

**The Late Corporal Devereux.**

One of the gallant trio of New Zealanders who fell at Britfontein was Corporal Rodney Devereux, of the Second Contingent, New Zealand Mounted Infantry. Deceased was a son of the Hon. H. de Bohun Devereux of Epsom, Auckland, and a nephew of Viscount Hereford, premier Viscount of England. When the war broke out and New Zealanders were volunteering for service in South Africa, young Devereux was most enthusiastic in his determination to join one of the contingents. He had previously taken a great interest in volun-

teering, being a corporal in the College Rifles, and eagerly embraced the opportunity for more serious soldiering which the war opened up. In Africa he entered heart and soul into his work, and though one of the youngest men in the field—being just twenty-one—bore himself in a manner that spoke volumes for his spirit and promised much for his future. He anticipated being back with his relatives here about Christmas, and in his last letters was regretting that he had not seen more fighting. Much sympathy is felt with his relatives in their bereavement, while to the large circle of those who knew him, the news of the sad death of this gallant boy has come as a shock.



Edwards, Photo.

THE LATE CORPORAL DEVEREUX.

**The Fashion in Wives.**

Have you noticed how the fashion in wives changes according to prevailing sentiment or a popular fancy a "Tit-Bits" contributor was asked by the verger of a fashionable church. I have been making observations for almost a quarter of a century, and I can assure you that there is an almost unaccountable preference for a particular style of woman at certain seasons. The sort of girl who at one time will have not the slightest chance of becoming a wife will be all the rage shortly afterwards, and all other styles of beauty will be placed upon the shelf.

I remember that when the character of Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross" was so much spoken about,

the girls brought to church to be wedded were mostly of the round-faced, large-eyed, angelic order—the girl who looked up to the ceiling and kept her chin pretty high. The men seemed to all want Mercias for themselves, and I trust they were all possessed of angelic tempers.

After this we had the bookworm period, and by that I mean the girl who wears glasses on the end of her nose and affects the appearance of the student. I don't know what brought this craze about, but I know that the majority of the girls married about that time were girls who seemed to be ever thinking. They did not know the way to smile, and their features were always firmly drawn. Perhaps they were not all the great scholars they desired to appear, but the intellectual air was over them, and they seemed to capture the young men.

That superior period did not exist a long time, for the athletic girl came along and pushed all other rivals on one side. She played golf or rode a bicycle, and there were times when she indulged in cricket and even football. She was the girl of huge muscles, who stood over 6ft high, and had broad shoulders and large face. Her stride resembled that of a man, and in most of the athletic contests she was almost his equal. Singular enough, it was mostly the smallest men who married these big women, and at one ceremony the bridegroom did not reach the height of the bride's shoulder. They were a curious-looking couple, but there were many such.

The reaction from the big girl period gave the small woman her chance, and for a time the brides were of what I call the doll class. Most of them were about 5ft high, and had a fragile appearance. In the same way we find that there are fashions in complexions. At one time it is the girl with the rosy complexion who is most in demand, and at another pale girls are most in request. Blondes and brunettes are also in varying demand.

"Of course, Susan, if you intend to get married that is your own business," said the mistress to the cook, "but you mustn't forget that marriage is a very serious matter."

"Yes, ma'am, I know it is sometimes," remarked the domestic, "but maybe I'll have better luck than you did."



BRIDAL PARTY.



Photos. by Valle.

WEDDING GUESTS.

The Kett-Berry Wedding at Devonport, Auckland.