". . . Only Skin Deep"



Your Hands—Are They Lovely to Look At?

I WONDER how many of you look down at your hands with a despairing droop of spirit as you see them. There are so many calls on your hands, and perhaps the calls have been made on them over a very long period and you just feel it is too late now to begin to worry about how they look. But that is not true—you may be surprised, but more people look at hands

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geteffective support, too. And they can be washed frequently without losing their shape. Ask your doctor about Bauer & Black Elastic Stockings.

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T. A. MACALISTER & COY., Dept. J., P.O. Box 1243, AUCKLAND than fortune-tellers! You never know when you are going to meet someone who will judge you from the look of your hands—are they smooth, and supple, with nails neatly filed, and perhaps polished if it is an "occasion"? Or are they just as you left them after you had finished the dishes for the last washing-up?

Take a good look at your hands, and then make a mental resolve that you will be kind to them from now on. It's not hard: it's largely a matter of patience and perseverance. To begin with, give them an oatmeal pack, This is easily made, just mix some fine oatmeal with equal parts of lemonjuice and peroxide, and there is your pack ready to use. Spread it on evenly all over your hands, back and front, and leave it for 20 minutes, before washing it off in tepid water. Now rub a little cold cream into them, remembering always to rub towards the wrist. A treat like this once a week for a little while will soon repay you for the time and trouble it may take.

Do you wear gloves when you are doing your housework? Until you become used to the feel of them, you may regard them as a handicap, but if you want beautiful hands you must persevere.

If you have already formed the habit of keeping your lemon skins on the shelf above your sink and rubbing your hands after each washing up, then you are part way to success already. Do buy yourself a dishmop for doing the dishes—it is so inexpensive, and keeps your hands out of the water for quite a good portion of the washing-up time.

Gardening? Well, even if you use gloves, it is often a good idea to dig the nails firmly into some soft castile soap before you put them on, for the dirt is inclined to seep through the finger-tips if the gloves are beginning to wear. When you come to washing after the gardening is done, you'll be surprised how easily the dirt comes away from under your nails.

Never wash your hands in water that is any hotter than tepid, and always be careful that you dry your hands carefully. So many people give them a hasty wipe over with the towel, and then wonder why their hands become red and chapped.

Night-time is the best time to treat your hands. Always wash them carefully before retiring, and have a good lotion which you must rub into the hands regularly. Some hand lotions are inclined to be a little sticky, and if yours is like this then cut the fingers out of an old pair of gloves, and slip these on when you go to bed. However, glycerine and rosewater is very good, and you will find that the skin absorbs this almost instantly.

I thought I would give you a few tips about manicuring your nails, but these will have to wait till next month. But here is a final tip, if you wish to have hands "pink-tipped, like lotus buds" for a very special occasion: Make up your hands with a rachel-tinted powder cream, and for an extraspecial bit of appeal, rouge the palms slightly.

Lovely hands give you confidence, so do look after yours.

While the Log Burns . . .

"Rebecca"

—By Daphne du Maurier.

HERE is a fascinating book indeed! If you are one of those people who just can't bear to leave a book until you have finished reading it, then put "Rebecca" on the shelf until you have a good chance to bury yourself in it, for I can assure you it is gripping.

"Rebecca" is the story of the girl who becomes the second wife of Maxim de Winter. Obviously, she has married above herself, yet she is desperately in love with her husband, and the book tells of the struggle she puts up against great odds to win the confidence and respect of the servants, in the house called Manderley, who were all devoted with a queer passion to their former mistress. Everywhere she goes, this girl-wife of Maxim, she is met with the ghost of his former wife, Rebecca; everything she does is measured against those standards set by Rebecca. Probably many a girl who has become the second wife of a man has had to fight against circumstances which must have been similar in many respects.

Daphne du Maurier has a style all of her own, and a tale to tell which carries you breathlessly from the first page to the last.

She is one of England's leading women writers, and today she is still writing, and writing of vital problems which affect us all. You will find her articles in leading English and American periodicals. You will perhaps enjoy, too, her latest publication, which is on sale in New Zealand in an edition which is very modestly priced. This is entitled "Come Wind, Come Weather," and consists of a series of stories of inspiring efforts made by those at Home under these very trying conditions of wartime.

You will enjoy them both, "Rebecca" and "Come Wind, Come Weather," and although they are both so different, I think you will agree with me that here is a writer whose works will live in our hearts for a very long time.