

# Boudoir Gossip

## Woman—The Fate of Man.

(By MAURICE MAETERLINCK.)

The kingdom of love is, before all else, the kingdom of certitude, for it is within its bounds that the soul is possessed of the utmost leisure.

And it is in this common fatherland that we chose the women we loved, therefore it is that we cannot have erred, nor can they have erred either.

There truly they have sought to do but to recognise each other, offer deepest admiration, and ask their questions—dearfully like the maid, who has found the sister she had lost, while far away from them arm links itself in arm and breaths are mingling.

At last has a moment come when they can smile and live their own life—for a truce has been called in the stern routine of daily existence—and it is, perhaps, from the heights of this smile and these ineffable glances that springs the mysterious perfume that pervades love's dearest moments, that preserves forever the memory of the time when the lips first met.

Of the true predestined love alone do I speak here. When Fate sends forth the woman it has chosen for us—sends her forth from the fastnesses of the great spiritual cities in which we live, all unconsciously, and she awaits us at the crossing of the road we have to traverse when the hour has come—we are warned at the first glance.

Some there are who attempt to force the hand of Fate. Wildly pressing down their eyelids, so as not to see that which had to be seen—struggling with all their puny strength against the eternal forces—they will contrive, perhaps to cross the road and go toward another, sent thither, but not for them.

But, strive as they may, they will not succeed in "stirring up the dead waters that lie in the great turn of the future." Nothing will happen, the pure force will not descend from the heights, and those wasted hours and kisses will never become part of the real hours and kisses of their life.

There are times when destiny shuts her eyes, but she knows full well that when evening falls we shall return to her, and that the last word must be hers. She may shut her eyes, but the time till she reopens them is time that is lost.

It would seem that women are more largely swayed by destiny than ourselves. They submit to its decrees with far more simplicity; nor is there sincerity in the resistance they offer. They are still nearer to God, and yield themselves with less reserve to the pure workings of the mystery.

And therefore it is, doubtlessly, that all the incidents in our life in which they take part seem to bring us nearer to what might almost be the very fountain head of industry.

It is, above all, when by their side that moments come unexpectedly, when a clear presentiment flashes across us—a presentiment of a life that does not always seem parallel with the life we know. They lead us close to the gates of our being.

May it not be during one of those profound moments, when his head is pillowed on a woman's breast, that the hero learns to know the strength and steadfastness of his star?

And, indeed, will any true sentiment of the future ever come to the man who has never had his resting place in a woman's heart?

## Ivory Toilet Sets.

Instead of silver toilet articles many women are selecting ivory or imitation ones on account of the ease with which these latter can be kept clean. All one needs to do is to give the ivory brushes and trays a wiping with a fresh, soft cloth, and there is no rubbing or weekly polishing to go through with. All the little toilet and dressing table requisites are now sold in this material, and the boxes are charmingly decorated with sprays of flowers if one does not fancy the plain or monogrammed backs.

## Studies in Discontent.

BY AN IBSEN WOMAN.

"If twenty years ago my husband had offered me my present position of house-keeper, nurse and menial in general, what do you think I should have said to him? I then had dreams of a career and ability to attain it, demonstrated by money already earned. To-day he is the success, he is the figure in life, he is the income bringer, and hence has the final word of authority in the house. I am but a part of his background, with the furniture, the library, the children. I love him dearly. I love the children dearly. Yet I catch myself asking myself of late, 'Was it worth while?' I hate myself for the thought, yet I brood over it. Have I been compensated? Are my husband's success and the children and the companionship compensation for my abnegation?"

"Wait a minute. Do not answer until you are quite sure you understand what I mean," continued the speaker. "Take me as I am to-day, a woman of forty-three years, not old enough to feel resigned to all things, not young enough to begin again, and not needed where I am."

"Now, that is nonsense, Adele," interrupted the other.

## THE CHILDREN LOOK TO THEIR FATHER.

"Wait. You do not yet understand. The children have come to the point where they do not need my actual tending, as they formerly did; that is, it does not mean what it once meant—greater healthfulness. Mother has become to them one who putters and fusses a good deal about things that do not matter and knows nothing of the things that do matter. Roger was plainly dumfounded when he chanced to run across my high school cards the other day and those of his father, and noted that my percentages ran steadily higher than his father's."

"Why, mother, how queer!" he exclaimed. "Did you really study all these things once and know them better than father?" His amazement was a revelation to me, perhaps a part of the pain I feel to-day.

"I feel bitterly that I must have lost much in the hours of tending babies, looking after the house, keeping bills down and courage up, if my own child is amazed to learn that I started with an education equal to his father's! Indeed, he little realizes that his mother was thought by all her friends, in fact, to be something of a genius who married a dreamer. I was a fairly successful portrait painter, you know."

"To my children then I am merely part of the setting. In their dawning intellectual life they look solely to papa. 'Wait till papa gets home,' James says when I offer to help him with his Latin, and Roger won't give me a glimpse into his difficulties with algebra. 'Wait for papa!' If they only knew it, papa is as rusty as I am, and no more willing to be polished up, but somehow or other they have intellectual faith in him which they haven't in me. I slip back again into the background after one or two such rebuffs, feeling empty, starved and unsatisfied. I don't find reward in my life of to-day."

"Lance is kindness itself, and sympathetic in a way, but not the way of understanding. 'Tired to-night, dear! Too much shopping!' or 'Susan's sudden leave has upset you, hasn't it, dear! Never mind, the new cook is promising.'"

"When I seek to find the old bonds of understanding with him, he says, 'So you want to study, huh? Go ahead, pitch in, take anything you like. Why don't you take up your painting again?' I used to think you had Sargent and the rest beat to a finish." He, too, 'used to think' I knew something.

## DOES HE UNDERSTAND A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

"The greatness of a mother's sacrifice—does any man ever understand it as it is? Lance doesn't at bottom believe that I have sacrificed anything more than he has. The irony of it all is that he truly believes, in making himself,

he has made me, too. Yet the sad truth is that I am plodding far, far in the rear, my talent buried deep under the commonplace details of domestic life.

"When we started we planned to live our intellectual life together, come what might. Kitchen and nursery were not to be allowed to absorb me, as they had my mother and his. Business was not to swallow him up, to the seclusion of family life."

"During the first decade I yielded ground, of necessity, I felt. Two decades have gone. Lance is all and more than he gave promise of being, and he has been true to the intellectual life, as he planned it, so far as concerns himself. But I have fallen out of it altogether. I don't know anything beyond rearing children and keeping house."

"Why not break house—strike—go away for a time, if you feel this way?" said the world worn woman, wishing to be helpful in a crisis which she but dimly understood.

"Like Nora?" replied the mother woman, faintly smiling. "I've thought of that, too—only you see Lance never remembers his rubbers when it threatens rain and his lungs haven't been strong since that attack of pneumonia— and Roger still has attacks of croup occasionally in the night, big boy that he is. Oh, I could never sleep a night away from them, for fear they might be needing me."

"Clained to the wheel of maternity, is how I should describe your state, Adele. You must find your contentment therein, or go without, since break away you will not. I envy you, that's all I have to say," sighed the world weary woman.

## To Certain Girls.

(By Charles Hanson Towne.)

Matilda, I have still that scarf  
You gave me last year;  
And though I never wear it, well,  
It does exist, my dear.  
(Its lying in the bottom drawer  
Of my old chiffonier!)

Katrina, bless your kindly heart!  
Pray, do not hem and haw!  
I have that pipe you gave me once—  
The best I ever saw.  
(It's stowed away with my old things;  
It simply wouldn't draw!)

Fair Gladys, you're a winsome lass,  
And I'm a foolish knave;  
I have the razor that to me  
Last Christmas-time you gave.  
(It's somewhere on an upper shelf;  
I couldn't make it shave!)

Dear Ethel, you have lovely taste,  
But somehow that striped hose  
You sent me, with its fear-dear lis  
Painted in awful rows,  
Made no appeal to me, though I  
Love you, dear, goodness knows!

Girls, do not think that I'm unkind;  
Gifts you know how to choose them.  
The funniest thing from my base thoughts  
Would be that I refuse them.  
I only ask you won't insist  
That I should ever use them!

## Moving Pictures of Flowers.

One remarkable fact about the moving picture camera is that it is able to reproduce not only the swiftest moving objects, but the slowest as well. Accordingly, it is now possible to exhibit pictures of a flower in its different processes of growth, and of the transition of a blossom into fruit. Recent experiments have resulted in a process that shows on the screen the changing of a rosebud into a full blown rose, the bursting of a lily from its leafy prison, or the slow uncurling of the front of the *Osmunda fern*.

The operation of exhibiting anything like the growth of a flower from birth to maturity requires, of course, considerable time, though the result consumes no more than five minutes when thrown on the screen. The negatives must be made at regular intervals, and timed according to the degree of the plant's growth, while the exposures must continue day and night until that point is attained at which it is presumed the object has really reached its maturity.

The modus operandi in the case of a rose, for instance, is as follows:—

Just as soon as the bud begins to show, the first film is exposed, and from that time on until the blossom is full blown a fresh negative is exposed every ten minutes both day and night. The time of exposure varies, of course, according to the season, the warmth of the greenhouse, the species of flower, etc. Generally, however, less than three weeks is required for the completion of this work. In that time something like twenty-four hundred films must be exposed, which are not so many when it is considered that most moving pictures of animated objects carry some ten thousand to twenty thousand separate and distinct photographs. At night the negatives are exposed by means of an arc light.

One of the prettiest effects gained by the moving picture camera is that shown in the emergence of a butterfly from its chrysalis. The films of this were exposed with a fair degree of rapidity, inasmuch as a butterfly consumes little time—a few minutes—to develop, once having shed its ugly shell. The butterfly employed in the experiment referred to was of the peacock variety, and though it was the first attempt on the part of the operator to take a picture of this kind, the films showed up excellently, and the moving picture was most successful.

In order to obtain sharp negatives the chrysalis was placed in the open, the camera focussed on it, and then many days were passed in careful observation before a slight movement indicated that the beautiful prisoner was about to emerge. Before the chrysalis actually broke a negative was made, and then, as the butterfly began to liberate itself, the films were run off very rapidly, the speed being increased as the butterfly began to preen itself. The final negatives show the butterfly floating away in the clear blue sky until it passes from sight.

## Novena is New!

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