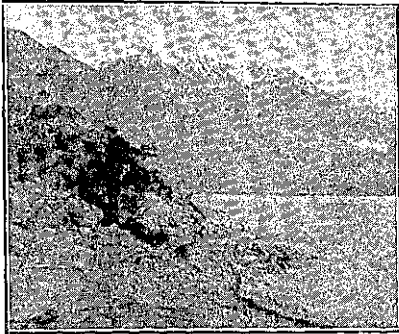


lessens the supply of unmarried women, the system is to be commended on purely mundane and secular grounds. For it has come to pass that since there are more women than men in every civilized community, and since some men elect to remain untrammelled by the ties of wife and family, a large



Helen MacLeod, Photo.
The Hunter Mountains, Lake Manapouri.

section of the women of England and of the colonies must be content to live out their lives alone.

Another equally large section of the community have decided that they, like the men, are not keen on the laws of family and domestic life, and prefer to remain free and unmated. These also are to be commended on the same ground as the Anglican Sisterhood, because they lessen a supply already so largely in excess of the demand.

Among these bachelor women has arisen the desire for a club where, like the bachelors of the other sex, they can meet and enjoy themselves socially and intellectually.

In this instance it was the demand that created the supply, and the supply varied in accordance with the demand. Hence the diversity in ladies' clubs—their aims and objects. In London there are at least fifty ladies' clubs, all well patronized, and each with its own several individuality.

[The above is the first instalment of an interesting article forwarded by Miss Laura Stubbs, a member of the Grosvenor Crescent Club, who recently visited New Zealand. It will be continued in our next issue.]

FLORAL FESTIVALS.

The mention of the Battle of Flowers, which took place some months ago at Cannes, reminds us how much can be done in our own islands. Indeed, in one of the New Zealand towns a festival was held for two successive years and proved an unqualified success. I shall never forget the sight of a dog-cart which was a glowing mass of rose-pink ivy geranium, even the spokes of the wheels being robed in this festive decoration. Another, again, was a dainty gig of marguerite daisies. A donkey "shay" of pansies of all colours, lying embedded in green moss, was a beautiful work of art. Or, again, the canoes, the wheel-barrow, the go-carts, the sleighs, which were draped with flowers of every kind, were like fairy vehicles. Daintily-dressed children and ladies all wore flowers. The trappings of the horses were festooned. In New Zealand, it is really so easy to do things like this, and the effect on the tastes of the people must be great.

Imagine the air filled with gay colours and the sweet perfume from the Battle of Flowers! Of course it is somewhat of a sin to thus de-



Helen MacLeod, Photo.
Another View of the Hunter Mountains.

stroy the flowers, as it is a sin to wantonly waste anything. But, if we can annul this regret of destruction, the sight is a fine one, and a fitting end, perhaps, to the day's reign of the beauties of the garden. Their end has been served, if but