

THE LADIES' MIRROR

The Fashionable Ladies' Journal of New Zealand

1st. SEPTEMBER

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One Shilling per copy
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THE MIRROR PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, AUCKLAND



THE hard work of washing comes from a misunderstanding of the values of soap. Soap when made of pure ingredients lathers freely—removes dirt quickly—is easier to wash with, less rubbing being required. Ordinary common soap, which contains cheap chemicals, does not lather freely, needs more rubbing, rots fabrics quickly and roughens the hands.

The easiest way of washing clothes that has ever been found, is to use *pure* soap. That is why Taniwha Soap is coming into universal favour everywhere. It is perfectly *pure*. Try it and prove it for yourself.

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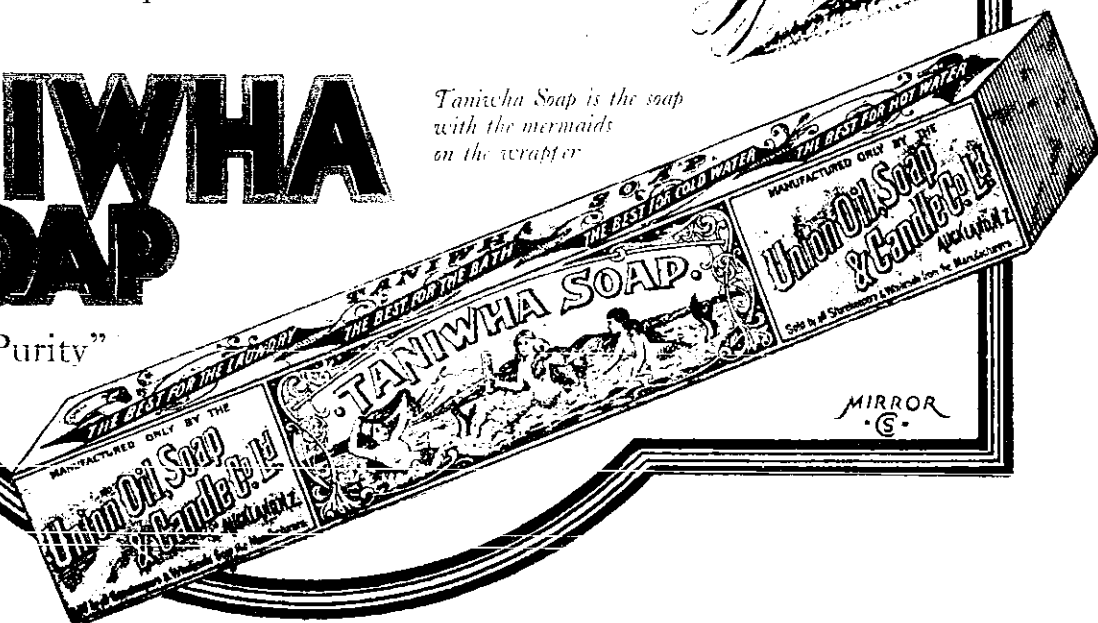
**TANIWHA
SOAP**

"The Golden Bar of Purity"

The Mermaid Mystery

Many housewives will wonder what a mermaid has to do with soap. According to mythology, the mermaid lives in the sea, and should have no need of soap, but for 22 years mermaids have been associated with Taniwha Soap, by having their figures imprinted on its wrappers. One of these charming mermaids has now been chosen to tell the housewives of New Zealand of the wonderful qualities of the soap which these wrappers unfold.

*Taniwha Soap is the soap
with the mermaids
on the wrapper*



MIRROR
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After a Cold Day at the Links

Grey days are good golf days—and grey days are cold . . . How fresh is the wind from the Southern ice—how bleak is the breeze from the East!

But only when the round is finished are you conscious that the air is chill, and that—yes, you have a regular longing for a good warm nourishing cup of delicious Caley's Cocoa. . . A splendid idea! And Caley's Cocoa it shall be. There could be no finer beverage—a liquid food, appeasing alike both appetite and thirst. How welcome to the sharpened palate and the wind parched throat—how stimulating to the exercised muscles and nerves!

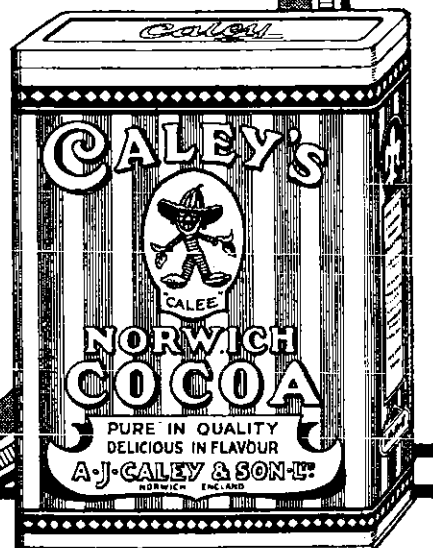
CALEY'S COCOA

Caley's Cocoa is a delight for every day. In your vacuum flask you can take it hot and steaming to the links. . . On cold days it is ideal for breakfast, luncheon or supper.

You will enjoy the milky chocolate flavour of Caley's Cocoa and you can be sure that every spoonful contains nourishment for body and brain.

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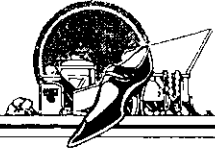
Grocery stores everywhere sell Caley's Cocoa—high grade English Cocoa popular throughout our Empire.



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The LADIES' MIRROR

The Fashionable Ladies' Journal of New Zealand

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VOL. I.—No. 3

1ST SEPTEMBER 1922

ONE SHILLING

Foreword

IN this land of ours—this Zealand which we can so proudly call New, we have scarcely yet begun to realise how rich we are in material for a literature of our own—something alive and instinct with the strength and vigour of a race living close to the soil. Nature is here so bountiful, so rich in type and interest as to be practically inexhaustible.

Not yet, however, has more than a beginning been made by writers to use this infinite wealth of background in connection with a vital human interest. At present our literary work as a whole is uncertain. It is advancing hesitatingly, slowly but surely, and there are already signs that the present century will see more than the beginning of a distinctive literature of our own. In the meantime, let us set a high standard for those who wish to join the select company of writers. Says Lewis Morris:—

*"Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime."*

There are two features in this issue which will, we hope, interest our readers. Hitherto literary aspirants have not found it easy to obtain independent and reliable criticism of their efforts at prose or verse. Henceforth, in the columns of "Answers to Correspondents," the senders of manuscripts will be enabled to read a fair criticism of their work. They will thus be enabled to gauge their ability, and at the same time to receive advice as to the development of their particular talent.

Further, the woman who takes an interest in literature usually has some favourite poem or verse, and, as it has been chosen because of some quality that makes a peculiar appeal to her taste, a collection of these should prove of interest to other lovers of poetry. So, provided they are not too lengthy, we shall be pleased to make a selection of those poems sent in for publication in *The Ladies' Mirror*.

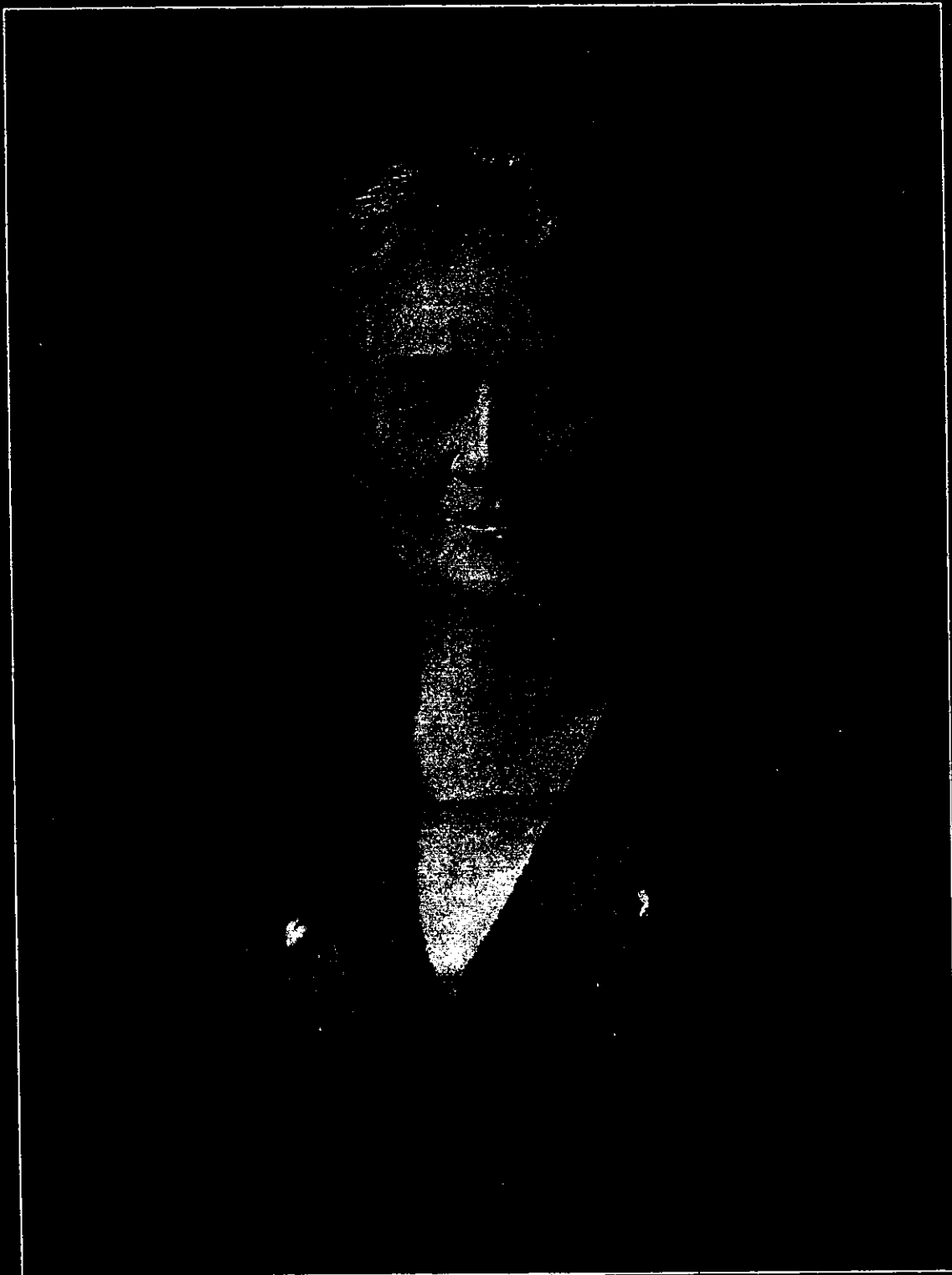
In the realm of Fashion, we shall portray in our next issue some rather fascinating frocks reflecting the very spirit of the Spring-time that is at our doors. In these will be found an infinite number of suggestions, all of them fresh, and delightfully new.

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*Suaine, London, Photo.*

A NEW ZEALAND WIFE AND MOTHER

Mrs. Massey, C.B.E., the wife
of the Right Honourable W.
F. Massey, P.C., LL.D., Edin.,
Premier of New Zealand

Editorial Reflections

The Progress of Feminism

WOMAN'S era has begun; the burgeoning of the sex, clad for action, thrusting up like poppies in a field of corn, red and warm with the hues of a new dawn, is perhaps the one bright spot in our post-war life. Marvellous indeed are the changes revealed to the student of the affairs of the body politic—forced upon the notice of the most casual observer strolling down life's pathway. Almost with the speed of light have they come upon us, and a light to the world is indeed their message and portent. Less noticeable perhaps in this freer dominion, than in the caste-ridden social systems of the older nations, woman's progress is still definite, absolute and astounding. The changes are for the better, there is only one thing that has crashed—mystery.

Sex mystery was a thing unknown to the ancients; neither Greek nor Roman knew it; the Egyptian was never bound in its shackles. The mystery of woman arose out of the wars of Christianity; a gift from the Orient that the Occident might well have been spared. The womenfolk of the Turk and the Moroccan are never seen; they live on cushions, locked up, and they grow disastrously fat and stupid. Chivalry imported some of these methods into the West, with its troubadours and love-singers, whose place was later taken by the poets of eroticism. The mystery became a tyranny under Puritanism, a tyranny that persisted until it was exploded by the suffrage Acts passed by the Dominions, and decently buried when despairing Englishwomen smacked the faces of policemen in the streets of London. Followed the women of the war, magnificently self-sacrificing and courageous, out of whom evolved the flapper, to be succeeded by the strong, wholesome woman of to-day—without a mystery. The hysterical fainting damsel of the early Victorian era has gone, the self-reliant woman, sure of herself, and insistent on her equality, ready to prove her worth in a world of work, has come to force man to adjust his opinions. The more women emerge as workers, thinkers, doers and fighters for impersonal ends, the quicker will man respond to this adjustment.

The sex war is at an end. Women have won to a sensible freedom. Girls are being educated to stand four square, and on their faces the most confirmed misogynist can detect the bloom of confidence. Women are moving up. The home may be more noisy under the newer system than that of the stern Victorian, but it is infinitely more joyous and companionable. And so throughout the wide world, the spirit of the time has carried women of all creeds and races on its wings to a broader life and a newer freedom.

Some Forward Movements Among Women

EVEN in India, that most conservative stronghold of masculinity, women have not only demanded, but have obtained, legal sanction to share with men the responsibilities of local government. In Karachi, for instance, the sex qualification has recently been removed which prevented women from becoming municipal councillors. A movement in a similar direction is on foot in Bombay, and there can be no doubt that women in India are now having opportunities for public service opened up in various directions.

In South Africa the woman movement progresses slowly. The citadels of conservatism are strongly entrenched in that country, but its women are congratulating themselves that their enfranchisement is not so very far distant, since the Woman's Suffrage Bill was defeated recently by the very narrow majority of four votes only. Nor are women permitted to practise law in any province of the South African Union as yet.

Curiously enough, the women of Jersey are similarly restricted, for in that interesting little island a woman may not practise either as a barrister or a solicitor. Compared with New Zealand in this respect, they are far behind us; for it is quite twenty years since women have been admitted to the legal profession in this country. We are now so accustomed to use our vote, and to the presence among us of women lawyers and doctors, to say nothing of women on town councils, hospital and education boards and committees, that it certainly comes as a surprise to learn that neither Italian nor

French women have as yet obtained the general suffrage, though in Uruguay, where the Woman Suffrage Bill has just been postponed, it has every prospect of early success.

In the Business World

IT is still said in some quarters that women do not succeed in the higher walks of business. Although this is undoubtedly true of women in the aggregate, it must be admitted that in quite a number of cases in which opportunities were ready to hand, individual women have made their mark. It would seem that want of capacity or of business acumen is not their handicap. No one can deny that French women have the business sense very well developed, but English women have not yet made a very conspicuous showing in that direction. We certainly have Lady Rhondda proving that mine management, and the successful conduct of an immense business, is not beyond the grasp of the feminine brain. She merely succeeded, however, to a firmly-established industry. She did not create it. It is true that she had a long preparation for the work, and it may be inferred that, given the necessary training and incentive, women are perfectly well able to make a success of those callings which demand a firm grip of business conditions. Whether it is desirable that they should strive to fit themselves for such callings, is quite another matter, and does not enter into this discussion at all.

Women As Bankers

IT is not long since the notion that women knew anything about financial matters would have been treated as a joke. Outside the large army of stenographers and girl clerks, a woman's knowledge of banking was for the most part limited to the successful banking of her husband's cheques. But here, again, the war wrought great changes. While it lasted, women clerks in great numbers were to be seen in English, as well as American banks, and, on the whole, they were fairly satisfactory; but, at the close of the war, the men resumed their old positions, as far as England was concerned. In America, however, though the girl clerk disappeared to a great extent, the woman bank official remained. She had come to stay; and she has done so to some purpose.

Prominent among those who remained is Mrs. Laimbeer, who, after serving with the United States Mortgage and Trust Company, showed such capacity that she was made assistant secretary of the Company—a post which placed her at the head of the women's departments of the various branches of the Bank. To her has fallen the notable distinction of being the first woman ever invited to address the American Bankers' Association. Naturally enough, she is a staunch believer in the fitness of women for undertaking such work as hers. "I have come," she said recently in a noteworthy speech, "to look upon women in the trust company as serving the part of *liaison* officers, who act as a connecting link between the bank and its customers, not only women, but men."

They Are Practical, Too

THESE women have some very thorough, as well as novel methods. Thus, Mrs. K. Cammack, who had superintended the War Relief Surgical Work Headquarters in New York, was at the close of the war appointed assistant secretary of the New York Trust Company. Her speciality is bank extension work, and she carries it out by addressing clubs, schools, and public gatherings, showing the advantages of making definite income arrangements. In this connection she gives valuable instruction to young people, particularly to girls, in handling their allowances or their earnings.

Altogether there are more than twenty women who are to-day filling important responsible positions in United States banks and trust companies. Of these, at least three have founded savings banks for women, and in these the whole staff consists of women also. One of these banks has a branch devoted to what is called the "baby business." It is really a babies' savings bank. By addressing a letter to every new-born infant in the community, the parents are encouraged to open a savings bank account in the baby's name, and, although the bank has been opened only three years, the business resulting in this department alone has proved quite satisfactory.

THE GIRL AS A NATION BUILDER

What Is Being Done for Our Girls



The Auckland Y.W.C.A.

ON the right hand side, and about half way as you go along Upper Queen Street, stands a handsome brick building. It is imposing and dignified, solid yet alert, with its inviting entrance, and generous swing-doors—a centre of activities of which few people seem to know anything very definite. It is an open club-house for girls and women. For them are all sorts of privileges. Are they very tired with shopping or business? In the rest-room they may relax at their ease. Do they require lunch or tea? There is the *cafeteria* with its appetising well-cooked food, its white tables, its glorious harbour view.

Is a girl lonely? She will find friends, sympathy, help and advice here. All are hers for the asking. Is she a stranger requiring direction? She need go no further. No matter what she wishes to know, the smiling secretary in the enquiry bureau is ready to answer any question. She is there for that purpose, and many hundreds of questions are answered by her between the working hours of 9 a.m. and 9.30 p.m. each day.

The moment one steps into the spacious lounge with its quietly tasteful settees grouped around a table covered with piles of magazines, one realises that here is a pleasant home—nothing less.

It is a home away from home. From Mrs. G. H. Wilson, the large-hearted president, Miss Griffin, the

general secretary, and her large staff of assistant secretaries, radiate sunshine, brightness, alertness and courtesy. They are reflected in every department, and almost without realising it, one instantly feels at home.

Everybody feels it. All day visitors stream in, sure of sympathy. They come early, and their requests are varied. One wishes to leave a parcel; another a baby, while she goes shopping; another seeks lodgings; another wishes to borrow a needle and cotton. Someone telephones to ask

the time. And so it goes on all day.

In the well-appointed kitchen the domestic staff is busy preparing for the luncheon hour, when between two and three hundred business girls are every day supplied with a well-prepared mid-day meal, which may vary from a full-course dinner to a cup of tea and scones, the charge for which is most moderate. It is certainly interesting to be told that the number of meals served during last year was 80,530!

Then there are invitingly sunny corners in which to do fancy work or to read. The magazine table has a call of its own, and the rest-room awaits the tired girl with its atmosphere of quiet and beauty.

But it is at five o'clock that the building

hums with activity. It then becomes a perfect beehive. A new stream of girls comes in for tea, chiefly of those who are remaining in town to attend the evening classes. That these are popular is evident from the numbers that are enrolled.

In the big gymnasium on the ground floor, splendidly equipped with dressing rooms, lockers, and shower baths, three classes are held every evening by Miss Fisher, the physical director, and in each class the attendance varies from twenty to fifty or sixty. Every type of girl may be found in every class. The United Hockey Clubs have their classes, with strenuous exercises for endurance. There are workroom groups, industrial groups, and business girl groups. Domestic helpers—those angels of the house, are there, too—of every age from fourteen years upwards.

Nor are older women neglected. There are morning classes where matrons learn how to keep themselves young, fit, and lissome at fifty. There are afternoon classes for the girl of leisure, also Saturday morning classes for tiny tots from six to twelve years, and for older ones from twelve to sixteen years of age.

(Continued on page 8).

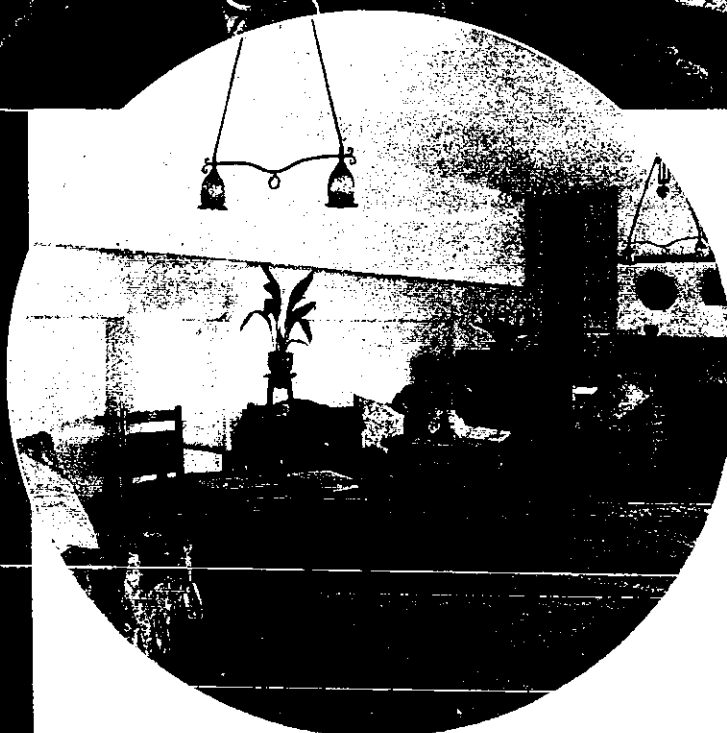


The Auckland Y.W.C.A. Building in Upper Queen Street, showing the fine entrance.

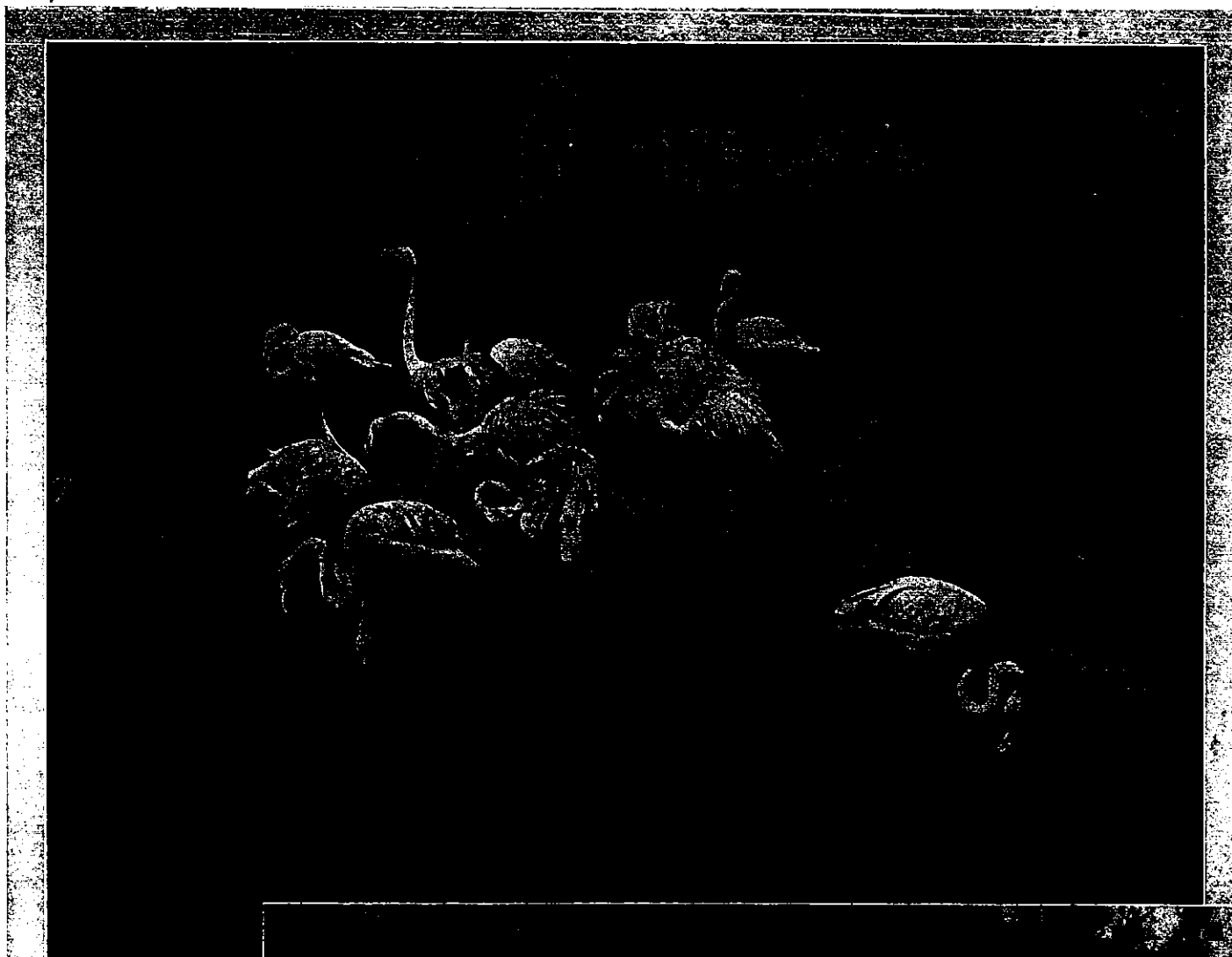
The members of the Girls' Department meet in these delightful rooms for debates or study.



Looking down from the balcony recess, the glorious view across Auckland City includes the graceful spire of St. Matthew's Church and the clock tower of the Town Hall. Beyond lie the blue waters of the Harbour and Rangitoto Channel.



A quiet half-hour in this pretty rest-room soothes jangled nerves and tired brain.



A visit to the London Zoo provides abundant interest for old and young alike. Above is an early morning peep at the flamingoes performing their toilet on their arrival from their home on the banks of the Nile. In the second picture may be glimpsed a foretaste of the joys in store for Auckland children, to whom a drive in this four-in-hand chaise, drawn by stately llamas, would be quite an adventure.

Topical, photo.

THE GIRL AS A NATION BUILDER

(Continued from page 6).

IN the intervals between the classes there is practice for basket-ball and tennis on the fine roof court; in summer there is swimming at the tepid baths, besides. Last year this community gymnasium passed no fewer than 1219 girls through its various activities.

Perhaps more interesting still is what is known as the Girls' Department. This is formed of groups of girls from fourteen to twenty years

floor. These work similarly to the Girls' Department, but they are more completely self-governing, and take more difficult courses of study.

These club groups, both in the Girls' Department and in the Senior, have for their basis Friendship, and girls are grouped together from that motive. There are twenty Girls' Department groups and seven Senior groups, the latest of which is formed up by the Overseas girls who have

before going home at nine o'clock, and this is now attended by all the club members.

One would imagine that the activities of the Association would end here, but there are others outside. Of these, perhaps the most remarkable is running a Thrift Club, which enables groups of girls to bank weekly sums as small as sixpence and upwards. This Savings Club is properly run, and bank interest is given. Then, at Christmas, each depositor receives her savings for the year, plus interest. She may decide to make use of it, or, as often happens, she simply hands it back to the secretary in charge as a new deposit.

That such a Savings Club is much appreciated by the girls is very evident from the fact that over £1000 was paid in through this bank last year, and one member was able to draw out the large sum of £27, which she had saved by this means.

No one can visit the Y.W.C.A. without being struck by the atmosphere

rapidly giving place to the more modern theory that play has a definite place in the education of every child, and that under efficient direction it can become a very powerful ally in accomplishing the mental, moral and physical development of children. A strong, healthy nation cannot be brought up in crowded city streets, nor is it any great use to spend large sums on the preservation of infant life if those same children are to have their health impaired, and their growth stunted for want of proper physical exercise when they have passed the infant stage. Playgrounds are not a fad, nor a charity; they are a necessity. In London the ideal is to have a playground within a quarter of a mile of every child, and enormous sums are being paid to provide playing spaces. Similar plans are being carried out in New York and Chicago, where years of neglect are demanding heavy interest.

IN America, where the crying need for open spaces is being recognised, the campaign is being carried on with characteristic vigour. During the last year over one and a half million pounds were spent on playground work, New York alone spending over £200,000. In more than five hundred cities in the United States the citizens are actively at work providing or extending means of play. One or two examples will suffice to show what is being done.

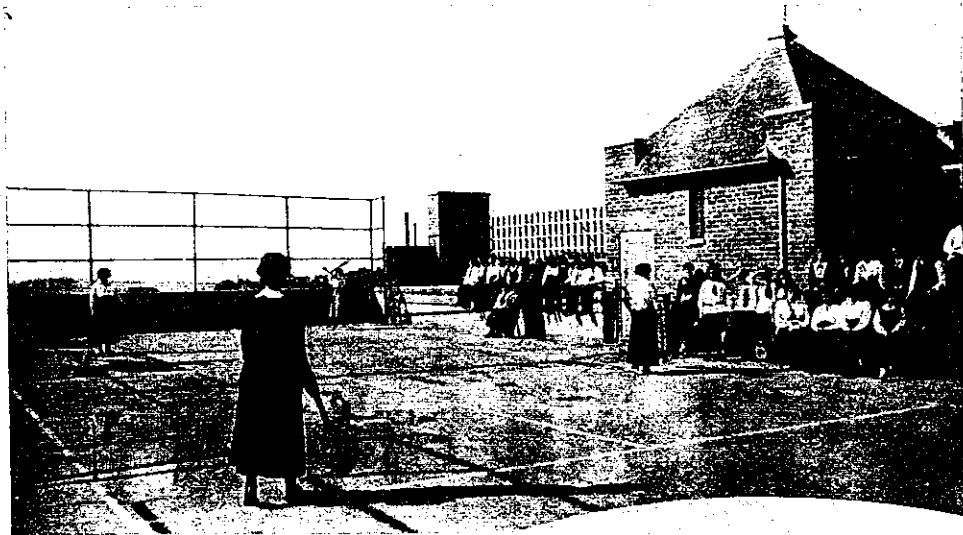
CLEVELAND, a city with a population of about 560,000, has 38 playgrounds, not merely open spaces attached to schools, but properly equipped grounds. Seventy play-teachers and supervisors are employed, and about £6000 per year spent in upkeep and salaries. One would think that this large expenditure would satisfy any community; but, no, it has a proposal afoot for a million dollar bond issue for play purposes, and there is every reason to expect that this will soon be carried.

This scheme may seem too ambitious to represent the true extent of playground development; but take Madison, a town with a population of 25,000. Madison maintains four splendid grounds, and employs seven trained supervisors, while the annual expenditure for salaries and upkeep amounts to £1700.

AMERICAN playgrounds are under a variety of control—school boards, play and recreation associations, and municipal councils. The funds, too, are variously provided, mostly however by the municipalities; for they admit the principle that the care of the children in this respect should be a direct charge on the city authorities.

The good results derived from playground activity are already noticeable. It is giving healthier, happier children; there is less truancy, less corporal punishment, better discipline and better self-control. All these are results that must eventually tell very powerfully on national efficiency. Money spent on playgrounds will be returned to the nation a thousand-fold.

IN both Australia and New Zealand the playgrounds, if one could call them such, are, with few exceptions, attached to schools. The Education Departments in both countries have had a legacy, not only of badly designed buildings, but of wretchedly inadequate patches of ground, called by courtesy playgrounds. Where possible, larger areas are being secured, but old mistakes are costly to remedy. The municipal playground is at last making its appearance; so let us hope that soon the English ideal, a playground within a quarter of a mile of every child, will be set up and every effort made to realise it.



Tennis on the roof courts has many devotees.

of age, who meet under a leader, and carry out a self-governing programme along the lines of physical, mental, social, and spiritual development. The idea at the back of all these clubs is the girls' own all-round development so that they may better serve the community.

Before she joins a club every girl makes a pledge to be loyal to this ideal. To this end, each group of girls chooses some line of study that will lead to a realisation of the ideal. Thus most of them spend some time each evening in the gymnasium. Another period is spent on some kind of study course—mental, as well as physical, gymnastics. One circle may decide to read and discuss literature dealing with the lives of notable women, or the women of different countries. Another circle may engage itself in a debate. Some will be making baskets or hats, knitting jumpers, modelling in clay, or studying elocution and even cooking. The fee for joining any of these classes is as low as it can be made, and half-a-crown secures membership in the Y.W.C.A. for twelve months.

Nor are the social amenities neglected. Once in a while each little group holds a party, to which the girls can invite their friends. Each group votes whether girls only shall be invited, or boys and girls. The object of these parties, besides giving pleasure to the girls, is the application of principles of right relationships with boys. The girls learn how to play the hostess, and to care for the enjoyment of their guests. The whole programme of the evening and the preparation of the supper is carried out by the girls themselves, under the supervision of their leader.

On the floor above there may be recreation going on in the large hall, a concert given by one of the clubs, a party, a lecture, or a community sing-song, of which the girls are specially fond.

The senior clubs meet on the next



Looking down Queen Street across to North Shore from the tennis courts.

been under twelve months in this country.

Self-reliance, self-government, loyalty, co-operation and service—these basic principles of citizenship are all the time being taught in a practical way. Co-operation between all the different groups is provided for in the Girls' Councils, which make recommendations to the Board of Directors through their delegate, who is elected by them annually.

MORE advanced studies are provided in classes with paid professional teachers—the best procurable in the city—and these teach dress-making, millinery, cooking, French, singing, dramatics and art. The Y.W.C.A. co-operates with the Workers' Educational Association in lectures on Sex Hygiene and on Literature.

It is interesting to learn that the girls, who naturally comprise members of all religious denominations, themselves voted to have a short assembly and vespers each evening

of brightness that surrounds the girls. Smiling faces, full of helpful friendliness, greet one everywhere. All are busy, and all proud to take their share of responsibility to each other, and to this big Club of theirs.

THE ideal of those at the head of this really wonderful Association—which, by the way—is only one of hundreds of similar ones established all over Europe and America—is the development of a healthy, self-governing, and self-reliant girlhood on right lines, in order that the woman of the future may be a better citizen, a better mother, and so better fitted to take her share in controlling the destinies of the nation.

Under the wise and genial guidance of the President and her Board of Directors and staff—a band of cultured, large-hearted, motherly women, this important centre of young life is doing a quiet and unostentatious, but none the less noble work—one of which every Auckland citizen may well feel intensely proud.

PLAYGROUNDS for the CHILDREN

by M.M.N.

DURING the past few years the movement to provide cities with adequate playing areas has spread rapidly, particularly in Europe and America. Powerful associations are obtaining areas which they equip

with gymnasiums, swimming pools, etc., and for which are provided trained and paid supervisors and play-leaders.

The old idea that children require no assistance in the art of play is

THE CAREER of STELLA FRANE

by ISABEL MAUDE PEACOCKE



CHAPTER II.

STELLA'S mind worked furiously in dismayed conjecture. Who could have come in, discovered the body and removed it, leaving the lights burning, and the dead man's hat and coat thrown down as he had dropped them carelessly the night before? At this early hour the rooms were all untenanted. Then who, in God's name, could have come stealthily and removed the body, raising no hue and cry, rousing no one? There seemed but one answer to this was the dismayed decision of her reason. He, who had taken the life of Godfrey Tarne, had surely taken this last fatal step in the hope of hiding his crime. Stella shuddered in her fear for her husband. Frane had seen her to her door last night, hesitated there a moment, and then said almost roughly:

"This is good-bye, then?"

"Oh, Lester; oh, my dear!" she had half-sobbed, and caught at his hand. She remembered now the passion of silent kisses he had rained upon her hair and face, and then he had thrust her almost violently from him, and disappeared into the night. After that, she thought dreadingly, he must have returned here and carried away his ghastly burden to some hiding-place. Oh, mad! mad!

Thinking she heard a step, she turned suddenly to leave the flat. Her foot struck against some small object on the floor, and glancing down she saw it to be a Russia leather pocketbook, open and apparently empty. She knew the book to belong to Tarne. Only last night he had shown it to her, in order to display some complicated arrangement of straps by way of fastening, his own design, and it had been crammed with bank notes. She wondered dully how it came to be there, but her mind was in too great a turmoil to give the matter much thought.

Stealthily she left the flat, crept down the stairs, and out into the morning streets, where a few early workers were now about. She reached home and let herself in, however, before her maids were about; and hurrying to her own room, returned to bed to allay any suspicion that she had been out of the house.

ON the plea of over-fatigue she shut herself in her room all day, and refused all callers. Restlessly she paced her room, forcing herself to calmness only when her maids appeared. Her nerves were strained to breaking-point, and, as the newsboys passed under her window crying their most sensational items of news, she shrank from and yet strained her ears for the cry of "Mysterious disappearance of well-known musician," or perhaps "Foul play suspected."

But no such cry came, and as the day wore away she sent out for papers, and scanned their contents with trembling eagerness. There was no mention of the tragedy, however, and somehow this filled her with

a greater horror than before, the thought of that great silent room, still lit and burning bright in the broad daylight, with its dead master's possessions scattered here and there, and that master—where?

Then she thought of her husband, a fugitive from justice, hurrying God knew whither at her bidding, when perhaps the wiser course would have been to remain and face the consequences of his unpremeditated act. And she had sent him forth; he had gone, believing that her selfish consideration for her own career had condemned him to be a guilty wanderer upon the face of the earth. And yet—and yet—what else could she have done? At least Lester was safe from suspicion of this crime, doubly safe if he were out of the way when it was discovered. No one knew of her visit to Tarne's flat, nor of her husband's subsequent appearance there; and as Lester had been away frequently of late for some days at a time, seeking employment, she could readily concoct some story to account for his absence if it became necessary.

THUS she persuaded herself that her fears were exaggerated, and felt a little calmer when the maid entered with a letter.

"It was in the box, ma'am!" she said, and Stella listlessly tore it open, and then sat staring with limbs gone suddenly rigid, and ashy cheeks. In a sprawling illiterate hand, on a common sheet of notepaper, she read these words:

"The night of May 24th in Carlington Mansions. Unseen eyes are not unseeing."

What could this mysterious and theatrical message mean but that there had been a witness to the awful events in Tarne's flat? This obscurely worded hint was a threat, probably blackmail, and with a heavily beating heart Stella stared at the sheet of paper with eyes of tragic despair. Then Lester was not safe; that was her first thought. There had been an unseen witness, and sooner or later he would strike, unless she could in some way buy his silence.

But not knowing his identity, she could do nothing—nothing. She struck her hands together impotently, and then the thought occurred to her that having gone thus far the unknown witness must seek to communicate with her again. The next day came and went, while she waited in torment for some sign. It came in the evening, in a newspaper thrust through the letter-flap in her door. In the personal column on the front page was a paragraph heavily inked:

"To S.F.—Dead men tell no tales, but what of the living?"

It filled her with terror, and set her brain working in a frenzy of scheming some plan to force the discovery of the identity of the mysterious writer. If he were the kind of person who used the columns of a newspaper as a medium for private mes-

sages, then she must answer him through that medium. With trembling fingers she sat down and wrote out a brief message for the personal column of the morning paper:

"Am awaiting some further suggestion.—S.F."

IN the evening paper, which she unfolded in an agony of apprehension, hope and fear, she read:

"S.F.—To-night at the same place."

Stella recoiled with every throbbing nerve in her tired body from the thought of revisiting Tarne's flat, but dreadingly she knew it must be done if she were to save Lester.

She had scarcely slept since the night of the tragedy. Her eyes burned hollowly in her white face, she started nervously at every sound; yet, with sublime courage, she had allowed herself only that one day of seclusion, lest any change in her habits might give rise to suspicions later on. So she forced herself to see her friends, and laugh and chat with them, and transact her professional business as usual, though, fortunately, she had no engagements just now.

But her ears were strained always for Tarne's name. At any moment one of her friends, who all knew Tarne and his interest in the charming singer, might mention him, or comment upon his absence.

The hours of the evening seemed at one moment to drag heavily, at the next to fly inexorably. She dismissed her maid early, and when all was quiet in the house she stole forth, heavily veiled and cloaked, and hurried through the streets to Carlington Mansions. The wrought-iron gates of the building were never locked until midnight, and so hurriedly and stealthily she mounted the stairs, starting at every shadow.

The door of Tarne's flat was slightly ajar, and a thin pencil of light showed. With a slight nervous tap Stella pushed the door open and glided in, closing it behind her. The next instant she gave a low shriek, instantly suppressed, for standing in the middle of the room, as well groomed and insolently suave as usual, and with the inevitable cigarette in his fingers, was Godfrey Tarne.

WHEN Tarne collapsed under Frane's impulsive blow, his treacherous heart betrayed him into an unconsciousness so profound as to wear the very semblance of death itself. Respiration apparently ceased, his limbs relaxed and then seemed to grow rigid, no flutter of a pulse betrayed life in the inert body. It was not to be wondered that Lester and Stella Frane were deceived into an absolute conviction of his death. It was by far the worst attack Tarne had ever experienced, and for some time he lay utterly helpless and unconscious. Then semi-consciousness set in, but a coma still held him, so that he could neither speak nor move, nor raise his heavy lids, which lay half-closed upon his long, dark, Oriental eyes. His clouded faculties, however, were conscious of people about him, of excited low voices; he even caught a sentence or two and recognised Stella's low vibrant tones, but could only vaguely speculate at the meaning of it all.

Later, when the tiresome voices had ceased, the footsteps died away, a sharp pang through his breast startled him into fuller wakefulness, and automatically his hand went to an inner pocket of his vest, fumbled there a moment, and then drew out a small silver-stoppered phial. Out of this he shook two tiny pellets into his

(Continued on page 44).



SOCIAL DOINGS IN THE VARIOUS CENTRES

AUCKLAND.

THE Law Students' Society's ball came off in the Scots Hall the other evening, and was greatly enjoyed. Young people predominated, and as decorations, supper and music were good, an air of gaiety was all pervasive, and gave assurance of undoubted success. Mrs. Stringer wore a very handsome embroidered and petalled gown with panels of tulle; Mrs. Maxwell Walker, white charmeuse draped with georgette; Mrs. Dettman, mimosa coloured crêpe de chine; Mrs. Algie, mauve crêpe marocain with gold lace; Mrs. Alexander, lovely pink frock with petalled overdress; Mrs. Metcalfe, pale grey charmeuse with silver lace; Mrs. K. Walker, pink and grey brocade; Mrs. Leary, black lace; Miss Smallfield, soft blue charmeuse; Miss King, black satin and gold lace; Miss Pyne, pink charmeuse, with touches of gold; Miss Bechan, satin with black overdress; Miss Maskell, pale blue charmeuse; Miss Frater, black charmeuse; Miss Rush (Feilding), pale blue and silver; Miss Chambers, cream charmeuse. Also present were Misses Ashton, Court, Leighton, Braithwaite, Logan, Birch, McDonald, Taylor, and Gallagher.

THE Junior Club "At Home" at the Club's rooms in Swanson Street was a large and most enjoyable function. The decorative scheme was most original. The music was of the best, and between jazzing and billiards the guests had not a dull moment. The president, Mr. J. Carpenter, with Mrs. Carpenter, received the numerous guests, the latter wearing a handsome navy blue coatfrock of tricolette, hat to match, and beautiful furs. Lady Lockhart wore black crêpe marocain, black and gold hat, and furs; Mrs. P. Hanna, grey gown, hat to match; Mrs. H. Hanna, navy blue coatfrock and black hat; Mrs. F. C. Thomas, mole grey frock and hat; Mrs. Towle, black frock, hat *en suite*; Mrs. P. Upton, blue charmeuse, black hat; Mrs. Coleman, navy and grey costume, black hat; Mrs. H. Mowbray, henna cloth, fur coat and

black hat; Mrs. F. Hellaby, fawn crêpe de chine, brown furs and brown hat; Mrs. Rainger, grey costume, hat to match; Mrs. D. Holderness, black charmeuse frock, black hat relieved with white; Mrs. Fraser, dark grey coat frock, navy blue hat; Mrs. Dryden, grey coat and skirt, black hat; Miss Buckland, black; Miss D. Nolan, brown jersey frock, grey fur coat, brown hat; Miss Hellaby, brown frock, fur coat, black hat; Miss Pyne, grey costume, hat to match; Miss Sweet, blue coat frock, hat to match; Miss Russell, navy costume, navy hat; Miss Dennison, grey costume, hat of same colour; Miss Douglas, navy blue jer-

sey frock, black hat; Miss N. Metcalfe, grey charmeuse and silver lace; Miss J. Reid, blue coat and skirt, blue hat; Miss Sloman, navy blue costume, black hat; Miss J. Stevenson, rose taffeta, seal coat, black hat; Miss D. Herman, moire velvet frock, hat to match.

GOLDEN wattle blossom and huge bunches of violets gracefully arranged made the reception rooms of the Women's Club even more attractive than usual the other evening, when Dr. Hilda Northcroft, as their president, entertained members of the Federation of University Women. A "Celebrity" and "A Hidden Quotations" competitions were held, Miss Haslett and Miss McDiarmid proving the winners. The hostess was wearing black satin; Mrs. Northcroft, black velvet with beautiful lace; Dr. Montgomery, black lace over white satin; Dr. Gladys Rowley, blue taffeta; Dr. Buckingham, jade green charmeuse; Dr. Crawley, deep lemon coloured taffeta; Dr.

Wilkie, black crêpe de chine; Miss Melville, henna charmeuse with gold touches; Mrs. Dettman, cream charmeuse; Mrs. Boulton, black satin; Mrs. Thomas, blue charmeuse; Mrs. Grossman, black velvet; Miss Macdonald, rose georgette; Miss Griffin, black velvet; Miss Lee, black and gold; Miss Masefield, mauve charmeuse; Miss Haslett, black crêpe de chine; Miss Clouston, blue taffeta; Miss Patterson, flame coloured charmeuse; Miss Hull, black charmeuse.

Lady Fenwick and Miss L. Fenwick are spending a few weeks in Auckland, and are staying with Dr. George Fenwick at Thorn Court, Parnell.

ST. Paul's Hall was gay with flags, palms, and Japanese umbrellas the other evening, on the occasion of a very pleasant dance given by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stratford. A pretty frock of rose charmeuse with sequin overdress was worn by the hostess, Mrs. H. C. Mowbray wore lemon coloured charmeuse and white lace; Mrs. Hardie Neil, black georgette over satin with touches of blue; Mrs. Bidwell, black taffeta; Mrs. B. Hart, cream crêpe de chine, lace overdress; Mrs. Waddell, blue brocade; Mrs. Carlaw, blue charmeuse; Mrs. Scantlebury, black and silver; Mrs. H. Keesing, pale pink taffeta; Mrs. Leslie Thompson, gold charmeuse; Mrs.



Mrs. G. H. Wilson, President of the Auckland Y.W.C.A.

Willer Studio, photo.

Eavestaff, black taffeta, embroidered with beads; Mrs. Bedford, rose coloured taffeta; Mrs. G. A. Smith, pink charmeuse, silver embroideries.

AT a meeting of the National Council of Women, the president, Dr. Hilda Northcroft, occupying the chair, the following members were elected delegates to the conference which is to be held this month in Christchurch:—Miss E. Melville, National President; Miss Jackson, National Treasurer; Sister Hanna, Miss Griffin, Mrs. Carr Rollett, Mrs. Ferner, Mrs. A. Kidd, Mrs. W. Stuart and Mrs. J. Cook.

Mrs. Sarelius and Miss Porter, of Christchurch, are spending the winter months in Auckland, and are staying at Cargen. Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Day, of Christchurch, are also at Cargen.

A MOST successful dance was given by the North Shore Yacht Club in the Power Boat Association's Pavilion. The ideal situation of the ballroom and the excellent music contributed greatly to the enjoyment of those present. Among the guests were Mrs. Webster, who wore white charmeuse and silver; Mrs. Charles Prime, pink satin with beaded overdress; Miss E. Birch, cerise taffeta and lace; Miss E. Isemonger, saxe blue and silver; Miss R. Rogers, figured ninon; Miss M. Stronach, old rose taffeta; Miss C. White, black satin; Miss P. Wright, black velvet; Miss O. Ziman, peacock blue satin; Miss M. Miller, white satin and net; Miss M. Mason, heliotrope georgette; Miss M. Halstead, gold tissue; Miss R. Grant, flame satin; Miss

Lauder, gold and black, Mrs. I. Lee, pale pink and satin; Miss E. Gieson, pink net. Misses D. Newton, E. Newton, Ward, M. Gilbert, N. Gilbert, W. Gordan, D. Coldicutt, Stronach and Boddie were present also.

MR. and Mrs. A. Geddes were the host and hostess at the "At Home" at Cargen to welcome Toscha Seidel, and the genial welcome tendered to the young violinist and his gifted mother on that occasion must have gone far to dissipate to some extent the feeling of being a stranger in a strange land. Mr. Geddes, in a graceful welcoming speech, stressed the important place that art holds in national life. Beautiful groups of yellow daffodils provided a dash of spring sunshine that enhanced the charm of the gathering. Mrs. Geddes, who with her husband received their guests at the entrance to the lounge, wore a frock of oyster silk jersey handsomely brocaded with gold, and a hat of lace and gold tissue. Madame Seidel, mother of the artist, wore black, the cloak lined with turquoise silk, black hat with ospreys. With her were the Misses Wilson and Laing (Australia). Among the guests were Mrs. Plummer, Lady Lockhart, Mrs. A. McCosh Clark, Miss Geddes, Mrs. and Miss Oliphant, Mrs. and Miss Colville, Professor and Mrs. Algie, Mrs. and Miss McGuire, Mrs. J. Reid and Miss Reid, Mrs. K. MacKenzie, Miss Egerton, Mrs. Axford, Mrs. and Miss Marriner, Mrs. and Miss Tole, Mrs. Beattie, Miss Wyman, Mrs. Partridge, Mrs. Lindsay, Miss Logan, Mrs. Bayley, Mrs. Bankhart, Mrs. J. Carpenter, Mrs. A. M. Ferguson, Mrs. Stride, Mrs. Kinder and Mrs. M. Davis.

MUSIC lovers have just had an unusual treat in the Spivakovsky season, and will not easily forget the feast of melody provided for them by the brilliant young Russian.

Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Thompson gave an "At Home" at Cargen as a welcome to the illustrious visitor. The large dining-room arranged as a drawing-room was gay with deep golden narcissi and arum lilies. Dr. and Mrs. Thompson received their guests, the latter wearing a golden brown taffeta and georgette frock, with brown and henna lace hat. Among those present were Mrs. Wilkin, wearing brown and navy taffeta, and becoming black hat; Mrs. Singer, navy blue costume, black hat; Mrs. Stratford, brown frock, handsome furs; Mrs. Plummer, natter blue frock, black hat; Mrs. Dettman, smart mole costume and hat; Mrs. A. Geddes, pretty grey coat and skirt, becoming black hat; Mrs. Axford, grey costume, black hat; Mrs. Alderton, brown costume; Miss McCormick, brown costume, blue hat; Miss Axford, navy blue coat frock and hat; Miss Plummer, brown and navy costume, hat to match. Misses Newton, Riley, Herman and Colville were present also.

HAMILTON.

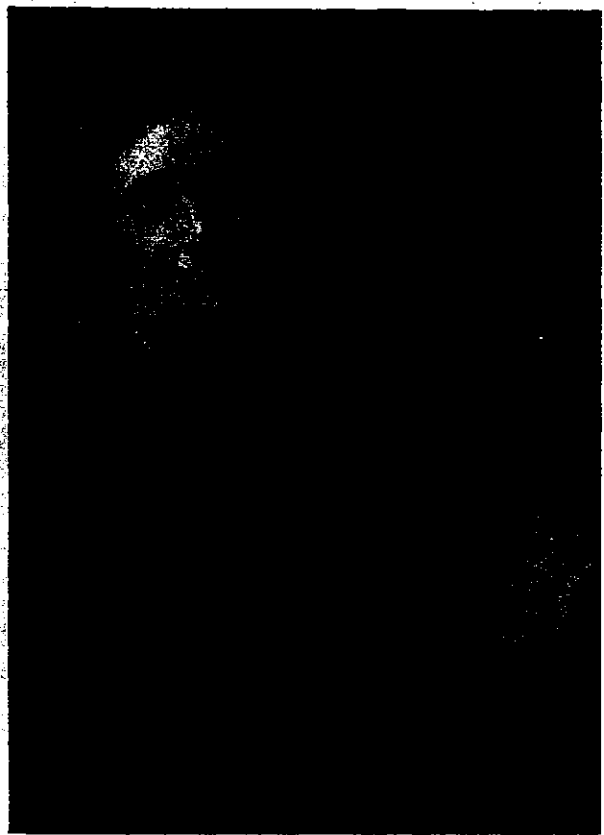
MRS. E. P. Cowles gave a most enjoyable bridge evening recently, the rooms having an artistic arrangement of mimosa and



Standish and Proece, Christchurch, photo.

Mrs. Nantes, of Napier, who has proved herself a capable organiser of charity work, her latest success being in connection with the late Sir Arthur Pearson's appeal for the blind.

white narcissi with trailing foliage. The lucky scorers were Mrs. Frank Jolly and Mrs. Melville Bell respectively. Mrs. Cowles wore a frock of dull blue and black crêpe de chine and dark blue ornaments; Mrs. E. J. Mears, soft primrose georgette beaded in jet; Mrs. Melville Bell, black silk under a wrap of vieux rose velour cloth; Mrs. T. F. Jolly, pale rose silk taffeta and black georgette; Mrs. A. Day, oyster grey silk with touches of blue and rose; Mrs. P. E. Stevens, black and white silk with white beaded embroideries; Mrs. Matthews, black satin charmeuse with wrap of silver tissue; Mrs. R. P. Stewart, black ninon over soft black silk and gold lace; Mrs. F. Wilson, black velvet with gold tissue; Mrs. F. B. Jolly, amethyst satin charmeuse with Eastern embroideries; Mrs. Strang, black georgette over emerald silk; Mrs. Stace, black crêpe de chine with panels of rich scarlet embroideries; Mrs. G. Hyde, black silk taffeta with gold tissue; Mrs. Beaven, black chiffon velvet with touches of gold; Mrs. P. O'Meara, black crêpe de chine with girdle of jade coloured fruit; Mrs. H. Hopkins, pink silk taffeta with pale blue touches; Miss Jolly, black lace robe over silk taffeta; Miss Watty, geranium charmeuse with bunches of fruit; Miss Stevens, pale blue silk, and tangerine coloured scarf.



Broothorn, Melbourne, photo.

Portrait of a recent visitor to New Zealand, Mrs. A. Christie, wife of Colonel Archibald Christie, late of the Flying Corps in France, who is touring the world on the British Empire Exhibition Mission. Mrs. Christie, who has a delightful personality, is known to a large circle of readers as a writer of clever detective stories, two of which, "The Mysterious Affair at Styles" and "The Secret Adversary," were published recently in London. She has also a story coming out shortly in an Australian magazine. During the war, Mrs. Christie acted as dispenser in the Red Cross Hospital at Torquay.



Gage & Co., photo.

Miss Wynn Manning, daughter of Mr. A. E. Manning, of Hamilton.

THE Shakespeare Club gave a delightful reading recently of "Every Woman Knows" to a well-filled house. Among the audience were Mrs. A. J. Storey, Mrs. C. Armstrong, Mrs. A. E. Cox, Mrs. Martyn Williams, Mrs. Stanley Primrose, Mrs. Melville Bell, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Ashton, Mrs. G. Rogers, Miss Cowie and Miss Kathleen Cowie, Miss M. Hay and Miss Stuart-Browne.

Miss C. Bayly, of Wanganui, who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. H. Douglas, has returned home.

Mrs. W. H. Graham and her son, Dr. S. Graham, have sailed for England, where they intend to remain for at least a year.

Miss M. Hay and the Misses Taylor (Cambridge) have left for a three months' visit to the Islands.

THE Golf Club's ball took place recently in the Alexandra Hall, and was a brilliant success. The decorations were most artistic, and the supper table was beautifully arranged with pale pink camellias, the pale pink shades over the candelabra giving a charming effect to the whole. Some lovely frocks were worn. Mrs. H. Douglas was in soft black silk with silver tissue; Mrs. J. Carter, pale grey crêpe de chine and smart wrap to match lined with shell pink; Mrs. A. J. Storey, beautiful frock of black lace over vivid blue satin charmeuse; Mrs. Magnus Johnstone, white satin beaded with silver; Mrs. D. Hay, nigger brown georgette and satin; Mrs. Sandercock

(London), a striking frock of spangled satin; Mrs. Cranwell, black beaded ninon over emerald charmeuse; Mrs. A. Cooper, charming frock of black lace and silk; Mrs. Martin (Ngaruawahia), cream brocaded satin with lace overdress; Mrs. A. E. Cox, black silk taffeta brocaded with gold; Mrs. T. Walshe, yellow satin; Mrs. Gower, becoming frock of ivory georgette over satin; Mrs. H. J. Green-slade, black taffeta with handsome wrap; Mrs. Beveridge, shell pink crêpe de chine outlined with jade; Mrs. Tudehope, cream satin; Mrs. Noonan, black satin charmeuse and jet embroidery; Mrs. Fraser, black net over satin with jet tunic; Mrs. Joll, white satin with lace overdress; Mrs. McLean, dainty frock of shell pink georgette; Mrs. Mercer, black silk and lace; Mrs. F. Bond, blue satin; Mrs. Ross, black silk with corsage of embossed brocade; Mrs. Griffiths, brocaded satin, lace overdress with girdle of fruit; Mrs. Joseph, black net over silk with swathing of floral silk; Mrs. Gillies, soft pink georgette over charmeuse; Mrs. A. Primrose, mauve and black; Mrs. C. Armstrong, black net veiling soft silk; Mrs. Meredith, peacock blue charmeuse; Mrs. G. Rogers, white lace draped over blue satin charmeuse; Mrs. Currie, white satin and lace; Mrs. A. Bond, lemon crêpe de chine; Mrs. Green, black silk with pale blue; Mrs. N. Holden, white georgette over satin with fur; Mrs. Yule, black satin charmeuse with gold brocade; Mrs. McFarland, pale pink silk panelled with mauve; Miss E. Hammond, pale blue georgette and silk with girdle of coloured flowers; Miss

Kimble, mauve satin with panels and corsage of lace outlined with purple; Miss Seaville (Waingaro), shell pink crêpe de chine; Miss E. Manning, rose coloured silk; Miss Troutbeck, blue silk and lace; Miss McNichol, dainty frock of lemon charmeuse; Miss Larner (Auckland), beautiful frock of black spangled net and silver; Miss Harrison, black silk with corsage of gold tissue and royal blue; Miss Rogerson, pale blue satin; Miss D. Aicken, becoming frock of mauve crêpe de chine with silver lace and girdle of jade coloured fruit; Miss C. Hunter, white lace with drapings of rose silk; Miss F. Jolly, emerald satin charmeuse; Miss Tompkins, pale blue silk; Miss Wyatt, black panne velvet; Miss H. Mackie, scarlet satin; Miss Haywood, black silk and emerald sash; Miss B. Hun-

ter, deep blue silk; Miss P. Fisher, rose silk; Miss M. Beale, dainty frock of brocade and shot tulle; Miss Dalzell, pale blue silk and silver; Miss Empson, black and emerald silk; Miss McMullin, black and gold striped frock with fur; Miss Cussen, vivid blue silk; Miss H. Cowie, white silk; Miss Del Yule, white brocaded satin with touches of pale pink; Miss Ring, rose pink silk and lace overdress to match; Miss D. Manning, dainty frock of black net; Miss N. Noonan, peacock blue satin; Miss M. Carr, blue satin; Miss Clayton Greene, black net and gold touches; Miss Froude, flame coloured satin; Miss Tisdall, pale blue silk taffeta; Miss Rothwell, black silk and net; Miss Wilkinson, pink silk; Miss B. Jolly, blue silk taffeta and tulle; Miss Whyte, ivory satin; Miss K. Cowie, white silk and silver; Miss Howie, black silk panelled with gold tissue; Miss Chadwick, cream shot taffeta.—IMOGEN.

HAWKES BAY.

THE Governor-General, Viscount Jellicoe, and Lady Jellicoe, recently paid a visit to Hawkes Bay. In stopping at Waipukarau and Waipawa, they made the first Vice-regal visit to these towns. They then came on to Hastings and attended the Hawkes Bay Hunt Club Ball.

The official set consisted of Viscount Jellicoe and Mrs. Harold Russell, Mr. H. Hassall and Lady Jellicoe, Sir Andrew Russell and Mrs. H. M. Campbell, Mr. M. Groome and Lady Russell, Mr. H. M. Campbell and Mrs. Donnelly, Mr. Donnelly and Mrs. Groome, Captain Curtis and Miss Molly Russell, Captain Southey and Miss Hassall.

Lady Jellicoe wore a handsome gown of deep blue panne velvet, with diamond ornaments; Lady Russell, becoming frock of black charmeuse and georgette; Mrs. Harold Russell, hyacinth blue brocade with touches of gold; Mrs. H. M. Campbell, black trained crêpe de chine; Mrs. Donnelly, blue lace over satin; Mrs. Groome, a very dainty pink gown; Miss Molly Russell, charming frock of green with overdress of lace; Miss Hassall, becoming shade of pink taffeta with floral trimming; Mrs. Tossell, brocaded gown of grey; Mrs. T. W. Lewis, black panne velvet with Oriental touches; Mrs. Coleman, black georgette; Mrs. Herrick, black and pink; Mrs. Boccer, dainty black georgette; Mrs. Shields, Egyptian blue and gold; Mrs. W. Mackenzie, blue crêpe de chine, Mrs. Stevens, black frock embroidered in jet; Miss Janet Russell, black silk net with touches of autumn tints; Miss Elsie Williams, trained black frock with lace sleeves; Miss Fitzroy, white charmeuse and silver lace; Mrs. Shrimpton, olive green taffeta with panels; Miss Chambers, silk in a becoming shade of pink; Miss Allen, pink lace and black net.

After the ball, Lord and Lady Jellicoe went on to "Tunantui" as the guests of Sir Andrew and Lady Russell.

On Saturday their Excellencies attended a meet of the Hawkes Bay hounds at "Greenhill," Mr. McLean's property, and on Monday visited their daughters at Woodford House, leaving later for Takapau as the guests of Mrs. A'Deane.—CYNTHIA.

(Continued on page 34).



Miss Dolly Vaile, third daughter, and Miss Mary Vaile, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Vaile, Epsom.



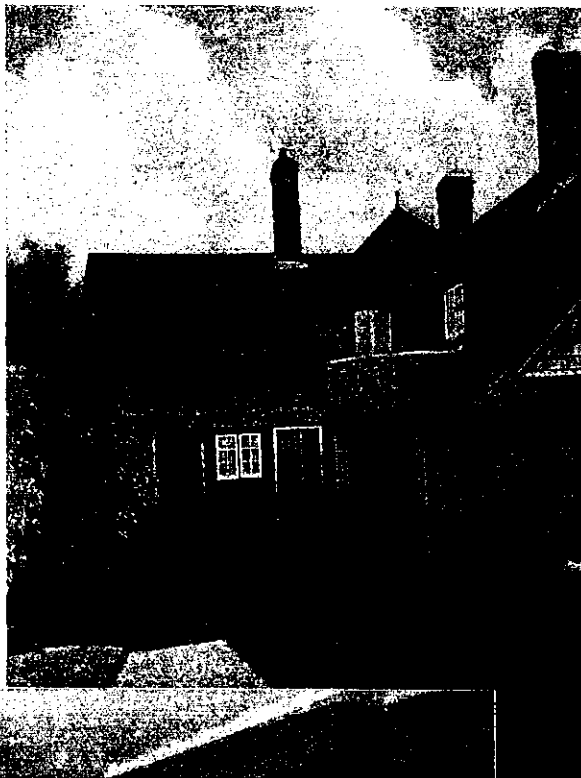
Bartlett, Auckland, photos.

BEAUTIFUL NEW ZEALAND HOMES

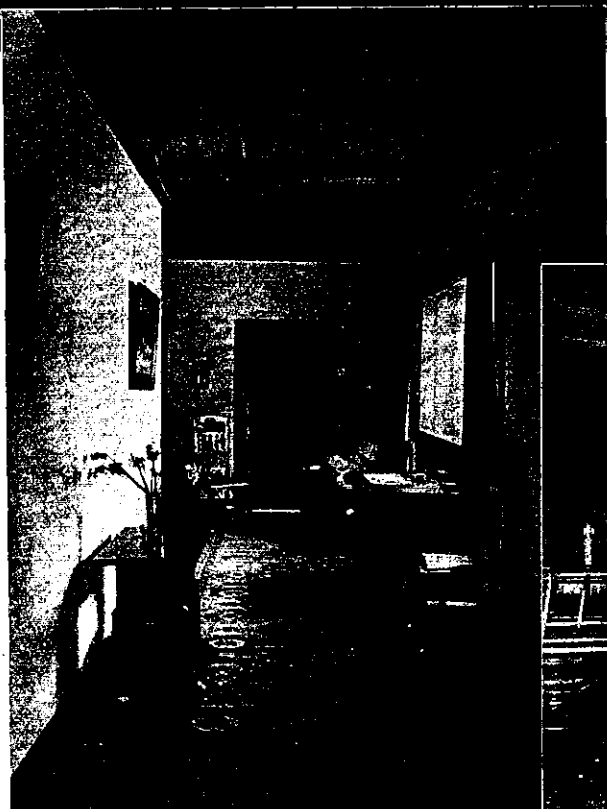
The Residence of Mr. H. Stansfield, Remuera

A delightful style of home architecture. The windows and sleeping porch face a glorious seascape, which includes Rangitoto.

F. N. Bamford, Architect.



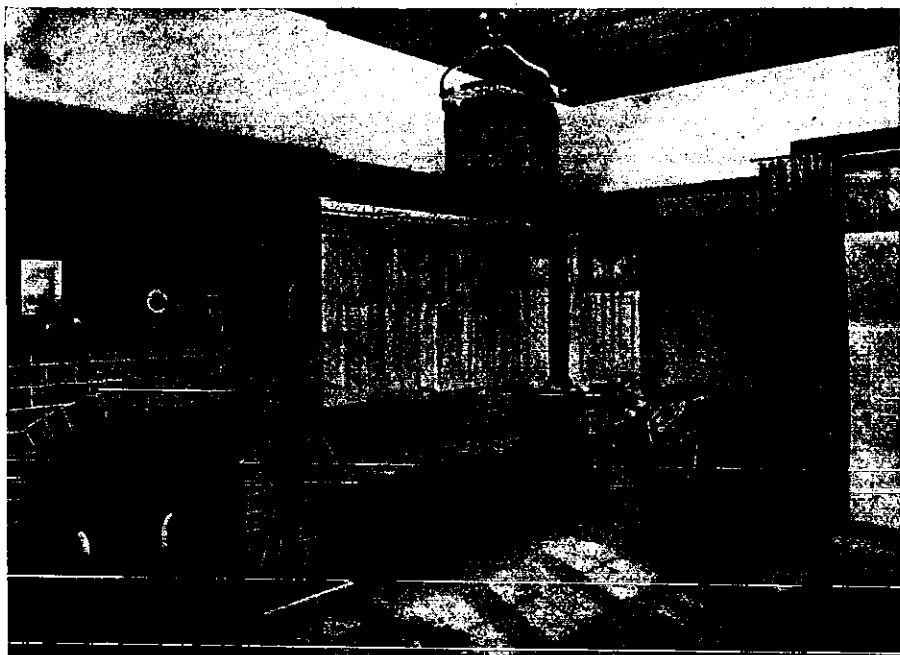
The entrance is marked by grace and simplicity.



A bright corner in the corridor.



In the living-room the chimney piece is very dignified and attractive.



Doree and Saché, photo.

A sunny corner in the dining-room.



In the garden this sixty foot pergola supports a wealth of roses, tacronias and a splendid vine.

THE MIRROR of FASHION

A decided reaction against the heavy hats of velvet and crêpe seen last spring are these large transparent ones of crin. Here the crin alternates with silk embroidered bands. A braided strand encircles it.



The FASCINATION of EARLY SPRING MILLINERY

Spring offers us such a bewilderingly lovely wealth of millinery this year that every woman should surely find her heart's desire—in hats!

Shapes are many and varied, as well as most becoming, and large models of exceedingly graceful line will be noticed—while smaller ones shading the face, or turbans swathed and worn with lovely hanging veils, will vie with hats of harder line in being singularly becoming to the smart, well-groomed type of woman.

Materials have two chief characteristics—lightness of weight, and brightness of surface. Circé satin, ribbon and braid are still much liked, while fine straws are combined with georgette, organdi, or taffeta, while trimmings give scope for unlimited choice among flowers, feathers, and bright surfaced ribbon. Often, too, trimmings have a fascinating trick of drooping to one side over the edge of the brim.

One can easily imagine that the flash of a kingfisher over spring daffodils may be responsible for the whisper that kingfisher blue and daffodil yellow are both favourite shades for the season, and last, but not least, touches of steel and jet in beads, ornaments, and many dozens of tiny glittering drops give a fascinating touch to many of the most charming models.



Spring decrees a black Milan straw hat with loops of faille ribbon, one loop of which is faced with rozes of turquoise.



Clipped goose feathers spray from the back of this hat, fashioned in unusual design in Milan straw.

Simple in conception, yet extremely smart is this delightful hat of fine pedal, with its large bow and rucking of taffeta.

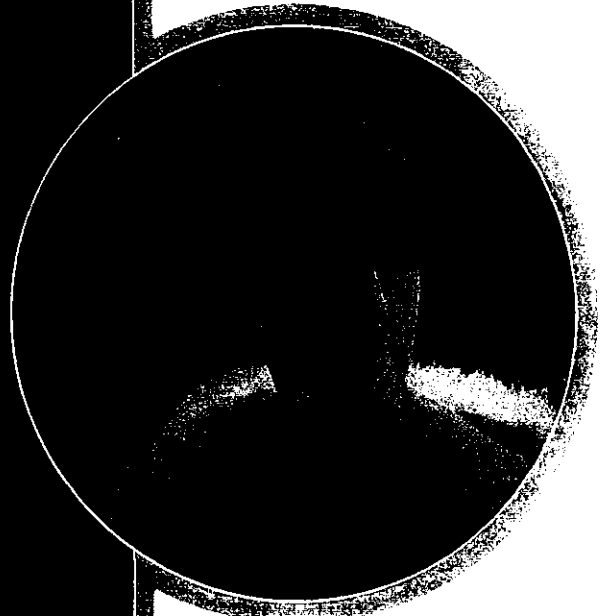
From Milne and Choyce.



Schmidt Studio, photo.

A stylish tailored hat in navy pedal, faced with taffeta, is relieved from severity by the attractively placed feather mount.

From Milne and Choyce.



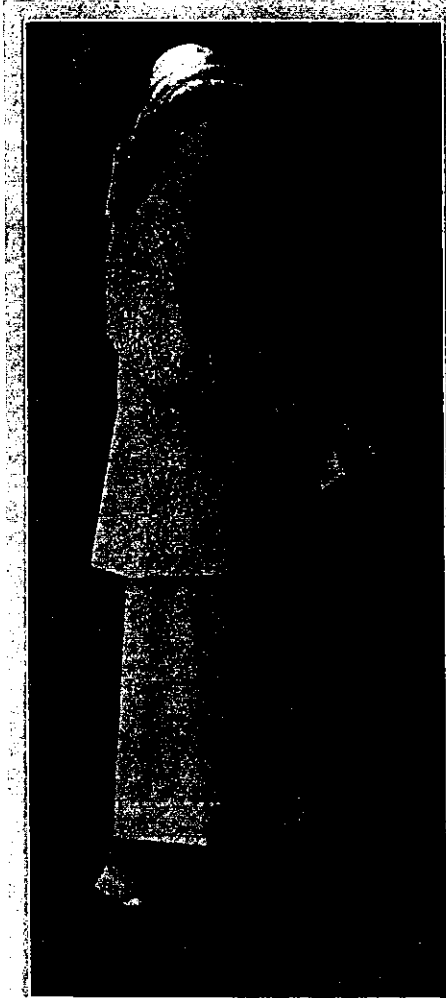
Schmidt Studio, photo.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

A two-garment toilette that seems especially designed for the lacons at Ellerslie—also for blue skies and sunshine—fashioned in heavy white marocain, self-lattice trimmed in black and white, and worn with a tasselled hat of heavy white chenille.

From Milne and Choyce.



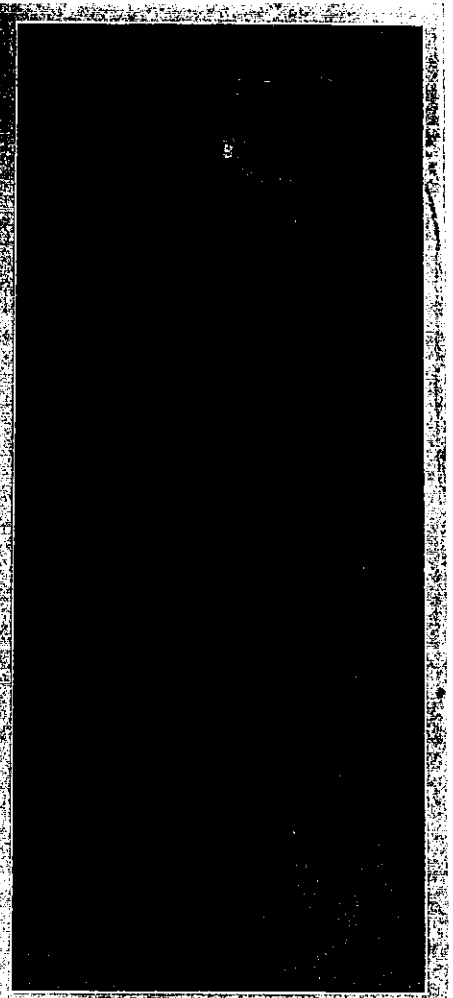
Bellwood Studio, photo.

The unusual sleeve attracts in this suit of fawn gabardine, braided in nigger and cut on becoming lines, and the hat is charming with its shades of deep creamy buff, softly folded circé satin, and masses of crumpled leaves of dull gold tissue.

From Rendells Limited.



Bellwood Studio, photo.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

A graceful coat frock, with an unusual hint of draping, fashioned in navy gabardine and distinctively beaded, in lines of cut jet, worn with shoes of navy glacé kid.

From Smith and Coughley.

Many wild flowers of spring and summer wreath this girlish hat of fine straw, taffeta crowned, and lined in gay cherry red.

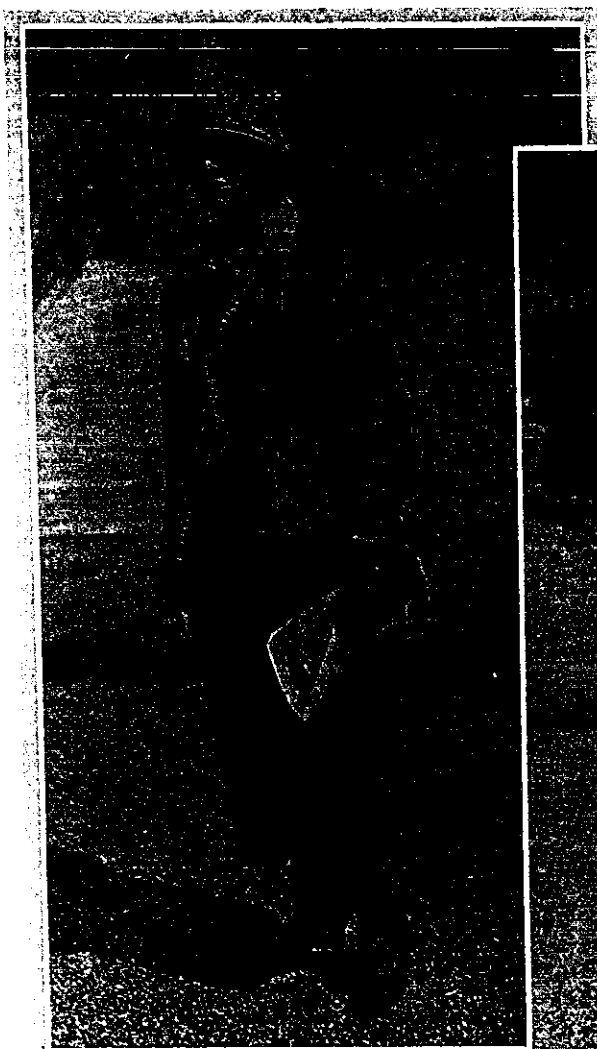
From the Misses McCabe.

A novel idea from Paris—and one that should open up possibilities for the New Zealand girl. A neat two-piece suit in velour; the coat cunningly braided in ciré to give a two-material effect, and last, but by no means least, twin rows of important little self buttons.

(LOWER CENTRE)

Severely tailored suits are giving way this season in Fashion's fancy to the graceful softness of gathers and folds, held at the waist by an oxidised buckle of beautiful design, while wide, open sleeves and big collar, faced in dull salmon, give distinction to smooth fawn cloth.

From Milne and Choyce.



Topical, photo.



A smart toilette in navy, worn at Longchamps, and effectively braided in white in peasant design. The sleeves are worthy of note, also a delightfully unusual brooch dagger—and the very latest reminder of the passing of time.

Topical, photo.



From Milne and Choyce.

Doreé and Saché, photo.

For spring and early summer—a useful suit in heavy navy crêpe, girdled with motifs in oxidised silver, and studded in Grecian design in tiny stars of cut steel. The hat, of unusual "one-piece" design, is from Smith and Caughey.



From Milne and Choyce.



Doreé and Saché, photo.

Navy cloth, exquisite embroidery in burnished gold on saxe blue facings, and extreme grace of design characterise this model coat frock from Smith and Caughey, while the becoming hat of fine pedal straw and moiré ribbon is from Milne and Choyce.



A charming little pull-on hat for the sports girl, plaited in nigger or lemon ribbons.



At a careless glance, this hat has "looped the loop" ten times. But it isn't suitable to wear in an aeroplane, and will be well advised to display its charms in a different setting. The crown is of picot pedal in tête de nègre, and the looped ribbon matches exactly in colour.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

The silkiest of ciré straw perfection of line, with just a suggestion of the tri-corn of by-gone days, and the smartest of boxes in wide black ciré ribbon, combine in a most becoming and serviceable hat.

From
Smith and Caughey.



Schmidt Studio, photo.

Planned on most becoming lines, one is attracted by the embroidered curve from the profile of this model in sage blue straw and crêpe de chine, and then—when she turns her head—the soft little box at the back is equally fascinating.

From Milne and Choyce.



Schmidt Studio, photo.

Blue as the skies is this girlish hat of straw and taffeta, caught in a softly looped bow at one side, and matching the blue eyes of the wearer.

From Milne and Choyce.



Schmidt Studio, photo.

Of course, the most important item about this black pedal and taffeta hat is its bow, and Miss Fanny Fitchett has most charmingly inclined her head to allow us to see it to the best advantage.

From Milne and Choyce.



Open blossoms, veiled in blue, carry one's thoughts to early summer, while a carelessly trailing film of fawn filet lace reminds one that even picture hats may sometimes be worn on spring days.

From Rendells Limited.



Trailing velvet ribbons in geranium red weight this brim of leaf brown, and cheat the spring breezes of their mischievous intent, while the crown is scattered with blossoms of many colours.

From Rendells Limited.



A charming toque in silky black ciré straw, needing no other adornment than the heavy silk fringe of beautiful quality and arrangement.

From the Misses McCabe.



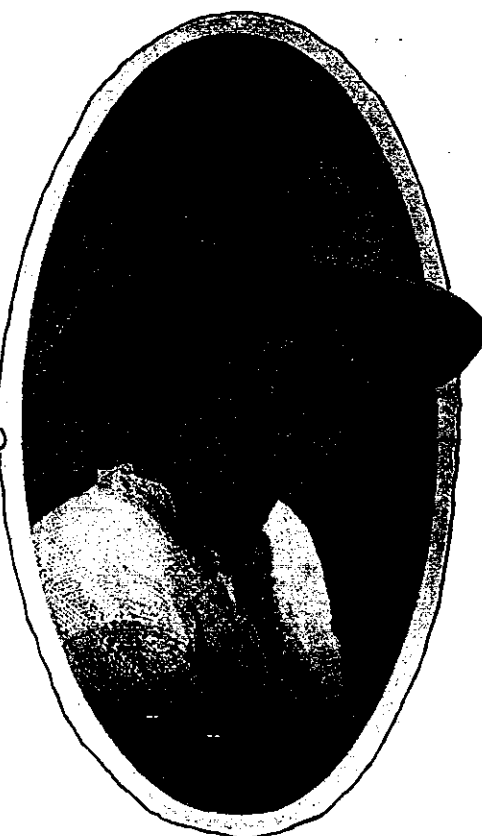
A GROUP OF SPRING HATS, FEATURING PROMINENT STYLE NOTES of the SEASON



Typically French is this extremely original creation in rich ochre tagel with its flowing ostrich adornment.



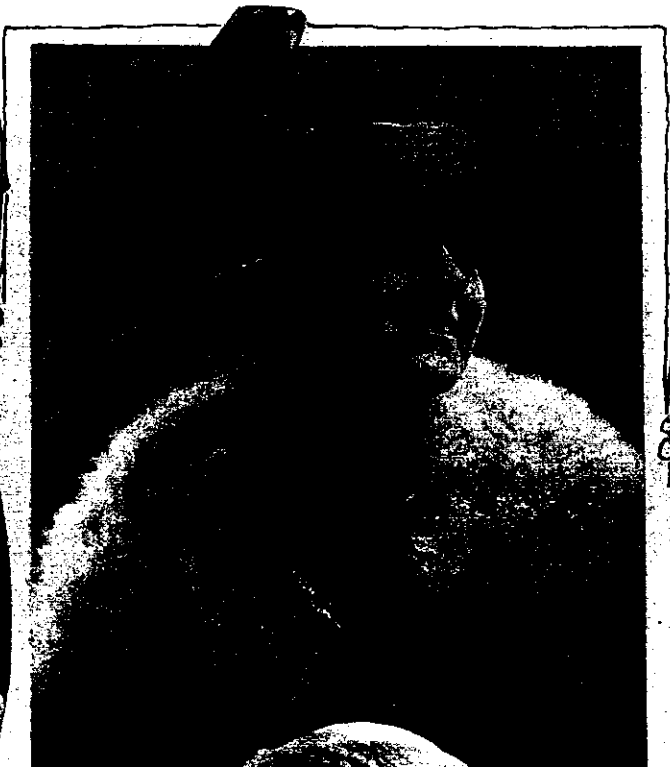
A charming black tagel plateau, the brim of which is faced with apricot crêpe de chine, exquisitely embroidered in vari-coloured raffia.



Equally appropriate for wear with spring suit or sports garments is this beautiful felt hat in deepest lemon tone. A richly shaded orchid forms the trimming.



The sharply upturned brim creates extremely smart effects in many of the new spring hats. This model is of mastic pedal, with trimming of self colour moiré ribbon. Top of brim faced navy.



In the centre of the group is depicted a charming little chapeau of navy pedal, the extreme bow being of navy corded ribbon.



A distinctly new note in millinery for wear with the spring tailleur is found in this navy pedal hat with its smart wing mount.

Irresistible in its charm is this beautiful hat of white satin straw, overworked with chenille, which terminates in a generous tassel.

MILNE & CHOYCE LTD.
Queen Street

BEAUTIFUL BEAD GIRDLES

Every Woman Can Make Them

THE vogue for elaborate girdles presents great opportunities for the girl with an aptitude for design and artistic bead stringing.

Though apparently very complicated, these chains of beads in girdle form are actually no more difficult to arrange successfully than the lengthy bead necklaces which share their popularity.

Two or three strands of wooden beads, joined at regular intervals to larger beads or medallions, and terminating at the ends with tassel-like ornaments composed of beads of varying sizes, is a simple design on which to elaborate, the colour, shape, and ornamentation of the beads and plaques used giving opportunities for several alternative arrangements.

Very beautiful girdles can be made when jade, ivory, amber, coral, cornelian and other fascinating and valuable materials are at hand, but very smart and pretty effects are to be gained with a judicious selection of coloured wooden, china, and glass beads and medallions.

Black, white, and red wooden beads, both round and oval-shaped, are a smart combination, while plaques in the form of Egyptian blue and green scarabs, joined by strings of small crystal beads, make an uncommon girdle.

The more unusual and barbaric the design, and the medium in which it is carried out, the more fashionable it is.

The girl interested in poker work, filigree carving and painting, has no difficulty in devising special novelties of her own. Small flat plaques of wood may be cut into quaint designs, or adorned with designs in vivid colouring, linked together with bone or metal rings, or separated by bright beads.

It is well to use strong twine when stringing the beads, and to secure them here and there with firm knots, since a girdle experiences a certain amount of wear and tear.

A PRETTY ENVELOPE BAG

THE popular envelope-shaped bags so fashionable at the moment are the simplest things to make, and there is no reason why the woman with smart notions should not possess a variety to match her different frocks.

A quarter of a yard of wide moire or handsome brocaded ribbon for the outside, and white moire ribbon the same width and length for the lining, is all that is required.

The two strips of ribbon are over-sewn together as invisibly as possible at the sides, the ends being neatly tucked in and also stitched together. The resulting double strip is then folded into the form of a long envelope, the flap being not quite so deep as the other two sides.

The ends are now joined up with strong silk, and a row of steel beads may be worked over the stitches and round the edge of the flap as a smart finish. One or two small cut-steel buttons may secure the flap by silken loops, or, if preferred, a couple of dress-fasteners may close it, and the owner's initial, in silver, ivory or enamel, be attached to the centre outside the flap.

A tiny envelope of white moire, to match the lining, and a purse, a wee powder-puff, lip salve and white-backed mirror complete the equipment inside, and you have a very dainty little *pochette* for use at the *dansants* and other smart afternoon functions.

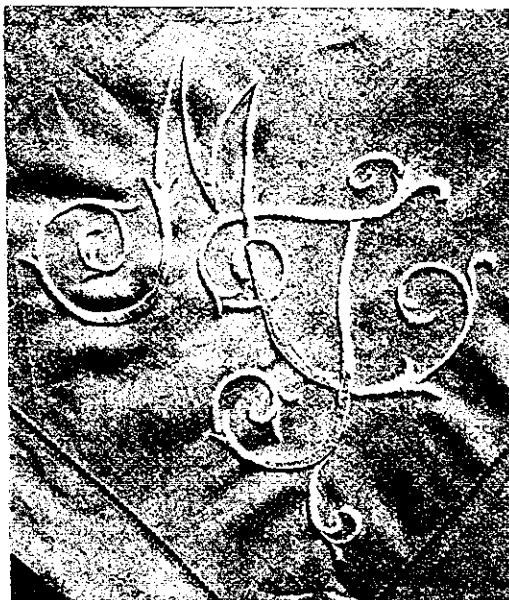
SOME DAINY NEEDLEWORK

Monograms for Household Linens

by MARJORIE L. TOULSON

EVERY homemaker likes her household linen to be as tasteful in quality, choice and adornment as her means will permit, but to many the knowledge of just how much adornment will enhance beauty without overdoing it, is a most important point. The following rule is a good one:—A little work well done, and well designed. In other words, quality before quantity, and there is no better way of carrying out this rule than by embroidering house linen with a well chosen and well worked monogram. The various methods and stitches of working are simple; the result depends on the careful placing of each stitch, and, what is equally important, on the padding of the work.

It is an excellent plan to choose a type of lettering that appeals, and to carry that idea right through. This type may be large or small, done in simple stitchery, or elaborated by trails and fancy stitches. In order to assist our subscribers in the rather difficult task of finding individual lettering, we have arranged a plan by which it will be possible for everyone to have their mono-



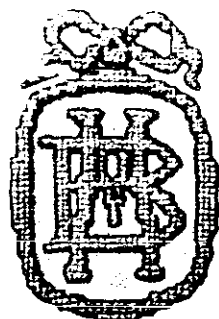
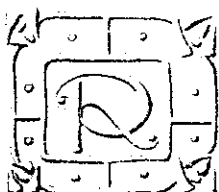
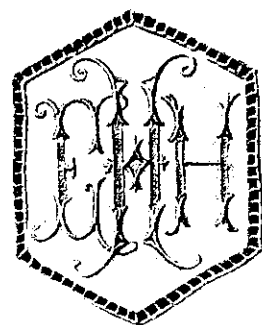
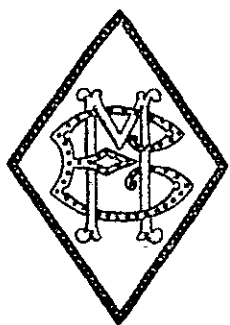
in the same way, care being taken not to cross stitches where one letter overlaps another. Finally, satin stitch in fine soft thread is used, packing the stitches close, and avoiding tightness.

Fig. 2 has a raised outline in satin stitch over a heavier padding thread, and the wide parts are filled in with tiny dots, or with hemstitching with a coarse needle, or with darning stitch.

Fig. 3 shows an entirely different method, and is most effective for linen towels, the square background being blocked in in cross-stitch, leaving the material to form the letters.

Fig. 8 shows the monogram itself worked in cross-stitch, giving a charming embossed effect, while Fig. 4 is a combination of solid outline, spots and solid satin stitch, enclosed in an outline of double herring-boning.

As linens sometimes wear out before the monogram, a good idea for renovation is shown by Fig. 8, while ladder stitching, as in Fig. 7, looks particularly well if surrounded by light trails worked in solid stitch.



gram designed for their exclusive use. Details of this scheme are given at the bottom of this page.

A few hints for working will possibly be of use, though the average needlewoman should have no difficulty in copying any of the letters shown.

In the solid satin stitch lettering, as in Fig. 1, a soft embroidery thread is used, and the whole monogram is first outlined in the flat running stitch, picking up very little of the material, and the wide parts are filled right in

A monogram of any combination of not more than three letters will be designed specially for any reader of "The Ladies' Mirror" on request. A postal

note for 2s. 6d. must accompany the application, and the letters required should be written clearly. Indicate also style of monogram preferred, as Figs. 1 to 8 above. Write your name and address clearly and address "Fashion Editress," "The Ladies' Mirror," 43 City Chambers, Queen Street, Auckland.

SOME NEW USES FOR BRUSH BRAID

Dainty Trifles Easily Made

by MARJORIE L. TOULSON

BRUSH-BRAID is reminiscent of the days when one wore alarming garments called gored skirts, containing seven, eight, and even eleven gores! One has memories of standing for hours like a stiff wooden doll, while the dress-maker laboriously endeavoured to make the hem even, every movement on the part of the wearer seeming to alter the "hang"—to the despair of both maker and wearer, and then, finally, when it was persuaded to remain poised at a level distance from the ground all round, the dress-maker departed, leaving the finishings to you. This meant sewing yards and yards of brush braid around the edge of the skirt, and it took a long, long time, with many sighs, and many examinations to see if you were near the end—or the beginning—of the seemingly everlasting circle of braid.

In those days it was just brush braid, with no other object in life but to be sewn on the hems of skirts. One couldn't help smoothing the soft pliable braid with its stiff little brush edge as it slipped through one's fingers, and gradually a new idea came, and it led to many others, and so brush braid entered upon a larger sphere of usefulness, and has other objects in life.

There are so many ways of using this medium that only a few can be given here.

CHIEF of these is to make the pocket

travelling hat in blues and browns. it is commenced from the crown centre, and can be fitted into any shape desired as the work progresses.

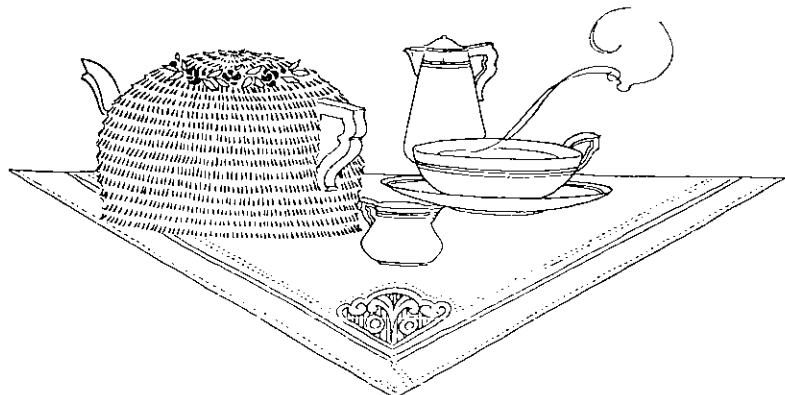
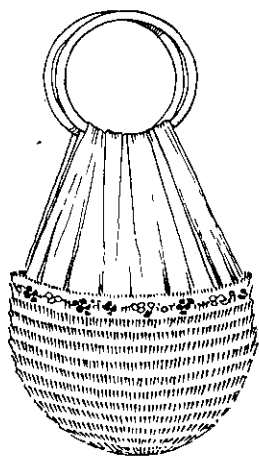
The tiny shoes are of old rose braid, and are lined cosily with white rabbit fur—just sweet, are they not?

THE delightful bag is in braid of a lovely lime green shade, trimmed with masses of tiny crochet wool flowers in many tones. These are very easily made, and are so simple, being just a ring of six chain filled with double crochet round, and using a steel hook to keep them firm.

The top of the bag is of dull blue silk, and is a continuation of the lining.

A very charming tea-cosy can be made in a similar way, with clusters of silk fruit at the top, and lined with old gold silk.

LASTLY, there is a spray trimming for your renovated spring hat, though it would be useful at any season—and always charming when many tones of colour are used. These posy flowers are made by gathering and sewing the braid round and round, gradually forming a rosette with the brush close packed. The stem is of wire, covered with dull green wool—and the leaves are cut from suede, though they could also be made from ribbon. This braid can be bought in many beautiful shades, and its quality is such that rain and sun do not affect it for a long time.



SPRING FASHIONS

It is with pleasure that we announce our Initial Display of Spring Goods, which have been personally selected by one of our directors who made a special visit to London and Paris for the purpose. Included are the latest novelties recently shown in these fashion centres. In every one of our departments New Goods are now exhibited and we cordially invite readers of *The Ladies' Mirror* to call and inspect. Under no consideration will you be importuned to buy

Smith & Caughey Ltd
Queen Street Auckland

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR

Woman's Peculiar Province

by A. B. Root

IT is a significant fact that man started life in a garden. Genesis is somewhat vague as to particulars. Apparently it was a cross between an orchard and a zoo. But, as our American friends say, it was "a sure enough garden all right," yept Paradise, and situated at the charming suburb of Eden on the Euphrates, which was a station on the old Chaldean camel line as you went north. It is recorded that in this lonely spot Mr. and Mrs. Adam committed the entirely original sin of picking an apple from a tree that was definitely taboo. One finds it difficult not to envy the Adams and their originality, and yet why should they be given credit for it? Everything they did was bound to be original, whether they intended it so or not.

In any case, the Adams, as a punishment, were thrust out of the Garden.

But why this mysterious action? Why were they thrown out? The logical thing would have been to keep Adam there in the Garden and make him work it, instead of which he was told tersely by the angel with the flaming sword, "You're out." How much envied he must be by many a man to-day to whom his wife, the angel with the flaming spade, says, "You're in."

The garden is indeed woman's peculiar province, her playground and her man's master. In the garden of life woman is the flower, man the vegetable. But woman is more than this. She is all the blossoming things—the rose, the lily or violet, according to her type. It is by no accident that woman is so often described in terms of flowers; but who ever heard of a man so figured? Would it be a true description to say that Mr. Massey was like a red, red rose, or that Sir Joseph Ward was like a lily pale? No; the idea is not harmonious. Men fall naturally into the humble classification of vegetables. It is of men that we say that they have beetroot noses, carrot hair, and cauliflower ears.

Thus, in actuality, we see man taking a place in the background of a garden. He becomes the humble digger and deliver, while woman triumphantly culls the blossoms of which she is the lovely rival.

GARDENS may be accurately divided into two classes—the kind we should like to have, and the kind we get. Skilful publicists know this. If you will turn to the pages of any of the beautiful magazines and catalogues devoted to this subject, you will find ninety per cent. of the illustrated matter deals with vast landscape arrangements, which are, indeed, gardens for the few, but which must remain dreams for the many.

We take a keen, vicarious joy in these exquisite creations. That is why they are made so predominant. There is not the faintest hope that we shall ever be able to achieve the tenth part of a terrace, but, in imagination, we amble magnificently across the shaded levels of the pictured lawns, and we feel a little of the glory that is their owner's.

"Nothing is more satisfying to the eye than a well-proportioned vista, terminated by a water feature in which the dark trees are repeated with a mirror-like fidelity." This is quite true. Unfortunately, on our estate the only possible vista is interrupted at the deadly distance of twenty feet by our neighbour's wash-house, and the only water feature available is the garden hose. My wife, who has an æsthetic soul, re-

cently suggested to Jones, our neighbour, that it would be nice if he painted the back of his wash-house a pale grey, "something between sand and putty," I think she said. I'm not very good on the decorator shades, but, anyway, the idea was that the wash-house would fade into the landscape. Jones, who is a reasonable soul, said he would be delighted to oblige, if we would agree to paint the back of our house light blue, so that it would disappear against the sky, and thus the matter stands at present. But it all shows how we long in our hearts for the grandiose, the great gesture.

OCCASIONALLY we see ambitious but restricted amateurs working on a garden enormous in plan and idea, but tiny in actual area. A case in point is my friend Weed, who has a charming property (50 by 180). Weed has a soaring soul, and he doesn't propose to let a little thing like limited space cramp his style. He

away, and things we detest will grow through asphalt drives and concrete paths?—and why is it that—but what is the use of a mere man asking questions about gardens? Woman is the priestess, man the slave.

OH! HOW SHE LOVED HIM!

An Effort to Achieve one of Those Mushy American Magazine Stories

THE first thing that struck Con Dithers as he leant his massive arms on the massive window ledge of the sitting-room of the suite he had taken in the Pretoria Hotel, that frowned above a street in a district that a man in his home town (are you still with me?) had told him was the swellest part of the city, was that he was indeed there.

The second thing was that this cosmic conglomeration of sky-high

"Eulie," he had often said, evenings, "say, your inferiority to me don't worry me worth a cent. If I've got the money, you've surely got no cause to wear a veil in public. I'll say that to the world."

AND the world would willingly have accepted the pronouncement. Eulie was just one of those girls whose portraits appear on magazine covers, a blue-eyed blonde, with the reddest, moistest, curvedist, provocative, mockingest, wistfullest mouth that ever opened to receive the contents of a box of candy. And she was crazy about him. In everything he said, she agreed with Con. The simplest country mouse had nothing on her in the humble stuff. And perhaps it was the hint of the brute in him, combined with his massive-ness, and his air of the great out-of-doors, that welded her closer. She'd have walked up Main Street with her nose unpowdered if he had asked her. Also she realised that Con's father's money made him a gentleman, and was grateful for his condescension. Why the Ditherses had a crest on their notepaper that they'd copied from an English hardware advertisement. That'll show you.

But one night, after unlocking himself from Eulie's farewell embrace, and getting safely on to the sidewalk, Con had wondered if his was really true love, or merely an atavistic instance of prehistoric passion. So he fixed it to make a quick trip to New York, and give a try-out to the absence-makes-the-heart-grow-fonder theory. Which takes us back to the beginning of the story.

Sentimentally, Con unsighed himself, and the massive window ledge returned to its accustomed place. He decided to go to a cabaret, and deliberately seek temptation.

His was to be an acid test. If he fell for a good-looker on Broadway, he didn't love Eulie; if he didn't, he did. That was the way Con had figured it out. Turning back to the room, he gave his nails a final scrape with the file-blade of his penknife, lit a cigarette, picked up his hat, coat, cane and gloves, and walked to the elevator.

WHILE preserving his brutal appearance, Con was a dandy dresser. Hearts fluttered a-plenty as he sauntered along, his evening coat flung back to display his close-fitting Tuxedo, faced with black velvet, and caught across his white satin waistcoat with a broad, black silk ribbon, his hat tilted aggressively on his well-shaped head, and his gloved hands alternately grasping his gold-topped cane or swinging nonchalantly by his massive side.

Then Con got what he was looking for. There, in front of him, stood a girl. Just imagine all the vamps you've read of, seen, or dreamt about, and then distil the essence. She was that, and some more.

"Say, kiddo," said Con in his easy, gentlemanly style, "you look good to me. Let me blow you to a supper."

She rather liked him. "Sure," she said, "I'm your little girlie. Lead on."

Con hailed a taxi, gave a smart address—another tip from the man at home—and in a few minutes they were cosy behind some palms in a place that charged you five dollars a time to look around.

"This is a bit rough on my wad, Baby," he said in a cultured, conversational vein. "But you can go the limit. I'm a free spender, and it's yours for all the cream in the milk bottle of life this evening."

He gave an order to an exceptionally soft-footed waiter, and sat back chewing a gold and crimson banded cigar. As it was inconvenient to speak with it in his mouth, he removed it, and leant forward.



has simply gone the limit. He has all the known features of a big, formal garden, and each one is as nearly life-size as he could make it, and not crowd something else off the section. You step from a four-foot terrace, and almost fall into the lily-pool. The edges of the plan are well filled with gates and wire arches and seats and things, and across the back (14 feet 6 inches) is a massive pergola. The general effect is that of an outdoor auction-room, into which the collection of a rich amateur has been dumped, and stands ready for sale. When Weed piloted me through it, I kept looking under the benches for price marks, and asking how much this was and that, until he got peevish, and retired to the house. For anyone with garden megalomania, I think the Jap's idea of reducing everything to scale is much better. Then you can have bridges and trees and houses and all for a centre-piece on the dining-room table.

BACK among the advertisements in garden magazines will be found an occasional article about the kind of garden we really get. These articles are often in the form of letters from enquirers, printed in very fine type, as befits their lovely station. But there is something pathetic and appealing about them. Through them speaks the real voice of the soil, the humble human clod which, breaking its way through the economic crust, valiantly seeks the light.

Why is it, I wonder, that things we love in a garden fail and pine

buildings, this never-ceasing roar of traffic on Broadway—a reference to the never-ceasing r.o.t. on Broadway is an essential part of such stories as this—this skin piercing, soul searing consciousness of the sudden microscopic value of his entity were all mighty new sensations to a fellow whose father owned three business blocks in Thermopylae, Mo., and who ran his roadster with never a thought of the soaring price of gasoline.

He was twenty-seven years four months and two days old. An air of the great out-of-doors hung about him, for he spent all the time that was not devoted to the furthering of the family business in hoeing onions in the onion patch, except when he was joy-riding in his roadster, playing pool and poker, getting shaved, massaged and manicured, or lounging in hotel lobbies. Evenings, he was mostly up at the Hinkses. A-a-h! He heaved a sigh that pushed the massive window ledge an inch nearer the vacuity of space that brooded over the street, and shifted his tooth-pick from one finely-cut corner of his mouth to the other.

It was to test his love for Eulie de Courcay Hinks that he had left Thermopylae, Mo., and come west to the City of Gotham, or Babylon-on-the-Subway, or even New York, which last appellation is perhaps the most widely known. Of course, the Hinkses were poor in comparison with the Ditherses, but he was willing to disregard the vast social barrier that separated them. He had said as much.

"Say, Honeybunch," he said gallantly, "don't you like me just a little bit?"

For an answer she flung her arms, redolent with a maddening perfume, round his neck, and kissed him liquidly and fervently, her eyes shut in an utterness of surrender, her nose white with an excess of meretricious comradeship, or perhaps powder. Con drew back with a creaking shirt front, and a pang at his heart.

Was this fair to Eulie?

Was he doing right?

Did he love Eulie, or didn't he?

Was this doubt as to the rectitude of that kiss an indication that, after all, he did?

Had—? But a voice cut short his wild questionings. His mother stood before him.

"Con," she said softly, and he started at the sound. "Con, come to me, Honey Boy, come home. The whippoorwills are calling now over old man Rooney's dustbin, the last trolley car is rattling down Lincoln Avenue, the moon is rising through the cotton woods. Come home, sweetie, I've followed you all the way, with a pie I've cooked, in my pocket. Take it now, love; these cats are no good for your stomach. And there's someone I left outside who wants you, too. Come, Con, come home with Momma."

Yes, it was his mother who stood there beseeching him, and brushing the palm leaves away from her face. Con rose with a sob in his throat, took the pie, and stumbled out from the glitter of lights into the street, his mother's arms supporting him. Incidentally he left the vamp to pay the cheque. And there, in a taxi, tearful and yearning, with another pie in her little hands, he found—who do you think? Oh, go on, have a guess. What, Eulie? You've got it! Yes, he found Eulie.

Passionately and piefully they kissed, while Momma, the taxi-man, and the arc lights shed a benison on them. Then off they went to collect his grip from the Pretoria, and so to the Grand Central. Early the next morning, with the dawn turning the dew to diamonds, it was a happy mother, a grateful son, and a loving wife-to-be that the mail east bore back to Thermopylae, Mo.

I hope it didn't bore you. (This is a pun).

THE MIRROR

*Across the silver surface swiftly pass,
In changeful mood, the smiles or frowns of youth;*

*Each one a moment only, in its truth
Of form and feature, mirrored in the glass.*

*How like some fickle maiden's heart,
alas,*

*Where every image hides the last,
forsooth.*

That last forgotten in its turn, no ruth

Or pity shows the dainty wayward lass.

Now she seeks pleasure new, where she may find

Some willing toy to trifle with or tease,

Slighting the shafts of little Cupid blind.

Little she cares, except awhile to please.

And then to banish from the vacant mind.

Thus time with youth and love, unheeded flees.

—J.F.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Miss Mavis Brigham, eldest daughter of Mr. J. S. Brigham, Town Clerk of Auckland, and Mrs. Brigham, who has recently become engaged to Mr. T. B. Philcox, also of Auckland.



Spring and Summer Millinery

With pride we announce to you that our Spring and Summer Millinery is ready—with pride, because, after many years intimate experience of MILLINERY ART, we ourselves are content with the models assembled for the coming season



Photographed is a charming model in Black Tulle, black jet ornaments with cire and gold ribbon fashion this new style. The transparent brim combines comfort with lightness

PRICE
63/-



Photographed on the right is an artistic model in Saxe and Fuschia with a crown of glazed leaves to tone. The smart effect of the grass mount with cornflowers on the brim promises to make this style one of the season's favourites

PRICE **75/-**

WE ARE THE ACTUAL TRIMMERS

Oft times we originate, sometimes adapt pronounced favourites to local requirements. Every hat bears evidence of careful hand-work, each one showing unmistakable evidence of originality of ideas and cleverness in making

MAY WE ASK YOU A QUESTION?

*Will you before deciding upon your new Spring hat,
honour us with a visit of inspection?*

RENDELLS
LIMITED

**OF KARANGAHAPE ROAD
AUCKLAND**

THE GRAPHIC ARTS Etchings

by T. V. GULLIVER

ALTHOUGH it is true that the main purpose of all Fine Art is to decorate, and that prints especially do this admirably, yet I should be sorry to think that all interest in pictures ceased after they had been hung, and that from then onwards they were to be regarded as mere patches of tone doing something useful on a wall. Unfortunately, this tendency for pictures to become part of the wall is known to many of us, and if what I write saves any prints from a similar fate, I shall be satisfied.

Whatever beauty is to be found in the Graphic Arts is due to two causes in particular—to the artist's outlook, and to the quality peculiar to whichever medium he employs. The first has to do largely with matters of individual taste, and provides endless discussion for hundreds of art critics—I leave it to them; it is of the second that I wish to write—dealing with each process under its own heading, and naming them here for convenience—Etching, Drypoint, Aquatint, Mezzotint, Woodcutting and Engraving and Lithography. It will be observed that I have chosen those branches which belong to the reproductive side of the Graphic Arts.

colour-blind, and rendering old Paris in a way never achieved before or since, with strange birds, witches and macabre verse queerly introduced; Rembrandt, greatest of all, etching marvellous portraits of burgomasters, rat-catchers, pigs even; and Rops, wonderful draughtsman of erotic work and unpleasant things; but it is impossible to suggest more than a fraction of the delightful variation achieved, and which, indeed, is limited only by the possible variations of the artistic mind.

Hamerton, writing of the artist's attitude towards his subject, says, "The mo-

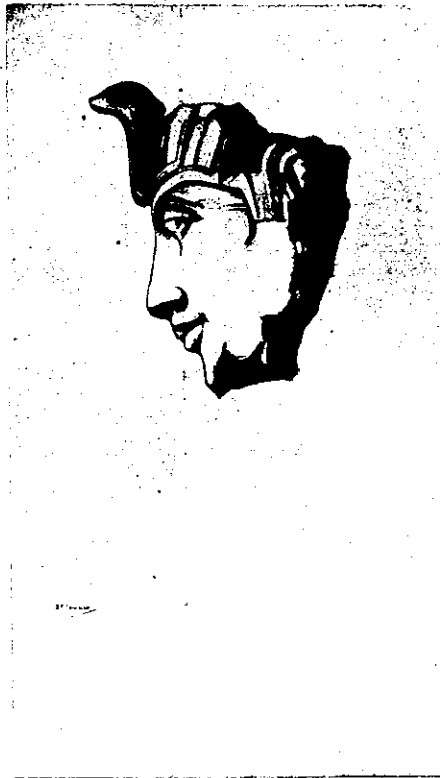
re learned stroke than the scores of ten by which he would have arrived at his end."

MOST of what I have said and quoted above is concerned with the ideals of the art; and the masters—the men who are faultless—may be counted on the fingers; but there is a great amount of etching done at the present time by men and women, who are not masters, but who are revealing, nevertheless, their personalities and attempting in their own ways to realise some ideal. Their work can be obtained; some of them

selection if not a large collection of books of and about etchings and etchers.

ENGRAVING in metal is produced by means of a number of different processes, and it is to the particular method of obtaining a sunken line by means of a mordant acid that the term etching is applied. In this connection the probable derivation of the word from the Dutch *etsen*, to eat, may be pointed out. In the art as usually practised, the metal used is copper, and the mordant is nitric acid; zinc is often used, and some of the old etchers used iron.

In starting to work, the etcher first prepares the plate, rounding off all sharp edges, and bringing one of the surfaces to a state of high polish. It is then warmed over a stove, and the polished side is evenly and thinly coated with etching ground—a hard paste composed of asphaltum, pitch and wax. This thin layer is transparent, and whilst still hot is inverted over a candle or taper, and smoked until the whole surface is opaque. When cold, the ground is ready to be used, and is hard, black, and slightly shiny. The coating of etching ground is used to protect the copper



Ramses II, by D. Y. Cameron.



"Mona," by A. L. Zorn.



Rembrandt Leaning on a Stone Sill, by Rembrandt.

Etching is, without doubt, the chief of them all; it is to most artists what chamber-music is to most musicians—a hobby—and I think that of all the forms of pictorial expression it is the one which allows to the artist the most spontaneous freedom. This is due directly to the surface upon which he works, and to the tool with which he draws, the absolute lack of resistance in the one, and the complete freedom of line possible with the other, enabling the etcher to forget his materials and to concentrate upon his subject. The whole feeling, when working direct upon the copper, is to eliminate, to endeavour to fix the impression, rather than the substance, to make every line "tell" to its utmost, and to produce a drawing impulsive and inevitable.

The perfection of the material as a graphic medium, must have been the leading influence upon the great artists who have used it. Whistler, with that extraordinary elimination in his late work and always (like his signature, the butterfly), beautiful and pictorially perfect; Brangwyn, and his large, deeply-bitten plates, sometimes gloomy, always impressive and decorative; Meryon, insane and

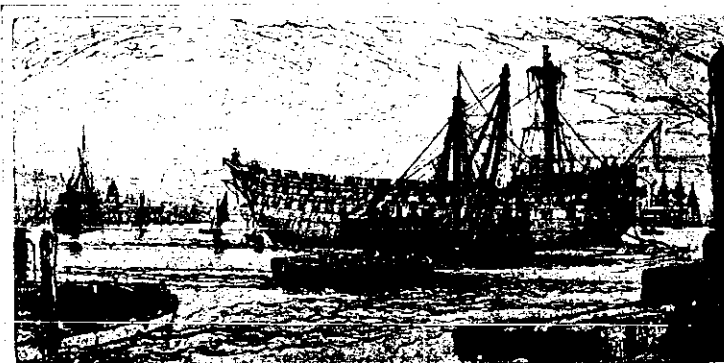
tive of a picture is not so much material, as spiritual. It is a certain condition of the mind produced by the subject, which the artist in rendering that subject, desires to reproduce in the minds of the spectators. . . . Almost anything is a subject, but it only becomes a motive when the artist is moved by it. An etcher ought never to care about subjects, he should etch motives only," and Seymour Haden, a great

etcher himself, has this to say about the technical side: "Every stroke he (the etcher) makes, tells strongly against him if it be bad, or proves him to be a master if it be good. In no branch of art does a touch go for so much. The necessity for rigid selection is therefore constantly present to his mind. If one stroke in the right place tells more for him than ten in the wrong, it would seem to follow that that single stroke was a

will be classed, undoubtedly, with the minor masters, and the majority are capable of affording a great deal of pleasure.

I believe that a knowledge of the lives and works of the great etchers of the past is necessary for a complete appreciation of etchings themselves—it enables us to understand the motives which in many cases clearly underlie their work, and—most important of all—it gives us a standard for comparison, or rather perhaps, to live up to.

Any attempt here to give an historical outline of the art would degenerate into a catalogue of names and dates—a most unsatisfactory thing to write or read; and I will say only this, that a little time spent in reading about the subject will be repaid amply by an added interest. Most of the public libraries have a



The Breaking Up of the "Agamemnon," by Sir F. S. Haden.

from the action of the acid, and, if the prepared plate was flooded with it, no action would take place. The drawing is made with a steel needle sharpened to a fine round point, and set into a convenient handle—in fact, anything which is smooth and sharp may be used. Here are the perfect surface and the perfect tool, and the needle gliding over the prepared copper removes the ground wherever it touches, leaving a glistening gold line on the black surface, and the drawing, when completed, is seen as a network of these bright lines upon the dark ground.

The plate is now ready for biting, as it is called, and is either immersed in a nitric bath, in which case the back and edges are protected with an acid-proof paint, or the acid may be applied to the needled surface only: whichever method is used, the lines of the drawing are covered over, almost immediately, with a frosting of minute bubbles, which show that action between the copper and the acid has commenced. These bubbles are removed occasionally with a feather, and the longer the acid is allowed in contact with the lines, the deeper and

(Continued on page 25).

The Graphic Arts—Etchings

(Continued from page 24).



Santa Maria Della Salute, by Frank Brangwyn.

wider grooves it will cut. When the etcher judges that his lightest lines have been sufficiently bitten, he removes the plate from the acid, washes it in water, dries it, and covers over those lines with some of the acid-proof paint, allowing this to dry before again placing the plate in the bath. The same steps of biting and stopping-out are carried on until the whole of the work has been bitten to the different depths required. Wide and narrow lines are obtained in etching by the action of the acid alone, those originally drawn with the needle being all of the same width and of no depth, as the point is used to bare the copper through the ground, and not to cut into it.

THE etching ground which all this time has been used to protect the plate from the acid in those places where no lines have been drawn, is now removed with turpentine, and the drawing is seen as a series of dark lines eaten into the piece of shining copper. Alterations or additions are made as required—alterations by rubbing out the mistakes with charcoal and other abrasives—additions by a re-grounding of the plate, and further biting, and when the drawing and biting are considered satisfactory the plate is ready for printing.

It is to the print that the etcher looks for the final realisation of his efforts, and it is to the printing that an etching owes most of its quality. It is possible for a beginner with one or two lessons to carry an etching as far as has been described, but a good printer may have to study for a lifetime—many of the effects used need the dexterity which comes only from long practice, and in addition to this it is the printer's special art to get everything that is possible out of the plate from the pictorial point of view.

The ink used is a mixture of brown or black colouring matter ground in a stiff oil, and is usually made as required—its colour, consistency and temperature having a great effect upon the proof obtained. It is forced into the lines of the plate, which is slightly warmed, and the surplus ink on the surface of the copper is cleaned off with the palm of the hand, or a pad of stiff muslin, in such a manner as not to disturb the ink in the lines. The whole may be removed, giving what is called a "straight proof, or faint or heavy stains may be left, as desired. The plate, which during the

inking has become cold, is warmed again, and is ready for the press, which is a machine very like a mangle, with the difference that the rollers are of steel and have a steel "plank" and several thicknesses of felt blanket gripped between them. The paper on which the impression is to be taken (hand-made etching

papers in themselves are beautiful things) has been dampened previously until it is in a spongy condition, but quite free from surface water. The warm plate is placed face up on the plank of the press, the dampened paper is carefully placed over it, the felt blankets are smoothed down over all, and, on turning the



La Galerie de Notre Dame, by Charles Meryon.

handle, the whole is passed through between the rollers under such great pressure that the paper is forced into all the grooves of the plate, where the ink already there adheres to it.

The blankets are turned back, and the paper, stripped off the plate very carefully, is found to bear a facsimile of the bitten lines in printing ink upon its surface. Fresh proofs are taken by a repetition of the above methods, and after all which are satisfactory have been dried and lightly pressed, they are ready for the artist's signature.

I would like to mention that every print from an etched plate bears in itself the proof of its origin, firstly in the raised lines of ink upon its surface, and secondly in the "plate mark," or mark of the edges of the piece of copper on the paper, and I hope that the pointing out of these signs will help the novice to distinguish the true etching from the many frauds offered as such.

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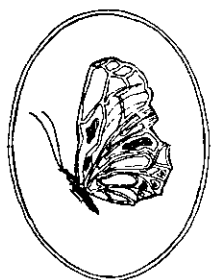
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HOME COOKERY

by "CUISINIÈRE"

About Casserole Cooking

IT is only in comparatively recent years that English people have taken to cooking in casseroles, though the French have always been very conversant with that method. Once tried, every woman will realise the great saving in nourishing value and flavour of foods cooked *en casserole*. The fireproof dishes used will last a long time with care, and the dish cooked can be served up in them, which in cold weather is another great advantage.

Cookery *en casserole* means dishes cooked and served in the same earthenware utensil, with a cover, whether pot or dish. They can be bought in green, yellow, brown or red fireproof stoneware. They may be served at table in holders of metal, or without, though if no holder is used they should be placed on a dish to prevent scorching the tablecloth or mat.

New casseroles should always be soaked in cold water for several hours, the water then gradually brought to the boil. This will prevent them from cracking on their first exposure to heat. The vessel should not be put on the stove or in the oven without water or fat in it, neither must a hot casserole be put in a wet sink, or in cold water, when straight out of the oven, or it may crack.

Cooking *en casserole* is economical in many ways, as nearly every kind of food can be cooked by this means. It must be remembered, however, that a longer time is required, as only gentle heat is needed, and thus less fuel or gas is used.

As I mentioned before, all flavour and nourishment in the food is retained when cooked *en casserole*, and for stews less water is required than when cooked by other methods. Food can also be allowed to stand without harm, if a meal is delayed. And not only can stews, roasts and pies be cooked in these fireproof vessels, but all kinds of little fancy dishes and savouries which are served in ramequins, small earthenware dishes, with or without handles.

Ox Tail En Casserole

- 1 Ox tail
- 2 dessertspoons butter or dripping
- 1 carrot
- 1 onion
- 2 celery stalks
- 1 teaspoon mixed herbs
- 4 peppercorns
- 1 dessertspoon flour
- 1 pint stock
- 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce
- 1 teaspoon of meat extract.

WASH and dry the ox tail and cut it into joints. Pour boiling water over, and let it stand in that half an hour, then dry thoroughly. Place butter or dripping in the casserole, add vegetables and other ingredients, then put pieces of tail on top, stirring occasionally. When meat and vegetables are nicely browned, add stock or meat extract and water, also sauce, if liked. Place the lid on, and simmer gently three hours. When the pieces of tail are tender, take them out, strain off the soup, thicken with the flour and return to the casserole, adding only the smaller pieces of tail, serving one in each plate of soup. The larger pieces are generally used as an *entrée*, served with a nice brown gravy, and a *macédoine* of vegetables.

Chicken Au Gratin

- 9 ozs. cold chicken
- 4 ozs. grated cheese
- 1 1/2 oz. rice
- 1 breakfast cup of tomato gravy
- Breadcrumbs, salt and pepper.



COOK the rice in boiling salted water until tender. Cut the chicken into neat pieces. Butter a fireproof dish, place a layer of chicken at the bottom, then a layer of well-drained cooked rice. Pour the tomato gravy over this, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, grated cheese, salt and pepper. Repeat layers until dish is full. The last layer should be cheese and breadcrumbs, with little knobs of butter dotted over the top. Place in a hot oven to brown. The tomato gravy is made by cooking four or five tomatoes in stock or gravy until soft, then straining through a sieve, returning the liquid to the pan. Add one tablespoon of butter, and simmer very gently until it thickens (30 to 45 minutes).

Eggs in Ramequins

- Several (4) hard-boiled eggs
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1/4 lb. cooked chopped ham
- White breadcrumbs
- 1 teacup white sauce
- Salt and pepper to season
- 3 drops anchovy sauce.

MELT the butter in a pan, add to it the anchovy and white sauce, and simmer gently five minutes, then add the ham and cooked eggs, cut in slices, season nicely, and, when hot, turn into well-buttered ramequins, cover with white crumbs and little dots of butter. Brown in oven and serve very hot.

Sultana Cake

- 1/4 lb. butter
- 1/4 lb. sugar
- 1/2 lb. flour
- 1/4 lb. sultanas
- 4 eggs
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/4-teaspoon vanilla and lemon essence
- 2 tablespoons or more milk
- A strip of candied peel and a pinch of salt.

BEAT the sugar and butter to a cream, drop eggs in two at a time, and beat for five minutes each time. Not less than ten minutes for four eggs. Sift flour and add gradually, also the peel (chopped fine) and sultanas; essence last. Bake thoroughly in a moderate oven. Desiccated cocoanut may be used instead of sultanas, if preferred. The mixture should be a paste soft enough to drop from a spoon.



Try This
Splendid Recipe
for
Rich Fruit Cake

1lb. butter, 1lb. currants, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. sultanas, ½lb. mixed peel, ½lb. almonds, 4 breakfast cups flour, 2 breakfast cups sugar, 10 eggs, 1 heaped teaspoon Edmonds Baking Powder, wine glass brandy. Beat butter to a cream, add sugar, then eggs one by one unbeaten; mix baking powder with flour and put in, then fruit dredged with flour. Brandy. Cook 4½ hours, moderate oven

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A PAGE for the CHILDREN



OF all sins, surely ingratitude is one of the blackest. It appeared that this little old lady had adopted a stray young weta, who repaid kindness and affection with the roughest of horseplay and every annoyance in his power. This ungrateful youth, now past the bib and the high chair, had grown beyond control; he had lived through the days when a smile and the raised finger of this kindest of foster-mothers was enough to check him; now he annoyed her unceasingly, and she was afraid of him. He would rush out upon her from behind pieces of wood or toad-stools, shouting, "Hock!" and flinging up his great legs in the manner of Scotchmen, and when reproved would look most dangerous, lowering his head like an enraged bull. Frequently he unmercifully tickled her under the chin with one of his very long feelers, and she wisely held that all such behaviour was naughty, and robbed her of dignity. To me, the most alarming of the youth's tricks was the one of flinging up his great legs; not that I feared he might do himself bodily harm, but I had repeatedly seen the grown-up wetas when disturbed in the Ti-tree so prepare to do battle.

BILLY BOY TAKES A RIDE IN A SEAPLANE

White Rabbit is a Splendid Airman

IT sounds rather funny, but there really were roads, and houses, and gardens all around them. First of all they came to a big round castle with very small windows. The main door was open, and there seemed no one at home. "This is the giant's house," said White Rabbit. "No one lives there just now, because Mrs. Giant is having it painted and newly papered."

They walked further along the road. Then they came to a pretty white gate. Inside, the neat path led to a white house with a green door. It was two-storeyed, and had four green windows in all, two upstairs and one on each side on

the ground floor. There was a curl of blue smoke coming out of the red chimney. It was such a comfy looking little house that Billy Boy liked it very much indeed.

"I wonder if you know who lives there?" said White Rabbit.

"It might be the Three Bears," said Billy Boy shyly.

"Right," said Black Ears, "we might call and see them as we come back if there is time. They are out just now. The little bear has gone for his morning swim, and the others are carrying the warm towel and a stick of chocolate for him."

Billy Boy would have liked to meet this funny family, but just then they heard a clear bugle call from the field dotted with trees on their right. They listened, and Billy Boy said gleefully, "I wonder if that can be little Boy Blue. I

have so wanted to meet him." He began to run very fast, so fast that White Rabbit could hardly keep up with him.

It was Boy Blue. He was still blowing his horn, and the white lambs were gambolling and playing with each other. Billy Boy laughed when he saw them. They looked so happy, and so did Boy Blue, because he had just got every one out of the corn, and they really had not eaten very much.

"What a long time you were in coming," he said to Billy Boy. "I wanted to show you the quail's nest I found in the hedge by that oak, and I began to think the eggs would be all hatched before you arrived."

So he ran, and Billy Boy and White Rabbit ran quickly to look, but the birds had broken through the pretty speckled shells, and Mr. and Mrs.

Quail had coaxed the chickens away into the fields, where there was plenty of young wheat just peeping out of the earth.

They said good-bye then to Boy Blue and went gaily on. The road was smooth and clean, and tall trees grew on either side, and soon they saw a large building with towers and a flag flying from the tallest tower. Billy Boy got quite interested, and began to whistle a tune, and the sound disturbed four-and-twenty blackbirds which were sitting in a row on the clothes line at the king's palace. They were practising their notes for the springtime, because they are so busy during the summer and autumn that they forget how to sing in tune.

When the winter is fading away before the warm sunshine, and the daffodils are beginning to hang out their yellow trumpets among the green swordlike leaves, the blackbird begins to try his voice, so that he may have a beautiful song ready by the time the almond trees are gay with pink and white flowers.

The biggest and wisest old blackbird was beating time, nodding his head and waving one claw, but he stopped suddenly, and said rather crossly: "Tenshun; school is dismissed."

And he flew away and perched on the top of the flagpole on the tower, where he meditated long in silence on many things.

But the other blackbirds flew over the high wall into the king's orchard. There were eighty-seven big cherry trees—black-heart cherries they were—the best, the blackest, the sweetest and the juiciest in the country. The blackbirds knew them well, they had been peeping at them and watching while the sun painted them a little redder and a little darker each day. And to-day—the day on which Billy Boy arrived, they were just right to eat.

And while Billy Boy and White Rabbit were looking over the gate, they saw the king's cook come with a green basket. He was to gather the ripe Morellas to make a cherry pie, of which the queen was particularly fond. But he got angry when he saw the birds among the black-heart cherries, for they would leave none for the king's dessert. So he took a telephone out of his pocket, and called up the kitchen.

"Send me the game catcher at once," he said.

In a quarter of five-sixteenths of a second the game catcher arrived. He was a little man, and he was wearing spectacles as big as the biggest saucers that Billy Boy had ever seen.

"Catch me those blackbirds," said Cook in a voice of thunder. "I'll teach them to eat cherries. I'll bake them in a pie."

And the game catcher put his hand in his left coat pocket and pulled out a butterfly net. He threw a handful of cherries into it, and quickly climbing a tree he began to whistle the "Cherry Song." In a few minutes all the blackbirds and one sparrow flew into the net, and there they were.

"So very easy," thought Billy Boy, and made up his mind to try that plan himself some day. By this time Billy was feeling hungry, and he thought, "I wonder if the queen would mind if I asked her for a piece of bread and honey."

The next minute he was sitting in a lovely white kitchen with a floor of blue and white tiles, and there was the queen cutting a big slice of bread and spreading it with golden honey scented with white clover. "Eat this, Billy Boy," she had just said, when somebody shook Billy's shoulder gently and mother's voice said, "Why, Billy, don't you know it is time to get up and have your bath?"

"All right, mother, said Billy; but I've had the loveliest dream."

"Hurry, darling," said his mother, the porridge will be on the table in a minute, and there is a lovely piece of honeycomb too—and—"

But Billy was on the way to the bathroom.

(The End).

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EVERY BABY'S BIRTHRIGHT

That he should be nursed by his own mother is every Baby's birthright. Only through ill-health or sheer inability to feed him should Baby be deprived of his birthright.

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HOW GLAXO HELPS

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One or two pints of prepared Glaxo should be taken every day, either as a drink at meal times or in milk puddings,



soups, etc., made with Glaxo. If this practice is maintained during the waiting months and throughout the nursing period, no healthy mother should have any difficulty in feeding her Baby.

(Note: The Special Glaxo Book of Recipes for Expectant and Nursing Mothers gives many delightful ways in which Glaxo can be taken).

Even if you should find your breast-milk insufficient for Baby, you can still give him all the breast-milk possible, making up the deficiency with feeds of Glaxo. For Glaxo being milk, pure milk, and nothing but milk, made as readily digestible as mother's milk, can be given to Baby in turn with the breast without fear of digestive disturbance.

GLAXO AS THE SOLE FOOD FROM BIRTH

If you should find that you cannot or may not feed your Baby, then you will remember that Glaxo, the super-milk,

is the proved best alternative—a complete food for Baby from birth.

While no food suits all babies, Glaxo suits most babies. That is why enough Glaxo is sold to-day to feed a quarter of all the babies born in England; that is why over 2100 Infant Welfare Centres purchase sufficient Glaxo to feed more than 60,000 babies every day; that is why doctors recommend Glaxo and rear their own babies on it.

GLAXO NOT AN "ARTIFICIAL" FOOD

Remember, Glaxo is *not* an "artificial food." It contains no secret ingredients. If there is any secret in Glaxo at all, it lies in the Glaxo Process, which ensures that Glaxo is germ-free and free from risk of milk-borne disease, and makes it as digestible as mother's milk. For this reason, no manipulations or modifications are necessary.

Feed Baby yourself if you possibly can—Glaxo will help you to do so. But if Baby must be partly or wholly bottle-fed do not imperil his health by exposing him to the dangers of ordinary milk or by "experimenting" with various "foods." Remember that—if Baby cannot be breast-fed, Glaxo is the proved safe alternative.

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THE ROOM HARMONIOUS

by W. H. Gummer, F.N.Z.I.A.

THERE is one sphere in which every woman of taste is an artist—her home. For the harmony, the subtle charm, the soothing sense of refinement and of culture she alone is responsible. The presence of this harmony gives that distinction which is the final hall-mark of every gentle lady; its absence leaves the consciousness of dis-harmony and lack of ease, of displeasure.

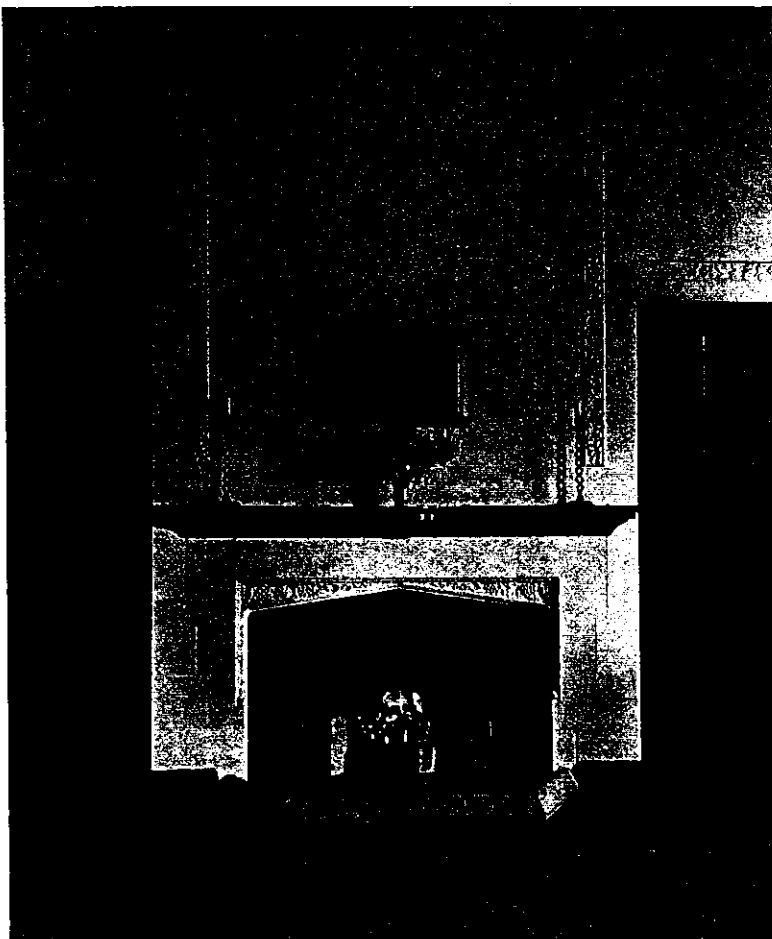
Harmony is achieved by the art of composition—the art of arrangement. The possibilities of composition—orderly, sympathetic, balanced arrangement—are boundless; the human desire for it is fundamental; but, alas, the considered application and satisfactory realisation are the exception rather than the rule.

Yet harmony is within the reach of all who seek it. It depends not on size of rooms, on costliness of furnishings or richness of hangings. It depends not on ostentatious display, but primarily upon judgment and taste, the possession or acquisition of which are within the reach of all. Who has not experienced that indefinable something that spells comfort and culture in even a modest home; who has not been jarred by crude dis-harmonies where wealth alone was rampant?

Only by conformity to artistic laws is the room harmonious made possible. The room itself in its shape, proportions and elements must be satisfactorily designed and worthy to decorate and furnish; there must be ability to select wisely decorations and furnishings and to dispose them so that they can best serve their respective functions; their shape and their position in relation to each and all the other objects in the room and to the room itself must make for harmonious association or arrangement; in other words, they must "compose" to the best instincts of the placer. This is harmony.

Design of the Room

EACH room must be considered as an individual problem—an individual opportunity. Good rooms do not "happen"; they are created. They are the result of thought, of plan,



The decorative idea of structure and function expressed fully. Emphasis obtained by contrast of form and colour, balance and repose of symmetry.

Cecil Wood, A.R.I.B.A., Christchurch.

ly the position of the bed; the position of the table in the dining-room and of the larger pieces of furniture in each room. "Plan" also determines the position of the windows, the provision of artificial light, and entrances in relation to the functional and aesthetic purpose of the room. In this planning of doors and windows, the

of these architectural features should be similarity of proportion and finish tending towards sympathy of line, rhythm and repose.

Selection of Furniture

UPON the broad canvas of that room the home artist must now

they are places to live in. The dining-room is designed for the partaking of meals together with happy social intercourse. Its chairs are designed for special comfort and convenience when seated at table. The decorations of this room should be so harmonious to its purpose as to assist mastication and digestion, and not retard those functions by crude or inharmonious pictorial suggestion. The function of this room is not assisted by two or three stag heads or a tiger head placed on the wall (their place is in the hall), nor by a sideboard piled tier on tier of "ornamental" china or bowls of dubious use and design, and which stand in the way of doors and other articles of daily use. Essentially, the purpose of a room should govern its decorative basis. In such a dining-room, in addition to the necessary furniture, the decorative features may consist of perhaps a few well-chosen prints, a cabinet and a little bronze figure, proper consideration being given to the setting of each object and the avoidance of such crowding as may prevent an object, decorative in itself, from performing properly its decorative function. In the well-designed room, scarcity of decoration in no way detracts from it, while redundancy of decorative effect does.

In the proper furnishing of other rooms it is essential to remember that "collecting" and "decorating" are not the same thing. The crowding together of a miscellaneous collection of articles is not art, any more than mere expense and crowding of features constitutes decoration. Once it was decreed that only objects of one period could be arranged together, but as modern design has come into its own, it has been recognised that with discretion objects of one period or design may be associated with objects of another period or design. But don't *jumble!*

Above all, be severe on sentiment. When Uncle John died and left us the many mirrored, shelved and turned spindled overmantel with the decadent carved marble clock in front, his intentions were probably good; but he may have repented since,



A modern library-living room, expressing through a well-balanced asymmetrical composition individuality and restraint, comfort and taste. Lines of structure reflected in all but the smaller movable objects.

(Reproduced from the "Forum").

Bigelow and Wadsworth, Architects, Dover, Mass., U.S.A.

of design for a particular function, the provision for which establishes "character," while appreciation of form determines the particular disposition and finish of doors, windows, skirtings and cornices, brings line and proportion—an intimate and attractive relation of parts—in short, achieves "design." Thus, the "plan" of the bedroom usually determines definite-

necessity is not generally recognised of always securing wherever possible a fair area of wall space at the side of these; this space should be at least as wide as the door or window concerned. Without such wall space each architectural feature has not the setting which its influence on the happy effect of the room dictates it should have. Another essential characteristic



Combination living-room and dining-room. Expression of function. Informality restrained by lines of structure reflected in the laying of the rugs.

Chilwell and Trevithick, Architects, Auckland.

build towards her ultimate effect by the selection of furniture and decorations. Care and courage are here required. Rooms are not museums;

and the spectacle of his gift grimly treasured "for his sake" and maintained in surroundings where it is but an eyesore may be causing the old

gentleman the greatest spiritual discomfort. Surely these heirlooms, Christmas and wedding gifts need not, throughout the long years and generations, continue to exercise a damning effect upon a room, as they frequently do, in the loss of repose, refinement and "livableness" of a home. If the element of function, a

breaking of valuable glass ware and the dislodging of other objects in the endeavour to open a bookcase or a cabinet. On the other hand, our table or bureau might be just as important in a different scheme of composition if set at right angles to the wall, not necessarily parallel, so that the sitter has his back to the room; or it may



Drawing-room with sun porch at end. The formal and informal charmingly blended. Good mirror well set above fireplace. Note "line of travel" clearly defined in the setting of the furniture. Rugs not too insistent, pleasant in tone and set in harmony with the lines of the room.

sense of fitness of things, is fully grasped and sentiment eliminated, personal taste is more easily expressed, and the successful composing of room areas simplified many times.

Setting of Furniture

AFTER the selection of suitable furniture comes the final decorative touch with pictures and with hangings. Here is where personal taste achieves its greatest triumph—or perpetrates its most dismal failures! With objects that are easily movable, a great deal more elasticity of arrangement is possible than with fixed objects. With large and fixed objects oblique setting is never satisfactory. In our rectangular shaped homes, however, it will be found, on the contrary, that circular forms generally compose well, because they are assimilated by the rectangle lines of structure. Too much of the circular spells "movement," and undue "movement" in decoration destroys repose, the first essential in house design.

HARMONY and repose is what we seek. The structural lines of our rooms are generally rectangles, (how seldom a corner fireplace is really effective); it follows, then, that to achieve sympathy of line, single objects should be placed parallel, or at right angles, to the sides of these rectangles. In the best composed rooms, even though apparently most informally arranged, it will be found, perhaps with an occasional exception, that this rule has been followed. A small rug may be thrown obliquely across a floor, but a large one cannot be otherwise than laid square; by its mere size it would establish an opposing decorative idea. Chairs may be casually set, but not so a grand piano.

Common sense and appreciation of form and grouping must go hand in hand in this matter. One's idea of what is a fine composition must not necessitate the annoyance of having to go round a table and brush past the corner of chairs set aggravatingly in what is known as a "line of travel" in a room, nor should one risk the

be against the back of a settee placed at right angles to the room.

Balance and Formality

A ROOM without balance cannot satisfy artistic perceptions. Balance means the equalisation of attractions or the attainment of a sense of rest, repose or finished movement. Symmetry brings balance by the simple laws of mechanics. It also brings formality. A judicious blending of the formal and the informal seems to produce the happiest results in most households. Informality is produced by asymmetry, and though balance in asymmetry is a necessity to good composition, it is not so obvious—it is felt rather than methodically or scientifically determined. It is all a question of mechanics or of leverage. The child's see-saw illustrates it; two children of unequal weight give asymmetry, but also balance. Apply the same rules to interior arrangements as the placing of the unequally weighted children on a see-saw. There may be a fireplace in the centre of a wall, and on the left side, fairly close, a bookcase; balance can only be gained by the placing of a picture or other object at such a distance, according to its size, to the right of the fireplace, as will counteract the feeling of depression created by the bookcase to the left. The problem is similar in a blank wall, though in this case the centre is approximated, but the articles similarly disposed on each side to secure balance.

Interior domestic composition is a fascinating study, for the problem is involved by the fact that besides composing each wall, the room must be considered as a whole, and the composition of one side may affect greatly that on another.

Experiment is the best teacher. If one is sincere and painstaking, the natural sense for balance will develop the sure instinct and the susceptible touch of good taste with which are framed the various elements which contribute to make the harmonious room and the successfully composed home.

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"JUST OUT"—BOOKS WORTH READING

A Review of Current Literature

THE vast spaces of North America and its wild forest-clad interior form the present-day inspiration of a large company of fiction writers. And they are wise; for the stirring call of the wild, of the snow-clad ranges crowning the forest-covered hills and of the great mysterious rivers that draw so irresistibly to adventure—sometimes to death, itself a Great Adventure—all these abundantly contribute to the magical charm of the out-of-doors book. To the shut-in town-dweller such a book means a country holiday brought to his fireside—an admirable tonic and a mental stimulant.

These draughts of nature, these sparkling breaths of mountain air alert with the sharp tang of scented hill-shrub and mountain pine, and musical with the far-off cry of bird and beast, this divine spirit of wild life concentrated within the two covers of a book, form a most soothing mental anodyne in these days of strained and stressful wealth-seeking.

In all these books the human interest in the foreground of the story takes its colour from the setting. Courage, endurance, and robustness generally characterise the hero and heroine of these tales of the out-of-doors, and the reader closes the book with a sense of exhilaration and a quickened interest in nature and human nature.

"THE Everlasting Whisper; a Tale of the Californian Wilderness," by Jackson Gregory. Hodder and Stoughton, London.

The giant redwoods of California, mountain sierras crowned with snow, their sides clad with mighty pines and cedars, fragrant scents, skies of vivid blue; these are the setting for the story of Mark King and Gloria. He is a man of the open-air world—an explorer, to whom adventure comes natural. In a stern battle against the forces of nature, allied to the savagery of certain men, he shows an almost superhuman courage. Then, when victory is near, he is stricken down to the gates of death, whence he is retrieved by Gloria, the story of whose regeneration and development from a city-bred, fashionable, and somewhat superficial girl, into a self-reliant and courageous woman is admirably told. The plot has an element of novelty, and the book is wholesome, robust and virile.

"KING—of Kearsarge," by Arthur O. Friel. Andrew Melrose, Limited, London and New York.

This is another book of the out-of-doors school. In it the interest centres around a varied assortment of human types—none of them of outstanding attractiveness save one, and she is sweetly fresh—a Una among the wild creatures that cross her path.

Donald King, the New Yorker, affluent and elegant, suddenly discovers that instead of being the happy husband of the beautiful woman he married only three years previously—he is only an angle in the triangle which involves his wife. In spite of his culture, the primitive man in him takes possession and moves him to sudden and direct action. Having avenged his honour, he has to fly in order to escape arrest for murder. The mountains call to him as a hiding-place, and in order to escape arrest he follows the best traditions of the American tramp by stealing rides in the freight cars. Although a novice at the game—he was better accustomed to a first-class seat in a drawing-room car—he is most successful in dodging both death and the train conductor.

As a matter of fact, the bitterness caused by his wife's betrayal has

robbed him of any desire to live; so, of course, fate conspires to keep him alive. And when the rough journey and semi-starvation have done their worst, fate sends a couple of tramps—the real thing—who break his head previous to robbing him and leaving him half dead.

He wakes to consciousness a week later to find himself in bed, and on the way to recovery. There is a beautiful maiden—a Miranda—and there is a Caliban. The latter has built him a hidden lair far in the forest, and his one desire is to steal Miranda from her home. There is some gruesome fighting, some shooting, some thrill-full escapes, and the curtain falls on a situation that the reader will enjoy finding out for herself.

"THE Return of Alfred," by the author of "Patricia Brent, Spinster." Herbert Jenkins, Limited, London.

A railway strike and a passenger stranded "somewhere in Norfolk" on a dark rainy night are answerable for a long chain of happenings that surround the unconventional arrival of James Smith at a country house. Owing to his resemblance to the son and heir, who has been missing for five years, he is instantly identified by the butler and the old nurse as Mr. Alfred Warren. He very naturally denies being anybody but just James Smith; yet the loyal old domestics refuse to be convinced. It does not take Smith long to find out that the heir had disappeared under a cloud, and it only adds to his embarrassments when both butler and nurse decide that the poor young Mr. Alfred must have lost his memory. He is treated with the greatest consideration in the household, but outside he feels the bitter enmity of the villagers on account of some misdeed of the missing man. Marjorie Stannard, a beautiful girl with a mind of her own, adds to his difficulties, for she, too, persists in thinking he is the lost Alfred. The situation grows in complexity, and just when it becomes utterly impossible, it suddenly clears. James Smith's character is vindicated, and the tragic end of Alfred Warren is revealed.

"EUROPE in Convalescence," by Alfred C. Zimmern. Mills and Boon, London.

This is a masterly attempt at a general survey of Europe as she has been left by the Great War. Although it has scarcely yet receded far enough into the past to enable us to get a true perspective, we can obtain a tolerably clear idea of the situation as it appears to-day. Mr. Zimmern summarises the happenings and cross currents of politics that have held sway over Europe and the Allies since 1814, and the story is instructive and illuminating.

He shows where the politicians have failed, and points out that the restoration of the nations must be preceded by the establishment of mutual confidence and justice, which alone can form a basis of enduring understanding. The social and national streams that for the last two generations have flowed into separate channels will then, he says, be united.

Progressive leaders in the field of politics will in the future seek to maintain the tradition of responsible self-government. In the economic sphere they will find means for solving the industrial dilemma of the modern world—how to maintain a good life for the producer as well as a good life for the consumer. They will find out how to render the vast apparatus of modern industrialism, and the comforts, conveniences and necessities which it involves—compatible with a life of dignity and self-respect, of inner freedom and true happiness for those who earn their livelihood by hand or brain.

In other words, what the world needs are men of vision. They alone can rescue civilisation from the present-day slough of materialism and wealth-seeking, and substitute a spiritual basis. We need a new sense of unity such as the Churches have not yet given us. We need a new sense of kinship with those sections of the human family who have refused to bow the knee in the temple of material progress.

We need, in short, a new impetus towards the realm where moth and rust do not corrupt. The author's great hope lies in the younger generation, in those men who have learned on the battlefield to appraise things at their true value. In their strength, as in their loneliness, and in their memory of sacred hours and friendships, they will use the lives that have been given back to them to restore life to a world that is so sadly in need of it.

Mr. Zimmern concludes his survey of "Europe in Convalescence" on a note of higher hope.

"Europe, the Mother Continent," he says, has not yet run her race or finished her achievement. Scarred and suffering, destitute and pauperised, and humiliated, she keeps both her pride and her ideals, and, deep in her heart, too deep as yet for utterance in a language that others can understand, she bears the promise of a future which will cause men to reverence her, even in her adversity, not merely as the source and origin of civilisation, but as its pioneer."

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Success," by Lord Beaverbrook. Stanley Paul and Company, London. "Tell England." A study in a generation. By Ernest Raymond. Cassell and Company Limited, London.

Our copies are from Whitcombe and Tombs Limited, Auckland.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

[No MS. will be returned unless accompanied by stamps. No liability is undertaken re voluntary contributions. Name and full address must appear on the MS. itself.]

D.F., Epsom.—Many thanks for kind wishes. Also for verses. The idea is well-expressed, but the lines do not scan. Have you studied metre? Take the line "The curtain is falling, the light leaves the stage." This is prose. Verse is like music, unless the beat, or accent, comes in the right place, it is not music. The chapter in metre at the end of text-books of English grammar is worth some study.

G. VINE, Devonport.—Verses lack power—merely pretty. A strong motive outside self and self-interest needed to give strength. The lines do not scan.

F.E.T.—The thought is good in "The Mystic Song," but the form is scarcely worthy of it. In the use of the recurring end rhyme a master's hand is needed to avoid a commonplace effect. The repetition of the two first lines at the end of each verse is somewhat weak. The "Lullaby" is pleasing, and if "dark" in the first verse were altered to "night," it would make a pretty song.

D.M., Parnell.—"An Evening Star" is a delightful story for children. It has promise of better work to come. Hope to use it later. "Imaginations" has promise, but is immature.

M.E.R., Auckland.—Your sketch, "Mother-in-law," is good as regards matter. The treatment requires a light touch, with a faintly genial humour to redeem it from prosiness. Otherwise quite interesting.

MIRANDA, Hamilton.—Verses show promise, but rhyme and metre are faulty. A careful study of metre will repay you wonderfully. It is a mistake to think that a correct form in verse comes by intuition. The poetic gift is born in the poet, but the right forms of expressing that gift require study. Try again.

T.R.W., North Auckland.—Your sketch is good. Have you tried to write word pictures of certain types of women? You ought to do some good work in this direction.

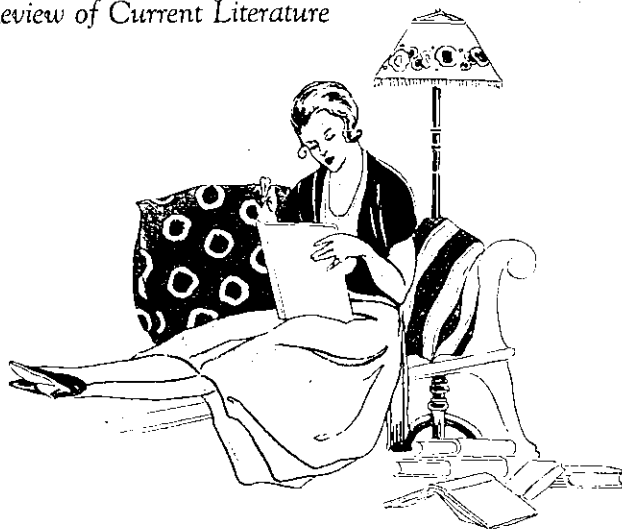
V.S., Te Kuiti.—Verses slight. Only when the writer feels deeply is her verse writing worth while. Read slowly and thoughtfully good books only. Think; study. If you are really anxious to do good work you must undergo patient and careful preparation. Why not take up a course of reading in history, Shakespeare's plays and Robert Browning's poems. Write again if I can assist you.

V.P.S.—Regret sketches unsuitable.

O.E. Metre is not quite perfect. In "Usefulness" the first line in iambs is quite correct, but the regular beat is broken in "The song rang and re-echoed through the brain." The last line is faulty also. "In Midsummer Day" the middle rhyme is not sufficiently marked to neutralise the ragged end rhyme, which leaves a prose effect, yet is not prose. Why not recast? A perusal of the rules of metre will illustrate what has been said above. The sonnet is good, but the first and sixth lines of the octave start with the wrong beat or accent. In the sestet—fourth line—"were it indeed so" after "ah!" would read better.

MY FAVOURITE POEM

The Editress will be pleased to receive for publication a type-written copy of their favourite poem from readers of "The Ladies' Mirror." The name of the poet should always be appended, and the sender should give her own name as well.





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SOCIAL DOINGS

(Continued from page 12).

WELLINGTON.

JULY has been a crowded month, with the most important gaieties crushed into the space of one week. Races, the Racing Club ball, the Wellington Savage Club's Ladies' Night, and a children's fancy dress ball all made a gay week. Considering that it was winter, the weather was wonderfully well behaved for the race days, with the exception of the last, which was bitterly cold, wet and windy. However, there were big dividends to console race-goers—that is for those who were fortunate enough to be on them. As regards wearing apparel, naturally furs were much to the fore, and some very beautiful ones were to be seen, notably a sable cloak worn by a visitor from the country. Handsome stoles, capes and coats trimmed with beaver, skunk and other fur were also to be seen. One of the most noticeable figures in the way of frocking was Mrs. Arthur Duncan, who looked as if she had stepped out of the fashion books—smart and uncommon. She wore a navy blue coat and skirt, the coat short and sac-like, and finished with a deep border of Oriental embroidery. Her hat, of black panne with a high crown, was trimmed with a brush of petunia coloured ospreys at the back. A girl visitor from Palmerston North was in a henna coloured costume with the short loose coat, also sac-like, edged with moleskin and embroidered in blue and gold, and worn with a mole panne hat. Mrs. Eric Riddiford wore a smart navy blue coat frock embroidered in steel beads with a steel girdle; a blue hat, and fox furs completed her toilette. Another pretty coat frock was that worn by Mrs. J. G. Crawford, just navy blue embroidered in white, and worn with a grey feathered hat. Mrs. Strang (Palmerston North), wore black, her hat trimmed with a red mount in the front. On a fine winter's day, all white, particularly if worn with white furs, looks rather charming, and there were two or three people who chose cream costumes, worn with furs, and cream hats to match. Miss Ida Duncan wore with her cream costume a cream fur coat and cream velour hat. Mrs. Elgar (Featherston), wore black, with a sable coat, and black velvet hat with upturned brim surrounded with ospreys. Mrs. Gathorne Hardy, a visitor from England, was in brown, with a fur collar and upturned brown hat. With so many long cloaks and coats it was impossible in many cases to see the handsome frocks that were worn underneath. Her Excellency Viscountess Jellicoe did not attend the opening day of the meeting, owing to a cold, but came later in the week.

THE Wellington Savage Club's Ladies' Night is always sure of attracting a large gathering of "wahines" and other friends of the Savages, and their recent revel, held the night after the Racing Club ball, was no exception to the general rule. The decorations from the ball were still in place, save with regard to the stage, which had been dismantled of its masses of foliage and replaced with much drapery. The programme of entertainment was a particularly good one, the installation of His Excellency the Governor-General as Great Savage Chief being a most important part of the proceedings. Having been presented with the insignia of office, a necklace and a large bone, accompanied by the chanting of a very civilised sonnet, Lord Jellicoe took his place as Chief of the Revels. The best part of the evening's programme was the performance of "Trial by Jury" by the A. Newton Repertoire and Joint Stock Company, a unique band of Savage geniuses, and the hilarity of

the audience bore witness to their success. It was indeed a good performance, and it was astonishing how well the men looked in the make-up as bride and bridesmaids, and even seemed quite at home in it. The Chief Savage, Viscount Jellicoe, was accompanied by Lady Jellicoe and a large party from Government House. The distinguished visitor from India, the Hon. Mr. Sastri, was also present, as well as Mrs. W. F. Massey, the Mayor (Mr. R. A. Wright), Sir Robert and Lady Stout, Sir William Fraser and Miss Fraser, Sir Joseph Ward and Lady Ward, the Hon. E. P. Lee and Mrs. Lee, Sir W. and Lady Carnarross, Mrs. Pow, Lady Luke, Miss Anderson, Mrs. W. Barton, Mrs. Eric Riddiford, Mr. and Mrs. Firth, Mrs. E. Blundell, Hon. Tahu Rhodes, Mrs. W. Barton, Captain Mundy, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Russell, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Hislop.

THE children's fancy dress ball arranged by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Navy League, held at the end of racing week, was a very charming affair. The decorations from the Racing Club ball remained, and the setting was one which admirably suited the gay and varied fancy dresses worn by the children, of whom there were about eight hundred. The greatest variety and ingenuity had been shown in carrying into effect ideas that were both fanciful and pretty, and the judges had a distracting time in awarding prizes. It is astonishing to see how well children dance nowadays. They seem to have an instinctive sense of grace and rhythm, and this should surely have an effect upon their carriage and gait in later years. Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Jellicoe, with some of the guests staying at Government House, were present, and some of the children made great friends with His Excellency.

THE decorations of the Racing Club ball are always a distinct feature, and this year it is possible they excelled in originality and beauty those of past years. The Town Hall is always a difficult place to transform, on account of its size and height, still it was achieved. To enter the main hall through a lantern-lit shrubbery was to enter a very elaborate and more than up-to-date summer-house, the whole of the roof having been enclosed with trellis work covered with trails of lycopodium and crimson roses. The front of the galleries was partly enclosed in the same way, but with spaces left to form window effects. The walls downstairs were screened with pink muslin, and more muslin festooned the lower part of the galleries, together with ropes of lycopodium. Masses of foliage, mirrors, huge shaded lights and numbers of tiny coloured electric lights peeping out from the foliage made the big hall look very charming, and a fit setting for the many beautiful frocks which were worn. Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Viscountess Jellicoe attended the ball with a large party from Government House, in which were included Mr. and Mrs. W. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. C. Elgar (Featherston), Mrs. Rolleston (Canterbury), Miss Teschemaker (Blenheim), Captain Curtis, and Captains Mundy and Southey. Her Excellency, who danced with Mr. Harcourt in the official set, wore a gown of soft lemon coloured brocade with a train, and trimmed on the corsage with gold lace. In her hair was a diamond circlet with a diamond clasp, and she wore a diamond necklace and rope of pearls. Viscount Jellicoe danced with Miss Harcourt. Miss Massey with the Hon. J. G. Coates, Mrs. Coates and the Hon. Tahu Rhodes, Miss Skerrett and Captain Hamilton. Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. Eric Riddiford, Mrs. Eric Riddiford and Mr. C. Elgar, Mrs. Elgar and Mr. C. Skerrett. Miss Massey wore a very pretty frock of royal blue charmeuse with

a sequined overdress. Some striking gowns were worn, and many were very beautiful.

MR. Jascha Spivakovsky was the guest of honour at a reception held at the Midland Hotel the second day after his arrival in Wellington. Mrs. Morice and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hunt received, and Mr. Hunt, who is president of the Wellington Society of Musicians, made a brief speech of welcome. Afterwards those who were present were introduced to the pianist, and many, especially the women wearing rings, will remember the muscular grip of his hand. One cannot be a famous pianist without some manifest sign of pre-eminence. —DOROTHEA.

WHANGAREI.

THE Club Ball, which is the most brilliant social function which Whangarei enjoys during the year, was largely attended. The hall was beautifully decorated with coloured paper ribbons suspended from the ceiling. Some lovely frocks were worn, and the debutantes who had looked forward to this event with eager anticipation were Miss Alma McKay, who wore ivory taffeta with draped panels of silver lace; Miss Dorothy Cullen, in a pretty frock of white crepe de chine and georgette with a touch of pink; Miss Doreen Stone, in white satin prettily trimmed with silver sprays, and Miss Inez Wilkinson, who was charming in a white georgette petal frock with tissue roses at the waist.

In spite of "hard times," there seems to be plenty of money forthcoming when the cause is a worthy one, and the Ladies' Committee of the Public Library, who trained "The Bright Hours Children" for the concert held to augment the funds of the Library, were very gratified with the success of the entertainment. The Committee was assisted by Mrs. Mervyn Wilson, who staged the second half of the programme, Mrs. East, Mrs. Delamore and Miss Hall.

Miss Thorpe, who visited Whangarei recently, and gave interesting lectures on behalf of the Russian Famine Fund, was during her stay the guest of the Mayoress, Mrs. McLean. —MAXINE.

NELSON.

NELSON has just now a distinguished visitor in Miss Annette Kellerman, the famous swimmer, who has taken up her residence here, and is preparing for the aquatic film which she will commence in September.

Miss Matia Rogers, a popular young hostess, has left for a six months' visit to Ceylon. During the last few weeks she has been the guest of honour at a number of afternoon and evening parties.

Mrs. Robison gave a most enjoyable evening for the girl friends of her daughter, Miss Nancy Robison. The guests appeared dressed as if twelve years of age or under, and great merriment ensued as coy little girls with sashes and big bows, and neat little boys arrived. A very enjoyable evening was spent in dancing and competitions. Among those present were the Misses Rogers, D. Rogers, M. Young, Harkness, Andrew, Grace, B. Easterfield, Maginitty and Sadlier.

Miss Sadlier entertained a number of her friends at "Wathbrow" at afternoon tea recently, when a book title guessing competition was eagerly entered into by the guests. The prize, a beautiful bunch of violets, was won by Miss Brundell. —JEANNOR.

CHRISTCHURCH.

THIS month we have had the lull before the storm—a quiet time socially, in anticipation of the gaieties of Grand National Week, and this year these functions promise to be particularly brilliant and varied.

Miss Rosina Buckman and her gifted company have come and gone, and have added to their admirers every member of the large audiences that attended the three concerts here. Unfortunately, the two first concerts and all social functions, including a reception in honour of the songstress, which was to have been given by the members of the Canterbury Women's Club, had to be postponed, owing to Miss Buckman's indisposition during the first week of her visit to Christchurch.

At the residence of Mrs. Vernon, Rolleston Avenue, Mrs. Maitland Rich was hostess at a delightful afternoon bridge party. Among her guests were Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Wigram, Mrs. H. H. Pitman, Mrs. Algar Williams, Mrs. Charles Reid, Mrs. John Stevenson, Mrs. H. D. Acland, Mrs. J. Turnbull, Mrs. Beauchamp Lane, Mrs. Kingscote, Miss Hilda Williams, Mrs. Jack Anderson, Miss Humphreys, Mrs. Jellett, Mrs. F. G. Gibson, Miss Fairie Denniston (Dunedin) and Mrs. Walter Fox.

A VERY successful annual ball was given at the Winter Garden by the staffs of the combined Freezing and Allied Industries. The chaperones were Lady Clifford, who wore a handsome trained gown of gold tissue, embossed in black panne velvet, and most beautiful diamond ornaments; Mrs. C. M. Olivier, in royal blue taffeta and circ lace, with narrow gold girdle; Mrs. D. J. Shea, black charmeuse with richly embroidered overdress; Mrs. Frank Deverell, charming frock of blue and old gold brocade; and Mrs. W. Machin, black satin with jetted overdress.

Mrs. W. Irving, who has recently returned from a visit to England, was welcomed home at a party given in her honour by Dr. Alice Moreland, whose guests included Miss Moorhouse, Lady Denniston, Mrs. Deans, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Gerald Westera, Mrs. Hugh Acland, Mrs. Nancarrow, Mrs. Loughman, Mrs. J. S. Thomson, and Misses Harvey, Nedwill, Nancarrow, and Orbell.

The members of the Committee of the Canterbury Women's Club entertained at morning tea Mrs. Christie, wife of Colonel Christie, who was recently in Christchurch with the British Empire's Exhibition Mission. The guest of honour wore over a mole marocain frock, a most covetable Paisley loose wrap and a mole hat of hatter's plush. Mrs. Christie has published several successful detective stories. —ISABEL.

DUNEDIN.

THE University students' ball in the Art Gallery Hall was most enjoyable. The decorations were lavish as well as original, and the supper tables were beautifully arranged. Among those present Mrs. Fitchett wore black charmeuse with jet overdress; Mrs. Riley, black satin and ninon; Mrs. Russell Ritchie, handsome black charmeuse; Mrs. Marshall Macdonald, orange crepe de chine; Mrs. O'Neill, violet charmeuse; Mrs. Thompson, black and white taffeta; Mrs. Dreman, pink charmeuse and white lace; Mrs. Leech, green and silver; Professor Strong, grey satin; Professor Rawson, black satin with touches of gold; Mrs. Skinner, black satin; Mrs. Carmalt Jones, yellow satin; Miss Tottenham, silver net over rose-coloured satin; Miss E. Haggitt, cream taffeta; Miss Meadowcroft (Wellington), cerise satin and silver tissue; Miss D. Macandrew, pale green charmeuse; Miss Booth (Christchurch), mauve crepe de chine; Miss Bowles, pink taffeta; Miss R. Bowles, blue charmeuse. Also present were:—Misses Reid, Allan, Hanlon, Tate, Bull (Napier), Maxwell, Anderson (Invercargill), Dick and Greenslade; Professors Thompson and Hercus, Doctors Fitchett, Russell Ritchie, Riley, Dreman, and Messrs. G. R. Ritchie, J. Begg, Hall, G. Cook, Stowe, Harty, Tennant, Monson, Sinclair, Tate and Hart.

THE Otago Women's Club celebrated its eighth birthday recently, when a splendid programme, to which all the circles contributed, was rendered before a large gathering of members. Mrs. Petre played the incidental music. Mrs. Evans sang, and an amusing comedy of "Marriage of To-day" was capably played by Mrs. Laing and Misses Kimbell, Lee and Sanderson. The famous trial scene from "Pickwick" was also given by Mesdames Morrell, Wakefield, Holmes, Leech, Priest, Gilkison, Spence, Clarke, and Misses Chapman, Glendinning, Sanderson, Wood, Jean McDonald, Brent and Alexander. Mrs. Hutchison (acting-president) wore henna crepe de chine, with long sleeves of georgette; Mrs. T. K. Sidey, handsome gown of black and white, having heavily-beaded panels back and front; Mrs. Evans, silver grey ninon; Miss Ida White, emerald green crepe de chine; Miss Roberts, simple frock of black, beaded girdle and ornament; Mrs. Brickell, black, with shoulder wrap heavily ornamented with silver; Miss Nicholson, dove grey ninon over pastel blue; Mrs. Le Cren, black charmeuse beaded in iridescent colours, feather shoulder cape; Miss E. Duncan, black frock, shoulder wrap of rich red; Miss Kathleen Glendinning, blue charmeuse; Miss Alice Smith, pale primrose frock of georgette and soft satin; Mrs. Carmalt Jones, black charmeuse relieved with white; Miss Nora Dalrymple, apple green charmeuse; Miss Kathleen Spence, petal frock of grey charmeuse; Miss Spedding, blue net over ninon; Mrs. Urquhart (China), black satin and sequins; Mrs. Lambert, pink taffeta. Others present were:—Mesdames Fitchett, Cameron (sen.), Ewing, Blues, Throp, Arthur, Barnett, Greenslade, Price, Stephenson, Shires, F. Anderson, Burt, C. Wilson, Shea, Lawlor, Melville, Lees, and Misses Williams, Eva Wilkinson, Ensor, Shackleford, Holford, Gilkison, McArthur, Burt, Dutton, Cook (2), Hazlett, Mollison, Monson, Mackerras, Burton (2), Sidey, Allan, Martin, and Dr. Siedenberg.

MR. and Mrs. A. C. Matheson gave a most enjoyable young people's dance in honour of the "coming out" of their daughter Alison. The hall was beautifully decorated with blue and pink streamers, Japanese sunshades, Chinese lanterns, palms, greenery, and large bowls of golden chrysanthemums. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Matheson received their guests at the entrance to the ballroom, Mrs. Matheson wearing a handsome black sequined dress over black satin, Miss Matheson looking very charming in a frock of primrose taffeta with touches of kingfisher blue. Miss Reeves (*debutante*) wore a beautiful dress of white brocade; Miss Cowlishaw (Christchurch), pale pink taffeta; Miss Hope Pinckney (Gore), pale blue satin with touches of pink; Miss Henry (Wellington), smart blue taffeta with silver trimming; Miss Laidlaw, beautiful gold silk net over satin; Miss G. Fulton, cerise taffeta; Miss Hislop, smart black dress; Miss Gwen Gallaway, gold taffeta with wreath of gold leaves on hair; Miss Una MacLean, apricot taffeta, with silk lace to match; Miss Evans (Timaru), jade green gown; Mrs. Harman Reeves, black charmeuse with emerald green panels; Mrs. Jack Sim, beautiful gown of lemon-coloured taffeta; Mrs. J. E. Macassey, black sequin gown over black satin, sequin band on hair; Mrs. A. Duncan, black charmeuse, touches of blue; Mrs. Edgar Hazlett, black satin with cerise trimmings; Mrs. Leslie Wilson, black and white; Mrs. Douglas Ramsay, black charmeuse with touches of gold; Mrs. Oldham, blue and gold gown. Amongst others present were Mesdames Brewer, Ramsay, Dodgshun, Cotterill, G. MacLean, Scott, De Latour, Misses Allan (2), Haggitt, Macandrew (Wellington), Moodie, Law, Bridgeman, McKerrow, Cheeseman, Glendinning, McIntosh, Ramsay, Hart,

Holmes, Reid, and Messrs. Cotterill, Clapperton, Ramsay, Brewer, Macassey, Sise, Law, Power, Munro, Sinclair, Todd, Bridgeman, Edmond, Wilson, Reynolds, Porritt, Stowe, Gibbs, Wright, Vallange, Scott, Little, Reid and Duncan.

HIS Majesty's Theatre was packed to the doors to witness an exhibition of dancing given by Mr. Leslie Reynolds, grandson of Mrs. W. E. Reynolds, a pupil of the Russian Ballet in London, and of the best teachers of the Grecian and Eastern classical dances. He was assisted by pupils from the three schools of dancing in Dunedin, conducted by Mesdames Bligh, Wyatt and Leech, and Miss Netta Keats, while Mr. Jack Leech sang. Mr. Reynolds gave exhibitions of posturings of the early Grecian school, interpretations of classical dances such as Chopin's waltz and Massinet's minuet, also a very wonderful and sinuous Eastern number, and as a finale the modern ragtime. His dressing of the various items was quite in keeping with the most authentic traditions of art. Mrs. Mason and Mr. Clifford Gibbs played Mr. Reynolds's accompaniments.

After the show Mr. Reynolds entertained a number of guests at the Savoy Salon, where on arrival they were received in the handsome reception room, and after supper, dancing was indulged in till an early hour. The Jazz Band was in attendance, and proceedings opened with the good old-fashioned lancers, in which everyone present joined. During the evening Mr. Reynolds entertained his guests with imitations of famous dancers, that of the "Mignonne Gavotte," *a la* Anna Pavlova, being much commented on for its intricate toe work. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Eardley Reynolds, Mrs. Willie Reynolds and Mr. Tony Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Fenwick, Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, Dr. and Mrs. Russell Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. George Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Elliston Orbell, Mesdames Bridgeman, Reid (Christchurch), Macmaster, Murray Aynsley (Christchurch), Bligh, Finch, Misses Finch, Neill, DeCarle, Gallaway, Matheson, Moody, Church, McLean, Reynolds (2), and Messrs. A. A. Finch, F. Townley Little, Page, Sydney Passmore, Berncy, Irvine, etc.—LEONORA.

W E D D I N G

ROLLESTON—JOHNSTON

A WEDDING of great interest in New Zealand was that of Miss Nancy Johnston, youngest daughter of Mrs. Sydney Johnston and the late Mr. Sydney Johnston, to Mr. John Christopher Rolleston, youngest son of Mrs. Rolleston and the late Hon. W. Rolleston, Christchurch.

The church at Takapau, Hawke's Bay, was decorated with arum lilies and white heather, an ideal setting for the picturesque bride, whose frock of golden shot tissue draped with Limerick lace was most becoming. Angel sleeves of lace fell gracefully into a short train, and a coronet of orange blossom held in place the tulle veil. A mother-of-pearl prayer book was carried instead of a bouquet. The bridesmaids' frocks were most artistic in colour, giving the effect of a cluster of autumn leaves. The Misses Rosamund and Philippa Ridgford, in golden taffeta, were followed by tomato-red georgette frocks over gold worn by the Misses Marion and Sophie Watson, then came Miss Margaret Teschemaker, Miss Blanche Vavasour and Miss Ruth Herrick in brown georgette over tomato colour, all frocks having clusters of gold and red grapes. The charming effect was completed by hats of gold lace and bouquets to match.

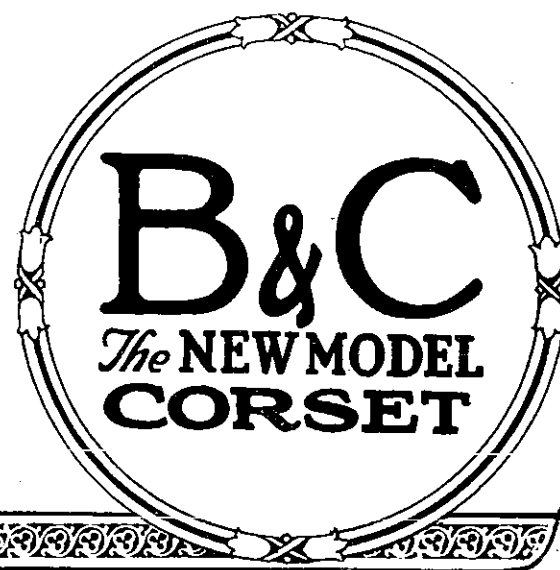
Mrs. Sydney Johnston gave a dance in the evening, at which both bride and bridegroom were present. The going away frock was of grey Jersey cloth with cape to match, and a hat of rose-du-Barri, with feather.



The Ideal Corset

Gowns and Costumes fit lightly, easily and gracefully to your figure if you wear a B. & C. New Model Corset. This all-British Corset possesses features which ensure perfect fit of your dresses, at the same time scientifically moulding your figure to conform to fashion's outline

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Corsets in all
sizes. There
is a model to
suit your
figure





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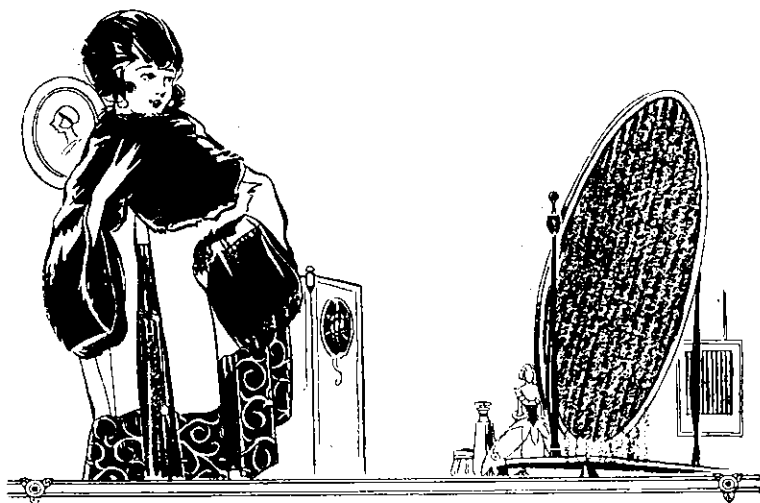
TOILET SOAP

THIS exquisite toilet soap brings to the modern toilet all the romance and beauty of the East. Its perfume is as pleasing as its creamy lather is beautifying and sweetly cleansing. Indasia on the toilet table is a delight.

Indasia Vanishing Cream and Indasia Tooth Cream will also be appreciated by users of Indasia Soap.

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PETONE

THE QUEST AFTER BEAUTY



Care of the Hands

EVERY woman who understands the care of her complexion knows that to keep it in perfect condition she must "feed" it by the regular application of cream or oil. The food which one takes to nourish the body is not sufficient of itself alone to feed the skin, which, unless it receives some external nourishment, soon dries up and becomes wrinkled and shrivelled through the action of the sun and wind upon it.

This applies particularly to the hands of the average woman, who has to contend with the drying effects of the constant application of soap. The use of reliable brands of soap must be urged, otherwise the result may be disastrous to the skin. If natural oils are dried up, the hands will appear old-looking and wrinkled long before they should, especially in the case of those women who possess very slender hands.

Gentle Massage

HANDS which are beginning to look dry and wrinkled should be given gentle massage with a liberal supply of skin food every night. After a couple of weeks of this treatment even very badly wrinkled hands will have become plump and youthful looking.

When washing the hands, use warm, not hot, water; for very hot water has the effect of wrinkling the skin. Choose a good super-fatted soap and lather the hands well with it. Rinse in cold water, then rub into the skin a little vanishing cream or hand emollient, of which there are several that can be recommended. Very little will be required, but it must be well rubbed into the skin until it has been thoroughly absorbed, when it will not only feed but whiten the hands.

A Simple Exercise

When, besides being wrinkled, the hands are red, it is a sign of a poor circulation. A simple little exercise which will help to improve matters consists in holding the hands above the head and shaking them loosely from the wrist. Care should be taken to avoid anything tight in the way of gloves, as tight gloves arrest proper circulation and make the hands appear red and coarse.

Points to Bear in Mind

MANY women of over forty-five are quite youthful in appearance. Years come and go, and their friends see very little alteration in them; then comes an illness, or perchance a great grief, and they are faced with the fact that youth has fled. Then comes the great temptation to try and recapture it, especially if they are business or professional

women, as to look young is an asset; but very often the means taken accentuate, rather than lessen ageing lines.

Becomingly Dressed Hair

For example, hair parted in the middle and dressed in the nape of the neck is exceedingly becoming to some youthful faces; but let a middle-aged woman dress her hair in downward lines and she will add to her age. Again, many women think that hats of mushroom and other downward shapes soften and hide lines round the eyes and ears. True, but only children and young girls and really old ladies look well in such shapes, and they are ageing to those in middle life. This also applies to strings and chin straps. Long earrings are decidedly ageing, and when worn by some young girls will give their faces quite a womanly look. They should be rejected by the woman over forty, and stud earrings should be worn instead.

To shorten skirts slightly takes from age if the carriage and figure are youthful, but great discretion must be used in this direction. No amount of shortening of frocks can ever make a stout, middle-aged woman look anything but very ridiculous.

There are boots and shoes, short in the toes, which are distinctly suitable for the youthful, but there is also very smart footwear for the woman of middle age, and great care should be taken over the selection of shoes for both day and evening wear.

Care should also be taken to see that gloves fit well.

Morning Exercises

"BUSINESS women don't have enough exercise," a doctor declared when treating a case of run-down nerves.

Unfortunately, that is perfectly true, but how many of us have any time? The morning is one rush to get to the office, and in the evening one is too tired.

But if one can devote ten minutes to do a few exercises in the morning before the bath, much improved health will be the reward. Stand before the open window and breathe deeply, inhaling slowly, so that your lungs are filled to their capacity. Exhale just as slowly until the body is relaxed. Do this ten times, have a brief rest—for deep breathing is a tiring matter at the beginning—before embarking upon other exercises.

The next exercise is equally simple. Lie flat on the floor with your feet beneath some heavy object like a chest of drawers. Put the hands behind the neck and endeavour to attain a sitting position without bending the knees, and without any assistance from hands or arms.



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(WILTON'S HAND EMOLIENT)

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Soft and White

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A daily use of Sydal will make your hands as soft as velvet and as white as milk. The proof of Sydal lies in the using—try it.

Three months' supply in a 2/- jar.

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Get Back Health & Strength

Get back health and strength by the aid of Hall's Wine—the great British tonic restorative. If suffering from Nerve Trouble, if enfeebled by strain or overwork, Hall's Wine will help you. It vitalises and enriches the blood, which in turn nourishes and strengthens the nerves.

Hall's Wine will give new life and vigour, and all the qualities needed to withstand the daily strain. It has been widely used in Great Britain for over a quarter of a century—and is recommended by doctors, nurses and patients. The testimony of users shows that its timely merits are greatly appreciated.

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A case that seemed hopeless: "I was in a serious condition. My case seemed hopeless. I tried Hall's Wine and am now fit enough to return to work."

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Exquisite New Models

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A Splendid Selection of
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BUCKRAM SHAPES, etc.

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Footwear for
Boys and Girls

Knowing that your children need boots and shoes that are comfortable to wear, your first consideration is naturally "a perfect fit." But young folks must have strong boots, too, and so our stock comprises only sound footwear by the best makers, whose speciality is the making of Children's Boots and Shoes that conform exactly to the growing foot.

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IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

MISS Ruth Fawcett has recently become engaged to Mr. Benjamin Board, of Auckland. She gained her knowledge of book-keeping and typing with Mr. Sidney Thorne George, sharebroker, of this city, and is now with the firm of Messrs. Wingate and Company, Limited, hardware merchants, as book-keeper and typiste. Miss Fawcett is an excellent swimmer, and holds her school championship for a one-mile competition.

Ever ready to help the woman and child who needs the aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Women and Children is the able secretary, Miss I. L. Burton. With Mrs. Fry as the inspector, a work which is both noble and charitable is carried out in a business-like and thorough manner. Miss Burton at one time attended to the whole work of the Society, but now that she has the help of Mrs. Fry, she is able to give her undivided attention to the secretarial duties of the Society, and to the interviews and advice of those who need her help. On receiving Miss Burton's report on a case, Mrs. Fry immediately calls at the home of the distressed one, and makes a thorough investigation. If the case is a genuine one, every effort is made to right matters, and so her untiring efforts are often rewarded by the happiness they bring to others.

Miss Clarice Hallet-Smith has recently come from England, where she was acting as stenographer for many years at the London Joint City and Midland Bank Limited, Birmingham. She is now holding a similar position with Messrs. Harrison's,



Bell and Sons, photo.

Miss Ruth Fawcett, who has become engaged to Mr. Benjamin Board, of Auckland.

Ramsay, Limited, and prefers Auckland to any city in Australasia. She is the possessor of a beautiful voice, and is a fine pianist.

For many years mistress of Hautapu School, near Cambridge, Miss Jessie Edmiston has now retired, and lives in Auckland. Having literary instincts, she takes keen delight in writing, and has very successfully written short stories for some of the most popular London magazines.

A NEW PROPHET OF HEALING

by John Cam Duncan

WHEN a new prophet, a new idea, or a new discovery receives world-wide attention, one need be neither a cynic nor a pessimist to remark: "There is nothing new under the sun."

A prophet or an idea may or may not be false; it is only the truth of an expression which counts.

The latest prophet to receive world-wide attention is Professor Coué, of Nancy.

Twenty-five years ago Monsieur Coué first expressed his theories regarding auto-suggestion; and it has taken all this time for the expression to take effect. That is not surprising. Truth was ever a seed of slow growth. But the seed of auto-suggestion was sown long before the Prophet of Nancy first expressed his idea.

In the earliest ages, when the ancients made their votive offerings to some pagan god, they were in reality practising auto-suggestion—the will to get better.

Likewise, down the ages, all the great spiritual leaders—St. Francis, Savonarola, Wesley, Knox—even the greatest of all, Christ himself—stirred the imaginations of their followers by suggestion; and Ambrose Paré, a notable pioneer in the Science of Medicine of the Middle Ages, practised psycho-therapy in the casting out of devils.

Psycho-therapy: auto-suggestion: Couéism! What are they? Only a juggling with terms to express "the will to get better."

EVEN at the present time one's knowledge of the subconscious mind—that psychic sense or power which lies beyond the borders of physiological research—is still vague and empiric. One forms theories, tests them, and, from experience through experiment, draws conclusions. And treatment, based on such conclusions, remains an article of faith.

So terms multiply, and prophets arise. But they are the same old

prophets, casting out the same old devils. And Professor Coué, in carrying out his cures, is merely expressing the old French proverb: "Aide-toi et le Ciel t'aidera!" "Remember," he says, "I cure no one; I teach you to cure yourself," admitting, at the same time, that he cannot work miracles. His formula is simplicity itself. Faith!—"Every day, in all respects, I become better and better," repeated, parrot-like, twenty times night and morning, until the subconscious mind is impressed with a dominating idea—"the will to get better."

It is neither trick nor humbug. Nor is it a new idea. It is just the expression of an age-old truth. Faith! But, in expressing this truth, Monsieur Coué is voicing something which has stood the test of time—something which appeals to our reason, our commonsense, and our experience. And, because of these things, Couéism is one of the most valuable allies in the Art of Healing.

"Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.

If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf

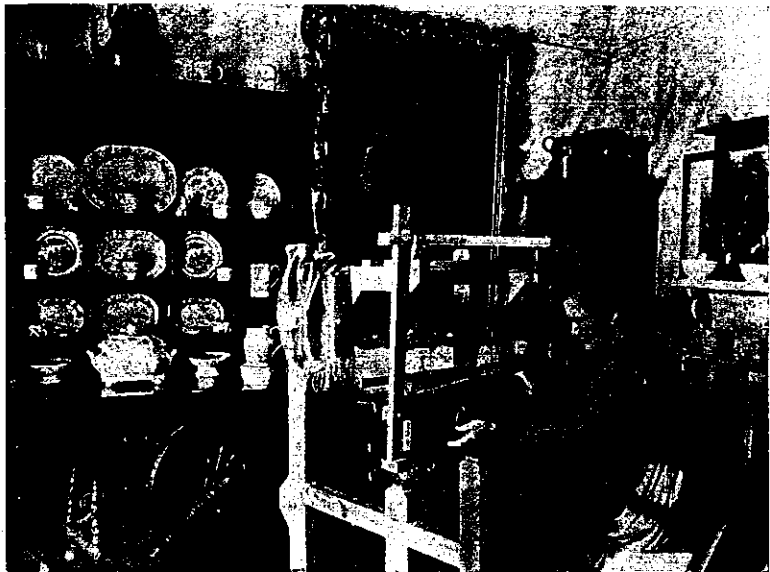
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

"Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please,
By harping on that minor chord, disease.

Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true."

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A BEAUTIFUL HOME CRAFT



Doreé and Saché, photo.

Mrs. Carling seated at her handloom, on the ends of which may be seen two silk scarves which she has just completed. Beside her is a favourite Breton spinning wheel, over a hundred years old, brought by her from Dinan. During the war, Mrs. Carling spun many pounds of wool on it for knitting into Balaclavas for the soldiers. Willow pattern plates and dishes, and old English copper are arranged on the black oak dresser. There are other quaint copper vessels on the corner cabinet, and some old Spode on the chimney-piece. The oil painting of a Bacchante is by Riedel.

A SUNNY room, blue china, quaint and old, arranged on the tall dresser of black oak, glints of old English copper and pewter, a gay Bacchante laughing out of a big canvas on the wall—close by a spinning wheel—such is the setting in which Mrs. Carling has placed her handloom, and where, like the Lady of Shalott, she spins "her magic web with colours gay." In this case it was a silken scarf in deep sunset tones with gleams of green across the ends.

Seated in the midst of artistic treasures collected during her travels on the Continent, Mrs. Carling was quite ready to chat about the new vogue of handloom weaving in England—which is really a reaction against the mere machine work of this industrial age. We are apt to forget that in medieval times the skilled workers were really the backbone of the Western European nations. Brains, individuality, and energy brought success, wealth and fame to jewellers, smiths, masons, cutlers, weavers and joiners, and with the fame and the rivalry of the craftsman, art and good taste came into their own. Arts and crafts often went hand in hand, and good work was highly valued.

In those days a man bought his rough silver and gold, designed and fashioned his cups, howls, crucifixes, and then himself sold them to the user.

To-day a silversmith is a man who buys and sells silver goods, and who very often hardly knows whether they are made by hand or by machine.

WHEN an armourer in the Middle Ages made a sword which broke off short in the user's hand, the owner, if he survived, had the measureless satisfaction of going back to the delinquent and hurling the hilt at his head—a simple arrangement that was not without its good points.

To-day, however, little or no individual responsibility is taken by the purveyor, with the result that goods of indifferent and often inferior quality are foisted upon the public.

We have become a nation of shopkeepers and factory hands. Often the salesman knows nothing about the processes of manufacture, no matter how interesting they may be. The worker cannot learn whether the goods made by his machine are sold in Timaru or Timbuctoo. He has only to see that he does his little

bit of machine tending, and the result is that his mental outlook contracts greatly, to the detriment of his intelligence.

So every movement that leads to a revival of interest in skilled crafts, and every encouragement given to the development of individuality in handwork is for the good of the community.

Many such movements are afoot both in England and in the Dominion, and among the most interesting of these is handloom weaving. As a village industry in several English counties before the war it had met with much success. Since then it has proved a stimulating occupation for blind and maimed soldiers. Much of the heavier woollen cloth has always been made on handlooms, in the cottages of the workers, particularly in Scotland, and a well-known Auckland resident who was brought up in such a workshop home has often spoken of the great intelligence that distinguishes the home weaver.

Weaving lighter materials is a most fascinating, and not very costly, hobby. Moreover, the fabrics produced have the charm of individuality, and provide alluring opportunities for the display of taste, and an artistic sense in colour and design.

The loom, strange to say, remains very nearly the same instrument as that painted by the Egyptians on the walls of Thebes, or by the Greeks on vase paintings of Penelope or Circe.

Although the delightfully patterned fabrics made for us in the great mills are produced amid the roar of the Jacquard looms—splendid triumphs of the engineering mind—the setting out of the design is still done by a skilled operative on a handloom of the simplest construction.

The Cottage Loom

THE handloom of the cottage or the amateur consists of a frame carrying two rollers on which the warp is wound, a swinging comb to hold the warp threads at equal distances apart, and a simple pedal attachment to lift groups of them.

The warp is composed of long lengths of thread or wool spaced fifteen, twenty or more pairs to the inch. These are carried horizontally across the frame of the loom, and attached front and back to rollers having ratchet movements or weights to hold the threads taut.

In a thirty-inch woollen dress ma-

terial there may be about six hundred warp threads, while with fine materials the number is enormously increased. In the warp for Princess Mary's silk wedding dress there were thirty thousand threads.

In the handloom every thread is carried through a loop in a separate string "harness," and these are stretched vertically between pairs of laths, which are attached to pulleys on a bar above and to a pedal below.

The weaver sets down a pedal, certain threads of the warp are raised, others are depressed, and through the opening thus formed a shuttle is thrown carrying a bobbin of the silk or wool or cotton which is to form the weft. Another pedal is pressed, other sets of threads are parted to form the "shed," as the opening is called, and a backward throw of the shuttle produces the next weft thread.

A blow with the swinging comb drives the weft threads firmly home. Patterns in the weft are produced with more sets of harness, more pulleys, and more pedals, but the process is exactly the same.

Preparing the long lengths of warp threads (a thirty-inch medium warp will use six miles of cotton), drawing hundreds of them through the comb, and then through the harness, and attaching both ends of each thread to the rollers is a tedious business, and needs the infinite patience which only a woman has pleasure in exercising.

But once the warp is stretched and ready, the joy of combining colours and of seeing the mass of finished fabric grow rapidly before one amply repays the earlier labour.

It was not till the fourteenth century that a woman's name, that of Jehanne Aghehe, appears in an old record as being the first woman artist to work at a tapestry loom—that of far-famed Gobelin. From Jehanne it is indeed a far cry to this pretty room where Mrs. Carling sits at her loom, and weaves things of beauty, usefulness, and individual charm.

NOVELTIES IN OVERALLS

OVERALLS are being developed to a great extent this season, especially for country wear. In their newest guise they are almost frock-like in appearance. The newest of all are made on pinafore lines, fashioned with pretty belts, on to which are eased rather full skirts and long plain bodices. Unlike the modes of yesterday—the new overalls fasten down the back instead of in front, while some are so ingeniously made that they require no fastenings at all, the skirts being cut so that they cross over behind and are kept in place by sash-like ends.

Instead of cretonne, printed organdie muslin, plain linen and tussore silks are being used for the newest modes. Many of these show fanciful side panels, embroidered in gay tones of wool work, or floral and fruit appliques, cut from printed silks or cretonnes and applied on to the plain background with a rather coarse buttonhole stitch worked in black silk.

RESULT OF BEST ADVERTISEMENT COMPETITION in the July issue

1st Prize (£2 2/-).—Mrs. A. Gerard, c/o Auckland Meat Company, Westfield, Otahuhu. 2nd Prize (£1 1/-).—Mrs. J. M. Haddock, c/o Private Bag, Frankton Junction.

Four Prizes of 10/- each:—Miss L. Sanderson, Totara North; Miss Adrienne Jones, 2 Violet Crescent, Parnell; Mrs. Wilson, 51 King Edward Street, off Dominion Road, Auckland; Miss Jean Reynolds, 49 Seaview Road, Remuera.

The following was the winning selection:—1. Glaxo. 2. Milne and Choyce. 3. Selby Shoes.

HOW FASHIONABLE LADIES ARE ECONOMISING ON THEIR CLOTHES

Many a gown or garment has been discarded by its owner, not because it was worn out, but simply because the wearer has tired of its colour. Nowadays it is the simplest thing in the world to change the colour of any frock, hosiery or children's clothes, and fashionable ladies are saving pounds by performing this simple little operation for themselves.

This letter tells how it is done—

Dear "Nadco" People,—

I had a lovely white georgette dress embroidered in lavender. I have worn it three seasons, and it is just the style they are wearing now, but fashion says "Black." But to buy one such as I would like—£14; so I called up dyers and cleaners—"about 35/ for dyeing the dress, and we do not guarantee results."

Well, I did not want to spend £1/15/-, so I bought three cakes of "Nadco" Black dye, and the result is a beautiful jet Black frock, all the hand embroidery "took" beautifully. The little china silk underslip dyed as nicely as the georgette. At the same time I put in a new pair of silk stockings that were an impossible shade of Blue, but were a fine quality of silk.

For a half-hour's work I feel about £10 richer; for I have a really new frock and hose for 3/- I've used your "Nadco" dye before for my baby's rompers when they became faded, sweaters, also dyed a Jersey silk suit which was so spotted and faded I thought was hopeless. And a friend wanted to buy it from me when I had it on last evening.

A little hint to save straining dye. I tie the cakes of dye in a little fine piece of material (any kind), and fasten string to handle of kettle, then I can lift it up and down to see if dye is all dissolved.

I really enjoy the work, and feel as if I'd earned a great deal. Thanking you,

MRS. W.H.F.

(Name on application).

August 19, 1921.

The beauty of Nadco dyes is they dye all fabrics, wool, cotton or silk, evenly, and they clean while they dye. You need never fear that any mixture, whether partly cotton, partly wool, will not take with Nadco. Nadco dyes evenly and safely all fabrics. It never disappoints.

In 20 fast colours.

1/- a cake.

Easy directions on each package. No stained hands or utensils.

Of all Stores and Chemists.

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One Real Dye for ALL Fabrics

The Tea that
Mother likes
so much -



Mother has found the right tea at last. After trying other brands she finds none that gives her the real sense of satisfaction which she obtains from a cup of

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Freshly Picked and Freshly Packed Johnson's Own Imported Teas are thus purer, fresher and even much cheaper. You get the natural *fresh* tea flavour and less per cup is required when using Johnstons.

Try half a pound of Johnstons Tea (No. 55 blend), and prove it. The coupon below enables you to do so at the small cost of 1/-. Obtainable only from

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To Johnstons Ltd., 20 Customs St. E., Auckland.
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Please send me 1/2 lb. packet of your 3/-
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Note or stamps for 1/-. L.M. 3

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Address.....

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The WEARING of EARRINGS



OF all the decorative accessories of feminine dress, the wearing of earrings is the most barbaric.

The custom in its primitive significance originated in marking the slave. Later it was adopted as a fashionable distinction.

From the child, hanging cherries on the ears, to the suspension of costly gems from them, earrings have indicated the vanity of the sex from centuries before the Christian era.

To-day the dainty trinkets are made to affix to the lobe of the ear by screws, which offer no initiating pain in the wearing—a decided improvement upon the disfiguring process of piercing holes in the daintiest part of a well-shaped ear.

A Ribbon Guard

Greek and Roman ladies gave much attention to beautiful designs, proof of which may be seen in the various museums, which preserve them so jealously. English ladies wore them at the time of the Norman Conquest.

There is an engraving extant of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia (a lovely ancestress of Princess Mary), with an oval pearl in the left ear, and carefully affixed to a narrow ribbon guard. Shakespeare records their use by men. He is himself represented in a portrait with a thin gold ring in his ear. Van Dyck's portrait

of Charles the First depicts the monarch with a sumptuous pearl, which formed the melancholy bequest to his grand-daughter, the Princess of Orange, after his execution.

To-day thin gold wires may be seen in the ears of the older English and French fishermen. Sailors were great observers of the custom, though one sees fewer than formerly. Peasantry of Spain, Italy and Sicily, as well as gypsies of both sexes, are much attached to them.

Wedgwood Earrings

Most elaborate jewels occupied the attention of the old masters, who obviously appreciated their decorative adjunct to feminine features. Sometimes the "eardrops" measured three inches in length.

The jeweller's art has given of its choicest in designs for ear adornment. Josiah Wedgwood turned his genius to the manufacture of cameo medallions in jasper ware for earrings.

In the shops one sees to-day possibly a greater regard for the intrinsic beauty of precious stones; they are almost invisibly mounted, their alluring colour and sparkle emphasise the delicate flesh tints of their wearers; and in the lesser values of the jeweller's craft, ivory, jade, amber, tortoiseshell, coral, jet, all lend their aid very agreeably to the embellishment of the modern woman's ears.

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We have at present the finest selection of Diamond Engagement Rings, executed by the best modern hand artist. . . . Pure white stones set in platinum and 18 ct. gold, durable and attractive, at prices to suit all.



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GOLF DOINGS

by Putting Green

NOW that the time for the New Zealand Championship and the different provincial meetings draws near, all keen golfers are putting in good solid practice.

Very often a championship is won and lost on the putting green alone. There comes the hardest test, the control of one's nerve to give that firm and confident touch without which no putt will succeed.

Concentration plays a large part, and it is rare to find a player who can be so oblivious of her surroundings as to give her whole mind to the shot she is playing. It is a champion indeed who can produce her best when required, and thus achieve what seems the impossible.



Mrs. M. H. Godby,
Captain Ladies' Golf Club,
Christchurch.

Most clubs have finished their championships during this last month, and many good games have been played.

In Auckland, the Takapuna Golf Club was the first to play its final, and the game between Mrs. Bryce Hart and Miss Grimwade resulted in a comfortable win for the former, 4 up and 3 to play.

The final of the Auckland Ladies' Golf Club's Senior Championship resulted in a win for Miss Cooper—who defeated Miss Nancy MacCormick, 1 up at the 18th hole. This was a most interesting game, Miss Cooper having a lead of 2 up most of the way, but excellent play by Miss MacCormick made the game "square" at the 17th, and the 18th hole was won by a putt only.

At Middlemore, the Isabelle Bloomfield Memorial Match resulted in a tie between Miss Upton and Miss J. Williams, and in the play-off the latter won.

The Hilda Bloomfield Memorial Cup was won by Miss Upton, with the score of 3 down on bogey.

The July L.G.U. Medal was won by Miss E. Culling, 98—17=81. The junior by Miss D. Bayly, 108—31=77.

Miss B. Fisher returned the best card for the C Grade at Maungakiekie. The July L.G.U. Medal was won by Mrs. Deighton, 96—18=78. The junior by Mrs. Owen, 116—32=84.

The Eclectic Match was won by Mrs. Taylor, 107—36=71, Miss Coutts, 95—21=74, being second.

On the Titirangi Links the Flag Match was won by Mrs. Deighton, who took the flag to the 18th green.

At the Waitemata Ladies' Golf Club the L.G.U. Medal was won by Mrs. Nevill, 106—24=82.

In the Flag Match, Miss Coutts was successful in carrying the flag furthest.

The interclub match between Waitemata and Papakura finished in favour of Waitemata by 8 matches to 3. It was played at Papakura, and was a most successful and enjoyable day.

The Papakura Club played their monthly medal, and it resulted in a win for Mrs. P. Locke, 92 net. The junior medal was won by Miss Finlayson.

In the match with Pukekohe, the Papakura ladies finished square—being six matches all.

In the Pukekohe and Waiuku interclub match, the Pukekohe players won their "rub," 4 matches to 2.

At Kohimarama, mixed foursomes were played during the month, and a most enjoyable afternoon resulted, as the links were in splendid order. The match ended in a win for Mrs. Trice and Mr. Brookfield, with 96 net, Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Baxter being second.

A VERY exciting match was played between teams from the Ladies' Golf Club and from the Hagley Golf Club, on the Hagley Links, and after many well-contested games, some of which were not decided till the 18th hole, the Shirley players won by two games. The Hagley ladies, who are justly famed for their hospitality, entertained their guests at a most sumptuous tea, which was greatly appreciated. The Ladies' Club was represented by Miss Beadel, Mrs. Donald, Mrs. Godby, Mrs. Symes, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Tossell, Lady Boys, Mrs. Lawrence, Miss P. Harley, Miss Wilkin, Miss M. Newton, Miss Bristed, Miss Enright, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Gerard, Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Lythgow; while the Hagley players were Miss Bean, Mrs. McClatchie, Miss Cotton, Mrs. Humphrey, Mrs. Gresson, Miss Bruce, Miss Boulnois, Miss Pinckney, Mrs. Tyers, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. W. Day, Miss Chapman, Mrs. C. F. Smith, Mrs. Kitto, Miss Newton and Mrs. Hutton.



Miss Curtis in play at the
New South Wales Championship
Meeting.



Miss Nancy Curtis,
New Zealand and New South Wales Champion.

The Junior Championship at Middlemore was won by Miss Gladys Buddle, who defeated Mrs. Macdonald, 1 up. Both players showed form worthy of senior standard.

The first rounds of the Senior and Junior Championships of the Maungakiekie Ladies' Golf Club were played at the Maungakiekie Links. The following are the results:—

Senior.—Miss Bayly beat Mrs. Rodger, 1 up; Miss Kirk won from Mrs. Wood by default; Mrs. Deighton beat Mrs. Trice, 1 up at the 19th; Mrs. Holdsworth beat Mrs. Horton, 7 up and 5; Miss Lever beat Mrs. McIlraith, 7 and 5.

Junior.—Mrs. Russell beat Mrs. Owen, 3 up and 2; Mrs. Carr beat Mrs. McArthur, 2 and 1; Miss A. Fouhy beat Mrs. J. W. McIlraith, 1 up; Miss Coutts beat Mrs. Taylor, 6 and 4; Mrs. Finlay beat Miss C. Bayly, 7 and 6; Miss Grove beat Miss Boddie, 3 and 2; Mrs. Burton beat Mrs. Banister, 2 up; Mrs. Nevill beat Miss Ridings, 3 and 1.

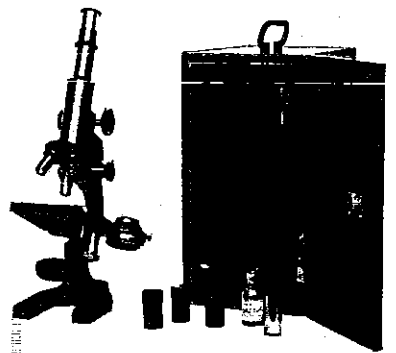
The play-off for the monthly medal of the Papakura Ladies' Golf Club between Miss Walker and Miss J. Little resulted in a win for Miss Little.

TENNIS NOTES

MISS Nancy Curtis, whose photograph is inset, is a tennis player of whom New Zealand may well be proud. She has twice won the New Zealand Ladies' Championship with the last of only one set—that in 1920. This year she scored a win in all three events—partnered by Mrs. Melody in the ladies' doubles, and G. Ollivier in the combined event.

In the recent tour of the New Zealand Ladies' Tennis Team she played all Australia's best players, and in singles was successful in carrying off the New South Wales Championship.

An invitation has been sent to the New South Wales Association, inviting over one of their players, to play through New Zealand and in the next New Zealand Championship, to be held at Hastings. This will greatly encourage players, and there will be much competition for the coveted "all black" honours. Undoubtedly there is talent among New Zealand girls, and the experience gained by playing and watching these players from across the Tasman Sea should do much to raise the standard of tennis in New Zealand.

A New
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PROFESSOR Gist Gee has recently favoured us with a visit on behalf of the Spencer Lens Co., Buffalo, New York, and has made arrangements to supply us with the latest type No. 44 H Microscope on very exceptional terms. This microscope is a most excellent instrument, being fitted with oil immersion lens and Abbe condenser and comprises the whole outfit necessary for bacteriological examinations. The photograph above shows the microscope with additional lenses and special case. You are cordially invited to come and examine it closely in our show-rooms. . . . Our arrangements with Professor Gist Gee are such that we can quote very special terms on the first hundred ordered. If you are interested write for full particulars. . . The price is at least £15 lower than present cost.

Full specification is as follows: Stage 112 x 108 mm. Fine adjustment. . . Objectives, (Spencer Standard Achromatic) 16, 4, 1.8 oil immersion. . . Huyghenian oculars 6 x 10 x. Triple nosepiece, Abbe condenser N.A. 1.20.

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ON THE SCREEN

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the kind you wouldn't care to miss—are always
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CARLTON
STUDIO

THE important part children play in pictures was never more apparent than it is to-day. Few pictures are complete without the presence of a child, and the directors know it. The children may be brought in for momentary flashes of naïveté to relieve the heavy drama, or they may form part of the central theme of the play—they are certain to be tucked in somewhere. If no children are called for in the original story, scenes are often introduced for them.

It can be understood easily, therefore, that more than two hundred kiddies of all nationalities are playing continuously in films. Besides these, there are hundreds who get occasional parts, and fill in for crowds and big scenes.



Wesley Barry and Baby Peggy Montgomery in "Penrod," by Booth Tarkington.

Children are born actors. Often, we know this ourselves, much to our discomfiture. They have a natural grace and beauty, and a strong sense of mimicry. They adapt themselves quickly to their new playhouse; for acting to most of them is another form of playing.

Talking of child actors, Jackie Coogan comes first to mind. As "The Kid" he made a sure bid for fame, and won all hearts with his deep human appeal and natural artistry. It is estimated that Jackie's guardians will realise about £15,000 on each of his productions.

Little Richard Headrick was the earliest star, and will probably shine the longest. His first appearance was in "The Woman in His House," in which his popularity soon outshone Mildred Harris, the starring actress. He is a strong, determined child, and the director has only to say banteringly, "I don't think you will be able to do this," and Dickie says, "Can't I?" and does it.

Running close for kindergarten honours is little Helen Stone, who has played with Tom Mix and Pauline Frederick. Her *sang froid* is perfect. In a child-act prologue at a Los Angeles theatre, she was the tiniest but the central factor. She set her teeth and danced as if her life depended on it, and brought down the house in rapturous applause.

Of the slant-eyed Orientals who clamour for admittance at the studios, little Tea Choy comes first. She is just half-past four—a lovely little thing of ivory and jet. She has the quaint serious dignity of her race. She plays with Hayakawa in "The Vermilion Pencil," and is the oddest child. Once the director told her to laugh. "But," she answered slowly, "I see nothing to laugh at."

Among the boys, Billie Cotton and Frankie Lee stand out. Billie Cotton plays his pet part in "Earthbound." Frankie is eight, and has been acting since he was four. He made his great success as the crippled boy in "The Miracle Man." He has literary propensities, and edits a newspaper called "The Fountain Avenue News."

In comedy, Baby Peggy Montgomery leads as the finest young actress. At the age of three she is receiving the salary of £30 weekly. She is a quaint child, very serious of demeanour, with a mind that often tells her to add something humorous to a scene on her own account. She is a miniature Chaplin, for, like him, her humour springs from its twin, pathos.

The caste of "Penrod" boasted a multitude of children, besides the well-known figure of Wesley Barry. In producing this picture, poor Marshall Neilan was running round the studio like a hen after its chickens. He wasn't bothered with temperamental children—but temperamental mothers.

Children have to spend a minimum of two hours a day with private tutors at the studio. This is required by the Los Angeles Board of Education, and the regulation is carefully obeyed. Often between scenes little people are to be seen in corners, reciting lessons to their governesses.

The list of child actors is never-ending, and as long as children retain their natural charm, the public will demand their presence, and worship at their shrine.

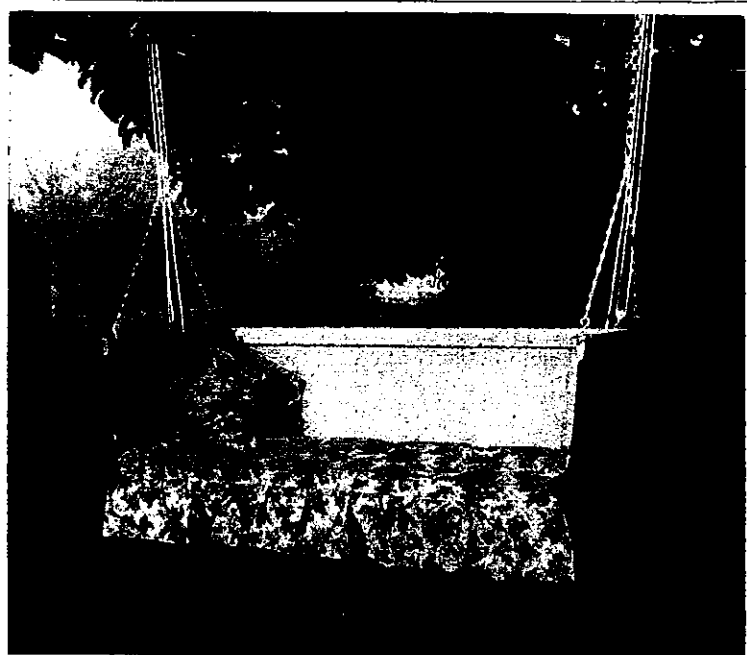
A new film in which Miss Mary Pickford is the star, is being exhibited in London. It is the picture version of the story so beloved of our fathers, "Little Lord Fauntleroy." In it Miss Pickford plays two parts. She is the little lord himself, and also his mother, who goes through her life bearing the unpleasant nickname "Dearest." By means of some ingenious "double" photography there are several scenes in which she appears at the same time in both parts. She gives an excellent performance in both of them, and her acting as the Little Lord Fauntleroy is both touching and amusing.

It would be hard to find a place in the world to-day where moving pictures are not shown. The latest device is a portable moving picture outfit, which is so light that it can be trailed over the frozen North. The Eskimos will be quite *au fait* with the latest news.

Book lovers will be interested to know that "Oliver Twist" is to be filmed, with Jackie Coogan playing the title part. Although Jackie is somewhat younger than Dickens's Oliver Twist, his capabilities as an actor lead one to believe he will be successful in his portrayal.

Elinor Glyn spent considerable time in Hollywood writing a scenario. Speaking of her experiences there, she said: "In Hollywood I have found as many crowned heads as I have found in Europe—only in Hollywood they are crowned with the crown of success and achievement. . . . I have never found a class of people so generous, so broad-minded and so self-sacrificing as the player people of Hollywood."

Pauline Frederick was recently married to Dr. C. Rutherford. They have planned a tour through California, as soon as Miss Frederick has completed her latest picture, "The Glory of Clementina," adapted from W. J. Locke's novel. She will then appear on the London stage, and subsequently in New York, having signed a contract with a well-known theatrical manager.



A Garden Delight

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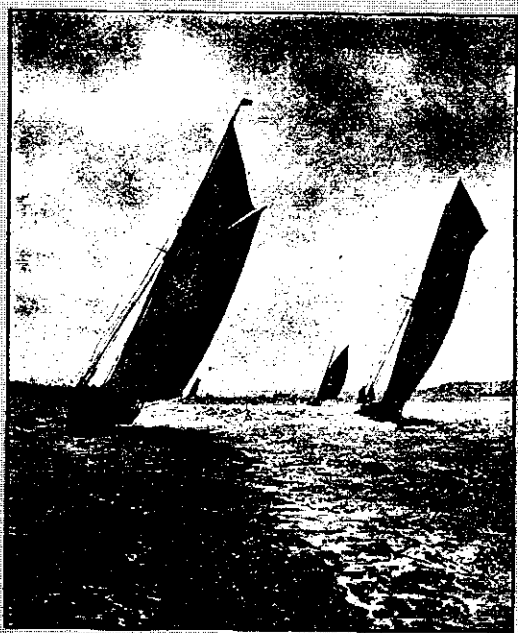
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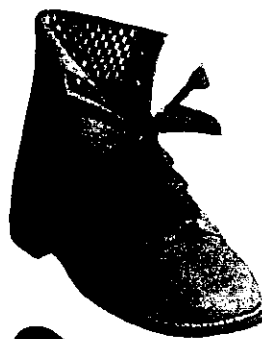
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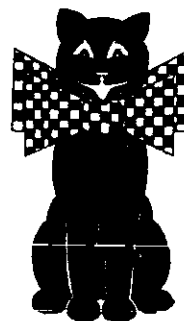


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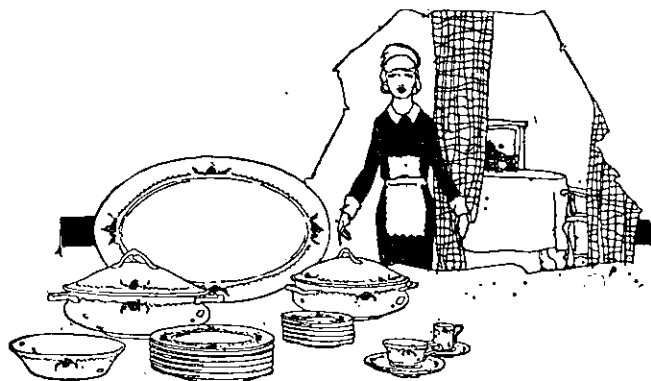
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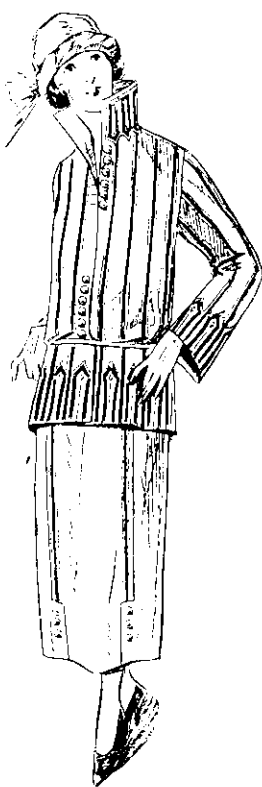
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THE CAREER of STELLA FRANE

(Continued from page 9).

pocket-handkerchief and crushed the linen over his mouth and nose. The effect was immediate and wonderful. His breathing grew more normal, the dreadful blue-grey pallor in his face gradually cleared away, and his dark eyes opened and fixed themselves in a languid stare on something lying on the floor beyond the curtained recess, something soft and sheeny, which glistened pink and silver in the light of the leaping fire. He could see it between the purple velvet curtains which shut the recess away from the other part of the room. For a few moments he lay idly staring at the pretty thing with a dull puzzlement at the back of his brain—what was it?—where had he seen it? In some way it recalled to him a beautiful velvety-white neck and shoulders—a pair of wonderful soft eyes—the voice of an angel—of course, of course—Stella Frane.

THE knowledge came to him like a flash. It was Stella Frane's scarf—he had seen it often about her superb shoulders. Then how came it here—in his room? Tarne's brain was rapidly clearing now, and like some ruthless wild thing on the trail of its destined victim, step by step he followed up each clue unerringly.

He remembered now—himself and Stella alone in the flat—the intoxicating pleasure of having her there alone with him in the great silent building—the first time he had ever coaxed her there without some woman companion—his stealthy locking of his door when her back was turned, then the sudden violent interruption by that great fair-haired barbarian, Stella's husband, his urging Stella into concealment; then the husband, baffled but still suspicious, finding the scarf, snatching it up, and flinging it violently from him as if it had stung him; then the blow, and Stella's voice crying out, "You have killed him!" and after a falling—falling—through infinite roaring waves of darkness—blank oblivion.

After that—pain—struggle—darkness—and voices, voices and sobbing—Stella's voice, Stella's sobs, urging someone to go to hide—and then another voice, strong, harsh, bitter, "I'll go—run like a whipped cur. . . I do not choose my wife shall be mixed up in this scandal."

It was all clear enough now to Tarne, after this painful piecing together of half-remembered things. The two had believed him dead, struck down by Frane's hand, and Stella had urged her husband to flight. An acrid smile twisted Tarne's thin lips.

"God!" he muttered. "If I were not so mad about her lovely face and lovelier body, I'd bring her to her knees for this. I'm sorry I can't stay dead to pay them both out; but it would be a little inconvenient—how-ever—"

He lay awhile musing darkly, still with that thin, evil smile on his pale lips. He rose at last, feeling weak and ill, and his glance fell on the scarf again. Stooping a little dizzily, he picked up the pretty sheeny thing, and stood drawing it through his fingers absently. Then for the first time he noticed his dishevelled shirt-front and the absence of his diamond studs. His eyes narrowed sharply.

"Robbery"—he began, and then he saw the studs in a little gleaming heap on a table, where Stella, with the instinctive tidiness of a woman, even in that awful moment, had laid them when they had fallen from Tarne's shirt as Frane agitatedly wrenched it apart.

Tarne stood gazing at them thoughtfully; then he gathered them up slowly and dropped them into his pocket.

"Why not?" he muttered, "Robbery—with violence."

A LITTLE uncertainly he crossed the room and poured himself out a stiff peg of brandy and soda, and, having swallowed it, felt a little more colour warm his ashy-pale cheeks, a little more strength in his shaking limbs. Then he took his coat from a chair-back, and from an inner pocket drew forth a bulging pocket-book strapped and buttoned tightly. From the book he extracted a roll of bank-notes, and buttoning it again, he exerted some strength to wrench the straps apart, finishing the work of destruction with his penknife, after which he flung the empty case upon the floor, and slipping the notes into his trouser pocket, walked unsteadily from the room, leaving the lights still burning brightly.

Too spent and weary to undress, he flung himself upon his bed, and sank into the profound slumber which always followed one of his heart-attacks. He slept thus for twelve hours without stirring. He was lying there sleeping when Stella stood fearfully within the outer room, staring at the empty couch where she had expected to find his dead body.

Tarne awoke to find Medlow, his chauffeur-valet in the room, staring curiously at his master's dishevelled state.

"Ah, Medlow," said Tarne, stretching and yawning, "you are surprised at my *deshabille*—"

"No, oh no, sir!" stammered the man, conscious that it was the duty of any well-trained servant not to appear surprised under any circumstances, "but—"

"Then you're a fool not to be," interrupted Tarne indolently. "I've been robbed, Medlow—"

"Yes," cried Medlow eagerly. "I found this in the room outside, sir—"

HE held out the empty pocket-book, with its broken straps, and Tarne took it thoughtfully.

"I see," he said meditatively. "I was at my piano playing, late last night, when in the mirror which hangs just above it I saw a man come stealthily into the room. Before I could turn he was upon me. He got his arm under my chin and jerked my head back. Unfortunately, at that moment one of my wretched attacks took me, and I fainted. When I came to, my diamond studs and all my money were gone. But I had seen the face of my assailant in the mirror—"

"Yes, sir," Medlow's eyes were staring.

"A big fair man in brown tweeds," went on Tarne, staring intently at the man. "When you came up to the flat late last night—"

"But I didn't come to the flat last night, Mr. Tarne, sir, you remember. You gave me the night off—"

"Pshaw," interrupted Tarne, still with that intent gaze fixed with hypnotic steadiness on the other man's face. "Your memory is poor, Medlow; last night, you met someone on the stairs. I think."

"N-not a soul, sir," the man stammered confusedly; he had not been in the flat at all.

Tarne examined his finger nails with an intent carelessness.

"As I said, Medlow, your memory is poor, but mine is excellent. Let me remind you."

The effect of these words was to make the man shrink perceptibly, while his face whitened strangely. He said nothing, and after a pause Tarne went on, "Think, again, Medlow; you saw someone on the stairs—a big fair man, I think you said—in brown tweeds—"

"Y-yes, sir," the man moistened his dry lips with the tip of his tongue.

"Ah, that's better. He was stuffing something into his pocket. You would know that man again, Medlow?"



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Medlow was dumb, looking to his master for his cue, as a dog looks for the word of command, and Tarne continued, lazily stretching himself.

"You will remember once I sent you to the house of Mrs. Frane with some flowers and a message. Mrs. Frane was not at home, but you told me you saw her husband, who asked you your business—you remember the look of Mrs. Frane's husband?"

Medlow's eyes were riveted on Tarne's face; he was beginning to see light.

"Yes," he admitted, "I think I'd know him again if I saw him."

"You saw him last night on the stairs, Medlow," stated Tarne calmly, and Medlow's shifty eyes fell under his master's intent gaze.

"I remember now, sir," he muttered in a low voice.

"Ah!" Tarne felt in his vest pocket and handed the man a banknote. "That will be all, Medlow," he said quietly, "for the present. Now clear out and get me my bath."

Feeling too indisposed to leave his rooms that day or the next, Tarne deliberately devised his scheme of torture for Stella Frane, sending the anonymous messages which he knew would sear her soul with blighting fear. He read her brief message in the personal column with a grim smile, and knowing that she would answer his summons, he sent her that last significant message.

Through the charge of robbery he meant to bring against her husband, he felt he could coerce Stella to his desires, and having secured Medlow as evidence by the mere force of hypnotic suggestion and the fact that he had once stumbled by accident on a criminal episode in the man's career, which would mean gaol for him if it were ever discovered, Tarne felt that he had laid his plans well, and awaited with some eagerness his next meeting with Stella Frane.

(To be continued).



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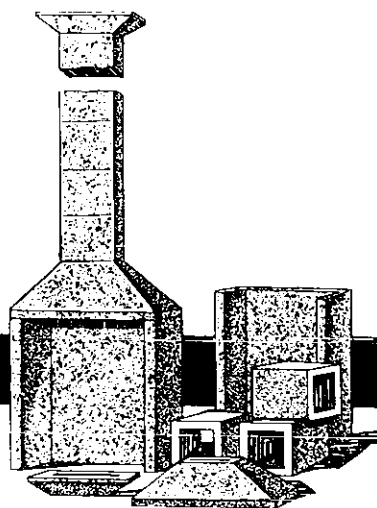
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WOMAN AND HER CAR

Accidents and Imagination

THE lady motorist is far more careful in her driving than is the average man, a fact which is conclusively proved by the very small proportion of preventable accidents in which lady drivers figure. Still, a few hints on accident prevention may not be out of place, and some of these are provided in an article on "Accidents and imagination" in the *Motor*, which lays great stress on the importance of adequate braking, and points out that whereas a car equipped with an efficiently constructed, effectively maintained set of brakes on all four running wheels will stop while running at a speed of 30 miles an hour in 36 feet, the same car with brakes applied to the rear wheels only will stop in 83 feet, or more than twice the distance. The average car in the hands of the average motorist will not do so well, but will require 100 to 150 feet to bring it to a stop from a velocity of 30 miles an hour. This latter car then has only about 25 per cent. of the stopping ability of the first machine mentioned.

"A brake should be powerful enough to lock the wheels through which it acts, and this it will not do in many cases, particularly on heavy cars. Adequate brakes are just one-half of the solution of the accident problem. The second phase largely contemplates the education of the driver."

Reckless Drivers

"Reckless drivers may be divided into three classes:—

"Those who would be careful, but do not know how, lacking imagination or experience, or both.

"Those who are indifferent, although they have the imagination and experience.

"Those who are reckless by nature: many in this class have a vicious streak. Those who are in this third class should be jumped on as frequently and as hard as possible. They are the thugs of motordom."

Care of Upholstery

Unless you wish to crack the leather, do not use benzine in cleaning it. One fairly good way to get

dirt off from leather is to use plain water, to which a little ammonia has been added. After this has dried, the leather should be rubbed briskly with a soft cloth, such as flannel or cheese-cloth. If you wish to do the best thing possible for the leather, either

purchase one of the prepared dressings or make some yourself. For this purpose, a mixture of two parts of linseed oil to one of turpentine is as effective as anything else.

Cleaning the Radiator

A great deal of engine inefficiency developed after the car has been long in commission is due to the radiators, which have become clogged, and do not sufficiently cool the circulating water. The use of clear, clean rain water is a certain preventive if it is used from the first. There are several forms of chemical solvents which will dissolve the accumulated fur in radiators, and one of these should be used at fairly frequent intervals. They have the effect, if introduced into a full circulating system, with the engine running, of clearing the water jackets, and so adding considerably to the efficiency of the whole system.

A New Light Car

A new light car of a type which should commend itself to the woman motorist—the Gray—will shortly make its appearance in New Zealand.

It is declared that it is a rival to the Ford. Tremendous interest has been taken in its design in America. Critics have declared it to be a charming little machine, with the stamp of quality on every part: a car that looks good and undoubtedly is something out of the ordinary. It was the talk of the American motor world for some time prior to its advent, and when placed on show for the first time at the last New York motor exhibition, created quite a sensation, and it was generally admitted that all expectations had been more than realised. Within twenty-four hours of the opening of the show, the whole of the first year's output of 23,000 machines had been contracted for, and considerable disappointment was expressed by many would-be purchasers at their inability to secure one of the fine little cars.



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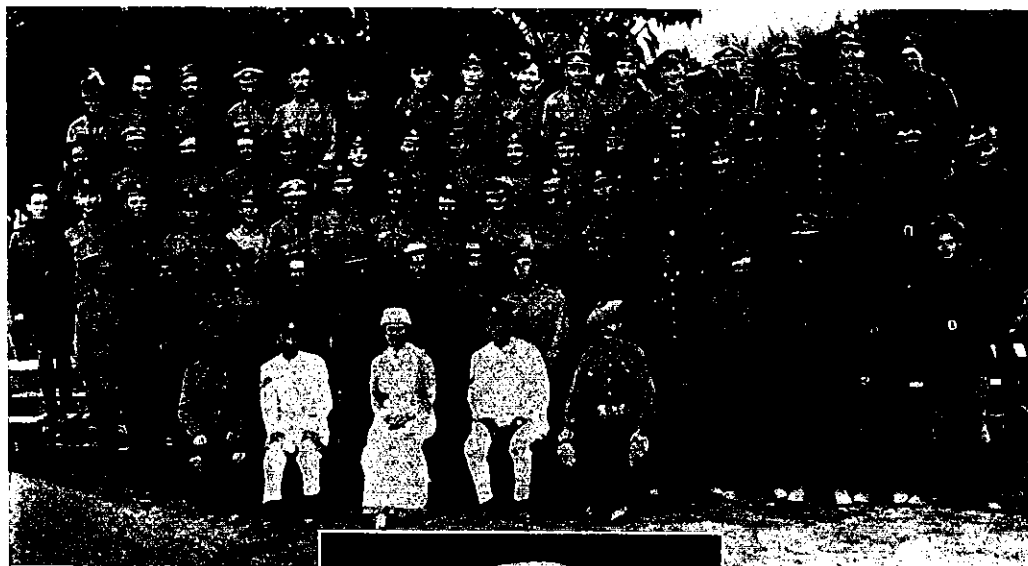
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TEACHING SOLDIERS HOW TO COOK

A Woman's Work



SUCH a thing had never been heard of before the war. That a mere woman should teach an army how to cook, and that she should do it infinitely better than men who had made it a business, was well nigh incredible.

Yet this is just what Miss Higgins did. It was in 1915 that she and a band of voluntary "helpers" went from New Zealand to care for our soldiers. At first they assisted in canteen work, but gradually became scattered, as their services were required in hospitals or other canteens.

Miss Higgins, an Englishwoman, and a Domestic Science Mistress of some years standing in Gisborne, was accompanied round the cookhouse in Alexandria by Lady Carnarvon, who took a motherly interest in the welfare of "the boys." It was at once evident that here was great need for reform. Cleanliness was lacking, so were wholesome cooking of the rations, and around and about swarmed the flies in millions.

With the support of Lady Carnarvon and Lady Godley, General Boyle, G.O.C. of Alexandria, and Colonel Payne, Miss Higgins began her cooking classes. She was given two instructors as assistants. In a five weeks course the men learned company and field cookery suitable for a large or a small number of men. Then each day they were divided into three sections, each section having a two hours lesson from Miss Higgins in advanced cookery.

In summer the classes began at 7.30 and ended at 1.30. During their two hours lesson the men were taught a finer kind of cooking suitable for officers' messes. Miss Higgins also gave them lectures on food values, digestion, culinary hygiene, cleanliness, and economy.

Early in her career as Army Cook Instructress she received forty-five sergeants or men in charge of cookhouses in the Alexandria district, who were ordered to take a ten-day memory refresher. They were very superior people on the first day, but went away impressed with the little they really knew.

"For a year and a half we were quietly dissipating the prejudice that had existed against the employment of a woman in this kind of work. During that time the United Welfare Service Committee was our unfailing friend," said Miss Higgins. "All our cooking had to be done with rations supplemented at that time by 4½d. per man each day for extras, such as spices and seasoning. The



Captain Higgins.

Committee also gave us aprons and towels, and the necessary accessories for class work.

Early in 1917, the War Office sent out an officer to inspect all the army cookery centres in Egypt. There were many, and the officer found them all alike—save one—the Carleton Cookery School—Miss Higgins' creation.

It was arrestingly different. It was clean. The clouds of pestiferous flies were absent. It was inviting. It was spick and span. Tents, kitchens, larders, field oven and mess-room were arranged so as to combine order and symmetry with practical usefulness.

He could find no fault, and when he had completed his inspection by hearing a cookery lecture, he reported to the War Office in favourable terms.

As a result, when the school had been in existence for twenty months, the War Office took it over on September 1, 1917, and it was divided into two branches—a field course and an advanced course which occupied three weeks of hard work. Miss Higgins, now Captain Higgins, was appointed a salaried instructor of advanced cookery for picked men.

"The advanced class had been in existence only four months," said Miss Higgins, "when we had so many more applications for men wanting to attend, that our

The Carleton Cookery School, Egypt.

Miss Higgins, with one of her advanced classes. Seated beside her are her assistant-sergeants. She always found the men attentive and eager to profit by her instruction.

kitchen had to be enlarged to twice its original size, and a sergeant-assistant was appointed. This gave accommodation for ninety men. On the day that the Duke of Connaught inspected the school he saw eighty men all at work."

In all Miss Higgins taught the soldiers for four years, the classes comprising sixty, eighty and even ninety men, and in that time she and her staff taught no fewer than 4000 men. The officers were so impressed with the value of her work that they used to send her their mess-cooks for training in advanced cookery.

"When General Godley was leaving Egypt for France," said Miss Higgins, "Lady Godley asked me to send the General a cook specially trained in the preparation of vegetables. The man selected accompanied the General to Europe, and proved highly efficient—so Lady Godley told me subsequently."

Miss Higgins was mentioned in despatches by General Murray and General Allenby "for gallant and distinguished services on the field," but her greatest treasure is the following letter, which was addressed to her from the War Office:

War Office,
London, S.W. 1.
6th November, 1919.

Dear Madam,

On relinquishing your appointment as Lady Superintendent and Instructor in Advanced Cooking at the School of Cookery, Alexandria, Egypt, I am commanded by the Army Council to express their appreciation of the valuable services rendered by you, covering a period of more than three years, and during a national emergency, in connection with the training of more than 3000 cooks for Army Service.

Such voluntary aid has been of the greatest assistance to the Army Council in their endeavour to obtain as high a standard of efficiency as possible in the building up of the New Armies, and in maintaining the establishments of trained cooks in the field and during demobilisation.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient servant,

B. B. CUBITT.

Miss Marion Higgins.



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tapes and neck strap			
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Ditto, 1 1/2in. webbing, S, M, L	3/9
Napkin shield alone, velvet rubber	3/3
Sanitary Apron, pure velvet rubber	4/6
Ditto, rubberised material (nainsook)	4/
Mother's rubberised Handy Bags	8/
Emergency Travelling Oufits (ladies')	10/6
Rubber Hot Water Bottle, alone	12/6
Ditto, with vaginal and bougie attachments (infant, rectal and vaginal pieces)	19/
Vaginal Douche Syringe, with shield	10/6
Bathing Caps, assorted styles	5/6
Baby Bed Sheets, 36 x 36, rubberised	10/6
Ditto, 27 x 36, waterproof jackinette	7/6
Baby Couch Sheets, 18 x 18, jackinette	3/
Baby Bloomers, pure rubber, romper style	3/6
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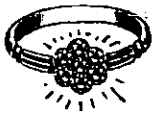
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SUNSHINE AND SPRING CLEANING

THOUGH we love the sun, yet it
is very merciless in showing up
the dinginess and dirt in our homes
by the dull days of winter. Just
as on bright sunny days we feel
a desire for new clothes, so do our
homes demand a thorough renovation.

"This, however, should be taken
in hand gradually, as there is no
necessity to upset the whole household," says a writer in an English
paper. Modern spring cleaning,
with its many mechanical aids for
saving labour, is much less formidable than it was in the days
of our grandmothers. Foremost
among these aids are vacuum
cleaners, whether hand-driven or
worked by electricity. By means
of their various attachments all the
dust is sucked from cornices,
skirtings, bookcases, upholstery,
and so on. Thick curtains may be
shaken, then cleaned with a vacuum cleaner, and hung in the air
to sweeten them. If very faded
or soiled, they may require a visit
to a dyer or cleaner, but all dust
is removed by the cleaner.

A CARPET, too, requires freshening
by washing it over with carpet
soap, or ammonia and water. Wring
a cloth out in the warm water, rub
on the soap, and rub a small
portion of the carpet at a time. Remove the soap with a clean wet
cloth, then rub well with a dry
one. If the carpet has become very
faded in patches it is often possible to paint it (after cleaning)
in the colour of the ground, or
even of the pattern. If the whole
carpet has become faded, it may
be dyed a darker colour than the
original shade. Faded curtains,
cushion and chair covers may be
renewed by first washing and then
dyeing them.

Accumulations of polish require
washing off furniture, which is
then repolished.

Picture frames should be touched
up. Wooden ones polished, gilt
ones brushed over with onion
water, or regilded.

WALLPAPER, after wiping it over
with a hand-mop or a clean
duster, if necessary, should be cleaned
by gently rubbing or daubing it with
a stiff dough made of flour and water.
As the dough becomes dirty fold
in the soiled portion.

Dark paint should be wiped over
with a cloth wrung out in hot
water, and should then be polished
with furniture polish.

White paint should be washed
with soap and water. Gas or electric
light fittings should be taken
to pieces, all globes and chimneys
cleaned, and the fittings and cords
wiped, the former polished if necessary,
and then replaced.

TIMELY HINTS

CHINTZ covers can be easily cleaned
with bran and a damp flannel.
Rub evenly and smoothly until the
glazed surface is quite clean. Finish
with a warm, dry cloth and bran.

Bruises in Furniture. — Carpet-
sweepers sometimes cause a nasty
"bruise" on furniture—mahogany
being very apt to get damaged by
stray blows. The following process
will help to remedy the matter:—
Soak several layers of brown paper
in warm water and place it on the
bruise, which has been well damped.
Iron with a very hot iron until all
the moisture has been drawn from
the paper.

To Make a Window Run Smoothly.—Next time a window sash sticks,
try rubbing the groove in which it
runs with a stick of black lead—the

effect is marvellous. A window which
took two people to open or shut now
flies up or down at a touch from one
hand!

For an Empty Grate.—It is often
difficult to know how to disguise an
empty grate after fires are things of
the past. Flowers are apt to be expensive,
especially as they do not
often thrive on the hearth. If you
have charming chintz covers it is a
good plan to have a square of the
material framed in a dull gilt frame.
The back can be made removable, so
that when the time arrives for new
covers it is merely a matter of inserting
a fresh square of fabric. Lengths
of Chinese embroidery framed in
black make fascinating screens, and,
if both sides are alike, it will do duty
in the winter as a screen for the back
of the chair nearest the fire.

A Crushed Tomato Will Remove
Ink Stains.—Modern inks vary a
great deal in composition, but most

of those in common use are affected
by the application of tomato juice. It
is always worth while, therefore, to
treat any ink stains in linen or cotton
with a freshly cut tomato. Rub the
stain well with the fruit, and then,
without delay, rinse in water. Where
the stain is of long standing a second,
or even a third, application of tomato
juice may be required before a successful
result is achieved.

Substitute for Glue-pot.—When
using glue, smash up the cake of glue
into small fragments (after wrapping
it up in a piece of thick paper) with
a hammer, put it into a jam-pot,
barely cover with boiling water, set
the jam-pot in a saucepan half full
of boiling water, and let it boil slowly
until the glue is of the consistency
of thick golden syrup. Always keep
the glue-pot standing in boiling or
nearly boiling, water whilst in use, or
it becomes "stringy" and will not
stick.

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No Pain

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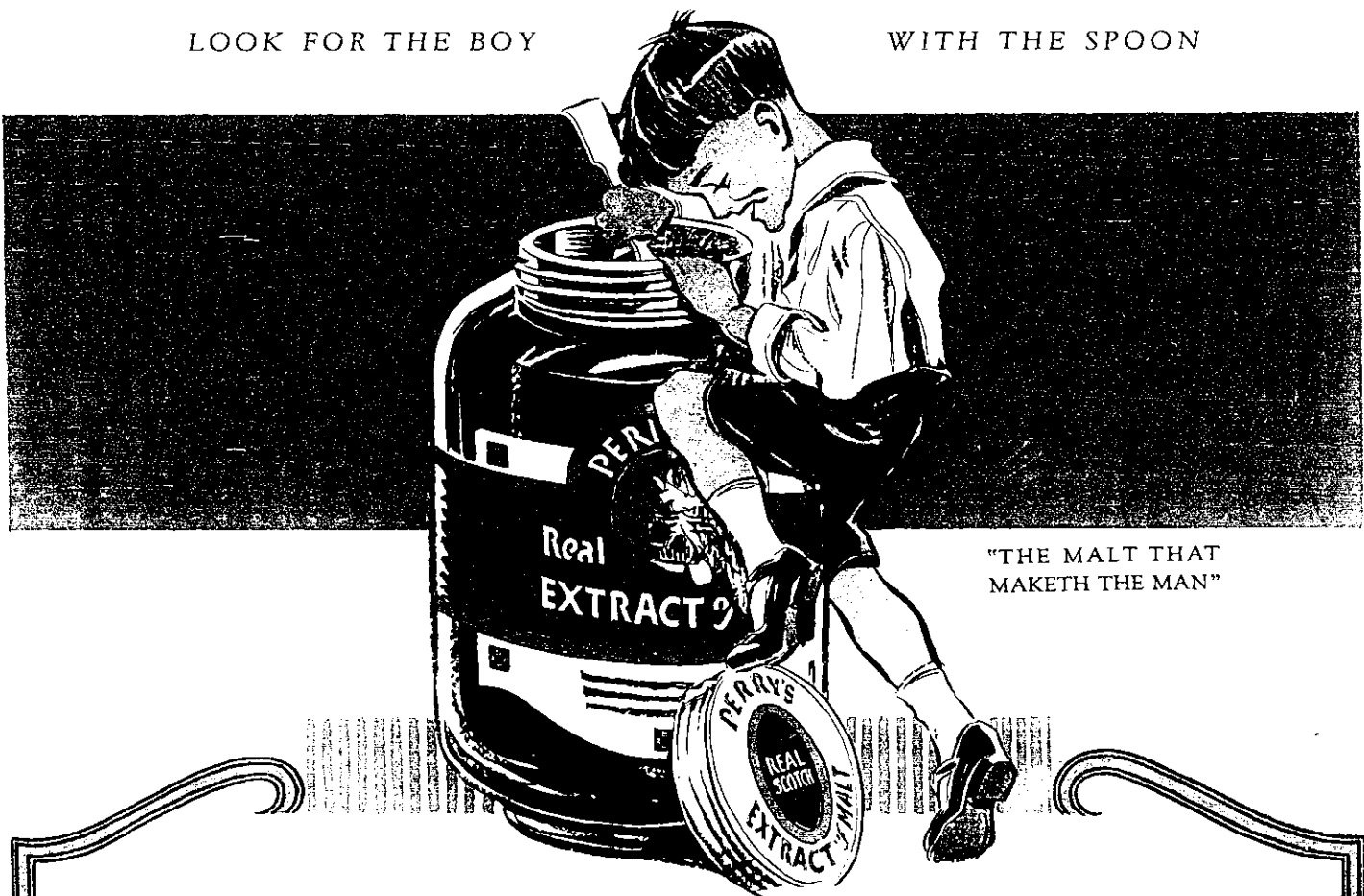
½ lb. “Champion” Flour
1 oz. butter, ¼ teaspoonful salt,
½ teaspoonful baking powder,
some milk.

Mix flour, salt and baking powder in a basin, then rub in the butter. Add sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Form into neat shapes, brush over with beaten egg. Bake in a hot oven 10 to 15 minutes



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WITH THE SPOON



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