Bewitching Maori Guides at Rotorua



*Preparing for a  
Royal Reception*

*New Era Co.  
Auckland.*



own home town. As the star of St. George's Hospital sets in mortar, and days loom dark without a prop on which to hang our terpsichorean philanthropy, the thought of the £2,000 to be provided for the establishment of the Fellowship gleams comfortingly ahead. We shall dance, cook, eat and stitch that Fellowship into being.

¶

Time was when Mary and Josephine tripped it modestly in flowered muslin. Nowadays the muslin has been dispensed with, and a few flowers remain to lend decorative effect to the performers in the modern dance solo. The season of dance recitals is upon us, and though Grandmother's eyebrows would have become entangled in her hair at the vision presented by the younger generation, we lap it up in admiration. No more for us the good old-fashioned high kick that removed father's top hat. We express chiefly an abstract idea or an impulse with the poetry of movement. "Spinach at Eventide" may portray the great green living world drifting into a sunset of young ladies veiled in hectic tulle and melody. The modern child, to hold its social prestige, must learn to dance. "For they, while their companions slept, were kicking upwards in the night."

¶

"For the want of a nail the horse-shoe was lost, for the want of a horseshoe . . ." and so on, till a kingdom fell. For the want of a comma our Mayor lost his beauty sleep, and travelled down to Dunedin to rout out a troublesome little matter of punctuation, or to demand pistols and coffee for two. So much may depend on a mere comma! With a desire for grammatical accuracy, which is surely praiseworthy, a certain religious body sat two hours deliberating on a comma. Our local Pooh Bah, who combines ably the church and civics, laid this to their charge. They were hurt, and said so. Hence the midnight joy ride!

¶

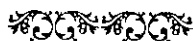
"To a man of many parts nothing comes amiss, whether it is a sermon or a good-bye kiss. Our Mayor preaches Sundays, and between whiles farewells blushing beauties. Who wouldn't hold high office? No wonder an optimistic note colours his speeches. A successful candidate in a beauty competition, leaving on a triumphal trip, was favoured with a chaste Mayoral osculation. We are tempted to hope that the habit is confirmed; it would add a light Continental touch to those erstwhile heavy functions—receptions of royalties, farewells of football teams, and speeches to touring generals. A bygone Duchess of Gordon kissed a whole regiment into being. What may not our Mayor, by assiduous practice, achieve?"

¶

Parking Lizzie with due solicitude, we recently ambled to the Olympia Motor Show. Elizabeth loves to talk of her cousin Rolls Royce, and her uncle Willys Knight, but we notice they never toot their horns to Lizzie in the street. The

## South of the Straits

(Continued From Page 8)



R. M. Gillingham, Gr. Lion.

ON A SUMMER SEA.

### Grim and Bear It

When a tooth is fiercely jumping, when your head is drobbing, bumping, when lumbago, p'raps, has got you in its hold, it doesn't make you cheerful, it's apt to make you tearful, to hear a friend exclaim in accents bold, "Grim and bear it, that's the best." And he says it with such zest! Grim and bear it! Silly duffer, if only he might suffer, you'd like to see him put to such a test.

All the same, we must confess it, "Grim and bear it" does express it, be it toothache or a sorrow or hard blow. For the trouble has no healing, except by our sure feeling that the very nasty moment soon will go.

So it's really good advice, though it may not sound quite nice, when its sympathy we're seeking from a friend. Grim and bear it, pal o' mine, clouds will roll away in time, each night-time brings the morrow and to sorrow there's an end.

Show was held in the King Edward Barracks, a building which in its day has welcomed the Prince of Wales, and which, with spiritual impartiality, may next week "get religion" in its creaky timbers and rheumatic joints through the medium of Gipsy Smith. Some noble cars were displayed in the Olympia, ranging from the aristocrat of the road to the strong, virile sons of the soil, the motor lorries. The display closed with a concerted effort of motor horns. Was it not Chesterton who declared that his last carthy words would be an appeal for "More noise! More noise!"? Even he would have been satisfied to go heavenwards on such a blast.

¶

A clergyman, with up-to-date views, flung a verbal cracker into the deliberations of a black-coated assembly of assorted sectarian opinions the other day. "To dig, or not to dig," that was the question. He himself grubbed out the humble potato on the Sabbath morn, and found his sermon improved by the exercise. His exhortation, as disturbing as a double peppermint in a box of milk chocolate, was not received with favour by the pastors of the Council of Christian Congregations. One woman sponsored him, but good Presbyterian voices were raised in solemn protest. Not on horticultural Sabbaths were the good old Covenanter raised.

¶

The boating season has opened to the splash of oars, and the stirring up of river weeds in the little Avon. A procession of decorated boats meandered down the stream, and youthful boaters blacked their faces and fell in and out of the water, to the huge joy of the assembled small fry of the neighbourhood. Boating was one of the first sports in which our pilgrim fathers excelled, and the opening day dates back into the dim past. Ladies with bustles once stood where their descendants with abbreviated skirts take their stand—but only the clothes have changed. The old pioneer could tell of many previous gatherings. By the way, the reminiscences in a local paper is some times rather embarrassing. We do not care to hear of the "butcher's shop I remember at the corner of Smith's Street," when our grandfathers dissected the dripping joints. And it is so awkward to see mention of the "little grocery store round the corner," when auntie weighed out the flour.

¶

A coloratura soprano, Miss Gladys Lorimer, has opened like a rose in our midst. We hardly suspected the bud, and find the blossom. That is the Continental way with singers. A pupil of Signor Notariello, Miss Lorimer appeared for the first time at the Theatre Royal the other evening. The programme was operatic and ambitious—Melba herself raved before our protruding eyes in "Lucia de Lammermoor." A future is predicted for the singer. Come to think of it, we all have futures; where and how we will spend them is another matter.

# Wonders of the Under-world



Entrance to recently-discovered caves at Te Kuiti

82



Photo by New Era Co.,  
Auckland.

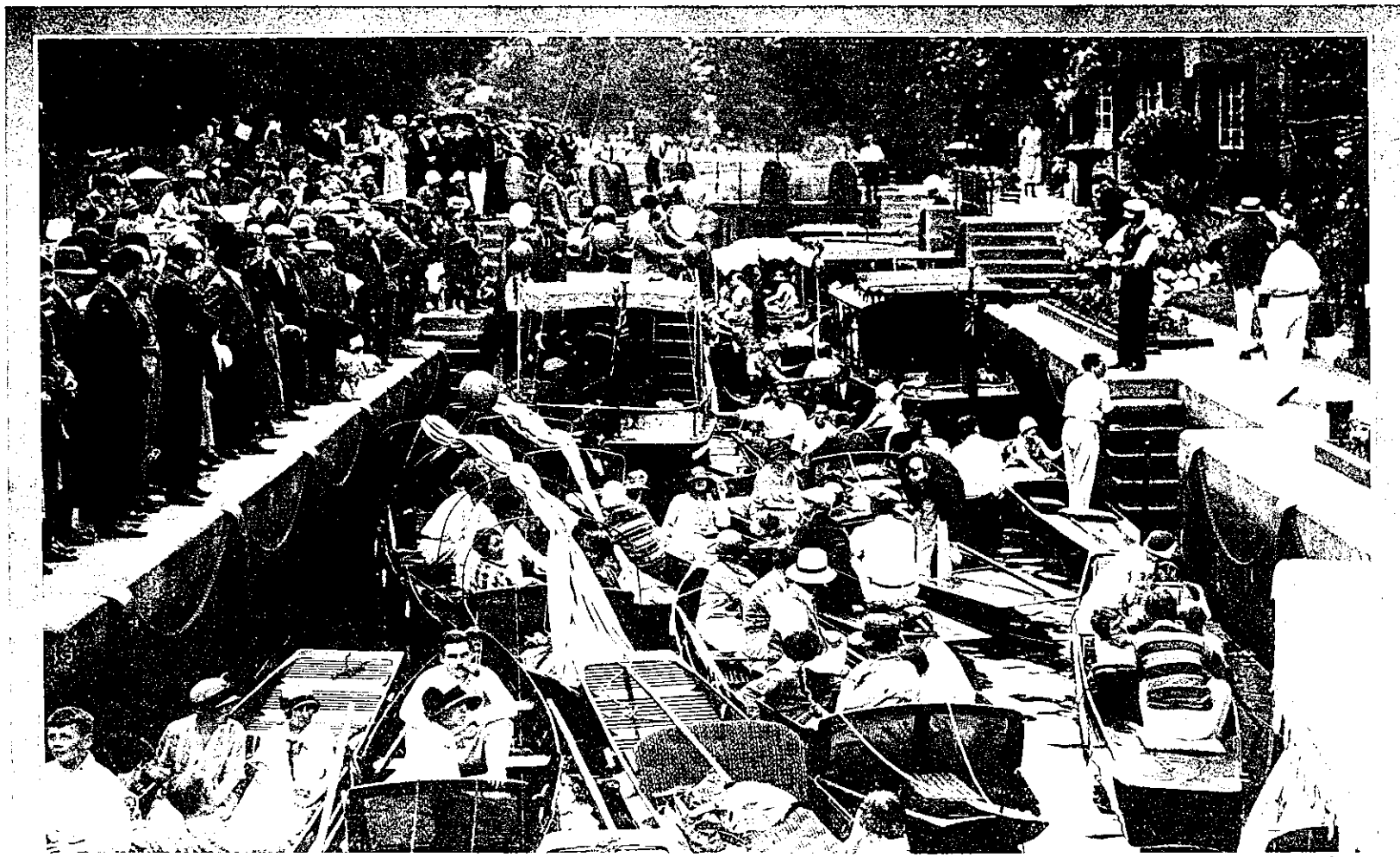


Pine Grove in  
Hagley Park,  
Christchurch



Lyttelton  
Harbour,  
Canterbury

Photo by  
Geo. Carter, F.R.P.S.,  
Dunedin



Boulter's Lock, River Thames, on Ascot Sunday.

Topical Press.

## Holidays In Other Lands

Christmas will soon be here, and from force of habit, certainly not because the weather suggests it, we are beginning to make plans for our yearly holiday. We are all secretly anxious to capture "that holiday feeling" which comes over us, when we leave behind our usual selves and habits, and embark on a fortnight, three weeks or a month of a new life. "Let's go mad," we say quietly to ourselves, and so we do, in our various ways.

This is how the many weird and wonderful ways of holiday making have come into being. In New Zealand we like to run wild, to get back to nature. "Ain't Nature grand?" we say to each other as we stand barelegged, straight-haired, powderless, freckled, in our most disreputable garments on the deck of a yacht, or lie in bathing costumes on sun-baked beaches, or wear a collection of old clothes mountaineering. We are not fastidious about our holiday wardrobes, or whether the hotels or boarding houses have the very latest in comfort and diversion.

Other lands, other holidays! A favourite holiday with London girls is "on the river!" "If only" plays a big part in the preparations for such a holiday, and refers mainly to the weather. No more miserable a holiday can be imagined than a wet fortnight spent in a small punt on the River Thames. One might just as well spend it in the London



tube—because crouching under the low green awning of the boat is as stuffy with far less room. Supposing the sun should shine for a whole fortnight! (It never does, but we're talking about holidays, which are always full of "supposings.") Well, supposing it does, then we are in for one of the most delightful holidays imaginable.

Our river tour shall start from Maidenhead. From the moment we step into our punt with its gay chintz cushions, and settle ourselves luxuriously, we get "that holiday feeling." A punt lends itself to picturesque attitudes, and the experienced river girl makes the most of these opportunities. She lies lazily against the cushions, carries coquetishly her gay coloured silk parasol, and trails her pale fingers in the water! Her companion looks very workmanlike in immaculate white flannels, sleeves turned up, and uses the punt pole with skill and grace that only comes with practice. Punting looks so easy, but just try it and see. Often have I seen men who laughed it to scorn, in the most undignified positions, looking like

monkeys on a stick. The pole sticks in the mud, the punter sticks to his pole, and the boat goes sailing on!

"Our holiday has begun," adventure beckons, and if romance should blossom forth, well; could any setting be more perfect! The river is not too wide at Maidenhead, and flows along peacefully. I don't know which side is more beautiful—the right with its steep embankment covered with the beautiful beeches of Clevedon Woods, which hang far over the river, or the softly undulating hills, patchworked with squares of ripening corn, waving green crops, and the well wooded parklands of large estates on the left. Upstream we go, paddling lazily with no settled plan or timetables. A shady backwater where the branches of the trees interlace, invites us to rest and we tie up to a tree, have an *alfresco* meal, snooze quietly and listen to the music of a banjolete or decaophone.

There is no need to be dull on the river. Every few miles a village or a town crops up, where riverside

hotels offer good orchestras, jazzing and attractive meals. There's "Skindles" at Maidenhead with its beautiful grounds and balcony overlooking the river, where well-known society and theatrical people foregather. There's "The Bell," a quaint little Inn with old panelling and pewter, at Hurley, a village between Cookham and Henley, where well-known politicians have been known to stay for idyllic, if unofficial, week-ends. The Phyllis Court Club at Henley Society's riverside rendezvous, lives up to River traditions and offers members facilities for moonlight excursions and champagne suppers for the trifling entrance fee of 20 guineas and annual subscription of 10 guineas. Further up the stream is Oxford, where the night ashore can be spent at the fine old "Mitre Hotel."

To get charming scenery, let's make for Cockham, Marlowe, Hurley and Sonning, where the sweet peace of the river casts its spell over everything. During the sunny day we will lie dreaming under the trees, while the blue dragon flies dart about the flowers on the river's brink, and the swans sail majestically towards our boat. Then as evening falls let us drift silently down stream, watching the moon rise and make its silver path on the calm water. Romance claims the river for its own on warm summer moonlight nights and who would have it otherwise?

(Continued on Page 37)

# The Camera Reflects Radiant Brides

Top Right: Mrs. H. G. Legge  
nee Miss Irene A. Tilzey, of  
Wanganui.

Testo Studio

Top Left: Mrs. Frank L. May, nee  
Miss Daisy Reta Grant, of Papa-  
kura.

Tornquist Studio



Centre Left: Mrs. C. M. Sullivan, of Dunedin.

C. W. Pattillo

Bottom Left: Mrs. W. R. Kell, nee Miss Marjorie  
Mountier, of Wellington.

Marie Peon

Centre Right: Mrs. G. Gilchrist, of Wauku.

Tornquist Studio

Bottom Right: Mrs. W. W. Week, nee Miss Sybil  
Carter, of Remuera.

Walter Cloze



*Close to Nature*

*Gerald E. Jones, Auckland*



Classical Dancing on the Beach at Scarborough, England. Some attractive poses in natural surroundings

(Topical Press, London)

## A "Surprise" Visit

(Continued from Page 14)

so high up as to be cut out of the picture (and, indeed, these are the first we have seen, and we have already grown accustomed to the square windows upstairs with their dainty curtains of net). Here are shining dark tables, and cheffoniers laden with plate and crystal, famous pictures in massive gold frames, and subdued lights set high up towards the remote ceiling.

Of course our hosts must sleep, and even the bedrooms are worthy of note — real again, with beds, dressing tables and built-in washstands; wardrobes and cupboards everywhere. In the Grey Suite, known as King Leopold's, reminiscent of his ownership of this palatial vessel, the colour is evident everywhere, with rose-coloured touches on the beds and chairs. To complete this little world of domesticity there is the maid's room, and the peep we had disclosed two busy people iron-

ing, sewing and mending, all of which is just as important on board ship as elsewhere. Now we have a fresh reminder of our whereabouts, for each guest room is on the compact lines of a passenger boat, but yet so roomy and cosy; the high bunk has a pretty counterpane, the dressing table has a swinging mirror, and everything spells comfort, not the least being the wonderful ventilation system which provides, even in the tropics, for fresh air from outside at whatever force one desires, merely by the turning of a switch in each room.

And now our tour is complete, and after a daintily served tea in the drawing-room we are informed the launch is in readiness, and as we speed away to the city we feel that one more dream has become reality.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams have recently been joined by four charmingly natural daughters, who

have come from England to continue the peregrinations of the "Surprise" in the Southern Seas before making its homeward trip towards the middle of next year.

Arrangements are now being completed by this unassuming and gracious family, with such strong predilections for the ocean wave and sport ashore, to spend several weeks camping at Lake Wanaka, Southern Westland, where deer stalking and fishing will be indulged in under most favoured conditions. The camp is being modelled on very practical and comfortable lines. The temporary canvas home will consist of over a dozen marquees and tents.

The "Surprise" has had an interesting career. Built in Scotland in 1896 for Mr. Anthony Drexie, of Philadelphia, she was sold to the King of Belgium, who owned her

for thirteen years. The next owners were Captain Jephron Cohen and the late Mr. F. G. Bourne, then president of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, and she was afterwards sold to the Russian Government. On the outbreak of the revolution, the crew mutinied and murdered their officers, one of whom was put to death by being roasted in the furnaces.

In 1918 the Russians took the vessel to Liverpool and she was kept there till 1921, when she was taken over by the British Admiralty and used for 16 months as the Admiral's yacht in the Mediterranean. After that she was laid up in Portsmouth until 1923, when she was purchased by Mr. Williams, who is the owner of large estates in South Wales, including rich holdings in the coal-fields.

# The Mirror It's Hard to be Fat in Hot Weather

The Home Journal of  
New Zealand

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To my mind it's hard to be a great many things in hot weather, says a correspondent in an English exchange, and her advice seems practical. Hard to be curled; hard to be courteous; and terribly hard to be fat in hot weather. It would be insurmountably harder to make the effort to be anything else. But maybe you are wondering why this article. Then listen. I have a message—to fat women:

*"Kiss above the heat and you've done enough. You've no moral obligation to reduce. All you need to do is to stand firm—and stand the weather."*

In other words, I'm telling you how to lose pounds when it's hot. I'm telling you how best to endure what you've got. It's enough.

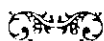
If you are fat you have plenty of troubles. But do you know of any that come as close to you, or can so undermine your happiness, as foot troubles? Poor, swollen, tired feet, on which every extra pound bears down so heavily. How they implore sympathy after a day on unyielding pavements!

If you're overweight be careful about your shoes. Buy sensible, well-cut ones that do not cramp and jam, and avoid non-porous ones that do not permit ventilation. If you're troubled with perspiration, change your stockings frequently, so that the perspiration will not be reabsorbed by the feet. Stockings should be rinsed out each night, and the feet should be bathed carefully and aired.

I was talking the other day about summer and shiny noses and such to a young woman I knew in the beauty business. And she was saying how, as we all know there are lots of times in the hot weather when we get sick of the oiliness of cold creams, and long for the cool alternative of a cleansing lotion.

She said: "Oils are most necessary, of course, and astringents may be overdone. But I have a cleansing lotion that is all right for even inclined-to-be-dry-and-septical skins. It is: Witch hazel one ounce, camphor water one ounce, glycerine and rose water to four ounces. And it's cooling and cleansing. My mother used to make it."

She also said, this young woman, "Tell your readers to be sure that they don't mistake perspiration for oil." Perspiration on the face is annoying, but it's not a bad idea for the skin to shed its impurities that way. You'll be sorry in the autumn if you dry out your skin with an overdose of astringents. In case you're not sure whether your face is really oily or just perspiring, bathe it with cool water. If it's perspiration it will wash off easily and leave the skin looking fresh.



### Erratum.

The article "Hospital Board Matters," on page 27, is concluded on page 36—not 34.



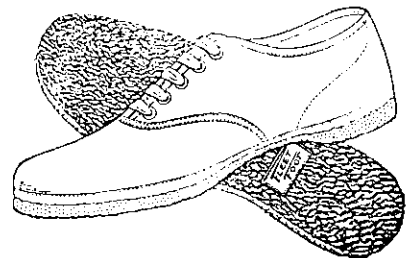
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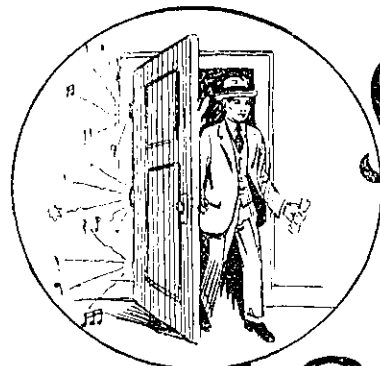
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## Mellin's Food

Send for a free sample to-day while the offer is open and give this wonderful Food a trial.



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WHY put up with daily annoyance, when a drop of 3-in-One from the Handy Oil Can will silence protesting hinges.

## 3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - Cleans & Polishes



For all wheeled articles, too, the finest lubrication. Cleans, polishes, prevents rust and tarnish. Fine, pure oil, guaranteed not to gum, dry out, or collect dust. Has a thousand uses. Preserves the gloss on fine furniture. Prevents blue haze on mahogany and other dark woods. Keeps stoves a brilliant black.





Fashionable Styles in Sports and Holiday Coats

[For the latest Paris and London modes—Beath's, Christchurch.]

Summer is not a season when the womenfolk of these Fortunate Isles waste much time in studying the vagaries of fashion. Formal gatherings and social functions really do not count with us during the festive season. It is our holiday time.

We live our summer out-of-doors: on the beaches, touring in the country, sight-seeing at favourite resorts, enjoying the sport of kings, playing tennis, dancing, yachting and indulging in many other forms of pleasure and health relaxation.

Our wardrobes should consequently be selected with a view to affording comfort before elegance, while still being stylish. Hence summer gowns must be simple. They can be practical and suitable for wearing for most occasions without the need of elaborate accessories or requiring tiresome changes. The essential idea to bear in mind when choosing a holiday outfit is to see that it does not take up much space and will not spoil in packing.

This season Dame Fashion offers a garment at once new and smart, as well as being economical, in the reversible wrap. The designers no doubt took their pattern from those fascinating Eastern shawls that travellers in India know so well: a garment of delicate crepe-de-chine, black on one side and, on the reverse, one of those matchless colour schemes of the Orient, such as a sunset of flame seen through a tracery of fantastic bamboo branches.

The adaption that has become so fashionable at Home makes an alliance of fine voile and smooth-face cloth, such as a biscuit-voile, backed by a deep wine-shade face cloth, the reverse and cuffs on the lighter material being of the deeper shade of cloth.

These wraps should be much in evidence at our fashionable race-meetings and still be useful when

## Vanitas Vanitatum

visiting. Someone has parodied the old song thus:—

*The lining to every coat  
Is always bright and shiny,  
We, therefore, turn our coats about  
And always wear them inside out,  
To show the pretty lining.*

Another new feature for sports wear, which is decidedly fashionable in the Mother Country, but may be slower in attaining a vogue in New Zealand, are rather severe grey flannel sports suits. They are light, extremely serviceable, and attractive when worn with silk or cambric blouses.

The coat is short, double-breasted and caught with link buttons. The skirts are shorter than usual and frequently furnished with box pleats on the hips. The flannel used varies only in the shade of grey. Handkerchiefs, stockings and even shorts, are made to tone, and the whole is extremely trim.

Of all the materials to choose from for holiday clothes, nothing, of course, can quite take the place of kasha. Not only is it uncrushable, and therefore ideally suited for travelling wear, but it possesses as well the unique distinction of being cool for wear on hot days, and warm for wear in colder weather; and it comes in all those shades of beige which are so eminently coloured for travelling wear.

One of the simplest yet smartest of travelling costumes is composed of a skirt of striped kasha, pleated in front for preference as pleats at the back are too likely to crush after having been sat on for any length of time in a long train or motor journey, a jumper of plain kasha trimmed with bands of the striped material, and a little felt hat, bound and trimmed with a narrow corded ribbon to harmonise with the costume.



The Finishing Touches

(W. Recell Reynolds, Auckland.)

(Continued on Page 29)



Above: MARIE HAMILTON, Nelson.  
Broma Studio

Above: LOIS SLOWBY and JOYCE GUTHRIE, Dunedin.  
C. W. Patillo

Above: "PEGGY" BREWER, Roslyn, Dunedin.  
C. W. Patillo

Centre: DUTCH GIRL  
by Evelyn Huggett, New Plymouth

Centre: JOAN BEERE, Wellington.  
S. P. Andrew Studio

Centre: BETTY CRESSWELL, Nelson.  
Broma Studio

Below: DULCIE COHEN and JACK SOAMES, Christchurch.  
Claude Ring

Below: JOHN WILLIAMS, Wellington.  
S. P. Andrew Studio

Below: The Children of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Gray, K.C.  
S. P. Andrew Studio

# Hospital Board Matters

(By ETHEL M. KIDD, Member Auckland Hospital Board.)

When one sits down to write about Hospital Board matters it has to be confessed that we are dealing with some of the deepest things in life. For all down through the ages suffering and death have been hovering round the human race. Was it not nearly two thousand years ago that through the greatest suffering the Great Healer and Teacher suffered death, that the people might live and have life more abundantly? It was an important day in my life when at the close of the day for the last Hospital Board election I suddenly realised that hundreds of people, most of whom could not have known me, voted and elected me a member of the board controlling our big institutions. With mixed feelings a few days after my election I visited, as a board member, my old training school where I, a young nurse, spent such happy days. Here it was I first learnt the true happiness of service, and now in the fuller years of life I find a fresh opportunity to serve the hospital I so love has been given me, and in this service pertaining to hospitals and charitable aid we immediately think of life, healing and love. Now the word love strikes us, for it is the greatest thing in the world. Faith, Hope and Love, and the greatest of these three things is love.

Climbing the broad flight of stone steps and entering the hall once again I am greeted by the familiar memorial tablets erected to doctors and nurses who before my day gave their lives in the execution of their duty. Again their silent message comes for "They being dead yet speaketh." Now another much larger memorial with its long list of names adorns the wall; silently too it tells of the great traditions and further sacrifice of the medical and nursing staff of the Auckland Hospital given during the Great War. I am again in the wards with their rows of sick and suffering. The call of the helpless springs again within me. The patient suffering, the self sacrifice, the love, the skill, and all the virtues which make for the welfare of human kind on God's earth, are to be found here within these four walls.

I naturally wondered how I, the only woman member, would get on with the other eleven members of the board. However, very soon after my election I realised there was strenuous work for us all to do. I may just here mention that the fact of having won a contested election does make one feel the tremendous responsibility resting upon one's shoulders, but at the same time there is an added zest given to public life, after the public choice has been given and the people have spoken.

When the first board meeting is held after an election every member is allotted his or her seat and that is the place occupied at every board meeting during the term of office. It is well known that the present Mayor of Auckland, Mr. George Baildon, is one of the best types physically to be found in the city. He was a member of the hospital board when he decided to stand for the Mayoralty; he then retired from the board. It will interest my friends to know that it was the chair he occupied which was allotted

to me, but it is unnecessary to add that I do not "fill" it as well as he did.

All the members of the board are men of considerable experience. I am telling no secrets when I say that all men are over fifty years of age and many confess to thirty years of public life. Therefore it can easily be seen that they are not novices at public work.

The fees committee has much hard work to perform, but thousands of pounds are written off annually and only those who can pay the fees or part of them are made to pay. This committee likewise is comprised of big-hearted men whose one idea must be to do the fair thing and not oppress anyone.

The purchasing committee has saved the board hundreds of pounds by its shrewd business acumen and



S. P. Andrew Studio, Auckland

MRS. ALFRED KIDD

*The writer of this article for "The Mirror" is an outstanding figure as a worker in Social Auckland. She has for many years occupied herself ungrudgingly and used her exceptional gifts in alleviating the sufferings of the sick and needy. She radiates happiness by her kindly disposition and charitable attributes. Such disinterested women workers, whose splendid work is so unobtrusively carried on, deserve the most generous support from the public they nobly serve.*

In such large institutions as the main hospital with its 750 beds and the infirmary with 416 beds, as well as the convalescent home with a goodly number of beds, it is necessary that the different committees appointed after each election specialise in many departments of hospital administration. The finance committee is composed of members who are skilled in financial matters. The building committee is composed of practical men who would be valued by any body, who has to carry out such a large building programme as our board has carried out during recent years.

its members are chosen for their business ability.

Then there are the two committees with which I am most closely associated, namely, the relief committee and the infirmary. The relief committee is recognised as one of the hardest worked committees of the board. Its duty is to look after the poor and needy in one large hospital district, which by the way comprises one fifth of the total population of the Dominion. The enormous amount of work may be judged from the fact that all through the past winter there has not

been a list of less than two hundred names dealt with at any meeting. Where it is possible the committee likes to interview the applicants for relief, and no meeting recently has sat for less than four hours at a stretch.

All details of every case are carefully compiled by a thoroughly competent staff. A woman officer has recently been appointed to visit the homes, and where woman applicants for relief so desire, they may interview one of their own sex regarding their wants. On this committee a keen insight is gained into life as it is lived in a big city and a great insight is also got into human nature.

Probably one of the saddest things in connection with this work is the number of young, and, in many cases, attractive women, who come before us with their little ones, having been deserted by their heartless husbands. Many of the children are bonny smiling little tots and no punishment would be too great for the wretch who leaves them with their poor mother to face a hard world. Quite a number of these deserted wives are on our books and are deeply grateful when they realise the kindly interest taken in their welfare.

The young mother whose husband is in gaol is also another sad applicant, for she too suffers silently for another's sin.

The aged poor is a class which always make a strong appeal to the sympathy of the members, who realise that in many cases they have not had much opportunity during a long life to save anything for old age. In the winter time it is a great pleasure to give a little coal to these old folk and know they can sit around a cosy fire in their own frugal homes, for many of them are still living in the city, being allowed to remain till the end of their days by generous landlords who continue to charge them the smallest rents. As the months pass we see the old people failing, but as a rule they keep up a brave heart and are always cheerful and grateful for the help they receive.

The aged single woman, who in her increasing years has become a little nervy and who finds she is now too old to compete in the struggle, is very often a solitary and lonely figure on the stage of life. This type of woman in the ordinary walks of life has never had much chance to amass wealth, and thus it is that in their old age they have to seek aid, which is freely given. For such their wants are few, although it is felt their lives are very lonely indeed when friend after friend has gone and they have outlived the earlier ones of their youth.

The relief committee is composed of those who, while guardians of the public purse, must temper justice with kindness. The enormous sum of £20,000 was given in relief last year by the committee. What this means to distressed and old people as well as those whose breadwinner is in hospital, it is not hard to conjecture.

(Continued on Page 34)

# GOSSARD GARMENTS

## Girdle the Globe

Gossard foundation garments, aptly fulfilling their mission of service, are accepted the world over as the proper basis of smart enjoyable dress.

Whether East or West, in Singapore or Tokio, Basle, Brussels, or Vienna; Buenos Aires or Stockholm, Sydney or Montreal, Paris or Rome, Berlin or London — on the Riviera or in the Alps — the pageant of dress reveals the unmistakable line of Gossard beauty. In the language of style, Gossard garments speak a universal tongue.

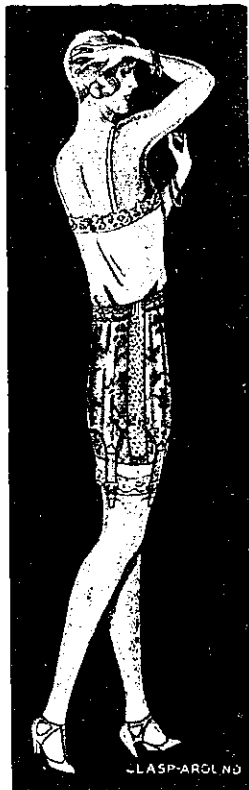
The Gossard Complete,  
Combination, Girdle,  
Clasp-Around  
The Gossard  
Front-Lacing Corset  
The Complete.\* Dancelette

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H. W. GOSSARD CO., Ltd.  
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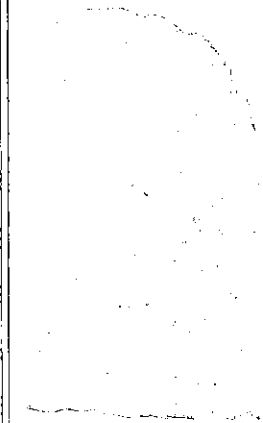
\* Trade Mark

Clasp-arounds are exquisitely tailored, regardless of price



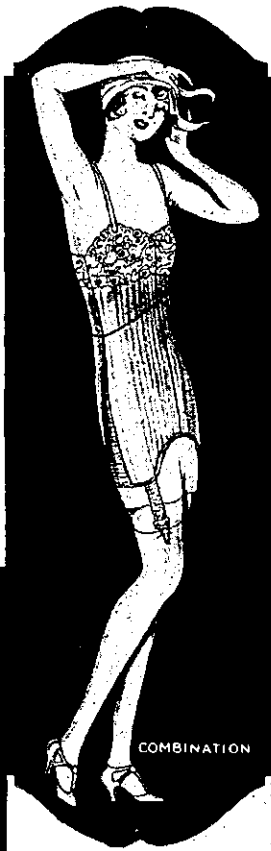
CLASP-AROUND

Girdles are designed for all types of figures



GIRDLE

Combinations are designed with light boning, and diaphragm reinforcement

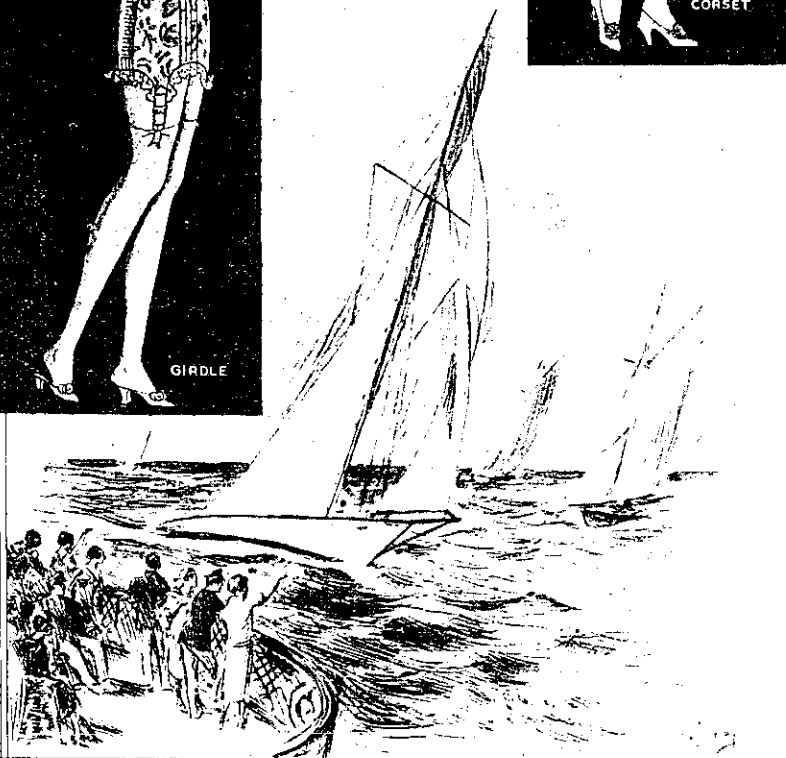


COMBINATION

Front Lacing Corset — Light weight, dainty materials are used in Gossard front lacing corsets



FRONT-LACING CORSET



# The Gossard Line of Beauty

Regatta at Cowes



### THE CANOTIER

Inspired from the Spanish.

This model is in vogue with a crown as high and a brim as wide as the real Spanish head-wear. The ribbon is of green taffetas, with a final touch in the form of a green taffetas flower under the brim on the left.

### "Casquette" or "Canotier" How To Choose Your Hat

Madame Agnes, the famous Parisian milliner, was recently asked by an interviewer: "How ought women to choose their hats and what must guide them in their choice?" She replied:

"One of the first conditions is the question of the frock or coat, with which the hat is to be worn. It must be adapted to the toilette though not necessarily of the same colour, so as to form an ensemble, and the

## Make dresses in the newest styles and save half



Learn right at home in spare time to make your own clothes in the newest, loveliest styles for a third or a half of what you would pay in the shops.

The Woman's Institute will teach you how to put real style into everything you make just as it has taught more than 200,000 other women and girls in the last ten years. New easy step-by-step method makes everything easy.

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Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject I have marked below:

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- Professional Dressmaking.
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Name .....

(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

# Vanitas Vanitatum

(Continued From Page 25)

choice of the right colour is one of the greatest importance. I always insist on having a large number shown so as to have the hat suited exactly to the costume.

"I consider that the hair and eyes play an important part in this question, and that a hat is most becoming when its colour gives an attractive shade to the eyes. I argue, when a person is intelligent, but otherwise I give it up."

"How do you get inspirations for your new designs in hats?" was another query put to Madame Agnes, who said:

"I am only influenced by what I see about me, by Paris, if you like. So, for instance, those black straw canotiers with the huge crowns and straight, rather wide brims. The idea of making them came to me on the night I went to the Spanish revue. That will make a change from the ever-lasting small felt, and I find women will buy them. They even consent to a higher crown as wider brims make it less conspicuous.

"What do you think of my casquette, which is having such a success? Unnecessary to tell you that the typical head-gear of the Parisian Apache is responsible for its making. I like them best in the new paille feutre, which is a soft and woolly kind of straw, and I make them plain or with a hand-painted plaid or checked design.

"Very often two colours on a picture, a striking colour scheme influence my work, but I also consider the mode in general and that is how I came to make lace trimmings on felt hats, which will go with the lace frocks presented by the couturiers."

Round lines and curves and round trimmings accentuate the youth and roundness of the face. They should be sparingly used by the

woman with the fat face and double chin, but always sought by the woman with sharp features and hollow cheeks.

Straight lines and points are business like and formal, and useful to the woman who wishes to give the impression of energy and intelligence.

Hard lines and square crowns are cruel to an ageing face, yet given youth and flawless features they have beauty of their own. Some women look lovely in a Spanish sailor or who are merely pretty in a softer hat.

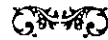
Irregular lines in a hat distract attention from the unfeminine line of a square-jawed face.

A hat with a brim in front and none at the back flatters the profile with the weak chin.

The long, thin face is broadened by the low-crowned hat with the brim wider at the sides than in front.

The soft tammy or beret shape and tammy crown accentuate the size of the large round face, but are perfect for the small oval or round face with small, clear-cut features.

The broad face should not be accentuated by the hat with the tiny brim or no brim at all.



### [Summer Weddings]

Bridal robes follow the vagaries of fashion like all other feminine apparel, but more is usually left to the individual fancy of the bride. That is to say that provided wedding frocks conform, more or less, to the vogue that is a wide choice.

Recently in the Homeland the fashion for the bridal robe has been to adopt some ethereal transparent material. Tulle, net, and chiffon



### THE CASQUETTE

Now most in vogue in Paris. Derived from the traditional head-gear of the Parisian Apache is of spotted felt draped and crushed on the head. A scarf of spotted crepe ties in a huge bow under the left ear.

will billow and foam around the central figure of the wedding celebrations.

An English bride struck quite a new note this season by using large coloured flowers all over her frock, and the bridegroom gave a white and silver prayer book instead of the customary bouquet, and it was a pretty moment when the bridesmaid, who was all dressed in a cloudy blue, curtsied before the bride and laid a beautiful bouquet of pink carnations at her dainty silver-slipped feet.

### Harmonising Colours

The apple blossom weddings are greatly favoured at present. The bride wears palest pink tulle and chiffon and the maids are in pink and pale yellow. The church is entirely decorated with blossom, the flowers being picked at the very last moment and rushed to the church, as they are apt to droop and fade so quickly.



### HOLIDAY AND SPORTS JUMPER SUITS.

[For Seasonable wear Beath's, Christchurch, stock the latest.]

**WANTED, Lady Home Workers!**  
**£1 Weekly** may be made in spare time. Easy, dainty home work. Full instructions sent. No teacher required. No matter where you live, Ladies, you can take up this fascinating work. Send 3d. postage for all particulars.  
**Torchon Lace Company**  
229 Collins Street, Melbourne



Variety of Chic Summer Modes  
from Vogue

(The Smartest at Beath's, Christchurch)

What Paris  
Says of—

**KNOCK-ABOUT CLOTHES**

Sports and travelling clothes have been given careful attention by all couturiers, says a Paris correspondent. The importance of the out-of-door wardrobe is typical of the active tendencies professed by the present feminine generation.

Sports coats are sometimes allowed a comfortable fullness, which starts at the shoulder-line, while the pleated fashion is classic for kasha skirts.

New ideas are sewn into a sports costume designed by a leading couturier. The coat of brown and tan-coloured tweed is finished off with an inserted gilet of striped material.

The three-piece costume is the accepted golfing mode. Hand-knitted jumpers in tan or greyish shades of soft wool, or finely-woven jersey pull-overs in bright colours, are worn with checked or striped buranik skirts. A vivid note is often obtained by the attention of a wollen scarf or silken handkerchief. Sleeveless pull-over jumpers have also been decreed an indispensable item of the golfing attire. These knitted vestees, cross striped or plaid patterned in contrasting shades, make bright patches all over the links. Golfers have adopted them on account of their numerous practical points: they keep the body comfortably warm, while allowing the necessary stretch and swing.

**A Present for Christmas**



Make a list of your best friends whom you specially wish to please by sending them a

**A Suitable Present**

they are sure to appreciate, and which will remind them each month during the coming year of your goodwill.

Send their names and addresses to us (see form on page 61) and we will forward them a Special Christmas Number of

**The Mirror**

together with a suitable Greeting Card in your name. Thereafter, each month for a year "The Home Journal of New Zealand" will be sent to the same address. Thus

**Your Best Friends**

will receive a pleasant reminder every month of your goodwill, besides which they will enjoy the Brightest, Biggest, and Best pictorial periodical in the Dominion.

The Mirror Publishing Company  
Customs Street East, Auckland.

Tailored jackets finished off with a long cape in thick soft wool sometimes complete this smart ensemble which is equally appropriate for motor trips.

**THE COCKTAIL DRESS**

One of the chief inventions this year is the cocktail dress consisting of a little jerkin with a decided bounce at the hips, worn over a narrow underskirt. The silhouette is that of the little Princess in the Tower, if they wore a short skirt instead of trunk hose. This is made in a rich, rarer stiff satin and a favourite effect is Chinese in character, in that it shows such colour contrasts as dark blue embroidery on a light blue ground. High collars have come in again, some of them exceedingly military in character, others compromising by being high only at the back. Long sleeves, if not universal, are in the majority. The long close-fitting sleeve is very popular and is seen both in velvet and chiffon. The bell sleeve is rather newer and is also made in every kind of material. Another favourite sleeve is full, sometimes being set into a close-fitting vest sleeve, and is gathered into a small cuff at the wrist.

**ARTIFICIAL POSIES**

Flowers are coming back into fashion again. In fact, if you want to feel that you are perfectly turned

# What Paris Says of---

(Continued From Page 30)

out, you will add a flower to your costume at every time of the day. To the coat or tailor-made, add a camelia or gardenia in felt or kid; to the afternoon ensemble, add a carnation or early Victorian posy made of feathers; to the evening gown, add something more decorative, a peony, a rose or an orchid made of organdie or isinglass. Only then will you be quite beyond reproach.

## HANDKERCHIEF NOVELTIES

Something new in the way of handkerchiefs are brilliant coloured affairs. They are made of crepe-de-chine, are stitched round the edges in black, and into one corner, by way or ornament, is embroidered a Mah Jongg character. There is a decided vogue for coloured handkerchiefs just now, and the daintiest models in fine lawn or crepe-de-chine are to be seen in delicate powder blue, bois-de-rose, amethyst, and lettuce green shades, mixed with white or beige. The batik handkerchief has died a sudden and complete death. In fact, batik in all its forms seems to have been relegated to the things of the past.

## SHORTER SKIRTS

The higher the crown the shorter the skirt sounds the slogan of

present feminine trend. Vagrant and yet unsettled as fashions may appear, ahead of their consecration by the eclectic few, one thing remains unaltered: the shortness of skirts. Coutouriers absolutely refuse to lengthen them, in spite of stern moralists. Parisian sheer-stockinged legs will continue to be displayed at knee-length, much to the dismay of puritans who see in the modish uplift of the hem-line the downward tendency of modern morals.

But the comfort and practicality of the short skirt cannot be disputed. Now that we can walk with a free swinging step, we can look back with amazement and horror on the days of the hobble skirt, when climbing the stairs of a bus was a dangerous feat.

## USEFUL GARTERS

Many garters are supplied with a rosette which conceals a mirror and powder-puff. Some of the newest pairs have a pocket with a shingle comb attached and its fellow a wee purse for money or latch-key.

## YOUTHFUL MODES

Even nursery rompers grow daily more elaborate. One model in nat-

ural tussore silk was gaily decorated with a Punch and Judy show right in the centre. Scarves are as popular for children as their elders, but the newest idea for seaside wear is to attach them to a hood.

## BRIGHTER WALLS

There are indications that the parchment and ivory distempers, the flat neutral tints in paint and paneling are to forsake our walls and the brightest of papers to return. One recently shown in Paris had a bright yellow background covered all over with field flowers in their natural vivid colourings massed loosely together.

## PAISLEY AGAIN

Paisley fabrics are reappearing; not in their entirety but used as trimmings. Bands of Paisley crepe de chine adorn a dead white crepe frock, and Paisley in the lighter mixtures is being used on dark blue as scarf collar, swathed belt, and handkerchief.

## CHIC LIPS

Really up-to-date people are making up the lower lip much more heavily than the upper. This uneven use of the lipstick is apt to produce an effect of perential sulks, but it is quite the last word in cosmetics in Paris.

## ADVANCE MODES

Certainly the waist will be far

more clearly defined and will approximate to the normal. The silhouette will be less narrow and more flowing, cut will become even more intricate, and sleeves promise many curious caprices.

## Ladders in Stockings

We all know how annoying it is to find a ladder in one's stocking. If you carry your vanity bag, however, the difficulty is soon overcome. Apply a little vanishing cream, and within a few minutes it will be quite stiff and dry, and the stitches held in place until the ladder can be repaired.

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Direct Importers of English  
and Continental Novelties

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Sole Agents for Sale of  
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# Smarter Wash Frocks

Wash frocks are smarter than ever. Never were colour schemes so fascinating, designs so original. The new Tobralco patterns are among the very smartest—and what's even better—they're all guaranteed colour-fast. Neither washing nor sunlight can harm them. The lovely fabric is British-made and woven for really hard wear.

There's a Tobralco design for every purpose—and for nurses' uniforms white and navy Tobralco are simply splendid. And Tobralco is so easily washed. No starch needed—just iron while damp and it comes up like new. When buying, don't forget to see the name on selvedge.

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FOR SMART AND RELIABLE WASH FROCKS

*it's Tootal's too!*

2/11 a yard—38 inches wide.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE COMPANY LIMITED, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.



Here is a smart multi-colour design for Mummy's own wear.



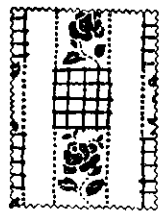
Miss Muffet and the spider are living happily ever after in Tobralco-land.



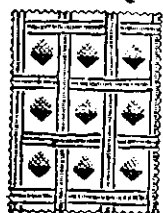
This cute little piccaninny has a ride on a golden lion every day.



Lots of little girls will want a frock of this pretty design.



There are lovely roses in the Tobralco gardens and they never never fade.



This pretty pattern comes in flame-orange blue-black, red-black and blue-gold effects.



NINETTE has given due thought to the Festive Season so near at hand.

What more appropriate Gown could a fair wearer desire than the perfection of daintiness here depicted?

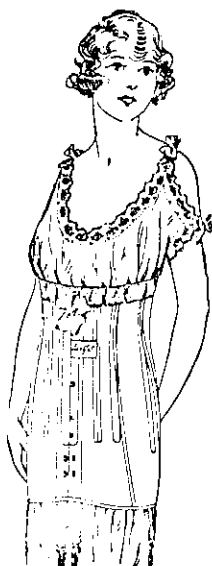
**'Ninette'**

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# Beauty and Business

## The Modern Business Woman

Specially Written for THE MIRROR

There is so much talk about the deadly efficiency and indomitable driving power of the modern business woman that she becomes an almost terrifying creature to the woman who occupies most of her time with domestic and social duties. It is, therefore, a delightful experience to meet one, who, besides being successful in business, is still essentially feminine.

Allow us to introduce her, so that we can have a chat and see how this wonderful trick is done. "Meet Miss Mary Craven!" She is the chief designer of Berlei, Ltd., of Sydney, one of the greatest corset-making concerns in the world. Hers is the brain and art which designs the work of 600 operatives, employed by this up-to-date and enterprising firm. Miss Craven learnt her work in America, France and England, and for the last fifteen years has been experimenting in "line" and "cut," to get the necessary harmony between the modern figure and fashions. Tall and elegant, with a graceful carriage, delicate features and a beautiful head, Eton-cropped, she is all feminine, with a fragrance that is part of true womanly loveliness. In addition, she is highly intelligent, broad-minded, resolute and business-like—the highest type evolved in the history of women.

"Why are women so successful in business?" She repeats the question in a low musical voice with a fascinating hint of an American drawl. "It is theirs to be so. After all, a good business is run like a well-ordered house. Women cannot fail if they have common sense, broad-mindedness, personality, and a sense of fair play. Where men use logic, women often "get there" in half the time by intuition. The feminine mind is particularly suited for organising and administrative posts. Please do not think by this that I disparage men, and would have it that women are mentally their superiors. Both excel in work dealing with the needs and requirements of their own sex. Women have proved that they can share business responsibility with men; let men and women co-operate in planning and executing, and from their joint labours, you will get the best results."

"But don't forget," Miss Craven laughingly added, "emotions and nerves must be left out of business. Difference of sex is a myth when it comes to a business deal. It is ability that tells, and men and women must meet on common ground. Already a splendid chapter has been written by women in their short business life of ten to fifteen years. For it is only in that short time that the business world has been really open to them."

Miss Craven thought for a moment, and then declared, "I am convinced that women have brought about better manners in the business world. It is always a woman's fault if she is not treated courteously by men."

"But can women stand the strain as well as men?" we asked.

"Women's endurance is proverbial," replied Miss Craven. "Though not as physically strong as men, they often have more patience. It is essential that a woman should rest, although modern business is so smoothly and efficiently conducted, that there is not the final strain of irritating details."

Asked whether short hair and short skirts were just a passing craze, Miss Craven enthusiastically replied, "No, they are the result of the evolution of common sense and beauty. Look at the woman of today! Could she be more beautiful or more attractive, with her slim figure and simple, graceful clothes? It is plain common sense to have a figure that is supple, and free from unnecessary fat! And beauty follows a slim line."

Miss Craven's expressive hazel eyes glowed as she cried: "Not since the time of the Greeks have women had such beautiful figures! They are made of running lines and long curves, just like a beautiful boy or girl of sixteen. And the present day fashions don't cost any more, neither do they need extra thought. As a matter of fact, today all the big drapery firms and dressmakers think for you! All you have to do is select for yourself what is suitable for your social position or business activities, and the store will do the rest. The great secret," continued Miss Craven, "is to dress to suit your personality."

We asked Miss Craven what she thought about middle age—that age when, in the past, women contented themselves with bulky figures, stodgy comfort, and a back seat as far as fascinating femininity was concerned. "But why should a woman ever become 50 or 60?" asked Miss Craven in surprise. "The 'middle age spread' is a thing of the past, and women of 50 or 60 can look like 30 with slim figures and attractive clothes. Why, the modern middle-aged woman is more sure of her audience than the flapper. She is so much richer in experience. A youthful figure, and mastery of the art of being well-groomed has given her confidence and self-assurance. An intelligent study of skin-foods has kept her complexion as fresh and blooming as a girl's; proper care of her hair has kept its glossiness, the knowledge of dressing it to suit her particular style and personality has given her charm, and a study of massage, diet, and exercise has kept her healthy and energetic. Why, half the bad figures today are caused through over-feeding on farinaceous foods and ignorance in poise."

Reluctantly we say goodbye to Miss Craven, and wish her a happy holiday in New Zealand, before returning to her work in Sydney. It has been a privilege and delight to meet a woman who is so charming to look upon, such a fascinating companion, and who has acquired so much wisdom.

Truly, the beautiful is as useful as it is beautiful!



# Echoes of the North

(Continued From Page Six)

twelve of Auckland rejoiced in long tresses. The other day I was startled to see a man with a most luxuriant growth of long curly hair walking along Queen Street. His clothes were in correct masculine fashion — his face just an ordinary face, but all his unconventional ideas seem to have expressed themselves in his fierce growth of hair. So aggressive it was, that he wore a net of broad mesh to hold it down. Like most fashions, we have to thank the French for the present short hair mode. Whenever short hair has been the fashion for women, it has always been originated by the French. George Sand received it in 1848, but Joan of Arc had started it five centuries ago. Taking it back to classical times means, of course, taking it out of the range of French fashions, and a recent discovery of a statue of the Phoenician goddess, Astarte, shows her with her hair arranged in this way. This proves how right French taste always is, the Parisian will retort. Whatever its origin the shingle fashion is bringing prosperity to ladies' hairdressers to-day. The First Annual Banquet of the Master Ladies' Hairdressers' Association was held this month in Syney at the Ambassadors. There was an air of opulence about the whole affair and the menu reflected an appropriate tonsorial atmosphere. The



Thorne Studio

MRS. CARLETON R. POTTER, of Auckland.  
Formerly Miss Gwendolyn M. Wilkinson, of Pukekohe.

dinner began with "huitre transformation" and went on to "supreme de schnapper de Marcelle," and "Salade de Cheveux" (salad of hair) which did not apparently hold any horror for barbers. Responding to this toast, the slightly intoxicated Chief Secretary agreed with other speakers who urged that ladies' hairdressers should be licensed, to prevent unqualified imposters from exploiting the public. "It is not so long ago," he declared, "since anybody in this State could hang out the s(h)ingle word "Dentish," and pull the heads off anybody who came along." At the word "shingle" there was some feeling applause. "A century ago," he added, many ladies did not even wash their hair. The shampoo has changed all that." (Pronounced like the Irish country, accentuated on the first syllable.)

Further news about the forthcoming Royal Tour states that the Earl of Cavan will be the chief of staff to the Duke of York and that he and Lady Cavan are anticipating the tour with the keenest pleasure. The earl is an ex-lieutenant of the Tower of London and was aide-de-camp to the Governor General of Canada. His brilliant military reputation was won in the South African War and increased during the war when he commanded the Guards Division. He is sixty years of age, and married Lady Joan Mulholland, his second wife, who is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Stratford, Capt. the Hon. A. E. S. Mulholland, four years ago. Her late husband was killed in action at Ypres in 1914, and some months after her only daughter, Daphne, was born.

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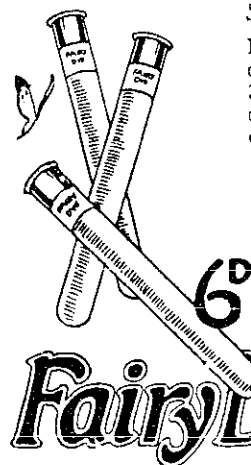
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# Fairy Dyes

# A Pleasant New Ballad Entitled "LOVE'S STRATAGEM"



*Now, listen well, good People all,  
And hear of what befell  
A Maiden and a pretty Youth  
Who lov'd each other well.*

*The Father of this pretty Maid,  
When he became aware  
Of what was happening, resolv'd  
To separate the Pair.*

*And having other Ends in view  
Preparing for the Maid,  
Unto his Sister's House in York  
Would have her now convey'd.*

*The Aunt, a stern and ancient Dame,  
A shelter would provide,  
And to her rigid Discipline  
His Daughter he'd confide.*

*Behold him, therefore, setting out  
Upon his sorrel Mare,  
His Daughter on the Pillion Seat  
Behind him in Despair.*

*Now turn we back to where the Youth,  
Absorbed at first in woe,  
Resolves at length to follow them  
To see where they may go.*

*So all that day he followed close  
While keeping out of sight,  
And mark'd the Inn where they drew rein  
To shelter for the night.*

*They had not gone above a Mile  
Upon the Morrow's way,  
When, bursting thro' the quickset Hedge,  
A Figure bid them stay.*

*"Your Money or your Life!" he cries  
With many a Footpad's Curse,  
And he's fetched the Father from his Horse  
And robbed him of his Purse.*

*He's fetched the Father from his Horse  
With a Pistol at his Head,  
And he's tripped him up into the Ditch,  
While he rides off instead.*



# LOVE'S STRATAGEM

[Continued]



Around the Bend the Horse was stay'd.  
The Maid had wild Alarms  
When suddenly the Stranger turn'd  
And clasped her in his Arms.

He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,  
She almost died for Fear,  
Till all at once she recognised  
Her own forbidden Dear!

A Moment more of close Embrace,  
And then he told his Plan,  
A plan to gain his True Love back  
By turning Highwayman.

He took her to a little Wood  
Where his own Horse was tied,  
And casting his Disguise away  
He left her there to hide,

What time he fetched a Circuit round  
And reached the Road again,  
And came to where the Father lay  
Cursing with Might and Main.

"How now, Sir Roger? Much I fear  
That some one's mischiefed you."  
And Sir Roger told how he'd been robb'd,  
Purse, Horse and Daughter too.

"The scurvy Knave!" the Young Man cried  
"If you'll accept my Aid,  
I'll follow, be he Devil himself,  
And bring you back your Maid."

"Ah! would you might," the Father said,  
So off the Young Man rides,  
And comes again to the little Wood  
Where his Beloved hides.

And soon he brings her back again  
And eke both Horse and Purse,  
"Sir Roger, I've brought your Daughter here  
No Penny Piece the worse."

And this at least I'll answer for  
But he was well nigh slain  
"I fear the Villain has escaped,  
He'll never rob again."

"Oh! welcome Girl," Sir Roger cried,  
"And you, you Rascal, too.  
And since you've brought her back to me  
I'll give her back to you."



# Ballantynes

## Artistic Christmas Gifts

A visit to Ballantynes Art Department, or an enquiry by post, will simplify the task of selecting Christmas Presents; there will be found exquisite specimens of the Artcraft of many lands—England, Italy, and the East.

The items detailed below represent but a small selection from Ballantynes extensive stocks.

### OLD ENGLISH BEATEN BRASS

A collection of quaint old English Beaten Brassware, some showing Dickens Characters, others with Historical Scenes and Figures—Handsome Wood Boxes, Fire Screens, Hanging Lanterns, Warming Pans, Wall Placques, Bells, Door Knockers, etc.

### HAND HAMMERED PEWTER WARE

Tea Services, Trays, Jacobean Cake Stands and Candlesticks, Christening Mugs, Clocks, and Hanging Mirrors inlaid with Blue Enamel, etc.

### INDIAN HAND CHASED BRASS

Incense Burners, Placques, Trays on Indian Carved Wood Stands, Idols, Vases, Coffee Trays, etc.

### ITALIAN HAND TOOLED LEATHER GOODS

Blotters, Cigarette Cases, Bridge Boxes, Shopping Lists, Cigar Boxes, etc.

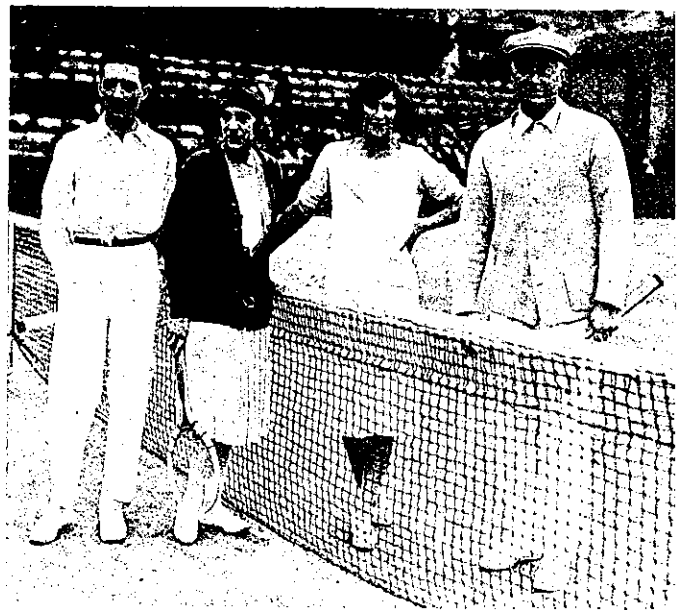
LAMPSHADES can be made to order in any design or colour harmony required.

### A CHRISTMAS GIFT CATALOGUE

—fully illustrated, can be obtained on application.



Ballantynes of Christchurch



### TENNIS ON THE RIVIERA

Left to right: M. Jacques, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, Mrs. Satterthwaite and Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, late of New Zealand.

## Hospital Board Matters

(Continued from Page 27)

The work carried on at the Infirmary at Epsom is some of the most humane relief conducted in the city. It is here where the old people of the district are cared for in their declining years. The mere fact that they are old forbids anything but kindness being shown to them.

Then there are the Infirmary wards for both sexes who have become chronic invalids and need skilful nursing and medical attention. There are the male and female T.B. shelters where a score or two of those stricken with this scourge make good progress on the volcanic soil of the locality. Patients from twelve to seventy years of age are here sleeping in the open air shelters, all the year round. They are a cheery family making the best they can of life. Quite a number of them indulge in most interesting hobbies. The Medical Superintendent has the full confidence of those who occupy the large buildings, and the Lady Superintendent is much loved by the inmates. Special patience is needed when nursing those who are old and chronic patients, and it is truly de-

lightful to see the affection which a devoted nursing staff bestow upon those under their care.

A good deal has been written, but I find I have said little about the big main hospital. It is such a large and humane subject and one which so deeply touches the heart that one is loathe to deal with it in cold print. Who is there who has entered a hospital and not felt the compelling power of the brotherhood of man? Only those who have no hearts! We all have been sick at some time and thus we have known the joy of getting well again. The function of the hospital is to heal broken bodies, to bring light to dimmed eyes, and to restore again to life those who are depressed. No expense is spared on equipment in the many special departments and no time is grudged by the resident medical and nursing staff, nor by the skilled surgeons and physicians who compose the honorary staff. We all are proud of our hospital. I have only touched upon the fringe of my subject, but I hope to have given a few thoughts worthy of reflection.

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# Holidays in other Lands

(Continued From Page 22)

Now for a different holiday, when we shall live in sophisticated, worldly fashion! We have bought our tickets for Nice and planned to see all we can of the Riviera. Clothes are our first thought, and if it's going to be a happy holiday, done in the approved style, they are an expensive and important item. Sports suits of that simple but costly cut, and costumes and dresses for every occasion must be taken. From Christmas to April is the season for Nice, Monte Carlo, Monaco, Mentone, St. Remo and Cannes. Venice, with its popular beach "The Lido," gets its turn in June, July, and August. No train trip is pleasant, so we'll pass over the long wintry journey from London to Paris, and that cold uncomfortable sleep in the train as it tears through France, until we wake up with a cricked neck next morning. The train is passing along the Rhone, the sun is shining and drawing perfumes from the damp earth. Olive trees are scattered over the hills, and wherever there are houses there are gardens, and the gardens are filled with flowers. After passing through Toulon we are in a veritable garden, a paradise of roses, and groves of oranges and lemons covered with fruits and flowers at the same time. Roses of every kind grow luxuriantly and fill the air with perfume. The Mediterranean bordered with brown rocks is shining blue in the sun. The villas peep out from the trees, the wattles, the gums, the olives! Are they not the most fascinating houses in the world? So white, so decorative with yellow and blue tiles, so gay in architecture.

Nice is a good centre for Riviera joys. The hotels run in French style are comfortable enough, when you and your stomach get used to them.

The day is all too short. For keen tennis players there are courts at Cannes, and Monaco, where the topnotchers hold their championships. For the few walking enthusiasts left in the world there are walks over the hills behind Nice, through the vineyards and picturesque but inconceivably dirty villages.

The Upper and Lower Corniche roads, made by Napoleon, offer a paradise for motorists. Up and down hills, curving in and out with the sea, these fine roads hug the coast from Cannes to San Remo, and provide a succession of views of unsurpassed beauty. The country, behind the fashionable sea resorts, is full of quaint charm and rich in history. Several towers built by St. Augustine stand like sentinels on these hills, and buildings in the villages date from mediaeval times. Peasants still live in cave-like dwellings built in the hills.

Then, of course, we must pay our respects to Monte Carlo. As we are not inveterate gamblers we will go in the evening. Daylight and the artificiality of the Casino don't go well together. But at night it is fascinating—every inch of it! The famous grounds of the Casino with

their lawns and flower beds look like an elaborate stage scene, with subdued lighting effects. Then the Casino itself! Passports must be shown as credentials before passing into the great hall. Couches line the walls and thirteen long tables surrounded with people fill the floors of the various sumptuous salons. It is the people that are so fascinating. The excitements of the tables fade in comparison. There are all types there, quite shabby looking people, as well as the gorgeously dressed. How quickly one can distinguish the real gamblers! Silently and intently they watch the table they are backing, and the spinning ball. The betting chances are many and full of

their money quickly. It has a habit of disappearing otherwise!

It is easy to realise that this is the Mecca of gamblers. That strange trait the gambling instinct, is apparent in the most diverse types.

However, they need not be as we are not gamblers, but on holiday; we stroll from table to table, have a little flutter, lose a bit and win a trifle. The gay crowd is always walking about the Casino is full of interest and very spectacular. Drinks and light refreshments are served in the adjoining lounge about midnight. When the opera is over, a fresh crowd enters, women in magnificent clothes and distinguished looking men. And here are we



Topical Press, London  
Female Alpinists in Switzerland.

possibilities. There are thirty-six numbers and one can bet either on the reds or blacks, the odds or evens, in groups of twelve or on single numbers. The game goes on mechanically all day. The head croupier sits on a high seat in the middle of the table, and calls out in a monotonous voice, "Fait vos jeux!" ("Make your Bets!") A few minutes later, he throws the ball and it goes spinning round the circular bowl. Then in the same tone of voice, he shouts "Rien va plus!" ("No more betting!") All eyes are fixed on the white ball which gradually slackens in speed until it rolls into one of the 36 holes. The croupiers at the end of the table then pay out, and everyone takes

in the midst of perhaps the most brilliant, and the most cosmopolitan assembly of people in the world!

Excited and thrilled we pass out into the cool night, and the soft air gradually soothes and wakes us from what seems an amazing dream—the Casino of Monte Carlo.

Off to the mountains for our next holiday, where we shall soon become energetic and want to walk miles. "Free life and fresh air," we say to ourselves as we pack sensible clothes, woollen stockings, costumes and raincoats. We include evening frocks and dainty summer frocks also and label our trunk "Lucerne, Switzerland." Here we are at the frontier town, Basel, where

we have a substantial and appetising meal in one of the best railway restaurants in Europe. We change trains and almost immediately come into mountain scenery. Pine forests lie dark against the mountain sides, and everywhere charming little chalets built of brown wood are perched quaintly on the slopes. We look ambitiously at the snowy peaks towering above us, and immediately plan to make a mountaineering record.

Lucerne is a fine city on the shores of Lake Lucerne, and has quaint bridges with wooden roofs. Luxurious hotels, glacier gardens, wide avenues of magnificent walnut trees, chestnuts and fig trees make it one of the chief Swiss pleasure resorts. However, it's too fashionable and sophisticated for us. We want Switzerland in its raw state. A small steamer takes us to Stans, a little place on the other side of the lake, a lovely trip which shows the softest beauty and sternest aspects of alpine wildness. Stans is a village on the lower slopes of the Stanserhorn mountain, which commands a magnificent view of the Bernese Alps, the Monte Rosa group, noted for its beauty and fine glaciers. The little hotel is run on simple Swiss lines. Breakfast consists of rolls and butter, honey and coffee. Lunch is a light meal, and dinner quite an elaborate affair with six or seven courses. In all Swiss hotels, the entree is invariably veal, cut in slices and placed in a neat row down a long silver dish. Vegetables are grouped on each side. It is such a work of art in arrangement that it always calls for admiring comment. The bedrooms have verandahs, and the beds look fantastic with great billowy feather cushions on them. English people give them such nicknames as "bumpitious eiderdowns" and toss them on the floor.

June is an ideal month for Switzerland. The fields are gay with wild flowers, and on the mountain slopes the beautiful blue gentian grows. This flower seems as typical of Switzerland as the edelweiss, the white flannel flower. Brogues and alpinestocks are useful now, for tramping along the mountain roads, climbing the lower passes, and exploring the William Tell district which is quite near.

For higher climbing we move on to Grindelwald, a town 4,000 feet high, where snow-capped mountains rise one after the other as far as the eye can see. We will stay at "The Bear," a good hotel and "reasonable withall." It has a little verandah set with painted tables where we can drink coffee and watch the passers-by. This is a centre for serious mountaineering, demonstrated by the weird costumes of some female alpinists. Look at them—women in puttees and breeches, nailed boots, alpine sticks in hand, knapsacks on back, and a whole pot of vaseline on their faces. Certainly, the sun is fierce in the daytime, and everybody looks sunbaked. It seems incredible that one could be so hot, while walking over an avalanche of snow.



## The Fairest Flower

of them all cannot compare in loveliness with a beautiful woman whose fair face radiates charm and youthful beauty.

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*Day Cream (Vanishing)  
Beauty Powder (four shades)  
Bloom (a perfect rouge)*

A touch of *Pompeian Day Cream*, that delicate vanishing cream that works itself into the skin so that the powder may adhere evenly. Then, *Pompeian Beauty Powder*, so soft and smooth with its strongly impelling perfume, which makes the skin so beautifully fair. A touch of *Pompeian Bloom* next, adds that enchanting youthful colour to the cheeks. A light dusting of the *Beauty Powder* over the cheeks gives the finishing touch—glorious, vibrant beauty then is yours!

Ask also for *Pompeian Fragrance (Talc)*  
*Pompeian Massage Cream*, and  
*Pompeian Night Cream*

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## Complexion Hints

It is the time of the year just now when town dwellers love to spend an occasional week-end at the sea-side or days in the country. On these occasions one needs to take special care of one's complexion in order to avoid that unsightly weather-beaten look. Even on a tramping holiday it is wise not to forget to take such amenities to the toilet as face cream, and a little borax—the latter in case the water is hard in the neighbourhood to which you go.

Skin food is a real necessity for keeping the skin in good condition and protecting it against the various extremes of weather which we are liable to have at this time of the year at the sea-side. A little rubbed into the skin and coated over with face powder before going out will prevent the adverse influences of both sunshine and sharp breezes. Eau de Cologne is useful, too. A few drops in the water you wash in in the morning will serve as a splendid skin astringent.

## Trapping Sleep

The malady of the age is insomnia, says a distinguished English doctor, for it is probably that in large cities where the rush and complexity of modern life is felt in the highest degree 70 per cent. or more of the citizens suffer from sleeplessness.

A great deal depends not only on the conditions of sleep, but on the state of health during the waking hours.

If a man requires seven hours' sleep, he does not get through more work, year in, year out, if he only takes six hours' sleep, and his mental activity is not of such good quality as if he had sufficient sleep.

We hear of some persons exceptionally well endowed by nature, who can do with comparatively little sleep. Ramsay MacDonald,

when Prime Minister, declared that he was well content if he had on the average four hours a night. This is inadequate, and it is probable that his activities would have gained in breadth and power had he always taken seven hours.

A certain degree of fatigue is helpful to sleep, but over-fatigue is a disturbing cause. In some cases sleep is accompanied by a congested brain, but the normal type of sleep is produced when the blood supply to the head is reduced.

It is necessary also to cut off the nervous stimuli which excite action in the waking hours. Lie in a clean bed warmly but not too excessively covered. Avoid whatever causes digestive trouble, and then—that last counsel of perfection—throw off worry.



MISS ST. CLAIR WHYTE, Remuera. (Torquist Studio)

# Engagements

Miss Linda Major, elder daughter of Mr. C. T. Major, late headmaster of King's College, Auckland, to Rev. Frank Petrie de Laval Willis, Chaplain of King's College.

Miss Enid Abel, Auckland, to Mr. Claud Carter, Palmerston North.

Miss Thelma Duffin to Mr. Ken Liddle, both of Auckland.

Miss Irene Gorst-Travers, Christchurch, to Mr. Stanley Riddler, Petone.

Miss Marjorie Leslie Giesen, Wellington, to Mr. Andrew Hamilton, Kelburn.

Miss Ruth May Berryman, Stanley Downs, Nelson, to Mr. Nigel Olifaunt Maitland, Picton.

Miss Oenone O'Neill, Takapuna, to Mr. Cyril Maxwell Becroft, Port Albert.

Miss Dinah Brown, Inglewood, to Mr. Arthur Geoffrey Strang, late of Palmerston North.

Miss Christina Conlon, Lower Hutt, to Mr. Ivor Berg, Oriental Bay.

Miss Margaret A. Talbot, to Mr. William K. Sandrey, both of Timaru.

Miss Maisie Triggs, Napier, to Mr. Willer McKinnon, Glengarry, Hawke's Bay.

Miss Beatrice Taylor, to Mr. Herbert George Appleton, both of Whangarei.

Miss Dorothy Julia Bainbridge, Devonport, Auckland, to Mr. Allan Tilley, Wanganui.

Miss Mildred Botting, Roslyn, Dunedin, to Mr. Stewart Kinnear, Auckland.

Miss May McGill, to Mr. Howard Grant, both of Dunedin.

Miss Ivy Lindsay, Bluff, to Mr. Harold Selmer, London.

Miss Helen Macgregor, elder daughter of Mr. Justice Macgregor and Mrs. Macgregor, Wellington, to Mr. Edward Smith, Rangiora.

Miss Grace Cadwallader, Ahia-kouka, Greytown, to Mr. James Doyle, Moncrieff, Carterton.

Dr. Vera Reader, formerly of Masterton, and now of London, to Mr. Ronald Syme, formerly of Wellington, and now of Oxford.

Miss Vera Bates, Geraldine, to Mr. J. C. Thomas, Blenheim.

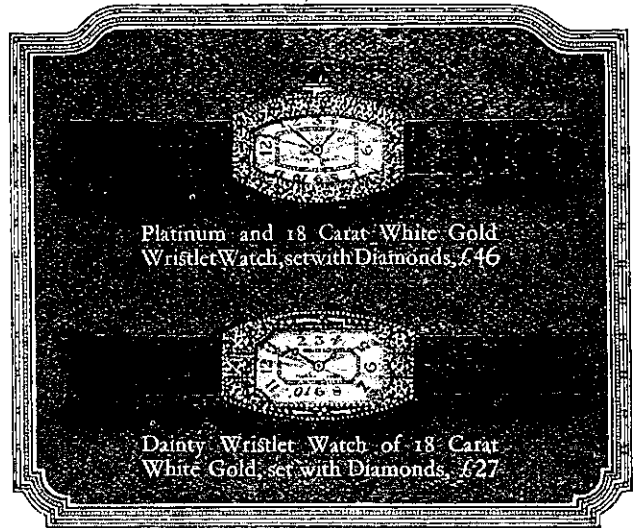
Miss Marjorie Williamson, Ashburton, to Mr. Walter Elliott, Wakatipu.

Miss Mary T. Anderson, Devonport, to Mr. Laurence Alexander St. John Reid, Wellington.

Miss Bessie Isabel Howie, to Mr. John Leslie Lambert, both of Hunterville.

Miss Kathleen Roach, Tikokino, to Mr. Eugene William Robert Haldane, Wellington, formerly of Nelson.

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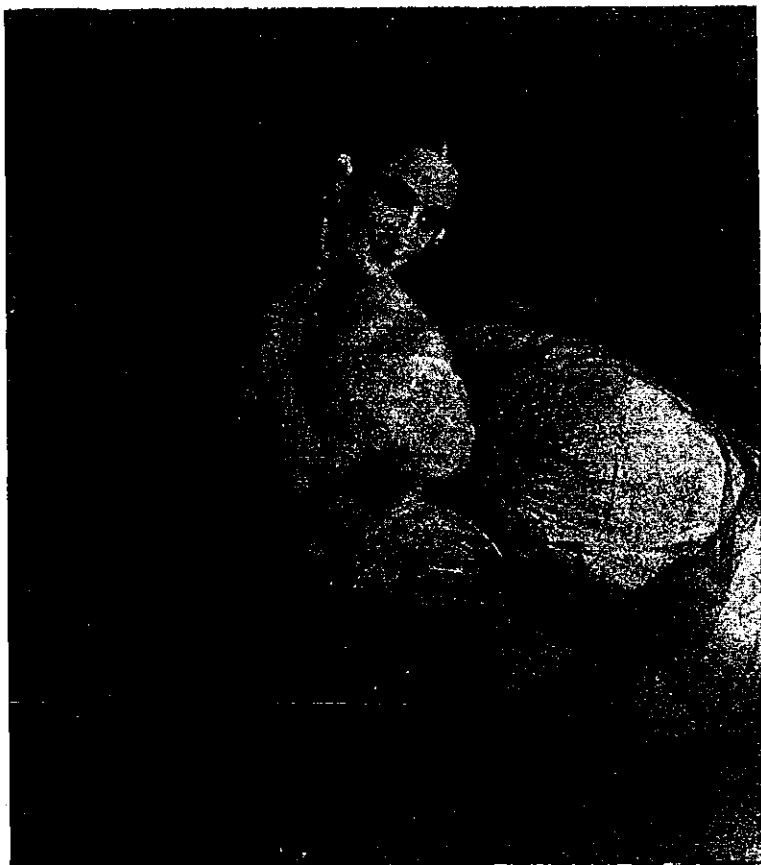
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A charming evening wedding was recently celebrated in Wellington. The bride was Miss Marle James, the youngest daughter of Mrs. W. D. James, of Wellington, and the bridegroom, Mr. Leslie Vincent Fisher, of Rangiora, Canterbury. Misses Vera James and Marjorie Cousins were the bridesmaids, Betty McLean, trainbearer, and Messrs. Allen Cousins and Jack Pearson acted respectively as best man and groomsmen.

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## Brightening the Holiday Home

It not infrequently happens in these busy days that a house-mother who has rented a country or seaside cottage for a month or more on the recommendation of a friend, or on the strength of an advertisement, is woefully disappointed at the lack of comfort and the absence of aught save the barest necessities. It goes without saying that there are many charming cottages and batches away from home which we all have come across; but there are others that leave much to be desired.

The shack may be much inferior to our own and the various arrangements quite primitive to our way of thinking. The owner is not always to blame. He may have suffered many things at the hands of careless tenants and been compelled to banish all good things generally from the house.

Usually the mother of a family, especially if they are all of school age, considers she has more than enough to do to pack all their clothes and shut the house up, without providing extras for their temporary home; but under certain circumstances she will find it worth while.

Linen and cutlery is rarely supplied now, or, if it is, frequently it is of the poorest quality; so the

house-proud woman will be well advised to take one or two afternoon tea-cloths, a supply of table napkins, and a generous number of towels—the latter especially if the holiday is to be spent at the seaside.

It often happens that there is a lamentable lack of cushions even in an otherwise well-furnished batch; and as the chairs are often termed "easy" more by courtesy than anything else, a few folding canvas ones or a hammock may make all the difference to comfort.

An odd pillow or two, by means of bright cretonne or chintz covers, made with buttons and buttonholes, may serve a double purpose, and be most useful during the day on the sands or in the garden, and duty at night on the beds, since it is only the work of a few seconds to strip off the covers.

A rug or blanket with vivid colourings not only disguises the shortcomings of an old couch, but is a protection against chills for old or young when sitting out.

Hot-water bottles should on no account be left at home, as they are invaluable in the event of illness. A spirit lamp with a few cups and saucers make one independent of service when an odd cup of tea or coffee is required.





# YARDLEY'S *Old English* LAVENDER

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A little applied to the skin when overheated, fatigued or headachy, gives a delicious sense of coolness and refreshment. In the sick room it is invaluable.

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It is sold in Jars at 1/6 and 2/6 each. The small size contains sufficient for eight or ten delightful shampoos.

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## Hints for the Holidays

**D**uring holiday time the hair often becomes greasy and lifeless, especially if close-fitting hats are worn. Half a teaspoonful of oil of rosemary added to four tablespoonsful of rum makes a refreshing tonic lotion. Sea water, provided that the hair has not been artificially brightened or tinted, strengthens it and brings out all sorts of pretty bright natural tints, so that it is worth while enduring temporary stickiness, apart from the fact that it is much better for the health to wet the head while bathing.

**A**nd talking of sea bathing, an extraordinarily ill advised notion suggests to many women that bathing doesn't suit them. This is a bogey that should be shooed as remorselessly away as is the hen who is merrily scratching up one's choicest salad bed.

If bathing disagrees, in nine cases out of ten it is due to lack of common sense, for unless there is real organic disease or unusual delicacy of constitution, sea bathing is one of the best tonics that exist for both body and nerves.

The following rules are worthy of committal to memory:

Don't go into the water at all times and seasons; between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., is an ideal time for a dip.

Don't go into the water when overheated or chilly.

Don't stand shivering on the brink if you are not a swimmer testing the water with one toe, plunge right in, head and all.

Don't stay in the water more than ten minutes the first day, gradually increase the length of time, but never stay in long enough to become chilly. If the dip has done good you should glow all over when you leave the water and feel as fit as the proverbial fiddle.

Dress quickly after a brisk rub down with a dry rough towel, eat a couple of biscuits or a stick of plain chocolate, and do two or three physical exercises, or go for a short walk along the shore.

**M**any women, especially those who do not walk very much during the greater part of the year, suffer very much from tender and swollen feet during their holidays. Remember that it is quite impossible to walk far with any ease or comfort in high-heeled shoes, or shoes with barricades of tight straps across the instep, or court shoes.

Feet that are unaccustomed to the weight and thickness of brogues, should wear light lace-up shoes with medium heels and be sure to have both shoes and stockings long enough and broad enough, for not only does the pain and discomfort take all pleasure away, but it lines the face with surprising rapidity as well.

If the feet are sore from over-much walking or dancing wash them first of all with very hot water, then with cold, and rub them well

with eau-de-Cologne or methylated spirit, letting the spirit dry on.

Two or three grains of permanganate of potash added to the water or a little peroxide of hydrogen will remove all odour of perspiration from both feet and axillae. Sponging with a weak solution of ammonia will do the same thing.

To prevent the heels and toes from blistering, see that there are no hard darns or creases in the stockings, dip a cake of soap in water and rub it over them, letting the soap dry on. Dust the feet with a powder consisting of equal parts of boracic powder and starch; never use scented powder for either the feet or underarms.

**T**he hands are often not improved by holiday making, the wearing of gloves is considered by many women a superfluity, and holiday avocations both stain and blister them. They should be rubbed with the juice of a fresh lemon frequently, and stains rubbed off with cold water before they are washed in the ordinary way. The palms should be rubbed with eau-de-Cologne to prevent their blistering while sculling or pushing a punt.

**T**wo really disagreeable holiday ordeals confront many a hopeful traveller, namely train and seasickness—I do not know which is the worst.

Whether the journey be by land or sea or a combination of both, it is advisable to take an aperient two days before starting and to be very careful not to eat rich or indigestible food.

It is also advisable to bind a strong calico bandage measuring six or seven inches in width firmly round one's middle before starting. If it is impossible to obtain a deck cabin lie nearly full length on a deck chair with a hot water bottle. Then talk or read and don't think about being sick.

A light meal should be taken at the usual time and squeamishness is often relieved by taking a cup of Bovril or meat extract well seasoned with pepper.

Train sickness is very tiresome, try and get the corner facing the engine and put a soft pillow in the nape of your neck and close the eyes. Spend part of the journey standing in the corridor by an open window, change of position helps. Don't travel by night unless you can afford to travel comfortably.

**T**here are very excellent remedies now on the market for travel sickness of all descriptions, which, if taken exactly as directed, are a sure preventative. I frequently "go down to the sea in ships," and though an indifferent sailor, thanks to them, the Bay of Biscay has no terrors for me, so that to be intensely vulgar, seasickness is a bogey that most people now can afford to cock a metaphorical snook at.

# THE DUCHESS de RICHELIEU

*tells how to keep  
the skin exquisitely  
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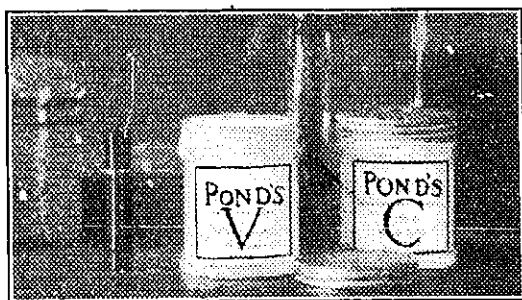
**P**ATRICIAN in the best American tradition, the Duchesse de Richelieu by her marriage added to her native endowment one of the proudest names of old France, and was drawn at once into the glamorous whirl of international social life.

Asked how she continues to retain her freshness and bloom through all her exacting social activities, she replied:

"Care of the skin. It is an obligation always to appear with a complexion fresh and radiant, never betraying the least trace of any weariness or imperfection. And this care, in my opinion, can best be had by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Hundreds of beautiful and distinguished women everywhere have found in these same two delicate, fragrant creams made by Pond's, the perfect equipment for keeping their fragile skins just exquisite.

*Before retiring, cleanse your skin deeply with Pond's Cold Cream, patting it on lavishly and letting it stay on several moments. Now with a soft cloth or tissue remove all the cream and dirt which its pure oils have brought to the surface. Repeat the process.*



*Every skin needs these Two Creams*

If your skin is dry, pat more cream on and leave it over night.

Several times by day, especially after an outing, cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream the same way, and finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice to close the pores.

*After these daytime cleansings, smooth over your refreshed, invigorated skin, ever so little of Pond's Vanishing Cream. A soft protection against wind and dust, it also lends an exquisite tone to your skin. Flick on your powder and see how evenly it lies, how long it stays!*

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# Common Sense and the Complexion

## Some Methods to Avoid

Most articles that appear upon this theme are usually treated from the point of view of "Do this if you value your skin"; "Do this for a rough skin"; "Do that for another type of skin, and that for wrinkles."

Now let us think of the Don'ts. If you want to make the most of the care and attention you give to the skin, there are some things that must not be done.

The first thing is massage. Don't massage your creams and tonics into your skin. We are so accustomed to hear of face massage that this may sound surprising, but there is very good reason for the caution.

An athlete, after a strenuous football game or a foot-race which he has run with terrific effort, finds his muscles tight and hard as nails from the strain to which they have been subjected. In this case, massage is perfect. Massage will relax his muscles and let down the tension in the tissues. This is just the result the athlete wants.

But the treatment of a woman's face and neck is quite a different matter. Here we do not want to bring about relaxation. On the contrary, we want always to tighten up. As the years go by, all the tendency of a woman's face is toward relaxation. We want to check that, and to counteract it by scientific treatment which will lift and make firm the tissues. When the circulation and tone of the muscles are good, the tissues of the skin are full of vigour and elasticity. With the years, the circulation begins to lag; the muscles are undernourished and the tissues get flabby. Like old rubber bands, they lose their elasticity. They need to be tightened up or the contour will soon lose its smooth youthful line.

Massage will only increase the harm, for the effect of massage is to relax the tissues still more. Instead, your method of treatment must invigorate the tissues, tighten them up and restore their elasticity and firmness.

The very foundation of a correct method of skin treatment is the scientific patting to stimulate the tissues. Every cream tonic, astringent and lotion should be applied with the same patting strokes. The patting should always be upward, to overcome the tendency of the face to droop. The pats should be smart, telling pats, so as to stimulate the tissues, to bring the blood coursing through the muscles and to galvanise the cells into action. Half the wrinkles, the flabbiness, the sallowness and blackheads and lines are due to a torpid condition of the skin. Pat your skin into wakefulness. Don't massage it into flabbiness.

Creams are patted best with the fingertips. Use the cushion part of

your fingers; let your wrist bend loosely, so that each stroke has some resilience. When you pat your creams near the eyes and on the upper and lower lids, pat very gently, of course, for these tissues are very delicate. But when you are applying your skin food and muscle oil along the edge of your contour, under the chin, around the mouth, on the cheeks and forehead—pat hard. It will do the skin lots of good.

Skin tonics and astringents are applied best with a cotton pad. Make a firm pad of absorbent cotton about the width of three fingers and 5in. or 6in. long. Wring it out first in cold water so as to make it very firm. Then dip it in your tonic or astringent and pat briskly with this.

Here again you must pat with some vigour along the jawbone, for these preparations are particularly important to correct any looseness or flabbiness in the muscles which make the contour of the face.

A second don't is even more serious than massage. Don't think of subjecting yourself to any sort of facial operation. The risk is too great, the result too uncertain, the need too small. If you care for your skin wisely and faithfully, you can keep your youth and good looks for years longer than you can by means of operations.

The operation most talked about to-day is the one called "face lifting." This is an actual surgical operation involving cutting—and so includes the everpresent possibility of infection in the process. It is an exceedingly delicate operation. The skin is cut on the temples, between the eyes and the hair. A piece of skin the shape of a crescent is removed, and the two edges brought together again and sewn up. If you put your fingers on your temples and pull up the sides of your face you will see what the result is. It seems to erase the line from your nose to your mouth-corners. But that is not all the story.

If you have ever done any dress-making, you can realise how difficult it is to sew together smoothly two sides of an opening from which you have cut a crescent shaped gusset. When this is not perfectly done, the operation leaves a scar.

And the results are so temporary. In making the cut, only the skin is removed. The muscles are still there. For a short time the skin will pull them up. But not for long, of course. How can it? With the heavy flabby muscles dropping downward, the skin will soon stretch and let them down and the wrinkles will be there again. The effects of the operation can last only a few months at best.

(Continued on Page 46)

# Beauty

may be more than skin-deep, but the care of the skin goes a long way towards making beauty. The right skin tonic and one which gets well into the skin cells, nourishes them, and makes the complexion glow with vivid health and beauty, is

## BEETHAM'S La-rola

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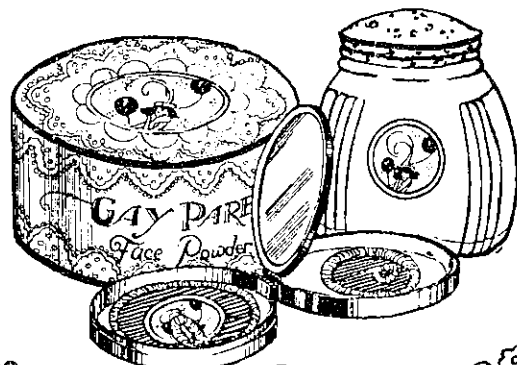
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"But how do you ever get it out again?"

"That's the beauty of the soap—it rinses out easily and leaves the scalp tingling with health. You can really feel it tingle!"

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Don't marry a saint. They're better to watch than to live with.

A howling success—the first baby.

## Common Sense and the Complexion

(Continued From Page 44)

Face peeling is another operation to be avoided. This is not as common as it was a few years ago, but it still seems to arouse the curiosity of many women.

Peeling is done with a chemical, which eats off the outer layer of the skin. You know how tender and sore the spot is if you so much as tear off a tiny bit around your nail? Fancy having your whole face in that condition! The risk of infection and of scarring here is very great. With the outer layer gone, the need for precaution is multiplied a thousand times. It is several days before the patient can go out into the light and air, so sensitive is the face. Even water is torture. It must be cleansed with ointments.

After all this agony the result is only temporary. When the under layer of the skin becomes tough enough to endure exposure, it is just an outer layer again and soon takes on the appearance of the old familiar complexion. You will see how much easier and safer and surer it is to keep the skin clear and fine and soft by caring for it correctly each day.

Another don't is this. Don't think of paraffin injections to fill out hollows and wrinkles. Why should you, anyhow when you can fill them out so easily and sanely with good nourishing creams? The paraffin method is risky, too. You may have heard of the matinee idol who had it done and had to retire from the stage and all public life, because the paraffin melted down under the skin in little balls that made bumps in odd places all over the face.

These are my warnings against attempting drastic methods of improving the skin. Take good care of it every morning and night cleansing your skin carefully to keep the pores clean and free from the impurities that cause blackheads, toning it to keep the cells active and the muscles firm, nourishing it, to supply the needs of the skin and to round out lines and wrinkles—and you will have no need to think of any other method.

### Freckles

Freckles are by no means unattractive—clearing—to a certain type they provide chic. But deep and persistent freckles, beyond the mere faint powdering of nose or forehead, are not only ugly but actually injurious to the skin.

Prevention is better than cure. All women with red hair and a milky skin or the sensitive blonde type freckle easily. Such should wear wide-brimmed felt or linen hats, preferably lined with orange, carry orange sunshades, and use a specially protective vanishing cream.

If freckles do appear, there are several easy remedies.

The simplest consists of equal parts of fresh lemon juice and glycerine dabbed on and left to dry. This or boracic lotion painted on with a brush will cure light freckles. Deeper ones may yield to a lotion made from 1oz. peroxide of hydro-

gen (10 vols.) glycerine, eau de Cologne, and rosewater.

An old-fashioned remedy is made from an ounce of red rose petals infused in 12 fluid ounces of hot water. After macerating the petals and straining off the fluid, add 30 grains of citric acid to each half-pint. Dissolve, leave to stand 12 hours and draw off all the clear part of the mixture. This needs to be applied regularly twice a day, as do the anti-freckles lotion made from 1oz. alum, a teacupful of fresh milk, and a few drops of eau de Cologne, or the zinc preparations, or the freshly expressed juice of a cucumber mixed with buttermilk, all of which are effective freckle antidotes.

### A NEW SKIN OVER NIGHT.

### COMPLEXIONS REMADE WHILE YOU SLEEP.

It sounds incredible but it is just plain truth. Did you know that the epidermis—in other words, the outer layer or scarf-skin of your face—is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? The dead skin-scales are what give your complexion that dull yellow look which face powder only temporarily disguises. Ask yourself why you use powder, anyway? You would not if you were satisfied with your complexion in its natural state. Just a little quiet thinking will show you that if your skin is undergoing this drying-up, dying-off process there is something you can do to assist Nature in her rejuvenating efforts. The dead scarf-skin will not come away of its own accord. On the contrary, the tiny dead scales clog the pores and cause impurities to form, hiding the perfect skin which is struggling to show itself and to breathe just underneath.

Remove this outer scarf-skin which has served its turn, by applications of mercolized wax. This fragrant compound is a most marvelous discovery, for it dissolves and completely removes the dead discoloured veil, revealing the smooth, clear skin underneath. All facial eruptions and blemishes arise from allowing the dead epidermis to remain. Mercolized wax contains wonderful absorptive properties which clear the complexion while you sleep.

Ask your chemist to supply you with a small quantity and after washing the face in warm water, apply it as you would any ordinary face cream, and do not wash it off until the morning. If you do this every night on retiring, for ten days or so, you will see amazing results.

### FRECKLES

Can be removed entirely, no matter how disfigured you are. MYSTIC FRECKLE CREAM will gently whiten your skin and at the same time improve its texture wonderfully. 4/6 jar. Post Free.

Send for Price List of Mystic Preparations.  
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22 Security Buildings,  
198 QUEEN ST. AUCKLAND

## Food Poisoning

By A DOCTOR.

Ice-cream poisoning is a danger that should be guarded against during the summer season. Much of the fruit displayed on hawkler's barrows or on the window-ledges of small shops is more or less decayed, and the process of decomposition is always much quicker in summer than in winter, and wherever fruit lies rotting there are to be seen swarms of bacteria-bearing flies continuously infecting the exposed fruit with innumerable disease germs. When buying fruit one should be careful to see that its skin is unbroken.

Ice-cream, as sold by many of the smaller seaside storekeepers and sweet shops, is made from milk which is only used for that purpose when it could no longer be sold as milk on account of its deteriorated condition. It is often seething with infective germs, myriads of which are actually preserved by the process of making it into ice-cream.

Potato salad, too, is a frequent cause of hot-weather poisoning. There is a particular bacillus which has a predilection for this food, and in the past it has been responsible for much discomfort.

It is wise to take precautions before eating any fruit or food that may have been exposed to infection. The best thing to do with fruit is to wash it thoroughly in very hot water; it is then safe, and this enables the most nutritious part of edible-skinned fruits to be eaten with impunity. Ice-cream and similar commodities should only be purchased where the consumer is satisfied as to the cleanliness of the conditions under which it is manufactured.

The symptoms of food poisoning can be distinguished by the onset of stomach pains about an hour after eating, the face becoming flushed to an unusual degree and being distinctly puffed. The skin becomes dry, and vomiting usually accompanies this stage of the outbreak, frequently with severe attacks of diarrhoea.

The doctor should be sent for, but while waiting his arrival, much helpful attention may be given the patient. Vomiting should be encouraged, so as to rid the stomach of as much of the toxic agent as possible, and the best way to do this is to give an emetic of mustard in warm water.

To ease the pain, hot water bottles, or hot metal, well wrapped in covering material, should be applied to the abdomen. Between periods of vomiting the patient should be kept as quiet as possible, lying flat on the back, as this tends to prevent the circulation of the poison, and so to retard the onset of general toxæmia.

## Q-TOL

An ideal emollient for the

2/- HANDS 2/-



# Just naturally lovely!

The sheen, the texture, the colour of your hair are criticised now as never before. The simple hair styles of to-day are responsible. They flatter beautiful hair... They betray hair that is out of condition.

For there is no hair loveliness but the loveliness of perfect hair-health.

Amami cultivates the natural beauty of the hair. Cleanses it thoroughly, but so gently and refreshingly. Stimulates the scalp and hair roots with the tonic-action of its wisely blended ingredients. And leaves the hair with the sheen of healthy vitality... and with the delicate fragrance of flowers.



## Amami No 1

With Henna.—For Dark and Medium-Dark Hair. Contains just enough Egyptian Henna to make the hair glint adorably—but does not tint.

## Amami No 5

With Camomile.—Suitable for all shades of Fair Hair, containing just sufficient Camomile to keep the hair gloriously fair. Keeps the hair wavy and fluffy.

9d

PER SACHET Complete with the special Lemon Juice Rinsing Powder essential to the perfect shampoo.

Registered Design No 256124 22-9-20  
 MANUFACTURED IN ENGLAND SOLELY BY RICHARD...  
 APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF THE BEL...

LEMON JUICE RINSING POWDER  
 AMAMI  
 This powder is highly concentrated, and the small quantity contained in the packet is sufficient to produce one pint of solution.  
 DIRECTIONS.—  
 DISSOLVE IN A PINT JUG OF WARM WATER, AND USE FOR THE FINAL RINSING.

FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT

# Camping: Planning for a Picnic

It is surprising how many country-lovers are ignorant of the fact that camping, like other pastimes, has been made scientific and adaptable to all ages and sexes. Warmth, dryness, and meals regularly are the three secrets of successful camping.

The tents which are used are made of duck or canvas, and even finer materials. It may seem puzzling that such materials can be rainproof; yet as the umbrella depends on its tautness to be efficacious, so do the tents. The result is a clean atmosphere after they have been slept in and freedom from darkness.

The ground within the tent is covered by a waterproof fabric over which is laid a warm-hued ground-blanket on which one lies. The roof spreading above, draught-proof, the warm feel of the material, the ciderdown, and the whole lit by a red-shaded lamp, suggest a warmth which is fully realised when one sleeps in pyjamas under a light but substantial eiderdown.

Primus stoves and their like are used for cooking; they are capable of bringing a quart of water to boil within a few minutes. Some campers prefer to take the larger meals of dinner and tea out, yet using their stoves for the convenience of immediate breakfast.

The primary advantage of this camping is rest. Time may be forgotten. Meals taken when hungry, and sleep when tired, are pleasant changes from the time-tables of civilisation. Rough, old clothes are not essential to this life. A good strong cloth, such as one would ordinarily wear in the country, will not get torn or dirty the quicker for camping in this manner. The cost of a week-end in a tent does not exceed the cost of living at home.

Fatigue, which undoes so much of the good of other sports, does not mar the pleasure, and both sexes

may participate. There are suitable sites all over the country, by the sea, and in the bush on hill-sides. The equipment can be carried by cyclist and motorist without inconvenience or ostentation.

The only drawback which can be pointed out is the danger of rheumatic troubles. Yet there is the case of one who was subject to lumbago until he camped this way, when it entirely disappeared!

Though each year sees fresh faces on the sites, the familiar ones very infrequently retire.

## Planning for a Picnic

To most people a picnic conjures up visions of long sunny days spent among delightful surroundings in the country or at the seaside; or of supper parties by moonlight. In any case, however, a very delightful part is the "eats," and to get the fullest joy from this form of entertainment entails careful planning and preparation beforehand. It is always wise to be generous in estimating quantities, for fresh air and pleasure are powerful aids to a good digestion. Food easy of transport should be selected and the aim should be to obtain a balanced and attractive meal. It is important not to have too much of one thing and not enough of another, therefore the accompaniments must be remembered if a successful picnic meal is to result.

If sandwiches are to take the place of fish and meat, allow four sandwiches to each person, and two sweet ones in addition to sweets and fruit.

For the sandwiches to be really attractive, bread a day old should be used, and the butter and filling should be carefully and evenly

spread to the edges. Both bread and butter, and sandwiches should be prepared beforehand and wrapped in grease-proof paper, to keep them moist.

In addition to the usual, some variety in sandwich fillings is desirable; for instance, sharp cheese seasoned with Worcester sauce, egg and tomato cream, raisins and cheese, hard-boiled eggs chopped and mixed with mayonnaise, lettuce and mayonnaise, sardines, cheese, cucumber, tomato, bananas.

Cakes and tarts should be packed securely with soft paper, filling the corners of the boxes so that no movement is possible. Jellies may be packed firmly in a box.

Salt and pepper have their dual container nowadays. It is made of glass and has two compartments; by sliding the lid either condiment may be sprinkled.

## Estimating Quantity

In estimating the quantity of tea, sugar and milk, allow rather more than the quantities which would be required for the same numbers at home.

The modern hostess will find that for the other equipment required she has a wide choice.

Paper table covers and napkins are to be had in beautiful designs, as also are compressed cardboard plates, which are very handy and economical.

For a party of four a set which would provide everything required consists of 4 plates 9ins. in diameter 4 of 7ins. in diameter, each with grease-proof lining which enables them to be used twice; 4 trays for sandwiches; 2 fruit trays; 4 drinking cups; 2 salt cellars and 4 serviettes.

Excellent paper towels, made up in packets of 25, will be found invaluable. These towels, although made of tough fibre and therefore readily absorbant, are soft and agreeable in use.

## Saving Weight

By providing the paper equipment the weight is considerably reduced and room is saved in the food hampers. It does away with "washing up." Consequently many people prefer the unfitted luncheon basket.

While to many the gathering of twigs and the lighting of the fire on which to boil the billy is a great pleasure, this is not always convenient, and so the solid fuel now obtainable in tablet form will prove a real boom, or even a spirit stove is not difficult to pack.

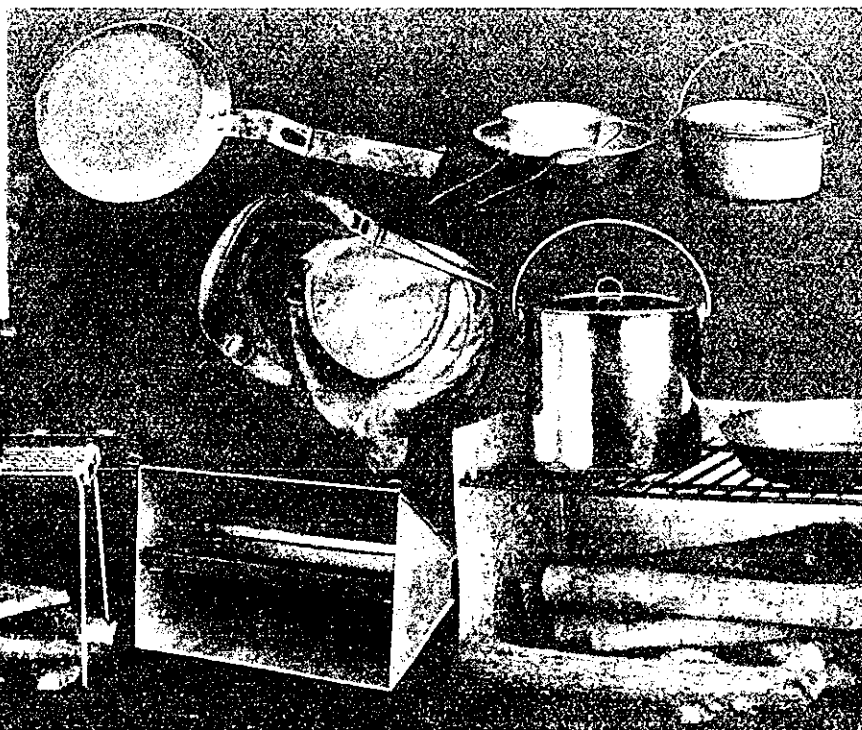
A vacuum flask is useful for carrying either hot or cold liquids. For small picnic parties all the drinks can be taken in one or two of these receptacles.

Before a vacuum flask is filled it should be rinsed with warm or cold water according to the temperature of the liquid it is to carry. Afterwards, it should be washed out with warm water and left to dry. The cork is best kept out when the flask is not in use.

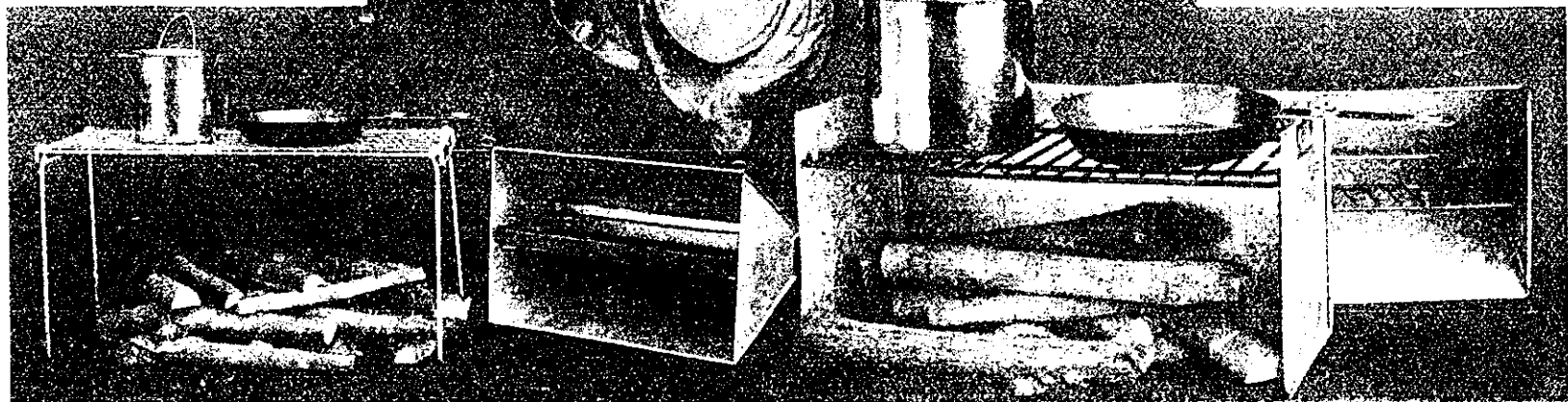
A new stopper made of vulcanite is an improvement upon the ordinary cork.

For the motor picnic where a little extra weight does not matter, most attractive fitted luncheon and tea baskets are to be had in great variety. These can be had containing a kettle fitted with a tea infuser, lamp and spirit container, milk bottle, tea and sugar canister, sandwich box, cups, saucers, plates and spoons.

Easily  
Packed



Camp  
Equipment





# The Lovely Shingled Hair That Comes With

# KOKO



*"Natural lustre restored."*

"KOKO is a lovely dressing for the hair, imparting a lustre not produced by any other hair preparation. There was a marked improvement when I started using KOKO, the colour improved, my hair became glossy again, and the natural lustre was restored."

*"Now quite wavy."*

"The first time I used KOKO I was convinced it is the most delightful hair dressing anyone could wish for. Neither oily nor greasy, beautifully clean and refreshing to use, KOKO has made my hair soft and glossy and quite wavy."

*"Stopped hair falling."*

"I find KOKO beautifully clean to use and delightfully refreshing to the scalp. KOKO is just lovely to keep the hair fluffy and wavy and it is the only thing I ever used that would stop my hair falling."

*(Extracts from Voluntary Testimony)*

You will find KOKO an exquisitely clean and remarkably refreshing dressing for Shingled Hair. For over 40 years it has been the World's Favourite Hair Dressing. Absolutely free from Dye or any harmful ingredients. Specially prepared without oil or grease to stop the hair falling out and getting thin. To keep the scalp clean and free from Dandruff. To make straight hair wavy, dull hair bright and glossy.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

In three sizes: 1/3, 2 9, 4/6.

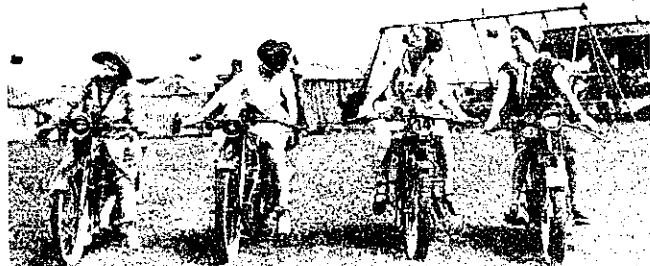
# Athletics and the Girl

The emancipation of women has progressed far during the present generation, and the once-styled "weaker sex" nowadays claim most of the privileges of their "lords and masters." But it is when we turn to girlhood we find the erstwhile "tom-boys" of the Victoria era were mild and docile creatures com-

The woman footballer is an odious sight, and does neither herself nor the game she travesties credit. The girl cricketer is in better case, but it is doubtful whether the strain of bowling is good for her, and certainly her batting lacks the grace and ease that we associate with that art. The art of running obvi-

she has to do these things in a feminine way, for grace and charm counts for far more than the beating of records. So the advice we offer to girls of New Zealand is the same we should offer to boys. Play games for fun and enjoy them. The minute they become as arduous as work, it is time to cry, "Hold, enough!"

The best time to enter the water is mid-morning or afternoon. The body temperature and vitality have then reached their normal, and the water is warmer. Early-morning bathing is not always a good thing even for the strong person, and has its dangers for the delicate; for the system is then more susceptible to the shock of chilling, and its nerve ganglia are more easily upset. Moreover, the body has been fortified by a meal which should be well on its way to full digestion before bathing. It is always risky to go into the water just after taking a full meal.



pared with the "flappers" as we know them now.

The exuberance of youth is to-day as strongly manifest in the female as in the male, and the former now enters into the field of athletics with as much vim as do our young men, and vie with one another for the laurels in all branches of strenuous sport.

There are many people who deplore this modern craze of women participating in all forms of sport. They would have girls stick to tennis in the summer and golf in the winter. It is certainly true that there must be a limit to the exertion undertaken by women, and that that limit must be placed well within their powers of endurance.

## When not to Bathe

(By Dr. Frederick Graves)

To the city worker, wearied with hot and dusty pavements, stuffy offices, and the smell of petrol, there is a thrill in the very thought of plunging into the cool summer waves, cleaving one's way through their salt freshness, lying on the golden sands, and inhaling the scents of the ocean. Apart, however from the actual physical

### TAKING IN OZONE

Sea bathing does us good in many ways. The action of the flow of salt water over the skin is stimulating and a tonic. Swimming is a splendid exercise that brings into play all the muscles. It encourages forced respiration, and so expands the lungs and air cells fully, and expels some of what the physiologist calls the "residual air." More than this, there is a reason to believe that our system, by means of the skin pores, the mucous membranes, etc., absorbs a certain amount of ozonised and iodised constituents of sea air and sea water that are most valuable to us, especially in the case of delicate people. Many a troublesome eruption or glandular swelling that has resisted treatment at home goes at the sea.

One danger of bathing is that one is often tempted to indulge too much, to stay in the water too long. One should be guided largely by inclination and the effect the exercise is having. It is better to underdo rather than overdo it.



ously ought to be encouraged, for if left to her own devices, the average woman, when she tries to run, flops along like a wounded bird, turns her feet out, and gets over the ground as awkwardly and as slowly as a street-vendor's toy.

Nothing but good can come from the encouragement of all girls to run easily from their hips, on their toes, and with their feet turning slightly inwards. On the other hand, in spite of the fact that some girls run better than men over broken ground, it is hardly wise for women to race for distances greater than a mile. There can be no possible benefit to a woman in having huge leg muscles or stomach muscles as hard as iron.

There is, too, the danger of a girl turning into a pot-hunter, and any man would prefer to have as a wife the early Victorian demure miss who fainted at the sight of a mouse rather than the masculine muscular giantess who talks forever in terms of handicaps and times, and would think a day wasted when she missed her skipping exercises and punch-ball before breakfast.

Every man likes a girl to swim well, dive neatly, hold a racquet, drive a golf ball, ride a horse, and, if possible, run easily and without getting too easily fatigued. But



dangers of accident, of cramp, of currents, and even of drowning, there are minor risks; and there are certain points that are worth remembering by those who go into the sea.

Many visitors to the seaside, in their anxiety to make the utmost of a short holiday, go in too often, or stay in too long, with the result that they return home tired and lose the benefits of the change.

## SUBNORMAL BOYS

The Elmsdale Special School for Backward Children is endorsed by leading members of the profession. Special methods which have proved most successful are employed to ensure satisfactory progress. The school is ideally situated in a health-giving district. Good accommodation and liberal fare provided. Provision is also made for skilled medical attention where necessary. There are a limited number of vacancies only. Parents are invited to communicate with the Principal, Mr. George Benstead.

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# Ashes of Roses

(BOURJOIS - PARIS)

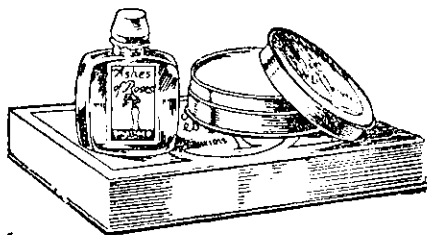
## SUPREME CONTENTMENT

—with herself is the happy possession of the woman who completes her toilet with *Ashes of Roses* — the exquisite creation of Bourjois, the famous French perfumer. *Ashes of Roses* Perfume holds the secret of the glorious roses of the South of France.



## Ashes of Roses

(Bourjois - Paris)



Perfume . . . . . 1 6, 10 6, 15 .	Soap, Bath, 3 in Box . . . . . 10 6 box
Face Powder . . . . . 4/6	Bath Crystals . . . . . 5-, 7-6
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Vanity Bag Compact Powder, in Gilt Case, with dainty Puff and Mirror . . . . . 3/- and 7/6	

Lovers of the shy and exquisite violet can now obtain this complete series scented with Bourjois' bewitching new Perfume, *Ashes of Violets*.

From all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores. 14

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

*Ashes of Roses* or *Ashes of Violets*.

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I enclose 2/6, please send, post free, the  
*Ashes of* . . . . . \* Presentation Case containing  
Perfume and Face Powder.

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AUCKLAND

## Selecting Shoes and Stockings

In making a choice of shoes for your outfit, ask yourself: "What do my clothes express—durability, frivolity, dignity, warmth, coolness?" Then, your shoes must be in keeping with the general scheme.

Fashions in shoes are now so changeable that to detail minutely what to choose for each garment from the numerous designs in the shops would be to defeat the purpose of these articles—which is to make every woman see for herself.

Many varieties are suitable for one purpose. Therefore a woman can follow her individual taste and still be right, so long as she sticks rigidly to the rule of having every garment and accessory express the same thing at the same time.

Good quality in a shoe is an excellent economy. It really does save money, because the shoes will keep their shape and appearance for a very long time if they are properly taken care of. You have a better chance of perfect fit and comfort. You do not introduce a cheap note into your outfit and so spoil it.

Good fit is of the greatest possible importance. A shoe should not be longer than your foot, but should comfortably clear your toes so that they do not actually touch. The long shoe destroys your balance and your ease in walking. You should feel the arch of the shoe beneath your instep. That is to say, unless a shoe gives you support along the entire length of your foot, it does not fit you. You will spoil the arch of your foot and grow easily tired if you are walking without support beneath the instep.

If your ankles are weak and turn over inwards, you can have a tiny yielding rubber pad fitting the inner

side of the arch of all your shoes which will correct this defect.

Never be so stupid as to buy shoes too tight. It makes your foot look bigger, it spoils your carriage and brings lines of weariness to your face. Big feet look neat and smart in well-cut, well-fitting shoes. Small feet are not beautiful except on small people.

Find a make of shoe which suits your foot and stick to it.

A delicate shoe with a fragile curved heel is very cruel to a heavy figure and a thick ankle. It accentuates these defects.

Shoes for town should express simplicity, good style and inconspicuousness. Remember that a black shoe is no longer inconspicuous, but a "matching" colour is.

To be smart, stockings *must* have back seams, and they must be put on straight and fit snugly round the ankles.

There are good makes of silk stockings at reasonable prices which wear splendidly and do not ladder. If you cannot afford these, wear chiffon lisle, which are very cheap, look very dainty, and can be obtained in lovely colours.

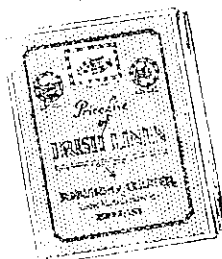
Light stockings must look spotlessly clean. Always clean all your leather shoes, whatever colour, black, brown, fawn, light or heavy, even golf brogues and goloshes with white shoe cream. You will never mark your stockings again. If you have used other polishes, wash them off with a little soap on a flannel wrung dry out of very hot water. Wipe with the plain water and leave them to dry.

Do not mend delicate silk stockings with darning silk. It is quite unsuitable. Use the finest sewing silk.

## IRISH LINEN DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS

Robinson & Cleaver have produced the finest linen on the market for over 50 years, by purchasing from them you ensure a **STANDARD QUALITY AT LOWEST PRICES**

Delivery of Goods is Guaranteed. Orders of over £10 Carriage Paid by Parcels Post to destination, or by Steamer to port of landing.



This beautifully illustrated Catalogue of Fine Irish Linens, together with Samples will be sent post free. Ask for No. 53 N.

### IRISH TABLE LINEN.

From the least expensive to the very finest. Table Cloths 2 yards square from 11/3 each with Napkins to match, 12/6 per dozen. Extra Heavy Unbleached All Linen Damask, by the yard. Width 56 inches 3/6 per yard.

### IRISH HOUSEHOLD LINENS.

Heavy Plain Cream Linen Sheetings, by the yard. Width 72 inches. 4/4 per yard. Extra Heavy Unbleached All Linen Huckaback Towelling. Width 24 inches. 1/8 per yard. Cream Linen Tea or Glass Towelling, 22 inches wide. 1/1 per yard.

### IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.

Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs from 4/9 per dozen; Men's size from 8/3 per dozen.

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Cut, made and laundered by our own work rooms. Best quality materials used throughout. Soft Fronted Shirts, Mercerised Twill. 5/11. Zephyr and Oxford from 9/6; Linen from 12/6; Poplin 15/- each.

Linen faced "Castle" Collars 12/- per dozen. WRITE FOR LIST OF MEN'S WEAR

**ROBINSON & CLEAVER**  
Irish Linen Manufacturers **BELFAST** The Home of Irish Linen  
NORTHERN IRELAND



“Oh! I wish all women could know”

She is a very wealthy woman. Her name is known in nearly every home. Her life has been filled with travelling, entertaining—with everything, in fact, that people ordinarily believe will make them happy. And yet, at the age of forty-five, she writes that she has just begun to enjoy life! “People have envied me,” her letter said: “They have believed me to be perfectly happy. They have imagined that I have always had a good time. But, as a matter of fact, I have been downright miserable most of the time. I have suffered as few women have suffered.

“I have gone through evenings that have been talked about as brilliant social triumphs when I could hardly stand to receive my guests.

“Physicians declared I was in good health, yet I knew I was almost a nervous wreck. No one seemed to be able to understand what I was going through. My family became annoyed with me. I went to many different physicians, but everyone told me the same thing, that there was nothing wrong with me. Of course, my feet ached and bothered me, but I believed such discomfort to be necessary if I wished to wear fashionable gowns and proper footwear to go with them.

“So I gave little thought to my feet, never dreaming that they might be the source of my misery.

And most women are learning these great facts. Hundreds of thousands have discovered for themselves this wonderful blessing—foot happiness. And these women are doing more than ever before, enjoying more than they ever did, helping more, living more. They have discovered that nothing helps them to be active like active feet, free nerves, unpaired energy. The Arch Preserver Shoe does so much more than ordinary shoes because it is differently designed and made. It has a concealed, built-in arch bridge that prevents all sagging in your feet.

This shoe also has a flat inner sole that prevents pinching of the nerves, bones and blood-vessels of the forepart of the feet. This means health and vigour.

The Arch Preserver Shoe supports where support is needed—in the arch—and bends freely where the foot itself bends.—Enquire to-day from Arch Preserver Distributors in the chief centres of New Zealand.

THE  
**ARCH PRESERVER  
SHOE**

Supports where support is needed  
Bends where the foot bends



CHICK



ROSE MARIE



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# PYORRHOEA

The dangers arising from using a gritty dentifrice are intensified in cases of Pyorrhoea. Above all things, your dentist will insist on a soothing non-irritant dentifrice such as Kolynos.

Kolynos contains no particle of grit whatever. Its regular use ensures strong white teeth, and makes for a condition of health in the mouth which is your constant safeguard against Pyorrhoea.

# KOLYNOS

## DENTAL CREAM

10-Day Tube FREE

Mail the Form

*It's the film on your teeth that makes them ugly*



Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it. Make those cloudy teeth glisten. Begin to-day this new way.



**EVERYWHERE** are whiter teeth, teeth that gleam and sparkle.

This offers you free a 10-day test of the way that brings them. Simply mail the form.

What you find will surprise you. Your teeth are covered with a dingy film that ordinary methods do not combat successfully.

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel that film. Under it are the prettier, whiter teeth you envy in others. If you combat that film, your teeth will quickly glisten in a way that will delight you. Ask your local dealer for a tube of Pepsodent. Results will amaze you.

### The great enemy of teeth

Film is the great enemy of tooth beauty. And a chief cause, according to world's dental authorities, of pyorrhoea and most tooth troubles. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. Germs by the millions breed in it. It holds food in contact with teeth, inviting the acid that causes decay.

You can't have prettier, whiter teeth; you can't have healthier teeth unless you combat that film.

To try a sample mail the form now. Don't expect the same results from old type dentifrices. Begin beautifying your teeth to-day.

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# Teeth Must Work

By LADY LAWFORD

The teeth are the only organs of the body that we are given a second chance with as it were. Sometimes they come with much pain and tribulation at an early age; go with many tears and enforced visits to the dentist, also at an early age! Then, Nature launches our second chance, and woe betide those who neglect this second and last instalment. Few people have sufficient understanding of what an important part teeth play in the scheme of general health. They were intended to be a chief factor in digestion, whereas nowadays they hardly do any work at all, because the majority of people eat as they live—soft.

Look at an ordinary dinner menu—"grape fruit" (no chewing to be done there), only the plate has any work: "soup," also nothing for the teeth to do; "soft fish," made soft by sauce; "a braised chicken," softer than the cream and truffles it is stuffed with; "asparagus," ice-cream there. In all that long dinner the teeth have not got ten minutes' real hard work to do, and so, like everything that is not used and used daily, deteriorate and become in time useless.

In the case of teeth this is a very serious affair indeed, for instead of being the active agents that produce the digestive saliva, they deteriorate to mere foreign bodies in the gum, in time becoming septic and nasty, and proceed to poison the blood, causing unpleasant pains in the arms and neck, to say nothing of how they make the breath of the

owner of these semi-useless lumps of decaying ivory anything but pleasant. The sufferer flies off to dentists who say the dread word "pyorrhoea"! They rush to the X-ray specialist to have their worst suspicions confirmed, hence to the anaesthetist and the dental chair, and with sore and bleeding gums live on milk and soup, dodging their friends till the sore and aching mouth can bear to have its first instalment of bright and shining teeth put in, when they once more face the light of day and tell everyone how much better they feel.

A little care and forethought could have saved all that—the chewing of hard crust or biscuit, just a few minutes a day, or, better than nothing, a tough steak. Then the twice daily cleansing with a plain water rinsing after lunch.

With some people bad teeth are constitutional, and no care in the world seems able to save them, yet very often strict attention to diet and a mild course of fruit and vegetables only with a twice daily massage of the gums will arrest decay.

To combat the film on teeth, cut an apple and rub the gums with it; also chew it well, and eject it. Do not rinse the mouth out after this, as the apple juice is a preservative. Chew as often as possible a crust of bread, and if the teeth are at all loose, hold raw diluted lemon-juice in the mouth for a minute at a time, three times a day, and *do not rinse the mouth afterwards*. In short, take care of the teeth from earliest infancy onward.

### Holiday Beauty Cures

Women are turning their normal holiday amusements to account in the cause of beauty. They are discovering that swimming, besides having a generally beneficial effect on the figure, prevents double chin or facial sagging muscles by the necessity of holding the mouth out of the water. Breast stroke should be practised for this.

Hatless holidays ruin the hair, but air baths and even exposure to the early morning sun, such as may be gained by going bareheaded to the early morning dip, make it glossy, thick, and full of life.

Tennis and dancing tend to thicken the ankles, but mountain climbing and hill walking render them slim and supple. Bathing the face with handfuls of the dew-soaked grass is an old-fashioned but excellent substitute for skin tonics.

### A Nasturtium Idea

Cut some brilliantly coloured nasturtiums—orange, yellow and red brownish—with their leaves and arrange in a glass bowl.

Squirt some aerated water from a syphon over the leaves of the flowers, but not the flowers themselves.

Set in a cool, dark place. In a

couple of hours the leaves will look as if covered with frosted dewdrops. A very cool and pretty decoration for a luncheon table.

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## Seeing New Zealand

As an outstanding New Zealand writer, Mr. James Cowan is too well known to need introduction to our readers.

His latest are two delightful volumes entitled "Travel in New Zealand." Volume One describes the North Island, and Volume Two deals with the South and Stewart Islands.

Mr. Cowan has an extensive knowledge of our land and is one of the few pakehas who is deeply versed in native lore, and he is probably the best fitted individual to write understandingly on New Zealand's manifold attractions.

The books are primarily intended as a complete guide for overseas tourists and settlers. They are, however, so delightfully written, and so informative, that all true New Zealanders should possess them.

In an introductory chapter the author gives a brief historical survey and an outline of sport in New Zealand. He stresses the attractions of the far north deep sea fishing areas.

Starting from Auckland, the reader is taken first to the Northern Peninsula, and then to the goldfields, Rotorua, the National Park, and so on, visiting every place of importance from the sightseer's point of view.

Mr. Cowan is familiar with the out-of-the-way places, and many of the trips he describes are quite new and well worth making.

Interwoven into the narrative are interesting historical side lights, and much of Maori folklore peeps out. A very valuable feature is the author's translations of native place names and their meanings.

In the second volume full justice is done the glory of our Southern Snow Kings and the infinite charm of lovely Lakeland. Stewart Island is also adequately described.

"See your own land first" is an excellent slogan, but before setting out to see it, the perusal of one or both of these travel books will add immeasurably not only to your knowledge of the land you live in, but also to the enjoyment and profit you will derive from your journeying.

Both books are admirably illustrated, and there are some hundreds of excellently reproduced pictures, and also a number of good maps.

Our copy through the publishers, Whitecombe & Tombs, Ltd.

That great traveller, J. H. Curle, has given us a new book, not one of travel this time, but one of philosophy.

In "Today and Tomorrow," with a subtitle "The Testing Period of the White Race," Mr. Curle compresses his years of observation of mankind in all climes, and from out of his experiences he philosophises on the fitness of the white race to continue as the dominant type. In the natural world the author, while not denying a plan in creation, sees only ceaseless and senseless strife. Millions of creatures are born only to be almost immediately destroyed. Even mankind seems to be infected with this propensity of nature. We breed fine men and send them out to be killed on the battlefields and the unfit survive and persist lower-

## The Bookman's Corner

ing the standard of the white stock. Mr. Curle sees danger in the East. The negroid type he dismisses as a negligible quantity, a race that is an anachronism, a type that has been forgotten by evolution. In the coming struggle for world's supremacy his fear is of the yellow peoples. The Japanese are already awake, but what of China when she stirs from her age-long sleep?

The book is a remarkable survey of the world's peoples and is very finely written. It is clear and concise in reasoning and is certainly a volume provocative of thought.

Seldom has a first novel created such an impression as has a first effort by Helen Beauclerk. The book is entitled "The Green Lacquer Pavilion." It is not exactly a novel, but is more in the nature of a phantasy—a fairy tale for grown-ups. The period is the latter part of the eighteenth century. The guests in an English country house are gathered together in the drawing-room, when, by some magical process, they are suddenly transported to an Eastern garden, in which the outstanding feature is a green lacquer pavilion. From then on many wonderful things happen to these bewildered people: They are captured by pirates; some are held as slaves; some find themselves marooned on an island in the Indian Ocean, one finds himself in the court of far Cathay, but in the end all are taken back to the garden of the green lacquer pavilion, and thence find themselves back again in the drawing-room.

The charm of this impossible, though delightful, story rests not so much in the adventures of the house party guests as in the brilliant and poetical phraseology in which the author clothes her story.

The book has met with a great reception by English critics, and it is predicted that it may yet take its place as a classic in our literature. (Collins).

Mr. H. G. Wells' new novel, "The World of William Clissold," has created a great stir in England. It is remarkable, inasmuch as the author introduces a number of outstanding present-day personalities under their own names.

Mr. Wells, through the mouth of William Clissold, is scathing in his criticisms. Prominent politicians, dignitaries of the church, and famous people in the world of science are all mercilessly dealt with.

We may take it that this book represents Wells' matured conclusions, and his opinions on the world and the trend of present-day affairs. He also essays a prophetic peep at the future.

The novel is divided into six books, and is being published in three volumes, two books in each volume.

While on the subject of Wells, we note that Collins Bros. are shortly reprinting most of his earlier works in a neat, thin paper,

autograph pocket edition.

In a world which is producing so many ultra-modern novels, it is refreshing to pick up and read "The Proper Place," a new book by O. Douglas. The author, Lady Douglas, is a sister of John Buchan, and is the writer of those remarkably successful novels, "Penny Plain," "Pink Sugar," "The Setons," and others.

"The Proper Place" is a story of the New Poor and the New Rich. Lady Jane Rutherford and her daughter, Nicole, have to sell their beautiful home in the Borders to Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, of Glasgow, and go to a fishing village in the East Neuk of Fife. The story tells of their experiences in their new life, and of Mrs. Jackson's struggles to live up to her position. Kindly, talkative Mrs. Jackson is a most engaging figure, and, indeed, all the characters are living, breathing people, such as O. Douglas so well knows how to draw. There is humour in the book, and pathos, as well as a sound philosophy. (Hodders).

"The Master of Mystery" is an apt title for Mr. William Le Queux. He has written dozens of mystery stories in his own inimitable way, and here is another, "The Letter E."

Screaming melodramatically: "You! You! How I hate and detest you," a woman reels against Ralph Remington as he is coming out of a night club, and suddenly Ralph is in the toils of a double mystery. Thus is the reader launched into a story as entrancingly baffling as any Le Queux has ever written.

The story revolves round the person of Lady Erica Thurston, who, Ralph discovers, is held in some inexplicable and horrible bondage by a gang of murderous thieves. That Ralph learns to love Erica, and that their story is full of breathless episodes goes without saying. (Cassell).

Mr. John Buchan's new novel, "The Dancing Floor," deals with modern English life. It is told by Sir Edward Leithen, who was one of the chief characters in "John Macnab." It is the tale on the one hand of a young Englishman who is haunted all his life by a dream, and on the other of a girl, the heiress to a Greek island, who, out of a quixotic sense of honour, faces alone a great peril. In the final scenes the destinies of the two are intertwined in a notable test of courage. The book is at once a love story, a story of adventure, and a study of modern youth. (Hodder & Stoughton).

Messrs. Collins Bros. have added four excellent novels to their cheap Colonial Library. "Over the Border," by H. Whitaker, is an excellent Western story; "The Depths

of Prosperity," a remarkable society story by Phyllis Bottome; "The Black Diamond," by F. Brett Young, a powerful novel of life in sordid surroundings, through which, however, shines the gleam of gold, and "Birthright," by T. S. Stribling, the story of a young negro's triumph in his struggle for an education and the recognition of his right to a place in the sun. All four are most readable books.

Here is the introduction to "A Ten Round Contest," a book by Ronald Campbell, a new writer:

"Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, your kind attention, please! This ten-round contest is no world's championship, but I can promise you a genuine clash, hard punching, and every round fought to the gong. I won't delay you, but ask the timekeeper to commence the contest, and may the best man win.

"Seconds out of the ring—first round—time!"

It is a collection of boxing stories, and everyone a little masterpiece of its kind.

If an admirer of the fistic art, you should read this book.

## Recommended Book List

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Barry, J.—*The Ports of Auckland* - - - - - 5/-  
 Best, E.—*Games and Pastimes of the Maori* - - - 17/6  
 Crane, M.—*Yarns From a Windjammer* - - - - - 10/-  
 Haslam, J. H.—*Scenes in Southland: Choice Poems by a New Zealand Author* 2/6  
 Huchfawn, Fay.—*Poems From a Quiet Room* - - - - - 3/6  
 Lubbock, P.—*The Craft of Fiction* - - - - - 4/6  
 Milne, A. A.—*Four Plays—One-Act Plays of Today—Third Series* - - - - - 4/6  
 Robinson, J. H.—*The Mind in the Making* - - - - - 4/6  
 Van Loon, H. V.—*The Liberation of Mankind* - - - 10/-

## FICTION.

- Belloc, Hilaire—*The Emerald* 6/-  
 Farnol, Jeffery—*The High Adventure* - - - - - 6/-  
 Leacock, Stephen—*Winnoced Wisdom* - - - - - 6/-  
 Maugham, W. Somerset—*The Casuarina Tree* - - - 6/-  
 Roberts, Cecil—*Little Mrs. Mammington* - - - - - 6/-  
 Stratton-Porter, Gene—*The Keeper of the Bees* - - - 6/-  
 Dell, Ethel M.—*The Top of the World* - - - - - 3/6  
 Framaku, Gilbert—*Life and Erica* - - - - - 3/6  
 Gibbs, Sir Philip—*The Reckless Lady* - - - - - 3/6  
 Orzy, Baroness—*The Triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel* - - - - - 3/6  
 Pelley, William Dudley—*Dray* - - - - - 3/6  
 Wright, Harold Bell—*A Son of His Father* - - - - - 3/6

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# National Council of Women

The Mirror is the Official Organ of the N.Z. Council

## Conference on Child Welfare

The Auckland Branch of the National Council of Women of New Zealand launched upon one of the greatest undertakings of any branch when it decided to hold a three days' Conference on Child Welfare. The meetings were held in the College Hall of the Auckland University, on October 26th, 27th and 28th.

### FIRST DAY :

Dr. Hilda Northcroft, President of the Auckland Branch, occupied the chair. The conference was opened by Mr. J. A. Warnock, Deputy-Mayor, who, as a member of the Auckland City Council's Parks Committee, was particularly interested in the Playgrounds Association, and he strongly advocated the provision of a greater number of small playgrounds in the City.

The first address on "The Mother" was delivered by Mrs. A. G. Talbot, who stressed the desire of the modern mother to hand to her children a richer and fuller heritage than she had herself enjoyed. Not only so, when her own were pledged it was her duty to give to the younger mothers the benefit of her experience. There was no doubt that the lessons imparted in the nursery had their reflection in the later history of the nation.

Mrs. A. M. Niblock, followed with a paper on "The Home and the Child," and dealt with the realisation of the physical and spiritual traits inherited by children.

Mrs. John Cook (Dominion President) followed upon the lines of the last speaker, emphasizing the necessity of the mother inviting and enjoying the full confidence of her child.

In the evening, Dr. H. Northcroft (Mrs. W. H. Parkes, President of the Auckland Plunket Society, presiding) dealt with matters relating to Ante-Natal care, stressing the very great importance of early advice and care. She stressed the point of the mentally defective mother, which is the greatest problem with which the National Council of Women is at present dealing, and expressed regret at the dilatoriness of the Government in giving effect to the Commissions' recommendations. Dr. Truby King featured the unprepared state of many present day women for motherhood as compared with the instinctive right living of the primitive people.

### SECOND DAY :

Dr. G. Brunton Sweet's paper concerned the "ex-baby." He said that undoubtedly children who lived in areas without proper playing space benefited by being sent to Kindergarten; at the same time he deplored anything that deprived children up to five or six years of their morning sleep. He advocated the mother's supervision of the child's play and deprecated eating between meals.

Miss Kennedy followed with a paper upon Kindergarten, emphasizing the need of companionship amongst children, and the inability

teachers who lacked the incentive of high pay and social attainment as reward of their endeavours. "The shrine of the child's own personality



A SEA NYMPH—WITH HEADGEAR

New Era Co., Auckland

of the busy mother to give the supervision to her child she would only be too glad to afford.

Dr. Paterson (Director of School Hygiene) speaking of the School Child viewed her subject from the viewpoints of diets, fresh air and sunlight; particularly in regard to diet. She thought that backward children could be afforded considerable assistance.

Mr. J. Shaw (Auckland Training College) opened the evening Conference with an address on Primary Education, stressing particularly the fine missionary enthusiasm of many

must be preserved inviolate, while fitting him for community service."

Mr. H. E. Longworth (Director of Physical Education) was the next speaker, taking as his topic the effect of physical exercises in schools, their influence in correcting postural defects and as a counter balance to mental work. He urged that very much needed to be done in this direction.

### THIRD DAY :

Miss S. E. Jackson presided in the afternoon, and a most instructive paper was delivered by Dr. Buck-

ly Tarkington on "The Mind of the Child." The most appealing point of her address was the fault of grading children for instruction on the basis of age. When the child seemed backward it was the first charge of those responsible to ascertain the cause; particularly this applied in the case of children who were nervous or dreamy. She believed in clinics for the measurement of the standard of the physical and mental development of children.

Mrs. N. Ferner (Member of Board of Education and President of the Play Association) followed with a paper on "Play and Character Moulding." After dealing with all the characteristics that go to making "the playing of the game" Mrs. Ferner made a very earnest appeal that there should be more playing spaces for the young folk, as quite a large proportion of these who attended the football and cricket matches were only onlookers because they had not the opportunity to be players.

"The Problem Child" was dealt with by Dr. Mildred Staley and Miss Jean Begg. Dr. Staley whose views are well known to all of us, made an eloquent plea for "the child's sick soul," pointing out that the delinquencies of childhood were really in most cases the diversion of natural instincts into the wrong channel. Miss Jean Begg followed with a supporting address.

Mr. J. Beck, Superintendent of Child Welfare, dwelt upon the more important aspects of "The Child Welfare Act," ascribing its introduction at an earlier stage than otherwise would have been, to the work of the Auckland Community Welfare Council, whose Children's Charter has been accepted by all interested as a model document.

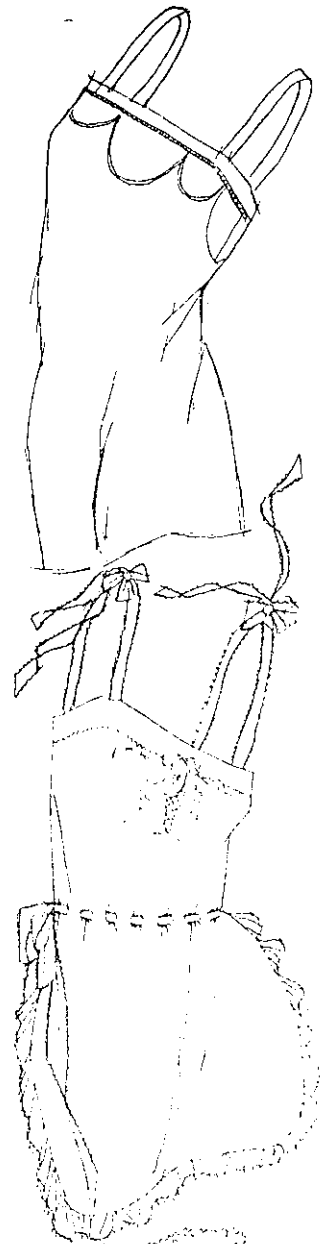
Mr. C. J. Tunks, in a very lucid delivery, stated he had been asked to criticise the new Act but that it was too early to level criticism of a drastic nature. He would advocate, however, that all legislation regarding children should be consolidated into one Act; that an illegitimate child should be entitled to share in the estate of the father in the event of intestacy; he certainly thought that there should be a department established to include the administration of child welfare, widows' pensions, supervision of the feeble-minded and bureaux for information and research.

The proceedings closed with an appeal by Mr. E. C. Cutten on behalf of the Young Citizens' League, and votes of thanks to the Auckland University College, to the Press, to the Speakers and to the exhibitors who had supplied material for the information of those attending.

[There was so much of paramount importance on the subject of Child Welfare and Motherhood discussed at the recent Conference of the National Council of Women (New Zealand Branch) that *The Mirror* hopes in its future issues to publish papers from several prominent authorities in the earnest hope that the imparted knowledge may be of help to young mothers.

—Ed. *The Mirror*.]

# Your most precious underthings



EVERY year your underthings grow daintier, lovelier, more delicate—and more easily ruined. Yet, without a moment's worry about their care, you select the filmy things you love, because you *know* they'll last and keep their freshness. For you see to it that your precious underthings are never washed with anything but Lux.

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# The Creative Impulse in the Child

"Behold the child among his newborn blisses,  
A six-years' darling of a pigmy size;  
See where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,  
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,  
With light upon him from his father's eyes!  
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,  
Some fragment from his dream of human life,  
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art."

The child's interests are many and varied, and to develop these fully we must give freedom, for through freedom and interest development along the lines of nature proceeds steadily and normally.

In no better way can freedom be allowed to the child than by presenting him with all the conditions for a choice of problem and materials for "work of his own hand," eagerly demanded and into which he throws himself with whole-hearted absorption. This freedom, backed by the sympathy of an adult who understands the child's needs and can utilise his interests, will pave the way upward to higher planes of achievement, knowledge, and understanding.

The creative impulse, as witnessed in constructive work, stands out pre-eminently among the interests and is common to the majority of normal children.

Its beginnings are seen in babyhood, at that destructive rampageous period when the active inquiring spirit creates havoc all along the line, burrowing into the inner workings of everything—putting the gramophone out of action, scribbling on the walls after successfully removing the paper thereof, peeping inside the pan of rising bread, splashing lather like daddy.

These very natural desires of babyhood must have lawful outlets if the disastrous effects to household goods and grown-up belongings are to be avoided; but the thwarting of curiosity and the craving for activity are a most serious disaster, for the child will suffer mentally and physically if he cannot satisfy these needs.

There is to the understanding, few more pitiful sounds than the deep, resigned sigh of the little active child, swept off its feet when set on some most alluring journey, and shaken into quiet. How can the active growing mind and limbs settle to the acquired static condition of an elderly person or indolent nurse-maid?

The tiny child in the nursery will use any material which comes to his hands merely for the sake of the activity and not for any purpose aim—immediate or distant. He enjoys tearing paper, delighting in the crackling noise and the joy of ripping it in every direction; the

## How Mothers may Direct the Development of the Constructive Faculties of their Children

By EVELYN KENWICK.



pencil or chalk with which he scribbles, and the paint-brush scrubbed over a surface provide him with the same pleasurable experiences.

This first interest in experimenting with materials, this destructiveness, plays a great and important part in the child's mental and physical life. Futile and valueless as these activities appear at first sight, they must be regarded as a natural phase in development; for through them muscular control, independence, preservation of faith in himself are strengthened with a steady increase of ideas and a widening of interest.

By means of free play with toys and domestic apparatus (such as

somewhat perturbed at the lightening speed with which the clothes were fashioned. Mary's methods were primitive to a degree; having chosen the material and cut a hole for the doll's head to slip through, she kept the dress in position on the doll's body by a ribbon waist-band. Then the little parent's face glowed with happiness as she saw the garment she had made fulfilling a garment's purpose, viz., to cover.

"Why did Mary prefer these crude efforts to beautifully dressed dolls?" her mother asks herself, and: "Do these primitive attempts lead on to anything, or should I show Mary better ways of dressing so that she will learn neatness and make some-

reason that "cotton dresses are better for the summer, serge and velvet are too hot." So that through these first crude attempts the forces of suggestion, imitation and observation have been unconsciously at work, stirring and stimulating the child's reasoning powers. Mary has definitely arrived at a further stage of development both in mental attitude and actual workmanship.

As I write I have before me examples of other types of constructive work carried out by children of different ages, all of whom have had the wider experiences of trained adults to appeal to. An examination of these may help to prove the truth of the old maxim that "we learn by doing" and also to illustrate the power which this interest yields in the intellectual, physical, and moral life of the child.

Here is a scrap-book made by five-year-old Colin with pictures cut from catalogues and old picture-books, which is very illuminating when considered in the light of Colin's interests, attainments and development in three short weeks. The first few pages show a total disregard of arrangement, method of procedure, and inability to relate the pictures one to another. The early cut-outs, with their jagged edges, show that the child had very little control over his tools. Elephants and soldiers take their place with chickens of the same size cut from the same scrap-sheet, fancy goods from a draper's catalogue of twice the animals' dimensions are plastered on the same page.

After turning over half-a-dozen pages it is interesting to note that Colin has begun to classify his cut-outs and is using some judgment in his work. This page shows a train which has been carefully pasted at the foot of the page, while pencils and chinks have also been used to develop the picture—railway lines, signals, telegraph wires, sky and field being added. Still another page shows soldiers grouped in twos. This was a favourite page which gave Colin great joy in counting the men—thus he acquired much facility in dealing with groups of numbers. The book points to the fact that there has been a development in ideas as well as in manipulation of tools.

The Kindergarten children in Marjorie's school have made a pillar-box of corrugated paper covered with red paper in which the children are free to post letters to little friends; these are to be collected and delivered at certain times during the week. Marjorie's mother thoughtlessly remarks to her friends that the children are always "making and playing" and she does wish that they could be "taught to work instead." If she deferred passing such hasty and superficial judgments until she had considered the methods in the light of scientific educational research she might be surprised to find that though "making and playing" Marjorie is working very hard and is making great progress in both reading and writing because



CAMERA SHY

Youthful Members of the Maori Race.

A New Era Photo

washing and cleaning materials), a sand-tray, nests of bricks, chalks and blackboard, pencils, a Noah's ark, trolleys and so on, the child is prepared for the next stage.

In the baby stage he builds up, breaks down and rebuilds until the destructive tendencies are gradually sublimated and transformed into the higher and universal interest of creating or constructing.

Because this desire to create is recognised as a common characteristic of most normal children, the educator of young children should make it the centre of the educational programme and from it allow the paths of wider intellectual interests to diverge as development proceeds.

A year ago, when Mary was four years old, much of her time was engrossingly occupied in constructing doll's dresses. Her mother was interested and amazed at the child's power of concentration, though

thing worth-while?"

The first question can only be answered by observing that Mary's own work carried out in obedience of her creative impulse with the wonderful experience of "joy in the making" naturally gives a lasting happiness far beyond the evanescent pleasure aroused by the finished productions of other minds and hands.

Looking back over a year's interval the mother finds that time has given her the answer to the second question. Mary, now five years old, has used her mental powers, and a record of natural progress can be made; by observing and comparing her methods and her mother's, she sees that the use of newspaper patterns will result in her family being (relatively) well turned out. At the same time materials are chosen to satisfy some ideas of colour, while seasonal changes lead her to



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## The Creative Impulse in the Child

(Continued From Page 59)

the teacher has found a motive for bringing the children to a realisation of these arts. And we must compute among the grains much knowledge incidentally acquired, for Marjorie now knows how and why the Penny Post came into existence, and how messages were previously transmitted, so that Marjorie is having her first history lessons in a living and forceful way.

Six-year-old John's stamp-collecting craze was turned to good account in the construction of his stamp album, and the home-made book reveals itself to me as of far greater value than the most beautifully bound volume of a celebrated philatelist. Help was given in finding the most economical method of measuring the rectangles for the stamps, but John ruled the pages all by himself, and in counting the number of stamps which could be mounted on the page he discovered how to build up his six times table; for six stamps would go on one line, twice times six on two lines, and so on. As he counted the names of the countries to be included in his book he was led naturally to

was helped to mark the lines of the principle railways, while at the same time an impetus was given to the study of the history of transport from present times back to the days when George Stevenson's Rocket changed the outlook of the world. This study was further pursued to primitive times and through the ages. The railway guide became Charles's standard textbook, and many were the hours he spent pondering times, distances, and cost of the various journeys, inasmuch that he assimilated many working mathematical ideas. Thus through this absorbing interest he could truly be said to be educating himself.

In the same way, beginning with the model of a ship, Marcus's interest led him into a number of unforeseen avenues dealing with geographical and historical schemes. Marcus chose to make a model of a liner from empty boxes, gas-mantle boxes, and other waste material, and then used his map of the world for finding steamship routes and distances of journeys as outlined by the shipping companies which had



*George and Pamela Carter, of Invercargill.*

*W. McLean*

the contemplation of the map. His mother seized the opportunity of helping to classify the countries, with the result that John learnt the term "continent" with its definition in a living connection rather than in a formal school lesson. The capital of each country is given with the country, the British possessions and so forth are named, showing that John has accumulated a wealth of geographical and historical information incidentally through this work. Also the care with which he has written his statement points to the fact that penmanship when accompanied by a motive has a greater opportunity to acquire beauty (and character training through the effort put forth) than that which is merely an end in itself done under compulsion as was the copy-book work of the old regime.

A model of a train made by seven-year-old Charles led to the study of the railway systems of England, and great was Charles's enthusiasm when he was given a large map of England and Wales into which he

liberally supplied him with literature and pictures, a delightful help in the drudgery of reading lessons. From liners he turned to the making of ships other than liners, and a model warship was used to turn his thoughts to the Navy. Again, interest was stimulated further, and a fine series of models illustrating ships through the ages proved that he had used his powers of thought in the reading and research required for the work.

There is always this widening of the circle as the work proceeds, with great possibilities of getting related, associated ideas through constructive work acting as a stimulus to thought, provided that there is guidance so that ideas will be amplified and developed. Interest in constructive work arouses thought naturally, and thought thus aroused can be directed into many related subjects.

These are but a few examples of the way in which constructive work may be made of intellectual

# The Creative Impulse in the Child

(Continued From Page 59)

value in childhood, but they might be multiplied indefinitely. When one examines the possibilities of creative work and the part it may be made to play in the child's life one wonders why it should not be given a more honourable and prominent part in the school and home. The failure seems to be in the fact that a misunderstanding still exists as to what is meant by education.

Anything of a practical nature is too often regarded as a little or no variety in the school life of the child, only book work is supposed to be included under the term education.

Why not a children's cookery book, which would encourage direction throughout life! The writer could so easily show that in the early stages of carrying out recipes mathematical ideas may be acquired through cookery, and in later years the development of a scientific interest through the study of food values. A cookery book on these lines would win a grateful welcome from those educationalists who are trying to unite the two sides, allowing the practical to take precedence over the theoretical in the early years, than leading on to the theoretical while maintaining an even balance between these two aspects:

*"As it was better youth should strive  
Through acts uncouth towards  
making  
Than rest on aught found made."*

Education which ignores the child's cravings to create, crowding out all opportunities for personal experimentation, and choosing rather to prevent ready-made doctrines and theories to the children, denies the child its right to mental freedom.

Though the advocates of the old school system would have us believe that the problems of the arithmetic and grammar book are all that the child requires, modern scientists cannot accept such views, because they are neither in the line with

childish interests nor do they free the inner powers so that the reasoning faculty is kept alert as in the case in the solution of constructive problems.

Through handwork the child is enabled to be independent to others from his earliest days and to preserve the characteristics of his own individuality.

As a great living educator reminds us: "Only with children who have specialised intellectual abilities is it possible to secure mental activity without participation of the organs of sense and of the muscles."

In initiating his own problems, working with an end in view, choosing material and means by which the end may be attained, then experimenting and working with an element of uncertainty and often lighting with happy surprise upon new discoveries, judgment has to be exercised and retrogression of reasoning powers is prevented.

Parents may reassure themselves that there is no fear that the children will be backward through spending too much time on constructive work, for, as we have seen, it contains within itself the beginnings of all the school "subjects," and the very exigencies of the work call for reading, writing, history geography, mathematics, science, and composition, provided always that there is guidance to help the child feel the need for such subjects.

Constructive work proves a strenuous form of moral discipline, for the child has to face difficulties and shoulder responsibility, both of which demand effort and continuity of purpose to fight through to the end in view. This develops character and grit far better than any so-called disciplinary task imposed from without.

This work, too, keeps alive that glorious spirit of joy which is the heritage of normal healthy childhood and ensures that our children "remain sensitive to the intimation of adventure."

The field of choice is very wide for material wherewith to satisfy the constructive impulse, for we see children left to their own resources experiment with things at hand. Paper, scissors, pencils, chalk, paints, clay, string, cardboard, textiles, sewing materials, a carpenter's bench, with a few good tools and waste material such as empty match and shoe boxes, tins, and so forth, give ample scope.

In the wide use of these materials the home, school, and lay life is lined up, and in this way we can follow the child's interests and realise his need for work proceeding from the concrete to the abstract on the natural lines of development so that he becomes a useful member of society, able to adapt himself to his environment, and capable of meeting the hardships and difficulties of life in a spirit of happiness resulting from wide and enduring interests.

# Soothes when nothing else will



When baby cries—that is the time for Woodward's Gripe Water, the safe old English cure.

Here is the testimony of a mother, who also happens to be a trained nurse:—"My own little boy, who is now three years old, was very nervy and cross as a baby, and could not sleep for any length of time! I used Woodward's Gripe Water, after trying other things, and found it acted like magic in quieting nerves, etc." For seventy years Woodward's Gripe Water has earned similar praise. It acts like magic, and it cannot do any harm.

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and all the hundred-and-one ills to which baby is heir.

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LET---

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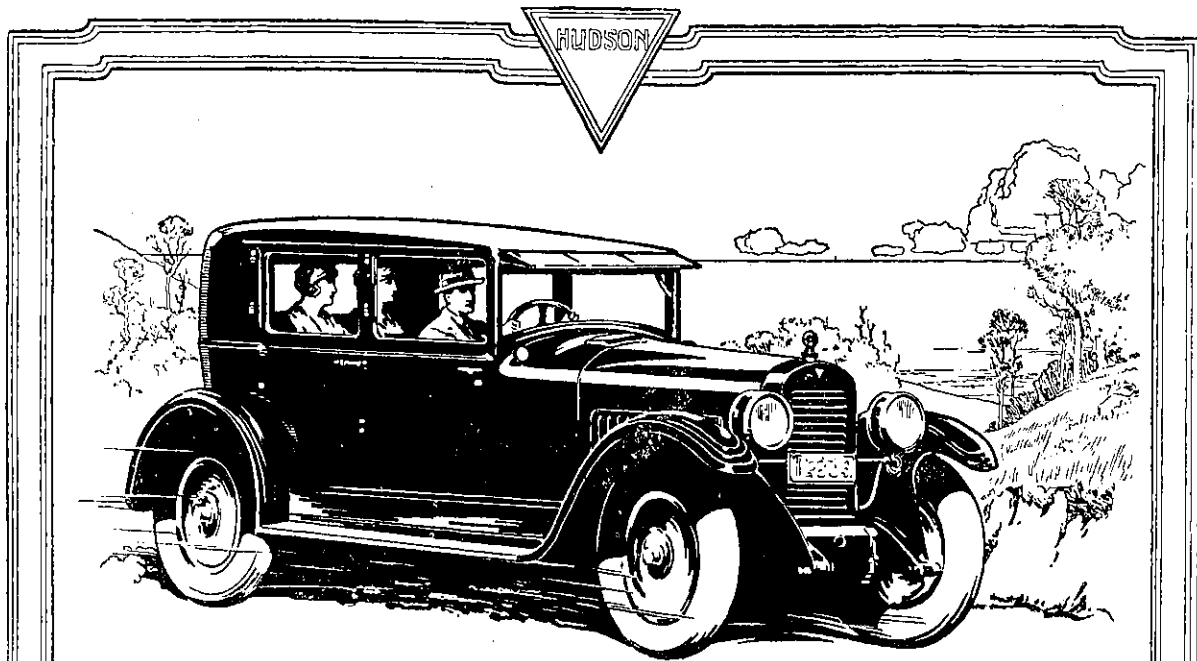
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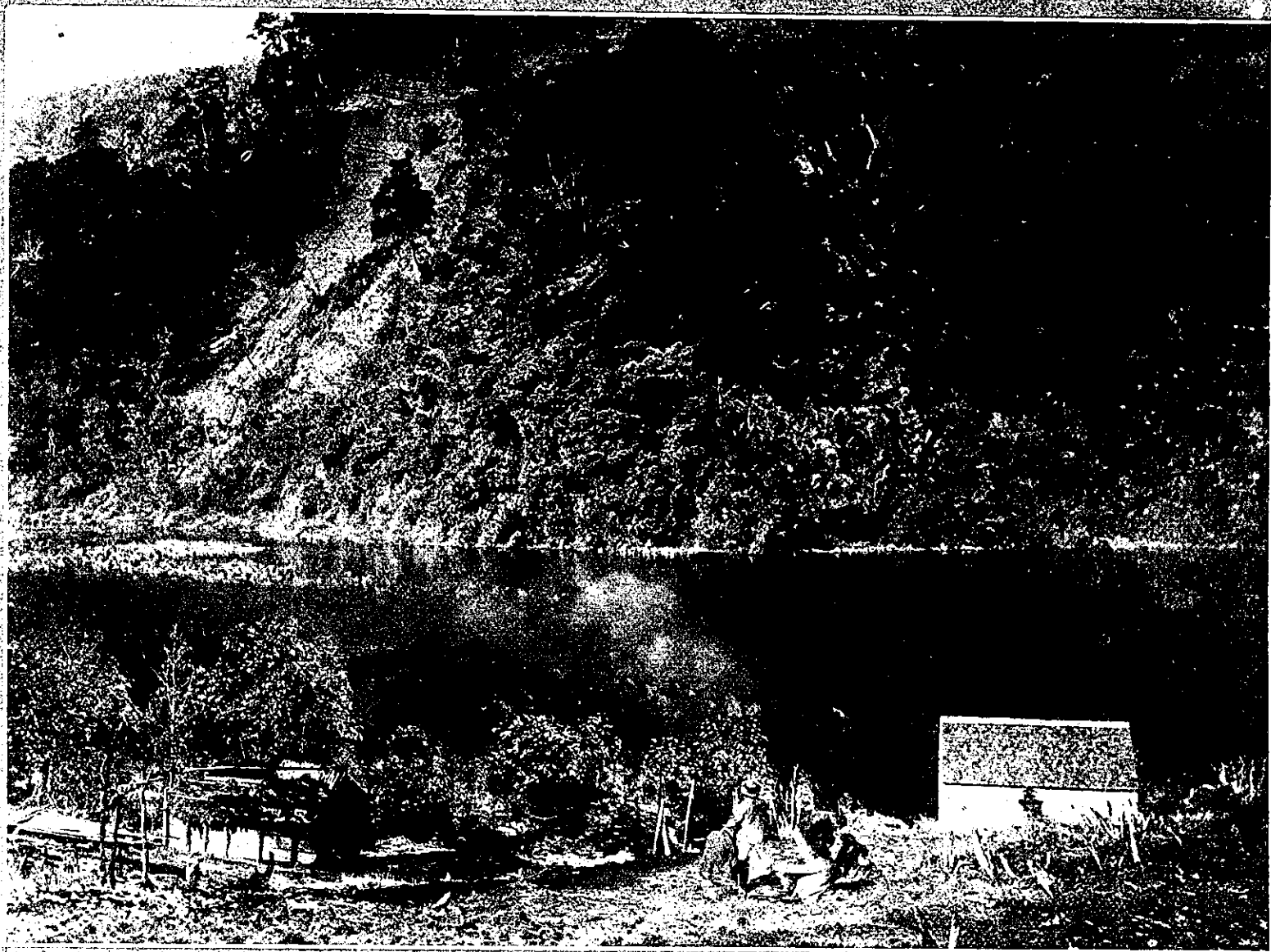
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☞ ☞ A Sportsman's Camp at Makau Inlet, Lake Waikaremoana ☞ ☞



—Government Publicity Department

# The King's Highway

A MOTORING CAUSERIE

☞ by Sancho

Most car owners, with the holidays just ahead, are thinking hard about the long trail of the year, when, with workaday cares left behind, they roam the countryside for the big outing of twelve months. The first question, usually soon disposed of by most of us, is what sort of a holiday it is to be—a big round tour; a run to some point of special interest, with the car used thereafter for excursions in the neighbourhood and the return home; or a quiet, leisurely perambulation to no very distant areas. Then there is the question of whether our peregrination is to be via a chain of de luxe hotels—or at any rate such hostelries as are at least remote from that description—or whether we shall live and dine *al fresco* and couch at dewy eve on the none-too-soft bosom of Mother Earth.

\* \* \*

One cannot, alas, prescribe a holiday that will give universal satisfaction. To rheumatically joints, the big open spaces of the Tonga-

riro National Park, and the mountain rambles on Egmont are attractive more in theory than in practice. To active youth, on the other hand, the tranquil placidity of a real good loaf in, say, pretty little Oleoroire might pale at an early stage. Where the party is all of one mind the choice is fairly easy, but when it is of mixed inclination more circumspection is necessary if everybody is to return home feeling they have had the time of their lives.

\* \* \* \*

Motorists who have not done the Rotorua and Taupo run will doubtless be keen to visit those parts, and will be well advised to do so by one of the various routes. For a family tour, with father to foot the bill for everybody, an extended sojourn in the thermal district has a way, however, of being far from inexpensive, unless great restraint is shown in the number of excursions. There are numerous touches of 2/-. 5/-. 7/6 per head, and so on, to see the sights en route, and the sum

total, multiplied by, say, four may grow formidable long before it is felt that everything worth while has been viewed.

\* \* \* \*

People in the southern portion of the island have so far failed properly to appreciate the attractions of Te Aroha as the objective of a summer tour. Here there is something to please everybody, young and old, active and lazy. The boys can amuse themselves scaling Te Aroha Mountain's 3126 feet, and enjoy the glorious far-flung panorama over the Bay of Plenty and the Waikato Country. Mother will find the beautiful sanatorium domain, with its croquet lawns and shady nooks in the gardens to her taste. Father will appreciate the bowling green, and the young boy the tennis courts, and everybody will be keen on the bathing and boating in the winding, willow-fringed river. Then, too, excursions may be made to the Hauraki gold-fields region, and the mining areas of the rugged Karangahake Gorge

viewed. Finally, to the south there is quite a good day's outing to see the Wairere stream leap its 360 feet down from the ranges in two great jumps.

\* \* \* \*

On the East Coast a good holiday ground will be found at Waikaremoana. En route, the fine Te Reinga Falls may be visited—a side run of about fifteen miles from Frasertown on the Wairoa-Waikaremoana road. Mr. Pember Reeves thought those falls so beautiful that when he first published his well-known book on New Zealand, "Aotearoa," he put in a picture of them as a frontispiece. Even today, nearly thirty years later, few New Zealanders find their way to this beauty spot. The road is metalled, and if you are on a motor camping tour, you will feel well repaid by an over-night halt near Te Reinga. Before climbing the hill to Waikaremoana, the power house is worth inspection, and when

(Continued on Page 65)



*H*AVING ONCE ENJOYED THE EXHILARATING ACTION OF THE NEW 90-DEGREE EIGHT-CYLINDER CADILLAC, FELT THE EAGERNESS OF ITS RESPONSE, BEEN ENVELOPED BY ITS LUXURY AND ITS ELEGANCE—YOU WILL BE TOO CRITICAL TO BE SATISFIED WITH ANYTHING EXCEPT THE NEW 90-DEGREE CADILLAC ITSELF.

General Motors New Zealand Limited

WELLINGTON



# The King's Highway

(Continued From Page 63)

reaching the summit of 2000 feet, where the waters of this remarkable lake extend miles away before one, another little excursion should be made. This is to go down the hillside on foot a few hundred feet to the bush-clad gullies, where the streams by which the lake discharges gush out from the hillside, some of them almost immediately disappearing underground again for short distances.

\* \* \* \*

To see the best of Waikaremoana one needs plenty of launching, for the beauties of this inland sea are hidden in long winding arms. To view as much of the lake as possible without too great expense, Waikaremoana should be visited at holiday time, when parties are made up and the launching charges are on the basis of so much per head. If one has to hire a launch for special trips for small parties the cost is apt to become burdensome long before the scenery begins to pall.

\* \* \* \*

Having thrown out a stray suggestion or two, in the way as to the locale of the holiday trip, it is time we begin to think about the car. We will assume that the vehicle in which we are about to embark has been maintained in reasonably good order. If it hasn't, we will all be in for a much pleasanter time if we took the train. Anyway, the question is, what does the car want before we start. The engine, we take it, is not crying aloud to be decarbonised, nor suffering from any mysterious loss of compression, and the valves are not overdue for regrinding, nor is there a horrible thump coming from anywhere. However, we may very well have the spark plugs out and take a look at them, cleaning them and adjusting the points if necessary. If the plugs are aged, a few shillings on a new set may give extra pep for a long tour.

\* \* \* \*

While we have the bonnet up we will have a look at the fan belt, to see that it is in good condition, and properly adjusted, and we will also cast our eyes over the wiring lay-out, seeing that all connections are tight, and looking for frayed places that, just when we don't want it, give out and leave us with no headlights in the inky, wet night, or maybe bring the engine to a mysterious obstinate stop in some depressing spot far from home. The engine, naturally, we will drain off and refill with fresh oil, and we will also look to the gear box and differential, and do the routine greasing and oiling with extra thoroughness, keeping our eyes open as we do so. This is the time when all sorts of little things are noticed that attention at once prevents, maybe, from becoming big things.

\* \* \* \*

Being lazy myself, and being acquainted with a trustworthy garage man, I run my bus in be-

fore my annual tour, and he gets her over a pit and in quite a short space of time has run over and tested for tightness pretty well every nut in the outfit; jacked the wheels and tested them for play; tried out the brakes, looked to the battery, and run over any little etceteras that he and I have had in mind from past experience. This over, all that remains is to get the touring gear aboard, and we start out in a—if not quite a certain hope—reasonable expectation of a trouble-free tour, with no wretched rattle developing in a new place every day of the run, and often distressing symptoms occurring. There are pleasanter ways of spending one's leisure, when all is said and done, than in forming part of the ensemble of one of those decorative groups around the numerous stranded fivvers by the roadside. Finally, don't make your holiday tour, if you can help it, the occasion on which you involuntarily finish off a three parts worn set of tyres. I have known husbands whose language on such occasions shocked even their wives.

\* \* \* \*

The next thing is what we are going to take on our tour. And here, as a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Motor-cars, may I make my little plea? Have mercy! Don't break the back of your willing beast. Don't take all the vim and life out of your engine with a gross overload. Don't strain your chassis and crush down your springs by converting your car into an imitation pantechmicon. Surely whatever there is in all this wilderness of luggage and gear, there is something that somebody can do without. If they can't, at least be sure that you carry a baggage expert, who is willing to arise before the lark leaves his downy nest, and stow, secure, check, and tally the lumber, so that the journey may be resumed not later than mid-day at the worst.

\* \* \* \*

And having said so much, dear reader, may I wish you the jollies: Christmas, and a holiday tour that remains as bright a memory as ever fancy painted it in advance.

Edison says that he can't stop work. With such a famous inventor baffled, we suppose the thing's got to go on.

\* \* \* \*

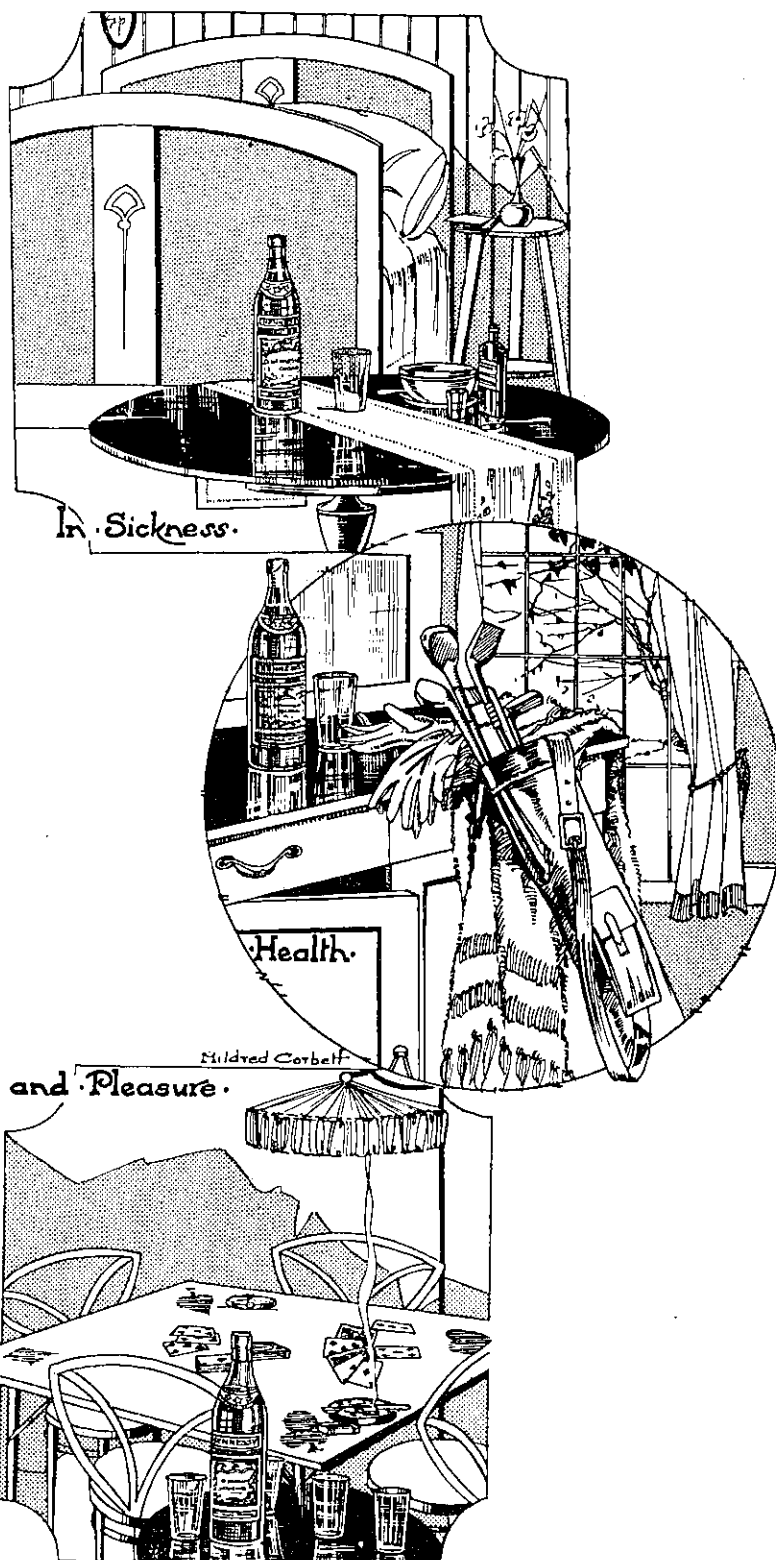
The taxi is considered the least dangerous of all forms of city transport. You can't very well fall out of a window that you can't open.

\* \* \* \*

### Pageant of Progress

In 1895: "Look, there's a motor-car!" In 1925: "Look, there's a horse!" In 1955: "Look, there's a pedestrian!"

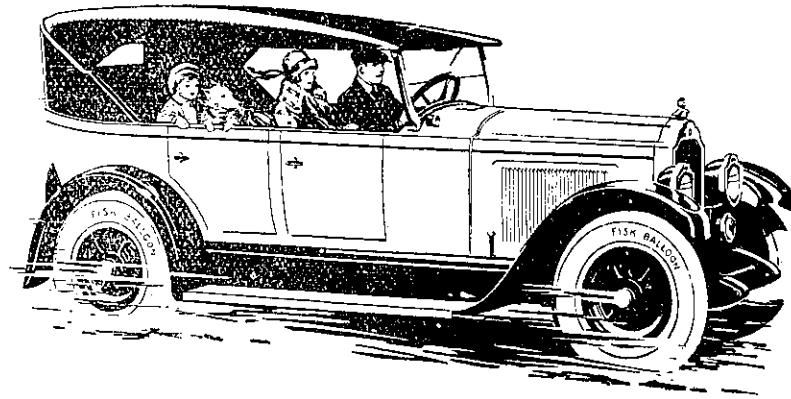
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## HENNESSY'S

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This is the car with the most remarkable power-plant ever built into a motor-car—the exclusive Knight sleeve-valve engine—“an engine you’ll never wear out” . . .

This is the car with the only engine in the world that actually *improves* with use—Where other motor-car engines lose in power, lose in efficiency, lose in smooth and silent running as their mileage grows, the patented Knight sleeve-valve engine does exactly the reverse. It *gains* in power, *gains* in efficiency, *gains* in smoothness and quietness with every mile . . .

This is the car with the type of power-plant Royalty chooses—that the King of England, the King of Spain, the King of Belgium, the

Prince of Wales and half the nobility of Europe prefer for their personal use . . .

This is the car with exactly the same type of engine you find in the most costly foreign cars—Daimler-Knight, Panhard, Peugeot, Minerva . . .

This is the car that, because of its sheer beauty of design, its superb equipment, and the elegance of its appointments, is sweeping into the front rank of popularity faster than any other luxury car . . .

The only way to judge such a car is by actually driving it—riding in it. You are cordially invited to conduct your own demonstration of this car.

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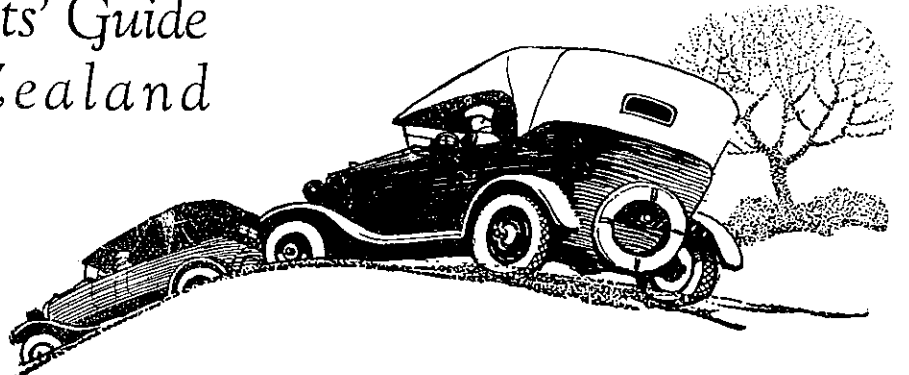
Christchurch

DEALERS IN ALL CENTRES

WILLYS - OVERLAND FINE MOTOR CARS

# The Tourists' Guide to New Zealand

by J. ROBERTS



All those who wish this land to view  
Should not, as many tourists do,  
Just go to town or city;  
The rural roads they should pursue,  
Embracing all the country through,  
To miss which seems a pity.

The scenic wonders of the land  
Are picturesque as well as grand,  
And well repay a visit.  
While industries on every hand  
Show progress, such as milk that's canned,  
And stills that are illicit.

Away up North 'tis very rare  
To get cold weather often, where  
The climate's semi-tropic;  
But in the South 'tis wise to wear  
Warm clothing (though the settlers there  
Dispute with heat this topic).

Although the North has better climate  
The Southern scenes are more sublime,  
In Fiordland, lake and valley;  
Far, far away from smoke and grime  
Midst snow or bush, where all the time  
One longs to stop and dally.

The Thermal Region is most queer,  
With boiling pools at which to peer,  
Hot mud or shooting geyser;  
But should all these the tourist fear  
Don't take a risk and go too near,  
And sadder be, if wiser.

If well advised a guide he takes,  
In case the right path he forsakes  
And in a trice is frizzling,  
These Maori guides ne'er make mistakes,  
Will lead him safe past red-hot lakes  
And sulphur blow-holes sizzling.

Both Isles in gorge and bush disclose  
Where splendid milling timber grows,  
Just waiting for the felling,  
While water in abundance flows,  
And irrigated land well shows  
Results that are most telling.

The farming population must,  
To win its well-earned daily crust,  
Herd workers be, and willing.

In weather they must place their trust,  
And labour late and early, just  
To turn an honest shilling.

If Sidey's Daylight Saving Bill  
Is passed next Session, people will  
For work be longer given;  
More hours of light their toil will fill  
From early summer dawn until  
To rest they're early driven.

The Government has earned a name  
And given to New Zealand fame  
For wise administration,  
And settlers truthfully can claim  
That it has well achieved its aim  
In bettering their station.

This little nation overseas  
In time will bring upon their knees  
All lands in veneration,  
Good health comes waited on the breeze  
With opportunities to seize,  
To give each occupation.

## A New Race of Tramps.

One of the big problems the New Zealand police force and magistrates are endeavouring to solve is how to suppress motor thieves, drunken motorists, and "joy riders." Just at present, however, the civic fathers and district councillors of many a township in Western America are worried to distraction by a race of tramps which they have classified under the name of "auto gypsies."

What the motor tramp does is to get hold of a cheap second-hand car—which he can do for a mere song—pack his family and a few cooking utensils aboard, and move off to "the finest climate in the world." There, by ironic Providence, he finds that a beneficent municipality has provided a beautiful camping site which he can use free of charge. It is true the site was planned and prepared for the genuine tourist, whose presence was desired and sought by means of lavish advertising; but the gipsy hobo and his kind have monopolised these camps to such an extent that no tourist will so much as go near them.

### The "Lizzie Families"

When the motoring tramp arrives, his usual plan, if funds, food, and petrol are low, is to approach one of the welfare agencies which are common in all American



MOTOR RACING ON THE THAMES

Women have become devotees to even this exhilarating sport, previously a hobby of "mere man."

Topical Press, London.

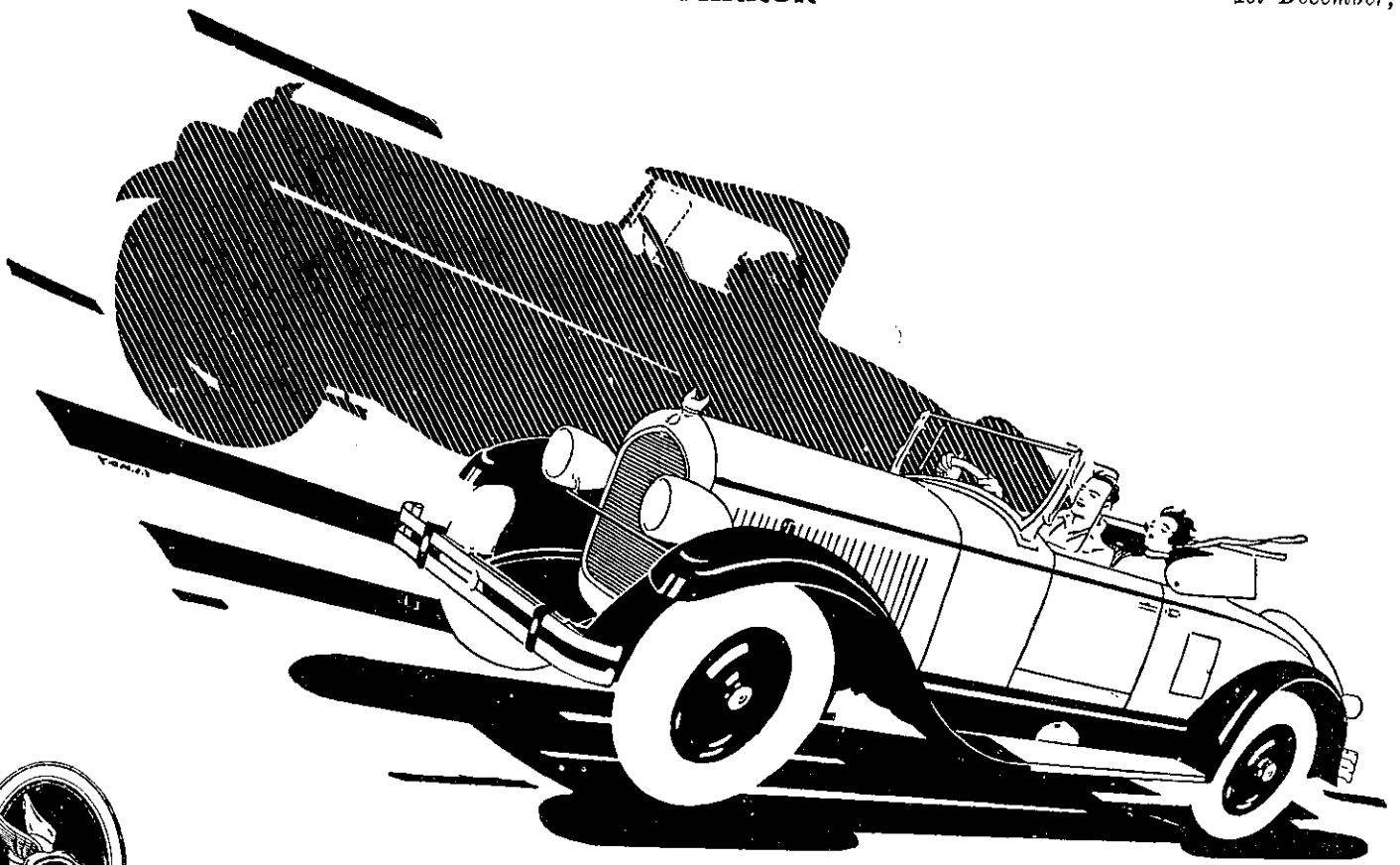
towns. If there should be no such agency, he goes to the town authorities with the plea that he is seeking a job. He knows full well that while that search progresses his family will be looked after; but he knows even better that no town is anxious to keep him and his family in the neighbourhood, and that the main desire is to be rid of them with the least possible delay. So he accepts the two days' rations and a full petrol tank which the town or the welfare agency—offers, and passes on.

Both parties are thus satisfied, the one to the full, the other more or less so. Often, of course, the new-style tramp, like the old, does not scruple to help himself as he passes. If he wants wood, he chops it down or purloins a fence post and rails. Orchards, fields, and hen-houses all suffer from the depredations of these gentry, so that the problem of dealing with the "Lizzie families" is daily becoming more acute.

What is more, California has now found it necessary to institute a corps of truant officers on motorcycles to seek out the children who ride with the "fly-by-Fords" instead of more prosaically learning the three R's in school as the law demands. So civilisation creates new difficulties in removing old ones.



The girl who admits another girl is pretty must be very sure of being much prettier herself.



## It's a CHRYSLER SIX!

How often have you seen a Chrysler singing its silent, effortless way up some tremendous hill? How often have you seen one flash like an arrow down some long, open road, or weave its sinuous path through the traffic-crowded street? Is it any wonder that the whole motoring world has taken this car to its heart?

You know that the Chrysler does seventy miles an hour! That its acceleration is a byword among motorists. That the Chrysler's hydraulic four wheel brakes are unequalled on any other car for power,

smoothness and ease of upkeep. That the crankshaft of the Chrysler engine is mounted on seven large bearings, giving an incredible smoothness of running. That the Chrysler springing is so perfected that all jolts and jars and rolling are absolutely eliminated. And yet — until you have driven a Chrysler *yourself* — you will never understand the joy found by a Chrysler owner at the wheel of his car.

Go to a Chrysler dealer—now! He will be proud to place a car at your disposal—without charging or committing you in any way.

Sole N.Z. Distributors:

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DEALERS AT EVERY POINT



**Come Up Here  
In the Garden  
of Health!**

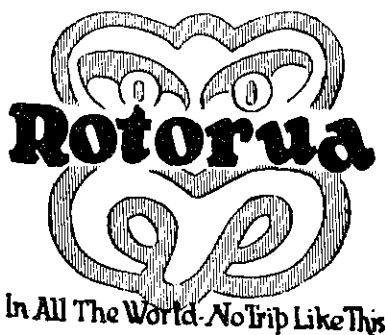
**U**P here your appetite seems a little keener, nature a little grander, and life a great deal rosier. Up here erstwhile bored gentlemen have been known to sing before breakfast.

Many there are who feel the need to sing up here, for the highly medicated springs and warm mud baths have worked wondrous cures. Cures for chronic rheumatism, sciatica, paralysis, enlarged joints, lumbago, and skin diseases.

Even if you haven't any affection, you'll love it up here in Nature's Playground.

Come up here this summer—it's an easy, economical trip to make.

All information obtainable from  
Rotorua Borough Publicity  
Committee.



## A Solution of the Luggage Problem

**W**henver more than two people want to undertake a tour of more than two or three day's duration in a motor car, the luggage problem becomes serious. There may be a luggage grid, which will seldom break and anyone working with quite modest intelligence may fix on them suit cases with rope or straps so that even on a long run over bad roads there is no perceptible shifting. And yet the luggage grid is not entirely satisfactory. The suit cases fixed on it soon become unfit for any other use and if they be of the special type made for luggage grids they are expensive, in view of the fact that they are hardly suitable for other and general uses. Suit cases on a luggage grid may be beautifully made and most elaborately wrapped in a covering of canvas, but are they ever dust-proof? Perhaps a two-days' run along main roads may not bring much dust inside the cases, but a hot summer's day over dusty roads will ruin any delicate clothing.

### Faults Of The Grid

**I**f it is to carry a load of any real weight and size the luggage grid has two important disadvantages from the point of view of the driving of the car. It means an added weight behind the back axle that on greasy roads will much increase the liability to skidding and will make any skid, once started, much more difficult of correction than it would have been otherwise. Secondly, it materially increases the over-all length of the car, so that manœuvring in confined spaces, either in garages or in roads of only modest width, may be much restricted.

It ought not to be necessary to say, but unfortunately it is, that on many cars carriage of luggage on the grid means that the fuel tank cannot be replenished while the luggage is in position and that, should a puncture occur in either rear wheel location of the jack under the rear axle becomes extremely difficult, if not quite impossible. Both these things, of course, ought not to be.

The fixing of luggage on the running-board is often suggested, and there are on the market many devices for this purpose. The position is quite sound mechanically, for it keeps the weight well within the spring centres and the extra weight on one side of the chassis is not likely to matter much, unless excessive; also the luggage is less exposed to dust than when it is on the grid at the rear of the chassis where dust is sucked in by the partial vacuum created as the car moves along, and on the off-side running-board the luggage is not likely to interfere materially with access to any part of body or chassis that are likely to need attention.

### Luggage on the Running Board

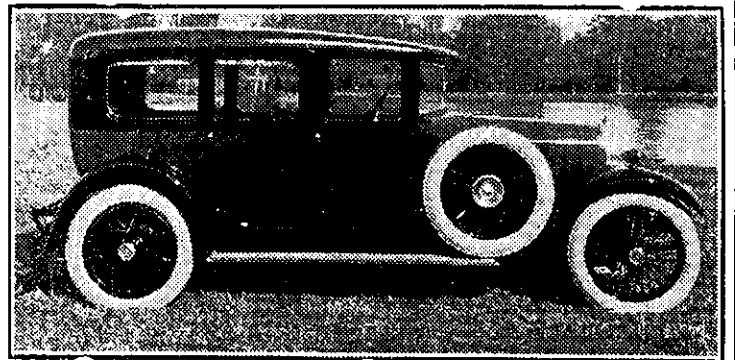
**B**ut before investing in any apparatus for attaching luggage to the running-board, the car owner should satisfy himself that there is, on the board, ample space for all

that he proposes to carry there. In accordance with the modern craze for "equipment and still more equipment" on the motor-car, running-boards are becoming places for the carriage of things that have been crowded on and which simply will not go anywhere else. Battery and tool boxes are two examples of the things which are mounted on running-boards, but ought really to be housed inside the chassis frame and allowed for in the original design. Spare petrol cans and wheels are, perhaps, permissible on the running-board, but they are apt to take space that makes the carriage of luggage quite impossible.

Of the methods of carrying luggage on a running-board where space is available a wooden box bolted down on to the board and further held by straps right round box and board is probably the best. It may be made so that it is easily removable when there is luggage to be carried, and it may be lined with American cloth or baize, so that articles of clothing may be packed into it with no more wrapping than that of good brown paper. So long as the car be kept out of deep water splashes the interior of the box will keep dry and the articles in it will be as good at the end of a long tour as they were at the beginning. Nevertheless, most users of this idea will, doubtless, prefer to put things like clothing inside a suit-case that will fit into the box, and it is

certainly the best way of doing things. Box and suit-case can be made or bought with the other in mind, so that the box will take the suit-case exactly or will leave some space at top or bottom in which may be carried a few of the extra tools and spares that one sometimes likes to take on a long tour.

The carriage of luggage loose inside a car is the worst possible way, but it is certainly the way most often chosen. When two people only are travelling in a four-seater car, it may be excusable, so long as the various articles are packed so that they cannot jolt about and rub each other and the upholstery, and a little practice with any particular load in a particular car will always indicate the best and safest way of packing so that before the tour is two days old the luggage will go into much less space and be much more rigid than at the start. But if, as sometimes happens, the tool-box is housed underneath the floor of the tonneau, the owner who uses the tonneau for luggage-carrying is asking for all he gets when something goes wrong on a dark, wet night and all the luggage has to come out before a spanner can be found. When luggage is being carried on top of the tool-box, as in this instance, there should always be a small supplementary tool-box free to immediate access and in it should be one adjustable spanner, one screw-driver, one pair of pliers and the wheel removal tools, unless as in the most sensible of modern cars, these are housed under the bonnet.

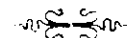


Saloon Body on Rolls-Royce Chassis

BY

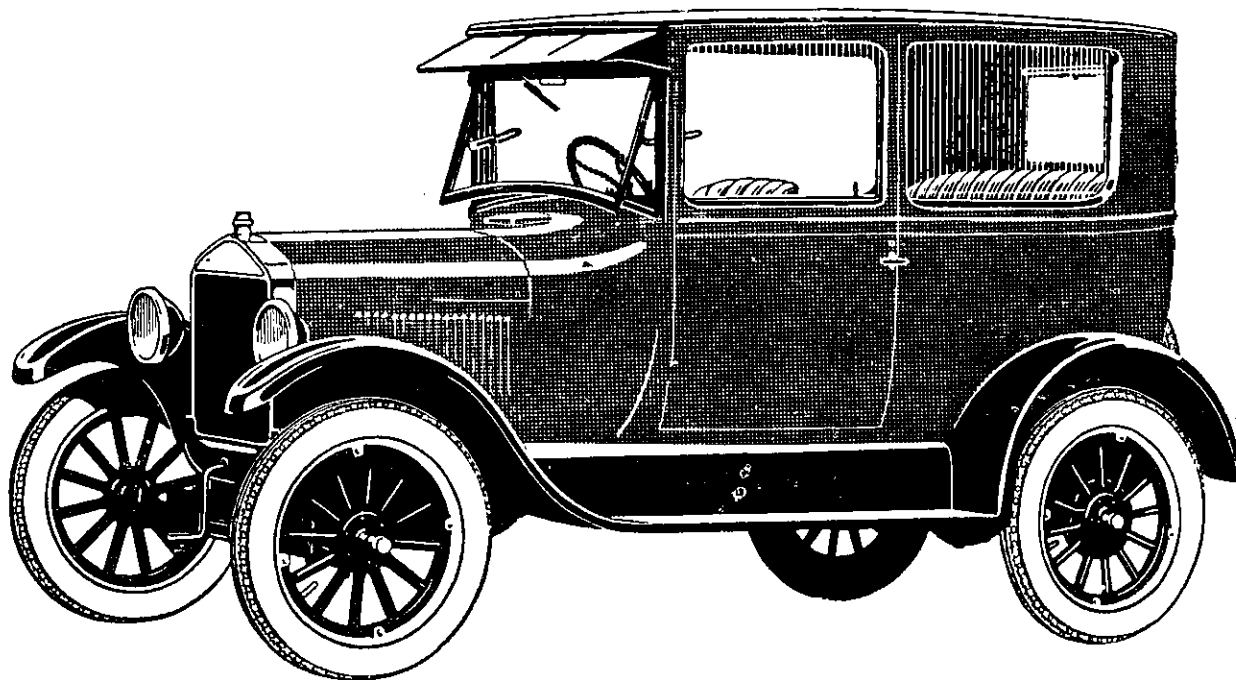
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# Buying a Cheap Car: Good Advice Humorously Given

By "THE MAN WHO LOST"

Even if your income is small you may still become a motorist and so enjoy all the exercise of mind and body that a car makes possible.

In the early days of motoring the invention of "motor car" suggested to the average person a curious mechanical contraption which made a noise, emitted clouds of blue smoke, caused a horrible smell, and seldom got anywhere.

A few years later things changed, and then the "car" was considered as being inseparable from immense wealth, fur coats, and other extravagances.

Now-a-days a great many people are still of the opinion that a car of any description requires not only a large initial outlay, but also constant expenditure for upkeep. This, however, is not the case, and providing the choice is made with care, even those with small incomes can afford a car.

Recently at a city garage I witnessed a particularly interesting transaction. Outside, against the curb, stood an exceedingly old and delapidated two-seater which, it was quite evident, had been left out in the open, in someone's back yard, for months.

A tired-looking man wearing a very greasy suit and an old felt hat, who, after making an inspection of this mechanical "crock," entered the garage and addressing the "boss" thus:

"How much for the old iron, outside?" he inquired mournfully, jerking his thumb in the direction of the old car. "A tenner, if you like," was the offer made.

"Nothin' doing," replied the salesman, "but you can have it for 'a scove' as it stands, if you take it away now."

In due course the speedy one concluded the deal, and after filling up the tank with petrol, and using the oil-can liberally, prepared to take his leave.

"Goin' far?" I enquired casually. "Hamilton," came the dismal response. "I got to be there by five o'clock, too." As it was already lunch time I suggested that he was being rather optimistic, and the result of a short argument was that I bet him a pound he wouldn't get there in time.

The mournful spectator was, however, a sportsman. He cheered up at once and accepted the bet.

I had arranged for him to get a friend of mine in Hamilton to 'phone me through upon his arrival, and I was more than surprised when the call came through at a quarter to five, to say the man—and the "bus" had reached the capital of Dairyland.

Although of Scotch descent, I must own that this particular car was, in my humble opinion, good value for the money. It may be still available, so that if anyone would like to buy it, I would be pleased to furnish the name of the

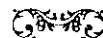
owner—on payment of the pound which our acquaintanceship has cost me.

I should, however, hate to be the cause of any disappointment in the ranks of would-be motorists, and my conscience compels me to point out that £20 motor-cars, besides being few and far between, frequently lack several little refinements, such as hoods, screens, lamps, and sometimes tyres, which are expected now-a-days, besides having generally been subjected to fairly heavy wear.

tion, though generally greater than with a modern car, is not such an important point. Really sound vehicles, at prices ranging from £70 upwards are quite easily obtainable, whilst occasionally a bargain can be picked up even cheaper.

Before purchasing a cheap car of this kind, inspection made by a thoroughly competent and trustworthy mechanic, as appearances, always deceptive, are even more so than usual with cheap cars, especially when the vendors are dealers in used cars.

really very reasonable. No scruples need be entertained about making your purchase on these lines, as fully sixty per cent. of motor cars of the lighter type are now being sold in this way and it is considered quite respectable—even Ministers of the Crown and Judges, to say nothing of doctors and lawyers, have been known to buy their cars by deferred payments.



## Always be Enthusiastic

When one is invited by one's friend to cast an admiring glance at his new car, the following well-chosen words one may always use with the knowledge that one will not offend:

"Yes, nice little car, Bill, not a bad bus at all for the money. Lots of 'em sold nowadays. Of course, this finish won't hold up long and the engine overheats on the hills, but there'll always be a garage nearby so you can get towed in.

"A chap I know got good service for the first 10,000 miles out of one of these cars, and then the thing went to pieces. But, of course, he didn't take care of his bus like you will. He never could get more than thirty-seven out of his but a man's crazy to try to speed these days.

"A fellow told me they were going to tear out this cheap engine and put a real power plant under the hood next year, and if that doesn't keep 'em from rattling to pieces they're going to discontinue this model. But you've got a nice little car, Bill, nice little car."



## FIRST AID

It is, nevertheless, possible to purchase quite a sound car for £75 to £100—one which will take you on a hundred mile run as surely as a Rolls Royce, although not quite so quickly or comfortably.

If your motoring must cost you as little as possible, the first point to consider is the class of work which is to be undertaken.

When a car is in constant use, petrol and oil consumption become important factors so far as running costs are concerned, whilst tyres have an unfortunate habit of wearing out, so that allowance must be made of their replacement.

For short journeys and occasional trips into the country, or to take the youngsters out during the weekends, a cheap old car of some description is often most suitable, as the initial outlay and depreciation are small, whilst the fuel consump-

tion, when calculating the initial outlay, allowances must be made for insurance and taxation. When these points are considered, one realises that some of the American cars, which are offered at absolutely low prices, are not quite such attractive propositions as they appear to be at first sight.

Modern light cars are, of course, very much cheaper to run than old ones, besides having a far more complete equipment. If, therefore, the vehicle is to be in constant service it is often better to obtain a new or nearly new model on the hire-purchase system. Usually a deposit of 33 1/3 per cent. secures the delivery of the car, the balance being paid by twelve, or sometimes eighteen monthly instalments.

Even if these deferred terms are not quite so attractive as those offered by the furniture people, they are

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# A Stinging Story of Shock Golf

My Uncle Stanislaus is a golfer, but (to do him justice) he is equally objectionable in other respects. That my cottage should be two miles from the station, he regards as a personal injury, and that it should be seven miles from a golf course, he considers a piece of malice on my part.

His bitterest grievance, however, is against my lawn. He hates my lawn. Why? Because it is not a putting green.

But the last time he came I was ready for him. Aye, ready, sir! He arrived from the station in a shocking temper, merely because I sent Hoggin's milk float to meet him.

Even if Hoggin does sometimes take pigs to market in the milk float, I don't see that it matters. They are perfectly nice pigs.

As soon as he came up the garden path, he began to snarl at my lawn. However, as I've told you, I was prepared.

"Oh, Uncle," I said, "I'll be able to give you some golf in the garden, after all."

"Clock-golf?" he demanded.

"No, shock-golf. It's practically the same, only we use a bobbin instead of a ball which rolls too much. Here's the first hole, under the apple tree."

"Rot!" snapped Uncle Stanislaus. "I've always said you were a fool!"

"Do have a shot," I pleaded. "There's the bobbin, tied up, and here's my walking-stick."

Uncle Stanislaus is a golfer, and no golfer can resist anything that looks like golf. Your true golfer would do a round with a carpet-beater and a cannon ball.

My Uncle took the stick, waggled it solemnly and drove. The bobbin rolled gently down the slope into the hole.

"Magnificent!" I applauded. "The first time the hole has ever been done in one. We must have a round, but hadn't you better change first? There would be a revolution in the country if you were seen playing in spats."

"All right," he growled, and went off.

Half an hour later he returned in a plus-four suit of repellent purple tweed.

He did the first hole in one again, as I had intended. Indeed, the slope was such that your bobbin was bound to roll in, unless you hit it backwards through the hall window. Uncle Stanislaus beamed.

"The second is trickier," I told him. "You go through the pear-tree, and between the fowl-run and the cucumber frame."

My opponent's success at the second was sweeping. His total bag included an inquisitive hen, two panes of glass, and my largest marrow.

The Third is mainly nettles; fine, upstanding nettles in a state of intensive cultivation. He did it in



forty-three. Strokes, I mean. His score in stings ran into thousands. (Oh, boy)

The Fourth is the barbed-wire hole—a difficult hole. Here Uncle

Stanislaus tore his plus-fours. (Hark the herald angels sing!)

The Fifth is gooseberry bushes. Spikes like razor-blades! (I feel so happy I want to die!)



A SUMMER CAMP IN THE BUSH

W. Rexell Reynolds, Auckland

The Sixth is a simple hole. It merely involves wading through a duckpond. A beautiful green duckpond. Here Uncle Stanislaus lost a shoe. (Glory, glory, glory!)

The Seventh is the pergola hole, which is quite a friendly affair. With his fourth, Uncle Stanislaus landed dead among the crimson ramblers. Now there is nothing on earth quite so friendly as crimson rambler. As he straddled to take his fifth, a sturdy, thorny shoot twined itself affectionately about his left ear. Clinging branches shot cut and embraced him from all directions.

When I finally extricated him, he was a blaspheming scarecrow. (Oh, joy, twice!)

He was scarcely in a fit state to negotiate the Eighth (or muddy) Hole. His first shot brought him to that low-lying patch of kitchen garden which lies directly beneath the window of the end room on the ground floor. In winter it is a lake. In summer it is a puddle.

Uncle Stanislaus smote the partially submerged bobbin with all the strength of a frenzied man.

It rose gaily, carrying with it several pounds (or quarts) of black liquid ooze, the whole of which sailed merrily (and inevitably) through the open window on to the bed on which Uncle Stanislaus's Sunday clothes were neatly laid out.

"Oh, hard luck, sir!" I sympathised. "There's only the Ninth now, the simplest of all. There it is, straight across the grass."

Uncle Stanislaus, white with suppressed passion, drove. A terrific drive. It shot straight into the hole. He ran forward to recover his bobbin.

Instantly he was surrounded by forty million insects. Insects with a purpose. (I forgot to mention that the Ninth is the hornets' nest hole. A really sporting hole).

The last I saw of Uncle Stanislaus was an anguished figure, breaking Olympic records on the way to the station.

I sent the milk float after him with his luggage.

I am no golfer, but as a golfing architect, I claim a high place. If any of my readers have any uncles, I shall be delighted. . .



## Foiled Again

Dark brown were her eyes,  
Gold shone in her hair.  
Her neck resembled ivory,  
And her cheeks were peaches rare.

Her teeth were tiny pearls,  
Her lips a cherry red;  
Could she have lived in ages past  
She'd reigned in Venus' stead.

I sighed, and as I turned away,  
Went sadly towards the door:  
For she was just a waxen form  
In a big drapery store.

## OUR GUARANTEE

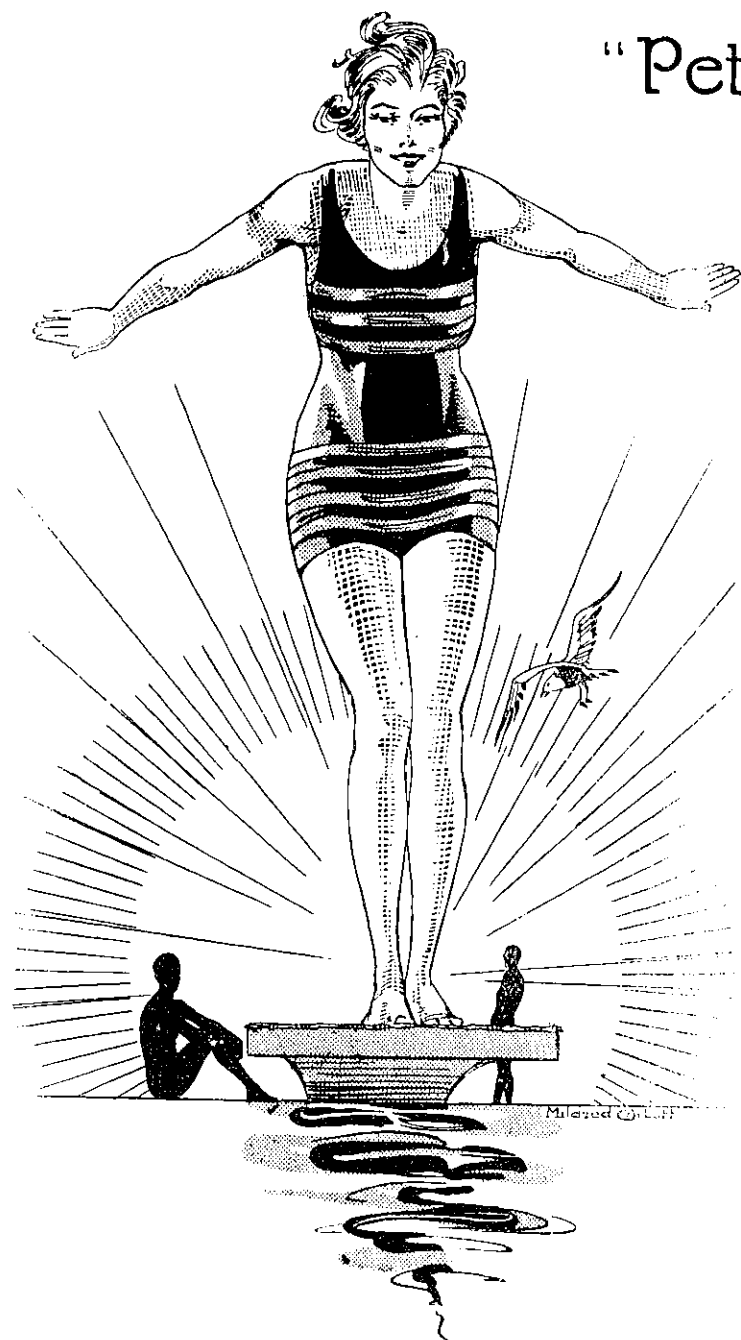
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her a glass of warm milk after she has dressed again.

The best time for bathing is midway between breakfast and lunch, not directly after breakfast, for it is well known one should never have a sea-bath after a meal.

Some parents let their children bathe again in the afternoon in very warm weather, but the morning bathe should be quite sufficient.



## Holiday Hobbies

The summer holidays, eagerly awaited because they bring with them the joys of a stay at the seaside or in the country, will soon be here again. To the children themselves the weeks bring relief from lessons, and the prospect of having "nothing to do" holds for them none of the terrors of boredom it does for their elders. But the holidays may flag, and something very much like boredom result if holiday occupations are lacking. As Kipling wisely moralises, apropos of the camel in "Just-so Stories,"

"If we haven't enough to do,  
We get the hump,  
Cameelious hump,  
The hump that is black and blue."

Holiday hobbies are needed by the children if the holidays are going to be as jolly as they anticipate and if the parents are not to become rather impatient at the length of modern school holidays. There are hobbies suited to a country or seaside holiday; hobbies for out of doors and indoors, for wet days and fine, in any of which the children may find an absorbing interest. They will be disappointed if the grown-ups of the family do not share their interest, at least to some extent; for children do like to be encouraged in their small undertakings.

### Making Collections

Most young folk like to make collections of things that appeal to them; the actual work of collection is interesting, and the arranging of the specimens is an interesting pastime for a wet day.

At the seaside there are shells, pebbles and pretty seaweeds for the children to collect as playthings or some ornaments. Small scallop shells, long razor-shaped shells, in fact, any prettily coloured or shaped shell is worthy of inclusion in the collection. They all need washing well to get rid of the sand and dust they harbour.

### The Collector's Spirit

Star-fish, sea-urchins and many pretty seaweeds also attract the young collectors. There is fun in collecting and there is also fun in preparing and arranging the specimens. Some children tire of their hobby before it reaches this stage: but they have not the true spirit of the collector! When the holiday is over the children can stick their shells on to cardboard or on to wooden boxes, the little pebbles come in handy as counters for card games.

## The Children at the Seaside

Seaside days are glorious days for children. For during the holidays not only is school routine forgotten, but home routine is, to a certain extent, suspended, a fact which appeals a great deal to boys and girls of all ages. Nevertheless during the holidays it is unwise to allow the children to run about without any kind of supervision, as many parents do.

If not watched very carefully, for instance, elder children may stay too long in the water when bathing; the younger ones may paddle exposed to a fierce sunshine without any kind of head-covering. Cases of sickness, and even at times sunstroke, are often caused in this way. We do not believe in letting the tiny ones go hatless on the beach, even when they are not paddling. Some

sort of head covering is always necessary for boys as well as for girls on very hot days.

### Sea-Bathing

Most children delight in sea-bathing, but very often it will be found difficult to induce a four or five-year-old boy or girl to go into the sea for the first time. In these circumstances the child should not be forced, but should be gradually coaxed and led in bit by bit, until at last he realises that sea-bathing is a delightful and not a terrifying experience. Children are great imitators, and as a rule the younger members of a family of boys and girls will take to the sea quite easily, because their big brothers and sisters bathe; but there are some

highly-strung nervous children who have to be reckoned with, and it is a mistake to just plunge them into the water in spite of their protests: A great deal of harm can be done in this way.

Children's bathing costumes should be simple, but colourful and pretty. Stockinette is an ideal medium and can be had in many bright colours. Navy blue piped with scarlet, or all scarlet swimming suits look well on children, who simply love their bathing suits to be embroidered in some pretty design.

Waders are essential for the small child who can only just toddle, for they protect his garments while he is crawling about on the beach.

The children should not be allowed to wander about the beach in their wet bathing suits when they come out of the water, although some parents believe this is a valuable hardening process. It is never wise to let a child remain too long in the sea, and it is a good idea to give

## A Pleasant Holiday Occupation &amp; Strawberry Picking



## Woman's Dual Life

by Dr. LEONARD WILLIAMS

Even those who were against the franchise never grudged the victory to modern women in her fight for personal and economic independence. But neither in the fighting period nor in the hour of triumph did she, or anyone else, realise that she might have to pay a heavy price for her success. This unwelcome fact is only just beginning to emerge; and inasmuch as the story is mainly a physiological one, I make no apology for dealing with the matter from that point of view.

There are certain glands in the body known as the endocrine glands, each of which elaborates an essence which it delivers straight into the blood stream. These glands are small, but their essences, or "hormones" as they are called, are very potent. Chief among these glands are the thyroid, the suprarenal, the pituitary and the gonads or sex glands. These do not exhaust the number—as examples they may serve. Now, it depends in a very large measure upon the exact proportion in which these essences or hormones are admixed in the blood of an individual, what the physical and mental make-up of that individual will ultimately turn out to be. Strange, incredible almost, as it may seem, it depends upon this admixture whether you are tall or short, dark or fair, clever or stupid, energetic or lethargic, male or female.



*Do the qualities that modern woman cultivates in earning her living unfit her for happy marriage? Facing the problem from a new and physiological standpoint, the writer of this article throws a singularly clear light on the whole question.*

In the matter with which we are at present concerned, we need inquire into the influence of one gland only—the suprarenal. There are in reality two suprarenals in every normal individual, just as there are two eyes and two lungs and two kidneys, but for convenience we speak of it as a single gland, which in action it is. The suprarenal, or adrenal as it is also called, consists of two parts, an outer part and an inner, the respective functions of which differ very widely from one another, the outer part, or rind, or cortex, is composed of material which differs very considerably from the ma-

terial which constitutes the inner portion, or core, or medulla. The outer portion, or cortex, is the male portion, and the inner portion, or medulla, is the female portion. These words, male and female—are here used in a very extended sense, meaning that the outer portion or cortex supplies the combative element, whereas the medulla supplies the timid, yielding element.

The suprarenal gland as a whole—that is, when it includes both portions, cortex and medulla—is called the gland of fight and flight. If you frighten people, some will run away, others will turn and rend you.

If you frighten a stag it will run away, but if you frighten a bear it will immediately attack you. The attitude, whether of fight or flight, which any animal will adopt in an emergency depends entirely upon the relative size of cortex and manulla in its suprarenal capsule. If the cortex is the predominant partner, the surprised or frightened animal will attack; if the medulla is in the ascendant, the animal will run away.

It is exactly the same thing with human beings: the surprised or frightened man, if he is really manly, turns to fight, his instinct is to hit out; the instinct of the woman is to scream for help and run away. Now the relative sizes of these two elements, cortex and medulla, in the suprarenal capsule of any individual is influenced largely by environment. That is to say, if a man lives so completely sheltered a life and his innate combative element, his predominant suprarenal cortex, is never employed, it atrophies from disuse and the medulla gradually gains the ascendant. Similarly, a youth with a cortex which was originally but mediocre, if placed in circumstances where he is obliged to fight in order to defend his own interests and, say, those of his widowed mother, his cortex increases in size and he himself gains in pugnacity and effectiveness. If, however, he does not react in this way, if there is no increase of adrenal cortex, there ensues what is known as a "failure of adaptation."

No Rubbing Laundry Help

FOR  
WASHING  
CLOTHES

# Woman's Dual Life

(Continued from Page 74)

and failure of adaptation is liable to be one of the major tragedies of modern life. In extreme cases it leads to insanity, homicide and suicide. In minor degrees it spells life-long misery of a peculiarly pathetic type.

Let us now apply these general principles to the case of the modern woman who has conquered her place in the sun of personal and economic independence. In the growing period she has learned to play games which develop what may be called the combative muscles. This brings about a stimulation of the suprarenal cortex, a stimulation which is intensified by the mental element of ordered and organised strife which is inseparable from all contests, however friendly. She that passes from adolescence into maturity with the ingredient of fight well developed and goes into training for her career. During her apprenticeship this ingredient is thoroughly well exercised by the atmosphere of emulation, implicit in all educational systems, and she goes into the world self-possessed and self-confident, eminently fitted and well equipped to keep her own end up.

She is now a responsible member of the community and we may suppose her to be happy in her work,

with sufficient leisure and adequate pay. If she continues on these lines all, in a sense, may be well; but if the urge of the eternal feminine should well up from within and she should fall to the atavistic lure of domesticity and maternity, there may arise serious trouble for her—and for others. The large suprarenal cortex with which she has all unwittingly furnished herself, which has conferred competence and assurance upon her, is there in full efflorescence. She cannot now divest herself of its dominating influence, and unfortunately it will certainly prevent her from sacrificing her hard-won freedom and independence at the altar of wifely submission and domestic drudgery. In order to marry, she has resigned from her employment, and for a year or so, at any rate she is idle. There is nothing to do. Everything is new and there is not even anything to mend. She has no companionship save that of a tired, often anxious and perhaps irritable man, whom she does not see till nightfall. Then follows the inevitable "failure of adaptation," and the trouble begins. She may try to enter into the spirit of her new environment; but like the artist in a dry-as-dust solicitor's office, her dominantly cortical make-up is too

strong for her. The daily round, the common task become a very treadmill to her wearied senses. She longs to be back at work, to be doing something worth the doing. Even the advent of a child, though it helps in some cases, helps in a decreasing number. The moral is: *Do not overdevelop the male element which lurks in every female.* Beware of an environment which stipulates the suprarenal cortex in girls, for thereby you risk, nay, you actually invite, that damnable and devastating thing, a "failure of adaptation."



"D'you think I ought to tell Reggie about my past?"

"Oh, not yet, dear. Keep it for the long winter evenings."

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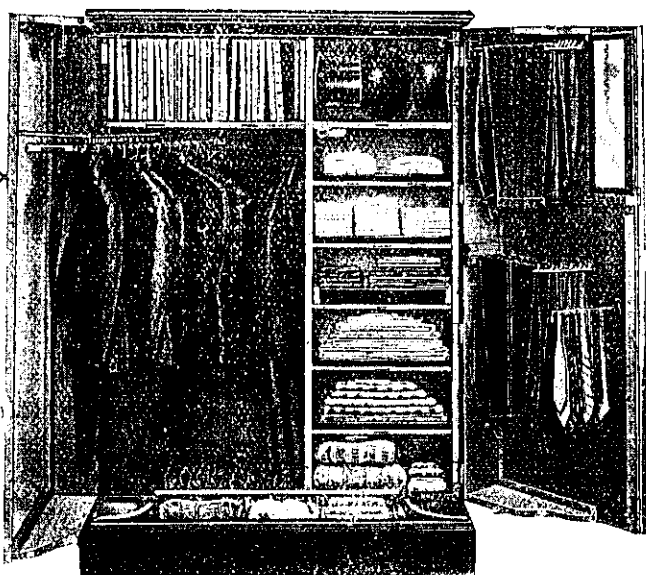
Prices: 12 doz. 7/6, 6 doz. 5/6, 3 doz. 3/6  
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### A Jolly Holiday

Small Boy (on arrival at his aunt's country home): "But where's the bathroom, Auntie?"

Auntie: "There isn't any bathroom, dear."

Small Boy: "Hooray! This is going to be a jolly holiday."



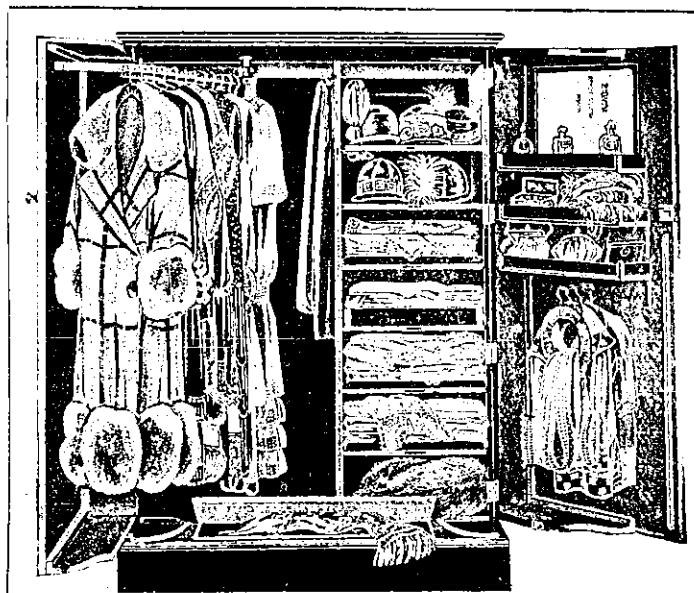
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THE CONVENIENCE OF COMPACTOM—You may keep all your clothes, footwear, and hats in perfect condition in a Compactom Cabinet.

### LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S COMPACTOM CLOTHING CABINETS

The illustration shows a ladies' and a gentlemen's Compactom Clothing Cabinet fitted up. Note how easy it is to reach any article—and how everything is kept free from creases and dust. A touch will swing any desired article outside the cabinet.



Beautifully constructed in Oak, Jacobean Oak, and Mahogany, the Compactom Clothing Cabinet is a superb addition to the furnishing of the home. Write for a descriptive booklet to either of the four concessionaires as under:

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# Compactom

Clothing Cabinets



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There are many beautiful models to choose from. But be sure the Kleinert trade-mark is on the rubber apron you buy—it guarantees quality and longer wear.

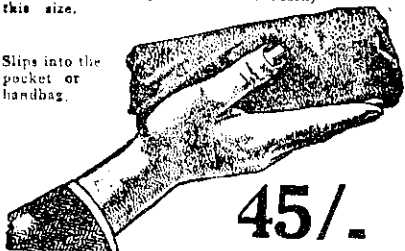
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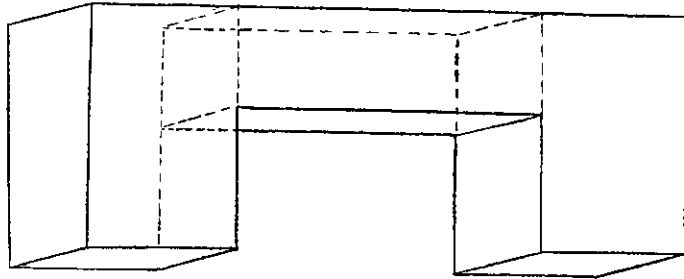
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## Inexpensive Furnishings

For Seaside Batches, etc.

By Miss M. HUTTON WHITLAW.



The dotted lines indicate the position of the fruit box. The two end ones being butter boxes.

Nowadays, when doctors and others all advise, that, as far as possibly convenient, children should have their own rooms, many parents, while having the necessary space, have not the furniture with which to equip them, or sufficient funds to allow the purchase of such, but it is not only to these people that I am addressing the following practicable suggestions, but also to those who have small sea-side batches, but who at the same time, do not wish to go to the expense of purchasing a lot of furniture. To her whose husband is ordinarily handy with tools, and who herself can use both needle and tacks, the following hints are practicable, having either been carried out by the author, or by friends.

Many people possess a small back room, or, more common still, space under the house, which latter especially, with the addition of a little timber, could be turned into a most suitable playroom, den, etc., for the children, while the idea could be slightly elaborated and enlarged in seaside batches.

To begin with, the necessary materials are:—plenty of nails (assorted) and tacks, a little strong string or cord, fruit, butter and packing cases, and if required, some timber.

To make a dressing-table, the height of which will be about 3 feet, take two fruit cases (these can be bought for 6d each or less) which have each a partition in the middle; insert two more similar partitions, one on each side of the middle one, stand these on end, about 2 feet apart (the cases being generally from 15 to 18 inches wide) and of 5 in. by 1 in. thick boards; the total length of the boxes plus width of space between, is about 4 feet 6 inches; nail securely a 1x1 inch by 9 feet 6 inch board on to these. Plane or smooth the sides of the cases, as they are generally rough (the table board can be bought planed, for about 2/6, the price depending on the kind purchased), and then stain the whole, or paint or enamel it, according to taste. This done, along the top of each of the two cases put a coloured cretonne curtain, gathered, on cord or string, and the dressing table is complete, save for the addition of

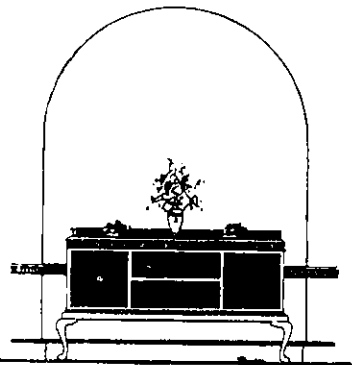
a mirror, which may be either hung on the wall at a suitable height above the table, or fastened, upright, to it.

Practically the same idea may be used to make a boy's writing desk, but in this case it should be about 2 feet 9 inches high, and in place of a mirror, two small pieces of board, each about 12 inches high by 6 inches wide by 3/8 inches thick, nailed at right-angles at the sides, and a shelf placed between them 9 inches from the table top, to allow books to stand upright; another similar board may be placed inside the two boards and nailed to the table top (if this board is 1/2-inch thick, it will then be 1 inch less in length than the shelf) or it may be nailed on first, and then the side boards attached afterwards. Cretonne curtains may be put over the fruit cases, or small doors attached, with either iron or leather hinges, and closed by means of small wooden pivot knobs.

As an addition to the writing desk, cigar boxes (three or four) placed on top of each other, the lids having been removed, make very good “pidgeon holes”; they may be placed, one set at each end, on the top shelf, but to make them more secure, two side boards may be nailed against them.

Shelves innumerable may be made similarly to the one described for the writing table, by simply making the side pieces to the same length as the distance between the shelves (nine inches, generally), plus thickness of wood for each shelf. If desired, an additional nine inches or six inches may be added, to allow two to four inches beyond the shelves at top and bottom. The shelves can be either supported on the wall by brackets, stood on a cupboard, etc., or the back may be boarded up and then screwed to the wall.

Very comfortable stools can be made from butter boxes, the top having a cushion attached, and the whole covered with cretonne. The open side may be left as it is, with or enamel it, according to taste. This done, along the top of each of the two cases put a coloured cretonne curtain, gathered, on cord or string, and the dressing table is complete, save for the addition of



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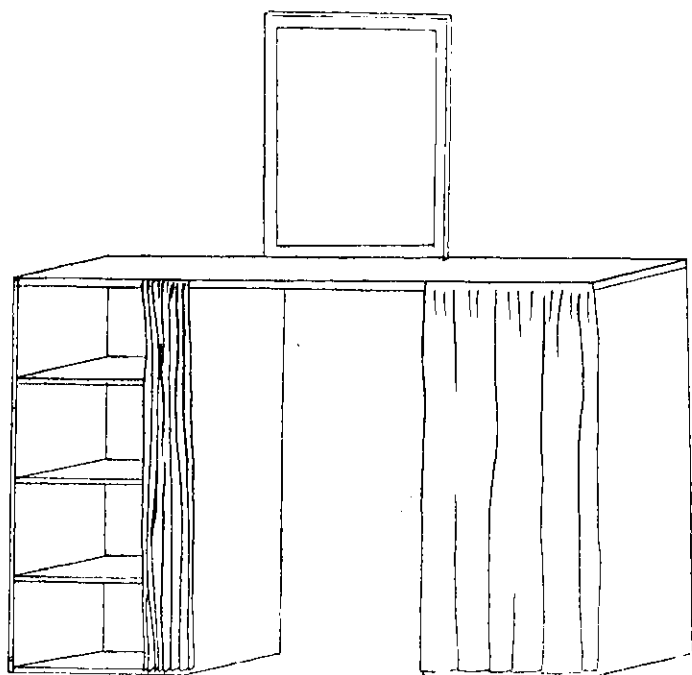
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LIMITED

Grey Lynn, Auckland

Makers of “Silverdown” Bedding  
and Reversible Wool Rugs.

# Inexpensive Furnishings

(Continued From Page 76)



DRESSING TABLE.

For Writing Desk Two Sets of Pidgeon-holes at Either End Would Be Substituted for the Mirror, and also a Shelf, as Described.

TABLES, whether for writing, or for small children's play benches, are very easily constructed. For the former, they should be about two feet nine inches high, the length and breadth depending on the builder's taste, though three feet by two feet will be found quite a suitable size. The latter tables should be about five feet long, two feet to three feet wide, and eighteen inches to two feet high, according to the age of the children. The legs are made of rafter beams quartered, the length, of course, depending on the height of table required. The writing table should either be stained or painted, but it is advisable not to treat the play-table, so that it may be scrubbed occasionally; it would also be found advisable to plane off any sharp corners.

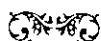
Forms can be made in the same way as tables, except that the top width is less, and also the height, than the tables: eighteen inches will be found suitable in most cases, but would be lower for small children.

PLAY cupboards are made similarly to the dressing table cupboards, and two cases can be placed side by side and nailed together. It will be found more advisable to put curtains instead of doors, as they are more convenient for children.

Box-forms are also very simply made, two butter boxes and a fruit case being required. The depth of the fruit case should be the same as the upright width of the butter boxes, but this is not essential. The fruit case is lain on its side between the butter boxes, and all firmly fastened together. The tops of the three boxes are fitted with cushions, and the whole covered with cretonne. The front of the fruit case may be curtained, and used as a shoe cup-

board, or just reversed (becoming the back). If possible, the butter boxes should be boarded, or the open side of each may be also curtained.

Remember, if the boxes are to be painted or stained, they must first be planed.



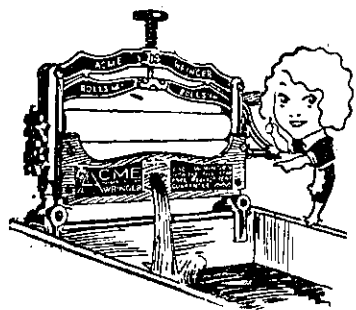
## The Medicine Chest.

If the house is remote from shops, then a small medicine chest—it need only be a biscuit box—containing a supply of bandages and simple remedies in case of accidents or emergencies, is almost indispensable.

Rainy days have to be provided for, and it is a wise mother who takes a number of her children's favourite toys for a surprise and to keep them amused and interested, not always the easiest thing in the world.

It is often a temptation to the busy mother to pile up a lot of darning, mending, and odd jobs to be done while on a holiday, but this is a fatal mistake. She badly wants a brief respite from household cares, and if she has the catering, to say nothing of the cooking, to do, the same as at home, then she should reduce that to the simplest possible dimensions, and, taking a leaf out of her husband's book, learn to lounge and laze in the sunshine, and for once a year do as little as possible.

She may grudge the time and think ruefully of all the accumulation of needle work to be overtaken on her return home, but she will be all the fitter and fresher to tackle the daily round in common tasks if she has been wise enough to make the most of every hour of her holiday.



*Catches every drip!*

The Patent Reversible Water-catching Trough on the fine NEW MODEL ACME Wringer catches every drop of water and conveys it to the desired tub. Not a drop of dirty water can return to the clean tub.

The new ACME is easier to turn and wrings drier than any other Wringer. Its patent anti-friction bearings don't require oiling.

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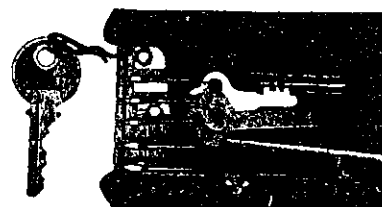
How often have you mislaid, forgotten, or actually lost that old-fashioned, bulky thing called a Key-ring? How many holes has it made in your trousers pockets?

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Buxton Keytainers are sold by Hardware Merchants, Tobacconists, Mercers, and Fancy Goods Dealers, in plain and fancy leather cases, with 4, 6, or 8 hooks. If unable to obtain, write to Weston Bros. and Co. Ltd., Box 925, Christchurch (Manufacturers of Westcraft Leather Goods) who will put you in touch with a retailer who can supply.

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"Typical Press"

## The Educative Value of Holidays for Children

There was a time when holidays were considered merely as necessary periods of cessation from work periods when over-driven teachers, fatigued to the point of exhaustion, were forced to give their tiresome pupils a rest that they themselves might recuperate from the strain of the term's work. But it is realised to-day that holidays are of much more importance than this from the educational point of view. They have a positive part to play in the education of the child. They are to be considered, not as a necessary evil, but as times of great opportunity. In the holidays children have a chance to develop as individuals and to follow up their own particular interests in their own way.

The interests of the modern child are many. They include subjects taught in school as well as hobbies and recreations. In the old days, when children were taught parrot-fashion from a book, the healthy child would have scorned to work in his own time on any subject

taught at school. Arithmetic, geography, science held merely an academic interest for the clever child and no interest at all for the dull one. But now arithmetic is taught on practical lines—one actually measures out the number of tiles required to pave the playground and perhaps even actually helps in the paving before being expected to work sums involving the problem; geography is taught on practical lines as also is science. Naturally enough the child enjoys subjects which he sees have to do with real life. Naturally enough when he has taken an active part in the learning process at school, he often continues with it in the holidays. He follows up the school physics by studying clouds and weather, school zoology by adding to his collection of butterflies, school geometry by getting out plans and models of his ideal house or garden. For the clever child educated on constructive modern lines holidays are generally both busy and happy.

Some children, however, appear to do nothing connected with school work at all. They dream their time away or fill it up with games and picnics. But for all that their actual school education may be progressing very satisfactorily. With the advance in knowledge of the new psychology we have learned what an important part the unconscious mind plays in all mental processes. Most subjects of study need an incubation-time—a time during which facts learned at school may be thoroughly absorbed by the unconscious mind. The summer holidays, coming as they do after the end-of-term examinations, are particularly valuable in providing leisure for this period of incubation. Very often the child goes back to school after the holidays far brighter and keener on a certain subject than he was before, simply because during all the weeks of rest certain facts have been grouping and synthesising themselves in his mind, although he has made no conscious effort and done no conscious work.

Holidays, too, give the child a chance to follow up his own individual interests. Any knowledge acquired by the child *spontaneously* is usually acquired at the cost of great effort. This is true of children of all ages. Babies teaching themselves to walk practice walking far more persistently than we should have the heart to make them practice; toddlers playing voluntarily with the Montessori apparatus repeat their exercises more often than grown-ups would ask them to do. Spontaneous work like this is the work that makes for character. During the hours of wholesome effort the child's power of concentration, his will-power, his purpose, grows. There are ever so many interests that children will choose to follow up in the holidays. There are special opportunities for Nature study in park or garden, in the fields, or by the seashore. There are hobbies to be strenuously pursued—collecting stamps or shells, birds' eggs, or butterflies, pebbles, keeping pets, gardening, and so on.

## The Educative Value of Holidays

(Continued From Page 78)

There are handicrafts of all kinds for which there is little time at school. There are books without number for reading.

It is imperative that we should understand enough of our children's interests and enthusiasms to help them to make their holidays a success. Holiday time is growing time, the time of educational opportunity for the parent, as term time is the educational opportunity for the teacher.

"It seems to me that this pleasure-mad generation has lost the art of enjoyment. It is the condition of a child who has made the discovery that it likes jam, and has invaded the house-keepers' room to fill itself from the pots on the shelves. Now, a stomach full of raspberry jam is not a happy stomach. In my childhood a treat was a great event; it stood out from a background of, I will not say dullness, but of duties, discipline and general uneventfulness. It was, in consequence, extraordinarily delicious when it came. It stirred the waters of routine. And because one lived in such an atmosphere one was always expecting something marvellous to occur, like Uncle Jehosaphat suddenly descending from the ceiling. But nowadays you hear children comparing cinema with cinema! Yes, indeed. Such a childhood is almost inconceivable to men of our years. It is as if we had compared Father Christmas with Father Christmas." These are the words of G. K. Chesterton, and are wondrous wise words.

At this season, particularly, Mr. Chesterton's words give plenty of food for thought. The stomach full of raspberry jam is *not* a happy stomach, nor is the young mind happy that is satiated with cinemas and pantomimes and toy bazaars. Treats should occur seldom enough to give the child pleasurable little shocks of excitement when they do come.

Again, if the child lives too fast and is allowed to experience too much in the early years of his life, he has not time to sort out his real impressions. The nature of the child is, normally, profoundly serious; he is an excellent little workman, willing to spend time and effort and thought on all he does; he does not crave continual excitement. But if his whole life is planned as a series of treats and thrills, he is forced into the habit of superficial living. He has no chance and no leisure to apprehend the full significance of anything.

When he is older he becomes, of course, the most miserable of creatures—the bored human being.

Thus far, I imagine, all sensible parents will agree with me. But they will not unnaturally enquire: What is Christmas to a child if all treats are taboo? It would seem perfectly possible to give him his full measure of Christmas delights without vitiating his appetite for simple pleasures and without disorganising his daily life. Why not

follow the custom of the continent and plan a season to extend over three or four weeks, instead of condensing all the treats into a hectic few days? In many countries the Christmas festival is inaugurated by the visit of a Santa Claus some time during the early weeks of December, and is closed on the Twelfth Night, when the Christmas tree is taken down with great ceremony, and the nuts and apples and oranges still hanging on its branches are shared out.

During these weeks life may be made specially delightful to the nursery folk. From time to time Christmas dainties may appear on the tea-table—little sponge cakes, iced in various colours, with the Christian name of one particular child written in sugar on each cake; minikins cut out of dough with currants for eyes and mouth; simple biscuits decorated with hundreds-and-thousands. Sometimes little figures of Santa Claus may appear standing before each plate, with a chocolate or two inside each. Occasionally there may be crackers or tinsel decorations.

But the greatest delight of children is to *do* things for themselves. It is a good plan to let them cut their own biscuits out of dough, and then to send them down to the kitchen to be baked; to decorate their own cakes with comforts, and so on. Pretty crackers—without the terrifying "bang-stick"—can be made out of coloured paper, and ornaments for the Christmas Tree can be cut out in the shape of stars and diamonds and crescent moons. Nuts can be wrapped in silver paper to glower among the dark green branches, and paper chains threaded to wind in and out around the trunk. The little girl of seven is quite capable, with help, of dressing a waxen fairy doll to adorn the top of the tree.

Then there is the delight of making presents. There are ever so many articles within the power of the youngest child. Little baskets woven of raffia can be made by five and six-year-olds. Children of seven and eight with stronger fingers can turn out good baskets of cane—wastepaper baskets, workbaskets and the like. The work is not difficult, and the children love it because they can see so quickly a tangible result of their labours. Blotters with leather covers or with covers of strong cardboard and wallpaper or cretonne are easy enough to make. So are lavender bags and sweet bags and stuffed bunnies or rag dolls for baby brothers and sisters.

In this article I have stressed the activities of children at Christmas time. Too often this side of the festival is neglected and children are forced all the time into the position of recipients. This is unfortunate, for nothing bores a child so much as inactivity. At the same time, it is good to show children that we are trying to give them pleasure also.

—MURIEL WRINCH in "Eve."



## Gift Helps

To find something out of the common, right away from the ordinary, that is the problem that faces you when you start out on the yearly quest.

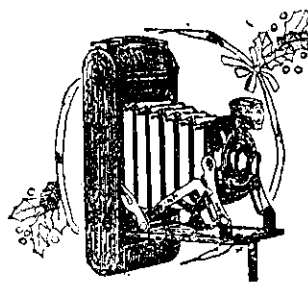
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# M a r r y i n g f o r M o n e y

Of all people in the world it has been left to an American to deliver one of the most trenchant judgments ever passed upon the great god Mammon and his works. "Money often costs too much," said Emerson; he realised that pounds, shillings and pence are not the only currency in human use, and that when we go to buy a gramophone record or a packet of candles we part with something more vital than a mere metal disc in exchange for our purchases. Men, for the most part, see the force of this argument more clearly than women, because they spend their lives in the atmosphere of the market and have their moral noses rubbed all day long in the fact that money is only a token of work satisfactorily done, and that no one gives or gets it for nothing.

Observe the express on upon the face of any noble male handing out the week's house-keeping allowance! He is parting with his heart's blood, and knows it, and is not quite sure at the moment whether he does not repent his bargain. The bundle of pound notes he gives his wife have been bought in their turn by his leisure, his health very likely, and many of his personal inclinations. They represent long hours at the office desk; uncomfortable quarters-of-an-hour standing on or under other people's toes in the tram; dreadful moments when his employer has a look of dismissal in his eye, or when the bank looks coldly on his cheque and refers him to drawer. In exchange he gets what he calculated to get: a home, a wife, children, a wireless set and a canary in the window, or value in kind. These are the real elements of life's system of barter; money is, after all, merely the voucher of the deal, having as much value in itself as the paper upon which we write our cheques.

Women mostly pay for their blessings in currency of a rather different character. They draw large bills upon their health, their nerves, their peace of mind. The typical housewife buys her Sunday joint with a sigh, her new hat with much misgiving; her doctor's bills are paid with sleepless nights and a wrinkle or two. Unused to reckoning such intangible accounts, however, we are still apt to hug to our innocent souls that age-old, delicious fantasy—the fantasy of something for nothing. It is well known that the feminine temperament cannot resist this allurements. The most disillusioned among us will still pause at the remnant counter; and there are few womanly spirits whom it consistently strikes as ridiculous to spend time and bus fares upon reaching a cheaper shopping centre. But in no part of fate's market do women so persistently and light-heartedly expect to get the best of the bargain as in the market of husbands.

The rich young man is indubitably the ideal of Eve; though she may, as a matter of fact, end by marrying the dustman, Miss Brown, who has landed the wealthy Mr. Jones, is a figure of distinctly heightened romance. A subtle tone of respect mingles discreetly with the congratulations which shower upon her. Miss



*In the market of Husbands the rich young man is the popular ideal, but Wealth does not always bring the truest balance to the matrimonial scales.*

Jones has done well for herself, and everybody may sincerely applaud. Over Miss Green, who is affianced to love and a cottage, we are inclined to shake our heads. Romantic, but —!



MISS EVIE FOOKES, of New Plymouth.

Phyllis Hoggatt.

*"Romances paint at full length lovers' wooings  
But only give a bust of marriages."*

Hence the ultimate fate of the fortunate Miss Brown is apt to slip our attention; we saw her at the wedding through rose-coloured spectacles and do not like her so well in the plain light of a later day. The important question is, however: What does Miss Brown feel about her bargain at that later day? Going upon the sound principle of nothing for nothing, we may safely conclude that she is now engaged in completing the purchase. Marrying for money is to ingenuous woman something like buying on the instalment system—the goods come first, the payments after (and it must be admitted that the payments often appear to last longer than the goods).

Every now and then—more and more often since the war, which made and unmade fortunes in such sweeping fashion—one comes across women with husbands and families in tow, who have, as they gently term it, "suffered a reverse." They appear extremely pathetic, especially in their own eyes, which see more clearly than those of outsiders the contrast between former splendours and the unaccustomed poverty to which they have been brought. Their attitude to life is a weary one, for they always carry about with them the feeling of having been cheated by fate; and it is significant that nearly all of them visit their indignation against fate upon the heads of their unfortunate husbands. Such women are somewhat in the position of the little girl who saved up to buy the coloured vase in the chemist's window, and found subsequently that it was only glass filled with water. Their spouse is not what they took him for: that is a human bank, in their eagerness to obtain which they perhaps overlooked his lack of other qualities attractive in a life partner. They have exchanged themselves for a pig in a poke; small wonder that they bear a certain grudge against the pig!

These are, I venture to suggest, some of the Miss Browns of life, learning, at a time of life when learning comes hard, the paradoxical lesson that money often costs too much. They are greatly to be pitied, not, perhaps, for the reasons for which they usually pity themselves. Financial poverty is a hag who has awkward features, but who can be made serene, even charming, by a mere touch here and there. But spiritual poverty is a spectre, and poverty in love is the death's head itself. It is to this kind of indigence that the wealthy marriage has a nasty habit of condemning women. It is said that money never brings happiness, which I beg to believe is a gross libel upon Providence. Money maketh glad the heart of man; of women no less; it is the most delightful adornment of romance I know. But money so often has to be paid for with one's conception of the true values of life. In the question of marriage, for instance, either love is the *prime* motive, or material con-



# MARRYING FOR MONEY

(Continued From Page 80)

venience: some attraction must always come first on the list, whatever others may follow. Thus, if it is your bridegroom's material means which dazzle your eyes, you must necessarily be a little blinded to his other aspects. A bright, golden veil will be always between you and your choice. So long as you do not grow tired of looking at the veil instead of at the man, or it is not torn away by cruel circumstance, all is well. Life's actions and reactions being what they are, though, it is quite probable that one or other of these events may come to pass.

We all know how violent and persistent are the fluctuations of the money market; almost as violent as the fluctuations of the human fancy. We know that what makes millions at one time will not make a brass farthing at another, and that what appears desirable to Miss Brown at twenty may not seem so to Mrs. Jones at forty. The golden veil having thus been rent, or ceased to please, the next object of existence upon which the eye must fall is the man behind the veil. What of him in his nakedness? Will he prove equally attractive, or a symbol of remorse? Will he represent the unpaid bill of the marriage made *de connoissance*?

There are merciful exceptions to every rule, and to suggest that there be pinned upon the breast of every marriageable man the legend: "Is he rich? Then trust him not" is the last desire of the writer of this article. But it must be taken into account, not only that money has been made by the wrong sorts of people lately (owing to the sad fact that the wrong sorts of goods have proved most acceptable to the public), but that the money-making temperament is necessarily forged among a very low collection of ideals, of which the paramount one is that of getting the most out of other people for the least one can give in return.

The woman marrying a prosperous man of to-day may be quite sure that he has in order to keep his position, to compete upon their own grounds with scoundrels and swindlers stirred up in vast numbers by the war and the awful life-struggle which it has imposed upon human kind. In the heat and fury of a battle one is not particular about whose face one steps upon: one becomes callous, distinctly in the frame of mind to give as good as one gets, and these qualities, engendered in prosperous man by his eternal financial tussle, are not so easy to confine to office routine as wives may hope. After a time they stick; they become part of character and thus react upon the partner at home. From seeing all the world as your enemy it is not a long way to seeing your wife in the same light.

In a sense she is responsible for it all. To win and support her this difficult and wearisome business of

swindling the swindlers has to be carried on. The husband suddenly perceives that his wife is getting something out of him for nothing. There she sits, snug at home, spending the money in pursuit of which his grey hairs are going down with sorrow, etc. Now observe his sound business instincts thoroughly roused! He is being cheated. Somebody is getting something for nothing; a monstrosity. He rushes home, storms, contradicts her flatly at the dinner-table, or takes another lady out to supper, according to his taste in revenges. The first instalment of the bill for *Cresus* is due.

This brings us to another aspect of the question, not perhaps seriously considered by women for the reasons respectfully hinted at in the beginning of the article. Since whatever we have in this world we must earn some way or another, the woman who marries for money must be prepared to do all that "to marry" used to imply in the days when all women with a few exceptions, were financially dependent upon their husbands—or else to pay for her keep in some other manner, possibly not so pleasant withal. In a more primitive state of civilisation the woman really did contribute her fair share in the task of sustenance, to set against that of her mate. But now she has few or no children, the work of the house is done for her by servants—whom her husband pays—or by labour-saving devices—which he buys. It is only in human nature that her spouse should take it out of her in some fashion or other.

I know a woman who earns her luxurious life in the sweat of her brow by putting up with her husband's violent tempers. This is not the most dignified form of labour for one's bread which can be imagined. She chose it with her eyes shut, and now she rightly rebels against it. The law, unfortunately, has not much sympathy for those who buy with their eyes shut, and makes it difficult for them to exchange their bad bargains. There are, of course, husbands of angelic temperament who ask nothing in return for the material comforts they supply. In these cases, be sure, the wives take out their obligations in demands upon themselves. They pay in currency of ill-health, ennui, hysteria in one form or another. Rich, leisured wives are full of these ailments. I am afraid that my advice to a great many of them would be to give up the obligatory money which means so little—or so much of misery endured, and find some means of earning what they require by the fruit of their own labours. Work is more healthy than suffering other people's megrims with a beautiful patience, your mind meanwhile clinging for consolation to a large bank balance.

This is not an article in heated support of the love-in-a-cottage theory against all others. It takes all

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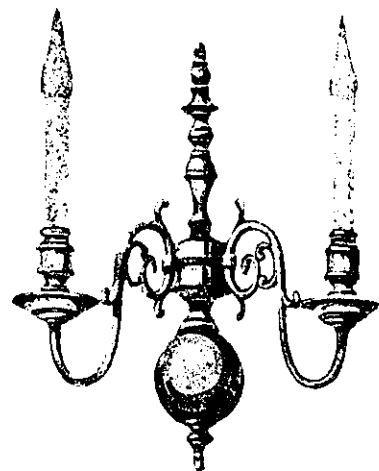
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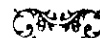
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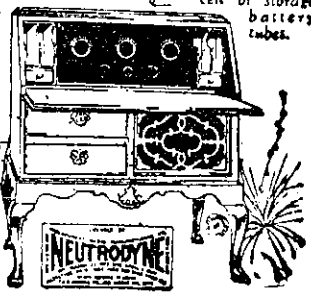
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## MARRYING FOR MONEY

(Continued From Page 81)

kinds of temperaments to make a world, and it is plain that what appears a bargain in the marriage showroom to one woman would not content another. But I do think that those contemplating marriage might usefully put to themselves beforehand this plain question: "How do I wish to pay and how to be paid?" Even in commerce so much choice is given each one of us. We can buy what we like; we can pay for what we buy as we like, in labour or exchange, or in coin of the realm; with the handy cheque if we care to meet the cost of running a bank balance, or by cash if we prefer to keep our money in a stocking.

The same right of choice obtains in the deeper issues of life. The bride can put upon herself what price she likes, and she can take it out in material or moral values. She can purchase an expensive husband or a cheap one, carefully remembering, however, that the best is always the most expensive. By this I mean that it costs the most. What this price is, each individual one of us alone must decide; nobody knows but ourselves how much we can afford to spend.

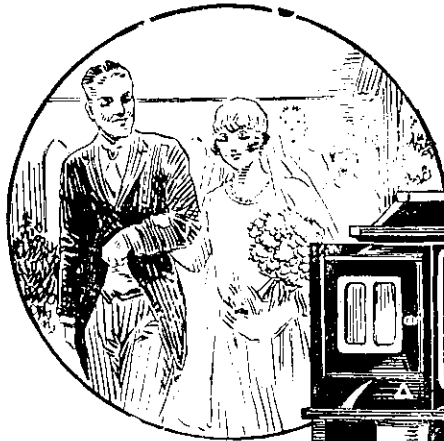
The most sensible thoughts of salaries for wives, co-wage-earning, and other such signs of hard times for human kind, could not shake the conviction of the writer that the spirit of child-giving, our heritage from a rude past when dear life was the important thing, is still the loveliest which animates the woman looking to be wed, and the happiest. Children square the complicated marriage account in the most simple fashion of all, because they are in themselves so much a part of the parents' recompense. The husband and wife whose great aim is to pro-

duce beautiful types of children, do not squabble over the money or the labour which they expend in doing it, any more than co-producers of a great work of art should conceivably grudge their materials or their hours of toil.

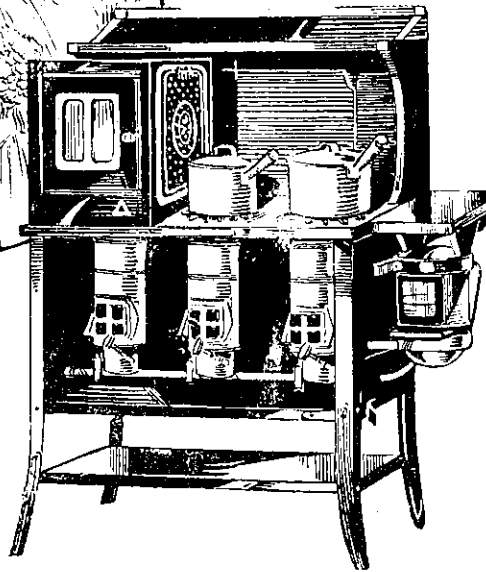
In the money-marriage the question of children may or may not be left out, but it inevitably comes second. Riches make many things which it is good to have and experience, but they cannot make life. In the supreme choice of such a mating something living is finally exchanged for something dead. It is this which makes one tremble a little for women who base their choice upon strictly material values. In a world where the population is already most inconveniently large, it would be absurd to suggest that the entire aim of marriage should be to reproduce the race, but to produce a still higher and more beautiful type of the race is a different issue; this is progressive and it demands a concentration of the parents upon spiritual values and upon the very best that is to be found in each other. Women have the ultimate right of choice in marriage, which means the ultimate decision in the fate of to-morrow's generation. It is permissible to express a hope that a commercialised and thereby somewhat brutalised world has not entirely frightened away their faith in the triumph of humanity over its false gods; that brought face up with this vital question of whom we shall marry, we still "have our lesson:

... understand  
The worth of flesh and blood at last!"  
Olive Mary Salter, in *Good Housekeeping*.

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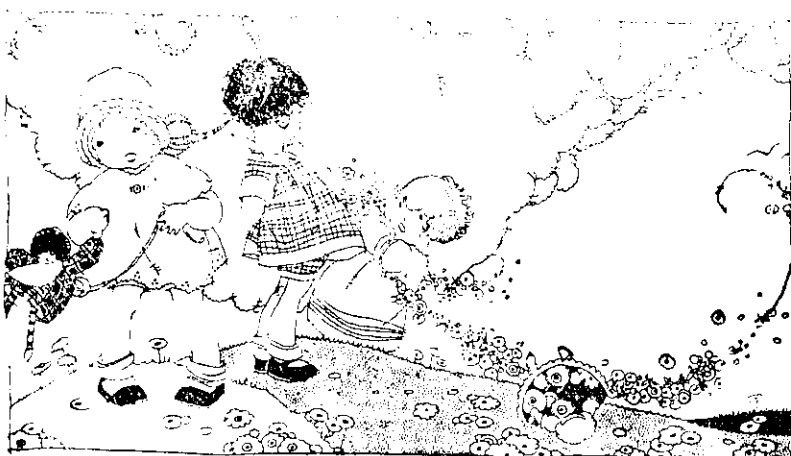
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## Parents and their Children

### The Creative Mind of the Child and its Latent Powers



A young mother, recounting her experiences when taking her little girl to introduce her to the Kindergarten mistress on the first day of school, says that she went with the idea of amazing the authorities by her description of Sybil's cleverness and achievements at five years of age. She found a dozen other mothers waiting for their interview, and had the good fortune to hear the opinions of these parents, who also seemed to have brought intellectual prodigies to lighten the humdrum ways of the school. At least six little Paulines were the possessors of far too active brains, and their mothers felt the remedy was learning to read as soon as possible; they also gave promise of a brilliant future in mathematics, as they loved to count everything; and their insatiable desire for stories and poetry showed a distinct bent for authorship.

Six little Philippas had equally remarkable talents; but here, it was felt that the bearing-rein was needed; they must be held back, lest pressure, from without and within, should result in meningitis or other disasters to the delicately poised brains and nervous systems. As Sybil's mother listened she suddenly realised with amusement and some self-mockery that what she, in common with all these other mothers, had thought brilliant and unusual in her child were characteristics common to all normal children; and grateful that this awakening had come in good time, she abandoned her child to the tender mercies of the Kindergarten mistress with no more introduction than "This is Sybil," and beat a hasty retreat.

As she went home she wondered if one could ever positively say that a child was destined to be clever or not, and asked herself what exactly is meant by cleverness. Was it the memorising of certain facts and ideas prescribed by a school curriculum heavy with the tradition of the ages? Could the child who learned to read in a month keep the pace in all the other branches of knowledge throughout school life?

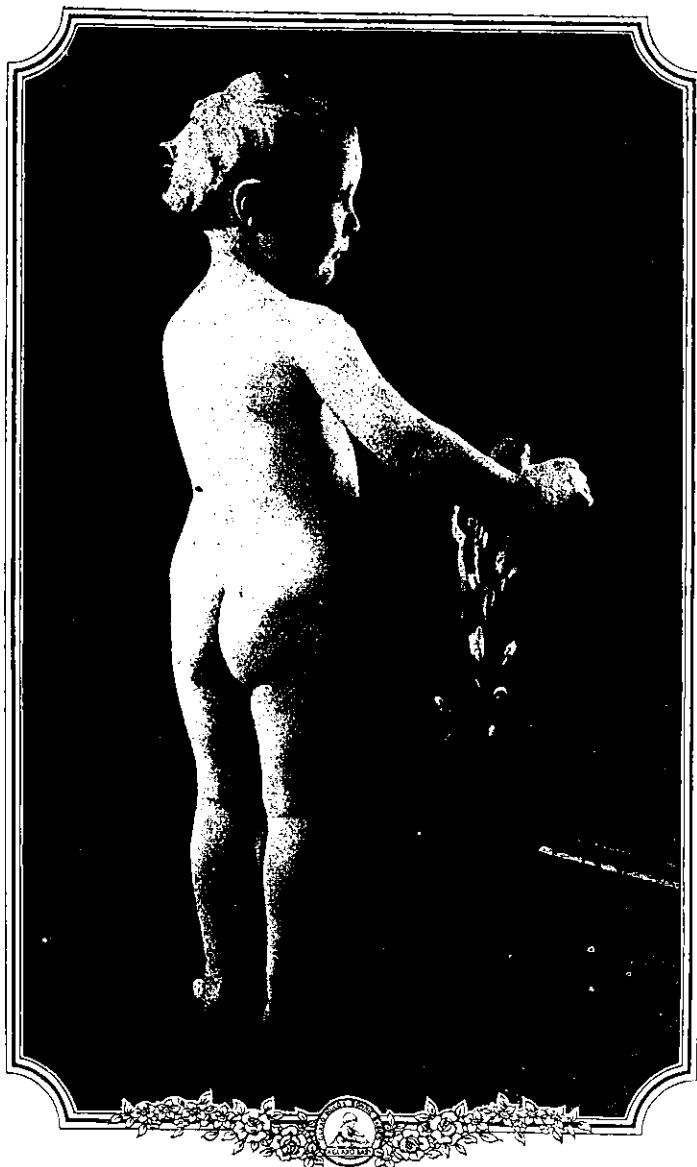
WE may consider the well-authenticated facts of the school records of some famous people when we, too, seek to answer these questions. Darwin was incapable of mastering any language, and when he left school he says, "I was considered by all my masters and by my father a very ordinary boy rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification, my father once said to me, 'You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family.'"

Napoleon graduated forty-second in his class. "Who," asks a thoughtful man, "were the forty-one above him?" Humphry Davy, Goldsmith, and many others showed no sign at school of the powers they afterwards displayed. The school record, therefore, is no criterion of the child's intelligence or intellectual powers for the brilliant man or woman was often prescribed as dull at school, and vice versa.

According to school standard, many so-called clever children are merely receptive and fortunately endowed with retentive powers, and these same standards by their narrowness may balk the larger-natured child with high ideals, and so this child is considered dull or indolent. The stultifying effects of a narrow curriculum are too often seen in the little offenders against the majesty of the law who find their way into the Juvenile Courts. Boys who are born leaders, with initiative and ability to carry through courageous with the result that they find themselves, have no outlet for these gifts, selves in disgrace and offenders at an early age.

The child who prefers to find occupations and his own methods of carrying them through without advice or help is often stigmatised as wilful, whereas this probably is a clever child who should be given scope and freedom, and interference and attempts at thwarting him tactfully avoided, or disastrous consequences will result.

Initiative is the primary test of the clever child, and this should be sympathetically dealt with from the



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# Parents and their Children

(Continued From Page 84)

first, for if it is encouraged exceptional talents may become prominent.

Each of the following types should be regarded as belonging to the realm of cleverness equally with that generally considered alone worthy of the title; they are all directed by mental activity, whether manifested through muscular or imaginative outlets.

First, there is the child who manages concrete situations, and this power is shown very markedly in the constructive work of the early stages. If this interest is satisfied

biography is a charming pencil sketch of a little train of trucks (in which are seated his brothers and sisters), manufactured from packing-cases by the boy who afterwards called into being the great transport system in the British Army.

Secondly, there is the child who shows power of commanding and managing people at an early age, and usually has the defect of this quality in his contempt for authority. Clashes often occur when this born leader is not allowed to undertake the responsibilities of leadership. This, too, should be recognised



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in early life and allowed to develop, in exceptional cases it may branch out into scientific or artistic interests.

For instance, Isaac Newton spent his leisure making many ingenious toys—a windmill turned either by the wind or by the mouse enclosed in it, which he called the miller; a mechanical carriage, moved by the person who sat in it; a water-clock and other things. A sickly solitary, absent-minded boy, who took a low place in school, yet satisfied his own interests in spite of the school, and his wonderfully original work in mathematics and physics can be traced as a development of his first childish excursions into their realms.

We probably owe the marvellous efficiency of our Army Service Corps to an interest of this kind in the boyhood of Sir Redvers Buller. He was called a clever boy who would not work at school. In his

as a gift without the fear of the leader becoming a tyrant or a bully. On the contrary, through his mistakes and failures, he will learn that there are other points of view than his own, and the leader should become the man or woman of wide outlook, sympathetic and gentle towards the weaker, yet at the same time capable of taking a firm stand to questions involving moral issues.

General Gordon, as a boy, was no bookworm, but famous as the possessor of high spirits and with powers of leadership which often made him the terror of his superiors.

Robert Clive was renowned at the different schools he attended for his boldness and insubordination. His biographer says he would not learn and was the leader in all broils and escapades, but "at all events he learned to lead."

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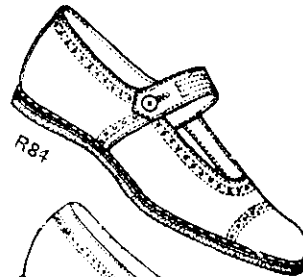
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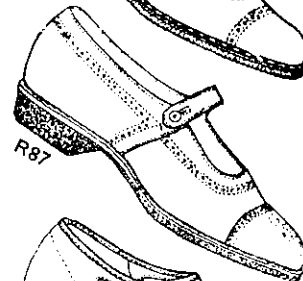


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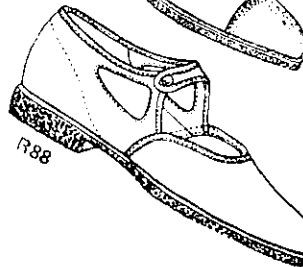
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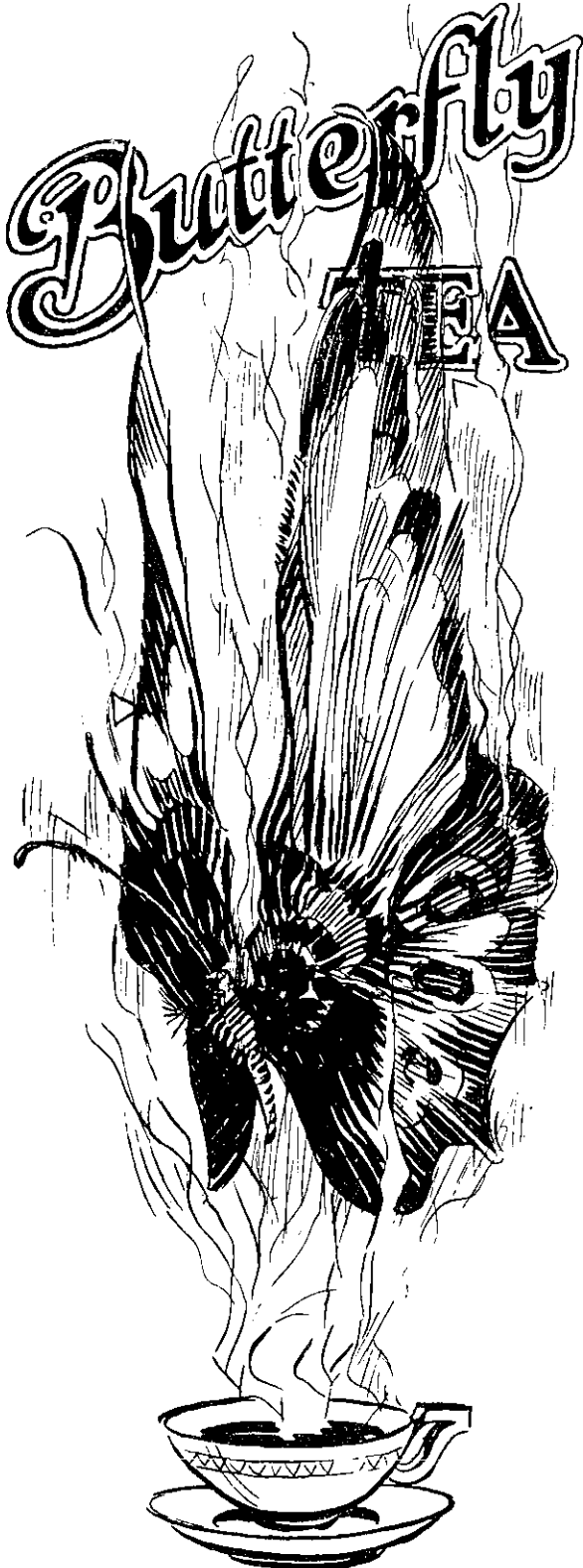


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## Parents and their Children

(Continued from Page 85)

efficiently in the past and even in the present—the precocious child. They are few and far between, but are still considered as the only ones who have the right to the title "clever."

Mrs. Meynell, in one of her interesting essays on children tells us that "time was when childhood was but borne with, and that for the sake of its mere promise of manhood; education was nothing but an impatient prophecy of the full stature of mind and body."

This impatience of immaturity and eagerness to hasten through children's spring, with all its own peculiar loveliness of slow development in the course of nature, seems to have been a characteristic of the parents of all ages, and unnatural precocity afforded to some at least an exquisite joy.

John Evelyn, in his diary of 1658, writing of his little son Richard, says: "At three years old he read any character or letter used in our printed books, and had gotten by heart before he was five, 700 or 800 Latin and Greek words together with their genders and declensions. . . . More to be admired was the loveliness of his judgment, that being much affected with the diagrams of Euclid he could interpret to me many of the common postulates and definitions which he would readily repeat in Latin, and apply. He was in one hour only taught to play the first half of a thorough-bass to one of our church psalms upon the organ. . . . Let no man think we did hereby crowd his spirit too full of notions. Those things which we force upon other children were strangely natural to him." As this little boy died before he was five and a-half years old, we cannot tell what he would have become. Stevenson, with whimsical wisdom, says: "Though here and there a Lord Macaulay may escape from school honours with all his wits about him, most boys pay so dear for their medals that they may not afterwards have a shot in their locker, and begin the world bankrupt." And Richard Evelyn might have been a dire disappointment.

To obtain this background of culture, to force the child's intellectual development has been the anxious desire of those who wish to call their children "clever," and in the process childish traits and desires have been repressed, together with those instincts and impulses which psychologists now tell us hold promise for the future, if allowed to develop naturally.

The modern outlook is wider and saner; parents are coming to understand and express sympathy with their children; consequently the child's behaviour is natural to a degree that would have scandalised our forefathers, as would the parents' desire to live with and for their children and to gain their confidence.

Two difficulties possibly beset parents in carrying out this ideal: on the one hand it is so hard to remember how one felt and acted as a child, and on the other many parents have had no adult experience of little children before marrying, and, being faced with their own small enigmas, consequently they may fall into errors not unlike those we have been deploring.

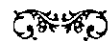
Instead of urging the child to be clever, many parents to-day assume that truly their duckling is a swan, as there lurks in most parental hearts the desire for their own to outshine someone else's child, and this becomes more prominent when the child enters the competitive arena of school. One can hardly expect that other people's children should make the same appeal as one's own, but there is much that can be learned from a study of these, and the open-minded parent of broad sympathies thus gains much knowledge for the solution of his or her particular problem.

"Only with children who have specialised intellectual abilities is it possible to secure mental activity without participation of the organs of sense and muscles of the hand and eye."

It is right that this type should be given every opportunity to develop their gifts through the school to the university, and to give the best of their powers for the benefit of mankind. Speaking generally, there is no fear of this class being overlooked. Intellectual cleverness seems to be easily recognised and joyfully hailed, as we have seen in the past; it is to the other types recognition has come and still comes more slowly. Let us realise that there are "diversities of gifts" and that "every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner and another after that."

Not from the child's reactions to the school curriculum, with its analysis and abstractions, must the child's powers be assessed; his title to real ability must depend upon his attitude to life-situation—to life itself.

We should not be too concerned with one type of cleverness, but recognising each child's peculiar gift give to it scope and guidance, so that the best and highest development for each is possible. Ours is the responsibility for this development; and, as the smoothing of the path for little feet is ours too, we shall do our utmost to avoid placing stumbling blocks in their way, by which their gifts and powers will be hindered and misdirected.



Man proposes; and the Divorce Court exposes.  
Marriage: The Vision,  
Divorce: The Re-Vision.

## Useful Hints on Invalid Diet



Water boils at 212° F.

No cooking is done at less than 180° F. (simmering point). Fat for frying should be 360° F. When hot enough a faint blue fume arises from it and a piece of bread dropped into it becomes a golden-brown colour. If it is not hot enough the food will be greasy; if it is too hot the food will burn.

After frying, the food should always be drained on crumpled paper and served on a paper doyley. This absorbs the surplus fat.

Starchy foods (flour, cornflour, etc.), when cooked by boiling, should be boiled for at least five minutes in order to burst the starch grains. Whole grains (rice, tapioca, sago, etc.), should be boiled for at least 20 minutes.

Foods containing albumen (meat, fish, white of egg) should be cooked gently and slowly (180°-200° F.) to prevent the albumen hardening and becoming indigestible.

A beaten-up egg which is to be used for making custard, or for thickening a sauce or soup, must not be allowed to boil or it will break and curdle. Always strain it after beating it and before adding it to the other liquid.

To prevent milk boiling over, grease the top of the saucepan. A clean marble in the saucepan rolls about and prevents the saucepan burning.

Never add soda to water in which green vegetables are boiled—it destroys the vitamins. To preserve the colour, boil without a lid, and add one lump of sugar to the water. Put a small piece of charcoal into the water in which green vegetables are boiled—it will remove the smell.

If odd bits of celery are dried in the oven they will keep indefinitely, and can be used for flavouring soups. Parseley will keep fresh for a week or 10 days if stored in a wide screw-topped jar.

To keep cut lemons, put the cut side down on a plate and cover with a tumbler.

A jelly will turn out more easily if the mould is dipped into boiling water for a few seconds first.

Buttermilk is very easily digested and contains mineral salts which enrich the blood.

Grapes and raisins contain iron, and are therefore particularly good for anaemic people.

Almonds are specially rich in fat and contain no sugar. For this reason they are often given to diabetic patients.

Mutton is more easily digested than beef, but owing to very short fibres chicken is more easily digested than either beef or mutton.

The reason white fish is more easily digested than oily fish is because in the former the oil is stored in one part of the body only (ex. cod's liver), where as in the latter it is distributed over the whole of the body.



## Let them eat wheat — for health

**L**ET your children eat wheat, eat Granose Biscuits every day— for health. Granose is whole wheat in its purest and most palatable form—children love the good grainy taste, the crisp delicious substance of a Granose Biscuit. Those who do not enjoy ordinary porridge delight in Granose, and it's infinitely better for their health—for every flake of Granose is a grain of wheat.

*Split a Granose Biscuit and crisp it in the oven for a few minutes before serving with milk or stewed fruit.*

Whole wheat contains those food elements essential to the good health and sturdy growth of children—and in Granose they get them all. Granose Biscuits consist only and entirely in whole wheaten grains, first cooked thoroughly then pressed into convenient form.

Granose is best of all baby-foods. It suits the most delicate digestion. See directions with every packet of Granose Biscuits.

*Granose is the best form of whole meal bread; it is 100 per cent wheat. Eat Granose Biscuits at every meal.*



# GRANOSE BISCUITS

## A Sanitarium Health Food

Obtainable in packets and 3-lb. caddies at all leading grocers and at the Sanitarium Health Food Shops—  
Auckland — Wellington — Christchurch — Dunedin.

G.B.110/30/26.

### Tea Scones

Sieve together ½ lb. of wholemeal flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of baking powder and 1 of salt. Rub in 2oz. or 3oz. of butter, add 2oz. of white sugar, and mix to a light dough with about three-quarters of a gill of fresh or sour milk. Knead lightly on a floured board and cut in squares.

### Afternoon Tea Cakes

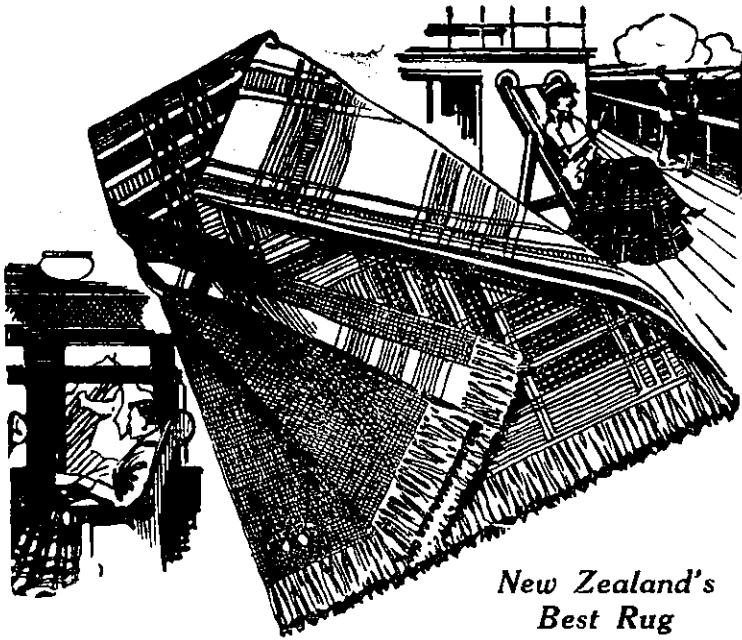
Quarter lb. of butter, ½ lb. of

sugar, 2 eggs, ½ lb. of wheaten flour, ½ lb. of arrowroot. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add eggs well beaten, then the flour, arrowroot one teaspoon of baking powder sifted together. Bake in a quick oven for 10 to 12 minutes. Sul-tanas, currants, caraway seeds, or lemon-peel can be added for variety. Use patty pans.

### Cinnamon Cake

Take 1 egg, 3 tablespoons butter, ½ lb S.R. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 pint

of milk, cinnamon to taste (about half a teaspoon). Mix dry ingredients, rub in the butter, beat egg and add milk. Mix all into a soft dough. Roll till smooth and about ½ in. thick. Place in a shallow pan and cover the top with a mixture of cinnamon, sugar and melted butter or cream. Bake them in a quick oven. Or the cake may be rolled ½ in. thick. Put almonds, apples or peaches, etc., between two layers. May be served hot or cold with cream, if desired.



*New Zealand's  
Best Rug*

You believe in New Zealand Industries, why not particularize? Definitely ask for an "Onehunga" Rug, New Zealand's Best Rug. Be assured of quality too, when buying Tweeds, Blankets or Flannel—particularize—demand Onehunga!

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Rugs - Tweeds - Blankets - Flannels

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*A Mainland Subdivision on the Waitemata Harbour*

23 MILES BY GOOD MOTOR ROAD FROM AUCKLAND  
AND 18 MILES—BY LAUNCH OR STEAMER

THIS lovely Estate is now subdivided into suitable areas for seaside residences, and those who are not familiar with this beautiful corner of a world-famed harbour should go out to Maraetai and judge for themselves.

*Select Your Section NOW!*

TERMS OF SALE: 10 p.c. Deposit, 10 p.c. in 3 months, 10 p.c. in 6 months, balance in 3 years at 6 p.c.

For further particulars apply to

**MRS. JESSIE CRAIG**

c/o J. J. CRAIG LTD., 100 QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND  
Or on the Property, at the Maraetai Farmhouse or Cottage

## Money in Spare Time!

The popularity of THE MIRROR has necessitated its permanent enlargement and the adoption of a forward policy to cope with the increasing circulation of THE HOME JOURNAL OF NEW ZEALAND, especially in the country districts.

Complaints are constantly being received from disappointed readers who experience difficulty in securing their copies of THE MIRROR on account of the various issues being quickly sold out, and our inability to fulfil repeat orders from news agents. To obviate this the Management is prepared to assist a limited number of young ladies in different districts of the Dominion to use their spare time in congenial work that is capable of showing a generous return for their interest in THE MIRROR. No previous experience is necessary to earn a liberal remuneration for a small service from the beginning of what may prove a profitable vocation.

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## Some Hints that Should be Considered

*Before Starting Out on the  
Christmas Holidays.*



*The right kind of clothes.* Be sure to take frocks and suits that crease as little as possible, and that do not show the dirt too soon. Cotton crepe, sponge-cloth, gingham, and stockinette are all good. Linens, zephyrs, and muslins should be avoided. Knitted frocks and jerseys will be wanted for cool days. For the boys, grey flannel shirts and knickers, or jerseys and knickers, are best; navy blue is a mistake, as it quickly loses its colour with the salt water and the strong air.

*Prepare for chance cold weather,* but don't encumber your luggage with heavy winter coats. Take, instead, plenty of old knitted sports coats and jumpers that can be put on underneath the children's "macks," giving extra warmth without much bulk.

*Prepare for wet day too,* and include in your luggage a supply of coloured crayons, pencils, one or two card games, and some odds and ends of dress material and balls of coloured wool to amuse the little girls, who like to sew.

*Accidents may happen.* A few first-aid necessities, such as surgical tape, strips of old linen, a tube of lanoline and some tincture of iodine, will be a prudent addition to your luggage.

*No best clothes, please,* for the journey to the seaside, but cool, easy-fitting things that won't rumple or show every bit of dust. And soft hats or caps that the children can lean back in when they like. Quite probably we do not wish them to take their hats off during the journey—very well then, we must provide them with something in which they can comfortably go to sleep!

*Take a small sponge,* wrung out in water just before starting, and have it ready at hand in a mackintosh bag, together with a large clean handkerchief. Then we can freshen up little hands and faces whenever necessary, for it is not the slightest use expecting children not to get dirty in railway trains, motor cars and ferry steamers.

*The children's diet.* Children, like grown-ups, often suffer from constipation during the first few days at the seaside. Liquid paraffin given regularly, is the best safeguard, but we must be careful over their food too. Prunes, wholemeal

bread, honey, and treacle will help; we must avoid too many cakes, sweets, bananas, and milk puddings—at any rate at first. Children often suffer from drinking insufficient water when on holiday, and if mothers would remember always to take a good big bottle of water down to the beach with them, there would be less constipation to cope with. It is best not to let the children paddle or bathe until the bowels have moved for the first time after arrival.

*Is paddling harmful?* Not if carried out in moderation. But it is a mistake to let children paddle less than an hour after the end of the last meal; or to let them paddle both morning and afternoon; or to allow much standing about in the water. Running in and out of the water, in the course of an energetic game or of strenuous sand-digging, is far better.

*What about bathing?* Everything depends upon its effect on the child in question. If he shivers and looks blue upon coming out, and can obtain no glow of reaction by brisk rubbing, then either he has stayed in too long or else bathing does not agree with him. Five minutes is long enough for the first bathe, and ten minutes on subsequent days. Children should be encouraged to go for a brisk walk or run along the sands after bathing, unless they are tired with swimming, when they should put on a warm coat and sit in the sun or in a sheltered place.

*Regularity.* Don't, just because you are on a holiday, let the children get right out of their good habits. Don't keep them up past their usual bedtime. Don't let them eat sweets and cakes all hours of the day. Don't let them be on their feet from morning to night if they are accustomed to a mid-day rest.

The Way of the Wise for curing a cold is easily taught and easily told; The Way of the Wise is plain commonsense—  
"Check the first symptoms and curtail expense."  
The Way of the Wise is at your command. Obtain it at once and keep it on hand:  
The Way of the Wise is pleasant and sure—  
Bottle of Wood's Great Peppermint Cure.





There's a thrill in  
Lifebuoy Cleanness

In  
your boy's  
pockets  
evidence of the day's  
dangers

A rabbit's foot, muddy marbles, a rusty nail, some choice bits from the scrap pile. What odd treasures a boy's pockets disgorge! They tell plainer than words of a day spent in constant contact with dirt.

Keeping clean to keep well is an idea even a boy quickly gets. The invigorating, antiseptic action of Lifebuoy floods away impurities that other soaps don't seem to reach, giving real protection from dangers of city dirt.

There's a thrill in Lifebuoy Clean-ness.

He's a "regular fellow." He'll like Lifebuoy Health Soap. He'll understand Lifebuoy cleanness—feel it—like its tingle and sparkle—know it's doing something.

"This is my kind of soap," he will say. When your own skin responds to Lifebuoy's beautifying action, you will say to yourself, "It's my kind, too!"



*The Health Doctor*

LIFEBUOY  
HEALTH SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS (N.Z.) LIMITED

# HONOLULU

for the Summer Holidays!

A Six Weeks' Trip

to the Islands of Desire



Eleven days, delightful and exhilarating sea travel from Auckland by the finest vessels on the Pacific, with a call at Fiji.

Nearly three weeks in Hawaii, the home of surf-riding; warmth and colour and perfume; the perfection of climate; exquisite mountain-island scenery; gorgeous tropic vegetation, wonderful flowers and strange fruits; coral reefs and great volcanoes; charming natives and fascinating immigrant races; sports of every kind.



Honolulu, a big American city, in a tropical setting; excellent accommodation at moderate rates.

Eleven days on the way back, again calling at Fiji.

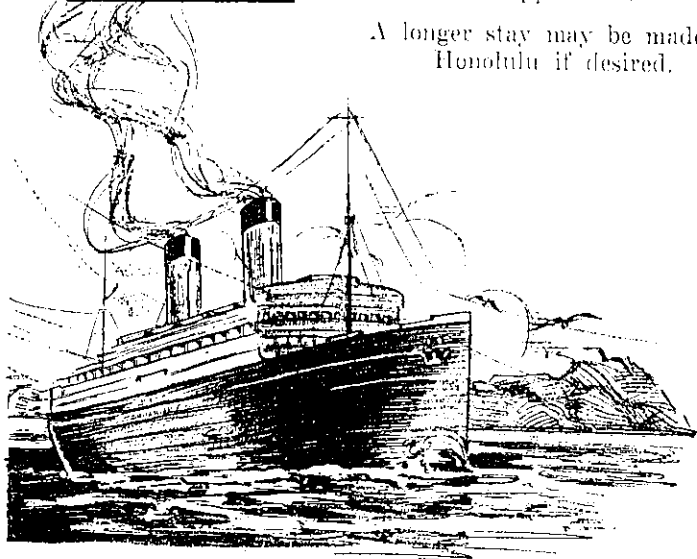
### REDUCED RETURN FARES

First Class	-	-	£50
Second Class	-	-	£37/10/-

Niagara,	13,415 tons	Dec. 21
Tahiti,	7898 tons	Jan. 20
Niagara,	13,415 tons	Feb. 15

Particulars of later excursions on application

A longer stay may be made at Honolulu if desired.



Union Steam Ship Company  
of New Zealand Limited

# Glorified Splashes

A Frank Talk with Bathers who just Flirt with Water

Bathing, in the minds of many people, is associated chiefly with the sea. Even then it is only too often little more than a glorified paddle with an occasional splash. Not much more than 5 per cent of those who go down to the sea in bathing costumes can swim. The Romans were a wise and great people. They have left behind them, in the relics of their civilisation, eloquent evidence of their fondness for bathing. They enjoyed it. We, who for long have been taking our pleasures too seriously, are only just beginning to understand that we may bathe freely and openly without being immoral.

To enjoy bathing to the full it is necessary to be able to swim. Paddling about with now and again a bob down into the water and occasional partial immersion, is, to swimming and a real bathe, much as flirtation is to love.

Since it is beyond contradiction that it is pleasant and useful both for children and for adults to swim, why it is that there are not instructors constantly in attendance at public baths to show people how to swim and help them in their efforts to teach themselves? It is pitiable to see novices floundering in the shallow end of the bath and doing nothing better than swallow water and shiver, partially immersed, all for want of a little intelligent help and encouragement.

Bathing should not be limited to a week or fortnight at the sea, but should be enjoyed constantly throughout the year, especially in the summer. We have swimming baths. These, however, leave much to be desired. We are also just beginning to get, at long last, open-air baths. For every one we have of these we ought to have a hundred.



HOPEFUL HORICE: "Will you promise to marry me?"

PLAYFUL PAMELA: "No, but I'd like to have an option of you till the end of the season!"

When I say our public swimming baths leave much to be desired, I deplore (a) that no refreshments are provided; (b) that too much noise and skylarking is allowed; (c) that the attendants are only too often slovenly in their performance of their duties. A cup of coffee after a bathe is not only acceptable but healthy. Shouting and wild splashing spoil the enjoyment of all who do not want to skylark. Courtesy and neat, clean dress in attendants would give tone to our baths, which they lack.

A little intelligent effort would do much to popularise our swimming baths. It is unfortunate that they are looked upon so much as places provided for the poor. They are really provided for the whole community and should be made attractive to educated and refined people.

Swimming is matchless for strengthening the body, securing freedom from colds, and giving grace and freedom to the movement of the human limbs.

Bathing in the open air is more enjoyable in good weather than under a roof. It is also less noisy. It is a fine tonic to body and mind. It is, perhaps, the shortest cut to making a man, or a woman, hardy and healthy.

Let it not be supposed that having a bath is anything like as healthy for the body as a bathe. Stewing in hot water in a stuffy bathroom is one thing. Exercising the body in swimming another. The cold bath or the shower is invigorating; but it is often too much of a shock. The immersed body of the swimmer glows with health in a far more natural manner.

It is so with the bather. The bather has got to learn how to bathe—in other words, how to swim. But the public must be helped. That is why we need greater facilities for bathing than we have, and more attractive public baths, with refreshments and, generally speaking, a more enlightened and up-to-date atmosphere.—Daily Graphic.

# Holiday Bogies

## How to "Lay" Them

By a Well-known Writer on  
Physical Culture.



"An' the bogies will git y'ere if y'ere don't watch out"—so deeply was this impressed upon my infant mind by my nurse, whenever I incurred her wrath and displeasure, which was at least six times during the day and as many during the night—that to this day a bogey is a tangible person, as I believe it is to most of us; even to the "just-grown-ups" whose nurses would have been put to a slow and painful death, had they ever dared to put the fear of anything or anybody into the tenderly treated beings born early in this century.

There ought not, it would seem, to be a liason between holidays and bogies, nevertheless there is a whole troupe of these objectionable beings, who stow themselves away in our suit-cases among our filmy frocks and gossamer silk stockings or show an affection for the shelter of our tweeds and woolies; while others sit affectionately on our shoulders whispering all the fearsome things that may assault life and limb and looks, if we don't watch out.

To the woman who values the beauty and texture of her skin they suggest how deplorably easy it is to become freckled and sunburnt, and how difficult to get the complexion clear and blemish-free again.

She, who is wise, gives this bogey a proper "what-foring" by wearing shady hats lined with brown, red or yellow, if she does not want to freckle. She covers her neck, chest, arms, and hands (arms especially because she knows that exposure to light not only tans and freckles them, but may encourage a strong growth of hair to appear as well)—and carries a sunshade. To prevent a network of sun wrinkles from invading her eyes, forehead and the bridge of her nose, and to prevent the eyes themselves from becoming blood-shot and inflamed, she wears dark

glasses, tortoiseshell rimmed; and if she is the fortunate possessor of what the French call "chic," manages to look attractive nevertheless.

As further precaution she bathes her face, etc., with buttermilk lotion, failing the real article, or rubs a slice of freshly-cut lemon or the rind of cucumber over such portions of her anatomy as the sun has kissed, letting the application dry on.

She uses cucumber emulsion night and morning instead of cream, and should she be in the reign of snowy mountains she will use cream consisting of lanoline, to which a trace of quinine has been added, before making an ascent, coating this with fine powder.

The woman who considers shady hats, high necks or the wearing of scarves and sleeves out of doors a superfluity and yet hates being burnt, has no choice but to cover all the vulnerable portions of her anatomy with a thick coating of calamine lotion, tinted to tone with her own flesh, and cover this again with powder; the effect in a strong light is artificial, but it is a great protection. The preparation must be removed with cold cream and the face then well washed every night before going to bed, and a little good cold cream well worked in so that the skin may not become too dry after this treatment.

The few and fortunate beings whom the Sun god loves and beautifies with his kisses, will be well advised to wipe their faces, arms, chest and necks over with a trace of very pure sweet oil and go into the sunlight, they will then burn a most attractive clear brown uniform tint without injuring the skin; but such treatment is for real youth only.

# YOUTH



## YOUR COMPLEXION NEED NEVER AGE

The secret of youth is health—and a healthy skin is the secret of a radiant complexion.

Let OATINE CREAM enable your skin to function as it should—let it awake your sleeping beauty.

OATINE CREAM protects your complexion against summer sun, against British weather, against the strain of all the years to come.

Buy a 1/3 tube or a jar at your chemist's and prove this for yourself.

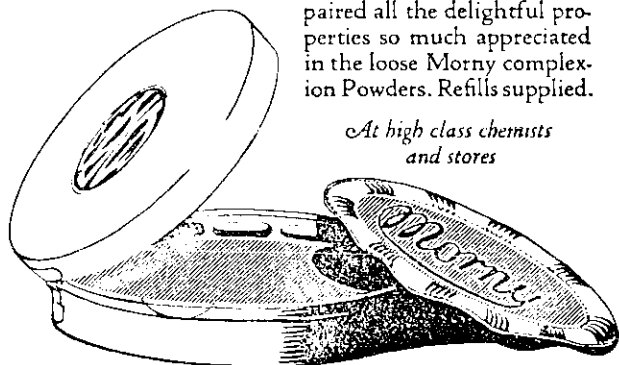
# Oatine

AWAKES YOUR SLEEPING  
BEAUTY

Sole Agents for New Zealand:  
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# The MORNY COMPACT OF June Roses

To carry Mornny Complexion Powder conveniently throughout the day—it is the wish of all women of taste. The appearance of the Mornny Compact therefore is an event in the world of fashion. This charming accessory is all that one would expect in a creation of the house of Mornny. It is of gilt fitted with hinged lid, full-view mirror and a decorative puff—all beautifully finished. And, so important, the compressed powders, June Roses or Chaminade, retain unimpaired all the delightful properties so much appreciated in the loose Mornny complexion Powders. Refills supplied.



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# Country Beauty Secrets

Modern Woman, in her Wisdom, looks  
for Natural Aid to Beauty

By "An OLD MAID."

**D**o you buy your aids to beauty?

If you live in the town, and lead a busy life, I suppose you must. If your home is in the country why do you not concoct your own?

Country suns and country breezes bring you health—in its train clear eyes, a smooth complexion and shining hair; and—if you are not careful—cheeks that might be likened to the poppy rather than the rose, a complexion no one would dream of comparing to the petals of a flower!

Not vanity, but common sense demands that a woman take pains with her appearance. And since beauty, in the first place, comes from within, a dose of that sound old purifier, "brimstone and treacle" should head the list of aids. "Rub together in a large pot, half an ounce of flower of sulphur, one ounce of cream of tartar, and half a pound of treacle. Take a teaspoonful every morning for two weeks." Try it, combined with much fresh air, wholesome meals, exercise and rest. Do not overlook the rest. It counts for much, when a woman's looks are in question.

**D**o you need a tonic for your hair?

Look for a garden whose paths are bordered with box and beg a handful of leaves. Put them into an earthen jar—I use a two-pound size—and pour on a pint of boiling water. When it is cold, strain, and add a small tumblerful of old Jamaica rum. Shake the mixture well, and with your fingers rub it nightly about the roots of your hair. You will be satisfied with what it does, if you persevere.

Each summer freckles come and go on my nose and forehead. Try this:

"Of red rose leaves one ounce to twelve fluid ounces of water; infuse for an hour. Strain, and express all goodness from the rose leaves. Measure your liquid, and to each half pint put thirty grains of citric acid. Dissolve, and after a few hours decant all that is clear. Apply with the finger tips night and morning."

You may like to gather the dropping roses, and try this remedy; remember that red roses are specified; paler kinds possess certain attributes in a less degree. If you lack a marked medicine glass, a tablespoon measures half a fluid ounce.

When I feel industrious I make my own cold cream. I have three or four good recipes, but the simplest is the one most generally favoured. I buy eight ounces of almond oil, three ounces of spermaceti, and one and a half ounces of best white wax. All are put in a stone jar, which jar is set in a pan of hot water over a slow fire. It is

kept there till all are melted and amalgamated. When this state of affairs has come about, the contents of the jar are poured into a deep bowl, warmed and waiting in the heat of the stove. A wooden spoon is my spatula, and with this I beat and beat till uniform smoothness and whiteness results. I keep beside the fire all the while, and at the last add by degrees, still whipping with my spoon, a half pint of rose water

and a few drops of any spirit perfume I possess. Red roses I love—and mind you add your scent and your rose water warm. Whip your cold cream till it looks like snow, then store it in little jars and keep it cool.

And now for some of the easiest aids of all to the attainment of a smooth, flower-like complexion. In your walks, pick dandelion—leaves, flowers, the stalks, and, if you can, lift a piece of root. Put a large handful in a quart jug, fill with boiling water, cover with a thickly folded cloth, and let the liquid stand till it is cold. Strain it then, and drink a wineglass of the "tea" when you wake each morning. A medical man I know has great faith in the virtues of this lowly plant. I myself have the stripped leaves almost daily, in salads.

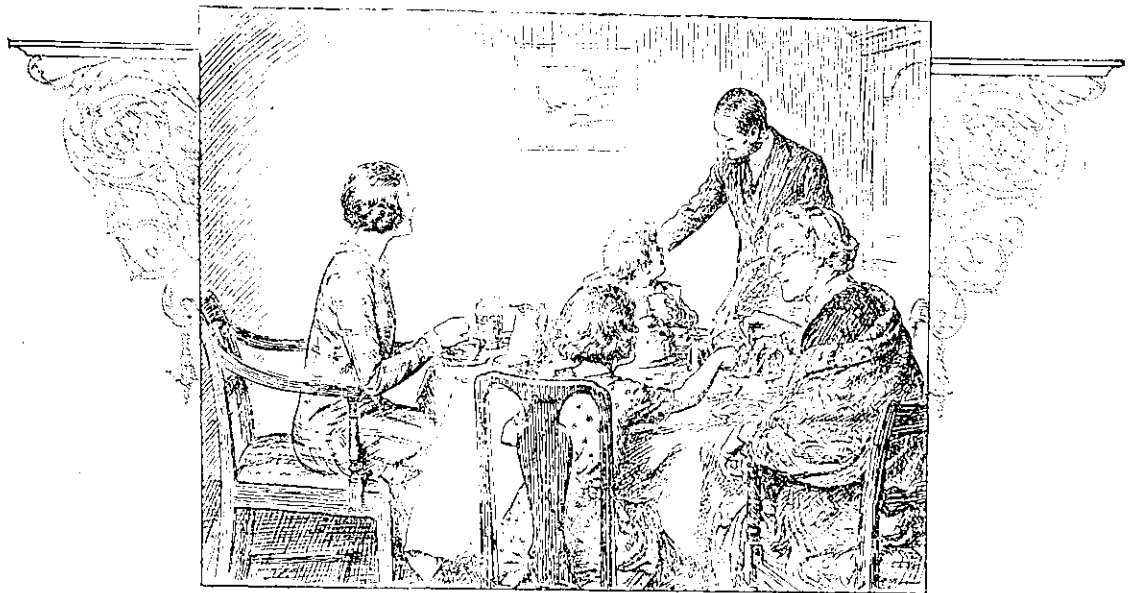
## WHY BE FAT?

You can really reduce by a simple and harmless home cure without drugs, and recommended by doctors. It is



## Easy to Get Thin

You can obtain a slender figure like this and become younger, healthier and stronger in a very short time. Send six stamps for booklet: "Good News for Stout People," to The Harris Obesity Cure, 56L, Manners St., Wellington.



## The Family Beverage for Health and Vigour

**A**T every breakfast table "Ovaltine" should be the daily beverage. It ensures health for every member of the family.

No other beverage is so rich in health-giving nutriment, so delicious in taste, so easy of digestion.

Think of its constituents! The creamiest of milk from England's richest pastures, the finest malted barley, fresh eggs and a cocoa flavouring. These are Nature's most nourishing foods.

Throughout the world "Ovaltine" stands supreme as the most nourishing and health-giving food beverage. By highly scientific physiological tests,

and also by long practical experience it has been proved to contain all the vital nutritive elements of a complete and perfect food.

"Ovaltine" contains in correct ratio all the vitamins, together with the proteins, fats and carbohydrates which science has determined are essential for health. It is an original preparation manufactured by an exclusive process.

Introduce "Ovaltine" into your home as the daily beverage instead of tea or coffee. Its delicious flavour makes it popular with young and old. After a worrying and tiring day it ensures sound, natural sleep.

A generous TRIAL SAMPLE of delicious "Ovaltine" will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps.

Apply to New Zealand Agents: Salmond & Spraggon, Ltd. Wellington, New Zealand.

# OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

**Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body**

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, in three sizes—small, medium, large.

You should try "OVALTINE" RUSKS

More appetising, easily digested and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits. Invaluable for young children and invalids. In small or large tins.

# Friendships and Enmities

Anyhow—"They were  
Both of them  
Perfect Gentlemen"

Mr. J. R. Robertson sold his pony to his friend of twenty years' standing, Mr. G. W. Barnes. It is better, if it can be avoided, not to sell a pony to an old friend. Within a fortnight the two men had quarrelled, did not speak to one another, and gave no sign of recognition when they met.

Mr. Robertson and Mr. Barnes were travelling together to the City, as was their custom, when Robertson observed that he was thinking of selling his pony.

"Nothing wrong with him, is there?"

"Not that I know of. I've had him three years, and he's never been sick or sorry for a day. The fact of the case is that since I bought the car Annie finds the governess-car too slow for her. So the beggar's just eating his head off, and I have to take the gardener's boy off his proper job to exercise him."

"Half a minutes, James. How'd he do for Tom? It's time the boy had his first riding-lessons."

"I should think he'd do very well. He's carried children before. He's

not quick, and he's rather lazy, and he must be eleven years old by now, but he's as quiet as a sheep and as safe as a church. If I had children of my own I'd trust him with them."

"Well, that's good enough. What do you want for him?"

"I gave sixteen for him, but that was three years ago. I'll ask you ten pounds."

"Right." Barnes took two five-pound notes from his pocket book and handed them over. "I'll send for the pony to-night. It's Tom's birthday to-morrow and that pony's just the present he'll like."

So the pony was delivered to Mr. Barnes, together with such provender as remained, the latter as a free gift, Mr. Robertson being a generous man.

By BARRY PAIN



George William Barnes was pleased. Lucy, wife of the afore-said, declared that the pony looked a beauty—which, by the way, it did not. Tom Barnes, eldest of their three sons, spent most of the day in telling other boys that he had got a real pony of his own, and the rest of the time in hand-feeding the pony. And the pony, having been given in one day one pound and a half of the best lump sugar and five large carrots, in addition to the usual rations, through us the world was a brighter place than it had at one time supposed.

James Robert Robertson was also satisfied. Annie, his wife, said that he was really wonderful. (She often said that, but he did not get tired of it.) It was only at breakfast-time that he had decided to sell the pony, and in an hour he had done it. And that was always the way with him—nobody was ever as quick as he was. Annie was ten years younger than her husband and adored him. But possibly her next remark shows that she was capable of leading up to things.

"Now there will be plenty of room for that little two-seater, darling. I mean, if you decide to get it."

"Yes, my dear, but room isn't money. I got ten for the pony—perhaps I might have asked a little more, but in dealing with an old friend one doesn't haggle. I know my brother Bill wants the cart and harness and will give me what he calls a fair price for them, and I suppose he must have them; but his ideas of a fair price are not always mine. That doesn't take one very far towards the price of a good two-seater, and it's got to be good if you're going to drive it yourself."

"Yes, dearest, but think of the economy. Think of the saving in petrol. Our big car's a glutton for petrol—Tilling says so. Then if I drive it myself, that gives Tilling more time for the garden, and it wouldn't take him nearly as long to clean the little car."

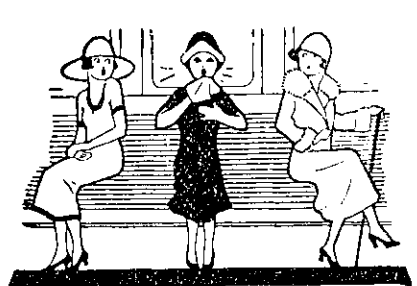
"Look here," said James, smiling. "If I get the car will you give me a kiss for it?"

"No," said Annie shyly. "I don't sell kisses. But I'll give you all the kisses I've got, just for sheer love of you, always, even if you never give me anything."

An instalment on account followed. It would appear that Mrs. Robertson knew how to talk. At

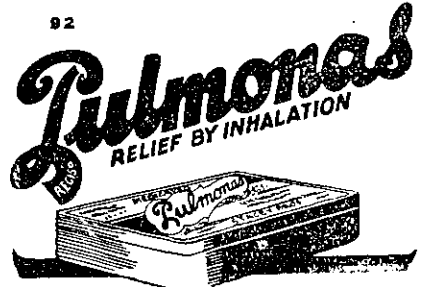
any rate, three days later she was driving the two-seater.

And then the storm broke which wrecked the old-established friendship between James Robert Robertson and George William Barnes.



## PREVENT COLDS

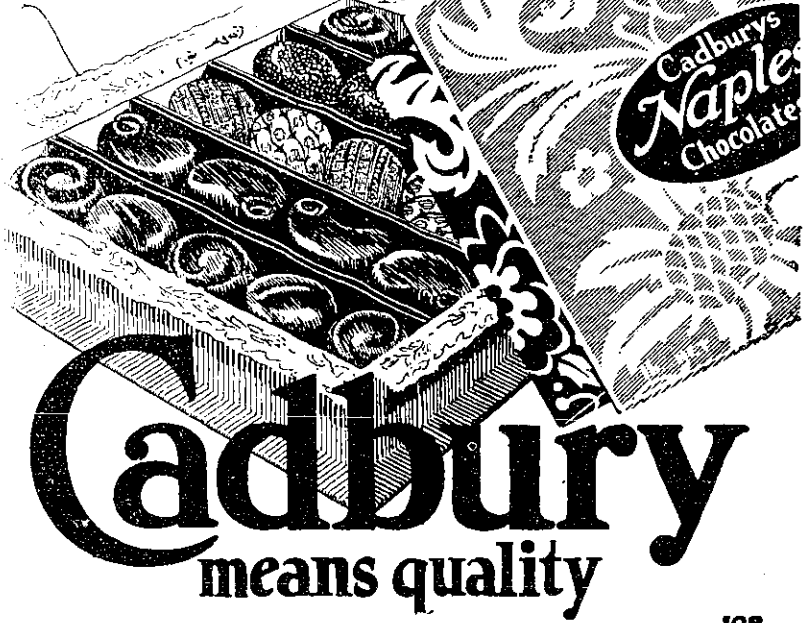
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## FRIENDSHIPS and ENMITIES

(Continued From Page 93)

The two men met on the platform for the 9.14 a.m. up-train, as usual. They exchanged greetings but Barnes did not, as usual, make his humorous remark (one of a set of six) about the weather. In Robertson's opinion George was not looking himself.

After they had entered the train Barnes said gloomily: "I've rather an unpleasant bit of business to get through."

"Ah?" said Robertson genially. "Well, what's your trouble?"

"I'm afraid I must ask you, James, to take back that pony of yours, and to return me my ten pounds."

The geniality was switched off instantly.

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Robertson icily.

"Then I'll tell you. That pony is lame, was lame when you sold him to me, and had been lame for some time."

"I don't know if the pony is lame now. He may be. He may have been knocked about by your son or your servants. If so, I'm sorry, but it's no affair of mine. But all the rest of your statement is untrue. My wife drove the pony on the very day I sold him to you, and if there had been anything wrong with him she would have told me instantly. My man Tilling (who worked six years in a racing stable before he took to motors) would have reported anything of the sort to me. And, lastly, I know as much about horses as you do—and perhaps a little more, and I know positively, and am prepared to swear it, that the pony was not lame when it was handed over to you. Make what you can of that, and then apologise for calling me a swindler."

"As I never called you a swindler, and never even thought you were, there's no necessity to talk about apologies. But I did think you had acted in ignorance and would be anxious to put the matter right. I'm not giving you my opinion at all. I have here a certificate from a duly qualified veterinary surgeon. There's no getting away from that. Just cast your eye over it."

Robertson merely glanced at the signature of the certificate.

"Well," he said, "of course that explains everything. Who on earth told you to go to that man Dinlees? Mind you, I went to him once myself, before I knew better. A valuable dog of my wife's was ill, and we called Dinlees in because he was the nearest man. The very first day he came I had the strongest suspicions of him. The next day, at 11 o'clock in the morning, the man arrived drunk, and of course was sent about his business at once. I then got Masham to see the dog. He's quite as well qualified as Dinlees and a good deal more experienced. He made no bones about it at all. He said that Dinlees's diagnosis was wrong and that even if the diagnosis had been right the treatment was wrong. As Masham cured the dog in a fortnight it looks as if he

knew what he was talking about. I don't suppose Dinlees ever forgave me. He's probably been trying to get his silly knife into me ever since. You got him to see the pony and he knew very well that you'd got the pony from me, and he thought that was his chance. You've been fooled, my poor friend, but it's not I who have fooled you."

"Won't do," said Mr. Barnes sulkily. "A man doesn't risk his professional income by signing a certificate like that unless there's truth in it. The sum at stake is of no great importance, but as a matter of principle I must ask you to return my ten pounds and take the pony back."

"You're quite right. The sum is of no very great importance. If you'd been short of money and had wanted ten pounds, or a hundred, or even more, I should have been very glad to have obliged you. But what you've got to see is that if I pay ten pounds in this case I am admitting that I was either a scoundrel or a fool, and as I happen to be neither, I won't do it. See? I won't do it."

"If you don't then you are calling me a fool or a scoundrel, and that's not language that I can take from any man—however long I may have known him."

"Then if you don't like it, don't ask for it."

"I don't require you to tell me how to talk, thank you. There's just a little more in this than you know yet. You tell me you understand a lot about horses. I've got your word for it and that's all. I also had your word for it that the pony was eleven years old. Dinlees is ready to go into the witness box and swear that the pony is over fourteen."

"I don't doubt Dinlees is. And with two more drinks inside him he'd swear that the pony was rising sixty-eight or any other old thing."

"Well, if you're going to talk in that foolish and fat-headed way you leave me no choice. I'm sorry, but I must go to my solicitor."

"You can go to the devil," said James Robertson and resumed his *Times* savagely and ostentatiously. George William Barnes, sad but determined, also transferred his attention to the leading article.

At the London terminus they parted without a word.

It had been their custom to return home in the same railway carriage by the 6.15. On this occasion Mr. Robertson took the 6.25 in order to avoid Mr. Barnes, and found Mr. Barnes had also taken the 6.25 in order to avoid Mr. Robertson. But they got into different carriages.

That night a gipsy of the name of Lovell called at Mr. Barnes's house and said that he understood that Mr. Barnes had a pony which he wished to sell. If that was so, Lovell was disposed to make an offer. Lovell had not been long in that suburb, but every gipsy knows by instinct where there is a chance of either

FRIENDSHIPS and ENMITIES

(Continued From Page 94)

selling or buying a horse advantageously.

"You can have him for cat's-meat price," said Mr. Barnes. "I warn you that he's lame and likely to remain so. Give me £12 and you can take him away with you."

The gipsy examined the pony, suggested thirty shillings, and was finally worked up to £2, though he said despondently that he was afraid he'd made a bad deal.

Mr. Barnes consulted his solicitor on the following day. There was no warranty. Mr. Dinlees's record was extremely bad. It was practically certain that the gipsy would not have offered £2 for the beast if he had not believed the lameness to be curable. Acting under advice, Mr. Barnes decided not to invoke the aid of the law, but he wrote a very bitter letter to his old friend, beginning "Dear Mr. Robertson." Mr. Robertson replied with a few lines of pure Angostura, beginning "Dear Sir." Mr. Robertson was therefore, on the accepted rules of quarrels, one up.

And after that the two men did not speak for five years.

The results, which were a little complicated, may be tabulated as follows:

1. Mr. Barnes and Mr. Robertson did not speak and did not recognise one another when they met, and no invitations from one couple to the other were issued.

2. Mr. Barnes always took off his hat when he met Annie Robertson and was rewarded with a slight bow. Mr. Robertson did the same thing when he met Lucy Barnes and was similarly rewarded. You see, they were both of them perfect gentlemen. I ought to have made this much more clear than I have done.

3. Lucy Barnes and Annie Robertson, having no quarrel whatever with each other and being mutually satisfied that men were so silly, laughed and chatted when they met. They were also not averse to tea and bridge at each other's houses at afternoons when their husbands were safely away at business.

A fortnight after the break between the two friends, Mr. Robertson met that pony being driven along the road by a man of the name of Lovell. The pony was going very well indeed—rather better, in fact, than it cared about going. Mr. Robertson stopped the gipsy and asked him what he wanted for the animal. The gipsy said he did not want to sell him, and nothing under £15 would tempt him anyhow.

This gave the sardonic Mr. Robertson a very nice story to tell, and he told it frequently, concluding "and now we've only got to wait till George Barnes brings out his book 'All About Horses.'"

II

At the end of the five years Mr. Robertson was engaged one day in his garden doing things to the roses which would probably break his

gardener's heart, when his wife came down the path towards him. There were tears in her eyes.

"James," she said. "Did you know that Mr. Barnes was ill?"

"Well, I've not had the misfortune to see him at the station lately. I did notice this morning they'd got the straw down in the road in front of the house, but of course that might have been for anybody."

"He's very ill indeed, James. They think he's dying. Lucy Barnes has just been here with a message for you. She said that George feels he would very much like, in consideration of your many years of friendship, to make it up with you again before he goes."

"Oh," said James. "Well in that case—what do you think about it yourself?"

"What I told Lucy was that I

**LANES IS BEST**

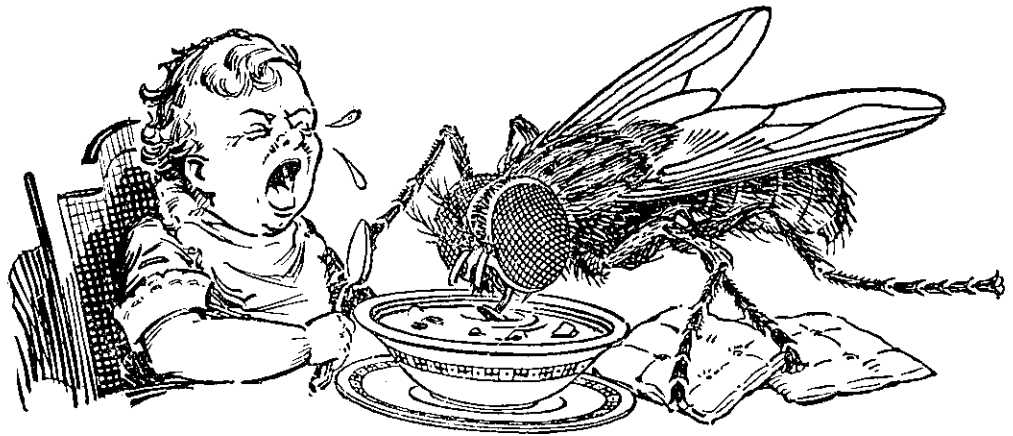
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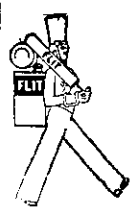
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A1

## FRIENDSHIPS and ENMITIES

(Continued From Page 95)

knew your generosity so well that I felt sure you'd go."

"Is Lucy Barnes in the house still?"

"Yes. She's waiting to see what message she can take to her husband."

"Tell her," said Mr. Robertson, slipping his secators into his pocket, "that I shall be there in a quarter of an hour."

Annie kissed him, said that he was really noble, and ran off to convey the glad news to Lucy.

James Robertson was away from

the house for about an hour, and on his return he found Annie waiting for him in the hall. She drew him into the library.

"Tell me all about it," she said earnestly.

"I'm afraid," said James, in the same voice that he used when he read the lessons in church, "that there is very little to tell. It may be a matter of days, but I should be more inclined to think it is a matter of hours. The nurse who was there—they've got two—seemed inclined to take a hopeful view, but

I couldn't share it. He seemed terribly changed. Voice very weak."

"What did he say?"

"Very little. Something about letting bygones be bygones. And I said that was all right and we all make mistakes. And then I went downstairs to see Lucy. She seemed very grateful to me. I'm thinking that when I'm in the City to-morrow I'll get a pint of the real turtle and bring it back with me. He might fancy it if he's still here."

"I think you're too splendid and wonderful," said Annie.

"I could not have done less," said James. His face showed every sign of the great emotional strain

through which he had passed. Annie noticed it.

"James, will you do something just to please me? Don't ask what it is."

"I suppose I must if you put it like that."

"Very well, then. You will have a small bottle of champagne. You absolutely need it. I can see it."

He had the small bottle. Annie was particularly tactful in imploring her husband to do things which he would have done on his own initiative in any case.

"Yes," said James on his return from business the following day. "I got the turtle for poor old George, and I left it at his house. He was asleep—so I didn't go in. They say he had a fair night and has seemed a shade better to-day. That so often happens—a slight rally before the end comes."

He returned to the subject at dinner.

"I have to admit," he said—nobody had asked him to admit anything—"that poor George had his faults. When his mistakes were corrected it made him very touchy and quarrelsome. But which of us is perfect? Old friends are old friends. It will be a great wrench to me when we're parted."

And Annie, who tempered a sense of humour with discretion, abstained from pointing out that James had put up with the wrench for five years with complete equanimity and even cheerfulness.

Meanwhile the glad news had been brought to the invalid George that Mr. Robertson had called to inquire and had brought an offering of turtle-soup.

"Kind of him. I know where he got it. He can make blunders, but not about questions of the table. I suppose, nurse, I musn't touch it."

"Why not? If you feel like it, it would be very good for you."

"With just one glass of my very old Madeira?"

"I don't think it would hurt you."

"In that case I suppose we should countermand the grilled sole?"

"I don't say that Mr. Barnes. Have it cooked, and then see how you feel."

"Well, nurse, I'll be guided by you," said Mr. Barnes meekly.

But his voice was stronger this evening. It was the first time for many days that he had shown any interest in food. And the old-bottled Madeira had been opened three days before and was in consequence at its best.

Mr. Barnes had the turtle-soup, and the grilled sole, and just four glasses of the Maderia. He slept eight hours without a break that night. He was better and brighter next morning. The doctor was pleased with him. And from that point onwards he advanced rapidly towards complete recovery. In fact, in six weeks he was able to accept an invitation to a memorable dinner. "Memorable" was the word that Barnes himself used to describe it.

It was a dinner of only four people, the Robertsons entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Barnes in celebration of the recovery of Barnes and the restoration of complete amity. Mr.

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## FRIENDSHIPS and ENMITIES

(Continued From Page 96)

Robertson took more care to make that dinner perfect than some will to make themselves perfect. It was such a dinner as one epicure might give to another—brief but exquisite.

When the servants were out of the room, and they were drinking the '78—one of the only five remaining, I grieve to say—Mr. Robertson rose in his place and said with a pleasant smile:

"It's old-fashioned to propose a toast, but please forgive it. I won't make a speech, but give my toast in two words. To Friendship!"

All stood up to drink, and as Lucy Barnes subsided into her place again, she said to her host:

"Thanks. That was most frightfully nice of you."

After dinner they all played bridge (infamously) and greatly enjoyed it.

And all through the evening the word pony was never used by anybody. There was not even a tacit implication that there was such an animal, or even had been, or ever could be.

When in their turn shortly afterwards the Barnes couple invited the Robertson couple to dinner, Tom Barnes, aged fourteen, felt it his duty to issue a word of warning to his father.

"I suppose," said Tom, "it's all right—this getting so thick with the Robertsons again, but don't forget that he did you in the eye over that pony."

But his advice—it happens sometimes to the best of advice—was not well received. He was told that a boy just out of the nursery would do better not to pass comments on a man who was not only much older than he was, but also a far finer man than Tom could ever hope to be. Mr. Robertson had never cheated anybody in his life and was incapable of any attempt to cheat. He had made a perfectly natural mistake, for which he had expressed his regret and made full reparation. (Here perhaps Mr. Barnes wandered into the region of overstatement.) And if Tom failed in any way to show a proper respect for Mr. Robertson, then Tom would be given some sound reasons to remember his manners in the future.

In fact, Tom, as he afterwards stated to an intimate friend, "got it in the neck."

It was another successful dinner. Mr. Robertson expressed the warmest appreciation of the Madeira, and Mr. Barnes, who had inherited a well-stocked cellar from his father, with Madeira as a principal feature, sent round a case of the wine with his compliments to Mr. Robertson on the following morning.

The old relations were resumed. Once more the two men travelled to and from the City together. And if it happened to be raining when they met on the platform Mr. Barnes never failed to observe that it was nice weather for the ducks, and Mr. Robertson always greeted this witty remark with an appreciative smile.

They played golf together frequently, and their renewed friend-

ship stood even this strain. They sometimes were rather cross with their caddies. Mr. Barnest once said that if on that particular day a stone-blind, one-armed imbecile offered him a stroke a hole he would not dare to play it. Mr. Robertson on his off-day was equally vehement in self-depreciation. But they never quarrelled with one another. Never!

It seemed all right—quite all right. But then they decided to go down to the Derby together.

They did not take their wives with them. Annie Robertson disliked crowds. Lucy Barnes had been to the Derby once, and found it full, dusty, and detestable. So the two ladies were left to spend the day together. But the men did take with them a hamper that provided a sufficient margin for hospitality to the City friends they would probably encounter. They travelled in Mr. Robertson's larger car, and Tilling (who, it will be remembered, had six years' racing-stable experience) drove them. It was a glorious morning. They made an early start and in the first five minutes the trouble began.

"Two months ago," said George William Barnes, "I little thought that I should see the Derby run this year."

"Two months ago, to be frank," said James Robert Robertson, "I never thought you'd be alive for it. You remember that afternoon when I came round to see you?"

"I do. I remember it to your credit. A man who has the moral courage to own up an error, and to express his regret for it, always has my respect."

"Glad to have your respect, George, but at the same time I don't want to get it by a misapprehension. I admitted no error—"

"You said distinctly, 'We all make mistakes.'"

"If you'll kindly allow me to speak, I admitted no error because in the matter in dispute I had committed none. What I said was in reply to the analogy which came from you. You said 'Let bygones be bygones,' and if that was not asking me to overlook a past offence on your part, then the English language has no meaning."

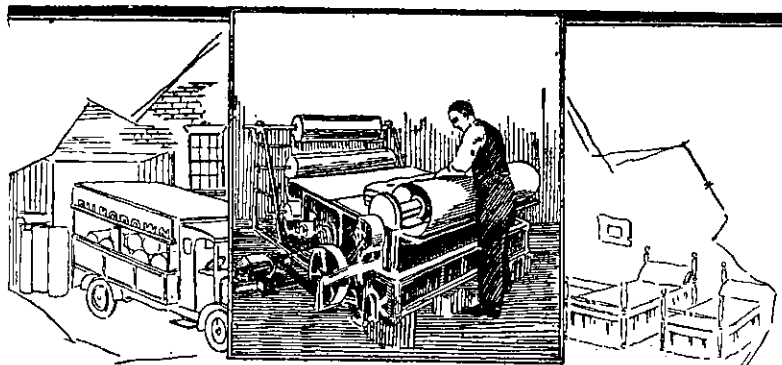
"You may choose to put that complexion on it, but you know as well as I do that nothing was further from my thoughts. I remember the incident perfectly."

"Do you? Then that takes away your last excuse. If you'd been light-headed at the time I would have understood it."

"My temperature was under normal."

"Apparently it isn't now. Why can't you listen to sense? The day after our quarrel I saw the pony of mine trotting along the road without a thing the matter with him, and the gipsy who was driving him wouldn't let him go under £15."

"Are you really as simple as all that? Don't you know that a clever horse-coper can often doctor a lame animal so that he'll look all right for an hour or two, and in that hour or two he sells him to some



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## FRIENDSHIPS and ENMITIES

(Continued From Page 97)

ming or other. The wonder is you didn't buy him."

"You can be as obstinate and thick-headed as you like, but there's no need to be offensive. It was tactless enough of you to raise the subject at all—absolutely spoiling our day."

"Oh, very good," said George. "I'm sure I've no anxiety to trespass any further on your hospitality. Stop the car at the next railway station and I'll go back by train, and I'm damned sorry I ever came."

"As you please," said Mr. Robertson coldly.

There was plenty of traffic on the road and for a time the car had perforce to proceed slowly. For nearly a quarter of an hour neither of the men spoke. But it gave them plenty of leisure to think.

What George thought was that he simply dared not go back to Lucy and tell her that he had once more quarrelled with James over that infernal old pony. It was not merely that Lucy would be angry with him; though she certainly would. She would also be extremely amused. And that was unendurable. It might even be that the story of the happy day at Epsom might get abroad. At all costs things must be put right. He would have to pocket his pride and apologise. He cleared his throat and was on the point of beginning the apology. But James Robert Robertson, who had possibly been pursuing a similar line of thought, got in first.

"Look here, George," said James. "I'm afraid I rather lost my temper just now and said a lot of things I shouldn't have said. I'm sorry and I hope you'll overlook it."

"With all the pleasure in the world," said George, extending his large hand. "For that matter I was very much to blame myself, and I hope you'll overlook that too."

"Certainly," said James. "This is as it should be. Now I'll tell you what I propose. We are both of us men of decided opinions and strong will. You'll probably never change your mind about that pony, nor shall I. What we must do is to agree to drop the subject. And I'll tell you what I'll do. Have you backed anything yet?"

"No. I'm waiting. According to the papers, the favourite's the only horse in the race. But look at the price. I'm not touching it."

"And I'm not buying money either. I'm going to put the £10 you paid me for that pony on the best outsider I can get. If it loses, it's my loss. If it wins, we divide up—fifty-fifty. How's that?"

"Extremely generous of you. I accept with pleasure."

Their mild flutters on minor races had no success, but they lunched admirably and Tilling, who waited on them, ventured on a word to his master.

"You'll excuse me, sir," he said, "but I've met with one or two of my old friends and had a word with them. There's a horse—Tremolo by Musician out of Quakeress—that they think something of. If he's fretted and messed about at the

gate he'll be no good—he'll be dancing when he ought to be running. But if he gets away nicely they say he can win. The price is tempting too. It was better, but you can get thirty still."

"That's our horse," said Robertson with conviction.

"I'm entirely with you," said Barnes.

They put their money on at once and were only just in time to get the price that Tilling had mentioned.

The race was uneventful. At Tattenham Corner Tremolo had the lead and never lost it. He won by over a length and the favourite was not even placed.

Robertson and Barnes, with £150 apiece to come to them, felt joyous and convinced that they had little more to learn about racing. Some of their friends gathered round and drank to their health in Mr. Robertson's champagne, but expressed a lowly opinion of them.

"It's a case of fool's luck," said Mr. Smithers. "I've studied the things from A to Z, and I've not found a winner to-day yet. You chaps go at it blind and pocket £300. Tell me now, what made you do it?"

"We saw the horse in the paddock," said Robertson complacently, "and we fancied the looks of him."

"Quite so," said Barnes. "If ever a horse had winner stamped all over him, Tremolo had. Can't think how you wise men came to miss it."

"Well, he'd no business to win, anyhow," said Smithers. "He's no particular class, and a bad-tempered brute into the bargain. Fool's luck, that's what it is."

Robertson and Barnes did not wait to tempt fortune further. They were happy, they were also weary, and they both slept placidly in the car during the greater part of the journey home.

Barnes was deposited at his house and Robertson proceeded home. He found Annie somewhat dejected.

"Perfectly rotten bridee this afternoon," said Annie. "I never held a card the whole time and went down 12/9. Lucy did nearly as badly. I shouldn't mind so much if I'd lost to people who could play. I don't suppose you've done much better either. Cook says an outsider won. I don't know where she got it from."

"Yes, Tremolo won. I thought he would. I backed him, and so did dear old George—on my advice, but that is strictly between ourselves."

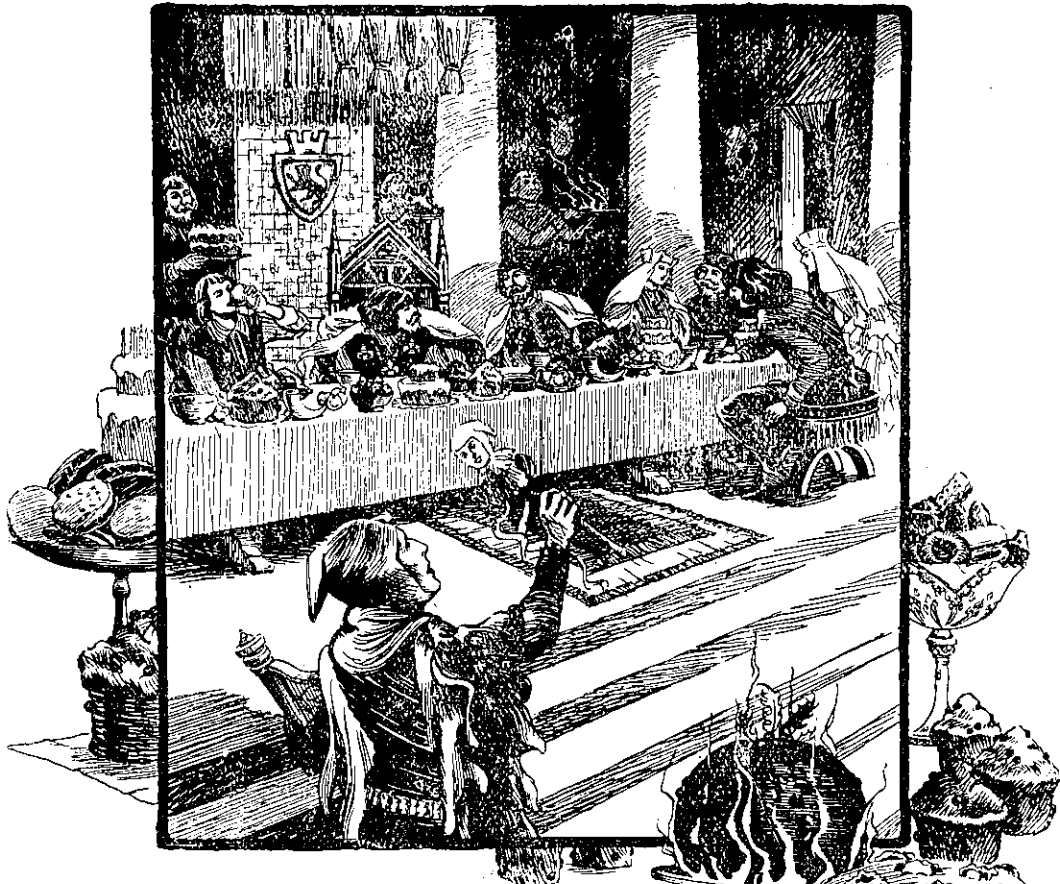
"James, you didn't! How did you?"

"Well, I saw the horse and liked the looks of him. That was all there was to it. And if you happen to want a new hat you can go up town to-morrow and buy one. Three if you like. And what I want now is a whisky-and-soda with a large lump of ice in it, and a hot bath to follow."

"James," said Annie. "I think you're the most truly wonderful man that ever lived."

"Not at all," said James modestly, with a whisky decanter in his hand.

# For Ye Feasting This CHRISTMAS TIDE



AS in olden times, we offer hospitality of the best at this season, our richest cakes and spicy puddings. One difference we emphasise—richness does not mean indigestibleness to day, for deliciously light and good are Christmas Puddings and Cakes made with Edmonds Baking Powder.

## Ye Christmas Pudding

1½ lbs. flour, ½ lb. breadcrumbs, 1 lb. currants, ½ lb. mixed peel, 1 dessertspoonful treacle, ½ nutmeg (grated), ½ teaspoonful essence lemon, 4 teaspoonfuls Edmonds' Baking Powder, 1 lb. chopped suet, 1 lb. raisins, 12 ozs. brown sugar, 9 eggs, 1½ lbs. sultanas, ½ lb. almonds, ½ packet spice, ½ level teaspoonful salt, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoonfuls brandy.

Mix well dry ingredients, add fruit previously prepared, treacle, eggs well beaten, and lastly milk, essence and brandy; darken with burnt sugar if desired. Divide into two and boil 8 hours, or four and boil 6 hours.

## Ye Christmas Cake

1 lb. butter, 1 lb. currants, 1 lb. raisins, 1 lb. sultanas, ½ lb. mixed peel, ½ lb. almonds, 4 breakfast cups flour, 2 breakfast cups sugar, 10 eggs, 1 heaped teaspoon Edmonds' Baking Powder, wineglass brandy.

Beat butter to a cream and add sugar, then mix eggs one by one unbeaten. Mix Baking Powder with flour and put in, then fruit, dredged with flour, and finally brandy. Cook 4½ hours, moderate oven.



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**EDMONDS**  
- BAKING POWDER -

**"SURE TO RISE"**



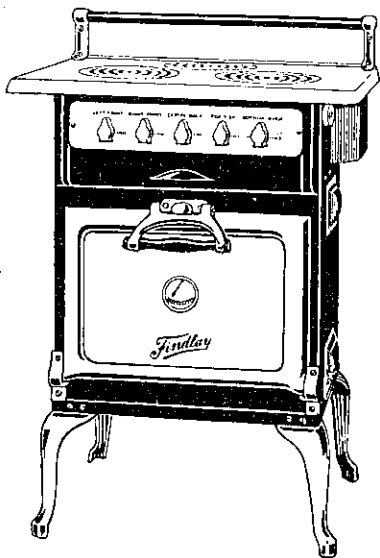
"I know what she wants!"

Trust Father 'Xmas to find a good solution for the gift problem. He's certainly hit the nail on the head this Christmas—"Give her an Electric Cooker" is his advice to the husband who wants to make his wife happy.

That's a fine idea, no mistake! For to a woman, an electric cooker spells the fulfilments of some of her greatest desires—more convenience, more coolness, and more cleanliness in the kitchen—and more time for herself. And this is important—it means a very considerable reduction in the monthly fuel bill, also!

What electric cooker shall you get, that's the question. Well, the easiest and surest way to settle it, is to be guided by the most popular choice—and get a *Findlay Electric Cooker*!

Findlay Electric Cookers are made in Canada. You can buy them in sizes to fit any kitchen, the model illustrated being UB3S, the small-family size. Like all Findlay Electric Cookers it is rust-proof and indestructible, and is beautifully finished and can be kept beautiful, with a damp cloth. Write for further information to any of our branches.



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**Electric**

**A. S. Paterson & Co. Ltd.**  
(Electrical Dept.)

Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin



## In the Kitchen

### *Sardine Sandwiches*

Remove skin and bones from sardines. Now have ready two firm tomatoes, remove skin and press through a sieve, also pass the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs through the sieve. Mix with a little butter and lemon-juice and salt. Spread slices of bread with butter, spread over this the tomato mixture and halves of the sardines. Cover with buttered bread.

### *Anchovy Sandwiches*

These call for curry butter, which is made by mixing very thoroughly a quarter of a pound of butter with a teaspoon of curry powder and a half-teaspoon of lemon-juice. Now put ten anchovies, the yolks of three hard-cooked eggs and two table-spoons of grated Parmesan cheese in a bowl and work to a paste with a wooden spoon, adding a little butter to moisten. Spread slices of bread with curry powder, spread half with the anchovy mixture, and make into sandwiches.

### *Sweet Sandwiches*

Stone and mash some dates; spread the fruit between brown bread and butter.

Spread slices of bread and butter with thinly sliced bananas, squeeze lemon juice over and press on top of each a slice of bread and butter spread thinly with apple jelly.

Brown bread may be spread with honey and Devonshire cream, or butter.

Spread thin bread and butter with red or black currant jelly, and add a layer of chopped nuts.

Mince some preserved ginger, add a little of the syrup and spread on bread and butter.

Grate some milk chocolate on to thin white bread and butter. This is delicious.

### *Fillings for Cakes*

Layer cakes are always popular, whether at outdoor or indoor meals, and may be varied by the fillings and decorations. The simplest of these cakes are filled with jam or fruit jelly, whipped cream being spread over this if desired. Coat the top of the cake thinly with sieved icing sugar.

**Nut Fillings.**—Blanch 3 ounces of any kind of shelled nuts and put them through a mincer. Mix them with about three tablespoonfuls of apricot, strawberry or raspberry jam previously rubbed through a hair sieve and add vanilla, almond

or maraschino essence to taste. The cake may be iced with white glaze icing and decorated with chopped nuts.

**Orange or Lemon Filling.**—Melt an ounce of butter in a pan, add 4 ounces of castor sugar, the grated rind of an orange or lemon, and the yolks of two eggs. Stir over low heat until the mixture thickens, but do not let it boil. Add one ounce of cake crumbs, the juice of the orange, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Set when cold. Ice the cake with orange icing and decorate with slices of crystallised oranges.

**Fruit Fillings.**—Bottled or tinned apricots, peaches or pineapples, drained from their syrup, make pleasant fillings. Put a layer of whipped cream one one half of the cake, cover with a layer of halved apricots, peaches or pineapple cut into dice. Put the other half of the cake on the top of this. Orange sections, peeled and stoned grapes, fresh strawberries or raspberries, stewed cherries, or peeled, stoned and halved greengages, when ripe, may be used in this manner.

### *Eat More Raisins*

Raisins should be used in every household. The fruit is inexpensive, delicious and most nutritious. One pound of raisins is equal in food value to 1½ lb. of steak, 20 eggs, 2 quarts of milk, or 4½ lb. of fish. Seeded raisins between thin slices of buttered bread make attractive luncheon sandwiches for children or adults. All baked milk puddings are improved by the addition of this fruit, while tarts filled with raisins, currants and sultanas invariably meet with appreciation.

### *Devonshire Junket*

It is not the dish itself but the way it is served that creates the real triumph in the subtle art of cookery.

Down in the West Country we know a thing or two, says a Devonshire woman, and one of those things is how to prepare a real dish of Devon that takes merely five minutes to prepare and that is hard to beat.

I have been served with so-called "junket" in houses out of Devon, but in those houses the cook did not know the mere A.B.C. about preparing it. She just poured some milk into a saucepan, stirred in some rennet—and that was all!

The first important thing in the ritual of junket-making is to select your best bowl into which the junket is to go. Then secure a generous dessertspoonful of sherry—rum

## In the Kitchen

(Continued From Page 100)

will answer the purpose if you have no sherry, but it is not quite so good.

You then take a pint of perfectly fresh creamy milk and pour it gently into saucepan. Placing it on the gas half turned on, you slowly warm it up to blood-heat, with two well-washed leaves of the bay tree floating on its surface.

Directly the milk arrives at blood-heat—you can test this by dipping the tip of your little finger into the saucepan—you lift it off the gas and pour it slowly into your bowl. A wooden spoon lies beside the bowl with which you stir in a little rennet. Then leave it in a warm place to set.

Just before luncheon or tea grind a little nutmeg on to the junket and then with a large spoon spread portions of Devonshire or whipped cream all over the top, a portion for each person.

### Cooling Drinks

What to drink is always a consideration in warm weather, because many refreshing thirst-quenchers are very lowering to the system if indulged in too frequently. It is well, therefore, to observe a certain amount of caution, and not to serve

day by day the same liquid refreshment.

No apology is offered for inserting a recipe for home-made lemonade, as, although this is so ordinary a beverage, there one or two points which should be insisted upon and are shown in the following method:

### Lemonade

Put one pint and a half of cold water into a clean saucepan, add three-quarters of the thinly pared rind of a lemon, and from two to three ounces of loaf sugar, according to taste. Have ready a quart jug, and into this squeeze the juice of two lemons and one orange. Bring the water in the saucepan slowly to the boil, simmer for four minutes, and then pour it upon the juice in the jug. Stir well, cover the mouth of the jug with a piece of kitchen paper, and when quite cold strain into a glass jug. Another method, which slightly differs from the above, is to pare off all the white pith from the fruit and cut each into thin slices, removing the pips. The slices should be placed in the jug in place of juice, and the procedure is then the same as in the first recipe. The orange may be omitted if a more economical lemonade is desired.

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Custard Powder,  
ask for  
**FOSTER CLARK'S**  
Custard Powder



THERE'S a world of difference between good custard powder—and the other kinds. Always get Foster Clark's—the BEST custard powder. Made in Kent, the garden of England. Let your family and guests enjoy the richest custard you can provide—Foster Clark's. The most delicious 'finishing touch' for puddings, pies, and stewed fruit.

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Salmond and Spraggon, Ltd., Wellington,  
Sole New Zealand Agents.

# Foster Clark's CUSTARD POWDER

IT'S THE RICHEST CUSTARD. 26



## The "Regulo"

A turn of the "Regulo" Dial fixes the temperature of the oven and maintains it at the right point. Result: Perfect cooking every time, considerable saving of gas, and food full of goodness and flavour.

# Xmas dinner

Roast turkey, big fruit cakes, plum puddings, mince pies, tarts—all the rich and tasty Christmas fare to be prepared and cooked. When you've gone to all the trouble of preparing the good things, don't let a poor stove spoil your efforts. Install a "New World" Gas Cooker. It takes the guesswork out of cooking, and makes it twice as easy.

## The "New World" Self-Controlling Cooker

In order to have your "New World" Cooker installed in time for Christmas it is necessary to place your order immediately. So don't delay. Call and see the "New World" at once.

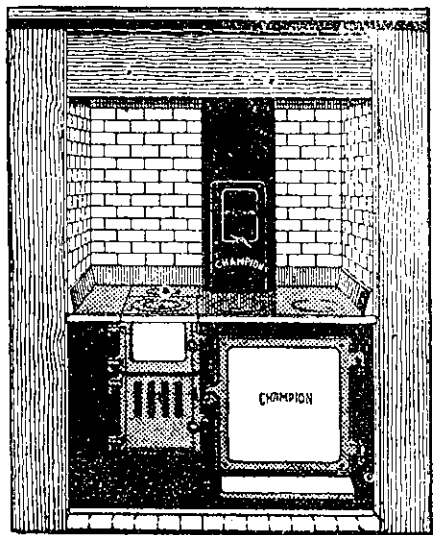
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Stocked by all leading merchants, from whom full particulars can be had on application.

**BRINSLEY & CO., LTD.**  
DUNEDIN AND AUCKLAND

## In the Kitchen

(Continued From Page 101)

### Barley Water

Barley water makes an excellent summer drink, as it is not only pleasant to take, but very nourishing. It is necessary, however, to make it fresh each day and to pour away any quantity which may remain over at night, as it ferments and sours very rapidly. If required for use in the night it should be made late in the evening. Barley water, also, must never be reheated after being cooled, as it will be unwholesome to drink. The preparation, therefore, involves rather more trouble than that of lemonade, but if properly made and due precaution observed it is a most valuable drink, and repays well a little attention.

To make barley water use 2oz of pearl barley to each quart of water, half the rind and juice of two lemons, and one ounce and a half of loaf sugar. Put the barley into water and bring it to the boil, then strain away the water and add to the grain one quart of cold water, the lemon rind and sugar. Bring again to the boil and simmer for twenty minutes. Put the lemon juice into a jug and pour the boiling water over it. Cover the jug, let it go cold, and strain for use.

### Otokos

This is a most refreshing and strengthening drink much favoured in America since Prohibition was carried. It is easily made. Put into a large pan 1lb of fine fresh oatmeal, 6oz white sugar, half a lemon cut into small pieces. Mix with a little warm water, then pour a gallon of boiling water into it; stir all together thoroughly, and use when cold. The lemon may be omitted, raspberry vinegar, citric acid, or any other flavouring may be used instead. More oatmeal may be used if preferred.

### Harvest Drink

Boil 2oz of hops, 2oz of ginger (bruised), in 1½ gallons of water

for 25 minutes; add 1lb of brown sugar, and boil 10 minutes more; then strain and bottle while hot. It will be ready for drinking when cold. It should be kept in a cool place. Dried horehound may be used instead of hops. Ginger beer: Pour two gallons of boiling water over 1lb of lump sugar, 1oz bruised ginger, 2 lemons sliced; let it stand till lukewarm, then add one tablespoon of brewer's barm, or one small teacup of baker's balm; let it stand 12 hours then bottle it. It will be ready in 24 hours.

### Lemon Squash

Wipe carefully six large lemons and thinly pare or grate off the rinds. Squeeze all the juice out, and put it with the rind and 1lb of the best loaf sugar into a jug. Pour over 1 pint of freshly boiling water, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. When cold, strain, add one tablespoonful of brandy, and bottle. If tightly corked this will keep good for months. It is best, therefore, to store in small quantities. One tablespoonful of the mixture is sufficient for a tumblerful of lemonade. Either water or soda water can be added.

### Lemon Syrup

Boil 6lb sugar and 6 pints water together. Put 3oz tartaric acid into a jug and pour the syrup into it. When cold add 2 teaspoonfuls essence lemon and bottle. Use 2 tablespoonfuls to a tumbler of water.

### Boston Cream

For this beverage you require 1oz of tartaric acid, 1 breakfastcupful of sugar, 2½ breakfastcupfuls of boiling water, 2 teaspoonfuls of essence of lemon, white of one egg. Pour the boiling water over the sugar, stirring occasionally. When cold, add the acid and essence. Then the whisked white of egg. Bottle, and for use allow two tablespoonfuls to one tumbler of water; ½ saltspoon-

## After the Theatre—a Convenient and Delicious Supper!



**T**HE throng of home-goers at the exit—a space and then thoughts of, "What for supper?" To those who know, "King Oscar" Brinsling (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!

*Be sure the brand is on each tin—it is your guide and the packers' pride!*

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Auckland.

"The Sardines that are eaten in Norway."

**KING**



**OSCAR**



## In the Kitchen

(Continued From Page 102)

ful of carbonate of soda may be stirred in, if it is required as an effervescing draught.

### Ginger Beer

Three pounds of loaf sugar, half a pound of bruised ginger, two ounces of cream of tartar, three lemons, two gallons of boiling water, one tablespoonful of brewer's yeast, a slice of toasted bread. Cut the rinds thinly from the lemons, and squeeze out the juice into a bowl. Now put the sugar, cream of tartar, ginger, and the rind and juice of the lemons into a preserving pan, and pour over the boiling water. Cover the the pen with a thick cloth. When the liquid is nearly cold put the yeast on the toasted bread and lay it on top of the liquid where it will float and ferment. Let the whole stand for twenty-four hours, then strain and bottle the beer, when it should be ready for use in three or four days.

### Potatoes German Fashion

Arrange upon a dish some freshly boiled potatoes, which must be quite floury; leave them whole. Fry in butter some dry bread-crumbs and a little finely chopped onion until a golden brown, and sprinkle over the potatoes.

*Note.*—An even more savoury dish of potatoes is prepared with the boiled potatoes served as above directed, but replace the onions and bread-crumbs with a little finely chopped bacon fat fried, the whole of which is poured over the potatoes.

### Spinach in Brown Butter

Prepare about two pounds of fresh spinach. Boil in a large saucepan half full of water, to which has been added a good pinch of salt and a tiny piece of washing soda. Boil with the lid off; drain and pour over it a little cold water. Press well to extract the moisture; chop finely. Put a quarter pound of butter into a frying-pan, let it get hot but not very brown; add the

chopped spinach. Stir all together briskly; add a little salt and a pinch of nutmeg if desired. Serve very hot.

### Asparagus

Wash in two separate waters the asparagus, cutting the ends slantwise half way up. These should be carefully put aside to flavour soup later. Arrange in bundles with the heads all one way. Lay them in a wire vegetable basket which will stand in your saucepan. This prevents the risk of breaking the heads in dishing them up. Boil in salted water fifteen to twenty minutes. When the head of the asparagus is soft, it is cooked. Should there be a little delay in serving, pass the basket with the asparagus through some fresh cold water and then place it again in the saucepan to get hot. Asparagus can be served hot or cold with a great variety of sauces.

### Stewed Celery Roots

Peel six or more celery roots, cut them in quarters, slice them not too thin. Put into a frying-pan a quarter of a pound of butter with half a teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Cover the pan and turn them frequently, cooking till tender. Serve them in a vegetable dish with a little parsley sprinkled over them, and the remains of the butter poured over.

### Stewed Tomatoes

Put two pounds of fresh tomatoes into a bowl and pour over them some boiling water. This will enable you to take off the skin without breaking the tomato. Cut them in half and remove the seeds. Put three dessertspoonfuls of olive oil into a deep pan with two finely sliced shallots; fry them a golden brown. Add the tomatoes; sprinkle with salt and pepper; shake them and turn them over with a wooden spoon. Let them remain on the stove ten or twelve minutes. Serve on a deep dish with a little chopped parsley over.

# PAN YAN

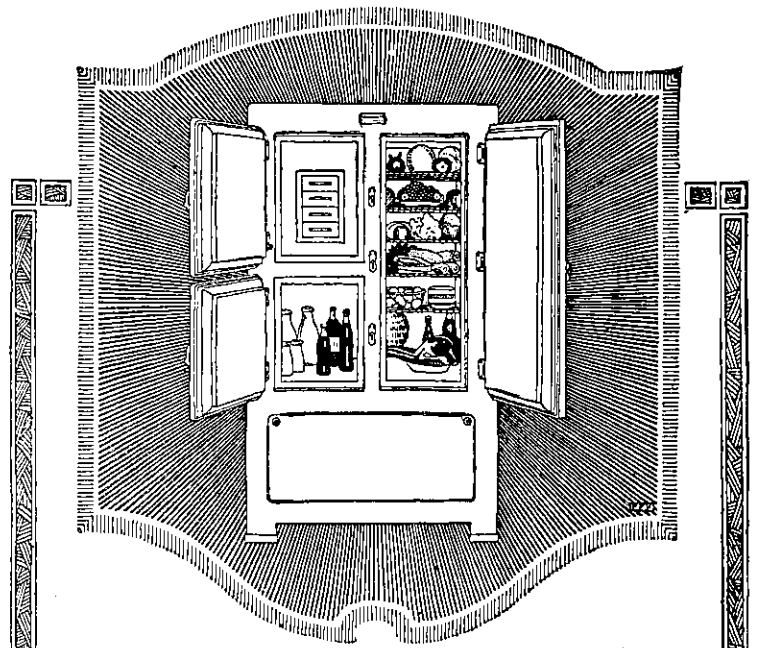


not a Mixed Pickle;  
not a Piccalilli;  
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There is no flavour comparable with Pan Yan. Stimulating and digestive—the ideal relish. Equally good with all meats.

Pan Yan Pickles and Sauce. Made by Maconochie's of London.

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**SANDWICHES OF**  
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Taste "Breakfast Joy" FREE!

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## Aluminium Pots and Pans



When choosing pots and pans—whether a complete set for the new home or merely renewals—the modern housewife has a wide and almost bewildering variety from which to make her choice, and is in a very different position to her grandmother, who was forced to choose from a very limited selection.

During the last few years cooking utensils made of aluminium have become more and more popular, and in this article it is proposed to consider this variety only. They undoubtedly possess many advantages, and are particularly suitable for gas cooking-stoves; they are light—a most important point, especially for larger pans; they are now comparatively cheap, and they are easily cleaned.

One most important point in favour of aluminium utensils is that they are very safe, as no injurious salts are formed as a result of cooking food in them. It is, however, advisable to buy good-quality pans of pure aluminium, for cheap goods are sometimes made from inferior aluminium and may contain other undesirable metals.

A few words regarding the cleaning of aluminium may not be amiss here. Everybody now realises that on account soda must be used; for hot soda-water acts on the aluminium, gradually dissolving it. Fine steel wool cleans aluminium very satisfactorily. If the pans become discoloured—as they generally do when used for heating hard water, and especially when used for cooking eggs—it is a good plan to fill them with some weak harmless acid and bring it to a boil. Vinegar answers the purpose admirably, or if squeezed lemon or apple parings are available they may be used, for, as readers may have noticed, when fruit is stewed in a discoloured aluminium saucepan the dark stain disappears. This stain is harmless, but the appearance of the pan is hardly improved by it, and therefore most housewives remove it.

Aluminium utensils are manufactured from the metal in various ways; they may either be spun, stamped, or cast.

Spun aluminium pans are made on a spinner's lathe: a sheet of aluminium is placed against the blank and the article shaped by means of a drafting tool.

Stamped pans are perhaps of most general utility, and are superior to the spun article mainly on account of their greater uniformity of thickness and the absence of both accidental, and occasionally intentional, thinness in parts, such as is apt to occur in the spun variety. With the latter it is comparatively easy to deceive the buyer as the rims appear thick, whereas the more important base may be a good deal thinner.

Stamped aluminium articles pass through a series of machines before even the simplest is complete. In these machines they are subjected to pressure varying according to the thickness of the aluminium.

Of the three types, cast aluminium is not very generally used, but possesses a possible advantage over the other two in that a thicker pan can be manufactured. It is, therefore, especially convenient for large pans, subjected to hard use, which would become misshapen if made of thin metal. Pans made from cast aluminium are, however, expensive, as their manufacture involves complicated processes in making a smooth surface afterwards. Another advantage is that, as cast pans are not subjected to any pressure during the process of manufacture, the cast metal is much more porous and open, and more apt to become "pitted," than the rolled metal used for spun and stamped articles. The melted aluminium is moulded in a "sand," and allowed to stand a few minutes, when the "sand" is opened and the aluminium contracts while cooling.

The "trimmings," as the handles, knobs, and so forth are technically called, are worth a few moments'

*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.

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PURE MALT VINEGAR  
BREWED FROM Malted Grains  
DOMINION COMPRESSED YEAST  
VINEGAR DRESSING ORANGE  
26 FLUID OZS.

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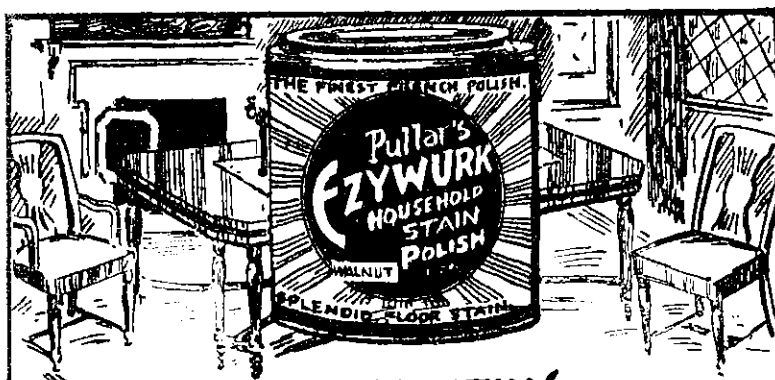
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## Salad Ways for Salad Days

**The Hot Weather and Festive**

Season are now with us and all the family, even mother, goes cloaked in holiday garb and holiday spirit. Still the age-old problem of "what to have for a change" lurks at the back of her mind. Certainly the advent of Summer with its variety of fruits and fresh vegetables does seem to help, but we must serve these to the best advantage to tempt jaded appetites, because little folks require so much energy these hot days running around grasping all they can from life. And mother, too, does not want to spend too much time in the kitchen: not while the beach and the bush are calling.

Most people seem to have the habit of making one or two different kinds of salads without variation, but the homely salad offers great vistas for the imagination and it is possible to make a salad a treat to the eye as well as to the digestion.

Have you ever used cabbage in your salads? Raw cabbage is not as many people think, a craze of a few food fanatics, and if you are not in the habit, do try a few of the inside heart leaves of a young cabbage shredded finely with the lettuce, some time. Very finely shredded carrots are an acquisition to a green salad, both in appearance and flavour, but shredded very finely please. Celery too, is nice, as also is our old friend of the salad—the raddish, which adds colour. An orange in its natural sections added to the salad will earn for mother much praise from those at the table, but you will have to use one of the pipless variety (which also break up very easily into sections) either Sydney or Californian.

Some people use pineapple in their salads, also apples, raisins, nuts, spring onions, cold boiled potato, cress, nasturtium leaves and flowers, dandelion, etc., and so on *ad lib*.

For one salad you could have shredded lettuce and cabbage garnished with slices of orange and beetroot. For another, the shredded lettuce and cabbage garnished with carrot, raddishes and celery. Have round raddishes cut across so that they form petals and look like flowers nestling on the top of the dish. Cold boiled new potato cut into a similar shape to the orange

sections is also very nice, and I must not forget to mention the cucumber and the colourful tomato long recognised as essential to a good salad.

But now for a salad dressing. You will appreciate this dressing as you can make a quantity and it keeps bottled indefinitely. It is a good "foundation" recipe too, because any of the ingredients can be added to or lessened according to taste and other flavours added, i.e., tomato sauce or lemon juice. Half tablespoon salt; one and a half tablespoons sugar; half tablespoon flour; one teaspoon mustard; little cayenne; half cup vinegar; one or two eggs; one tablespoon butter; three quarters cup of milk. Mix dry ingredients in top of a double boiler; add vinegar and beaten egg yolks and whites. Cool and serve.

Here is another recipe somewhat similar if you should be in a hurry. Take 2 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 raw egg well beaten and 1½ tablespoons sugar, and stir over hot water until thick. If liked, oil can be beaten into this when cold or a piece of butter while it is cooking.

I do not think it a good plan to mix the dressing with the greens as this tends to make the salad sodden. Rather, if possible, mix your salad and leave it on the ice chest for an hour or so to "crispen" and then bring it to the table so that its fresh colour in gleaming glass can be appreciated.

#### Mock Whipped Cream

Ingredients: ¼ lb. butter, 1½ tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, teaspoon Davis gelatine, 3 tablespoons boiling water, vanilla or lemon essence to flavour, ½ saltspoon cream of tartar. Pour boiling water on gelatine, stirring to melt; put butter, sugar, salt and flavouring in a basin, cream a little, add cream of tartar then pour hot gelatine in and whip well (about 10 minutes) until it appears like whipped cream. This makes an excellent filling for sponges or puffs.

**Eggs on Toast:** Take some macaroon or some other flavoured biscuits; place a half apricot in the centre of each for the yolk with well whipped cream around to represent the white.

#### Aluminium Pots and Pans

(Continued From Page 104)

attention. The handles should be firmly fixed and either made of some good non-heat-conducting material or else of metal, rolled and hollow inside: in the latter case, the air enclosed, being a poor conductor of heat, helps to keep the handle cool. A wooden handle is really to be preferred, its only disadvantage being that a careless cook might allow the gas flame to lick round the sides of the pan, and so, not only waste gas, but also possibly burn the handle.

"Come, gentle Spring! Ethereal Mildness, come."—Thomson.

Don't Delude yourself into thinking that you can't catch a cold in the springtime. Mild weather may meet you off your guard, and a chill or cold is the result.

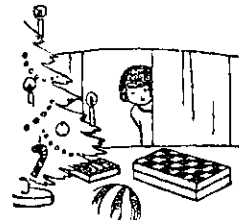
The wisest course is to be prepared, and take Baxter's Lung Preserver. The slightest chill can develop into a serious illness, and "Baxter's" is the surest preventive. Even one dose brings ease and gives relief.

A reliable specific, and also invaluable as a tonic.

You can get a generous-size bottle of Baxter's Lung Preserver for 2/6 from all chemists and stores; family size, 4/6.



# Kiddies Sunshine Circle



## Dearest Girls and Boys,—

It is rather early, but as this is my last opportunity, I must here and now "Wish you, every one, big and little, A Very Merry Xmas and the Happiest of New Years."

If each one of you decide to be kind and thoughtful to others and do some unselfish action as often as possible then surely you will have a perfect Christmas and Holiday.

Have you ever tried doing a good turn for somebody, such as washing up the dishes after Mother has cooked a nice dinner, or tidying up the garden when Daddy isn't expecting it? Oh, it does give you a nice feeling when Daddy says "that's fine, my lad"; or Mother says "Thank you, darling." It's really nicer than getting a present.

Now try this "good-turn" idea and let me know if it was not the happiest, jolliest time you ever had.

I shall be thinking of you on Xmas Eve all snuggled up dreaming of opening your stockings, and again I shall think of you on Xmas Day with all the toys, ponies, bicycles and motor cars you are all wishing for, and then again while on your holidays.

I hope you will think of me just once—and I shall know when my cars are burning that some of my "Kiddies" are giving their big sister a wee thought.

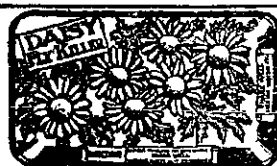
When you read these lines most of you will be very busy with your exams, and thinking more of your holidays to come than doing puzzles or writing essays, so I am not going to ask you to do any work for the Sunshine Circle this month. We will all have a good rest from our usual duties and when the holidays are over I will expect all my Sunshiners to rally round again and help me to spread Sunshine amongst all our members and many more to join later.

With every kind wish I now say cheerio, and hope you the best of good luck during the Festive Season.

Your grateful and loving

Big Sister,

SUNSHINE.

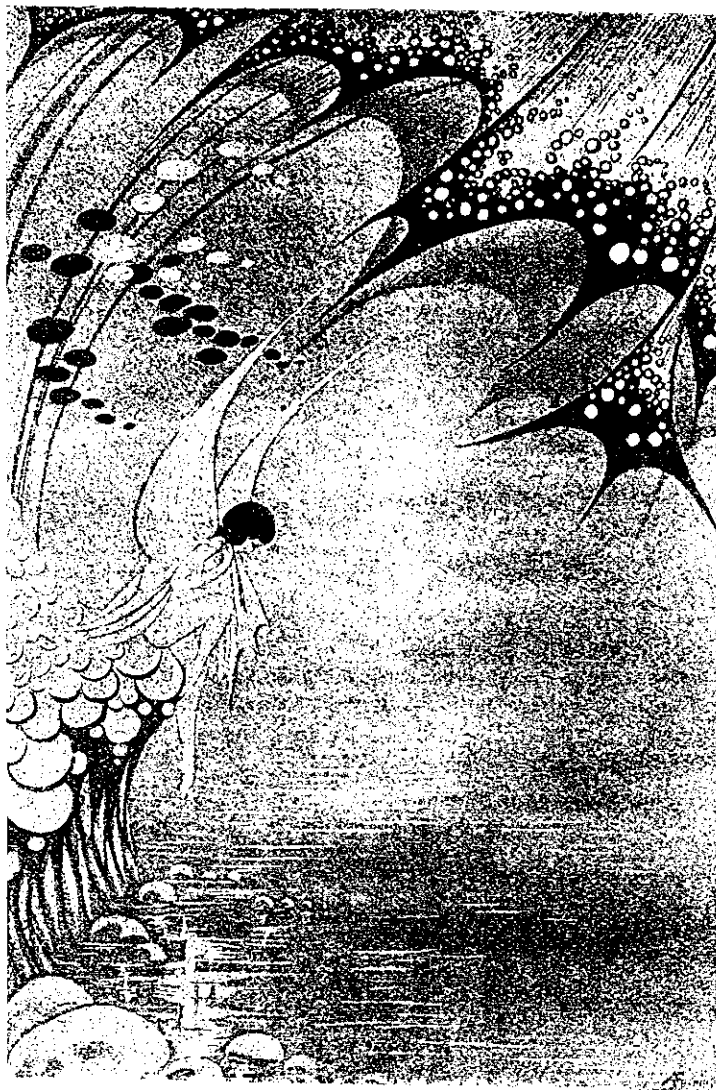


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Distributors for New Zealand:  
**CONNELLY BROTHERS**  
Auckland Wellington Christchurch



A Good Party looking into Nature's Mirror to wish every member of the

Sunshine Circle

the Happiest of Times during the Festive Season and Good Fortune in the New Year

Sketch by Miss A. Funniss, Paint Chevalier, Auckland

## The Season's New Toys

We have just seen the Christmas collection of toys and dolls issued by those ingenious and industrious people, Dean's Rag Book Company, Ltd., of London.

It is a most gratifying circumstance that all these clever toys are the products of English talent and industry, and there is something about them that proclaims this origin and at the same time fully justifies the preference for such toys, and for British-made toys in general, shown by the little men and women of to-day.

These models have a lightness of touch and a gaiety of spirit that would have seemed foreign and out of place to a past generation, but is quite appropriate to the Young England of to-day.

"DISMAL DESMOND," the doleful plum-pudding dog with the

spotted coat, drooping tongue, and black-lustre eye is already familiar, and bids fair to be the most popular toy of the year. If your little niece or nephew has not already a "Dismal Desmond" you can be certain of making a hit by presenting one of these animals. They are cheap, too!

"Pete" is a Pekingese so life-like and so full of expression that it is difficult to believe it is only a stuffed toy. It has beautiful silky fur, and can be had in black and white, or tan and white.

"DORMY" makes its appeal on quite other grounds, for it is of no definitely marked Zoological family, but is just a soft cuddly companion for sleepy toddlers too young to care for fine distinctions of species in toys.

The "BYE-BYE DOLLS" show traces of the same influence; they are soft and squashy and cuddly, simply and strongly constructed in the brightest of colours.

"CHU" is a Chow whose twinkling eyes and tip-tilted nose are completely irresistible; the phrase "as friendly as a lost puppy" might have been invented to fit this toy.

The "CRESTA" DOLLS (how do these things get their names?) are plump, bright-coloured creatures with velvet faces and round roguish eyes.

"OLE BILL" is a walrus, and looking at him one wonders how the comical side of this animal has so long eluded the vigilance of toy designers. One of the toys that foreign manufacturers never seem to get just right is the bull-dog. The imported article is never convincingly true to type:—

"JOHN BULL JUNIOR" which is one of Messrs. Dean's productions, is an unmistakable bull-pup of the true British breed, while "RIP," another Dean toy, is just as French as John is English.

The "ELEGANT" DOLLS are a really remarkable production. They not only live up to their name, but do full justice to their lineage, being the latest descendants of the House of Dean. If future historians wish to show their contemporaries what that much discussed person the young woman of 1926 was like, it is hoped that some at least of these "Elegant" dolls will survive, in order that they may serve as models for the demonstration.

DEAN'S PATENT RAG BOOKS are also there in greater variety than ever—alphabets, counting books, and train and animal books galore—all having those washable, indestructible and hygienic qualities so essential in babies' books, that have truly made them world-famous.

I've thrown my note up the chimney,  
And I've wished in a toad-stool ring,  
And I've wished for a wee black puppy.

For Santa Claus kindly to bring.

I've been ever so good, just lately,  
I've been scolded just once each day,  
And I've given my horrid auntie  
(From My money) a hair-pin tray.

I've left a big bone by my bedside,  
So old Santa Claus dear will say:  
"I'll give a wee pup to this fellow,  
He's been kind and thoughtful today."

—"MEG MERRILIES."

GARGLE

**FLUENZOL**

for  
that THROAT

**SUNSHINE HONOURS LIST**

For good, consistent and neat work the following members of the Sunshine Circle have gained 100 marks, and become officers:

- PIXIE, Taumarunui
- BONZO, Remuera
- DORNIC, Levin
- MARY ANN, Mt. Eden

*What I Would Like Most for Xmas*

The sun was just setting. We were sitting on the front porch, when mother said: "Well, dear, what would you like for Christmas this year?"

"Oh, I don't know," I replied. "There are so many things to choose from."

"Well, we'll leave it till tomorrow. There's no hurry."

Just then Rory came over and called out: "I say, let's come and have a game of tennis before tea."

"Can't," said I. "I haven't a racquet, and besides, I haven't played for ages."

"Oh, that's all right. I'll lend you one, and you'll soon get into the swing of it again."

So off we went.

One hour later two red and excited children burst into the house.

"We've had a ripping set, Mum," I called. "I've decided already. Please, may I have a racquet for Christmas?" —"COLLEEN."

November 30th of this year is the day set aside for our proficiency examination. I have two big sisters, and they have promised that if I get my proficiency certificate they will buy me a gold wristlet watch for Christmas. I have been wanting a watch for a long time, and, of course, am very anxious to pass my examination. I am at present working hard on home lessons, and do hope to be successful. We have our school break-up on December 17th, and after the prizes are handed out we have a concert and dance, so I hope the result of the examination is out by then, and if I get my watch I will be able to wear it for the concert. Winning the watch is, therefore, my earnest wish for Christmas. —"JUNE."

When did the lamp-stand?  
When it heard the gas-pipe.

**A GIFT OFFER**

Any member of the Sunshine Circle will be awarded an Eversharp Pencil or Fountain Pen who induces a grown-up relative or friend to enrol as an annual subscriber to THE MIRROR.

It will be necessary to have the Subscription Form, at the foot of Page 72, properly filled in and forwarded, with 12/- for the annual subscription (including free postage and the special Christmas number).

Be sure and add your own pen-name on the last line, so that you will receive your reward without delay.

**Davis Gelatine for Party Sweets**



Send for a free copy of our beautifully illustrated Cookery Book, and enclose 2d stamp to cover postage, wrapping, etc. to:-

**MARSH-MALLOWS**

- 1 Cup Sugar
- 1 Cup Hot Water
- 3 Dessertspoons Davis Gelatine
- Juice of 1 Lemon
- 1 Dessertspoon Rose Water
- 1 Teaspoon Cream of Tartar

**DIRECTIONS**

Mix the sugar, water, Gelatine and cream of tartar together and simmer over heat for ten minutes; then set aside to cool. Add the rose water and lemon juice and beat the mixture until white and thick. Pour into a greased tin, leave for two hours, then cut in squares and roll in cocoanut or icing sugar. The mixture can be divided and coloured pink, yellow or green as desired, or varied by mixing in chopped dates or nuts. Colouring, fruit, or nuts should be added when you commence to beat.

DAVIS GELATINE [N.Z.] LTD. - CHRISTCHURCH

**HORNBY TRAINS BRITISH AND GUARANTEED**

Real trains are made of steel—so are Hornby Trains. Real Trains pull heavy loads—so do Hornby Trains. Real trains don't run round and round a circular track all day, neither do Hornby Trains. Boys, you can build up a real railway system in miniature—complete to the smallest detail—if you like. That's why Hornby Trains are such good fun—they're so real that you don't just play at trains—you own and run a real railway.

Ask Father or Uncle to buy you a Hornby Train Set for Christmas.

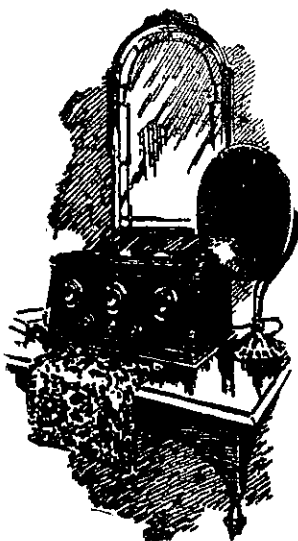
**FADA Neutroceiver**

... the improved five-tube Neutrodyne

THE better you become acquainted with this FADA improved five-tube Neutrodyne, the more you will wonder at its amazing performance. There's nothing else like it. The cabinet is a beautifully designed piece of art furniture.

Volume as loud as you want it. Selectivity to an unusual degree. Easy to tune. Tone—as clear and sweet and true as the music or voice itself. Designed to use powerful tubes, guaranteed to give powerful results. Operates on either outdoor or indoor aeriols.

Come in and let us demonstrate the three, four and five tube FADA receivers before you buy.



FADA Neutroceiver No. 175-A Mahogany cabinet. Inclined panel, and roomy battery shell, 5 tubes.

The National Electrical & Engineering Co., Ltd., MAZDA HOUSE, QUAY STREET, AUCKLAND Also at Hamilton, Whangarei, & Main Southern Towns

**SEND FOR THIS HORNBY BOOK OF TRAINS**

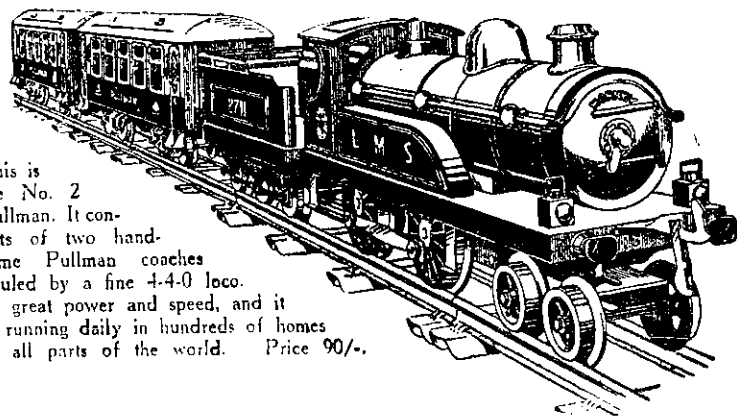


Would you like to control your own train from the signal cabin, just as the real signalman does?

The Hornby Book of Trains will tell you how you can do it with the NEW Hornby Control System.

It contains splendid illustrations, in colour, of the Hornby Trains and all the Rolling Stock and Rails, Points and Crossings of the Hornby Series. The price of the book is 6d, post free, on receipt of stamps for this amount. Address your letter to Browning, Ifwersen, Ltd., Dept. O, Kingston Street, Auckland.

Hornby Trains are obtainable at all Departmental and Toy Stores at prices ranging from 27/6 to 160/-.



This is the No. 2 Pullman. It consists of two handsome Pullman coaches hauled by a fine 4-4-0 loco. of great power and speed, and it is running daily in hundreds of homes in all parts of the world. Price 90/-.

Wholesale Agents in New Zealand and Fiji:

Browning, Ifwersen, Ltd., Kingston Street, Auckland  
Telegrams: "Toyland," Auckland. (P.O. Box 129).



# Deal with Your Own Folks

at least if they deal justly with you.

"BUY BRITISH GOODS" is a slogan which would not go far to bolster up the sale of such goods if their British origin were the only thing in their favour.

DEAN'S A1 DOLLS and TOYS are not only made in England, but they have a long and honourable record and enjoy wide popularity there. They are durable and hygienic, soft to the touch and pleasing to the eye, and offer a choice of literally hundreds of Nursery Favourites at prices to suit all purses. For sterling value and enduring quality they are unequalled.

DEAN'S A1 DOLLS and TOYS and also their famous RAG BOOKS, are on sale at all the leading Stores, Fancy Goods Dealers and Stationers in New Zealand.

If you cannot obtain them locally, apply to our New Zealand Selling Agents:-

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Binney's Bldgs., 45, Customs Street East, Auckland.

Manufacturers and Patentees:

DEAN'S RAG BOOK Co., Ltd., LONDON, ENGLAND.



# Good News! THE NEW MECCANO "Let's See the Colours"

These boys are all aglow with excitement over the New Meccano in Colours. The Plates enamelled in red, Braced Girders in green, in combination with the shining steel Strips and bright brass Gear and Pulley-Wheels, give a wonderful appearance to Meccano Bridges, Towers, Cranes, and the hundreds of other real engineering models that only Meccano can build. The principle of the Meccano system is the same as before—just as fascinating and ingenious—but the new colours are a fine improvement.

SEND FOR THE NEW MECCANO BOOK IN COLOURS

The New Meccano Book tells you all about it—in colours. It shows the new parts, Outfits and accessories, as well as new models accurately constructed, just as you—and even your Dad—can construct them.

This book will be sent you free if you send a postcard to BROWNING, IFWERSEN LTD., Dept. No. 56, Kingston Street, Auckland, P. O. Box 129. Ask for the book about the New Meccano in Colours.

# THE NEW MECCANO

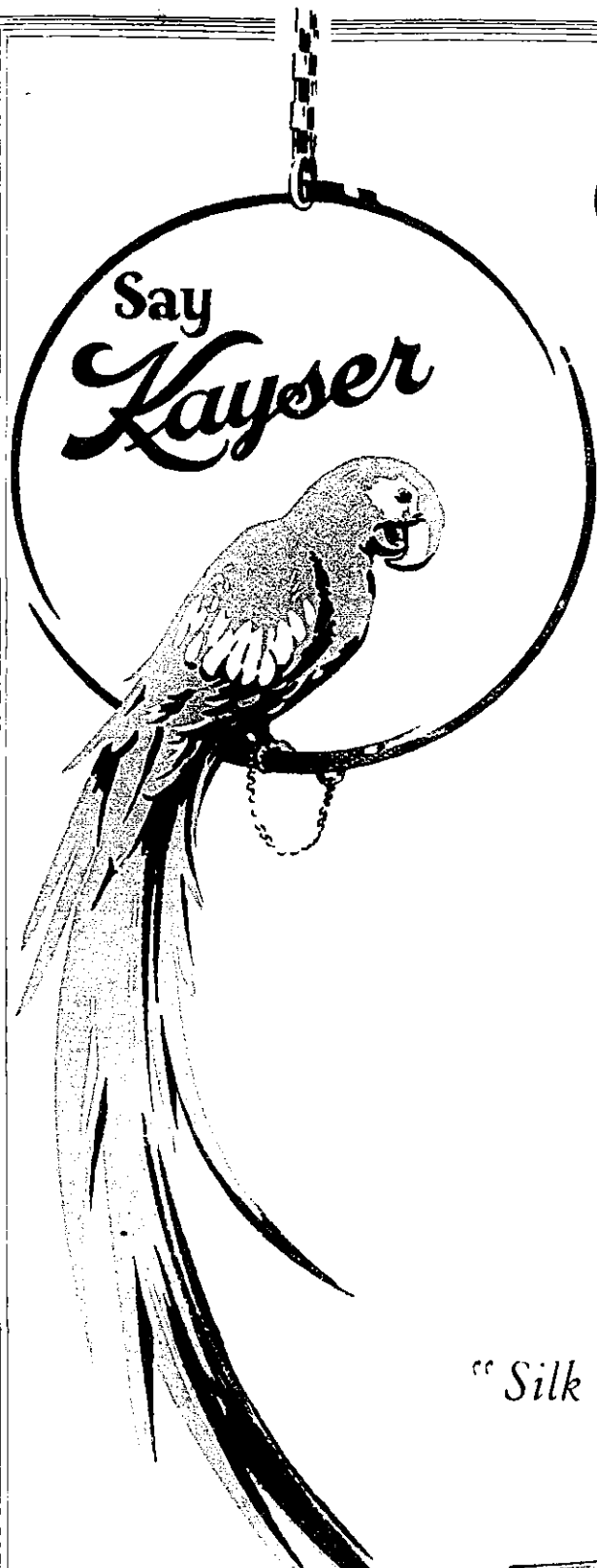
Wholesale Agents for New Zealand and Fiji:  
BROWNING IFWERSEN LTD.,  
Kingston Street, Auckland, P.O. Box 129.

# Mirrorgrams

(The numbers in brackets represent the marks awarded for last month's work.)

**Beth**—I am sure you have great times with the Girl Guides. You sent some good jokes. (10). **Farmer**—I will send you the address of a Pen Friend. (10). **Ray**—I hope you are like a "ray" of sunshine to mother. It's nice to think Auntie remembered your pen-name. (15). **Periwinkle**—Poor girlie with a broken arm. I think you are very sweet to write under these conditions. Hope it will soon be quite well. **Fancy and Nancy**—You did very well, dear. How are my twins? **Winkie**—Yours is a nice little story. I wonder if you will get your wish. It is rather an expensive one, isn't it? (15). **John Fabian**—Hurray, dear. I thought you had deserted the camp. I like that joke, and will publish it. (15). **Sunray**—There will be no work for you to do this month as I think most children will be too busy preparing presents for Xmas, but I love to hear from you. (10). **Eileen Semmens**—I cannot find you in the register. All Sunshiners are entered under their pen-names so I cannot look them up under their proper names. Thanks for chatty letter. (10). **Firefly**—How nice to live so close to the bush. You will have a lovely view surely from your high house. What a pity about the lambs—they are such darlings when little, aren't they? (10). **Weyford**—Your little verse is jolly, shall try to publish it. (10). **Wisteria**—What you called me was quite right. Just write to me if you feel inclined. The competitions are for those girls who like a little occupation in the evenings. Tell me more about yourself. **Country Bumpkin**—Yes, we are having the same sort of weather. I always love your letters, however scrappy, dear. Have you a photo you can send me? **Buck Jones**—Who did the neat printing for you? So sorry to hear "Mary Ann" has been ill. Please give her my best love. Thanks for those kisses. (10). **Oliver Twist**—I have a new puppy too—a foxie. He's a great fighter. He tackles every dog that comes his way, however big. So glad you did well at the Show. The sketch of the ponies is very good. (10). **Powder Puff**—I like your photo, thanks for sending it. Yes, there will be a page for you, but no puzzles will be set while you are on holidays. **Daw Fairy**—We could not let our fireworks off—it was pouring all day. Your sketch of the sea made me feel like going for a swim. I like your dear little pictures. (10). **Montmorency**—Certainly, we shall be pleased to enrol you as a member of the Sunshine Circle. Yes, I have read the book, jolly fine, isn't it? **Dawn**—Poor little girl, get better as quickly as you can. I don't like my Sunshiners to be sick. You must have a few marks for that neat letter. (5). **Heather**—Your pets must take a lot of your time. Mine do. I have one doggie and heaps of Sunshiners. (10). **Calin**—Yes, I know a boy who I think will be a nice friend. His pen-name is "Farmer." I will send his address. Your writing is much improved. (10). **Kewpie**—Yes, you may write in pencil, dear. (5). **Tess**—That is funny about the pigeon—she wants some babies I suppose. (5). **Meg Merrifield**—I would like to meet this "tom-boy" Sunshiner. Send me a photo will you dear? It is very hard to resist an over-hanging willow branch, isn't it? (20). **Rata Blossom**—Your Xmas wishes are very sensible. I hope you get some of them. I am sure you will come first this time, dear. Thanks for kisses. (15). **Penelope**—Yes, you can have great sport in the baths. It is hardly warm enough yet, I think. (5). **Marguerite**—Thanks for happy little photo. I shall put it in my album with my other Sunshiners. (15). **Ruie**—You have some jolly times with the Girl Guides, do you not? I hope you get your badge. (10). **Veronique**—It would be lovely to have a camera. I'm sure Father Christmas will send you one if you wish hard enough. (10). **Pixie**—Yes, a pony is rather a tall order, dear. What a pity you did not have another photo taken if the proofs were not good. Never mind, when you have another nice one of yourself send it along. (20). **Nairobi**—What a great writer you are. I can quite imagine you devouring heaps of books. Which part of Waiheke do you go to? (15). **Buttercup**—Hope you liked your present. I do not know Dargaville. Shall look out for the snap shot. (5). **Bubbles**—Have sent you "Caric" address. Will try and publish some of your riddles. (10). **Cherry Blossom**—No, I have never been to Dunedin, but I should love to go there. You might have a surprise if you saw my photo. I will use some of your puzzles—thanks. (15). **Brownie**—I am sorry about your pen—it was posted from here some time ago. The Editor will see about it. Yes, these operas are delightful. You were very lucky to be able to go to three. (15). **Okahau**—I also had a lovely picnic. We pitched a tent in the bush and slept there for the night. We had a huge camp fire. None of us had much sleep, but we enjoyed it nevertheless. (15). **Bumble Bee**—Do tell me what a "lone"

scout is. I feel such a greenhorn not knowing. How do you like your new school? **Dornic**—Hurray, another officer. Will you send a nice photo so that we can publish it. Your name is to be put on the Honour List "this month. **Bim Boy**—You are enrolled! Who has been talking to you about us. I hope they were all nice things that were said. Write again soon. There is no work set for the holiday month. **Rover**—Thanks for the magazine. It is very interesting and entertaining. I think you will be a journalist some day. (15). **Rubicon**—Welcome, dear. Do write me a little letter and tell me how you heard about the Circle. (10). **Bets**—How is this little girl? No letter with your work. (10). **Casabianca**—We had a nice bright day for our "Royal Show," too. There are not as many mosquitos here as in Australia, but one is too many, I think, don't you? (15). **June**—Your wish is very nicely expressed, dear. I shall think of you on November 30th. (15). **Bets**—A letter from you arrived in the next budget. I shall have to consider this question of the photo you ask about—such a lot of Sunshiners have written about it. Thanks for yours, also the cows. What a beauty the dark one is! **Bluebell**—I hope you do well in your exam. I think letter writing is very good. I have noticed great improvement in several girls' writing, also grammar, since they first joined the Circle. (15). **Girlie**—These nice days make one think of seaside holidays and bathing costumes. Where do you go to? (5). **Wendy**—I do not like Beauty Competitions. They usually spoil nice girls, and no benefit is derived from them. (10). **Poppo**—There will be no puzzles for you this month—just holidays. Thanks for jokes. **Snow White**—It's great to keep near Sunshiners thinking what I am. I will think quite good for you. **Story** was mpt. (10). **Buzz**—What a lovely story was so glad to see "Mia" was so very proud of him. (10). **Cui**—My doggie "Nip" sends regards to you. Yes, Pollyanna is a very good story. (10). **Annette**—So pleased you had a happy birthday. Yes, I do love flowers very much. (15). **Nancy O**—My birthday flower is the lily. It is the first time I have heard of it. That motto form is really quite good. (15). **Happy Jack**—Are you the tinker who picks the strawberries too soon? (10). **Puck**—I will send you "Snow White's" address. I think you will suit each other. "Blanket Bay" is certainly the best place on a cold night—with a book! (10). **Humpty Dumpty**—I shall come along with some cream one day and ask for some strawberries. Are you fond of drawing? Those you sent are very good. (5). **Mary Ann**—Yes, dear, you are our fourth officer. Have you a nice photo of yourself which I can publish on our page. I shall not be able to go to your concert as it is my father's birthday. I understood you to say you had found a nice correspondent. I will send you "Bet's" address. (15). **Tiger Tim**—What fun to ride to school on a bicycle. I do hope you get your wish. (10). **Kereru**—The surnames always come first in the register. I have made the same mistake before—putting the cart before the horse. Shouldn't I love to see the sort of country you live in? (15). **Peanut**—You were fortunate to have such nice fireworks. It was too wet here to have any fun. The slugs have been so busy in my garden. They have eaten a whole row of peas. (15). **Pussy**—Thank you for that kind wish, dear. I hope you also have lots of nice presents. (10). **Copper Top**—Your sketch of the squirrel is beautifully done. If it had been done in black ink I could have reproduced it. Better luck next time. (20). **Essayan**—One of the Sunshiners wanted to write to you but I have mislaid her letter. Perhaps she will see this and ask for your address again. Each one of the Circle members is my pet, so I have a lot. (10). **Star**—That was a nice holiday last year. No, I have never been near New Plymouth. I love long trips in motor cars. (10). **Big Chief**—Certainly, you may! Your drawing is very good. Have entered your name in the register. (10). **Popski**—You see I have not forgotten you. What dainty little note-paper. I love letters too. I will send you a correspondent's address. I want to go to different bush countries every week-end for my holidays! I have a little car and a tent! **Wicobe**—So little news, you say; but your letter was quite interesting. What a good idea keeping Bill safe in a cage. (15). **Jack Hobbs**—Send a coupon, dear, or your name cannot be entered. How very neat your letter is. (10). **Punch**—Welcome to the Circle. Surely you are our baby! **Colleen**—Are you better, dear. I do hope so. Your two little sketches are charming, and your other work is good. Will send you an address. (20). **Kitten**—"Jack Hobbs" coupon arrived with later mail—thanks. **Daniel Boone**—The family increases each month. Thanks for good wishes. (10). **Yenadizze**—What a fierce looking bull terrier. Write me a letter. (10). **Tin Lizzy**—Surely you do not think I can write to every Sunshiner. I should need heaps more pages. (15).



Of course she would  
say "Kayser"----

Beautiful Xmas Gift  
Hosiery ----- silk  
right to the top!

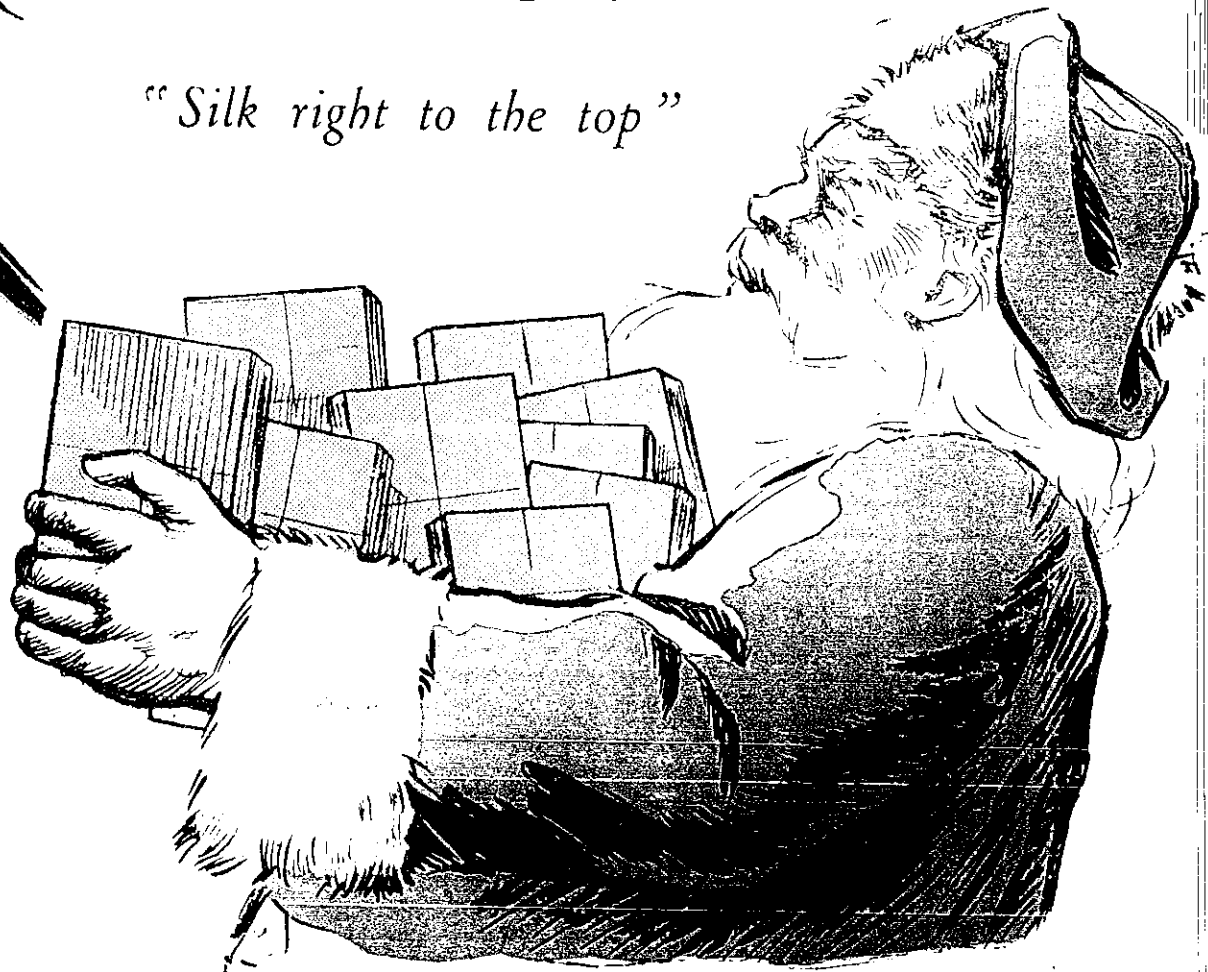
Think of her delight on Xmas morning—eagerly she unties the  
gay, be-holly'd ribbon—off comes the wrapping—the shape of  
the box says "Hosiery"—*whose?*—and then, why—

"KAYSER, OF COURSE!—  
BEAUTIFUL GIFT KAYSER HOSIERY"

So fine is the pure silk from which Kayser thread is spun that  
you can hardly see it floating from your hand—yet so closely is  
the rich mesh of Kayser Hosiery woven that it wears and wears.

# Kayser HOSIERY

"Silk right to the top"



Fashion dictates,  
and so—  
There are dainty  
Silk Kayser  
gloves to match  
every shade in  
Kayser Silk  
Hosiery.

AT ALL  
LEADING  
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*She is the first consideration  
when building the new home—*



*For Future Satisfaction, Comfort, Durability and Economy*

*Are the Best Protection over all*

When building a new home many things claim attention: of what material shall it be built? What size—how many rooms? What colour for the walls? but have you thought fully of the ROOF—the most important part of all? It is the roof which is put to the greatest test in keeping out rain and cold; it is the roof that

It is the roof which in every respect gives the home CHARACTER. It is true, WINSTONE Tiles cost a little more than iron in the first place, but is first cost everything? What about ULTIMATE cost and EVERLASTING satisfaction! WINSTONE Tiles cost nothing for upkeep—they improve with age and last forever. Consider how readily you can sell if you roof with WINSTONE Tiles, that they are warm in winter, cool in summer and give the home that distinctive and artistic appearance that commands attention. Write us for free illustrations and booklet showing many beautiful homes with tiled roofs.

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