

**Women in Tyrol.**

Tyrol is one of the few places in Europe which are not well known to be overrun with tourists, though it is rapidly becoming popular with the English, who go there for mountaineering.

The scenery is beautiful, and the people are charming, especially in Southern Tyrol.

The women are very handsome, tall and mostly dark, with beautiful hair, and eyes like the Italians, but they are quicker in their movements than the Southern races, and do not grow old so quickly. In the country districts they still wear the native dress, which is like the German peasant costume, but their hats are unique, being small, round, and black—just like a man's—and which they always take off in church.

They have charming manners, so bright, and with such sweet smiles. They are always ready to talk and to give one lots of information, and, meeting one on the road, will turn back a long distance to point out the way if asked for a direction. Even the tiny children, playing in the road, wish one "Grussgott," and offer tiny bunches of wild flowers with no thought of payment such as Swiss children have. All the women work in the fields, and hard work it is; they are very sturdy and independent, and make a success of most things they take up. One old woman, considerably over 60, lived, with only a dog for company, at the top of a pass which was blocked with snow for five months of the year.

We were the first people to go across after the road was opened one year, and she was so delighted to see someone with whom she could talk. She asked me for a red poppy out of my hat; it was so long since she had seen a flower growing that an artificial one was a delight to her.

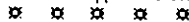
The Tyrolese are good linguists. The language of the country is, of course, German, but in the south they have the prettiest Italian patois. Now that English people go there the innkeepers are learning English, and the women especially speak with extraordinary fluency, and are apt to use the funniest slang expressions, thinking that they show their knowledge.

I heard one landlady saying to a staid and dignified English clergyman who was descending from a carriage after a long drive, "Buck up, buck up; dinner's ready."



**A New Substitute for Corsets.**

Those women who are tempted to take the advice of health-wishers, and discard corsets, always have one little drawback. "We don't want our clothes to hang from our shoulders" (as advised). "We don't want those big flat waists, and we won't have them; we'll suffer badly rather." There's not a doubt corsets are injurious; we all know that. This is an excellent plan to minimise the difficulty of the lack of support for the skirts to the corsetless woman: Purchase 1½yd of Petersham (silk) belting, which is slightly elastic, firm, and strong, and will not crease. Cut in halves (¾yd lengths), join neatly together. The easiest way is to overlap the edge about one-eighth of an inch, and run along with the sewing machine twice, making a firm band ¾yd long and about 4in or 5in wide. This you simply pin round the waist with an ordinary strong safety pin, thus having a good comfortable support for even heavy skirts, which can be fastened on by either buttons or safety pins, as preferred. This plan obviates the discomfort of tight waistbands of skirts and many tears in slip bodices through the temptingly ever-ready pins, in the attempt to keep things all taut at the back without the support of corsets.



**When Chicken is Expensive.**

You may not always have chicken, but if you will cook pork after the way seen among the Pennsylvania Germans you will not miss it.

Pork Chops with Cream Gravy.—Put the chops, salted, into an iron frying pan hot, but not greased. Let fry until they are touched with plenty of rich brown on both sides, but don't allow the lean part to harden or crisp. You will need to loosen and turn them frequently, and, if they are fat, pour off part of the grease. After they are browned without a particle of scorching—which would be

fatal to the gravy—pour in a half cup of water, cover tightly, and turn down the gas until the water is cooked out. Remove chops, add a tablespoonful of butter, and if there are six or eight of them pour in nearly a pint of rich milk. Put back the chops, cook a minute in the gravy, and serve. This makes the gravy richer and gives it more of the flavour which is so decidedly like chicken, but if preferred the chops may be kept dry and the gravy served in a boat.

Pork Chicken Pie.—To save time as well as the heat of the gas, prepare a double quantity of this meat with a superabundance of the gravy when cooking it. Scrape part of it hot from the frying pan into your baking dish, set it away over the next day, fit it with a top crust of biscuit dough, and bake as you would chicken pie.



**The Middle-Aged Woman.**

At what age is the spinster superannuated? And when may a woman be regarded as middle-aged?

It depends on the individual woman and her will power.

The readiest method whereby a woman manufactures herself into a superannuated spinster is to allow people to give her the impression that because she is not married at thirty she is necessarily a "has been."

The woman who remains at home still at her mother's apron-strings after reaching maturity is almost bound to wither early on the parent stem. Average mothers are apt to subject their grown-up daughters to the discipline and regime of the nursery. And the process is terribly ageing.

Suppression, and the chronic subjection of her will to that of another woman takes the spirit, spunkiness, and youth out of the grown-up daughter.

Some family circles are not sparing in their cynical reminders that one of their number is getting on in years. Younger sisters "coming on" impress on their elder Elizabeth, who is still remarkably handsome, the necessity that she should take a social back seat.

"You must give the girls a chance," urges the mother.

Elizabeth's spirit of coquetry is chilled by the cynical attitude of her more youthful sisters, to whom a woman of thirty is synonymous with an old frump. Because she has not married, her family regard her as a failure. To live in an atmosphere of failure, regarded as an old maid whom no man has wanted in the past, or woos in the present, is about the most ageing influence there is.

If the eldest of several grown-up daughters dresses her hair in a new and becoming manner sundry hints drop that she is setting her cap at somebody, or trying to look young. Unless she has the courage to face the music she subsidises into the sad and depressing role her relations have so industriously prepared for her.



**A Street Car Incident.**

She was a middle-aged woman, with a sour, pessimistic face, and from the time she got on until she alighted she was continually plying the conductor with questions. He was a good-natured son of the Emerald Isle, and answered all her interrogatories with a smile, though her impetuosity and restlessness were trying on one's nerves.

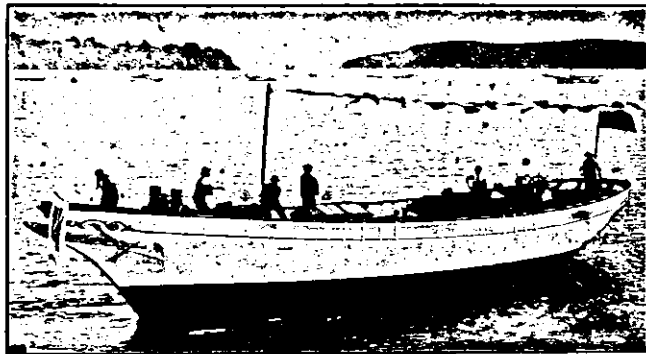
"Be sure, now, conductor, and let me off at Bond-street." "You know, you never can trust these conductors," she said to a neighbour. "If you want to get off at a certain street, you've got to remind them of it constantly. Only a little while ago I asked a conductor to let me off at a certain street, and paid no more attention to the matter. Presently I thought it about time that I got off, and I asked the conductor about it. What do you think? He had let me ride almost a mile past my destination, and when I remonstrated with him, somewhat severely, he said he had enough to do to look after the fares without looking for the streets where passengers wanted to get off. Such impertinence to a lady! I reported him immediately."

"Bond-street," cried the conductor, as the car was slowing down.

"At what end shall I get off?" said the woman with the sour face.

"You can get off at either end, lady. Both ends stop."

And the woman got off at the front end amid a general titter among the passengers.



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