



# THE SOCIAL WORLD



Announcements of engagements and contributions of interest relating to weddings and social gatherings should be sent to **Lady Editor, "Sporting and Dramatic Review" Office, Auckland.** In all cases the writer's signature and address must be attached (not for publication). Photographs of wedding groups will be reproduced by arrangement.

Her Excellency, the Countess of Liverpool, attended the performance of the Fisk Jubilee Singers at the Town Hall Concert Chamber on Saturday night.

Mrs. Scott Colville, Ridings Road, Remuera, is on a visit to the south.

Mrs. Truby King, Dunedin, is spending the winter months in Nelson.

Mrs. Graham Roberts, of Christchurch, has been spending some time in Auckland, and has now gone on to Sydney.

Mrs. Tripe and Mrs. A. M. Johnson, of Wellington, are on a visit to Rotorua.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fuller, of Dunedin, celebrated their golden wedding on May 28. They were married at Mountfield Church, Essex. They have reared seventeen children, nine being girls, and of the eight boys six have rendered services for the Empire.

Mrs. Hope Lewis, of Wellington, has been on a visit to Auckland, staying at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. H. McIver, mother of Miss Muriel Starr, has arrived in Australia, where she will stay with her daughter.

Dr. Jessie Maddison, who was formerly in practice in Christchurch, has returned to New Zealand, after having been engaged in war work in England for 18 months.

The engagement is announced in an exchange of Mr. Arthur P. Lyons, Resident Magistrate of Daru, New Guinea, to Miss Daphne Slade, only daughter of Mrs. L. Slade, Hamilton.

Miss E. Walters, late of Mena House Hospital, Auckland, has been appointed nurse in charge of the cancer ward at the Greytown Hospital.

Mrs. M. E. Bannister, of Sydney (formerly a resident of Palmerston North), is at present on a visit to Palmerston North, and is the guest of Mrs. W. Rowlands.

At the Timaru Public Library Miss Florence Knowles, who has been appointed to take charge of the Epsom Library, Auckland, was presented by Mr. James Wallace, on behalf of the library subscribers, with a cheque, and by Mr. D. Stuart, on behalf of the staff and Book Selection Committee, with a travelling rug, in token of appreciation of her services. Eulogistic references were made to Miss Knowles' tact and knowledge.

In a grave lined with daffodils and laurels, Sir George Alexander (the celebrated English actor) was laid to rest at Chorley Wood.

Miss Rosemary Rees (of Gisborne), who has entertained so many of the N.Z.E.F., for the War Contingent Association, is going over to France to perform in theatres behind the front.

Miss Statham, Government Inspector of Graves, has been on a visit to Wellington.

Miss Greig, matron at the Napier High School, has been granted leave of absence on account of indifferent health. She intends visiting America during her furlough.

A recent engagement announced is that of Mr. Robert Pufflett, of Hastings, to Miss Maggie M. Clarke, daughter of Mrs. J. W. Clark and the late Captain Clark, of Lyttelton, says a Hawke's Bay paper.

The King and Queen have changed their habits during the war quite as much as any of their subjects, says an English paper. Now one of their rules is that no subject is asked to dinner. Even ambassadors only get invited in turn to luncheon at Buckingham Palace, where a strictly limited meal of three courses only is given, without alcoholic beverage of any kind. Luncheon is served at a round table and rarely more than a dozen are seated at it. Afterwards the King personally converses with each guest out of earshot of the others, and the last has left the Palace by a quarter past three, when the carriages come round to take the Royal pair to some hospital.

"Madam," said the man in the street-car, "I know I ought to get up and give you my seat, but unfortunately I've recently joined the Sit Still Club." "That's all right, sir," replied the woman. "And you must excuse me for staring at you so hard; I am a member of the Stand and Stare Club." She proved herself so active

in vogue since the beginning of the war, says the London "Daily Chronicle." Walk down the old-world streets of Truro or Fowey—or any parts of Cornwall and Devon, for that matter—and in nearly every window you will see a plaque or plaques, with the words, "A man from this house is serving his country." Some tiny windows are literally covered with them.

The colonel was addressing a band of nurses who were about to start for the front. He said: "Some of you are very young and pretty—most of you are young and pretty—and I advise you to work hard over there and to do no flirting. Serious courtship is a different thing. Many of you, I'm sure, will be courted seriously, and will make good marriages with our soldier boys in France. But flirting, I know, you will avoid. A flirt—what is a flirt? A flirt is a rose from which everybody plucks a petal, leaving the thorns for the future husband."



MISS B. ERNEST, R.R.C., who is giving her services at the Isolation Hospital, Calais, with the British Expeditionary Force. Miss Ernest is the daughter of Mr. T. Ernest, of Auckland, and has been in France for three and a-half years, devoting her energies to the cause of patriotism.

and conscientious a member that the man began to feel uncomfortable under her gaze. Finally he rose and said, "Take my seat, madam; I guess I'll resign from my club and join yours."

Evidence at the Inter-State Commission in Sydney shows that extravagant prices are paid by women in all grades of society in Australia for boots, particularly since the commencement of the war. The Sydney "Sun" says the limit in extravagance was met in Sydney the other day when a woman was found purchasing material for a winter frock at 25s. a yard on a time-payment order.

Ian Hay, in his latest series of articles from the States, draws a contrast between British and American households. "If an English home has sent a son to the war," he declares, "it presumes you know the fact, or is indifferent whether you do or not. In America a little flag, with a black star for each member of the family who is away, hangs outside each home." The contrast may be true as between London and New York, but there are parts of remote England where a similar custom has been

"My Erratic Pal," by Capt. Alfred Clark, N.Z.M.C., of Auckland, which volume has been published by John Lane at 3s. 6d., is but a short story as words go, but the author's skill and sympathy have enabled him—though he disclaims both "the art and science of the storyteller"—in few words to draw a very real and lovable character. The book as a whole shows the development of character under the influence of beauty, passion, death and war experience. The poems are like a living voice, so subtly is the change of mood shown in happy boyhood, restless manhood, and finally in love. John's love overflowed in happy verse—

"All grace is in her face,  
Of every saint in every holy place;  
And every little imp of love and play  
Bids me in turn to kiss, to laugh, to pray."

But deeper than John's own personal love is his vision of the happiness within the reach of all, and his sense of humour, "which the devil so much hates," is the beginning of wisdom.

Many of those who have heard and enjoyed Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond's world-famous ballad "A Perfect Day"

have wanted to know something of the authoress and her work, says the "Daily Mail." The story of "A Perfect Day" is a simple one. Mrs. Bond had spent the day with a party of friends visiting Mount Rubidoux, in Southern California. After witnessing the sunset which took place behind 150 miles of valleys and mountains the party returned to dinner at a mission inn. The words of the song which came into the mind of the authoress on the return journey were jotted down and re-written on the place at the dinner-table. Mrs. Bond afterwards wrote a few simple bars to go with it. This is the true story of "The Perfect Day," as told by the composer's London publisher.

The wedding took place in St. Mary's Church, Levin, on June 3, of Miss Maude Victoria McGonagle, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert McGonagle, Levin, to Mr. A. C. Holt Collins, a member of the Main Body of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, and eldest son of Mr. Collins, of Napier. The bride, who was given away by her only brother, Mr. C. G. McGonagle, wore a frock of cream crepe de chine and georgette, with a veil of Brussels net arranged in mob-cap fashion. Miss Olive Clare (niece) was bridesmaid, and little Miss Dawn McGonagle and Miss Claire Childs (nieces) were flower girls. Mr. Gerald Howes, of Napier, was best man. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Ford-Hutchinson.

Velvet is being used in all sorts of new and charming ways this autumn, and one of its most pleasing uses is to fabricate jumper blouses that have Georgette sleeves and a tracery of metallic embroidery, writes a fashion authority. For instance, a jade-green velvet jumper has green Georgette sleeves and silver thread embroidery. One new fashion that has the hearty approval of the woman of "tailor-made" type is the vogue for severely simple velvet jackets worn with a skirt of some boldly striped woollen material, although this is a style that only a good tailor can achieve successfully. And among the season's many other new uses for velvet must be noted the new wide velvet scarfs with pockets at each end, into which the hands are inserted in cold weather, thus rendering the carrying of a muff unnecessary. Often these scarfs are lined with velvet of a contrasting shade.

The war, says Isaac Marcossou, the American journalist, has had an entirely different effect upon the spirit of women in the several countries. In England the women have already commenced to enjoy the comradeship which has always been common in France. In Italy no toil has been too hard. In Russia the women with their "Legion of Death" did their best to shame the men into fighting. "All France is a fluttering mass of black. For the French love the outward signs of mourning, which seems somehow to compensate them for their losses. The English wear no black to speak of, but you have only to be in a household at a certain time to know what the war means to the Englishwoman. You'll see a little messenger girl (they are all girls now) on a bicycle, fetching a brown envelope in her hands. Almost always it bears the same message from the Government. It commences this way: 'We regret to inform you—' Usually it is of the death of the husband, the son, or the brother, or how he is wounded. Seldom that he may be expected home on leave. I have no patience with talk about so-called 'free love,' and I am not speaking about that at all now. Nor even about how women have shown themselves fitted to assume men's jobs. But I do speak of how men and women everywhere will discover the beauty of human affection for itself alone. Only great fortunes will survive, anyway, and titles are not going to be taken into such account as they were before the war. So that the true basis of love itself will be found. And instead of the many false reasons for marriage—money, position,