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VOLUME I, No. 1



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THE LADIES' MIRROR

The Fashionable Ladies' Journal of New Zealand.

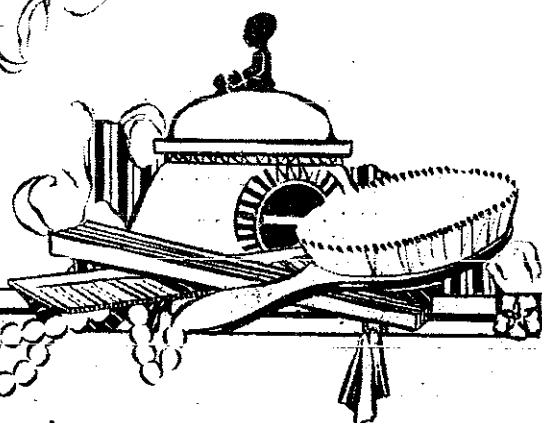


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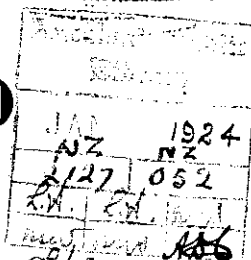
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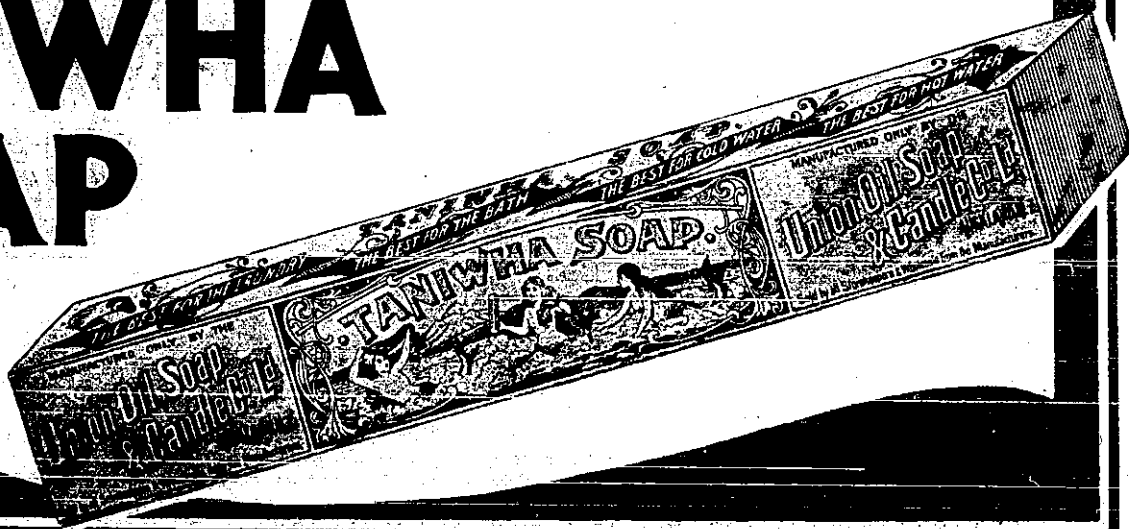
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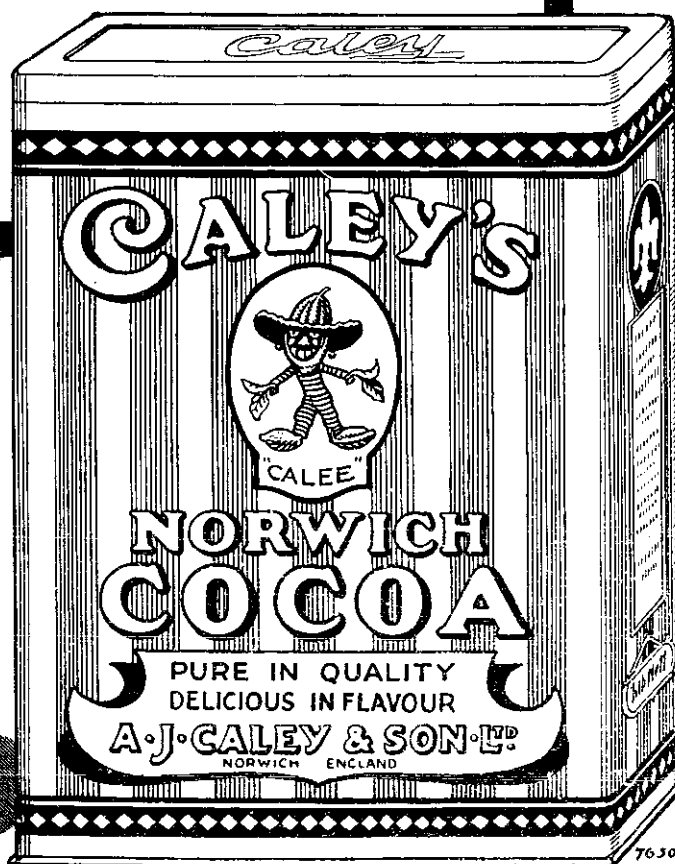
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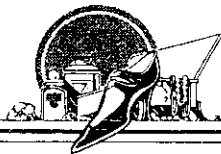
Sole Distributing
Agents for N.Z.:
J. D. Roberts Ltd.
Auckland.



CONTRIBUTORS

Intending Contributors, please address all MSS. photos, drawings, etc., to the Editors, "The Ladies' Mirror," 43 City Chambers, Queen Street, Auckland, N.Z. Enclose stamps for return.

All enquiries re advertising to be addressed to Advertising Director "The Ladies' Mirror" 43 City Chambers, Queen Street, Auckland.



The LADIES' MIRROR

The Fashionable Ladies' Journal of New Zealand

ANNUAL
SUBSCRIPTION RATES

The subscription rate of "The Ladies' Mirror" is 12/- per annum post free, to addresses in New Zealand, the United Kingdom or British Possessions. To Foreign Countries 15/- per annum post free. Payable in advance.



VOL. I.—No. 1

1st JULY 1922

ONE SHILLING

Foreword

THERE is no stimulus to thought which can compare with reading, so long as the reader brings that attention to his author which intelligence and courtesy alike demand. New Zealanders are great book lovers, the records of sales and of library borrowings demonstrate their powers of absorption beyond argument or cavil. Since reading is the only sure apprenticeship to writing, it must be conceded that throughout the Dominion are scattered many potential authors—mute, inglorious Miltons—who need but opportunity and encouragement to ensure the efflorescence of their powers.

Opportunities are notoriously inadequate here, but with the appearance of *The Ladies' Mirror* a new avenue is open to all womankind to get into print. Every woman alive has at least one story to tell, even if it be but the plain unvarnished tale of her own emergence from the chrysalis. A slice of life, that is the only enduring literature, and to any who can tell a story, freshly and with revealing

candour, we will offer the glad hand of welcome. And not with the pen alone; artists of the brush or the camera are cordially invited to send us something of their best, and we, in return, will send such financial encouragement as will, we hope, result in a firm determination to carry on the good work.

Anything of general interest to womenfolk will be fully considered. We want the true co-operation of the sex, and therefore we urge any of our readers who have literary or artistic talent to take advantage of this new opportunity, and to submit their work to us for perusal, with the promise that everything sent in will receive its full meed of consideration.

The published literary work of New Zealand will bear comparison with that of any part of the world, when relative size and accessibility to markets are considered, and to the mass of literary talent awaiting a vehicle of expression we say emphatically, "Here is the opportunity presented to you."

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Published by THE MIRROR
PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED,
at their Registered Office, 43
City Chambers, Queen Street,
Auckland, New Zealand.





A SON OF THE SEA

*The Honourable George Jellicoe.
Only son of Lord Jellicoe, Governor-General
of New Zealand, and Lady Jellicoe.*



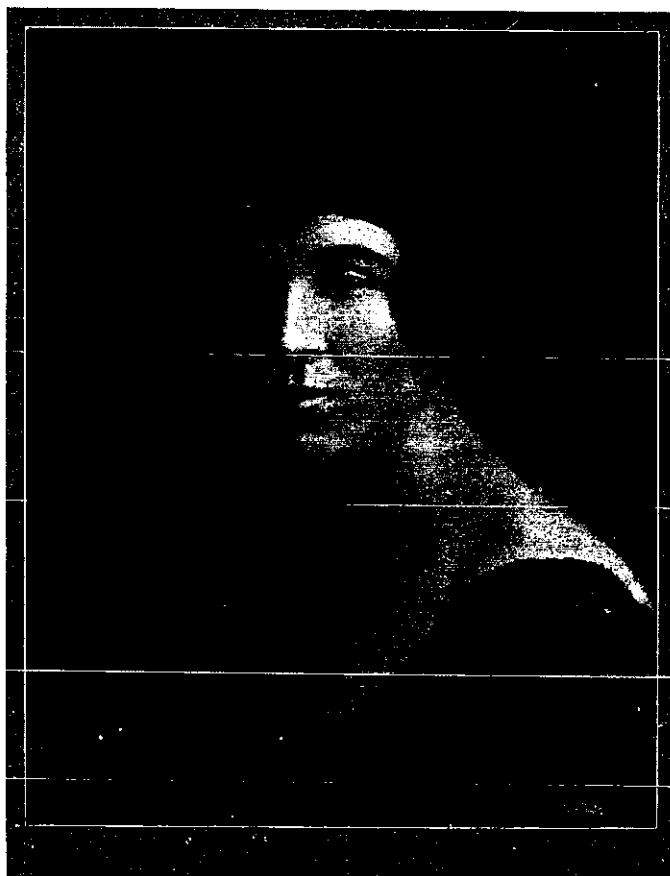
SOCIAL DOINGS IN THE VARIOUS CENTRES

AUCKLAND

OWING to the presence among us of the Vice-regal party, social doings recently have been both numerous and brilliant. The Government House garden party following upon the Vice-regal Ball, the largely-attended Powder and Patches Ball of the Victoria League, and the receptions tendered to our New Zealand-born Queen of Song are among the more important of these.

In spite of the wet morning, the sun shone out warm and bright for the Garden Party at Government House, and a very large number of guests assembled, and were received on the lawn by His Excellency the Governor-General and the Viscountess Jellicoe. Afternoon tea was served in the dining-room and ballroom, both of which were decorated with chrysanthemums and autumn-tinted foliage. On the dais in the ballroom an orchestra played delightful music, and a band stationed on the lawn played throughout the afternoon. Lady Jellicoe wore bronze-coloured satin draped with georgette, bronze feather boa and becoming hat of the same shade; the Hon. Lucy Jellicoe was in mo'le charmeuse embroidered with turquoise, and hat to match. Her three younger sisters were in pretty frocks of pink organdie. Mrs. Cayzer wore black satin with overdress of black tulle embroidered with blue chenille, and black hat. Among the guests were: Miss Rosina Buckman, who wore charmeuse and handsome furs, black hat with touches of gold; Miss Leon, navy and white checked cloth, mauve hat; Mrs. Napier, navy satin, fur cape, black hat; Mrs. Milson, navy coat costume, brown hat; Dr. H. Northcroft, navy blue silk, black hat; Mrs. Day, dark blue taffeta, hat to match; Mrs. A. Nathan, black panne velvet gown, fur cape, and black hat; Mrs. A. Gordon, grey coat costume, purple hat; Mrs. E. Davis, fawn costume, hat to match; Mrs. McVeagh, dark blue costume, handsome black furs, blue hat; Mrs. Louisson, brown charmeuse, fur cape, and brown hat; Mrs. F. Craig, black frock, fur cape, and black hat; Mrs. F. Wake, black taffeta, black and white hat; Mrs. F. Brodie, black costume, hat to match; Mrs. Fullerton, navy blue costume, and hat to match; Miss Fullerton, brown frock, brown

hat; Mrs. J. Carpenter, brown georgette over satin, brown velvet hat; Mrs. A. M. Ferguson, grey costume, grey hat; Mrs. McGuire, black faille frock, green cloak, black hat; Mrs. H. Partridge, fawn costume, fur cape, fawn hat; Mrs. Kingswell, black frock, black hat; Mrs. Tole, black velvet frock, black hat. Also present were: Mrs. and Miss Cheeseman, Mrs. E. V. Miller, Mrs. T. Russell and Miss Russell, Miss Motion, Mrs. and Miss Axford, Dr. Purchas, Mr. A. Purchas, Mrs. and Miss Ridings, Mr. and Mrs. Bullock-Webster, Mr. and Mrs. C. Thomas, Rev. and Mrs. Coates, Dr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Miss Fisher, Miss Egerton, Mrs. Duncan Clerk, and Mrs. and Miss Nolan.



Miss L'Estrange Nolan, daughter of Mr. R. H. Nolan and Mrs. Nolan. Miss Nolan has no hobby in particular, but admits to a liking for dancing and sports generally.

MUSIC lovers of Auckland are many. They are also cordial in their recognition of talent, and when it comes to welcoming an artist of their "ain countree" the warmth of their enthusiasm is very convincing. This was very evident at the reception arranged by the Auckland Society of Musicians at the Women's Club in honour of Miss Rosina Buckman and her husband, Mr. Maurice d'Oisly. The large lounge, decorated with masses of flowers, was filled with music lovers, and when the great singer and her husband arrived, accompanied by Miss A. Leon and Mr. P. Kahn, they were welcomed by Mrs. Neave, Mr. Barry Coney and other prominent members of the Society. Miss Buckman was looking radiant. Her frock of black georgette had a tunic embroidered in jet and moonlight blue, over which she wore a long coat of white fur, a coronet of scarlet leaves binding her hair. After Mr. Coney's pleasant little speech of welcome, Miss Boulton, on behalf of the Musicians' Society, presented Miss Buckman with a lovely shower bouquet of pink sweet peas. In a very graceful little speech, the artiste thanked those present, and Mr. Maurice d'Oisly replied also. After the guests had been presented to the visitors, some enjoyable music was contributed by Miss Wyman, Mr. Coney and Miss MacCormick. Among those present Mrs. Neave was in black, with silver scarf; Mrs. Boulton wore black crepe-de-chine; Mrs. Archdale Taylor, black velvet; Miss Laws, black velvet and lace; Mrs. Dettman, taffeta frock of black and royal blue; Miss Wyman, rose coloured georgette, with gold lace; Mrs. MacCormick, black satin; Miss MacCormick, ciel-blue brocade; Mrs. L. Taylor, pale pink charmeuse; Mrs. Alan Mulgan, purple charmeuse, black wrap; Mrs. Blandford, grey brocade; Mrs. Carling, black, with Oriental scarf.

THE much talked of Victoria League Ball was both brilliant and smart. The hall was beautiful with festoons of greenery brightened with pink roses, and the supper-room repeated the colour note carried out in camellias, interspersed with maiden-hair fern. The stage made a pretty drawing-room, whence the gay scene could be enjoyed by those who did not happen to be dancing. The guests were received by the president, Mr. Lind-Mitchell, assisted by Mrs. Lind-Mitchell, Mrs. J. L. R. Bloomfield, Miss Mowbray and Miss Holland. Following the arrival of the Government House party, the official set of

lancers opened the ball, Mrs. Lind-Mitchell dancing with Lord Jellicoe, Lady Jellicoe with Mr. Lind-Mitchell, the Hon. Lucy Jellicoe with Mr. Hassall Garland, Mrs. Cayzer with Mr. W. J. Napier, Mrs. J. L. R. Bloomfield with Captain Curtis, Mrs. Napier with Sir Graham Lockhart, Miss Holland with Major Cayzer, and Mrs. Hudson Williamson with Mr. P. Luckie. Lady Jellicoe wore blue charmeuse with square train, long tulle sleeves, diamond tiara; Hon. Lucy Jellicoe, pink charmeuse with georgette overskirt; Mrs. Mitchell, jade-green georgette with overskirt of crystal fringe; Mrs. W. J. Napier, mole charmeuse, silver overdress; Mrs. Hudson Williamson, black embroidered with white; Miss Holland, pink taffeta; Mrs. J. L. R. Bloomfield, dark blue charmeuse embroidered with black; Miss Mowbray, black silk, jet ornaments; Mrs. J. Wilson, black charmeuse; Mrs. Horton, cream taffeta with gold lace and touches of jade; Lady Lockhart, black, richly embroidered; Mrs. A. McCosh Clark, lemon coloured brocade; Mrs. Dargaville, black georgette; Mrs. Savage, black charmeuse, overdress of jetted net; Miss F. Rathbone, maize coloured charmeuse; Miss B. Lockhart, white georgette over satin. There were five debutantes, Misses M. Craig, F. Cox, D. Sutherland, L. Wright and L. White.

It was with a great deal of regret that Miss Melville's resignation from the presidency of the National Council of Women was received at the annual meeting, held last month. She has done good work for women, and it is reassuring to note her intention of remaining an enthusiastic member of this very representative organisation. In the new president, Dr. Hilda Northcroft, great breadth of view is combined with wide sympathy, and a keen interest in all that concerns womanhood. With her are associated as vice-presidents, Misses Carnahan and Melville, Sister Hannah, and Dr. Montgomery, and as Committee, New Zealand National Council representative, Mrs. Carr Rollett, Sister Hannah, Miss Griffen, Miss Carnahan, Miss Jackson and Miss Melville.

THE Pakuranga Hunt meeting was held at East Tamaki in glorious sunshine, and was largely attended. Lady Jellicoe and her three daughters, and Misses Bloomfield, Brodie,



Mrs. J. H. Gunson, the wife of Auckland's popular Mayor, has since his election in 1915 most ably seconded her husband's civic work. She took the keenest interest throughout the war in Red Cross and patriotic work generally, and is President of the War Memorial Library Committee, as well as a member of nearly every women's organisation in Auckland. She is very feminine, her home is her hobby, and her recreation is motoring, of which she is very fond.

Whitney, Weston, Lloyd and Philips, and Messrs. Dalton, Bishop, Allen, Muir, S. Lockhart, O. Philips, F. A. Price, and Captains Mundy, Curtis and Southey followed the hounds. Among those motoring were the Vice-regal party, Mrs. Whitney,

Provis, younger daughter of Mrs. L. E. Provis, Grantham Street, to Mr. P. Cumberworth, of Auckland, took place quietly on Tuesday, only relatives and a few intimate friends being present.

Hamilton's beautiful river, winding picturesquely through the town, is being denuded of its gaudy attire. The willows are shedding their leaves, and the acacias are thinning rapidly. But there is a mellowness that is quietly beautiful, though the rich loveliness of summer months has flown. And no greater beauty could be wished for even now, than the view that spreads out from the large bridges that span the river from either end of the town.—IMOGEN.

HAWKE'S BAY

NOW that Autumn's clear days and sunny skies are with us, outdoor pastimes are being entered into with considerable zest, golf has come hard on the heels of tennis and



*A Charming Group.
The Children of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Macky, of Epsom.*

Dr. and Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Lloyd and Mrs. F. A. Price.

HAMILTON

IN connection with the Arts and Crafts Club an "At Home" was held in the Toorak Chambers recently in order to exhibit a collection of the late Mr. Moore-Jones' pictures, a large number of which were offered for sale and found ready buyers at good figures. During the afternoon, tea was dispensed by Miss Gray and Miss Mollie Valder.

I noticed amongst the visitors Mesdames Melville Bell, H. Valder, A. S. Brewis, Izard (Wellington), W. H. Hume, W. A. Graham, Northcroft, A. E. Manning, G. Rogers, H. Douglas, E. P. Cowles, H. Gillies, E. Rounce, B. Hume, O. Farrer, P. E. Stevens, Cowie, Fow, A. J. Storey, Swarbrick, Monckton, Allen Bell, Noonan, C. Armstrong, and Misses Tully, Puhene, Z. Provis, Walnut, Donnelly, Varney and Cussen.

Dr. and Mrs. Pinfold recently entertained the Grammar School "Old Boys" local association at cards and music, and a very enjoyable time was spent.

Miss Clarke, of Remuera, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Budd.

Mrs. Izard, Wellington, has been spending a short holiday in Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell-Smith, Pukekohe, who have been in Hamilton, have returned home.

The marriage of Miss Zoe



Miss Mavis Axford, daughter of the late Dr. Axford, of Te Aroha, and Mrs. Axford. Music, dancing and tennis occupy most of her spare time, and she is artistic to her finger tips.

band, is leaving for an extended holiday, on account of Mr. Andrews' health. As a guest of honour she has been entertained recently by Mesdames W. P. Johnston, R. W. Steele, W. A. Whitlock and M. Pasley.

A small tea was given by Mrs. Pasley for Mrs. A. L. Anderson and Miss Nell Anderson, who are leaving shortly for Australia.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Chambers, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mason Chambers, "Tauroa," Havelock North, to Mr. J. A. Swinburn, youngest son of Canon and Mrs. Swinburn, of Hastings.

THE Plunket Societies in Napier and Hastings have recently held most successful annual meetings, and the secretaries, Mrs. Ashcroft (Napier) and Mrs. E. Simpson (Hastings) have received well-merited congratulations.

Dr. Kenneth Salmond, with his bride, formerly Miss Isabel McLeod (Napier), is visiting Rotorua and Taupo.

Miss M. Turtle has left on a visit to England.

Miss Bullock (Queenswood School principal) is holidaying in the country.

Miss J. Scott and Miss Tyerman, of Woodford House, are spending the holidays at Rotorua.

Miss Una Smith, niece of Mr. H. M. Campbell, M.P., has left on a trip to Sydney, accompanied by Miss Rawhiti de Lisle.

CYNTHIA.



Miss Gwen Fullerton, only child of Dr. F. W. Fullerton and Mrs. Fullerton. Miss Fullerton is a keen camera enthusiast, but she finds time to play golf between while.

croquet, and the links at Waihoki and Longlands are now in full swing. Both clubs had substantial additions to their lady memberships, and the popular and ancient game will be much in vogue.

THE dancing season promises to be a phenomenal one, and already several successful private dances have been held.

Miss Molly Cato, gave a very pretty and enjoyable dance recently at her parents' home in York Street. Miss Cato looked charming in a frock of white lace with corsage and soft falling panels of blue brocade; a guest of Miss Cato's from Auckland wore a delightful mauve and pink frock with touches of silver; Miss Jean Douglas wore royal blue satin, daintily trimmed with flowers; Miss Kiore King, dainty frock of lemon and leaf-green with beaded corsage; Miss Molly Russell, black and cerise; Miss Philippa Nairn, black; Miss B. Hassall becoming frock of rose du Barri taffeta; Miss Kathleen Fannin, black. Others present were Misses Betty Lewis, Olga Smith, Sibyl Fowler, Ruth Scannell, M. Wenley, and Messrs. H. Hassall, G. Spence, G. Cotterill, B. Russell, C. Fenwick, Campbell (2), McLeod, S. Averill and Wilson.

Miss Elsie Williams (Frimley), gave a farewell dance for her nieces, the Misses Ruth and Gwen Nelson, who with their mother, Mrs. Frank Nelson, left by the "Tainui" for England, where Mr. James Nelson will enter Oxford.

SEVERAL farewell teas have been given for Mrs. H. E. Andrews, who, with her hus-

WELLINGTON

ONE of the most active circles within the Pioneer Club is the Garden Circle. It has not been such a very long time in exist-

ence, but it has roused a good deal of interest among members. Last year some most interesting lectures were given by experts, and for this year others have been planned. Two flower shows have already

been held, both of which certainly were uncommonly good. Chrysanthemums were the predominating flowers shown, although Mrs. Reich, a Lower Hutt member, sent in a collection of very beautiful begonias. The judge, Miss Black (a professional florist), made some very complimentary remarks upon the quality of the flowers in general, and upon the decorative designs, and, in consequence, members are feeling very pleased with themselves, and quite enthusiastic about gardening. Even the display of vegetables came in for commendation. The show, however, was not confined to flowers and other products of the garden. A cookery section included cakes, sweets, fancy bread, biscuits, scones, etc., from a large number of entrants, and their exhibits were really very creditable. After all, in spite of her clubs and her sports, her slang and her cigarettes, the girl and the woman of to-day are every bit as housewifely as those of the Victorian age, and possibly, if the truth were sought for, more helpful in that they have a wider vision as to their responsibilities, and the need of helping those not so fortunately placed as themselves. Instead of remaining enclosed within the four walls of home, woman to-day goes out to work, not only for herself, but for humanity at large. Among the various circles of the Club are the E.O.W. Literary Circle, formed for the

(Continued on page 38)



Mrs. W. J. Napier is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. E. W. Mills, head of the firm of E. W. Mills and Co. Ltd., Wellington. She has been identified with the Victoria League since its foundation, and is also an active worker in the Kindergarten Society, the Plunket Society, and other organisations of a social character. Mrs. Napier, in her earlier years, paid some attention to art, having painted several pictures of merit in Wellington. She had two sons in the war—Captain E. Napier, M.C., and Bombardier Harley Napier. The latter lost his life shortly after the Armistice, while awaiting his return to New Zealand.

THE AUCKLAND WOMEN'S CLUB

A Centre of Social and Intellectual Life

by MRS. ANDREW DUNCAN



The raised ceiling gives a feeling of space in the beautiful lounge: creamy-tinted walls and cool tones of blue and soft purple combine to form a club-room of infinite charm. On the dais may be seen the gramophone presented by Mrs. Wilson.



Mrs. W. R. Wilson, First President of the Club.

FOR some time women in Auckland had felt that the establishment of a Club was a kind of duty that they owed themselves, and it was through the efforts of Mrs. W. R. Wilson that the Auckland Women's Club was founded some three years ago.

An ardent enthusiast in all that concerns women's work, gifted with a most gracious personality, Mrs. Wilson launched the Club with much *clat*. The delightful flat which housed it in Swanson Street, with its artistic decorations and restful atmosphere made it an immediate success.

This was due entirely to the ceaseless efforts of Mrs. Wilson and her able committee, and it was at once evident that her charm, eloquence and persistence in overcoming all obstacles made the former a model president. She was also fortunate in associating with herself the gifted women who presided over the various educational and social circles into which the Club divided itself, and thus ensured their smooth running success.

It was perhaps her untiring devotion to her presidential duties that depleted her strength to such an extent that Mrs. Wilson recently withdrew from all activities, in order to take the rest that she had so truly earned.

Among her pet schemes was the formation of a general library, which already numbers close on a thousand volumes, and is continually being added to.

Mrs. Parkes, the Club's new president, brings plenty of enthusiasm and experience into the work. As the senior vice-president, she is fully conversant with its details, and is greatly impressed with the possibilities for usefulness which the Club affords.

In the course of a chat with the writer, Mrs. Parkes indicated a few of the activities the Committee are anxious to introduce. "We would like," she said, "to arrange half-

hour luncheon talks on interesting and instructive subjects, much in the same way as is done at the Rotary Club. Whenever possible, notable visitors either men or women, will be invited to give an address, thus bringing the Club into touch with similar movements in other parts of the world.

"Women are becoming accustomed to the Club idea, and begin to realise their individual responsibility in order to ensure success," continued Mrs. Parkes, "but of course we are only at the beginning of things. The amount of work expended by women individually for the betterment of society is enormous, but so little of it is effective. If women would only realise the might and extent of their influence when properly organised and co-ordinated, how very much they might accomplish in the solution of those social problems which now, more than at any time, threaten the peace and prosperity of the world."

In order to provide the members with pleasant opportunities for self-improvement, quite a number of so-called circles have been in existence from the Club's inception. These include civic, musical, dramatic, literary, art and crafts circles, in each of which original talent is warmly welcomed. There is also a garden circle, whose members gather on appointed days at the well-cared-for garden of some enthusiastic horticulturist, who acts as cicerone, and answers recondite questions on floral and other gardening lore.

Mrs. Parkes explains that these circles are in no wise competitive with similar societies already in existence, but have been formed to encourage interest in various subjects. At these meetings, which are both entertaining and instructive, individual talent and aptitude are developed, thus rendering members more effective when taking part in other and more public spheres.

Until recently the Club's activities were

somewhat hampered by lack of room, and it has just moved into a spacious and more easily accessible flat in Queen Street. Here a wonderful transformation has been worked. In the lounge, which is spacious enough to seat all the members on special occasions, the floor has been laid specially for dancing. Quiet restful tones, and a very simple but adequately effective scheme has evolved a most charming *tout ensemble*.

Just white and black touches of blue, that is all, but how satisfying is the result! The raised ceiling, with its dark-stained beams, the creamy-tinted walls with the frieze of dull soft blue, the casement curtains of dull blue and black, Indian rugs on the floor, while "comfy" couches and settees repeat the same note and emphasise the artistic atmosphere. Pictures of course—also flowers arranged with grace. On the small raised platform stands a quaintly handsome table, of which the members are justly proud. It is a gramophone, and is the gift of their first President, Mrs. Wilson.

Does a member wish to write letters or entertain her friends at bridge? There is a cosy little writing-room and library, and adjoining is the card room. At the other end of the lift-hall is the large lunch and



Mrs. W. H. Parkes, President of the Club.

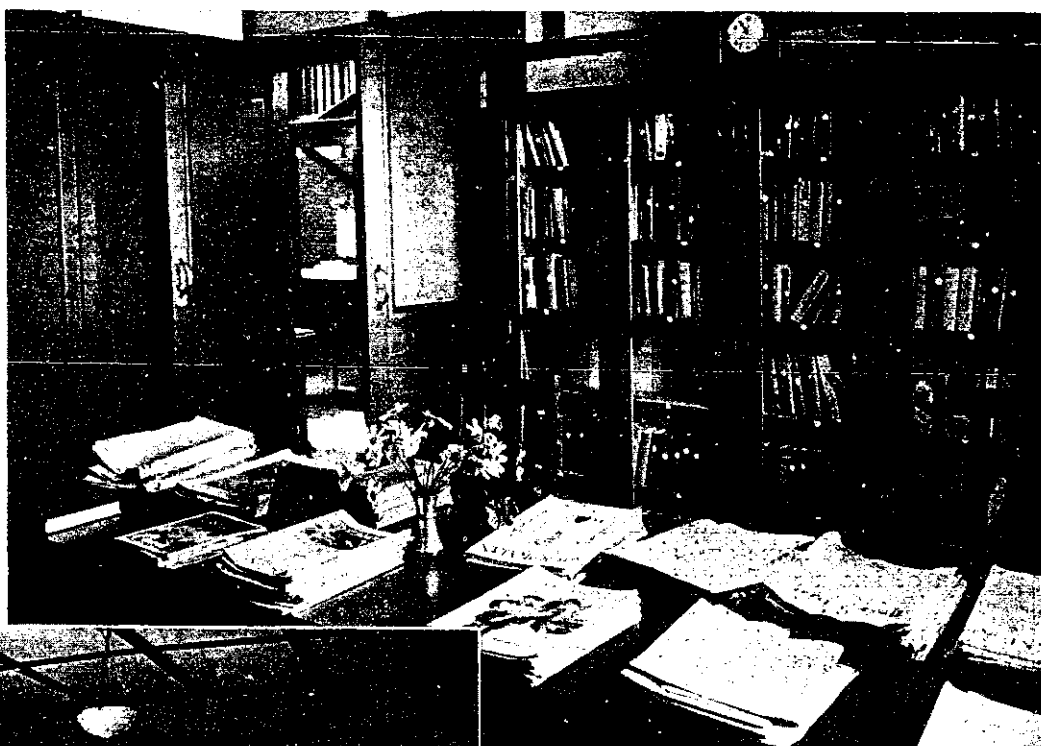
supper-room—a harmony in purple and faint cream, and adjoining is the up-to-date kitchenette—so suggestive of daintily-prepared lunches and teas.

Thoroughly representative of the women of Auckland, the very large membership list of the Women's Club includes most professions and many interests. The woman lawyer, the woman doctor, the budding stateswoman, the stenographer, the business woman, the literary woman, the journalist and the philanthropist—all meet here on common ground for the interchange of

ideas. And mingling with these, delighting her soul with the freshness of the broad outlook upon life that pervades the Club atmosphere, is the gentle housewifely woman, who finds here a mental tonic and a new inspiration. And since

"Deeds in hours of insight willed,
In days of gloom are oft fulfilled,"

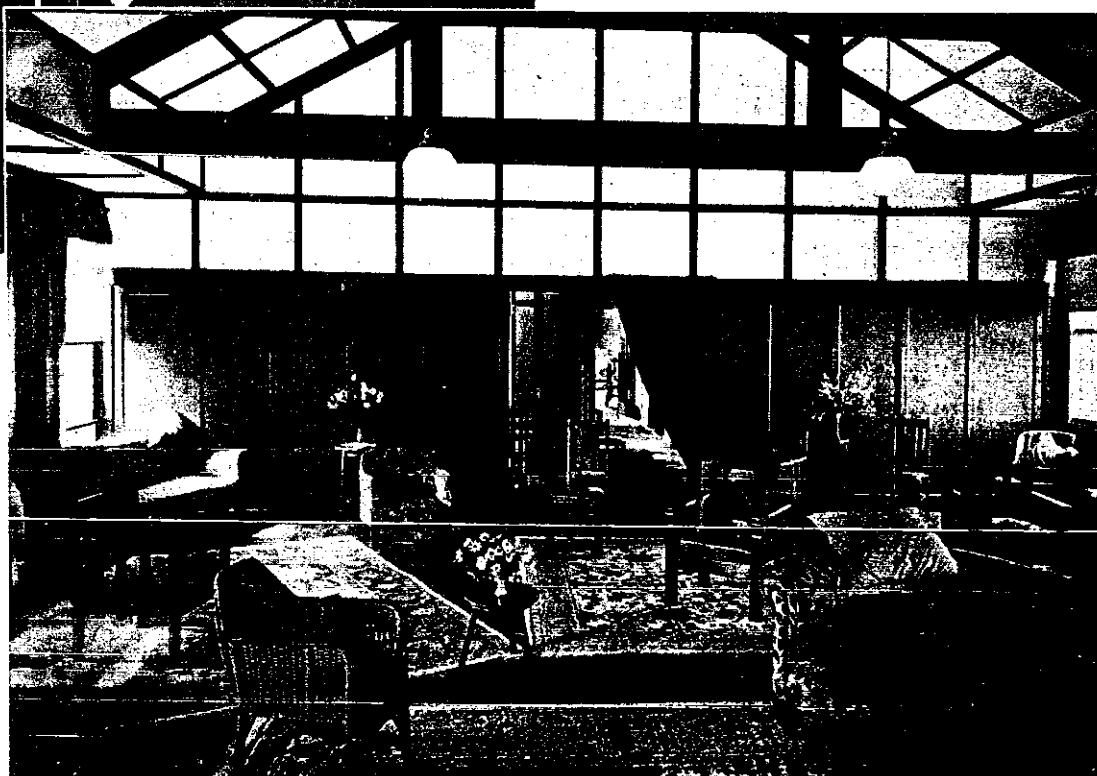
she goes back to her daily round graciously heartened and cheered. Troublesome problems have been straightened out, and the way is clear once more.



On the table in this cosy reading-room may be seen numerous up-to-date magazines and papers. Comfortable chairs abound. There is a writing-table, too. In the large book-case is part of the general library for members' use.



The bright and airy lunch-room, with its purple curtains and frieze, is very inviting. Quite a large supper party can be seated here with ease.



The other end of the lounge, showing the hall, with the card-room on the left. On the right is the writing and reading room, separated from the lounge by the panelled sliding walls.

Editorial Reflections

Something About Ourselves

THE LADIES' MIRROR! In the multiplicity of New Zealand publications is there room for a journal devoted entirely to the interests of women? Room! There is absolute necessity; for in this wide Dominion, which can boast more papers to the square inch than any other national entity, while masculinity is catered for in every phase, trade, profession, federation of employers, union of workers, farm, garden, orchard, each having its special advocate, no attempt has been made, until this our first issue, to satisfy the craving which exists in the heart of every thoughtful woman for a medium which will give expressions to her own desires, aspirations and ideals. And that is the reason for this paper coming into being.

New Zealand, from the days of that great pro-consul, Sir George Grey, led the van in the feminist movement, blazed the trail that the whole world has since followed, and showed that not only was woman fit to give considered expression to her views on matters affecting the body politic, but that in the mere exercise of that right she could go far towards clearing the mire and mirk which rendered statecraft a nasty business. Woman's natural intuition, her love of the cleanly and decent at home and abroad, have now for four decades been of uncontested value in the growth of progress of this Britain of the South. But the tide of feminism has rolled past us unheeding; from the crest we have steadily receded to the trough, and nations which regarded our experiment of the 'eighties with distrust and alarm have badly distanced us in recognition of the claims of womankind. The sex has thus been left in the backwash here, very largely because it has remained without a rallying point—lacking a medium for the expression of the devices and desires of its heart, its claims have been foregone. That disability no longer exists, and with the appearance of *The Ladies' Mirror* woman becomes vocal, her views upon every question which impinges upon the orbit of her daily life will find expression here. The daily and weekly journals have given up a little of their space to the most industrious section of their readers, but not sufficient to touch the fringe of the many questions affecting women to-day. No such limitation will be imposed in our case; women's interests alone will be considered, and in the ample space within our covers the whole gamut of the activities of the sex will be run.

What We Aim At

WOMAN'S supreme and unchallenged domain is the home—feminine art and grace have their abiding place here, and within its walls are mirrored the very soul of its chatelaine. We will have much to say concerning the Home Beautiful, many suggestions to offer for its adornment. The art that conceals art finds its fullest expression within the human habitation; the grouping of furnishings, the best use of the decorative opportunities offered by corner or inglenook, the blending of colour or the riot of contrast, the relationship of the lighting to the best "pieces," these and a hundred similar touches reveal the taste, or the lack of it, of the keeper of the door. It will be our endeavour, based upon experience allied to cultivated instinct, to so guide the wayfarer along the pathway of artistic consideration that the most effective use may be made of the materials available in every home. In this far-flung scrap of earth that is forever England, we have broken the barriers of caste and have become an inter-related community to a degree undreamed of in other climes. Therefore we read with peculiar interest of the social doings of our neighbours. Our chronicles of the leading events of the month will be ample and inclusive, effectively covering society gatherings and functions of interest in the four centres. Our readers, too, will be able to anticipate the mode of the moment and to keep *au fait* with all that is doing in the great fashionable

world outside. Our illustrated descriptions of the latest "creations" of the costunier will be on a scale not attempted elsewhere, and we can safely promise that those who follow the lead we give will be in step with all that is new and attractive. Art, the theatre, needlework, cookery and the vast general field of the thoughts and doings of the womenfolk of New Zealand will be covered by specialists in their own line, and it is our firm belief that, taken as a whole, *The Ladies' Mirror* will prove the most interesting piece of literature available as a record of these activities. In conclusion, it is our aim to make our production wholesome, to be charitable and helpful and sympathetic, to be strong and womanly, and generally to cover, in as complete a way as possible, all that interests a hitherto uncatered-for clientele.

"Better Times"—The Woman's Aspect

THE tide is turning! There is a better time ahead! The magic spirit of these words, so frequently quoted of late, gives a mental uplift that is like the spring song of the bell-bird after a cold, grey winter—like the crocus gleam through the bare earth—like the abundant plum blossom in the orchard—the spirit of hope and courage, of beauty and plenteousness.

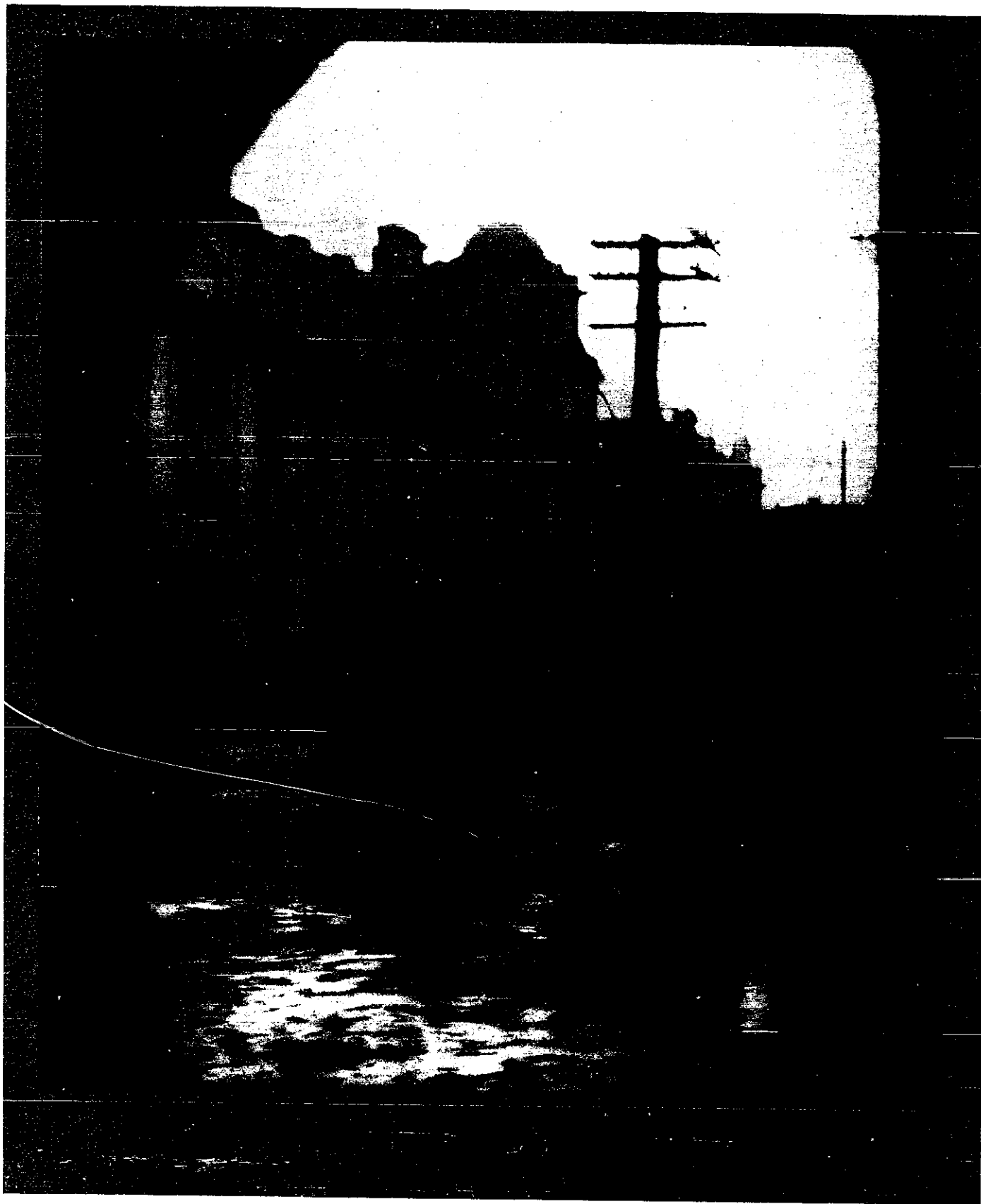
"If you want to be cheerful, jes' set yer mind on it and do it," said the greatest as well as homeliest of woman philosophers, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and it is a pity that she has not a larger army of followers. Never was she at a loss. Even if the child got into the rain barrel and the cupboard was bare when visitors appeared, she had a smile and a cheery word for all—not excepting her unruly but very lovable brood. For she knew that there is always some way out of a difficulty, and that a smile generally points to the door hidden in the darkness.

And woman's smile and encouraging word mean so much to a man—some man. They have always been mighty factors in his work. Neither may have realised it, but the truth remains.

NEW Zealand women are the daughters of pioneers. And what pioneers they were! Dainty, fragile and delicate, they had the courage of heroes. Just imagine, you women of to-day with a water-tap over your kitchen sink. How would you like to walk a mile through dripping wet tussocks and flax to fetch the household water in a pail, with a weeping, protesting toddler dragging at your skirt as well? But they did it often, these brave, wonderful women—your parents and mine. And they smiled, and hoped for the better times which—sure enough—came to them. And their men were heartened for their daily work, and their children—well, we know what fine men and women they bred.

I LOVE to think of those great-hearted gentlewomen who were almost the first to land on the wild bush-bound coast of Otago—how they lived at first in a tent on the shingly beach (there was no other place)—how they lined one big tent with curtains brought from their beautiful drawing-room in the Old Country, and arranged their boxes to make a table, and so made the first real home in the South Island. And though all cooking had to be done outside, their hospitality never failed, nor the warmth of their welcome. Hard days had to be faced, but always that little band of women played their quiet but cheerful part. There were no repinings, no regrets for the dear land they had left—at least their husbands were not worried by them.

That was in 1848, and after. Here, in the North, our pioneer women went through similar experiences, and shall we, their children, be weaker than they? Never! We have had our time of sorrow, but the war is over, and the depression that followed is passing. Let us look forward to the days that are to come with happy confidence in the prosperity of our wonderful country, and, with cheery optimism, face the future that is so full of glorious possibilities.



EVEN WET DAYS HAVE THEIR CHARM

*A Camera Study
by W. L. Fletcher*



The Turning

by
OWEN OLIVER

THE man's name was Charles Bennet. He was forty-one years old, and he was managing clerk in the office of a firm of solicitors. There was nothing much out of the ordinary about him. He was not very tall and not very short, not very stout and not very thin. His wage was four pounds a week, and he was most respectable. The thing which struck people most was that he "ought to have done better." Anything else that matters about him is in the story.

He was going home from his office one afternoon in early February, and he took the fancy to get out of his train at the Junction and walk the remaining four miles across country. His reason for delay was not an unkind one; only that he had bad news to tell his wife. A payment upon which he had confidently reckoned had failed; and he saw no prospect of ever securing it. For three months he had promised his wife to appropriate the money to buy a sideboard, which they admired every Saturday in the window of the Universal Furnishing Emporium. They always said how nicely it would fill the bare wall in their dining-room, which had vexed her for years.

"Bert"—his wife's proper name was Bertha—"will be so upset," he kept thinking. "I like a place to look well; and the wall is as bare as a fence, as she says. She had such a fancy for the sideboard. Cheap food, cheap clothes, cheap everything. I'm a cheap man, I suppose! Just luck, of course; but

it's not fair that a chap's whole life should turn on luck. Five minutes later, or five minutes sooner, and you meet someone, and something leads to something, and you make a fortune—or lose it. Well, I'm safe from doing that!"

Mr. Bennet laughed at the idea of losing what he did not possess. He was naturally a cheerful man, and the fresh air was gradually cheering him. He felt "more himself," and paced on whistling till, in the dusk, he reached the crossroads. He didn't come this way often, and when he did his oldest boy generally piloted him. So he wasn't sure which of the two lanes he ought to take.

He consulted the sign-post; but rain and storm had almost washed out the rough lettering, and he could not read it.

"If I were a lucky man," he reflected, "I'd chance the one to the left; but I'm always unlucky. So I'd better take the one I think wrong! But I don't know which I do think wrong. That's the trouble!"

He stood whistling and staring at the

"Well," she asked, "what's troubling you, dear old man?"

blank sign-post for a full minute, and then he noticed that he was watched by a tall, grey-haired, grave-faced gentleman.

"Do you know the roads?" Bennet asked. "I'm in a dilemma."

"The dilemma of life," said the gentleman, in a full deep voice. "The turnings are never posted."

"There's a difference," Bennet remarked. "In life you can never turn back."

"You can never turn back," the gentleman agreed; "but there is often a cross-path to the other road; the one you might have chosen."

"That also is unposted," Bennet complained. "I wish I could find one leading to the road of prosperity."

"Prosperity and other things," the gentleman corrected. "You must take what you find on life's road as a whole, friend. Even the road to prosperity has rough places; but you need not choose in ignorance. I can show you the road, and put you on it, if you will come to my house."

"The road to prosperity?" Bennet asked.

"Prosperity and other things," the stranger told him. "All that is on a road which you might have chosen many years ago."

Bennet looked at the stranger rather doubtfully; but his appearance somehow compelled confidence.

"If you are prepared to offer me a chance of bettering myself, sir—" he began; but the stranger cut him off with a wave of his hand.

"I spoke literally," he asserted. "I can show you your life, as it might have been, as clearly as if you saw yourself in a mirror."

Bennet rubbed his eyes, and, satisfied that he was awake, went with the stranger to a large house standing in its own grounds, some fifty yards up a slope on the right-hand side of the right-hand lane of the two he had to choose between. He can identify the exact spot to-day, but the house is not there and the grounds are a bare field.

There was nothing abnormal about the house, so he says.

The stranger conducted him to a large room at the back, furnished in green velvet, like a large and comfortable study. The only peculiar feature was a big armchair, covered with a canopy, at one end of a stand. At the other end there stood a plain gateway. The door was of ivory, with silver pillars at the sides, and a silver shield on top inscribed in mystic characters. In the centre of the door there was a round handle. Bennet thinks there was a mechanism at the back of the door, but he did not see it.

The stranger waved him to an ordinary armchair first.

"There have been side-ways which you have missed, that would have improved your circumstances," the stranger remarked, but you passed the main road full sixteen years ago. Perhaps you remember?"

"You mean," Bennet suggested, "when I declined that post abroad? With Johnson and Richborough?"

He had always felt that he "missed his chance" then.

"Yes," the stranger agreed.

"You see," Bennet explained, "I had just taken a great fancy to Bertha—I mean my wife. Chichester was in the field first, and it seemed no use asking her at once. I'd only known her a few days. I was a young ass, of course, because she says she liked me from the very first; but I thought I'd lose her if I went away."

The stranger nodded assent.

"People choose their roads for reasons like that," he said. "They may be good reasons, or they may be bad ones. They do not alter the external result, once the road is chosen; but they alter the man. That is a point which you must bear in mind. Now take that chair, and you will find the road which you might have chosen; not the past—I cannot remake that—but the present. That is to say that for half an hour you will live exactly as you would have lived at this time to-day, if you had taken the appointment in the firm you mention. If you wish, after your trial, I can make the change permanent."

He sat in the chair, and he stared at the ivory door, and wondered what the stranger was doing behind it, just as you wonder what the dentist is doing behind you. He heard a jingle very like the clatter of steel instruments; and suddenly the door and the room were gone, and he sat at a large spick-and-span roll-top desk in a beautifully appointed office, far superior to the private room of the head of his firm. He was dressed in brand new clothes, and had an extraordinarily comfortable feeling of exact fit and silk underwear.

He returned to the grand desk, and found that he was signing a letter acknowledging a cheque for fifteen thousand pounds.

Next he read an offer to place with his firm a contract for seventy thousand pounds, on certain conditions. He noticed that it was addressed to Sir Charles Bennet and Co.

There were some private notes. One was

an invitation to dine with a duke. Another was from an earl—"My dear Bennet." He was a very important man.

He signed a cheque for Lady Bennet carelessly, a couple of thousand or so was quite immaterial to him, he knew; and he had an idea that it was as immaterial to Lady Bennet. Yes, she was rich in her own right: He recollected that; but he did not remember *her* very well. He would go home and see what she was like.

A magnificent motor conveyed him to his house, and a footman took his coat.

"Is her ladyship in?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir Charles; in the drawing-room."

He strolled into the drawing-room. At the far end—some forty feet from the door—he saw a large, handsome woman; too much jewellery, but carrying it well.

"Good gracious!" she ejaculated. "What brought you home at this time?"

"Motor," he said, standing with his back to the fire. "And I wanted to talk to you. They're badgering me again to stand for Parliament."

She shook her head. "You can't burn the candle at both ends," she pronounced decidedly. "Burn it at the end which makes money. It gives you more power than making speeches and—" she paused.

"You're right," he owned. "We've got the Billiter contract, by the way. I'd rather like Parliament. Sort of feeling that I'm a candle with another end to burn."

"You'd better burn it at home, then," she said sharply. "The children hardly know you. I suppose you wouldn't know them if you met them in the street!"

He smiled.

"You might have them down now."

She waved her hand to the bell, and he pressed the knob.

"Tell Miss Richardson to bring the children," his wife commanded, and presently they came. A boy of twelve, he was Charlie; a girl of ten, who answered to "Beck"; and a shy little creature of five, who was "Maidie." They hung round their big mother and stared at him. He talked to them awkwardly.

He felt relieved when they were gone.

HE woke up facing the ivory door with the diamond handle. The stranger took his arm and helped him off the platform.

"Well?" he asked. "Do you wish you had taken the other turning?"

"Wish!" Bennet cried. "Wish! Why, I'd have been worth—what?"

"A million and a half sterling," the stranger told him; "and your wife another half million, and more when her father dies. She was Miss Rachel Levy, you know; only daughter of the millionaire."

"She seemed precious clever," Bennet said, "and not bad-looking. What sort of a wife would she be?"

"As good as you'd let her be," the stranger answered. "A *very* good mother. You wouldn't have cared much for her or for your children. You see, Mr. Bennet, you are a man with considerable limitations. If your energies had flowed in the direction of prosperity, you wouldn't have had much left."

"I work hard," Bennet claimed. "I make more money for the firm than the partners do, though you might not think so."

"I don't think so," the stranger stated. "You put in a quantity of work, but they put in the quality. Your heart and the best of you are at home, my friend!"

"I see," Bennet said slowly. "I don't look out for the firm as I look out for my family. That's true, but still, isn't there a cross-path

to a moderate prosperity, with my present family? I like them much better than the others."

"The others would have been just as likable, if you had liked them as much," the stranger told him. "They are really very nice people. Your wife—that-might-have-been is an exceptionally good woman, in spite of some human drawbacks. She is naturally affectionate. So are the children. Anyhow, you must have them, if you elect to be put on the main road to prosperity."

"My domestic energies don't seem to do much for my family," he remarked savagely. "My wife has to be a household drudge. We can't even afford a maid. I don't see how I can give the boys a decent start in life, and we haven't been able to afford music lessons for my eldest girl. Perhaps they'd be better off if I'd chose the other turning. Would Bert—I mean Mrs. Bennet—have married Chichester? And would my children—my real children—have existed, if I had taken the other turning, sixteen years ago?"

"I don't know," the stranger said; "but the apparatus will show you. You can see them on the ivory screen, as they would be to-day, if you had chosen the other turning."

"Look at the knob," the stranger commanded. Bennet stared at the huge, many-faced diamond; and gradually a picture grew upon the great door. At first it was misty. Then the mist cleared, and he saw his wife, sitting in a very comfortable middle-class dining-room. There was a sideboard, he noticed, like the one at the Universal Furnishing Emporium, magnified and glorified. Bertha was well dressed and rather plumper and younger looking than at present, but yet in a way she seemed older. The lines upon her face were fewer; but the missing lines had been pleasant lines, graven in by cares borne for love. A woman well cared for, but not happy.

His four eldest children were gathered round her. He missed Baby May. They were well dressed—better than in their present Sunday bests, the renewal of which was such a tax upon him—and little altered in appearance. At first he did not detect any alteration, but gradually he detected a difference in expression—an uneasy way of looking round, as if they expected to be accused of wrong-doing. That was what struck him.

The eldest boy, sharp and mischievous, but well-meaning Dick, listened to something, and held up his hand.

"Hang it all!" he grumbled. "That's father come home early. Just when we were enjoying ourselves!"

"Hush, dear," his wife reproved the boy. "You shouldn't speak like that of your father."

They all looked toward the door, and Chichester walked in; the same lanky, quick, querulous man as Bennet had known him.

"Hello!" he greeted them. His wife just nodded, and the children said "Good afternoon, father," in a "company" manner. It was so different from the way they greeted Bennet when *he* returned. All five, and perhaps the baby, met him at the door, or on the steps outside. The boys almost tore his coat from him, and his wife and the girls hugged him.

"You're home early," his wife remarked to Chichester. She also spoke in a company manner. When Bennet was early she always said "How nice!" And then she rattled off the events of the day, and her face looked quite girlish in spite of the little care-worn lines left after her smile had absorbed the other lines.

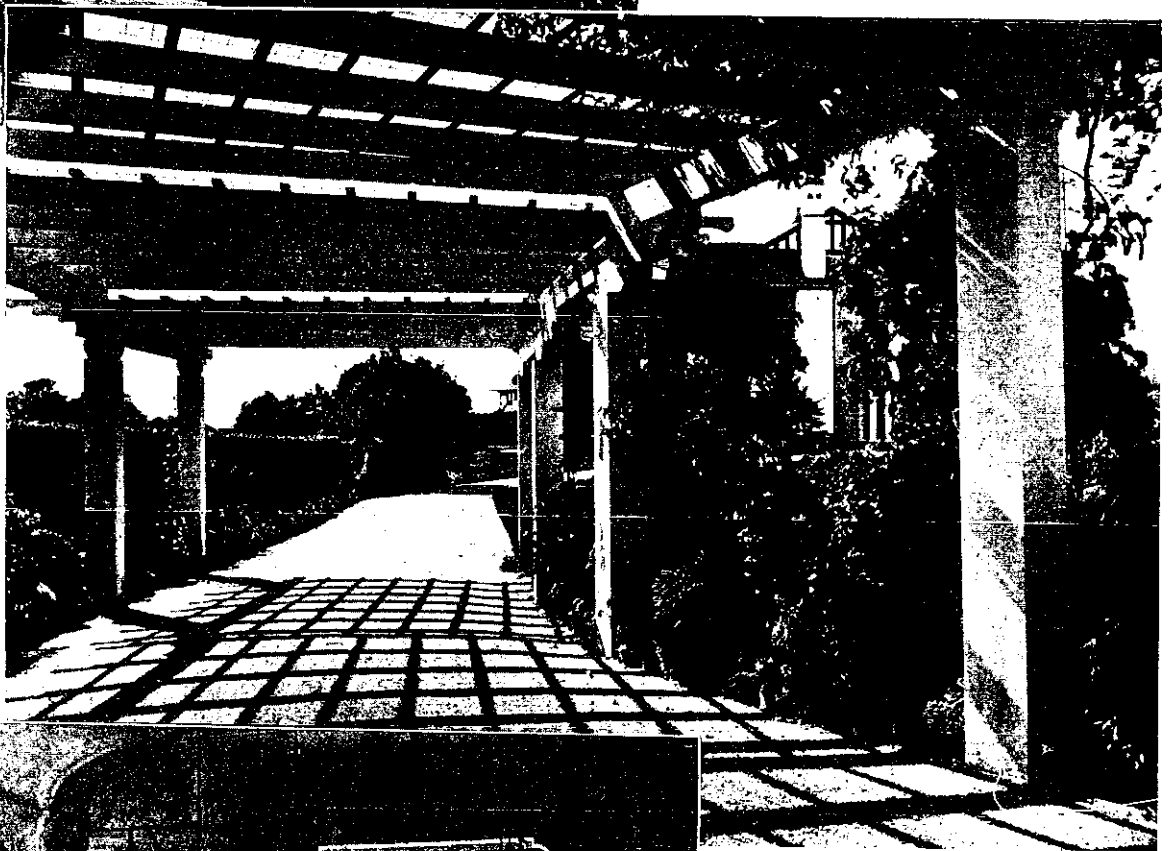
(Continued on page 29)

BEAUTIFUL NEW ZEALAND HOMES

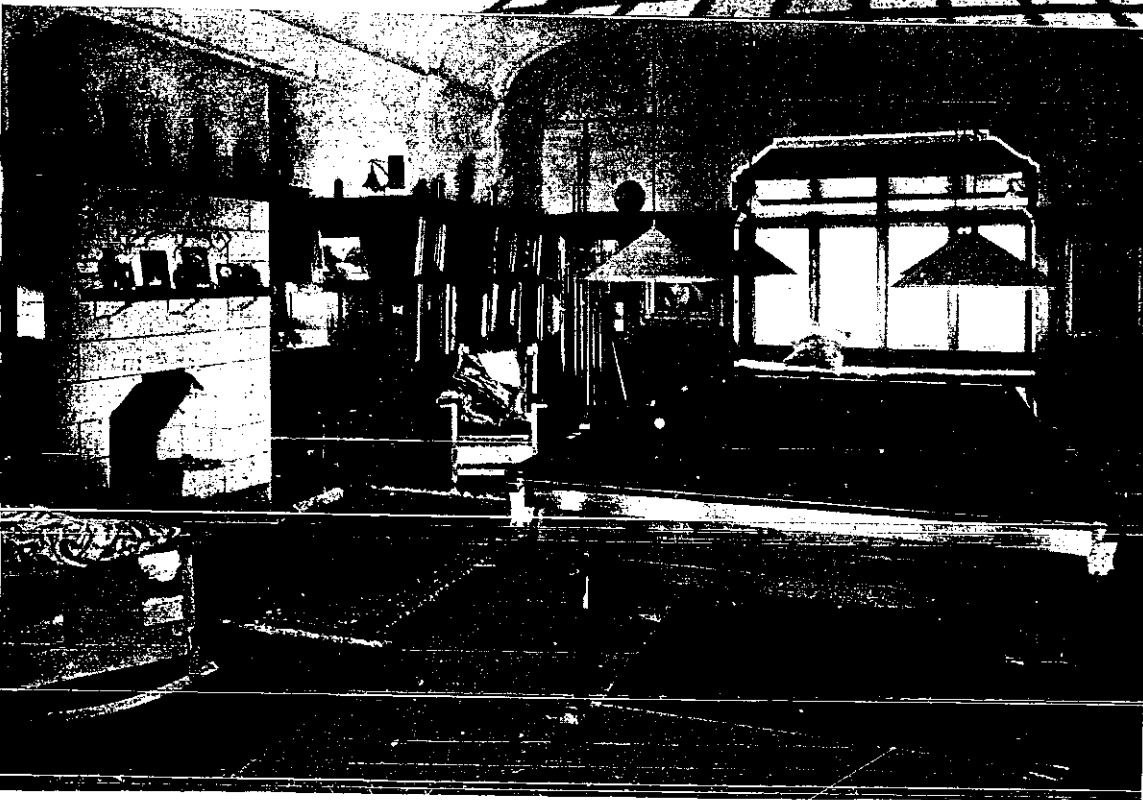
The Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Wilson, Remuera



From the large window in the front may be seen a magnificent view of Auckland Harbour, with North Shore and Rangitoto in the distance.



The entrance to the drive is under this fine pergola, over which trail choice roses. The rich purple bougainvillea mingles its wealth of blossom with the cool mauve clusters of the solanums on the right. Beyond is the rockery, gay with many-hued mesembryanthemums and other plants.

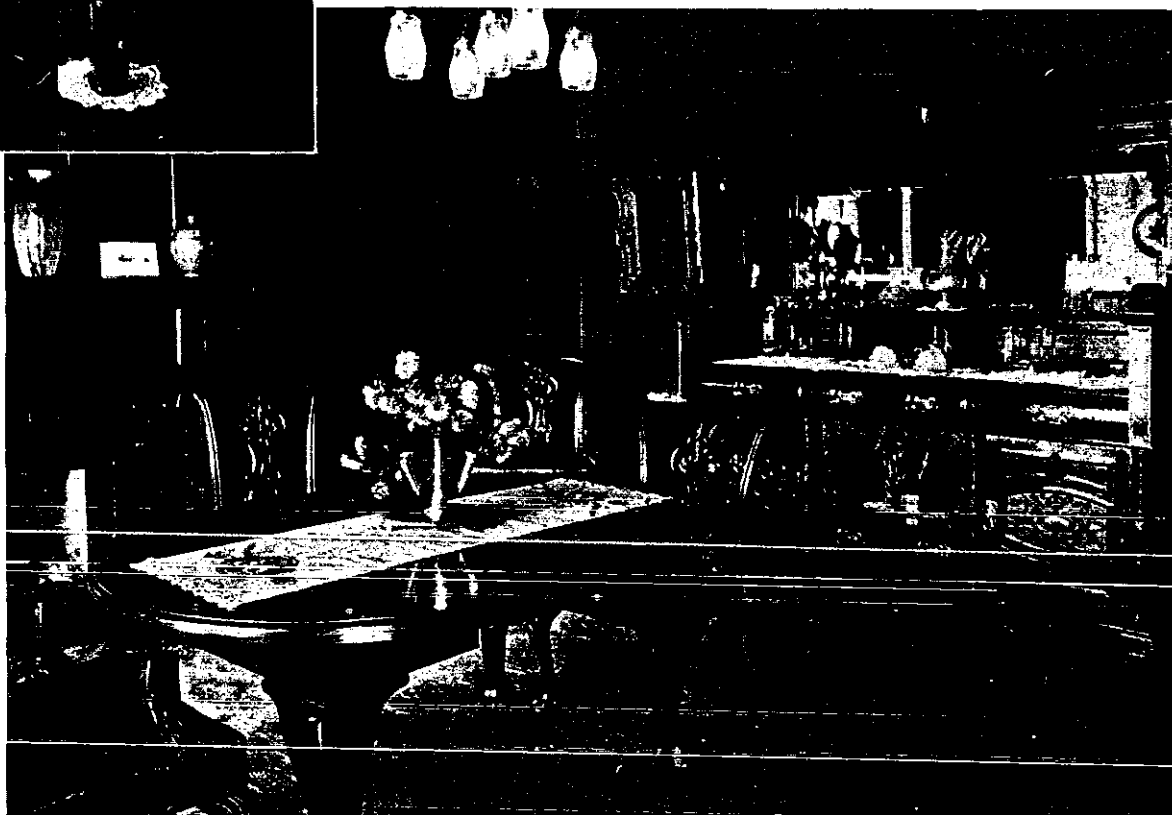


The billiard-room is a veritable picture gallery, and here may be seen the owner's favourite studies, which include the works of Birket Foster, Mrs. Allingham, David Cox, Copley-Fielding, the contemporary of Turner; Richardson, Tencate, Varley, Watson, Clarkson, Stansfield, Mole, the early water colourist; Leslie Pool, Wimperis, Alexander Naysmith, the father of Scottish painting; and two pictures by Vernon, a French artist. Colonials are represented by six pictures by Smith (Dunedin), which were hung in the Paris Salon, also two others exhibited in the Royal Academy.

This cosy sitting-room also contains a number of gems. Miniatures of Napoleon, Washington, and prominent British generals of last century may be seen over the chimney-piece. On the walls are two small oils by Helmsley, and others by Haité (R.W.S.), Pearson, Smith (R.W.S.), and also one by Sutton Palmer (R.A.), which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1919. Ruskin mentions his treatment of rocks in "Modern Painters."



In this corner of the drawing-room may be seen on the small table a fine vase of Cloisonné enamel with a butterfly design of great beauty on a background of wonderful blue. On the shelf below is a smaller jar of the same ware, decorated with wisteria bloom. In the corner the Chippendale cabinet contains vases and other pieces by Noxon, Tittensor, Phillip, Nokes, Plant and Bolton—all of them names to conjure with. On the walls are pictures by Birket Foster, Houston, T. B. Hardy, Kilburne (R.W.S.), and one Turner.



On the mantelshef stands a small vase by Tittensor, and near it an oblong plaque by Plant. Several pieces of early Minton and Worcester may be seen also. The pictures are by Frith (R.A.), Savini, Callow and William Muller (R.A.).

THE MIRROR OF FASHION

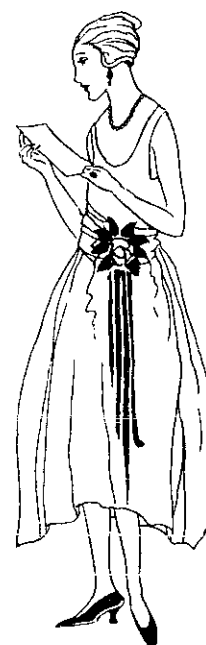


The Triumph of Line

The one feature that prevails this season, beyond a doubt, is the straight line, such as is illustrated in these pages. The effect when the wearer negligently lays aside her cloak or wrap and sits down is remarkable. All is freedom, grace and charm. Crepes, chiffons and all other light materials that help to idealise the form divine are used for these frocks, and there has probably been no period in history in which women have had such opportunities of dressing to better advantage and of making the most of themselves.

At the moment much depends on detail. Such trifles as shoulder straps of gold beads, girdles composed of jet and silver mingled in embroidery—deep fringes of crystal beads or strips of fur—frills of lace, and suggestions of cloudiest tulle—all have an artistic mission. All help to achieve that touch of distinction which is so alluring.

The woman who establishes a reputation for smart dressing usually does so by the refinement she displays in her choice of these magic touches. She knows how greatly they aid her in producing the right setting for her charms.





On these lines are the new evening frocks cut. This exquisite model is carried out in jade broché, with simple little bodice, and gracefully draped skirt. A rosette of self-toned georgette appears at the waist.

Model from Milne and Choyce Ltd.



Bartlett, Auckland, photos.

Sequins, silk lace and fringe, in rich copper and nigger tones combine to create a gown which Miss Peggy Leslie wears with irresistible charm. This frock follows the straight lines decreed by Dame Fashion.

Model from Milne and Choyce Ltd.



The charm of moonlight blue finds full expression in this distinctive gown of georgette and shimmering Spanish sequins, with which Miss Leslie carries a plumed fan of the same shade.

Model from Milne and Choyce Ltd.



Schmidt, photo.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Cut on semi-classical lines is this frock of jade broché cashmere de soie. The offering to Bacchus, in the shape of a cluster of beautiful panne velvet grapes and foliage gracefully attached to the waist, is very effective, especially when repeated in the dainty head-dress.

From Milne and Choyce Ltd.

(Lower Centre)

A dream realized in this unforgettable frock of black sequin coat-of-mail, cut on straight lines à la mode. A dainty tulle sash suggests rather than emphasises the slightly low waist-line, while the velvet roses add greatly to the charm of this model. And the cherry fan of uncurled ostrich musn't be overlooked.

From Smith and Caughey Ltd.



Schmidt, photo.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Quite vampish! Even the sweetest little debutante just couldn't help vamping in this frock. Shimmering copper sequins, rich nigger radium, and a sweep of beautiful fringe nearly reaching the floor, conspire to make a most sumptuous evening dress.

From Milne and Choyce Ltd.

(Upper Centre)

The new silhouette, fitting bodice and semi-bouffant skirt, is exemplified in this modish little frock of rose faille silk. The ripples of cerise ribbon on each side of the skirt are very effective, and the shade is accented in pipings of a deeper colour round neck, sleeves and the low waist-line. The front of the bodice, daintily beaded in silver, and the tiny clusters of cerise roses, form the finishing touches to a charming gown.

From John Court Ltd.

AN Interesting
Group of
Mid-Winter
Millinery,
varied in type,
and each feat-
uring a prom-
inent style note
of the season



Fashioned in Cire Ribbon Plait of Platinum Grey, and interwoven with Chenille of same tone, much originality of line and treatment is expressed in this delightful mid-winter chapeau. A band of heavy corded ribbon terminates with bow at back. Price, 89/6.



A delightful version of the extreme Breton type, expressed in Nigger Hatters Plush, with underbrim of Velour Cloth in self tone. Effectively embroidered, and studded with silver. Price, 95/-.



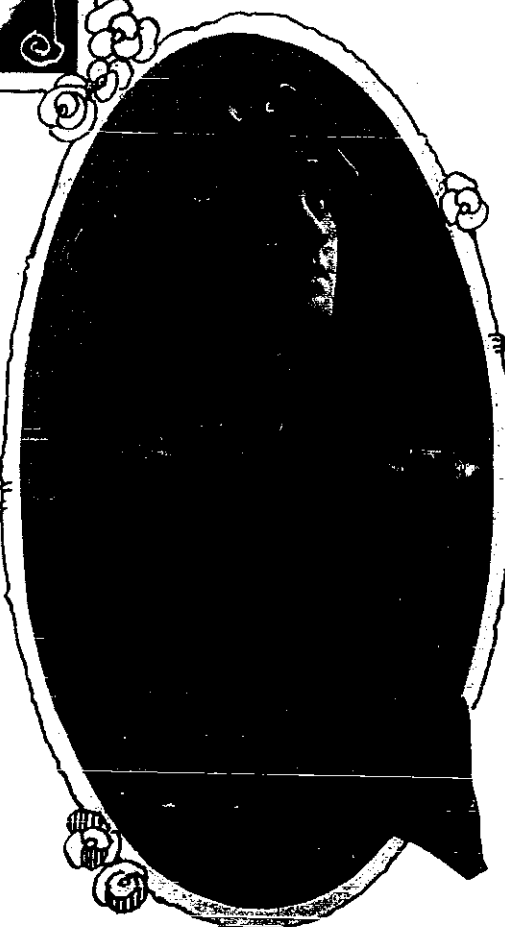
Rich in quality, and distinctive in conception, it is small wonder that Fur Toques of this type are held in such high favour. The generous mount is in mole shade to correspond with the toque. Price, 89/6.

The Fur is an extra long one-animal White Fox, which may be worn in wrap or stole effect.

Well prepared for most outing occasions is the possessor of nice quality Black Velour Ready-to-wear (as depicted on left). The simple trimming is of corded ribbon. Price, 59/6. The Fur is a Lemon Fitch necklet of a very novel and distinctive type.

Picturesque and becoming is the delightful chapeau of Nigger Panne Velvet (on right). The sharply upturned front is completely covered with rich autumn foliage and ospreys.

The Fur is an exclusive specimen in Taupe Fox, the beauty of which is only revealed upon personal inspection.



Milne & Choyce Ltd., Queen Street, Auckland



*Specialists in
Evening Gowns
of Exclusive
Design*



Also Children's & Babies'
Wear

Mrs. Barton-Walker
THE MODEL HOUSE
Strand Arcade, Auckland



Another cosy walking-coat, but this one is made in the new check velour. A delightful and distinctive coat, cut on the lines of simplicity and grace. And the finishing touch—just buttons.

From Rendells Ltd.



Smart walking-coat, carried out in the supplest velour, and typical of the present style by reason of its comfortable looseness. Snuggle your chin in the cosy, big collar, and winter winds may blow their hardest. And then the shoes—could anything be smarter than these Selby shoes, with their twin buckle straps and suede toe and heel?

From Rendells Ltd.



Lafayette, photo.

Fuschia panne velvet makes this new version of the evening wrap. Rich panne velvet, draped with a length of beautiful silk fringe which threatens to trail on the floor. Gold tissue petals are effectively introduced in the self collar.

From Smith and Caughey Ltd.



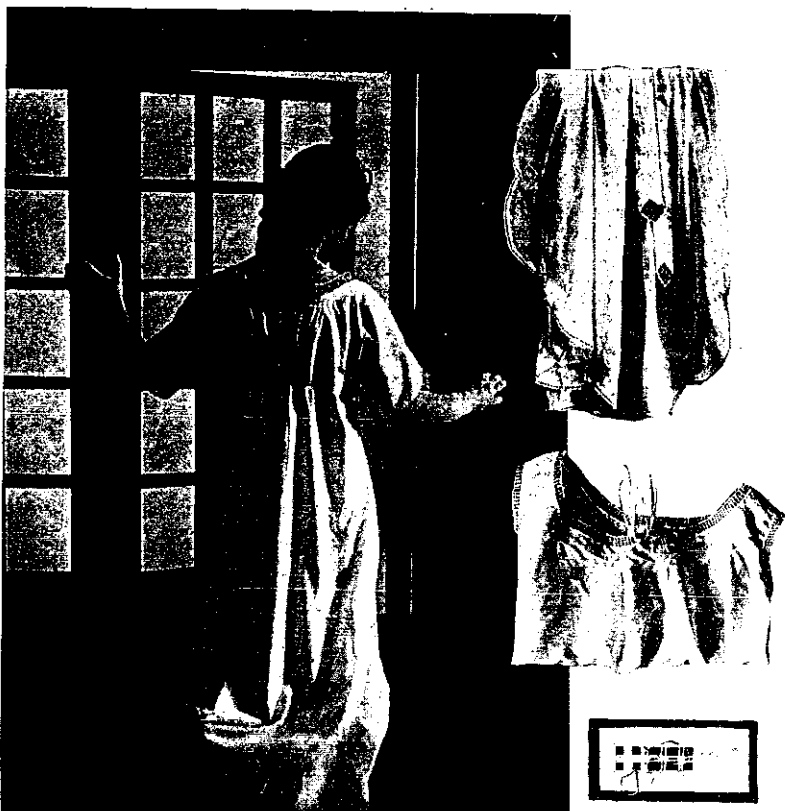
Schmidt, photo.

In this chic little frock of grey striped gabardine, with the new frilled skirt and short sleeves (also frilled), we see style and dignity gracefully combined. Dainty grey suede shoes and silk stockings are, of course, necessary to complete the charming effect.

From Rendells Ltd.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF SIMPLE FILET MESH

by Marjorie L. Toulson



An early morning attraction out of her lattice window has enabled us to catch a glimpse of filet mesh insets and edging, with trails of tiny pastel tinted roses adorning the pretty back of her nightdress.

SO simple, and yet so effective. Just dozens, or hundreds of tiny open squares worked with a fine steel hook and slender thread, and yet how wonderfully adaptable.

The beauty of filet mesh depends on two things—its firmness and its "squareness." If each little square is not a perfect one, the effect of the whole is spoiled and uneven, and the finish—that sign of a good worker—is entirely lost.

Usually filet mesh is looked upon as merely a background, but it really can be an exquisite trimming for all manner of articles. For those busy people—and they are in the majority now-a-days—who cannot afford the time for elaborate work, and yet love the dainty hand touch on "undies" and house linen, this work is ideal for odd moments, as it requires no great concentration of mind, and therefore does not debar one from taking part in social chat round the fire on a winter evening.

Now, as to the mesh itself; its actual working is so well known that there is hardly any need to describe it. 1 treble, 2 chain, being the usual proportion; but there are many variations of texture. An exquisite mesh can be made, reminding one of old creamy lace, by using Coates' 4oz. reel silk, and a very fine hook. Worked right on to the edges of silk camisoles, baby frocks, etc., it is daintiness itself.

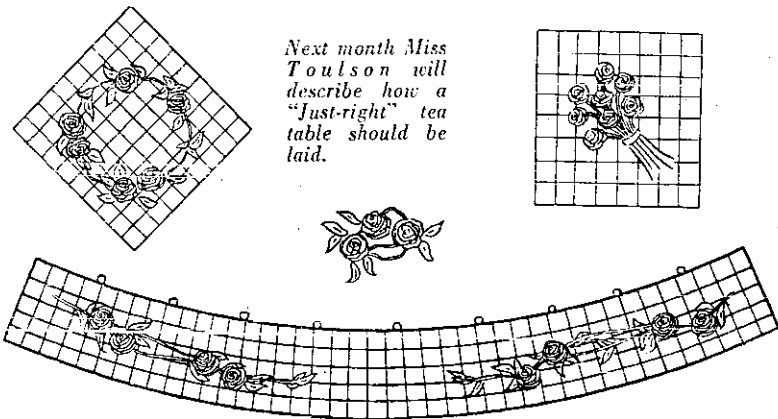
I have seen trails of tiny pastel silk crochet flowers laid on such a border, completing a frock that

any wee girl would love. Then wreaths or posies of small roses can be worked right on to the mesh itself, or on insets of the mesh, and connected by trails of tiny flowers. Sometimes this is done in delicate colours in the old-fashioned shadow-work, and the veiled effect of the colours through organdie or silk gives an exquisite effect.

Lissue handkerchiefs make a dainty gift, hand-finished with a border or insets of fine filet, always giving finish to the border filet by a firm double crochet edge with picots at intervals. Filet can also be applied as an insertion or border to linen guest-towels, and are in excellent taste when completed by a well-worked monogram or initial; and insets in a linen supper-cloth enhanced by a trailing design in solid embroidery are well worth the labour required in working them. Tatting silk is excellent for many purposes, especially for lingerie, as it is neither so heavy as knitting silk, or so frail as the 4oz. Coates' sewing silk.

The illustration shows a very simple but charming gown, fashioned in fine telablanco, and with no other trimming save filet insets and edging, and trails of tiny raised roses, embroidered in pastel washing thread. This garment is an example that combines durability and daintiness sufficiently to satisfy any feminine heart, and the idea may be applied to a whole set of dainty lingerie at small cost.

Next month Miss Toulson will describe how a "Just-right" tea table should be laid.



Latest Hosiery

Buy your Hosiery from a house famous for its Hosiery Values



If one kind of merchandise more than another is specialised at R. Ltd., hosiery is, to say the least, a strong link in the chain of good values always maintained at Rendells. When you require

Pure Silk, Art Silk, Mercerised Lisle, Cashmere or Cotton Hosiery think of RENDELLS LTD.

For beauty and durability our artificial silk hose is unrivalled. Knitted in English mills it is a delight to the eye.

Ladies' 5/2 rib art silk hose, seamless throughout, in coating shades, putty, grey or cream. 13/6 pair.

Fineness of weave, richness of colouring, and absolutely fast dye and durability will be found in our range of fancy striped artificial silk hosiery. In grey, garbadines, nigger, and black. Price 10/6 pair.

We realise that the more moderate price cotton hosiery has its place in the wardrobe; for house or street wear it is the necessary accessory of the more expensive lines. Hawleys' guaranteed stainless dye will ensure satisfaction in your cotton hosiery.

Ladies' heavy weight cotton hose, Hawleys' stainless dye and seamless. 2/6 pair.

Very fine gauge seamless cotton hose, Hawleys' dye. Price 2/9 pair.

Medium weight seamless cotton hose, soft finish, Hawleys' dye. Price 3/9 pair.



SILK HOSE for ladies and children

Enjoy the luxury of pure silk hosiery. We are always ready to fill your wants at a reasonable price.

Ladies' pure silk hosiery, of the finest quality, in black and coating shades, double suspender lisle top, ladder proof. 17/6

English silk hose, fully fashioned, with mercerised lisle suspender top. Black only. 22/6

Children's pure silk half sox, laced fronts, sizes 1 to 8. 3/6 pair.

Children's pure silk half sox, in plain, sizes 1 to 9. 4/6 pair.



"Karo" Hosiery

Regd. Brand

Conforming to the contour of the foot, from the shaping of the toe to the finishing of the top, Karo Brand cashmere hosiery gives the maximum of comfort and good looks. The shapely lines of the arch, and the close fitting ankle are skillfully fashioned to give a perfect fit and sturdy resistance to strain and wear.

The Karo range consists of three qualities, each an honest value. Ladies' Karo hose, pure wool fully fashioned. Gold seal 4/11 pair.

Karo cashmere hose, Helio-trope seal, 5/11 pair.

Karo all wool cashmere hose, Red seal, 6/11 pair.

RENDELLS LIMITED

OF KARANGAHAPE ROAD AUCKLAND

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Highest Class
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HOME COOKERY

by "Cuisiniere"

MOST of us have read of the pride our fore-mothers took in their household, their still-room, and in the making of wonderful dishes, preserves, cordials and wines. The other day I was reading some recipes in an old cookery book, dated 1751, and for what they called a "very simple, agreeable dish for dessert" the ingredients required were 12 eggs (yolks only), 1 quart of cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of the best white sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. crystallised cherries, cut very fine, essence to taste.

In these days, when everybody is practising economy, ordinary folk would think twice before making a dish like that, but apparently from the other recipes in the book, dishes quite as rich were quite common in those days.

Whether she can, or cannot, cook, I think every woman takes an interest in the cookery column of her magazine. If she can cook, she may meet with a recipe previously unknown to her, and if she cannot, she will find it quite easy to make a dish from the directions that will be given from time to time in these articles.

In this I am going to say a few words on the making of tea and coffee. Many readers may think this quite unnecessary, as "everybody knows how to make tea." A woman told me of an instance to the contrary. The other day a friend of hers engaged a maid, and told her to make the tea. The tea was brought in, and the mistress proceeded to pour it out, when she found the teapot quite cold, and the contents just slightly coloured. On being asked to explain, the maid said, "You make it with cold water, don't you?" In horrid amazement, the lady explained that the pot should have boiling water put in to heat it, then that should be emptied, the tea put in, and *absolutely boiling* water poured on the tea. The maid proceeded to explain that she had always worked in a factory, but had a fancy for trying domestic work, and thought tea was always made with cold water. Water that has gone off the boil will never bring out the full flavour of the tea. After it has stood three minutes—no longer, it should, if possible, be poured off into another heated pot. Of course, it can be poured out straight into the cups, but tea that has been standing some time is bitter and indigestible. Tea that is properly made is a stimulant, it has no after ill effects, and will frequently cure a headache.

TO MAKE COFFEE

Always get freshly-roasted and ground coffee. Buy your chicory separately, and add about one teaspoonful of chicory to six tablespoonfuls of ground coffee. One reason why coffee on the Continent is so much nicer than elsewhere is that every family roasts and grinds its own coffee beans. Consequently, being fresh, the beans give out the delicious aroma that is so inviting in a cup of well-made coffee. The following method is simple:—First heat an enamelled jug. When hot, put in the ground coffee, pour boiling water over, cover the jug with a cloth, and stand in a warm place for about ten minutes. Then take the jug and stir the coffee well, then pour back and forth into another warmed vessel two or three times. Next add a tiny pinch of salt, and a dash of cold water—about a teaspoonful. Stand on the stove or in a warm place for another ten or fifteen minutes, then pour off very gently without shaking, when the coffee will be clear, and the grounds settled at the bottom. Serve with boiling milk, which can



be added according to taste. It should be remembered that coffee must not boil. If made as above, it will keep quite good for a week, providing no milk is added until it is served. Generally the proportion is one tablespoonful of coffee to half or three-quarters of a pint of water. More water or milk can be added, if liked weaker. This is *Café au lait*, or Coffee and Milk.

SEASONABLE SWEETS

EVE'S PUDDING

Ingredients: 1 lb. apples, the weight of two eggs in sugar, butter and flour.

Peel, core and cut up the apples into little pieces, and put into the bottom of a well-buttered piedish. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the flour and the eggs well beaten. Pour the mixture on the top of the apples, and bake in a moderate oven from 30 to 35 minutes.

APPLE TARTLETS

Ingredients: 4 small pippin apples, 20zs. of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, apricot jam, and short crust pastry.

Line some patty pans with pastry; fill them with raw rice placed on greaseproof paper, and bake in a fairly hot oven for 15 minutes. Remove the rice, peel and core the apples, and cut each into three rings. Put them into a pan with half a pint of water, the sugar and lemon juice, and simmer until soft. Place a small piece of apricot jam on each pastry case, and then a ring of apple on each. Fill the hole in the centre with jam, and boil the water the apples were cooked in to a syrup, adding more sugar if necessary. Pour a spoonful over each apple, and place a glace cherry or grape in the centre of each.

APPLE FRITTERS

Ingredients: 3 cooking apples (large), frying batter, 2 teaspoonfuls of castor sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and frying fat.

Peel and core the apples, and cut them into rings about $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick. Make the fat hot, and when a faint blue smoke rises from it dip each slice of apple into the batter, and drop it into the fat; fry pale brown, drain on soft paper and serve piled on each other on a hot dish. Mix the sugar and cinnamon and sprinkle them over the fritters.

For the batter: Put 40zs. of flour and a pinch of salt into a basin; mix one tablespoonful of salad oil or melted butter with 1 gill of lukewarm water, stir this into the flour, and beat well. Let the batter stand at least half an hour before using it. Just before the apple is put into it the stiffly whipped white of an egg may be added lightly.



"From Failure to Success"

The Story of a Young Wife who thought she couldn't cook

Chapter I.

When the friends of Miss Office heard that she was to become Mrs. Cook, they began to "crack" the age-old jokes about newly-wed wives and their cooking experiments. "Jack will have indigestion for the first month," they said, to which Jack loyally replied that "Miss Office could cook a roast dinner and make fruit cake with the best of them."

Chapter II.

Subsequent experiences proved Jack to be right so far as the roast dinner was concerned. But not so with the cakes, pastry and scones. The first fruit cake was very heavy, and then came a doughy Madeira—thin, leaden scones—pastry that was simply waste of good butter. Good-natured Jack took it all in good part, and said he had "seen worse when he was boarding." At the store one day she received the inspiration that placed her from that time among the best of cooks. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I've not been using Edmonds Baking Powder! Nowonder my cooking was a failure!"

Chapter III.

She took home a tin of Edmonds "Sure-to-Rise" Baking Powder, and now Jack admits that her cooking is "just as good as Mother's—and better."

The *unique* quality of Edmonds Baking Powder has made it a Dominion-wide favourite. Last year over 1,500,000 tins of "Sure-to-Rise" brand were sold—an average of *six tins* for every household in N.Z.

The reason for such great and growing popularity is that *Genuine Grape Cream-of-Tartar is always used in Edmonds Baking Powder.*

It makes cakes, scones, buns and pastries doubly enjoyable because it lightens and improves them.

For health reasons also it is best to use Edmonds—it is not only the surest but also the *purest*.

Your baking will *always* be successful if you always use

EDMONDS

BAKING POWDER

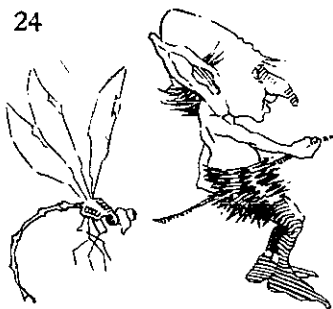
"SURE TO RISE"

Edmonds is a pure, genuine Grape Cream-of-Tartar Baking Powder. Avoid inferior brands in which substitutes are used. Every storekeeper sells Edmonds "Sure-to-Rise" Baking Powder.

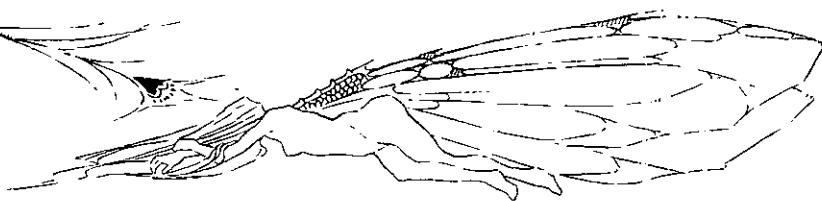


ILOTT





A PAGE for the CHILDREN



THE stirring adventures of Sir Pixie White-Top, an account in serial form of experiences of this gentleman with some natives of New Zealand



WE certainly made a bad start: my horse, a beautiful Red Dragon-fly from the edge of one of our bush creeks, became restive, and, taking me in a moment of deep thought, flung me very cleverly over his head. I was surprised, and to this day can only account for my poor horsemanship by recalling the nature of my reflections at the moment. (*A Further Adventure next month*)

Dear Boys and Girls,—
HAVE you ever thought that there may be fairies in our pretty bush country? I have a fancy that there must be, but they are so very quick to hear our footsteps, and hide as soon as we get near. Have you ever noticed how quiet it is when you step among the trees? Before you came the brown fairies and the green fairies were having a glorious game. Don't you think so? You could see the leaves flicker in the sunshine, and the grass waving wildly. That was because the pixies were climbing the trees and dropping from branch to branch, and playing leap-frog with the bush Robins and the fluttering Fantails, while the dear little Hedgespar-

row sang and sang as if he was a whole orchestra. If it was in springtime the Tui would be pealing his wonderful silver bells, and everybody would be having such a happy time.

And when you came it all stopped! The fairies hid, oh, so quickly, and those that couldn't hide become invisible. Then they waited to see if you were a Big Brother or perhaps a Big Sister. Their bright eyes were watching you from behind a big leaf or a branch. They were so still, too, there was not a rustle—not the faintest crackle of a branch. For the trees ceased moving, and the grass. The robins said Tweet! Tweet! and flew away, but the fantails went on picking the moths

off the leaves, just as if they had not been in the thick of the fun only the minute before. And the fairies kept so still. They were waiting to see what you would do, and if you are kind and gentle, some day they will come out and make friends with you, as White Rabbit did with Billy Boy.

Now I want you to watch this page of the Adventures of Sir Pixie White-Top, the wise old fairy who always rides the Big Red Dragon-fly when he goes out, and of course all sorts of flying and creeping creatures come to meet him. Among them will be some that you have not met on your walks and rides, so look out for them on this page next month.—AUNT HILDA.

BILLY BOY TAKES A RIDE IN A SEAPLANE

White Rabbit is a Splendid Airman

BILLY Boy was feeling lonely. He was a little tired, too. When you have one leg a good deal shorter than the other, it is not so easy to climb a hill, even if the path is nice and smooth. So Billy Boy sat on the grass, and looked at the big steamer with a red funnel that was making a thick black smoke as it came up the harbour.

Billy Boy loved steamers. He liked the big ones and the very little ones. When they cut a swift furrow through the water, and left a long white line behind, he liked them best of all.

But better than big and little steamers, and yachts with white sails, and chug-chugging motor-boats, he loved the seaplane that lived in a big house among the cliffs.

"If only the seaplane would take me for a ride among the clouds," he thought, "I wouldn't have to climb, and perhaps I could leave my crutch behind. And I could sit and just look, and look; I wouldn't get a bit tired."

You see, Billy Boy was only ten, and when a boy is ten he wants to shout and run and climb, and it is very hard to have to stump along slowly with a crutch. Don't you think so, boys and girls?

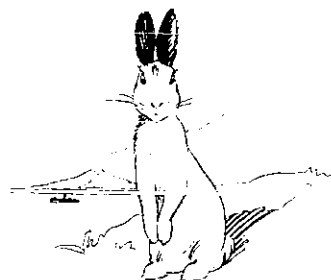
So Billy Boy looked at the seagulls and the pretty tern floating in the air above the green hills and the seashore. He wondered what it would be like to ride through the air, over the tall trees and the shining sea. What fun it would be! oh what fun!

While he was sitting there wondering, a big white rabbit with black ears came softly out of his cosy burrow. He intended to have a jolly scamper down hill, to a lovely garden where there were rows and rows of tender young cabbages, and lettuces, and peas, which would do very nicely for his supper.

And Billy Boy saw him, but he sat quite still. He liked bunnies, and hedgehogs, and frogs, and mice, and all the quaint little creatures that hide in the bushes, and peep out with bright shining eyes at the little girls and boys as they pass. Billy Boy never frightened them. They might be fairies, you see, or perhaps enchanted princes, or even the fairy Godmother! One never knew!

White Rabbit saw at once that Billy Boy was a Big Brother. Big Brothers are always kind to the wild folk. They never throw stones at them, or set dogs on them. White Rabbit came a little nearer, and cocked up his black ears, and his beautiful eyes looked solemnly at Billy Boy. And then he nibbled a clover leaf with thoughtful care.

(To be continued next month.)





A BONNIE GLAXO BABY—AGED 9½ MONTHS

In sending the above photograph of a beautiful Glaxo Baby, her mother writes:—"From the age of three weeks, my little girl Lola has been reared entirely on Glaxo, which has proved a very good food for her."

Your Baby can be "the admiration of everyone"

"Lola" is a typical Glaxo girl, and her portrait above is just one of thousands of such photographs sent by happy mothers, which "The House That Loves a Baby" keeps and values. For we are proud of every one of our Glaxo babies; proud to have their photographs; and proudest of all of the real happiness expressed in these letters from their fathers and mothers.

The best in all the world is not too good for your baby, and more than anything else does this apply to Baby's food. That is why the breast-fed Baby is so fortunate, for no other food, however perfect, can compare with the intensely individual nourishment which the mother alone has the power to give.

But it often happens that the mother's milk is neither rich nor plentiful enough to satisfy Baby's needs, or perhaps the mother is not sufficiently strong enough to stand the strain of continuous breast-feeding.

Then it is that the mother will find in Glaxo a solution to these problems, for not only does it help to promote a bountiful supply of breast-milk when taken by the mother herself, but it is practically the only food that can be given to a Baby who is still at the breast. Either in turn with the breast, or as the sole food from birth, Glaxo is, in the words of a doctor, "superior to ordinary cow's milk for infants, being so much more digestible, and should be absolutely invaluable to mothers who for any reason cannot suckle their infants." This is because Glaxo is natural, not artificial, nourishment. It is nothing but the solids of pure rich milk, with a standardised content of butter-fat, made safe and suitable for Baby by the Glaxo Process. This Process breaks down the nutritious curd of the milk into minute, easily digestible particles, but does not impair those essential growth-promoting factors known as vitamins.

Ask Your Doctor!

Glaxo

The Super-Milk

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

Price **2/6** ASK YOUR CHEMIST TO SHOW YOU THE GLAXO FEEDER Price **2/6**
"The Practitioner" says: "It is the best that has come to our notice."

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A treasure every mother should possess

THE 136 PAGE GLAXO BABY BOOK

"I think your Baby Book is a treasure every mother should possess, and I think it largely due to this book that Lily laughs a good deal more than she cries." So writes one delighted mother who availed herself to the full of the practical helpful advice given in the 136-page Glaxo Baby Book, a new edition of which has just been issued.

This wonderful book has brought happiness to thousands of homes, and is literally a text-book of mothercraft, explaining in simple language how to feed, clothe, bathe, and care for Baby from birth up to three years of age. Look at the contents table printed below—notice that there is not a single aspect of Baby's life that is omitted. A copy of this most necessary book awaits you if you will fill in the coupon and post it to us with 1/- (P.O. or Stamps).

Contents of the 136 page Glaxo Baby Book

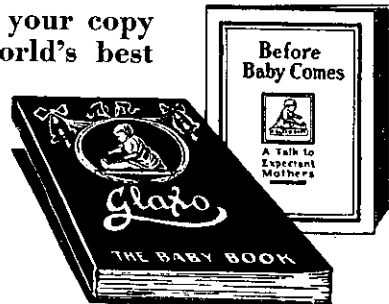
BEFORE BABY COMES:—Fresh air—Food—Exercises—Clothing—No strong aperients—Daily baths—Care of the breasts—Condition during pregnancy.
BABY'S CLOTHING:—Proper clothing—Improper clothing.
THE IDEAL LAYETTE:—Fannel binder—Knitted vest—Nappies—Long flannel—Robe—Nightdress—Boots—Head flannel—Large woollen shawl, hood, veil—List of Glaxo baby clothing patterns.
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FOR THE PERPLEXED MOTHER:—Answers to common questions—Appetite during pregnancy—Frights or unpleasant experiences—Alcohol—Baby at breast—Feeding baby—Milk in the breast—Menstruation—Pregnancy while nursing—Castor oil—Nipple strings—Rupture in a baby boy—Solid food—Baby's binder—Baby in wet weather—East winds—Growing pains.
BABY'S FOOD:—Baby at the breast—Sore nipples—Why baby is unsatisfied—How to satisfy him—Insufficient breast milk—Poor quality breast milk—If baby is too weak—Cleft palate—Tongue-tie—Too frequent feeds.
IF MOTHER CANNOT OR MUST NOT FEED BABY:—Why ordinary cow's milk is unsuitable.
WHAT IS GLAXO?—How cow's milk is altered by being made into Glaxo—Glaxo is germ free.
SCALE OF QUANTITIES FOR INFANTS:—Directions for preparing—Capacity of baby's stomach—Glaxo feeding from birth—How to give the bottle—Over-feeding—Time taken over feed—To bring up the wind—Stomach pains—Night feeds—To ease the weaning—Delicate babies—Premature babies—Fruit juice—Feeding bottles—Glaxo feeder—How to wash bottle—To preserve teats—An ideal feeding outfit.
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PREVENTION OF INFECTION:—Table to help mother to find out "What those spots mean."

"Before Baby Comes"

In addition to the 136-page Glaxo Baby Book, we will send without extra charge to all who state on the coupon below the month they expect Baby, a copy of "BEFORE BABY COMES." Written by a doctor, it tells the mother-to-be how to take proper care of herself during the anxious weeks of waiting, so that when Baby arrives he will be as fine and bonnie as she wishes to see him. A mother writes:—"I carried out your health rules as strictly as possible; the result was that I had an exceptionally good time both before and during the confinement."

Send for your copy
of the world's best
Baby
Book

Actual size of
Glaxo Baby
Book, 7¼in. by
5¼in. Actual size
of "Before Baby
Comes," 5¼in.
by 1in.



POST THIS COUPON NOW

TO GLAXO (DEPT. 5), P.O. BOX 1509, WELLINGTON

I enclose 1/- (P.O. or Stamps) for which please send me the 136-page Glaxo Baby Book, as offered by you in *The Ladies' Mirror*.

Name.....

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I have a Baby aged.....

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THE KIND OF KITCHEN A WOMAN WOULD LIKE

by W. H. Gummer, A.R.I.B.A.

FOR all our philosophy, our politics and our morals, human happiness still depends largely upon our domestic arrangements in the kitchen.

Much has been said of labour saving in this connection, and rightly so, for there 75 per cent. of the work of the house is accomplished; there 75 per cent. of the working hours of the average housewife is centred; and notwithstanding all our talk of fine living-room, the latest thing in wallpapers in our "own bedroom," or the splendid show of daffodils in the garden, 75 per cent. of the comfort or discomfort of modern life can be directly or indirectly traced to these same kitchen arrangements.

Kitchens have been designed (in print) so that just as readily as one's hand goes to one's mouth when the need is, so everything in the kitchen comes to one's finger-tips with just as little effort and just as little thought. We have heard of so many steps saved in the day, and of cabinets that perform miracles, but, somehow, the scheme seldom works out in practice. Why? Sometimes it is because the process of kitchening has not been fully considered from the arrival of goods to their ultimate end on the dining table; perhaps the endeavour to save the body has resulted in increased effort and strain on the mind; possibly the exigencies of site in its relation to the points of the compass or requirements in the general house plan affected adversely the relative placing of the windows, cooking range, and all the fittings of a modern kitchen.

It is impossible to suggest a plan of kitchen which would meet the needs of every householder. There are certain broad principles, however, which can be adhered to, and which do save a wonderful number of steps and body bending in the day, and, what is more important, mental energy.

It is first in the plan, in the inter-relation required between the portions of the room allotted to various sections of the work, then in the design of the furniture or fittings

to adequately perform their functions, and lastly in the construction of the whole, that domestic felicity is to be found.

As an indication of the principles governing kitchen design we commend the plan illustrated. It is such as would most efficiently meet the needs of the average New

pantry to trade's door, cook's table to pantry and to range, and these to serving table, serving hatch and sink are influenced by the usual cycle of meal-producing operations. The windows allow of direct access of fresh air on at least one side under bad weather conditions, and in the warmest seasons of all the advantages of cross ventilation. The cooking range and safe are on the coolest side.

A very simple but effective expedient to keep the safe cool under all weather conditions is the water-jacket, a sheet-metal construction that connects directly with the street main, so that all water that is used in the house passes through the jacket surrounding the safe. Another ingenious arrangement is fitted in at the back of the towel rollers, and consists of a lead from the circulating hot water system, used for drying purposes. The space above the towel is ventilated, so as to remove all humidity.

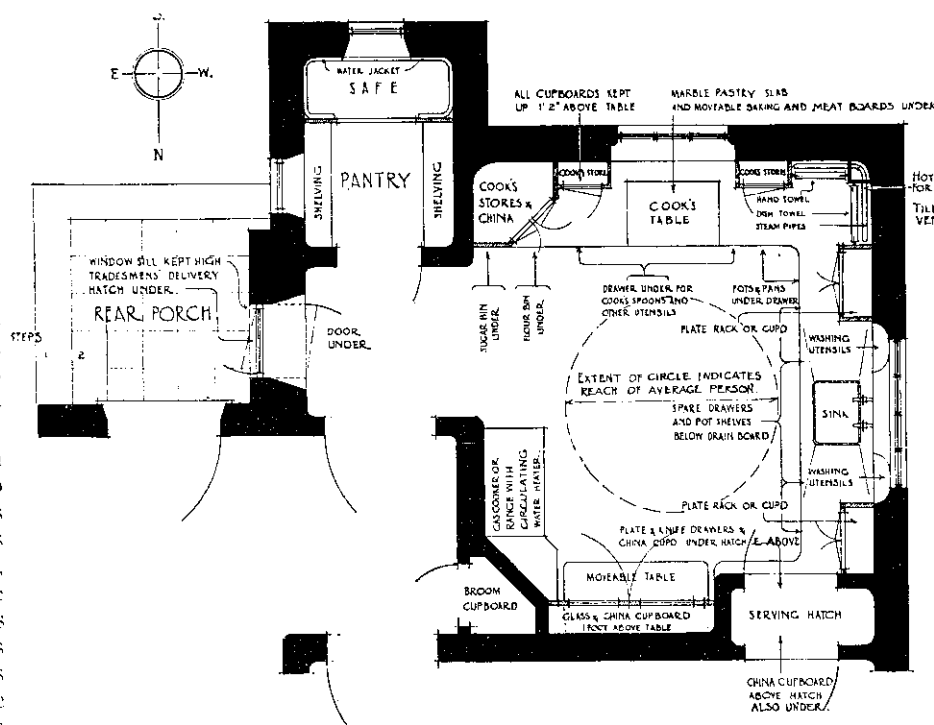
The tradesmen's hatch has self-locking doors, and provides for the delivery of goods in the absence of the householder.

The serving hatch has doors on both sides, so that articles can be removed from the dining-room side without a view into the kitchen being obtained. The silver and knife drawers under the hatch will have a two-way action, so that during the progress of the meal further cutlery can be obtained without leaving the room.

The dishing-up table is set on small wheels, so that it can be readily moved if required to any other portion of the room.

All cupboards are kept 1ft. 2in. above tables and drain-board, to save angles in cleaning, and to give greater working space.

The drain-board is covered with rubber floor tiles set in mastic, so as to provide a jointless surface, very readily drained. The flange of the sink is set in flush with the top of the drain-board, obviating the objectionable crevice for dirt consequent on lapping the drain-board over the sink.

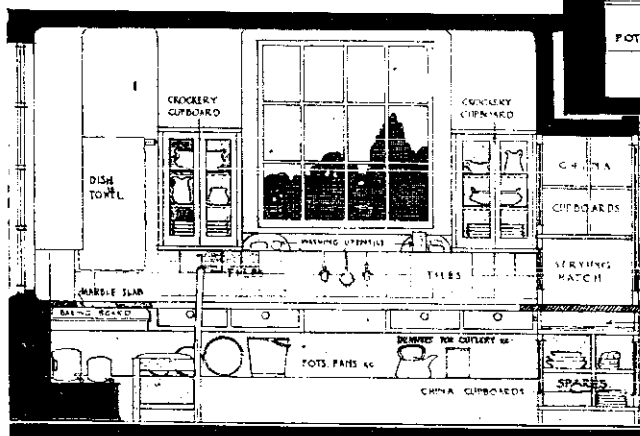
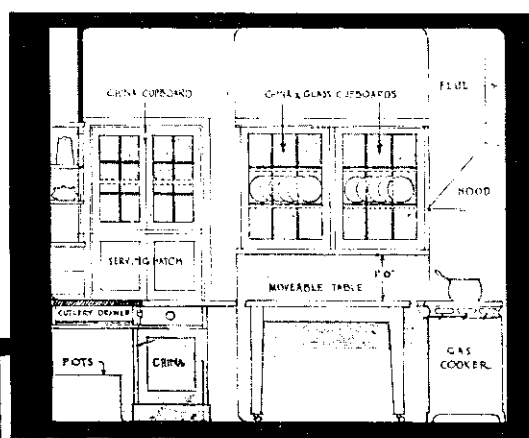


Zealand housewife. It has limited dimensions, effective as a step-saving factor, and also in reducing cost, but it has not limited fixtures, because by protecting articles from dust and inducing orderliness, they are continually justifying their existence.

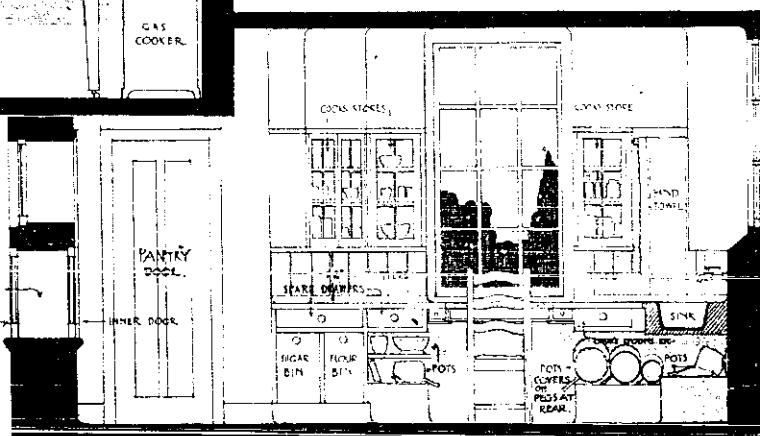
Note that in this plan—

The points of the compass are taken into consideration, and that of the relations of

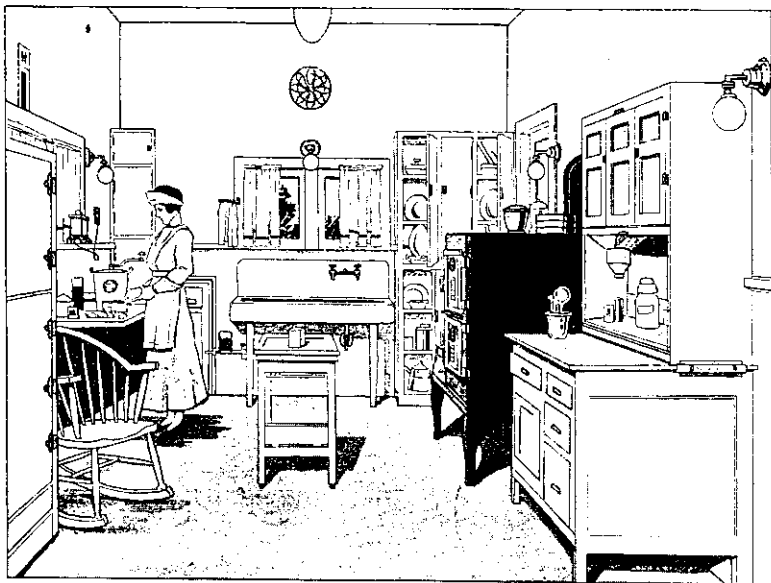
View of Gas Cooker, with Serving Table, Serving Hatch and accessory fittings. At choice the Cooker could be raised on a solid platform, to save body bending.



View of Drain Board and Sink with their accessory fittings and section through Cook's Table and Serving Hatch.



View of Cook's Table and section through Sink.



A Bad Kitchen, in which fitments with legs have been adopted, which necessitate the cleaning of almost inaccessible floor and wall spaces. Not being specially designed to the requirements of this particular kitchen, awkward cleaning spaces also exist between and on top of the fitments.

Example showing how good intersections miss their mark.

All cupboard doors are glazed with semi-transparent rolled glass, allowing the contents of the cupboard to be seen, but obviating the necessity of constantly cleaning the glass. By the omission of cupboards for pots and pans, the latter are easier of access, and have the advantage of a greater amount of air round them. The limitation of size in this kitchen does not permit of provision being made for the pots on the walls, but undue body bending has been eliminated by not placing these articles too near the floor.

It will be noticed that the floor surface to be cleaned is confined

to the space included between the extreme edges of the fitments, with the exception of space under sink and centre of cook's table. The platform for pots is built up solid.

The fitments are of such heights that all parts can be readily reached. Faces and sides of fitments are carried up to ceiling to eliminate dust-collecting surfaces, which would otherwise be formed. All angles are rounded.

We hope in succeeding issues to treat of other aspects of this and the many other problems incidental to the house and its planning, equipment and furnishing.

A Big Convenience in a New Home

WHEN planning your new home, tell the architect or builder that you don't want the ordinary brick copper which crumbles and cracks and eventually falls to pieces. Nor do you want a copper that will rust or corrode. Be up-to-date; tell him to get the more convenient and much more economical boiler,

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Charming Harbourside Home

Handsone residence of 8 rooms and offices, built under supervision of architect, rough cast on brick foundation, and tiled roof; two sleeping-out balconies; dining room with heavy beam ceiling, panelled walls, recess with tiled open fireplace; dainty drawing room with pretty views over harbour; study with panelled finish and built-in bookshelves. H. and C. water service, septic tank, two p.w.c.'s. Freehold section 66 x over 250 feet, with harbour frontage; beautifully laid out in gardens; uninterrupted view over the Harbour. Price £3000



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A Modern Home near part Epsom

Exceptionally well built bungalow of 8 rooms; first floor of reinforced concrete on bluestone foundation; upper storey heart kauri; living room 20 x 15 with octagonal bay, inglenook and seat; swing doors into wide entrance hall; breakfast room 13 x 13, with buffet; billiard room 23 x 16; plaster and beam ceilings; gas and electric light; califont; sewer drainage. Large laundry; motor garage. Freehold section 76 x 165ft. Fine views. Price £4250

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THE GRAPHIC ARTS AND WALL DECORATION

by T. V. Gulliver

IT is an old complaint of the worker in black and white that little interest is taken in his art by the majority of picture buyers, and certainly it is true that most people prefer a mediocre work in colour to a much more sincere effort in one of the many branches of monochrome. It is probable that this almost universal preference for colour is partly instinctive—it is unfortunate that we cannot rely upon the feeling to carry us a step farther, and so discriminate between the good and the bad—and partly due to the belief that from a decorative point of view the picture in colour is to be preferred. It may be admitted that in a room of suitable size and lighting, a well-chosen and well-placed painting is supreme in the field of interior decoration, but to attain to this perfection the conditions must be rigidly fulfilled; the room must be of suitable size—and very few rooms in our homes are so—and the picture must be well chosen, implying the possession of more wealth than most of us have at our disposal. It may be advanced that there is no connection between the price paid and the merit of the painting obtained (and ordinarily there is none), but if the words "well-chosen" are allowed to imply the idea of adequate size as well as of subject and technique, then certainly there is such a relation. Most people therefore are in the position of having to accept their surroundings for what they may be, and of endeavouring to utilise their available picture-space to its best advantage.

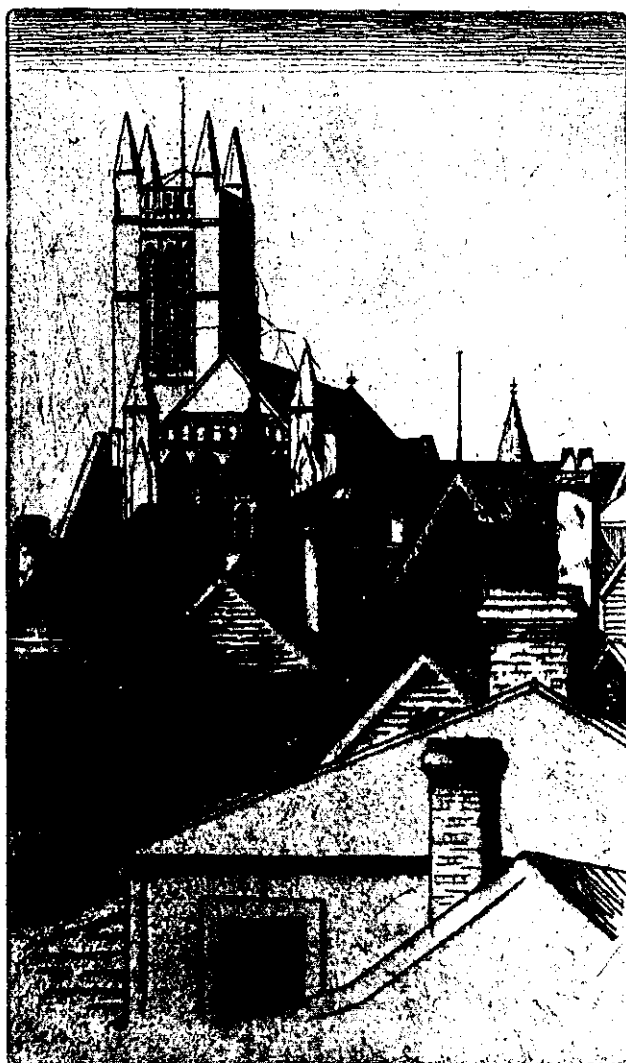
Luckily the means at hand are many, and may be classified broadly, under the headings of sketches in colour, reproductions in colour and works in black and white, accepting as a fundamental in all cases that the units shall be small enough to be in correct proportion to the size and shape of the spaces that they have to decorate. The first two items in the above classification receive the attention that they deserve, but the third may be called, not unfairly, the Cinderella of wall decoration. The term black and white, or perhaps more correctly—Graphic Art—comprises so many fields of artistic expression that it is impossible to give a definition that will quite meet all cases, but the underlying principle is the suggestion of tone by the use of one colour—usually black, or perhaps a neutral tint—the tone itself being obtained either by lines or by masses, or by a combination of both, the method varying with the process. It is possible, when such methods are used, for the imagination to supply a definite realisation of true colour due to the subtle rendering of tone values; but the suggestion of colour is not the sole claim of black and white to its acknowledged position amongst the Fine Arts; rather is it based on the very decided *quality* possessed by all works in the medium. The idea of quality is hard to explain—it is much easier to recognise or to feel—but anyone who has handled an old bronze or ivory, has heard, let us say, a folk-song sung with sympathy, or who is a lover of the essay as a literary form, will understand that charm and completeness which is best expressed by the word.

Graphic Art has two main subdivisions, those of drawings and of prints; drawings being original works done in pencil, chalk, pen and ink, or with the brush, and prints covering the whole field of reproductive art or that which by its method of execution allows a number of copies to be made from

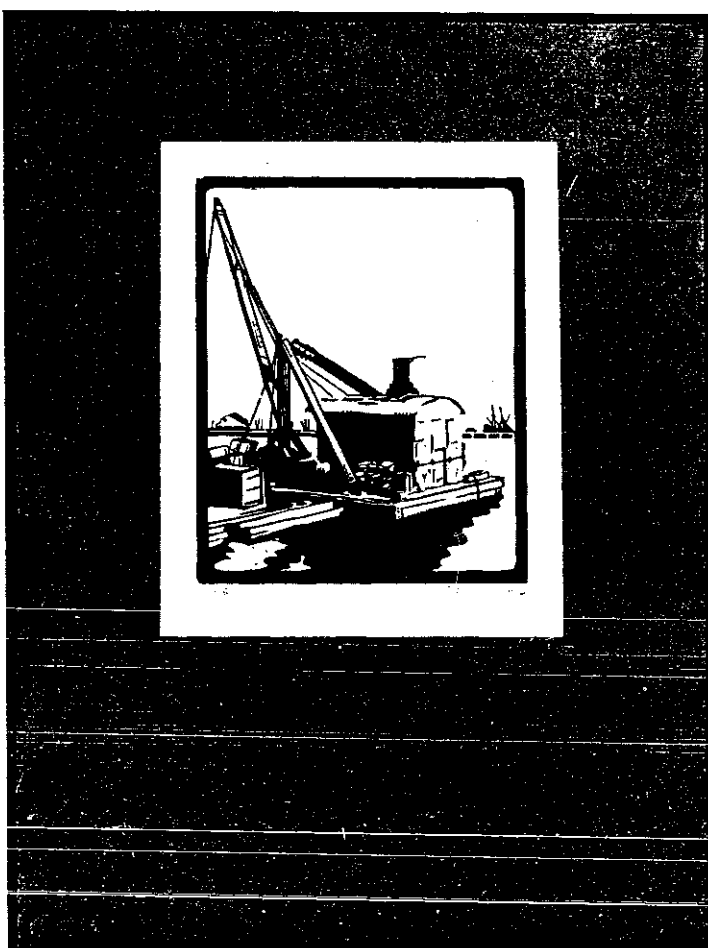
one original, and which includes amongst its branches such magnificent processes as lithography, wood-engraving, etching, aquatint and mezzotint. It should be noticed here that prints, as understood by artists and collectors, have no relation whatever to the very ordinary productions of commercial photography usually referred to as such, and which are produced in large numbers by purely mechanical means. Whenever an artist uses one of the graphic processes it will be found that he chooses, inevitably, that one which is necessary to the complete expression of his idea; that, further, each of the prints produced will be the work of his own hand, under his own control, and will bear his signature as a final proof of his satisfaction. Surely it is a finer thing to possess a print showing clearly the personality and hand of its creator, existing perhaps as one of a dozen only and being in fact an original—for it is almost impossible to make all copies alike—than it is to have, for example, a colour reproduction suggesting only in part the charm of its original, and produced in thousands in the far from æsthetic atmosphere of a printing works.

The variety of the work possible in black and white is astounding, omitting here all questions of individual treatment, ranging as it does from the delicate pearl-like greys of the silver point and lithograph, through the heavier greys and browns of the pencil drawing and etching, to the wonderful blacks of the wood-cut, dry-point and mezzotint, the rich velvet-like black of the last being quite a sensation apart and to the connoisseur—a joy forever. In fact, it is to the delightful variations of a colour which actually is no colour—black—that most of the charm of the Graphic Arts can be assigned.

BUT however much we may permit ourselves to be carried away by the many beauties of the processes and materials involved, it must be remembered that the primary function of all Fine Art is to decorate, and it is the aptness of Graphic Art in particular, to this purpose, which is so often sadly neglected. With most people the acquiring of pictures becomes firstly a question of price, and a good print can be obtained for less than is demanded by the artist for work in most other branches of his profession. All prints, unfortunately, are not to be obtained cheaply; the work of some of the old etchers, and for that matter, of a few of the modern as well, fetches very big prices; but these prints are essentially for collectors or galleries. Again, from a purely decorative standpoint, drawings or prints hardly can be surpassed; there is no need to consider whether they will harmonise with their surroundings—a monochrome will be in place anywhere; there is little fear of their being too big—most good prints are small ones, and the limitations of the media impose restrictions on size; and lastly, no effort need be expended on the choice of a suitable frame. With painting this last is decidedly an effort, calling for considerable taste on the part of the owner, for the correct proportions, shape and colour of a frame are very important in deciding the decorative value of a picture. For prints or drawings, on the other hand, there is little latitude to be had, and taking all things into consideration, there can be no doubt that a wide white mount and a narrow black frame is the only desirable combination.



Etching, St. Matthew's Church.



Wood Block—The Pontoon.

The Turning

(Continued from page 13)

"NOTHING doing," said Chichester. "I've got a liver. You'd better run away and play, children. No noise, mind. You haven't told the gardener about those weeds, Bertha."

"I did tell him," his wife said shortly. Bennet scarcely knew her "short" with him.

"Then why didn't you see that he did what he was told?"

"I don't profess to manage the garden," she retorted. "It seems to me that you are looking for something to grumble about. Your liver is only an excuse for—"

At this point the ear-flaps began to buzz. Bennet only caught a word here and there for the next few minutes. He could see from the picture on the screen that a quarrel worked up. He wasn't surprised to see Chichester look disagreeable, and stamp up and down the fine dining-room; but he was astounded to see the anger on his wife's charming face, and the way that she bit her lips and tossed her head.

He caught a few words of the dispute indistinctly now and then. "Neglect everything but—" "Kill joy." "If I had married a woman who—" "I'd have been happier if—" "A poverty-stricken beggar!" (Did that refer to him?) "Anyhow he cares for his—bur-ur-ur-ur." The machine kept on buzzing from this point. Finally his wife swept out of the room, turning at the door for a last angry word. Bennet really hadn't realised that she could look so furious, and then the picture changed to the hall. It was a large hall, with a fireplace—Bertha always wanted that—and a wide stairway with a rich pile carpet and great triangular rods—she longed for them also—and his wife went up it wringing her hands.

"My baby!" she cried.

Bennet lost the picture, and found himself staring at the stranger.

"The baby," he demanded hoarsely. "What has become of little May? I haven't seen her. She was always delicate; and once she was ill, and—where's my baby child?"

The stranger went behind the ivory door, and something clanked, as if he were setting the apparatus, which Bennet observed to be there. He always regrets that he did not ask to see it.

"Look at the knob," he directed, "and perhaps you will see the little girl of whom you speak."

Bennet stared at the knob till he felt dazed; and a mist grew and cleared, and he found a distinct picture; but no Baby May. The picture which came was only a little tombstone with a marble cross, in a green churchyard.

"Mabel Winifred Chichester

Born 2nd May, 1910

Died 7th July, 1913."

Bennet found himself crying after the picture had gone. He wiped his eyes, staggered from the platform, and gripped the stranger's arm.

"She didn't die," he asserted fiercely. "We pulled her through the fever. Bert and I sat up with her all night. It was the morning of the 7th July when she opened her eyes, and we—"

"In the life that might have been," the stranger interrupted very quietly, "that good woman who is now your wife sat up alone. She hadn't quite strength enough without her husband's support. She fainted, and the little one died."

"And you think," Bennet said, "that I'd take a million and let her bear things alone!"

And suddenly Bennet missed the stranger and his house; rubbed his eyes and looked and missed them still. After a time he pressed his hat down on his head and trudged on home, thinking that he had dreamed a dream, and saying in his heart that a marvel had happened to him, and vowing in his soul to find a cross-way to some small road of prosperity that his family could tread with him.

"If ever I tell Bertha about it," he muttered, "I shall call it a dream; but I'm afraid she'll think I make it up to comfort her about the sideboard! I sha'n't tell her about that till the children have gone to bed. I'll laugh and talk, and she won't guess that there's anything wrong."

Nobody could have laughed and talked more merrily than Mr. Bennet when he returned home and told his family how he had lost his way at the turning. He imagined that he had completely disguised his distress; but his wife followed him into the bathroom when he went to wash his hands. She put her elbow on his shoulder and pulled the towel from his face. Really Bert was just a childish sweetheart sometimes.

"Well," she asked, "what's troubling you, dear old man?"

Will you believe it! He put his wet face down on her soft shoulder and cried.

"Markham has broken, Bert," he stated, "and I—I—sha'n't get the money for your sideboard."

"Well, old stupid!" she whispered in his ear, "what does it matter? You wanted to give it to me. That's the important thing."

There is the story, and you can say that it was a dream, or you can say that it wasn't a dream; but you know as well as I do that it is very nearly true.

What happened afterward? You tiresome, kind people who won't let a poor author finish when his story is done. I'll tell you a secret. The author finds it as hard as you do to leave his story-people, and has to have another peep at them. I don't know exactly what happened afterward; but I do know that whenever I gaze at the ivory door—we all have one in our minds—and see the Bennets' dining-room, there is always a brand new sideboard against the long wall; and it is twice as good as the one in the window of the Universal Furnishing Emporium.

In the next issue will appear the first instalment of a serial story, specially written for "The Ladies' Mirror" by New Zealand's well-known authoress, Isabel Maud Peacocke.

The serial is entitled "THE CAREER OF STELLA FRANE," and the many admirers of Miss Peacocke's work will look forward with interest to this latest story from her pen.

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Read this letter from a lady in Parnell, Auckland, who keeps poultry as a hobby:—

"Right from birth my nine pullets have been given Karswood Poultry Spice with their mash every morning, and they have all come on in excellent condition. The birds carry themselves well, are very keen



and active, and indeed neighbours tell me they look a picture. Yet I have never had any experience of poultry before, and practically all that I know about them has been gained through repeated reference to your valuable book, 'Fortunes from Eggs.'

"The following are the weekly totals of eggs laid by my 13 birds, the nine pullets and 4 old hens:—

1921—		Sept.	17	68	Nov.	26	77	
July	16	60	24	67	Dec.	3	58	
	23	63	1	66		10	66	
	30	61	8	63		17	65	
Aug.	6	55	15	66		24	60	
	13	61	22	66		31	62	
	20	52	29	68	1922			
	27	59	Nov.	5	59	Jan.	7	61
Sept.	3	64	12	56				
	10	68	19	61	Total		1632	

"You will see that the total of 1632 eggs laid gives an average of 9 eggs per day, or over 62 eggs per week from the 13 birds, equal to a fraction under 5 eggs per week from each bird all through. As eggs have averaged 2/- a dozen during this period, these 13 birds have produced in six months, £13/12/-, or more than £1 per bird for the half year. My expenditure on Karswood Poultry Spice during this period has been 6/- (for three 2/- packets), so that it has only cost 5d. extra per bird to obtain this magnificent result.

"Considering that I started with such ordinary stock, and have never kept poultry before, I naturally feel that the good results I have been able to obtain are largely due to the effect of Karswood, and I take every opportunity of recommending it to my friends."

Jan. 6th 1922 (Mrs.) E. C.

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Halfpenny a Day to make 12 Lay

One tablespoonful (1oz.) of Karswood Poultry Spice is sufficient for 20 hens for one day, so that it costs you less than 1d. per day for every dozen fowls.

Try a Shilling packet

Ask your poultry food dealer to supply you with a 1/- packet of Karswood Poultry Spice, adding postage if necessary, and try it for a fortnight on half a dozen hens. Results are not instantaneous—it takes a fortnight or three weeks to improve the egg returns. If your local dealer cannot supply, send a postcard to the New Zealand agents (address below), asking the name of the nearest dealer who supplies Karswood Poultry Spice.

Fairbairn, Wright & Co.

Lichfield St., Christchurch, Moore St., Auckland
Old Custom House St., Wellington and
Moray Place, Dunedin

NOTE.—The sole manufacturers of Karswood Poultry Spice (containing ground insects) are E. Griffiths Hughes Ltd., Manchester, England, established 1750, in the reign of George the Second.

"JUST OUT"—BOOKS WORTH READING

A Review of Current Literature

He has infinite sympathy with the mother bereft of her soldier son, and the widow seeking to bridge the abyss which separates her from her loved one, but he is pitiless towards the sordid-minded cheat who poses as a medium in order to dupe these unhappy ones.

"Mrs. Grundy" naturally comes in for a good deal of notice. Instead of being dead, as is popularly supposed just now, he proves her deathlessness by vivisectioning the poor old dame with merciless scalpel.

The reader will linger over the essay on the burial of the "Unknown Warrior." Much has been written on this theme, but little that can approach the delicacy of this—"into the well-nigh sacred soil of the Abbey was laid to rest, not the greatest in the land, but the humblest, the simplest, the least known hero of them all. Although we shall never know his name, we shall always know the ideal he stands for in our hearts. He stands for all those unknown sacrifices, those daily acts of kindness, of sympathy, of understanding, those acts of heroism in humble life, which, if there be a Roll of Honour up in Heaven, make such heroes stand high upon that list."

"I like to think of him in the night, when the roar of London is stilled—sitting, for example, side by side with Henry V., whose body was also brought from France—each one comparing notes with the other, each one fighting his battles over again. And then I like to think that some time in every day, say at the fall of twilight, his spirit flies back again to that humble home which 'out there' seemed a palace to him—just because it was his home."

"The Clicking of Cuthbert," by P. G. Wodehouse. Whitcombe and Tombs.

A gentle humour pervades these golfing reminiscences told by the oldest member in the Clubhouse overlooking the Green, and they add in no small measure to the reputation of the author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "The Girl on the Boat," and "Jill the Reckless." The love story of Cuthbert Banks is but one of a number of delightful episodes in which prowess on the links wins the fair and blushing maiden. There are golfers of all kinds, from immature Vardons to the hero who had dreamed of walking up the church aisle with some sweet plus two girl on his arm, and at last awoke to find himself married to a wife who con-

fesses on her honeymoon to having deceived him. "I have never played golf in my life, I don't even know how to hold the 'caddie.'" How she redeems herself later makes pleasant reading for the golf enthusiast.

Not the least entertaining story in the book is "The Coming of Gowf," which has been deciphered by the author from Babylonian inscriptions on half a brick and a couple of paving stones. King Merochazzer, of Oom, was disappointed in love, and stood sombrely surveying his garden when he saw a small bearded man with bushy eyebrows, and a face like a walnut, placing a small stone on the gravel and make curious passes over it with his gardening hoe. The king was greatly intrigued, and made enquiries. The kind-hearted Vizier standing by gave the explanation. "It seems a hard thing to say of anyone, your Majesty, but he is a Scotsman. One of your Majesty's invincible admirals recently made a raid on the inhospitable coast of that country at a spot known to the natives as S'nandrews, and brought away this man."

"What does he think he's doing?" asked the King.

"It is some sort of savage religious ceremony, your Majesty."

The book is full of genial humour—a pleasant anodyne after the daily newspaper, crammed as it is with the restlessness of politics at home and abroad.

BOOKS WORTH READING

"Last Days in New Guinea," being further experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate, by Captain C. A. W. Monckton, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., F.R.A.I. John Lane, London; New York, John Lane Company.

"The Hope of Europe," by Philip Gibbs. William Heineman, London.

"The Men in the Twilight," by Ridgwell Cullum. Cecil Palmer, London.

"To Him That Hath," a novel of the West of to-day, by Ralph Connor. Hodder and Stoughton, London.

"Love and Diana," by Concordia Merrel. Selwyn and Blount, London.

"Rich Relatives," by Compton MacKenzie. Martin Secker, London.

"The Street of a Thousand Delights," by Jay Gelzer. Mills and Boon, London.

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HE hostess, who desires nothing so much as that her callers should think, "What lovely Tea!" must be perfectly sure of the quality of the Tea she serves. She must know that it is blended to produce an exquisite flavour; that it contains the minimum of dust and useless fibre, and that its quality can always be relied upon.

With Butterfly Tea she can be positive on these points. Its quality is always uniform. The packet you buy this week will be *exact* in quality to the packet you bought before. Because it is blended by the most skilful experts in the tea trade, its *delightful flavour* is maintained unvaried in the slightest degree.

Butterfly Tea is the one Tea regularly served in thousands of homes where good tea is recognised and enjoyed. No other tea prompts such exclamations as "What lovely Tea!" as readily as Butterfly.

Put Butterfly Tea on the order to your grocer this week, just to give it a trial.

Brown, Barrett, Ltd.,
Auckland.



When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention "The Ladies' Mirror"

Winter and Spring Flowering Plants.



GARDENERS who have sowed seed during the autumn will have had plenty of seedlings for transplanting, and others will be procuring supplies from the seedsmen and nurserymen. It is always advisable to get planting done before the end of the autumn, so that the plants will be firmly established, and growing well before winter sets in in earnest.

Although the season is so far advanced, the writer wishes to give an idea of the most popular varieties for the guidance of those who do not know them intimately, and also to give a few general hints as to their height and culture.

Stocks: Plant nine inches apart. This will allow you to pull out the singles, of which some are sure to appear. The singles nearly always run up to flower first, and can readily be recognised by their thin, long buds. To fully develop, most of the best types require to be eighteen inches apart. Seed can be sown in the open in early autumn, and later on well-grown seedlings are available in the shops for those who do not care to adopt this method. The Nice or Beauty stocks, which are the best, grow to a height of about two feet.

Pansies and Violas: The violas require about six inches of space, and they should not be planted wider, as the best effect is gained by massing the plants. Pansies, however, should be planted at least nine inches apart, as they are not so tufted in habit as the violas.

Nemesias: Plant these six inches apart, as the plants of the large-flowered sorts are rather apt to be straggly, and it is better for them to grow well together, so that a mass of bloom will result. If possible, plant in light sandy soil in as warm and sunny a position as possible. Make sure that the bed is well drained.

Gypsophila: Plant nine inches apart, but not closer, or it will be found that the delicate, brittle stems will get very closely interwoven, and there will be difficulty in cutting the flowers. Keep a close look out for slugs, as they are very fond of this plant. Plants grown direct from seed sown in the borders in autumn are not attacked so much as the transplanted ones, which droop a little after moving, and in this state are much

appreciated by the various leaf-eating insects.

Aquilegias: These are gross feeders, and the bed should be well manured. As these plants are perennials, and are usually grown in the same place for two or three years, bonedust is the best manure to use, as it keeps up a supply of food for a considerable period. Plant eighteen inches apart. The plants, when in flower, run up to a little over two feet, but older plants often reach nearly three. The writer does not advise keeping these plants more than two years, as after that the quality of the flowers deteriorates.

English Daisies (Bellis perennis): Plant six inches apart. The plants are compact and very dwarf, the flowers only reaching a height of six inches. They make an excellent edging for small beds, where taller plants are to be grown.

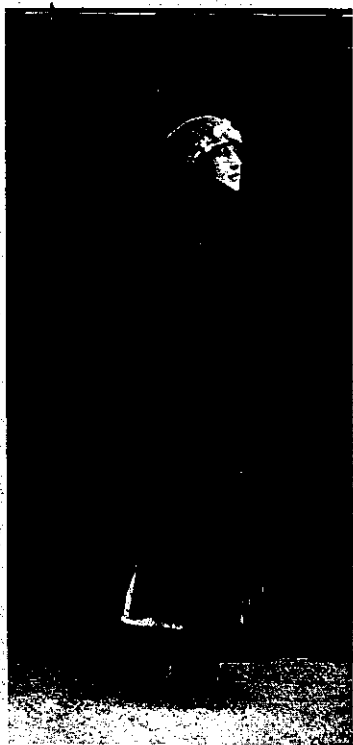
Virginian Stock: This gay little edging plant must be sown where it is to grow, and the plants should be allowed to develop so that they will make a compact mass of flowers. Height about six inches.

Cornflowers and Sweet Sultans: These run to about the same height (about two feet six inches), and should be planted eighteen inches apart. Sweet sultans usually do best where they are sown direct into the beds. The cornflowers are much hardier, and can be transplanted at almost any time in the autumn, but it is advisable to have early plants, so that they will flower in the winter.

Antirrhinums: The most popular are the intermediate sort, growing to a height of about eighteen inches. There is a wide range of beautiful colours, and the plants should be set about a foot apart. The tall Majus varieties grow to fully four feet high, and should be spaced accordingly.

Pentstemons: These plants should be given two feet, as they are perennials, and in two years grow into large bushes fully 3 feet high.

Delphiniums: These want plenty of room, and should have a full three feet, to allow them to fully develop. They require a deeply-dug soil, and plenty of manure. They are also great lovers of lime, and the bed should receive a heavy dressing. Well-grown plants reach a height of four or five feet, and they make an excellent background for the larger beds.



This wrap supreme of rich black panne velvet is lovely, but its charm is doubly enhanced by the large collar of skunk opposum, and the wide fringe of silk, which is more than mere trimming, gives a modish suggestion.
Model from Milne and Choyce Ltd.

A novel evening wrap cut on generous lines, in deep tomato panne velvet with effective gold tissue stripe. Touches of copper fringe lend the necessary trimming. It certainly is different, isn't it?
Model from Milne and Choyce Ltd.



Lafayette, photos.



John Knight SOAPS

These excellent soaps have been unprocureable during the past five years. At last we have a limited supply, and ladies are advised to secure their requirements immediately.

BATH SOAPS—Full size tablets in Violet Oatmeal, Eau de Cologne, Verbena. 1/3 tablet, 7/- box of 6 tablets
"ARISTON" ROUND TOILET SOAPS in Verbena, Glycerine and Cucumber, Brown Windsor, Oatmeal. 9d. cake, 8/6 box of 12 cakes
PURE CASTILLE SOAP, also made by John Knight. 9d. cake, 8/6 box of 12 cakes
JOHN KNIGHT'S VIOLET OATMEAL SOAP, Scented. 1/- cake, 11/6 box of 12 cakes

Smith & Caughey Ltd.
Queen Street Auckland

Lessen the Danger from Coughs and Colds

Hall's Wine gives you the needed support in uncertain weather, it safeguards you against the dangers of sudden change, and helps you to ward off coughs and colds. The timely use of this wonderful restorative has checked many a chill, and enables even the run-down to resist disease.



Doctors recommend Hall's Wine because its beneficial effects are sure and lasting

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Tonic Restorative

Read the following extracts from testimonials received in praise of Hall's Wine

"Hall's Wine has done me more good than all the tonics and stimulants prescribed for me."
 "Hall's Wine has relieved the very bad cough which I had for months, and which I could not cure."

BUY A BOTTLE TO-DAY!
 Large Size 9/6 Smaller Size 5/6
 Obtainable of all Chemists
 Agents for N.Z.:
H. C. SMART LTD., Auckland



Hand-Wrought Jewellery

in Oxidised Silver and Gold

MADE AND DESIGNED BY
ELSIE REEVE

34 Market Road REMUERA Stones Re-set in original designs

Hand Woven

Scarves, Runners
 Dress Material
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 Tel. 3914 118 Symonds St.

MISS L. EELY

Frocks, Blouses
 Ladies' Own Materials

2 Wellesley Chambers, Wellesley St.

MISS R. GREIG

Dressmaker

Charges Moderate Hours. 10.5
 The Vyne, Symonds Street

BEST ADVERTISEMENT COMPETITION

Readers of "The Ladies' Mirror" are invited to select what in their opinion are the three best advertisements in this issue. The following prizes will be awarded:—

1st £2 2 0
 2nd £1 1 0

and four prizes of 10s. each.

The winning advertisements will be those receiving the greatest number of votes by the whole of the competitors, and the first prize will go to the sender of the first coupon received which gives the advertisements in their correct order. The remaining prizes will be awarded to the senders of the next correct lists or those nearest.

The Editor's decision is final.

Entries must be made on the coupon below.

This competition closes on August 1st, and the awards will be announced in the September issue.



In my opinion the best three advertisements in order of merit, appearing in this issue of "The Ladies' Mirror" are:

1.
 2.
 3.
 Name.....
 Address.....
 1.7.

Pynetha



A FEW DROPS ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF & INHALE FREELY

FOR INFLUENZA
THROWS IT OFF LIKE A SHADOW

PRICE

1'6

PER BOTTLE

*Pyorrhoea is a menace
to health as well as beauty.
Check it and keep your
teeth beautifully white and clean
by using*

MACLEAN'S PYORRHOEA TOOTH PASTE

A British Scientific Discovery for the elimination of the grease film that forms over the gums and teeth. Its hygienic and cleansing properties are the result of years of study by British Analysts. **Specially recommended for the prevention and cure of Pyorrhoea**



Of All Qualified Chemists, 1/9 tube

Wholesale Only: J. W. HAYDEN, 9 Wyndham St., Auckland

When Writing to Advertisers Please Mention "The Ladies' Mirror"

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

The Lady Next Door

The Champion Newsgetter and Her Ways

by A. B. Root

SHE is the world's real newsgetter, the scoop-hunter of a yellow newspaper is not in the running with the Lady-next-door as a purveyor of fact and fiction. Every day brings its fresh little fish to her net, and over the back fence she will pass the tit-bit along, and the tale will lose nothing in the telling. A bit of scandal, to be sure. She would not have believed it of her, of course, but still—Accuracy is a vice which does not limit her, spice is her stock-in-trade, and (just between ourselves, dearie) her favourite audience is limited to one. It would be a slow old world without her, spinning round on an even keel in a silent, secretive sort of way, without even passing us the time of day. But the Lady-next-door makes it sit up and take notice, and when she begins to tear the neighbourhood to tatters you can feel the temperature warming up right away. It is her *metier* to spread the tidings of all that you have done or left undone to the interested street, and, in turn, to make you the repository of the dread secrets of the rest of the roadway.

Charles Garbage had nothing on her in the concoction of romance, the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is arid of information by comparison, and more stories begin with her than with an American magazine. And the beauty of it all is that she does it all in a purely honorary capacity, consciousness of duty nobly done is her sole and sufficient reward.

"The Lady-next-door tells me," you begin when your own dearly-beloved, arriving home late, as usual, after having settled the affairs of the Empire to his own satisfaction on the way home from his daily toil, shows up to deal, as requisite, as they say in the Navy, with the evening meal. You have fixed his interest right away; he feels that something interesting is coming; there is the promise of unwatered gossip in the mere phrase. For the difference between the Lady-next-door and your tradesmen is that she never disposes of underweight goods, and her wares are always up to sample. First quality and full value is her motto when dealing with the faults and foibles of her friends and neighbours.

So "The Lady-next-door tells me," you begin, and then look round at the kiddies and conclude, "I'll tell you when the children are in bed, John." The fact that he is a member of the superior sex precludes him from indulging in gossip, and it is pure accident that he helps to clear the small fry out of the way, to leave the coast clear for the latest exposition of the oracle.

That is a very adequate description of the Lady-next-door. She is the true successor of the voice of Delphos. On any subject you choose she will reveal the past,

and unhesitatingly sum up the future. As, for instance, "I wonder," your husband says to you, "I wonder what Robertson got for his house?"

"I don't know," you reply.

"Perhaps the Lady-next-door might be able to tell you," he hints.

And you know he is equivocating, or why the might? You know very well that the moment she is asked, she will be ready to tell you the price Robertson asked, how much less he took, and the particular variety of family skeleton which induced him to leave so attractive a locality. Naturally, the last is first in order of interest, and there isn't much cartilage left on the bones when the dusting is over.

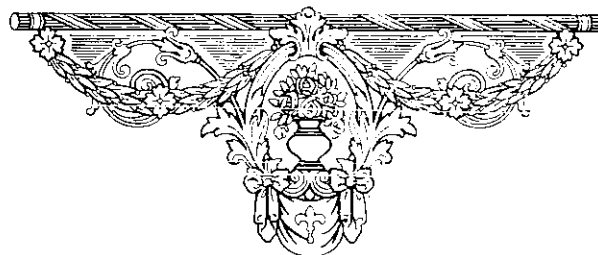
Now, where does the Lady-next-door run down all this information? "Excuse me, but I'm the Lady-next-door, and I came to inquire why your husband slept on the mat last night." No; she could not put it in that blunt way; would not, in fact, be guilty of such an error in tactics, or commit so blazing an indiscretion. How, then, this direct assault not being open, does she discover all the gossip of the street—the limit of her horizon. Does she just guess? No; there is rather too large a substratum of truth in her stories for that. Is she, then, a lineal descendant of the old witches of a century ago?

How did she learn that though the Browns allege that burglars went through the house and removed all the furniture, what really happened was that the time-payment man called, and collected the goods, on which payment was overdue, because Brown had had an unlucky spin at the races. Personally, you would have been ready to accept Mr. Brown's story, and offer your sympathy. Not so the Lady-next-door. Up goes her eyebrow, a sniff follows, and she tells you the truth.

But how is it done?

HORRIBLE thought! Every house has its Lady-next-door. Then you may be in the nature of a Lady-next-door to the Lady-next-door. And the vendors of the real news of the world are the wives in all the villas in all the streets of suburbs. When they are on the job Lord Northcliffe and Randolph Hearst and the rest of the tribe are amateurs at the game. These honorary newsvendors are in touch with the only reliable sources of information, with items more sensational than the American yellow press dreams of, and more intriguing than the French novel, which we can only half translate.

And remains the moral: When your husband reveals an unchecked interest in the sayings of the Lady-next-door, you must never let him discover that to the Man-next-door you are the Lady-next-door.



THE QUEST AFTER BEAUTY



*Common-sense
and the
Complexion
Specialist*

THERE'S something very disconcerting in reading advertisements of different creams, soaps, methods, or in going about to different beauty shops, because they seem to contradict each other; they seem, in fact, to give the direct lie to each other.

But it is well to remember that all the good proprietors and creators of these various things are in earnest; they believe in and respect their work.

They all have the same fundamentals, namely, the firming up of muscles that the wear and tear of life have pulled loose and lax; the preservation of the texture of young skin, thinness, clearness, softness; the stimulation of the circulation for the sake of colour in skin and hair and eyes, and also for the glossiness and thickness of hair, that young, alive look that worry and wear and tear (not time) take away from one; the retention of the contour of youth in the body, a beautiful slinness, elasticity, buoyancy, a battle against the scrawniness of age or the thickening of the waistline and the throat and between the shoulders in the back; a harmony externally with the type mentally.

Those of them who have chosen a soap method have got good results from it.

Those who think soap is ruinous and use only cold-cream have got good results from it.

The soap people have got best results from skin that was too oily, or not delicate.

The cold-cream people have got their best results from dry and delicate skins.

Some of them believe in one another, but most of them think they have the only really satisfactory method known.

Diagnose your own skin; is it dry or is it oily? If it's oily are you sure that your intestines are in good order. If it's dry, how are your nerves? If it is eruptive go to a good skin specialist who is a doctor, or, if you can't do that, go to a good every-day doctor and find out if there is anything wrong with you inside.

If you have acne, try a daily mask of herbs, and if that doesn't cure you, go to the best skin specialist you know of or can find out about. Acne can be cured; it is often a long process, but it *can be cured*. Wrinkles, blackheads, thick skin—there is a cure for every one of them.

Travel light. When you have found out the kind of thing that works for you, stick to it.

Experiment until you find your own. This is true not only in regard to beauty methods, but to the kind of clothes you wear, the kind of life you want to lead, the kind of husband you want to own, the kind of human beings you want your children to be, the kind of work you want to do, the kind of people you want as friends.

But be sure you experiment intelligently.

Take your hair, for instance. There are many, many good tonics

on the market. But back of all tonics is one fundamental fact—the massage of the scalp is more than half the cure. And the right kind of massage, with the cushions of the fingers, held firmly but not pressing hard, or the cushioned lower part of the hand. Making the scalp loose and the circulation strong is the fundamental. Learn to massage properly, diagnose your hair, get the kind of tonic it ought to have and stick to it.

And for the face, the fundamentals are not to stretch the skin or muscles, but keep the pores fine, lift, lift, train the muscles to stay taut as they do in youth; not to feed an oily face with more oils, but get the glands active; not to dry out the dry skin with anything that has glycerin in it in any preponderance. Keep it clean, keep clean inside, find a pure, good cold-cream, if you use creams, or a good, pure, mild soap, if you need soap, and stick to them.

Read the best beauty articles you know of—don't scatter over the whole field; go a few times to the best beauty specialist you can find—*The Ladies' Mirror* can give you a list—try her method out faithfully, and if it agrees with you, stick to it. If you don't see a decided change in a month's time, it isn't the right method for you.

If you use Madame So-and-So's cleansing cream, give it a fair trial. Remember also that her other preparations are devised to work in harmony with it. Here is a point which is sometimes overlooked.

It's all this awful bothering that makes us look dragged and worried and shallow and all alike.

Then sit down in your nice, clean, fairly empty house, and say: "Just this one winter, at least, I am going to own myself. Of course, I can't absolutely, but just as far as I can. If the earth suddenly turns over and stands on its head, I'm not going to bother. I'm just going to hang on, clutch the few people I love, and see it through without turning a hair."

"If I'm the ugliest woman I know, I'm going to find a perfectly quiet, clean-cut way of making that ugliness striking and magnetic. I'm not going to stay in any old place life chooses to put me. I'm going to ride Life just this one winter, instead of its riding me!"

Sooner or later, life has a way of jumping up suddenly and thrusting out its chin at you. And when it has once done it, the fight is on, and it won't stop until one of you has proved yourself the master.

The quickest way to command life is to travel light, to throw away all the things you don't need, to make the number of things just as small as you can make it. And then fight! Fight for beauty in your life. And freedom. Your family won't lose by it. Own yourself!

The great beauties of history were the great lovers, the great lovers, the people who kept their emotions young and plastic.

Clean house this winter. Throw out all the little, petty, messy things that bind your wings. Life—this life here, anyway—is so destructive of women, unless they refuse to be destroyed—to be snowed under by trifles.

HIGH CLASS HAIR WORK

Transformations, Partings, Toupets, Switches

Faded hair work tinted or renovated

MISS HANSEN

Phone 312A 53 City Chambers, Auckland

Miss FOX

Graduate Marnell Training College, Chicago, U.S.A.

Face and Scalp Specialist

Phone 819-A H.B. Buildings Queen Street, Auckland

HYGEIA
TOILET ROOMS

Hair and Scalp Treatment, Face Massage, Electrical and Violet Ray Treatment, Electrolysis, Hair Tinting, Dainty Toilet Requisites, All Branches Toilet Work Specialised

MRS. J. ARTHUR

Victoria Street Hamilton

Phone 2859

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED

"Words fail when I try to express my thankfulness for your cure," writes one sufferer. The dual remedy Rheumaline-Oxygene is indeed working modern wonders. Booklet, *The Broken Crutch*, explains how. Write for copy, free on application, to Dominion Rheumatic Cure Pty. Ltd., Bellaby Bldgs. Auckland

Making Sweets
at Home

Delicious chocolates and other dainty sweets can be made at home quite easily. Learn how to make them yourself at the

RENOWN SWEET SCHOOL

Success Guaranteed

Personal Tuition or by Correspondence

Send stamped envelope for particulars to

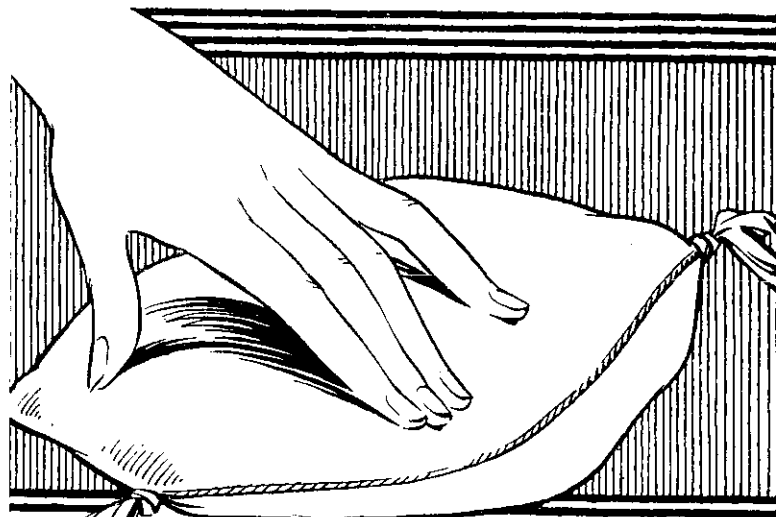
The Renown Sweet School

(2nd floor) City Chambers, Queen Street, Auckland

Sample Box

3/-

post free



Are you proud of your hands?

Sydal is a favourite with thousands of housewives. Don't be without it. The price is only 2/- a jar—and a jar lasts for months.

Rub a little Sydal into the hands every evening and notice how quickly the redness and roughness vanishes.

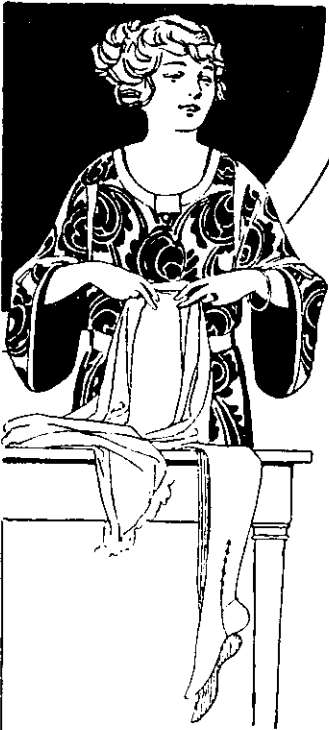
Ask at your store or at the nearest chemist for a jar of Sydal.

Are your hands attractive, or are they always red and rough as the result of continual housework? As a matter of fact, you can have soft, white, supple hands, no matter how much housework you do. Use Sydal. It banishes all ill effects, counteracts the irritation caused by strong soaps, and improves the skin wonderfully. So good is this hand emollient that New Zealanders write for it from as far as London and Vancouver.

Sydal

(WILTON'S HAND EMOLLIENT)

Made by THE SYDAL PROPRIETARY, 75 Kent Terrace, Wellington



Don't Throw Clothes Away —Dye Them

New blouses, new skirts,
new stockings from old—
by a delightful, safe and
sure home process.

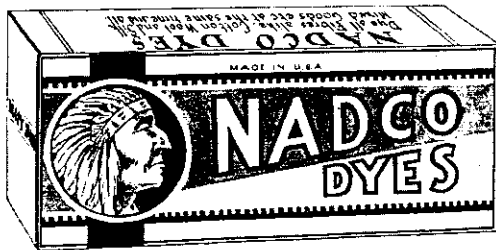
NADCO fast colours will
dye silk, cotton, wool,
linen, or any mixed fab-
rics in 30 minutes.

NADCO is a joy to use

20
Fast Colours
No stained hands
or utensils

1/-
A CAKE

Easy Directions
on each package
Of all stores and chemists



One Real Dye for ALL Fabrics



Fashionable Footwear

Featuring only the daintiest and most fashionable footwear, selected from the best makers in the world, has given to *The Firm of Fowlds* the reputation for ladies shoes of quality and distinction. . . . A splendidly appointed ladies' fitting room is provided, to which you are cordially invited. The "Nursery Corner" caters specially for the "Tiny Tots' feet. Let them come and sit in the "Goosey, Goosey Gander Chair."



The FIRM of FOWLDS Victoria
Arcade
Auckland



The Pleasures of a Seaside Home!

WERE there ever such delights as a family's daily association with the clean, sweet sea? There, united in loving happiness, all knowing and understanding each other better, they pile up a store of treasured memories for the years to come. The call of the sea is irresistible and its pleasures ever new. Glance at the bare-legged kiddies with buckets and spades; listen to their gurgles of delight; even mother, free from the daily duties of the home, enjoys the delight of splashing in the briny. Can you realise what all this means to the family, lifted right into a different atmosphere.

WHERE EVERY MINUTE IS CRAMMED WITH SIXTY SECONDS OF REAL ENJOYMENT,

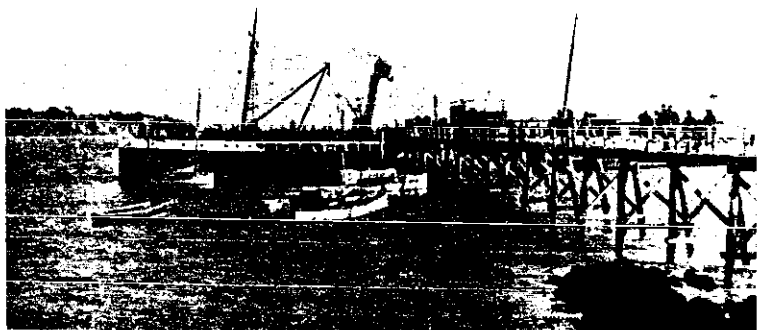
where they breathe the fresh, pure air which puts new life into a tired body and colour into a pale cheek. These joys and more can be had, not in one holiday, but many, on your own section, where you can see your allotment grow in beauty and productivity, when by the work of your own hands and that of your little sons' the bungalow becomes replete with your own ideas for comfort and convenience. You have the power to bring a lifetime of happiness to your family.

BUY THEM a SEASIDE SECTION at SURFDALÉ where at a very small cost they can enjoy the delights of the beach and the freshness of the country at any time. Think of spending your week-ends in a thickly-populated suburb, where bricks and mortar take the place of bush and green grass, where every breath you breathe is charged with smoke and dust, and then just consider **THAT ONLY ONE HOUR FROM QUEEN ST.**

is Surfdale, with its pure, fresh air, its clean sunshine, its health-giving recreations of boating, fishing, surfing and swimming. The situation of Surfdale is ideal, the sections generously roomy, there are special reserves to ensure a continuance of green breathing spaces in spite of rapid growth, the choice of two of the most delightful beaches near Auckland, and, to cap everything, the prices are reasonable, and the terms of purchase so easy as to be within the reach of all. **Superb Seaside Sections from £25 to £70** on a nominal deposit and **only eightpence a day**, with no interest and no rates. Regular N.S.S. Co.'s steamer service.

ONEROA BEACH ESTATES

Phone 1184A Wright's Buildings, Fort St., corner Commerce St., Auckland



P.S. Wakatere at Surfdale Wharf.

GOLF DOINGS

by "Putting Green"

THE golf season is in full swing once again, and Auckland is in the happy position of having five clubs within easy reach, there being Middlemore, Maungakiekie, Titirangi, Devonport, and the newly-formed one at Kohimarama at our disposal. Notwithstanding this, at least one of the larger clubs is considering the advisability of closing the membership list, as the numbers even at present prove too large for the accommodation available.

No tournaments have been played yet, but the season's matches are well under way, and are drawing large entries.

At Middlemore, one of the club fixtures—the Hope Lewis Cup—is approaching its final stages, and should provide some good matches. It is handicap match play, which is always popular. This medal is

dition, and many members of the Ladies' Golf Club have reduced their handicaps during the last few weeks. Amongst these were Lady Boys, Mrs. A. G. Donald, Mrs. R. C. Symes, Mrs. R. J. Tosswill, Miss N. Right, Mrs. Vernon and Mrs. Robbie. For the Coronation Medal, which was played at May 8th, the best cards handed in were:—Mrs. Tosswill, 92—16, 76; Mrs. Green, 92—15, 77; Mrs. Donald, 88—9, 79; Miss Wilkin, 97—18, 79; Miss May Newton, 98—19, 79.

The substitution of silver spoons for the silver buttons formerly given to winners of the monthly medal matches, has proved most popular, and there is very keen competition for these coveted little trophies, which are played for on the first Wednesday of each month.

The tournament held at Bal-



At the New Zealand Championship Meeting at Heretaunga.

Back Row.—Miss Bell, Mrs. Colbeck, Mrs. Guy Williams, Miss Robieson and Mrs. Mellsop.

Front Row.—Miss Anderson, Mrs. Gardner, Miss Wright and Miss M. Payton.

competed for annually in the same week by all the clubs affiliated with the New Zealand Ladies Golf Union.

The Middlemore Club has a large number of girl members, with an age limit of 18. These young players are receiving every encouragement, as it is recognised that the future of any club mainly depends on its young members. Special matches have been arranged for them by the Committee.

The New Zealand championship will be played on the Wanganui links between September 15th and 20th, and, being so central, will no doubt draw a large number of entries. The Australian one, to be played on the Rose Bay links this year, is also fixed for September.

A movement is on foot to provide an Auckland Provincial Championship Cup. The want of this has long been felt, as it has been a severe tax on any club holding an open tournament to provide a suitable cup for competition. The Middlemore Club, which started the movement, has donated £5, and also opened a subscription list, by means of which a considerable amount has been raised. The other local clubs have been approached, and will no doubt contribute their share. The idea is that the cup should be competed for annually on one of the Auckland links.

The home links Coronation Medal was played last month, but none of the Auckland ladies provided a score that is likely to win.

The Christchurch links at Shirley are at present in excellent con-

dition, and many members of the Ladies' Golf Club have reduced their handicaps during the last few weeks. Amongst these were Lady Boys, Mrs. A. G. Donald, Mrs. R. C. Symes, Mrs. R. J. Tosswill, Miss N. Right, Mrs. Vernon and Mrs. Robbie. For the Coronation Medal, which was played at May 8th, the best cards handed in were:—Mrs. Tosswill, 92—16, 76; Mrs. Green, 92—15, 77; Mrs. Donald, 88—9, 79; Miss Wilkin, 97—18, 79; Miss May Newton, 98—19, 79.

The final round of the Otago Ladies' Championship was played off in the morning, Miss Anderson (Christchurch) being defeated by Mrs. J. A. Cook (Dunedin).

In the afternoon a mixed foursome was played, when Mrs. Ronald Orbell and Mr. Cuthbertson (North Otago) tied with Miss Theomin and Mr. Brasch (Otago), and later these two couples had to play off, the win being scored by the visitors.

The Hamilton championship is always a very popular one, and comes later in the season. Most of the prominent players who are able, avail themselves of this opportunity of playing on what is undoubtedly the finest course in New Zealand.

Mrs. H. Douglas, President of the Hamilton Ladies' Golf Club, entertained the members at competitions and tea recently. Slight showers during play failed to mar the enthusiasm of the players, the 9-hole, 6-hole and 3-hole being won by Mrs. Bray, Mrs. Guy and Mrs. (Capt.) Johnstone, respectively.

Tea was laid on the long, narrow tables in the club-house, and beautiful blooms of gold, brown and henna-coloured chrysanthemums and trailing foliage were used for the decorations.

The Captain of the Club, Mrs. Douglas Hay, on behalf of the members, thanked the hostess for the very delightful afternoon they had spent.

Your Morning Cup



WHAT a treat it is to get a nice cup of tea first thing in the morning; rousing you fully awake from your slumbers and freshening you up for the beginning of another new day.

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SOCIAL DOINGS

(Continued from page 7)

discussion of literary subjects; the Singing Circle, under the direction of Mrs. Ginn; the Arts and Crafts, with Lady Gibbes as its president; the Bridge Circle, and now, latest of all, a Debating Circle. The idea is not only to train its members to speak in public, but also to make them familiar with the procedure followed at meetings, and to this end it has been carefully planned. Some most entertaining debates are likely to take place, nor is it intended to be too serious and instructive. Who knows what famous women speakers may emerge from the Debating Circle of the Pioneer Club?

VERY amazing thing is the way in which community singing has seized hold of the people in Wellington. There is no hall large enough to contain them now, and hundreds are turned away disappointed. The "sings," as they are popularly called, are arranged to begin at one o'clock, and at the last one, which was held in the Grand Opera House, people began to gather at half-past eleven o'clock. At any public gathering of people, or indeed at private gatherings, community singing takes place, and there is no question of the fact that it is having a marked effect upon the spirits of the people. Some of the "community sings" that have been held in the Town Hall or the Opera House (they have been held in both) are of course more full of verve than others, as it all depends upon who leads, and people come away cheered for the day if it has been a particularly spirited affair.

A PARTICULARLY active organisation is the Kelburn Croquet Club. Its membership is large, and great is their enthusiasm for play. Recently they held their prize-giving for the season 1921-22 in the Kelburn Kiosk, and combined with it a social afternoon. The president, Mrs. McVilly, who was presented with a beautiful bouquet of chrysanthemums, received the visitors. Golden brown chrysanthemums and autumn foliage decorated the inner room of the kiosk, also the small tables upon which tea was afterwards set. Songs were given by Miss Lempfert and Miss Lily Cameron, and last, but by no means least, there was "community singing," led by Mrs. Shannon, with Mrs. Watkins at the piano. Mrs. D. C. Bates recited three charming little lyrics. After tea had been served, Mrs. McVilly handed the prizes to the fortunate winners.—DOROTHEA.

CHRISTCHURCH

THE members of the Christchurch Jazz Club, whose weekly dances have been so very popular during the last two years, are already finding it a difficult matter to limit the number of their guests, so that the Winter Garden may not be overcrowded. On the opening night some beautiful frocks were worn, while most of the dancers carried ostrich feather fans, which are becoming quite a vogue. Mrs. F. W. Freeman wore a very handsome frock of jet over satin, and a band of jet in her hair, while her sister, Miss Cookson (Whangarei), was in black charmeuse with a short train at one side; Miss Frances Cracroft Wilson wore black net, the flounces of the skirt being embroidered with gold beads; Mrs. Frank Scott,

rose-pink taffeta; Mrs. A. A. McMaster, georgette, heavily embroidered in cerise and blue beads, and finished with long cerise sash; Mrs. L. V. Comerford, rose taffeta, trimmed with wheels of kilted ribbon; Mrs. J. G. Hawkins, black charmeuse, trimmed with jet; Miss Dorothy Diamond, black souple satin and pink roses. Others present were: Sir Charles and Lady Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wauchope, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Ward, and Misses O. Strachey, Norton, Lascelles, B. Cowlshaw, Palmer, R. Gibson, J. Fulton and Fox.

At a meeting of the Society for Imperial Culture, held at Mrs. Claude Sawtell's pretty home in Cashel Street, an interesting address on "Form in Music in Relation to Thought," given by the Rev. Hubert Jones, was illustrated by Mozart's "Allegretto," the first movement of Arensky's "Trio," and Schumann's "Etude," rendered by Mrs. J. E. Russell and party. Among those present were: Mrs. Avery, Mrs. T. G. R. Blunt, Dr. and Mrs. John Guthrie, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jamieson, Rev. and Mrs. Hubert Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Rankin, Mrs. Robinson (Miss Vera A'Court), Mrs. Russell, Professor and Mrs. Shelley, Miss M. O. Stoddart, Mrs. Richard Wallwork, and Mr. and Mrs. B. E. H. Whitcombe.—ISOBEL.

DUNEDIN

SISTER C. E. Turnbull, of Montecillo Red Cross Home, Mornington, was married the other day in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Dunedin, to Mr. Lionel Gordon Wright, of Waimate. Both had seen active service. Sister Turnbull was one of the twelve nurses chosen by the New Zealand Government to join the Australian Nursing Corps. She went first to Egypt, and then to France, serving altogether about four and a half years.

The engagement is announced of Miss Marjorie Hart, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hyam Hart, formerly of this city, now residing in Sydney, to Mr. Mordaunt Keesing, an Auckland now practising his profession as an architect in Sydney.

VERY enjoyable "At Home" was given by Mrs. Petre (St. Clair), in the Lounge at the Savoy Tea Rooms, prior to the marriage of her daughter. Many intimate friends of both were present. The rooms were beautifully decorated with bowls of yellow chrysanthemums, and sprays of autumn foliage, while suspended above the entrance, where Mrs. and Miss Isobel Petre stood to receive their guests, was a beautiful good-luck horse-shoe of chrysanthemums and yellow pansies. Tea and coffee were served at small tables. During the afternoon, Mrs. Petre delighted all present with her pianoforte playing. Present were: Lady Williams, Mesdames Fulton, Galloway, Laidlaw, Theomin, Riley, Macassey, senr., W. H. Reynolds, Garth, Galloway, H. de C. Arthur, Bridgeman, O'Neill, Hill, Digby Smith, Dodshun, E. J. Macassey, Roxby, C. Turnbull, Eustace Macassey, Nixon, G. Wilkie, C. Todd, D. R. Petre, and Misses Sise, Webster, Fullarton (2), Irvin, Napier, Brent, Tucker, Todd, Wilkinson, Easter and Hart.

The engagement is announced of Miss Flora Macdonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, of Edievale, Southland, and sister of Mrs. David Allan, of Dunedin, to Dr. Crawford, of Invercargill.

The engagement is also announced of Miss Ruth Douglas, second daughter of Mrs. J. Fleming Douglas, to Mr. Russell Hill, of London.—LEONORA.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD



Miss A. Cossey, Secretary of the Auckland Female Employees' Industrial Union of Workers.

ONE of Auckland's busiest women workers is Miss A. Cossey, who, as Secretary of the Tailoresses and Female Clothing Trade Employees' Union, looks after the interests of dressmakers, milliners and other women workers in Auckland. There are about 2000 members in the union, so that a great responsibility devolves upon Miss Cossey, but she has proved herself very capable, and the girls are fortunate in having such a staunch advocate and adviser.

Miss Bonnie Maunders, who is head saleswoman in the warehouse of Archibald Clark and Sons Ltd., Auckland, has become engaged to Mr. M. Walsh, of Northcote, and an early wedding is rumoured.

A four months' holiday tour in the U.S.A. is the very charming reward which Miss Florence Cogan is now enjoying for her devotion to the service of Mr. R. H. Abbott, of Auckland. Miss Cogan, who is accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Abbott on their delightful trip, has been secretary to Mr. Abbott for many years, and carries out with conspicuous ability all the secretarial and confidential work in connection with Mr. Abbott's numerous property and other interests. The party left on the "Makura," and proposed spending a week in San Francisco, then going on a motoring tour through California.

After holding an important position for some years in the millinery salon of one of the largest drapery houses in Hamilton, Miss Amie Reisterer has come to Auckland, and taken up a similar position in the millinery department of Messrs. Smith and Caghey Ltd. She has a very charming personality, and being a clever saleswoman, will no doubt make headway in her new sphere.

The many friends and acquaintances of Miss Kitty Grace will regret her absence from the Queen City. Until recently Miss Grace held the position of shipping clerk with Messrs. Turnbull and Jones, but she has recently been compelled to return to her home in Nelson on account of the death of her sister.

As confidential typiste and book-keeper to the Auckland Centre of the New Zealand Branch of the British Red Cross Society, Miss Vera Lyons fills an important post. The whole of the clerical work of the branch is entrusted to her care, and it is not surprising that she has made herself almost indispensable. Outside her work, in which she takes the keenest interest, Miss Lyons also enjoys tennis, and is a capable horsewoman.

Miss Mary Jonas, who is head typiste in the office of Messrs. John Court Ltd., is at present convalescing at her home in Waimauku after a severe illness. All her friends will wish her a speedy return to health.



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The "Mattamac" is waterproof—absolutely. In appearance it is identical with the ordinary Raincoat. Though one-third the weight and half the price, it will keep you dry in any weather. Being wind and Chill proof as well as Wet proof, it can be used *additionally* as a Light Overcoat for Driving, Motoring, etc.

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THE NEW COURSE IN INTERIOR DECORATING

"I'M going to make a silk lamp-shade just the shape Lord Hartley had in his rooms," said Mary.

"Yes, wasn't it a dear? And if I can afford it, I'm going to make some oblong pillows, like those Margaret Sherman had in her boudoir. They are awfully smart, aren't they?"

No, they were not coming from a reception at Lord Hartley's nor a dinner at the Shermans. Mary and Barbara had been to that great educator of the supposedly middle classes, the pictures. Going to the pictures these days is like taking a course in Interior Decorating. And, what's more, the average home is benefiting from the new ideas in decoration.

The furniture in the pictures, of, say, even ten years ago, was just furniture. Things are different to-day. To-day, producers are using their skill in making the movie a thing of beauty, as well as a guide to what to have in the home.

If the actors represent culture, you may be sure that their background reflects the same strata of life. The home of good taste is the one quite free from too many ornaments. When you see a representation of a young man's living-room, you may be sure that the plain-line furniture, the severe hangings and rugs, the comfortable chairs, the big fireplace, represent the sort a young man of wealth is likely to have.

The keynote of the modern living-room is simplicity, taste and beauty. These are echoed in the

films. But be sure that you are copying the right kind of rooms, the rooms inhabited by the people you want to be like—and then go ahead and copy.

In colour, of course, you must use your own judgment. But, even here, the pictures will help you. You can tell the colour of wood-work by the polish of the wood. Oak is dull, mahogany is polished. In decorating a home, it is well to avoid brilliant colours. Keep to quiet tones, except in small touches, an occasional brilliant cushion or a daring vase. The pictures, if you watch them, will give you the intensity of tone even in these things.

The real homes of people of culture and standing are shown in detail and correctly. For years real exteriors were shown on the screen. Now, by the use of the moving studio lights, real interiors can be taken. Millionaires are as delighted to have the interiors of their home snapped as they were formerly in having the exteriors.

Each studio to-day has its own decorator, who chooses personally each piece of furniture. If there is any question about suitability, books on decoration are consulted. Colour is chosen with as much care as if it were to appear in its original hues. So, when you go to the pictures to-day, besides an entertainment, you are receiving a course in interior decorating. Keep your eyes open, and study the background as well as the foreground, if you wish to beautify your own home.



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What would be more gratifying than to have in your home one or two rare pieces of pottery, a gem of beautiful cloisonné, of Eastern ivory carving, an antique Benares tray, or a choice specimen of wonderful Japanese Needlework? Or, how suitable for gifts to artistic friends? Something rare and choice, something that is certain not to be duplicated by any other donor, and because of its rarity and charm, something that will cause you to be remembered. . . . For such objects of art and unusual gifts call and inspect the beautiful collection at the Bazaar of

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The wedding group of Miss Isobel Wilkie and Mr. Lawson Field, recently married at Renuera, and photographed at the home of Dr. Robertson, uncle of Miss Wilkie. The bride's beautiful frock of white brocade is ornamented with gold roses on the train. The bridesmaids—Miss Jean Wilkie, sister of the

bride, Miss Ruth Robertson, cousin of the bride, and Miss Frances Field, sister of the bridegroom, are in turquoise blue taffeta with silver lace, and carry Early Victorian bouquets. Little Misses Elizabeth Robertson and Cecile Upton are the train-bearers, wearing dainty Kate Greenaway frocks of white satin, and lace caps.

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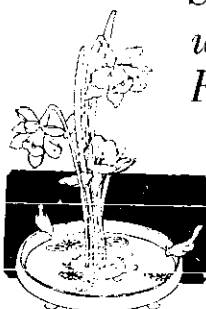
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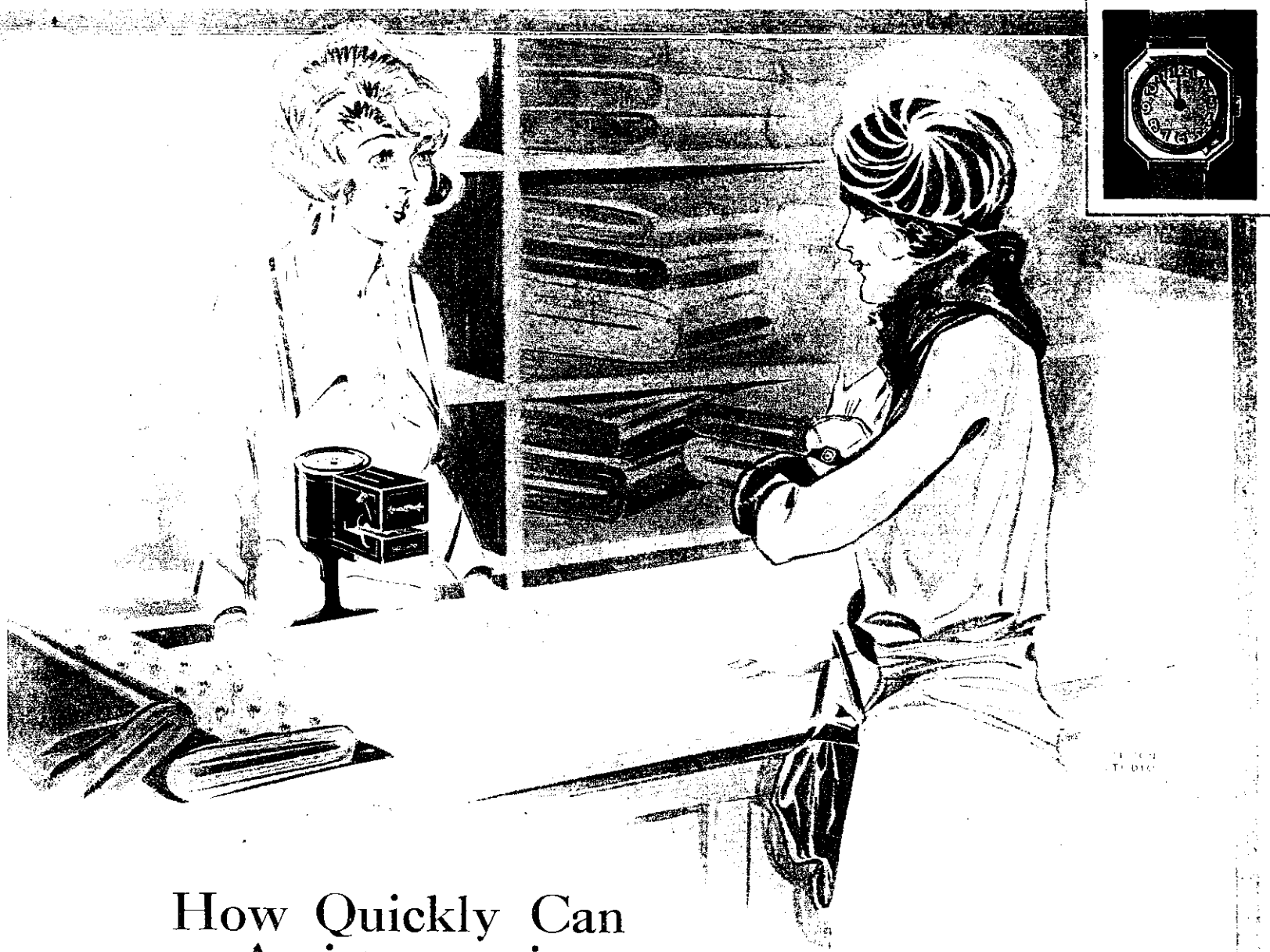
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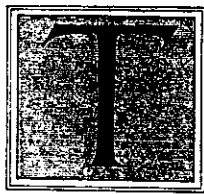
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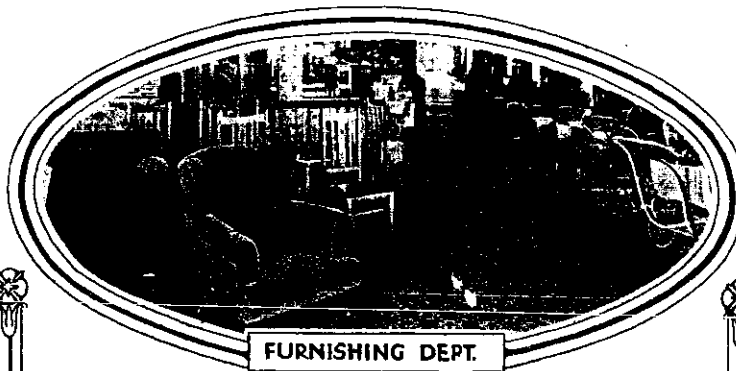
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