

King's Patronage Cheers Motorists.

King Edward's keen interest in automobiles is expected to give an extraordinary impulse to motoring this year. But, if the fashionable imitate Royalty in the possession of motors, it would be equally advisable to follow the Royal example in learning something about the practical mechanism of the motors.

A story told of a trip made by the King, then the Prince of Wales, with Mr Frank Gardiner, through the Tyrol last year, illustrates this. Mr Gardiner was piloting the Serpolent steam car. When it became necessary to replenish the tanks, a roadside spring offered the needful supply of water. The party drove on five miles further, when the motor came to a full stop.

Owner and chauffeur alighted. They examined the machinery, but were unable to discover the cause of the breakdown. Every bolt and rivet in the gear appeared perfect, but yet the piston rod stuck tight and refused to budge.

When the experts had about decided to give it up as a bad job the Prince suggested that the water taken at the roadside spring might have caused the trouble owing to its mineral properties. Investigation proved his surmise correct. A thick scum thrown off by the water in making steam had encrusted the piston rod, making it necessary to take the machine to pieces and file away the almost petrified substance before the party could resume their journey.

Since that journey the King has studied the mechanism of the principal automobiles, and can now handle a breakdown with the best experts on the road.

One result likely to accrue from the King's motoring is a cessation of what might aptly be described as the motor-phobia epidemic among the local boards in England.

Despite demonstrations by the Automobile Club, the local magnates persist in enforcing absurd prohibitions with regard to speed, also the outward marks for identification, some even going so far as to declare that motorists should wear a big number, like racing cyclists. The narrow English country roads are not the best on earth for motoring, but the narrow-minded local authorities complicate matters vexatiously.

When Royalty sets the pace—and it is well known that the King doesn't favour funeral paced driving—the local Dogberries will have no option but to doff their hats when the motor passes, swallowing their ruffled dignity as best they can.

Choosing a Wife.

Mr Richard le Gallienne, who is over in America just now, has been giving his ideas on the selection of wives and husbands to the "New York Journal."

Generally speaking—so far as one can generalise on so intimate and particular a subject—he says, I am on the side of the "doll," if you can afford to keep her, and if you are prepared for her lack of intellectual versatility and a certain monotony in her conversation. For when you come to think of it, "doll" is really the word applied by "hygienic" women to beautiful women—the women who wear No. 5 shoes as against the women who wear No. 2's.

Of course, there are many kinds of beautiful women, and—if I may write personally for a moment—I prefer the kind that would gain the smallest number of votes in a "plebiscite" competition. I prefer the woman that seems beautiful to me. I like a few select other people to think her beautiful, too. But I don't want too many of my opinion. And when you get beauty you get, as one of our greatest, most mac-culine English poets has said (of course I mean Browning), "about the best that God invents."

Of course, so much depends on what you marry for. There are two universally accepted reasons for marriage—marriage for love, and marriage for money. If you marry for money you will be wise to engage a smart lawyer; if you marry for love, no one can help you.

In conclusion, marry the person you want to marry, and don't take any one else's advice upon the subject—certainly not mine.

Women Grow up in Corsets.

The above assertion has an odd sound but it is probably true that not ten women out of a hundred have the faintest conception of what it would feel like to have a natural unfettered body. Within a few weeks the writer has asked twenty-eight at what age they first put on corsets. Thirteen of them said they could not remember a time when they had not worn them. Their earliest recollection of themselves and their dress included corset waists and corset lacing. One physician estimates that city girls are corseted on an average when seven years old. Another says that inquiries would lead him to put it at nine years. Women grow up in corsets and harmonise with the environments. They put on corsets in the morning before they do their shoes, and would not think they could comb their hair without stays. They live in corsets, and would be thoroughly uncomfortable without them. They haven't developed muscles to get along with ut support. And yet the corset might be made less obtrusive. It used to be the proper thing to wear an under-bodice of shape and thickness to hide or disguise the outline of the contrivance of whalebone and steels. Nowadays, nothing of this sort seems to be thought necessary. The corset is as prominent as if paraded outside of the gown. The fashion plate marks its top and its bottom distinctly, and as for the woman herself, look at the next one you see riding on a tramcar, and you can sketch her corset very accurately on the margin of your newspaper.

The Ponderings of a Spinster.

I hev seen girls—so has Martha Ann seen 'em, too—what ain't happy 'less they've got some man or other on the string. Don't make no kind o'matter whether they mean to marry him or not; it's jest the same. They've got to hev him shaggin' 'round arter them. They don't know how to lead a sweet, sunshiny, on-conscious life, such as the birds in the posies live—jest bein' sweet 'n' pritty without a-knowin' uv it, an' a-blessin' everybody what comes nigh 'em. It's too bad! but the one individual most in the mind uv the ever-idge girl is herself. The next one is the girl she's tryin' to beat out; or else it's the man they're both set on to orderin' 'round.

Jest as soon as an engagement is pronounced, every other girl in the neighbourhood sets herself right down an' goes to wonderin' how on airth the other one managed to ketch him!

Ef by any manner uv means a woman gits a-thinkin' a good deal uv a man, an' ef she don't git nigh nuff to him to larn jist the kind uv stuff he's made outen, she's sure's the world to go to deekin' him out with a character so fine that he wouldn't know it ef it was labelled an' sent to his office as his'n.

She makes a kind uv lever outen her love fer him. An' she lifts an' hists till she gits him up onto a little gold throne. Then she looks onto him so longin' like that she don't git sight uv the men what come nigh her and are willin' to be plain, human sort uv good fellers.

Ef we hain't got no pertickerler bankerin' arter a thing it's apt ter 'pear uncommon foolish when other folks go tew wearin' uv themselves all out a-tryin' ter git a-holt uv it.

I kinder wonder sometimes, when

settin' by myself in th' lonesome twilight, ef th' heft uv things what all on us is a-sweatin' arter don't look summat that way ter th' angels.

Kaze it's mighty curus how things changes 'cordin' ter th' pint uv view. Ef we're a-lookin' up, they 'pear ter be kinder circled with a skyye glory. An' our fingers itches ter grab 'em, an' our hearts bleeds with th' want uv 'em, an' our eyes gits dim with longin'.

But ef we jest 'tend t' our climbin' till we git up whar we kin look down onto 'em it's wonderful how different 'pearin' they be. Jest ez like ez not we'll see th' brown earth mile all settled onto 'em. An' we find out, mebbe, that th' beautiful mist what made all them ranebows inter our eyes when we wuz a-lookin' up'ards hain't nothin' more'n th' swampy fogs uv th' lowlands. An' now thet I think uv it, possorberly th' reasons why sum uv them prayers uv ourn hain't ans'ered is kaze they hain't recilly wuth it when they're looked down onto from th' top.

—Elvira Hopinks, of Tompkins' Corners.



A NEAT LITTLE CREDULOUS BOOS.

Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin. make BOOTS and SHOE LEATHERS water-proof as a tank's boot, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Allows polish with blacking. Exhibition Highest Awards for superiority. Black or Brown colour. Sold by Best Stores, Saddlers, Ironmongers, etc. Main Factory—Dublin, London (Imp.)

'MENE' Every Lady should give these excellent Towels a trial. They are antiseptic, absorbent, and will last twice as long as any other of double the price. 17 SANITARY Towels for LADIES. To be obtained from all Druggers and Chemists. Wholesale of SHARLAND & Co. Ltd., Auckland and Wellington.

HIGHEST AWARD—GOLD MEDAL—PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900. MELLIN'S FOOD. MELLIN'S FOOD yields a complete diet for the youngest infants, in all climates. MELLIN'S FOOD retains its properties for any length of time and is adapted for use in all climates. Samples etc. may be obtained of GOLLIN & Co., 56 1/2, Bourke Street, Melbourne, 175, Clarence Street, Sydney, Greenleaf Street, Adelaide, and Wellington. Mellin's Food Company for Australia and New Zealand Ltd., 46 Cannon Street London

KOKO. FROM H.E.H. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE. (The German Ambassador's Daughter) KOKO for the Hair is the BEST Dressing. It keeps the hair cool, promotes growth, and is in EVERY way excellent. PRINCESS HOHENLOHE. Recommended and Used by H.E.H. The Queen of Greece, Princess Victoria of Schaumburg Lippe, Princess Hohenlohe, Princess of Saxe-Coburg, Princess Henry Reuss, Her Imperial Highness, etc., etc. KOKO FOR THE HAIR. A tonic, cleansing, invigorating preparation causes the hair to grow, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eliminates dandruff, prevents hair from falling, is the most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless. OLD PEOPLE LIKE IT. For its wonderful power to invigorate decayed hair, and induce an entire new growth when that is possible. MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE LIKE IT. because it keeps dandruff away and makes the hair grow thick and strong. YOUNG LADIES LIKE IT. as a dressing, because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish, where it will remain. CHILDREN LIKE IT. because it keeps the hair and scalp cool and clean, always irritable, and keeps the hair in whatever position desired. THEY ALL LIKE IT. because it is pure as crystal perfectly colorless, contains no poisonous substances, dyes, soap or lead, sulphur, nitrate of silver or green, does not soil or colour the scalp, face or the most delicate fabric in clothing, produces a wonderful, pleasant and cooling effect on the head, and so other dressing. In. Gd. and. Sold. by. all. Chemists. Hairdressers. Barbers. Australian Depot: Kable-Markings Co. Ltd. 16, Castlereagh St., Sydney, N.S.W. CAUTION—See that this Registered Trade Mark is on every bottle.