

THE LADIES' MIRROR

The Fashionable Ladies' Journal of New Zealand

2nd OCTOBER

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THE MIRROR PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, AUCKLAND



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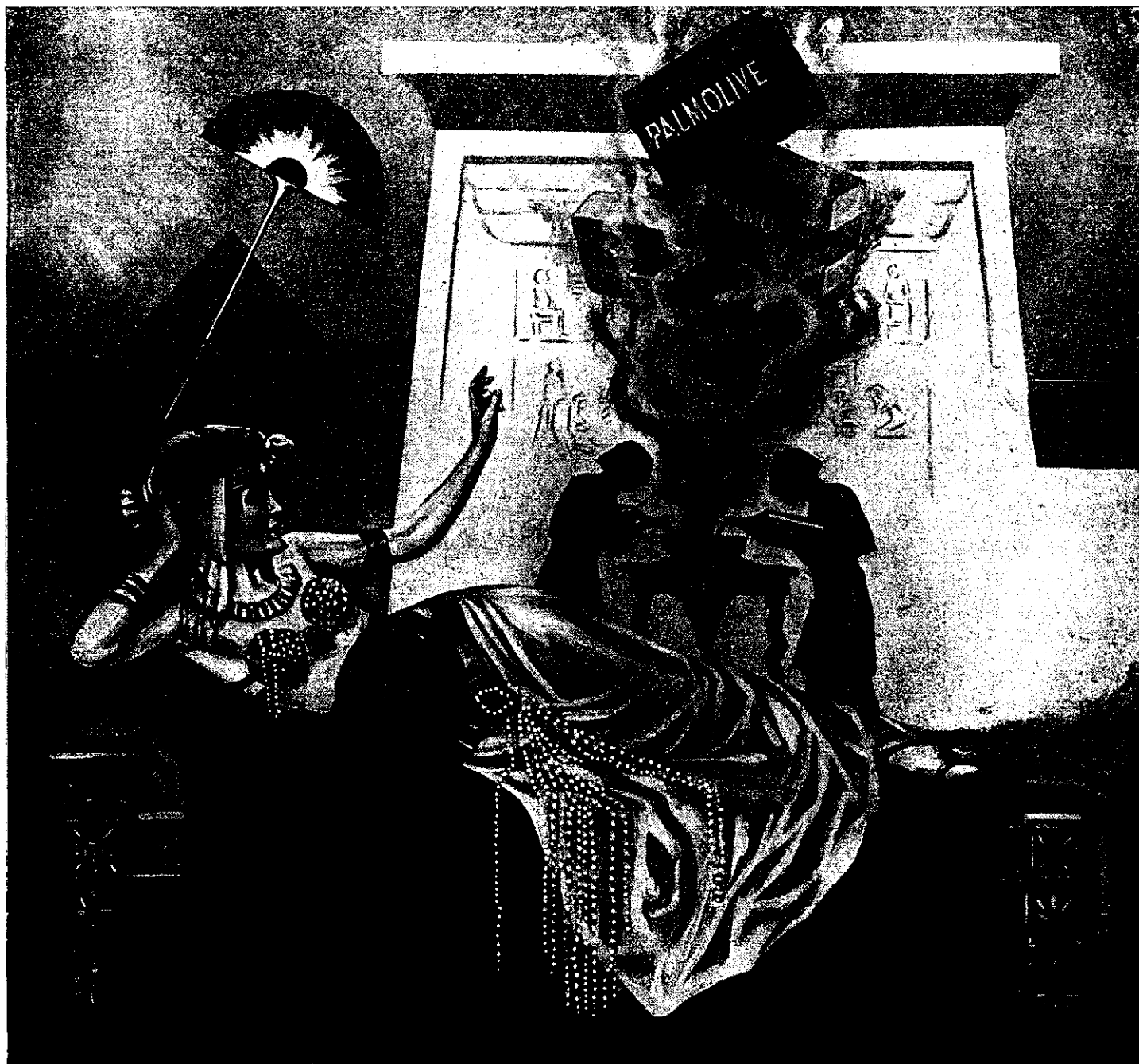
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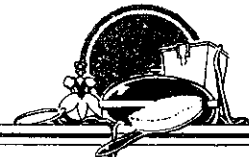


The LADIES' MIRROR

The Fashionable Ladies' Journal of New Zealand

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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



Vol. I.—No. 4

2ND OCTOBER 1922

ONE SHILLING

Foreword

THE claim made on our initial appearance that there existed an imperative necessity for a journal devoted to women's affairs has been abundantly justified. From the first announcement of the intended publication of *The Ladies' Mirror*, interest developed on all sides, and the keen satisfaction with which our first number was received warranted us in the belief that we had correctly gauged the needs and the tastes of the sex.

The demand for the journal has been remarkable and astonishing even to us, the optimistic founders. Every issue has been sold out, and, despite large increases in the number printed, we have not been able to fully satisfy all enquirers for the publication.

This gratifying reception from the public has been reflected in the general press, whose comments on our effort to give woman her place in the sun of publicity have been very favourable. Illustrations, letterpress and general make-up being all the subject of praise in the many papers which extended a welcome to us on the appearance of our first number.

We have plans made for maintaining the high level already achieved, and for efficiently covering the wide field of women's activities; plans which will be disclosed as each passing month holds a new Mirror up to reflect the rapidly unfolding phases of the feminine world. The adornment and enrichment of the home are the undying hope of every woman, and we believe that our hints and suggestions will continue to prove instructive and educative to all readers of taste, and will be reflected by increasing beauty of grouping and arrangement of interiors.

Home life apart, this is the day of the career for woman, as for man, and we purpose giving from time to time some indication, gathered from the most reliable sources, of the trials, tribulations and compensations which follow the callings to which women are most suited. We can promise some useful guidance to those gifted with that independent spirit which seeks to accept responsibility for its own needs and desires, but who find difficulty in choosing the best avenue for the use of their talents.

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



Schmidt Studios, photo.

*Mrs. Stringer, wife of
Mr. Justice Stringer.*

Editorial Reflections

Women in Politics

THE ancient gibe that woman's sphere is the home, and politics is a man's game, and she would do well to keep out of it, has so lost its point that the finest of old crusted Tories now welcome her assistance in the affairs of the day. But though the efflorescence of woman's emancipation has come, full fruition awaits achievement, and not till she has her full share in the Councils of State will the greatest measure of wisdom and consideration be brought to bear upon the problems of the body politic. Not equal representation numerically with the sterner sex; that is not the ideal of any feminist. For one thing, politics largely constitutes a career for its devotees, in proportion fewer women seek a life career than men, thus the number trained and available for the higher grades of public life is inevitably less. But there is a just proportion entitled to the highest honours in the service of the public, and organisation and education should proceed until, with a full realisation of women's services to the State, New Zealand will demand and ensure the adequate representation of the sex in Parliament. The Dominion lags behind other progressive nations in this regard. England, America and Australia have their women politicians, and the value of their work is admitted by all students of economics.

Woman's ambitions are impersonal, and in that aspect she has a very full claim to consideration. A better, safer and cleaner world for her children and her children's children is her main desire, and she wants to do her share towards bringing these aims into being. She wants to help to make civilisation worthy of its name, founded on a base of justice and mercy. One-sided government has proved its failure; the man-governed world has drifted into the deeps, just as a woman-governed world would also totter towards decay; but a well-founded combination of the sexes offers the greatest hope of humanity. Women have brought a great reinforcement to sane thinking and honest action in public life. They are less likely to be carried away by cant phrases, parrot cries and prejudices, reiterated at election times upon the mind of man until the judgment is warped, and full exercise of considered opinion becomes impossible. Less pervious to such shibboleths, women bring more commonsense to bear on their political beliefs; appeals to the emotions and to the passions are less effective, and the result is a sounder, calmer judgment, which will be of immense service to the State when the evolution of political thought has progressed to its logical issue, and women sit in Parliament.

A Stabilising Factor

Women have a special point of view upon many questions, and though no idealist seeks a political division which will have men on one side and women on the other—that would be a disaster—the fullest exercise of the powers of the sex demand that the control of affairs shall not be left to one side of humanity. In these days of revolutionary propaganda in so many shapes and of so widespread a nature, the steadying influence of women is particularly necessary. The urgent and imperative need of the day is peace, combined with unity and co-operation. Yet in every civilised land forces are at work, chiefly in the dark, seeking to subvert the State for its replacement by some fantastic system of equality, which in reality is tyranny naked and unashamed. Women will not encourage this brand of madness. They know that the first victims of revolution, as of industrial strife which is not openly revolutionary, are the women and the children. Thus, in the exercise of a policy of restraint alone, there is a great work for women who take a full interest in the affairs of the nation, in the organisation of the whole of the sex to a similar interest in industrial affairs hitherto left to men. It is the duty of women to see that their homes are not needlessly involved in industrial disputes, and that disputes, when they do arise, are not needlessly prolonged or embittered. While the great work already done by women in the stabilisation of political and moral forces and thought must not be minimised, there is still need to stress the point that her direct voice in the Councils of State will prove a vital factor in progress on rational lines, and too great emphasis cannot be laid upon this by the women's organisations of the Dominion. Full and free

expression of the views we have enunciated will gradually bring their fulfilment, and no favourable opportunity should be lost of impressing on both sexes the abstract justice and inherent advantages of woman's claim to absolute equality of treatment.

* * *

Ends That Will Not Meet

THE way of the transgressor is proverbially hard, but it is a pathway of roses by comparison with that of the perplexed and struggling housekeeper in these lean days. For the breaker of the law has free board and lodging provided, without the torturing anxiety of the worried and harassed housewife, who tries to keep the family exchequer on an even balance when all the economic forces of the day seem arrayed against the feat. In that half-forgotten period "before the war," whatever the income, there was always not only the chance of living within it, but of putting by a pound for the day when emergency arose, or for the purchase of a home. But to the great majority that day is gone, to be replaced by a steady and perennial struggle to keep out of debt while keeping pace with the decencies of life in the matter of dress and fashion. The bank balance finds growth difficult of achievement, and the little extras that used to help to make the pathway smoother have largely been cut out. The war and its upset of all human activities primarily caused the trouble, but its persistence must to a great extent be attributed, not only in New Zealand, but throughout the whole Empire, and no less in America, to the failure of Governments to realise the extent of the problems of peace, and the immediate need for deflation of currency, and for general economy in order to stabilise prices and secure the return of normalcy.

To keep its great spending departments going, the State has been compelled to levy every shilling of taxation that the country could stand, with the result that prices, which soared during the era of plenty, have perforce been kept at a high level in the lean period. Heavy imposts on all business concerns, and the limit in Customs taxes find their natural corollary in the prices asked for goods, and though many retailers can point to pre-war prices for one article or another, on the whole the unfortunate housewife of limited means finds herself in difficulties every day in organising the family budget. Gas and electric light are dearer, coal and firewood are higher, and in scores of items, little and big, heavier expenditure must be faced. "We must have revenue," says the politician in excuse for the high percentage of every item of individual expenditure he exacts from a long-suffering public, but it is precisely that policy which keeps the high levels going, and until their charges are curtailed, the harassed housewife will find little decrease in the cost of living from the present levels.

* * *

Our Native Flowers

IN a small back-blocks school away in the bush—one of those places blest in possessing a teacher of reverent soul, bush trees and flowers formed subjects of "talks" that were enjoyed as much by the children as the teacher. The former learned to take a pride in knowing the names of the trees which grow around them, especially when they found out that no other country had flowers and trees exactly like them. They were encouraged to collect native flowers and fruits, and to draw them in class competition, prizes being offered for these at the end of the school year. It was quite interesting to find children of eleven knowing the difference between the tiny berry of the totara and that of the kihikatea, with their vivid reds and blues. The yellow plum of the karaka, the handsome blue one of the taraire, the red cherry of the puriri and its dainty blossom, the greenish white fruit of the kohe-kohe, which the blackbird tears to pieces in order to eat its large orange scarlet seeds, the lily-like flower of the graceful kie-kie, whose honey the tui greatly loves—they could name these and many others without hesitation. Naturally they tried to grow some of them, and great was the joy of a certain small boy whose karaka plum, planted in a corner of his garden, grew into a tree with large shining leaves. What an opportunity is here for the teacher to foster the love of beauty, of country, and the feeling of wonder—a faculty that seems to be fading out from among us—a wonder at the beauty, order and harmony of dear old Dame Nature's doings.

THE VICTORIA LEAGUE

Unification of Empire



Auckland Activities

THE Victoria League, with headquarters in London, was founded shortly after the demise of Victoria the Good, to commemorate the consolidation of the Empire which was accomplished mainly during the

reign of that beloved monarch, and to promote a closer union, and consequently a better understanding between the Mother Country and her Overseas Dominions, by spreading among her widely sundered peoples a more intimate knowledge of each other than they formerly possessed. With unswerving devotion to the Throne, and a passionate attachment to the Institutions and ideals of British citizenship, the League knows no political parties, but is equally interested in all the citizens of the Empire, no matter what their opinions may be.

The Auckland Branch of the Victoria League was incorporated early in November, 1910, at a largely-attended meeting held in St. Mary's Hall, Parnell, presided over by Mr. White Thomson. Miss Mowbray, who had recently returned from a visit to the Old Country, where she came into close touch with the working of the parent League, addressed the meeting on its constitution and objects, and it was unanimously decided to form a branch in Auckland.

As a result, Miss E. M. Statham was appointed as officer in charge of soldiers' and sailors' graves. A sum of £1000 was voted towards the monument, which, after many delays caused by the Great War, was



Nellie E. Ferner, photo.

Mrs. Hope-Lewis, widow of Dr. Hope-Lewis, who was the first President of the Auckland Branch of the Victoria League.



Bartlett, Auckland, photos.

Miss J. Mowbray, Hon. Treas. of the Victoria League since its inception. The League owes much of its success to her capable and enthusiastic efforts.



Schmidt, photo.

Mrs. W. Lind-Mitchell, wife of the President of the Victoria League. Mrs. Mitchell has been connected with the League for eight years, and is well known as an indefatigable worker in patriotic and social causes.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Mrs. Hudson Williamson, Vice-President of the Victoria League, whose Red Cross Tea Organisation was the means of raising several thousands of pounds for our soldiers during the war.

land. The late Dr. Hope Lewis was elected the first president, Mrs. Carr Rollett hon. secretary, and Miss Mowbray hon. treasurer.

The newly formed branch devoted itself energetically to the distribution of information about the Empire, and to the assistance with advice and hospitality to Britons from all parts of the Empire visiting the United Kingdom and Overseas Dominions; to the despatching of books and magazines to settlers in isolated districts in New Zealand; to the care of graves of soldiers and others who had rendered service to the Empire, and to the fostering of an Imperial spirit among the youth of the Dominion by the establishment of Children's Libraries.

THE Government was approached with reference to the restoration of soldiers' graves in the Symonds Street and other cemeteries, and as to the erection of a monument to the memory of those who fell in the New Zealand wars.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Mrs. H. F. Edger, Vice-President of the Victoria League, and President of the Care of the Soldiers' Graves Committee.

eventually erected in Symonds Street at a cost of over £2000, and handed over to the City of Auckland by the Victoria League free of debt.

Whilst the European War lasted, the work of the Auckland Branch naturally consisted of helping our country's cause in those spheres where the energy of its members would be most usefully employed—in Red Cross work.

It was the first organised body in New Zealand to engage in this work, and it carried on this activity for a very considerable time before other bodies were organised for the purpose.

The Red Cross Committee of the League, a large and devoted body of workers under the presidency of Mrs. Hope Lewis, and later under that of Mrs. J. L. R. Bloomfield, worked incessantly during the struggle, making and despatching some 105,000 garments and 11,000 bandages, besides collecting the sum of £6500 for the relief of war suffering.

This large sum was distributed amongst various organisations. Thus to the British Red Cross was sent £2414, sheepskin coats for the soldiers were provided at a cost of £400, and St. Dunstan's Hospital for Blind Soldiers received £500. Other hospitals received various amounts, and, besides providing a motor ambulance for France at a cost of £450, invalid tricycles, wheeled chairs and many other comforts for soldiers were purchased.

The first work of the Hospitality Committee was to provide 200 homes for a month

for the members of the Sheffield Choir when that body visited New Zealand, and this Committee from time to time has had the pleasure and privilege of entertaining many visitors from overseas.

For about ten years the Victoria League Book Committee has sent books to settlers in the back-blocks of New Zealand and to the Cook, Pitcairn and Niue Islands, and under the direction of Mrs. J. Finn still carries on this work in co-operation with the Mayoress's War Memorial Library Committee. Last year Mrs. Finn and her assistants despatched 500 books and 700 magazines, and the fact that this work is highly appreciated is evidenced by the numerous letters of thanks and appreciation which have been received from the recipients.

Miss Holland, as hon. secretary to the Children's Correspondence Committee, has linked up some 1000 New Zealand children in correspondence with others throughout the Empire, and many warm friendships have been formed thereby.

Each Anzac Day and Armistice Day wreaths are placed upon soldiers' and sailors' graves in Waikumete and O'Neill Point cemeteries by the Graves Committee.

Under the direction of Mr. F. Carr Rollett, the Advice to Settlers' Committee renders valuable assistance by giving practical information to new arrivals, and, although the chief purpose of this committee's work is to assist those who wish to go on the land or to learn farming, it has been

instrumental in finding positions for many of those who were seeking other vocations.

Judging by the number of letters received from India, Canada, South Africa and other countries where the Victoria League has branches, it is evident that New Zealand has an enviable reputation in these countries, and that very little inducement would be needed to bring many desirable immigrants to its shores.

At the request of this Committee, the Government Immigration Department has been kind enough to forward a considerable amount of literature overseas, and the Labour Bureau has also rendered valuable assistance.

It is gratifying to find that in most cases people arriving in New Zealand with letters of introduction from the Victoria League are cheerful and full of confidence for the future. Undoubtedly, New Zealand has been enriched by these additions to its population.

After the termination of the war, the Red Cross Committee handed to the Auckland Provincial Patriotic and War Relief Association the balance of its fund, approximating £3500, and has resolved itself into an Ever-ready Committee, assisting in all charitable works in the city.

Upon the death of the late Dr. Hope Lewis, Dr. R. Bedford became president, and was succeeded by Mr. W. J. Napier, who acted as delegate of the Auckland Branch at the Annual Meeting in London in 1921. The presidential chair is now occupied by Mr. W. Lind Mitchell.

QUEEN'S DOLLS' HOUSE & Crowns Smaller than Thimbles

LAST year English papers announced that the fine work of one of the very few women gold and jewel-smiths had brought her an Associateship of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters at 18 years of age.

Since that time Miss Winifred Whiteside, the young craftswoman, has been honoured with the most interesting commission ever likely to fall to her lot.

She has been chosen to fashion the replicas in miniature of the crowns of the King and Queen, which are to be used in a certain connection inside the Queen's dolls' house. This house has been planned by Sir Edwin Lutyens, and is now being delightfully furnished by the foremost artists and craftsmen of the day.

The crowns are to be exactly one-twelfth of the size of the originals. Only real stones are to be used, and diamonds no bigger than the size of a pin's head will glitter in these marvels of the jewel-smith's art.

In order that the Royal jewels might be faithfully copied, Miss Whiteside, who is not yet 22 years of age, was allowed to examine them. She was invited to make a special visit to Buckingham Palace, where she also saw a Queen Anne coffee set, part of the Royal plate.

This coffee set is also being copied in miniature.

Some idea of the dainty tininess of these embellishments for the dolls' house, which is to portray the last luxuries of the domestic interiors of this era, may be gathered from the fact that each of the crowns and the miniature coffee pot can be covered by an ordinary thimble.

Describing this wonderful Lilliputian dwelling, a correspondent says:—

Imagine a square, white-fronted Georgian house of correct architecture and planned in every detail, with the Corinthian columns and wide windows of the period, every window being perfectly fitted

to open and shut on a sliding sash. Imagine this miracle among dolls' houses fitted with electric light in every room, even the tiny candlesticks on its dinner table lit with electric bulbs about a quarter the size of your little finger nail.



Front of the dolls' house, covering sixty feet square. The builder is Major Sir Neville Wilkinson, Ulster King at Arms.

Electric Lifts

PICTURE lifts, a passenger lift and a luggage lift, working automatically. Endow the kitchen with a gas cooker and an Eagle range in miniature, both perfect working models.

Picture the reception-rooms, drawing-room, and dining-room panelled, and with exquisite diminutive carving over mantelpieces and doors. See the mantelpieces, exact copies of the Georgian period, made of marble. In the library, on the ground floor, imagine bookshelves, perfectly carved and fitted to shift up and down in the regulation manner, lined with volumes about an inch square, all properly bound and printed. On the other side of the panelled library door is the grand staircase of marble and

lapis-lazuli. There is another staircase, more modest, yet equally correct to scale.

A famous artist, Mr. William Nicholson, is to paint the ceiling above the grand staircase. Other great painters have made minute copies of their pictures to hang on the walls of the salon and dining-room.

Hot and Cold Water

EVERYTHING which would be wanted in a house—glass, china, silver, and kitchen utensils—is fashioned to scale and quite perfect of its kind. In this doll's house there are none of those heart-breaking tables with drawers which won't open, and teapots which do not pour out, which have disillusioned so many little girls.

Even central heating is installed everywhere. The hot and cold water system works far more accurately than in many "grown-up" houses.

On the floors Persian carpets, exact replicas of the real rugs in design and texture, will be laid down.

In the garage adjoining the dolls' house there will be three model motor cars, one of them a Rolls-Royce with a self-starter, for the use of the fortunate Lilliputians who are to be privileged to live in it.

These dolls, for whom the house has been designed, are but six inches tall, but so made that they can move, and posture in perfectly natural attitudes. They will represent a King and Queen, the members of their Court and suite, and beyond that there will be a doll representing every profession: soldier, sailor, lawyer, politician, artist, and the rest.

The work expended in the construction of this Arabian Nights wonder of a dolls' house is immense.

It is being presented to the King by Sir Edwin Lutyens and the eminent artists and architects of Great Britain, and will not be completed for at least a year.

THE CAREER of STELLA FRANE

by ISABEL MAUDE PEACOCKE

CHAPTER III.

"YOU!" The cry broke from Stella's lips, shaking, shrill with excitement, while she shrank back as if a ghost had in truth risen to confront her, her beautiful eyes a-stare in her white face.

Tarne smiled imperturbably.

"My very self, my dear Stella!"

"But we—I—I thought—"

"You thought I was dead. I must apologise that I am not nearly so dead as you and your worthy husband concluded."

The sneer in his words was palpable, but at the mention of her husband the girl sank down weakly into a chair, and covered her face with her hands. "Oh, thank God! Thank God!" she murmured brokenly—"that you are alive—"

A change swept over Tarne's face, softening its evil lines, banishing the sinister smile for the moment. He dropped on his knees beside Stella's chair, and drew her hands down from her face; the tears were on her cheeks. "Ah, Stella! Stella mia! Beloved!" he stammered eagerly. "Then you *do* care? You love—"

She wrenched her hands from him and rose, her great eyes blazing scorn through her tears.

"Care for you?" she cried. "Love you? I care only for Lester Frane, my husband. And you talk of love to me, you who have kept me alive in Hell for two days and tortured me. Oh, what I have endured—" her voice broke hysterically.

He had risen from his knees now, and flashed her a dark look of fury, but he spoke calmly enough, though a restless pulse twitched in his cheek.

"You earned that," he said. "But a thousand pardons for mistaking the object of your solicitude. It is, of course, for the safety of your—er—worthy husband you thank God. I flattered myself unduly that you could feel any concern for the life of a man you left dying when you might have called in medical aid."

She looked at him with remorseful eyes.

"I see now—I see now—that is what we ought to have done. I thought of it at first, but there is no telephone here. You will have it that it would interrupt your music, and afterwards we knew—we thought—we were certain it was too late—"

He laughed dryly.

"Nothing is certain, my dear Stella, in this uncertain life, not even death." He was playing with an empty leather pocket-book with broken straps as he spoke, and she noted it with a vague sense of familiarity. Then suddenly a blaze of joyous relief ran like molten fire through her veins, and she clasped her hands.

"Oh, but it is all right now," she said. "Lester is safe—safe—we have nothing to fear now. I do most truly give thanks," she added earnestly, "that you live, Godfrey Tarne, for your own sake—as—well as

ours. And—and—I beg your forgiveness for the pain and distress we must have caused you. And now," she held out her hand, "will you shake hands with me? This must be our last meeting. My husband would wish it so, I know."

"And like the dutiful wife you are," he sneered, furiously, "you submit to his dictates." Then suddenly, abruptly, "Stella, tell me, did you ever see this thing before?"

He flipped open the empty pocket-book before her eyes.

"No," she replied, startled, and then, "why, yes, I have. You showed it to me that—that night, and I told you it was

"Yes," said Tarne. "What Frane did in assaulting me in a moment of anger is one thing, but to creep back here to rob the 'dead'—"

"It is a lie—a lie!" she interrupted vehemently. "Lester Frane is the soul of honour. When his company failed, he of them all came out of it with clean hands."

"But empty ones," he reminded her with a sneer. "And that night he was a desperate man—a hunted man—and so—there is no room for doubt, Stella," he added more gently. "You yourself saw the rifled pocket-book, and my man coming late to the flat met a man hurrying away—a big fair chap in brown tweeds' he described him—"

Stella stared at him tragically, white-lipped, dry-eyed; she had a sensation of being stunned. She could not—would not believe this thing of Lester, and yet—and yet—he was desperate—he *was* hunted—or would be soon—she herself had urged his flight, and yet fool that she had been, had forgotten that he was almost penniless. His pride would not suffer him to ask her for money, and so he must—he must—ah, no! no! that could not be—

She wrung her slender hands together, and then her eyes fell on the empty pocket-book she had seen filled on that night when she had come with Tarne to his flat; and there was the testimony of Tarne's man—oh, it was all too overwhelming for doubt.

IN that moment she believed her husband guilty, but with that belief rose up a flood of passionate, protecting love for him. She would have fought the world on his dear behalf, and she turned now to Tarne with white lips, but steady eyes.

"You have no proof," she said, "no evidence that either of us was here."

"Have I not, Stella?" he murmured, with his hateful smile. "But you left a little memento."

Out of an inner pocket he drew the gauzy pink and silver scarf, and flashed it before her eyes.

"Mine!" she gasped, with dilating eyes, and snatched at it.

"But no, he said, smiling and shaking his head as at an impetuous child. "My lady's favour," he continued mockingly. "See, I wear it next my heart." He refolded it with meticulous nicety, and replaced it in his pocket.

Suddenly she fell to pleading.

"Give it to me. Ah, give it to me, Godfrey Tarne."

"I regret, madam," he said mockingly again, "to cross your lightest whim, but this pretty thing is too important a witness in the case for the prosecution."

"It cannot—cannot—" she swallowed painfully, "prove a thing against my husband. It—it can prove only that I was here in your rooms."

"And do you imagine," he said, "that your husband would suffer that fact to be published to clear himself?"

"I—I will swear I was here—alone—with you," she whispered doggedly.

A look of wonder, of unwilling admiration, and then a sudden spasm of furious jealousy flashed across the man's face.

"Would you do that, Stella?" he demanded. "Hold yourself up to slander—smirch your good name—ruin your career—all for—for that barbarian, Lester Frane?"

"I would do that—and more—for my husband," Stella answered steadily, "for I love him—why will you not understand?"

(Continued on page 40).

VICTRIX

*Others shall sing the song,
Others shall fight the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of, win.*

*What matter, I or they?
Mine or another day?
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made!*

*Parcel and part of all
I keep high festival
Fore-reach the good to be
And share the victory.*

*I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take by faith while living
My frechold of thanksgiving.*

—Author Unknown.

foolish to carry all those notes about with you. Then I saw it again, empty—broken—as it is now—on the floor—"

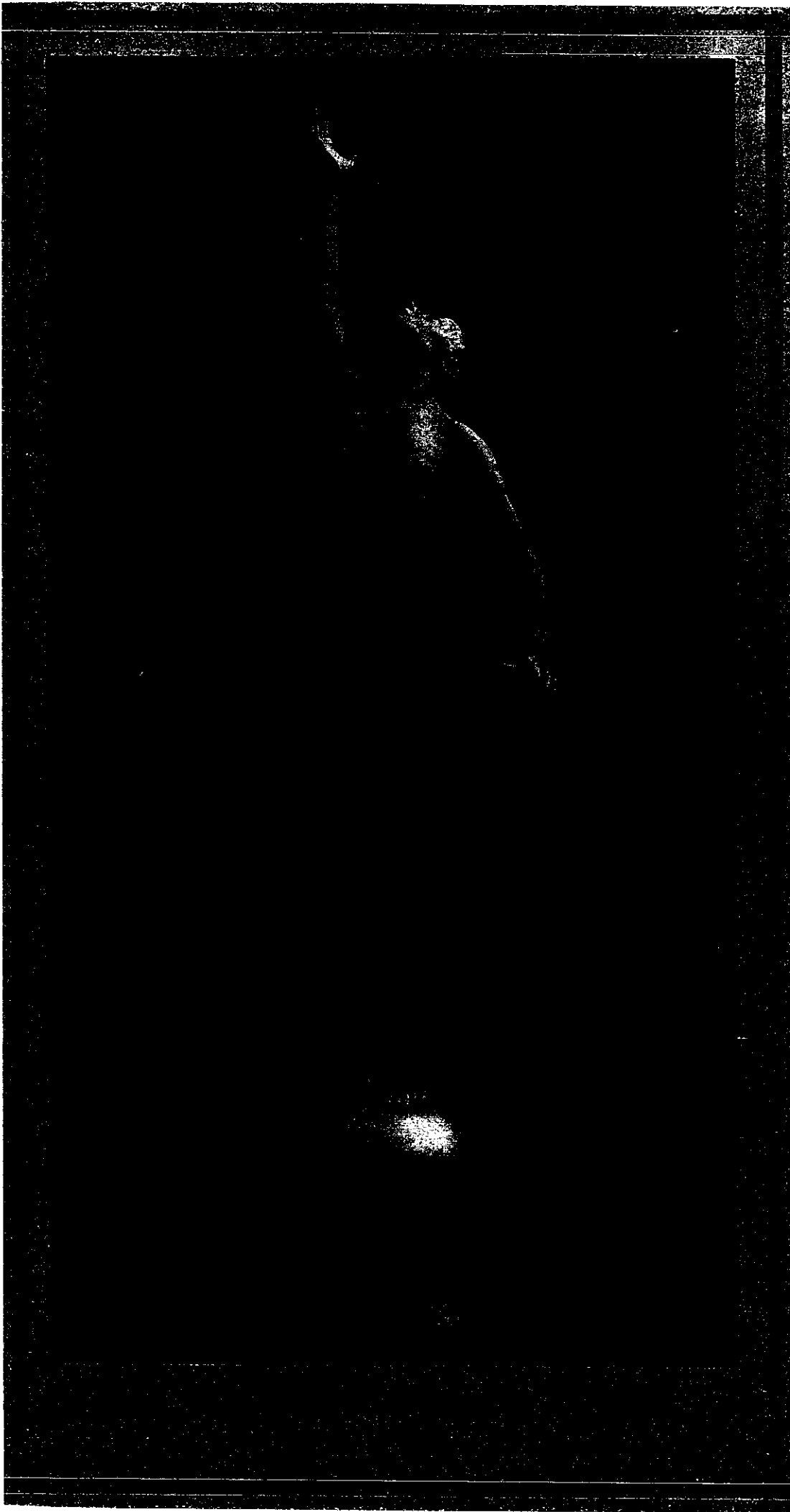
SHE stopped, biting her lip. She had not meant to tell him of that early morning visit to the flat, but he pounced on her admission.

"You saw it when?" he demanded sharply.

Stella tried to answer evasively, but he pressed her so that confusedly she admitted her morning expedition. His eyes shone with satisfaction.

"That is important," he said thoughtfully, and then, "Stella, by great good fortune your husband has escaped the charge of murder, but assault and robbery are also criminal charges."

"Robbery!" she echoed with white lips, and became very still, as a wild thing, which scents danger, waits shrinking for the blow.



SYMBOLISING THE ASPIRATIONS of YOUTH

The Statue surmounting the War Memorial for the Auckland Grammar School, designed by Mr. W. H. Gummer, A.R.I.B.A., and executed by Mr. R. O. Gross. It represents the aspirations of youth, and the conception is a noble one. The figure symbolises the soul of man straining ever upwards, spurning the lower and reaching out after higher things. No greater inspiration than this could be placed before the young manhood of our nation.



SOCIAL DOINGS IN THE VARIOUS CENTRES

AUCKLAND.

PROFESSOR and Mrs. Dettman entertained the University Council and members of the Professorial Board and friends at their home, Remuera, the other evening. Violets and trumpet daffodils decorated the drawing-room, and in the dining-room the supper table was dainty with bowls of primroses. Some delightful songs were given by Mrs. Cooke and Messrs. Churchhouse, Macfarlane and Eric Waters. Mrs. Dettman was wearing a pretty frock of dark blue charmeuse draped with georgette of the same colour. Among the guests were Professor and Mrs. Worley, Professor and Mrs. Algic, Professor and Mrs. Maxwell Walker, Professor and Mrs. Egerton, Professors Thomas, Anderson and Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. G. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Mahan, Mr. and Mrs. McGregor, and Mr. Fotheringham.

THE South British Insurance Company's staff dance held recently in the Masonic Hall was very enjoyable. Brightly-coloured flags made the ballroom very gay, and the supper table was particularly attractive with its graceful decorations of daffodils and other spring flowers. Among the large number present, Mrs. Robertson wore a frock of black satin and lace; Mrs. C. W. Spooner, black satin relieved with Oriental embroidery; Mrs. Kingston, handsome gown of black georgette embroidered with gold, and touches of blue; Mrs. P. H. Upton, lovely green satin draped with black net embroidered in gold; Mrs. W. Bush, pink charmeuse with georgette drappings; Mrs. Wooller, jade green satin relieved with gold; Miss N. Carpenter, green georgette over charmeuse; Miss McArthur, white satin; Miss Katz, pale pink charmeuse; Miss Gaudin, pale yellow silk; Miss Boucher, pale green charmeuse; Miss Wardell, pale pink charmeuse; Miss Bagnall, pale green charmeuse; Miss Elley, cream satin; Miss White, blue silk and lace; Miss Williams, pale pink char-

meuse; Miss B. Evans, cream georgette over charmeuse; Miss Colebrook, deep yellow taffeta; Miss Lawrence, pale pink taffeta; Miss Morecombe, pale mauve satin.

UNUSUALLY beautiful decorations made the annual ball of the Officers' Club quite a notable affair. Scots Hall lends itself well to a good colour scheme, and when bunting draped across the ceiling in

graceful festoons is added to long ropes of lycopodium the effect is remarkably good. Ranged on the walls of the ballroom were the names of the great battlefields of France and Palestine, each one surrounded with a wreath of laurel. A Lewis gun—grim reminder of recent years—stood near the main door, surrounded by palms and other pot plants, coloured lights blending the whole into a picture of much beauty.

Colonel Stevenson and Miss Joyce Stevenson received the guests at the entrance, the latter wearing a beautiful frock of ivory charmeuse with sleeves of gold lace.

Some lovely frocks were worn by the guests. Among them were Mrs. Napier, wearing grey charmeuse draped with silver embroidered tulle; Mrs. A. M. Stevenson, black satin with jet ornaments, and wrap of beaten silver tissue; Mrs. Mackesy, black charmeuse; Mrs. Quartley, rose pink brocade; Mrs. Pembroke, black satin; Mrs. Goldsmith, black lace with jet fringe; Mrs. Wood, grey blue charmeuse, touches of gold lace; Mrs. Potter, silver tissue; Mrs. E. Davis, black net embroidered with jet over charmeuse; Mrs. Maguire, black satin, black and cream cloak; Mrs. Dettman, blue satin with touches of black velvet; Mrs. A. Wilkie, grey charmeuse, draped with georgette; Mrs. Hardie Neill, pale blue satin and lace; Mrs. Thomas, cut black jet and black lace; Mrs. Trevithick, black lace over taffeta; Mrs. Dignan, gold lace over satin; Mrs. Dewey, rose coloured velvet, silver lace; Mrs. Creighton, rose pink charmeuse; Miss Bagnall, pale green charmeuse, touches of gold; Miss Magill, pale yellow taffeta; Miss E. Purchas, pale blue taffeta; Mrs. Fantham, black embroidered net over yellow satin; Miss Fantham, pale pink charmeuse; Miss Aubin, black lace, touches of gold; Miss Axford, blue brocade; Miss Sharland, pale blue net over taffeta; Miss M. Davis, rose pink charmeuse; Miss J. Russell, blue brocade; Miss A. Lawrence (*débutante*), pretty white charmeuse belted with flowers; Miss Marriner, pale pink charmeuse; Miss Pembroke, black net over satin; Miss Maguire, green charmeuse; Miss M. McCormick, pale blue taffeta; Miss Lockhart, ivory charmeuse; Miss N. Bartley, black velvet; Miss Pyne, pale pink



Mrs. Kinder, wife of Dr. Alexander Kinder, a member of the Victoria League, who took a keen interest in patriotic work during the war.

Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

charmeuse; Miss F. McDonald, white charmeuse and lace.

THE newly formed Query Club held a pleasant little dance in St. Sepulchre's Hall recently. The supper room was decorated with violets and daffodils and ribbons of blue and gold. The chaperones were Mrs. J. H. Gunson, who wore brown georgette, handsomely embroidered; Mrs. King, pale grey charmeuse; Mrs. Wiseman, dark brown satin draped with georgette; Mrs. Heather, black lace over taffeta; and Mrs. Haddow, black charmeuse.

Miss Campbell wore black charmeuse; Miss Gudgeon, black georgette; Miss M. Jackson, blue satin; Miss Macdonald, blue taffeta; Miss N. Reeves, blue charmeuse; Miss M. Mason, white satin; Miss R. Wiseman, pale pink satin; Miss Napier, pale blue georgette over satin; Miss I. Heather, blue crêpe de chine; Miss O'Neill, pink satin. Also present were:—Misses Forte, Clay, M. Miller, Gorton, Baker, Newcomb, M. Gorton, Buchanan, Webb, Bartlett, Westwood, White and Colebrook.

A VERY enjoyable dance was given by Miss Ella Hutchison at St. George's Hall, Epsom. The ballroom was tastefully decorated with pink, blue, and black butterflies, streamers and balloons, and the supper tables with baskets of daffodils. The chaperones were Mrs. E. J. Angus, who wore black taffeta, with jet fringe; Mrs. G. W. Hutchison, charming gown of black with sequin and jet ornaments; Mrs. G. G. Marriott, turquoise blue, embroidered in deeper shades; Miss Hutchison, natter blue georgette beaded with lemon and blue; Miss Ella Hutchison (*débutante*), dainty frock of turquoise blue and gold shot taffeta with beaded overskirt and gold girdle, and she carried a posy of daffodils and primroses with turquoise blue streamers. Among the guests, Miss E. Heron wore a charming lace frock over ivory satin; Miss A. Colebrook, apricot georgette over charmeuse; Miss G. Heron, black satin with touches of red; Miss G. Wood, pale blue satin; Miss D. Paykel, lemon crêpe de chine with mauve embroidery; Miss A. Ronayne, pastel pink panne velvet; Miss D. Barwick, black charmeuse.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.
Little Mary Caughey,
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marsden Caughey.

fringed panels; Miss L. De Renzy, deep cream georgette; Miss D. Ross, eggshell blue taffeta; Miss Witherson, black charmeuse, touches of green; Miss C. Wallace, primrose satin; Miss R. Whitley, moonlight blue; Miss V. Silk, lovely frock of ivory georgette; Miss J. Taylor, lavender crêpe de chine; Miss E. Andrew, peach coloured georgette; Miss G. Hegman, black velvet with Oriental trimming; Miss C. Sprott, rose pink net over satin; Miss W. Matheson, flame coloured crêpe de chine.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.
Miss Alys Savage,
Daughter of Mrs. Savage and the late Dr. Savage.

THE introduction of half hour luncheon talks at the Auckland Women's Club is a move in the right direction. After all, women need something more than a common meeting ground in their Club; they require some stimulating thought as well.

American women recognised this long ago, and set about combining mental stimulus with social recreation in their club life, and it was a happy thought to ask the Rev. W. G. Monckton to inaugurate a series of talks. So it was an eager gathering of women who listened recently to a talk on "The League of Nations." It was intensely interesting, and yet one was somehow reminded of the little girl who felt deeply how much had been missed when in conjugating the verb "to love" she had to say:—

"I might, could or should have loved.
Thou mightst, couldst or shouldst have loved."

For it was not what women had done at the League of Nations, so much as what they might have done. They missed the great opportunity that the various women's organisations, headed by Lady Aberdeen, had secured for them, namely, the eligibility of their sex as delegates to the League, and also for secretarial positions. Yet, when the League met in Paris, although they had been expected and prepared for, there were no women delegates, no women secretaries. American women probably would have taken

part, had the United States joined the League. As it was, the women used every ounce of their influence to bear on the Senate, with the result that the Washington Conference was agreed upon in spite of the President's strong opposition.

A more optimistic note was sounded when Mr. Monckton referred to what the League has done for women in Czecho-Slovakia. In that country their wonderful services rendered by the distribution of food during the war was recognised by the League. As a result, full municipal and parliamentary rights were given them, and already the laws and regulations which the women of those countries have made for themselves and their children are among the best in the world.

Women generally will find it easy to understand that there is actually no limit to what the League of Nations has the power to do for our sex. New opportunities, vast possibilities, appear on the horizon for those who do not lack vision.

MR. and Mrs. P. Lewis gave an enjoyable musical evening at their new home, "Normandie," Wynyard Street, the other evening, the occasion being a family *fête*. The guests, numbering about forty, were received by the host and hostess in the beautiful lounge room, which reminded one of an English home, being heavily panelled in oak, with huge beams supporting the ceiling. The artistic arrangement of the room was much admired by the guests.

Songs and music were rendered by Mesdames Hesketh, McGregor, P. Franchi, Miss L. Simms and by Messrs. P. Franchi, P. Lewis, T. Gormley and Major Samson. During the evening, jazzing was indulged in, the dance music being played by Mr. Lewis.

The supper, which was very sumptuous, was served on small tables beautifully decorated with freesias and sweet peas in pastel shades.

Mrs. Lewis received her guests handsomely gowned in pale pink charmeuse; her mother, Mrs. Dixon (Wellington), wore a gown of black silk; Mrs. A. Scott, black silk with a floral girdle; Mrs. A. H. Gyllic, rose pink velvet; Mrs. Gilmour, pale pink satin, pearl trimming; Mrs. Macklow, black lace brightened with turquoise trimming; Mrs. McGregor, pale blue satin; Mrs. Hesketh, black satin, with lace overdress; Mrs. P. Franchi, kingfisher blue silk, embroidered; Mrs. Powell, fawn and jade frock; Mrs. Black, black satin; Miss L. Simms, rose silk charmeuse; Miss Vine, jade lace; Mrs. Ball, black sequins and lace; Miss File, rose crêpe de chine; Miss E. Goff, cerise tulle.

MISS Cecille Larner's bridge afternoon was much enjoyed by her guests. The drawing-room was fragrant with spring flowers daintily arranged, and in the dining-room slender silver vases holding delicately coloured sweet peas decorated the tea table. Miss Larner received her guests wearing a

pretty frock of pink charmeuse, trimmed with deep silk fringe of the same colour. Among those present were:—Mrs. E. E. Tonks, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Brander, Mrs. H. Horrocks, Mrs. Bentley and Mrs. Polson, and Misses Frater, McFarlane, Culling, Topkins, Nolan, Fisher, Knight, Nathan, Herman, Clark and Tewsley.

MRS. H. E. Vaile gave a delightful little dance for her two small daughters, Marjorie and Rona, at her residence, Gillies Avenue. The dining-room made a very pretty ballroom with its decorations of palms and bunting. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Louisson, Mr. and Mrs. Colbeck, and Mesdames R. Burns, A. M. Ferguson, I. Wilson, Lawford and Dawson, and Misses Boulton, Mahon, Ferguson, Burns (3), Lawford, Colbeck, Louisson, Horton, Ross, Jackson (3), Stokes, Robertson, Kissling, Russell, Mitchelson, Egerton, Sweet, Knight, Fisher, Peacocke, Grant-Cowen, Young, and Marjorie, Rona, Dolly and Mere Vaile.

WHANGAREI.

MRS. and Miss Bedlington have been the guests at numerous farewells this month, prior to leaving in September for an extended visit to Mrs. Bedlington's parents in Scotland. The members of the Croquet Club entertained Mrs. Bedlington in the Parochial Hall, and made the presentation of a travelling rug. Both ladies were the guests of honour later at a delightful bridge afternoon at the Women's Club.

THE Women's Club may well be congratulated on the completion and opening of their new club-house, which took place recently. It is only about two years since the Club was formed, so that the progressive spirit of the members cannot be too highly commended. The building occupies a good position on the corner of Rust Lane and Alexander Road, and, although the exterior is very plain, the rooms are charmingly arranged, and most comfortable. There were about sixty members and their friends present at the opening ceremony, when the president, Mrs. J. N. McCarroll, in a very appropriate speech, declared the Club open. Tea was then served, and the delightful musical programme arranged by Madame Edith Brainsby, which included songs by herself, Mesdames Clayton Thorne, Woolley and Jack, with Misses James and Downs at the piano, and character sketches by Mrs. Hall, was much appreciated.—MAXINE.

HAMILTON.

MRS. P. O'Meara gave a very delightful little "five hundred" afternoon at her home in Boundary Road recently. Bowls of arum lilies and vases of daffodils and trailing foliage were artistically arranged in the

rooms, and a delicious tea was dispensed. Mrs. F. C. Peacocke and Miss V. Graham were the lucky winners of the games. Mrs. O'Meara was wearing a black frock of soft silk with girdle of jade coloured

pensed by Mrs. and Miss Whewell at their homestead at the finish of the afternoon. Unfortunately, owing to rain the previous night, the scent was poor, and the going not so fast as it might have been, but nevertheless the afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed. Among those present were Mesdames Wynn Brown, P. Dingle, Crowther, Gibbons, T. Ranstead, Swayne, N. Peake, W. T. Taylor, Gudex, Graser, C. Peake, Pickering, J. Taylor, W. Ranstead, Brown, Anderton, Armstrong, Meredith, and the Misses V. Graham, Rawson, N. Pickering, Watty, McMillan, Symes, Rendell, Gayner (Wellington), Swayne and Brown.

Dr. A. Seymour Brewis and his three daughters have arrived in Hamilton, after a long visit to England and the Continent. Dr. Brewis also went across to British East Africa for some time.

Mr. Rankine, C.M.G., Governor of Nyasaland (British East Africa), has arrived in Hamilton, where Mrs. Rankine is visiting her mother, Mrs. G. Dalzell, of Ohaupo Road.

Mrs. R. F. Bollard is spending some weeks in Wellington, where she has gone specially for the session.

Mesdames Gower, Masters, Joll, Bray, Simmons, D. Hay, F. Bond and Miss Rimmer, of the Hamilton Ladies' Golf Club, went to Paeroa recently, where they played matches against the Goldfields clubs, the latter scoring the highest number of wins.—IMOGEN.

HAWKES BAY.

THE Islands seem to have a special attraction for New Zealand visitors at this time of the year, and among those who have gone from Hawkes Bay are Mrs. J. Miller, with Mrs. Freeman and Miss Peddie,



Bartlett and Andrew, Wellington, photo.

Lady Pomare, Organiser and Hon. Secretary for the Maori Soldiers' Fund during the war. It comprised seventy-one Maori Women's Committees in New Zealand, and workers in Niue, Rarotonga, Aitutaki, Mauke, Atiu, and Mitiaro. Each month they used to send 1500 parcels for the Maori soldiers abroad, and 500 parcels for the Cook Islanders in Egypt. Her husband, Sir Maui Pomare, was among those who received the King's Birthday honours, being made Knight Commander of the British Empire.

fruits; Mrs. H. Holloway wore black silk with jet embroideries; Mrs. R. McLean, smart navy crepe de chine with rose touches, picture hat; Mrs. Magnus Johnstone, topaz coloured silk jersey frock with handsome embroideries, small henna hat; Mrs. Vere Chitty, dark blue coat frock, with hat to match; Mrs. H. Hopkins, brown costume, small brown hat; Mrs. English, cream frock of serge, black hat; Mrs. H. J. Green-slade, brown tailored costume embroidered in gold, toque to match; Mrs. J. Chitty, natter blue frock, soft grey toque; Mrs. E. Stewart, nigger brown braided costume, small brown hat; Mrs. Gannaway, grey gabardine costume with black braiding, black hat; Mrs. F. Bond, oyster silk, small blue hat; Mrs. Peacocke, navy costume, black hat; Mrs. C. Holloway, sky blue frock, large hat; Mrs. Noonan, dark blue tailored costume, dark hat with tangerine touches; Miss V. Graham, navy cloth tailored frock, small hat with coloured leaves; Miss R. Cussen, soft grey cloth costume, hat to match; Miss Gaynor (Wellington), grey costume, black furs and hat; Miss R. Whyte, navy cloth costume, small blue hat.

ON a recent Saturday the Hunt Club held a meet at Tamahere in bright weather, with a large attendance of members and friends. A delicious tea was dis-



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Miss O'Rourke, grand-daughter of the late Sir Maurice O'Rourke, for many years Speaker of the House of Representatives.

also Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, Miss Nichol, and Misses Hirst-Smyth and Sparling, the two latter from Woodford House.

The Hastings Cabaret looked delightful on the night of the Futurist Dance, which seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed by all. Among those present, Mrs. Chambers wore a black lace frock; Mrs. Charles Gordon, charming black and gold; Mrs. Brooke-Taylor and her daughter were both in black, the latter in touches of moonlight blue; Mrs. Welder, touches of Rose du Barri on a smart black frock; Miss Joyce Beamish, blush pink, finished with flowers; Miss N. Fannin, taffeta and tulle daintily embroidered; Miss E. Beamish, forget-me-not blue charmeuse and flowers; Miss Fowler, softly tinted frock; Miss Downing, black frilled frock. Black seemed to be very popular, as it was worn by Misses Holton, Healey and Couper, as well as a number of others.

THE Returned Soldiers' ball at Hastings was a brilliant gathering. For the occasion the Cabaret was decorated with greenery and spring flowers, and a flag inscribed with A.N.Z.A.C. hung from the balcony.

Sir Andrew and Lady Russell attended, the latter wearing a beautifully beaded gown of black. Mrs. Boxer wore a charming gown of lace with touches of Rose du Barri; Mrs. Fryer, dainty lace frock trimmed with scarlet flowers; Mrs. Rainbow, blue charmeuse and tulle; Mrs. Maitland, black with tulle draperies, smartly beaded; Mrs. George, golden silk and georgette; Miss Chambers, delightful frock of hyacinth blue satin and lace; Mrs. K. Downing, black taffeta; Miss Molly Cato, dainty frock of buttercup yellow with crystal trimmings; Miss Woodward, tulle and black silk; Miss Mary Crosse, most becoming frock of moss green, and a girdle of flowers; Miss J. Cameron, pretty shade of lemon, adorned with flowers; Miss Curlett, cream and black lace; Miss Holton, handsome Egyptian green georgette and lace; Miss Padbury, shades of rose pink on a black lace frock; Miss Healey, black, smartly beaded.—*CYNTHIA*.

WELLINGTON.

LADEN with scientific kit in the shape of botanical and geological specimens, as well as weird and wonderful insects, a little party of American scientists left the other day on their return to America, after spending their vacation in the more or less remote back-blocks of the Dominion. In the course of their wanderings here they have made many friends, particularly among scientific people, and are returning full of enthusiasm for this country. Before they left, a gathering was held at the Museum to bid them farewell, and among those who were present were the Hon. W. D. Stewart (Minister for Internal affairs), who presided; the Hon. G. M. Thomson, M.L.C., Mr. J. McDonald, and most of the professional and scholastic people of Wellington. The evening was a very pleasant and interesting one, the screening of films showing phases of Maori life, and scenery around Mount Cook being particularly enjoyed. Mrs. Stoner, the wife of Dr. Stoner (entomologist), the only woman of the party, was most enthusiastic about her stay in New Zealand, and hopes to return here before very long.

MISS Harry (in private life Mrs. Daly), a distinguished composer of songs, has been visiting Wellington, and after spending two or three weeks in the South will return to Wellington for a while. Miss Harry is a Sydney girl, who made a name for herself in London musical circles, not only as a composer of songs, but as an accompanist, in which she stands in the front rank. Recently, Miss Harry wrote a budget of baby songs, or new nursery rhymes, which were

eagerly accepted for publication by Curwen's, of London, and some of her latest songs—she writes both the lyrics and the music—have been sung by Mr. Peter Dawson, some having been recorded for the gramophone.—*DOROTHEA*.

NELSON.

LAST week a delightful dance, arranged by an able committee, was held at Warwick House, kindly lent by Mr. and Mrs. Friend. Supper was served in a marquee, the tables being decorated with japonica and shaded candles. Dancing in the beautiful ballroom to excellent music was

Hon. Mrs. Tahu Rhodes, at "Meadowbank," for Race Week. Accompanied by Captains Munday and Curtis, they attended the races each day, and were received by the President, Mr. F. H. N. Grigg, and Mrs. Grigg. Noticeable amongst the frocks were many beautiful costumes, and elaborately embroidered coat frocks, mostly of sombre hue, navy blue being first favourite, with nigger brown a good second. Variety and colour were added to the scene by the gay hats, many of which were most becoming.

OF the balls, the most brilliant was that given by the Hunt Club, at which the dresses were gorgeous. The

Algar Williams, Mrs. Geoffrey Denniston, Mrs. Harold Johnston, Mrs. F. H. Pyne, Mrs. J. Anderson, Mrs. C. W. Reid, Mrs. M. H. Godby, Mrs. Jellett, Mrs. Gerald Bowen, Lady Boys, Mrs. Dan Riddiford, Mrs. John Grigg, Mrs. H. Kidson, Mrs. Nancarrow, Mrs. J. Studholme, Mrs. M. Bethell and Mrs. Vernon.

Another large party was given by Mrs. George Gerard, "Thornycroft." The hostess wore a becoming frock of prunelle chiffon velvet, cut on simple lines. An amusing competition—guessing the identity of silhouettes—caused great merriment, and after tea had been served, the children danced happily in the billiard-room. Amongst Mrs. Gerard's guests were the Misses Gerard (2), Mrs. George Murray-Aynsley, Mrs. H. P. Murray-Aynsley, Mrs. Gerard Bowen, Mrs. H. D. Acland, the Misses Neave, Mrs. Percy Acton-Adams, Mrs. Arnaud McKellar, Mrs. Robert Hennah, Miss Blanche Hennah, the Misses Sanders, Mrs. John Guthrie, Mrs. Neill Guthrie, Mrs. Deans, Mrs. Ian Deans, Mrs. James Deans, Mrs. Kenneth Murchison, Mrs. J. F. Buchanan, Mrs. R. C. Todhunter, Mrs. Duncan Murchison, Mrs. T. F. Gibson, Mrs. J. G. Herdman, Mrs. Beauchamp Lane, Miss Sylvia Fox, Mrs. Theo. Barker, Mrs. J. Studholme, Mrs. Digby Neave, Lady Denniston, Mrs. George Harris, Mrs. Prins, and Mrs. Andreae.

MRS. Teschemaker was hostess at a pleasant little tennis party, given in honour of Her Excellency Lady Jellicoe, who, before returning to Wellington, spent a few days with Mrs. John Montgomery, "Holmbrook," Fendalton. Mrs. Teschemaker, Mrs. Rolleston and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Studholme were interested spectators of many exciting sets, the players being Lady Jellicoe, Miss Teschemaker, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Barker, Mrs. John Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Algar Williams, Miss Frances Cracroft-Wilson, Captain Lambert Bowen, and Mr. Gilbert Grigg.

Mrs. E. F. J. Grigg (Cashmere) also gave a most enjoyable tennis party in honour of Her Excellency Lady Jellicoe. The players were Lady Jellicoe, Mrs. John Montgomery, Mrs. M. H. Godby, Miss Teschemaker, Miss Sylvia Fox and Miss Betsy Reeves.

DUNEDIN.

THIS has been a very gay month socially, in the matter of dances, no fewer than three jazz weekly dances, or rather bi-weekly, for Wednesday evenings are set apart for beginners, with an additional two hours for dancing to music supplied by a jazz band.

Bridge hostesses during the month included Mesdames O'Neill, Hilton, McQueen, Gallaway, Marshall, Macdonald, Halsted, Laidlaw, Black, Stock, McKibbin, Douglas, Kelly, Ramsay, Edmond, Vivian, Denny and Scherek.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Jack Harvey, elder son of the late Mr. Charles Harvey, to Miss Irene Heywood, daughter of Mr. E. Heywood, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Mrs. Rattray gave a delightful bridge party at her residence, Musselfburgh Rise, the other evening. The players were Mesdames Sise, Fitchett, Hilton, Edmond, Finch, Scherek, McMaster, O'Neill, Marshall Macdonald, Stanley Batchelor, Fenwick, Misses Sise, Kathleen McLean, Gilkinson and Rattray.

THE Victoria League held an enjoyable and most successful dance in the Early Settlers' Hall. Among those present Mrs. Sidney Neill wore a handsome black jet overdress mounted on satin; Mrs. O'Neill, black

(Continued on page 16).



Crown Studios, photo.

Miss Gladys Carter, daughter of Mrs. Carter, Remuera, and of the late Mr. Theodore Carter, Massingham, Hornchurch, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Bernard Morris, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Morris, of Auckland.

enjoyed by all present, amongst whom were Mesdames Friend, Haunon, Leggatt, Lightband, Cook, Fell, Green, King, Sullivan (Annette Kellerman), O'Bierne, McCabe, Rout, and Misses Young, Childs, Nalder, Robison, Izard, Grace, Easterfield (2), Clark (2), Brice, Sadlier, and Hepworth.

Mrs. Sidney Gibbs entertained a few of her friends at her residence, Hardy Street, when bridge and other games were played. Beautiful flowers decorated the pretty drawing-room. The guests included Mesdames Hamilton, Smith, Jamieson and Cross, and Misses Gibbs (2), Gilkison (2) and Young.

A surprise party visited Mr. and Mrs. Hubert O'Bierne, Wakapuaka, the other evening, when dancing was as usual the means of entertainment adopted, a most enjoyable evening being spent.—*JEANNOT*.

CHRISTCHURCH.

THE Governor and Lady Jellicoe were the guests of Captain and the

effect of Lady Jellicoe's primrose brocade trained gown was considerably enhanced by her beautiful diamond ornaments. Mrs. Derek Westenra, who chaperoned a charming *débutante*, Miss Blanche Hennah, wore a handsome black satin beaded frock. Mrs. Herbert Elworthy's lovely dress was of ciel blue satin, with overdress of opalescent sequins, and side draperies of mauve tulle; Mrs. Percy Elworthy wore a trained gown of gold tissue and gold lace; Mrs. J. H. Grigg, white and gold brocade; Miss Teschemaker, hyacinth blue taffeta.

TWO large parties, at which many of the guests were country visitors, were given during Grand National Week. Mrs. Wigram was hostess at a large afternoon bridge party, at which the guests were:—Mrs. Beauchamp Lane, Mrs. J. Turnbull, Mrs. Walter Fox, Mrs. Maitland Rich, Mrs. John Guthrie, Mrs. H. D. Acland, Mrs. Eric Harper, Mrs. W. de C. Malet, Mrs. T. Y. Wardrop, Mrs. T. Cowlshaw, Mrs.

BEAUTIFUL NEW ZEALAND HOMES



The terrace front, showing oaks and a fine puriri, round which the house has been built.

*Guisnes Court, Remuera
The residence of Mrs. George Binney*

The inner hall, showing the main staircase and the entrance vestibule.



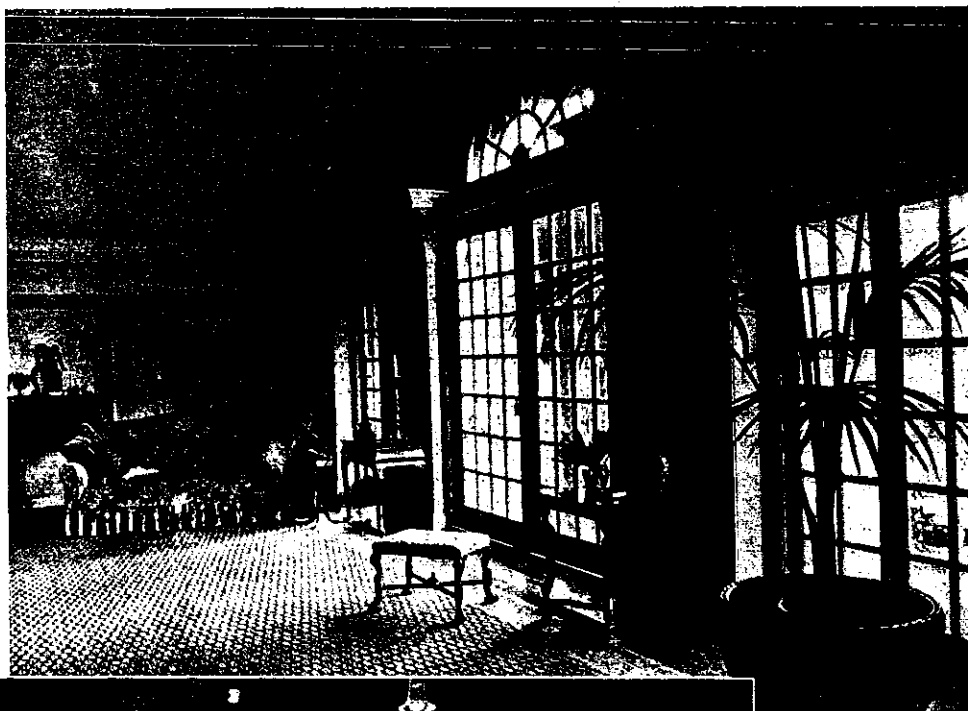
The chimney-piece, showing the minstrel's gallery, which opens off the upstairs main corridor. The large plates are old blue Nankin.



Corner of the principal reception-room, showing a Chinese lacquer cabinet. The clock in the corner is Dutch.



The staircase window is full of dignity.



View of the fine Georgian window overlooking the terrace and harbour.



In the morning room. Some more old Nankin. An etching by Brangwyn may be seen on the wall.



A spacious corridor.



Another view of the reception-room, looking into the dining-room.

MISS B. E. BAUGHAN

Poetess, Writer and Social Worker

DOWERED with the gift of winning the affectionate regard of all with whom she comes in contact, whether literary people of culture, or those less favoured in their education and environment, Miss Baughan occupies a unique position in the Dominion as a woman writer of note, and a social worker of tireless energy and effectiveness.

She came to the Dominion some years ago in search of health, and, finding New Zealand and New Zealanders congenial, decided to make this country her headquarters.

"After that," she said. "I did some settlement work in Shoreditch slums under a charity organisation. Then I taught Greek to Adeline, Duchess of Bedford. In 1900 I came to New Zealand, and not long afterwards went for a trip round the Islands, also to South Africa, and as far north as the Zambesi Falls. Later, the Yosemite Valley and California called to me, and I spent a wonderful time there. Since then I have been to India, and twice back to England.

"Oh, yes. I infinitely prefer New Zealand to any other place, and that is why I live here. Besides, I find there is material in abundance ready to my hand."

Before leaving England the first time she had published one book of poems—"Verses"—in 1898; "Reuben, and Other Poems" followed in 1903. Most of these had appeared in *The Speaker*, *The Spectator*, *The Author* and *The Literary World*, and were welcomed by cultured readers as poetry of a high order, while critics with one accord mistook it for a man's work, on account of its strength, lyrical freshness, and its wide range of subjects.

Since then, in 1908, she published "Shingle Short," and in the same year "The Finest Walk in the World." "Brown Bread" appeared in 1912, and since then she has written booklets of descriptive sketches, which have been collected into "Studies in New Zealand Scenery." At present she is busy preparing another volume of verse for the press.

She nursed through the influenza epidemic, and was instrumental in helping to save many lives.

During the last seven years she has been a close student of Indian thought, as enunciated in the Vedantic philosophy, and feels that a *rapprochement* between East and West is imminent and most desirable.

LATTERLY Miss Baughan has been drawn by the breadth of her sympathies into prison work. As an official visitor and probation officer in connection with the Prisons Department, she is immensely interested in the psychological side of our delinquents.

On this topic she grew quite eloquent, and her point of view is both novel and optimistic. "The chief part of my work is character-building, by means of correspondence," she said. "I find this so absorbingly interesting and encouraging, that I wish that more women of years, experience, leisure, education and sympathy would take it up. I am convinced that the large majority of our delinquents are really immature morally—not *degenerate*. They have been stunted in their inner development, whether emotional, reflective, or imaginative. We have in them really the backward children of our class, rather than the deliberately evil-minded enemies of society."

"How, then, would you deal with them?" was asked.

"What is needed," was her reply, "is individual shepherding of each black sheep—individual coaching of each moral dunce or duiliard. I am convinced that this would work wonders. It can all be done so inexpensively, so quietly, if only women of the right kind would take it up.

"My own 'class' numbers about fifty, irrespective of those on the

spot. I have boys, girls, men, women, drunkards, murderers, thieves and forgers, and can honestly say that I find good in them all. They are so ready to respond to an attempt at understanding rather than condemning, that I am convinced this is a hopeful method. They write to me as 'Friend,' and I am glad and proud of the title."

At present Miss Baughan is giving nearly all her time to prison work. She lives quietly, and does not care for smart society. To help the helpless, to develop the germ of good in those of her fellow-creatures who have lost their way in life—unselfish service, in short—is the keynote of her life.

Meantime she is everlastingly busy, is never lonely, and always happy.

SOCIAL DOINGS

(Continued from page 13).

gown, mauve coat; Mrs. McKibbin, black satin; Mrs. Fitchett, black jet dress over white satin; Mrs. G. R. Ritchie, green velvet gown, Oriental wrap; Mrs. Acton-Adams, black velvet, lace side panels, amber ornaments; Mrs. Macassey, black satin, jet overdress; Miss Gallaway, royal blue charmeuse; Miss Laidlaw, yellow georgette; Miss Leslie Stock, black satin; Miss Edith Haggitt, yellow georgette; Miss Macandrew (Wellington), black satin charmeuse; Miss Phyllis Cheeseman, duck-egg green satin gown; Miss Ulrich, cream lace dress over soft satin, blue and silver sash; Miss Mollie Burt, grey lace dress, girdle of autumn leaves; Miss Emerson, green velvet frock. Also present were:—Misses Dick, Matheson, Vallange, Coull (Wellington), McIntosh, Betty Reeves, Todd, Tait, Hanlon, Hart, Fleming, Hislop, Messrs. Edmund, Stowe, Solomon (3), Laidlaw, Reid, Tapley, Gibbs, Ritchie, Neill, Harman, Reeves, Macassey, D. Allen, Acton-Adams, and Drs. Fitchett and Williams.

Mrs. George Roberts, who is letting her house, "Whitelea," furnished, has gone to Wellington with Sir John Roberts.

Miss Edith Moore was the guest at several small farewell functions prior to leaving for Sydney. Mrs. W. A. Moore accompanied her daughter as far as Christchurch.

Mrs. Stanley Batchelor gave a most delightful juvenile Cinderella dance in the Overseas Club Rooms for the teams competing in the football match between Christ's College and the Otago Boys' High School. The room was beautifully decorated with broad streamers, the colours of each college giving the distinctive note. There were about ninety present, including both teams, the emergencies, Mr. Croft (manager of the northerners), and Mr. Thomson (who accompanied the local lads). A few grown-ups also attended, among these being Dr. and Mrs. Russell Ritchie, Dr. and Mrs. Fitchett, Mrs. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. Elliston Orbell, Misses Sise and Williams, and Mr. Webster.

THE Arts and Crafts section of the Otago Women's Club lately held an exhibition of pewter and silver, which attracted a great deal of attention. Georgian spoons, snuffers on a tray, and spoons made from old German coins dated 1794 to 1807, were shown by Mrs. E. H. Williams. Mrs. W. Edmond lent some beautiful silver and pewter—a punch ladle, a christening mug 92 years old, and candle snuffers. Miss Burton's contribution was a varied collection of afternoon teaspoons from all parts of the world. Mrs. Throp showed some old pewter dishes used in the seven-

teenth century, before china ones were made. Altogether, the exhibition was full of interest and instruction, on account of the age of the objects, and their exquisite workmanship, much of it representing what is practically a lost art.

THE Otago First Battalion, after the lapse of a good many years, has again held its regimental ball, and it was an unqualified success. The Art Gallery was most appropriately and artistically decorated for the purpose, the martial note dominating. The chaperones were Mesdames Marshall Macdonald, James Begg, Callan and Professor Strong. Among those present, Mrs. Callan wore a beautiful frock of black and gold; Mrs. Begg, tangerine satin draped with rich black lace; Professor Strong, black satin with gold trimmings; Mrs. Marshall Macdonald, black lace over white satin, with a girdle of large flowers; Mrs. Colin Gilray, peacock blue satin and nixon; Mrs. H. L. Cook, oyster satin and nixon; Mrs. McKerrow, grey satin; Mrs. T. Hunt, yellow crêpe de chine; Miss Ngaira Smith, pink taffeta; Miss Mavis Meadowcroft (Wellington), royal blue satin and lace; Miss Peggy Emerson, blue satin frock, grey floral girdle; Miss Smith, green crêpe de chine; Miss Sheila Gale, cerise frock of crêpe de chine; Miss Jessie Sherwood, black velvet with silver tissue; Miss Mollie Burt, pink taffeta with overdress of pink ciré lace. Also present were Misses Rua Milne, Ella Morton, Lorna Dick, Scott and Morton, and Colonels Moir, Young Simons, E. R. Smith, McAr, Lieut.-Col. W. Marshall Macdonald, Major Jeffries, Captains Callan and McKeefrey, Lieutenants Hunt, Sumpter, Nutting, Arthur, Satherwaite, J. Paterson, Messrs. Reid, Solomon, Meadowcroft, Porritt, Stowe, Farrell, O'Connor, Griffiths, Smith, Stevenson and Dick.

MRS. Lindo Ferguson, who returned by the *Niagara*, was entertained at the Women's Club Rooms, the large reception hall being taxed to its utmost capacity, some two hundred or more members being present. Mrs. W. Edmond, the acting-president, made a graceful speech, welcoming the president home after her travels. Mrs. Ferguson was wearing a handsome gown of black satin with jet trimmings and diamond ornaments, and carried a beautiful spray bouquet of violets and fern. She expressed thanks for so splendid a welcome, and then proceeded to tell of her enjoyable five months' trip through China, Japan, Honolulu and America, taking her hearers from day to day over the route travelled; and by aid of pictures thrown upon a screen, gave a most fascinating hour of travel talk, with humorous anecdotes and personal experiences. Mrs. Ferguson had kindly brought down to the rooms all the purchases she had made during her journey for herself and her friends, and a very interesting time was passed in displaying these, and telling where they were obtained, their cost, and little histories attached to this or that article. There were bronzes, lacquered *objets d'art*, hand-painted china, cloudy amber beads, beautiful silks, kimonos (tinted with much bedragoned gold thread embroideries, or modern with painted hand work on them so exquisitely done as to look like silk), wall panels in rich silk with marvellous embroideries, carved temple prayer wheels, and so on—a rather remarkable collection. A programme contributed by the members from the various circles was much enjoyed. Among those present were Mesdames Hutchison, Gilkison, Edmond, Carmalt Jones, Marshall Macdonald, J. Begg, Halsted, Cotterill, Scoular, Beech, Dr. Siedeberg, Dr. Marion Whyte, Misses Jean Macdonald, K. Glendinning, Holford, Smith, Margaret Douglas, and Professor Strong. —LEONORA.



Miss Baughan and her faithful companion.

A lover of the beautiful in nature, she built herself a hill-top house at Clifton, a seaside suburb of Christchurch, whence she looks down on what she herself says is "the most glorious seashore view she has ever seen."

It was on a wonderful day of blue and gold that the writer threaded her way up the hillside studded with colour-full gardens, in which nestle the artistic homes that give Clifton its unique charm. The road zigzagged through luxuriant beds of orange gazanias and vividly brilliant ice-plants, yellow, red, cerise, and behind one was the green and indigo of the Pacific sweeping past the Summer Estuary, and on to the Forty Mile Beach—forming a scene of rare and unforgettable beauty.

Miss Baughan was at home, and at her desk, but quite ready to grant a request for some details of her busy life. As a poetess and thinker, she finds her fellow-creatures an engrossing study. To it she brings a generous sympathy, and this has of late led her to devote herself to a most helpful form of social work. As she speaks, the listener realises that this slender alert woman, so quick in word and thought, so alive with sparkling energy, has a personality of rare magnetic power.

BORN near London, she was educated at Brighton High School, and afterwards at Holloway College, graduating B.A. of London University in 1892.

THE MIRROR of FASHION



THE FRAGILE LOVELINESS OF
GAUZY MUSLIN HAS AN
ALLURE ALL ITS OWN
THIS GOLDEN SPRINGTIME



SPRING among the FROCKS

SPRING offers us such a bewilderingly lovely variety of fashions, that it is as hard to choose among them as it is to cull a posy of flowers from an overflowing garden, when one may only pick a limited number.

The long-waisted slim line seems as firm a frock favourite as ever, though the severe straightness has relaxed, giving way to more soft blousing and looping at the waist-line.

With almost the sole exception of organdie for future wear, and an occasional taffeta frock, the heavier suiting materials are soft and clinging, and of course very charming, favouring crêpe de chine and crêpe marocain, the marked absence of pattern being often more than compensated for by the many novel trimmings and hand embroideries that are in vogue.

Cut steel beads trim an entire frock in sparse rows, or mass in quaint design, and queer little drops dangle glinting in the light, while old fashions are revived in eyelet work, on silk, wool or linen, in contrasting colours. Braiding and hem-stitching, lattice work insets of self material, and tiny celluloid squares of many vivid colours, taking the place of button rows, are all used to give finishing touches to the new spring frocks.

Handsome girdles of oxidised metal accompany many costumes, slightly restraining the fullness of the short flared coat style, the line of which, with its fuller skirt, is in contrast to the majority of spring fashions.

Many models of that adaptable garment, the jumper blouse, are shown in crêpe de chine and georgette. They are elaborately beaded in many cases, and of such undoubted charm and use for so many odd occasions, that one pauses to wonder what was worn before jumper blouses were invented.



Narrow white wavy braid works its way among white flower heads on this frock of coral pink voile, while the hat, a prize-winner at the recent Paris Exhibition, is charming with its deep coral georgette brim, coral bordered organdie blossoms, and organdie lattice crown.

From Milne and Choyce.



Belwood Studio, photo.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Just a charming bunch of frills in finest white organdie, and finished with rosettes of narrow satin ribbons, just the shade of the daffodils she is so intent upon.

From Smith and Caughes.





There is grace in every line of this French voile frock, in palest cream shade, with its lovely lace and embroideries, and wide wing sleeves; and surely thoughts of summer sunshine were responsible for the deep yellow hat, garlanded with carelessly placed wheat and field flowers.

From Smith and Caughey.

Bartlett, Auckland, photo.



Belwood Studio, photo.

When one is only four years old, one could wish for nothing better than a party frock of palest pink, finished with important rosettes of delicate blue satin.

From Milne and Choyce.

Even a parasol tries to be a flower this season—and succeeds in looking like a lovely tasselled dahlia—only it is fashioned of apricot taffeta.

From Milne and Choyce.



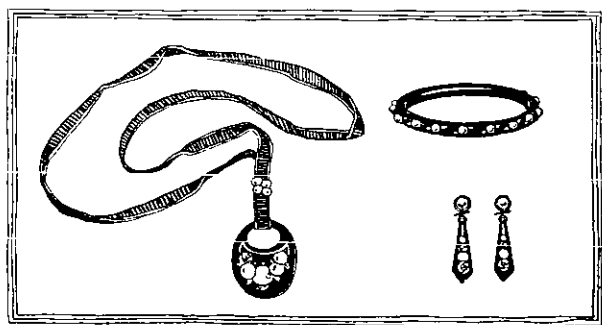
Belwood Studio, photo.

There is almost a military touch about the swing of this unusual race wrap—of navy gabardine and oyster crêpe de chine, and worn over a charming little frock of the same two materials.

From Smith and Caughey.

To be really fashionable you must wear jewellery that is black—but you may also have it massed with tiny rose-heads of many colours.

From Milne and Choyce.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

The TREND of FASHION AS EXPRESSED in SMART, PRACTICAL SUITS for SPRING and SUMMER



Directly above is portrayed an extremely smart suit of putty garbi. The short coat has loop bands in front, and small swing cape at back. Effectively piped and stitched in jade. Price, 15 guineas.

Garbi of the new tan shade has been chosen for the well-tailored suit (immediately on right). The collar is of putty garbi, and the trimming is of self-colour silk imitation lambs' wool. Narrow belt of self. Price, 16 guineas.

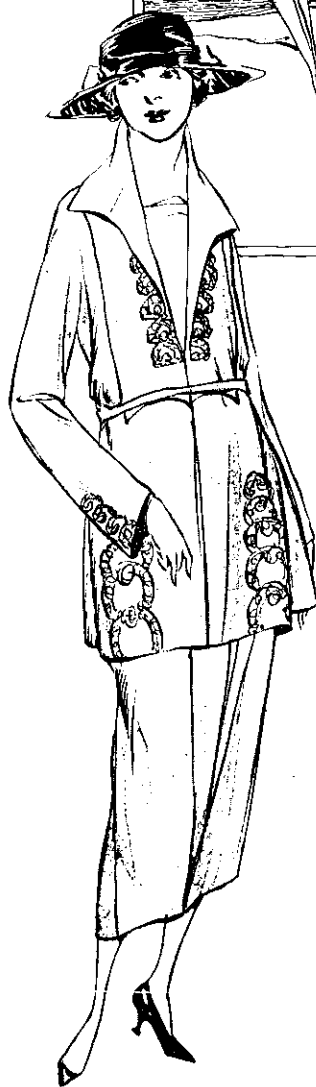
On the left in centre panel is a very distinctive suit of fine navy coating. The long roll collar, cuffs, front and back of coat are elaborately braided in self colour. Price, £8/18/6.



A very sensible suit is the style depicted at right of centre panel, for it is of dark fawn garbi. The collar is of putty garbi, and many rows of narrow braid and a nickel and braid girdle form a smart finish. Price, £13/19/6.

The suit illustrated on top right is designed in a beautiful sage garbi, and effectively trimmed with the fashionable imitation lambs' wool in grey. Narrow tie sash of self. Price, 13 guineas.

Strictly in accord with Fashion's dictates is the suit of putty garbi on right. The trimmings are of brown garbi, and the waist-length coat has a beautifully plaited patent leather band. Price, 19 guineas.



Milne & Choyce Ltd.
Queen Street Auckland



Panels of accor-dian-pleated georgette break attractively over the lovely lace of this French gown, which has many interesting points—and a rather fascinating indecision in regard to hem and waist-line.

(Below)



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

An exquisite dinner gown of powder blue georgette is massed with many tiny white beads surrounding spirals of iridescent shells, which charmingly reflect the blue of the gown.

From Smith and Caughey.



Bartlett, Auckland, photo.

Misty shades of delicate grey deepen and merge into filmy black lace at the feet of the wearer, and trailing fern fronds are indicated by tiny beads against a shaded background.

From Milne and Choyce.

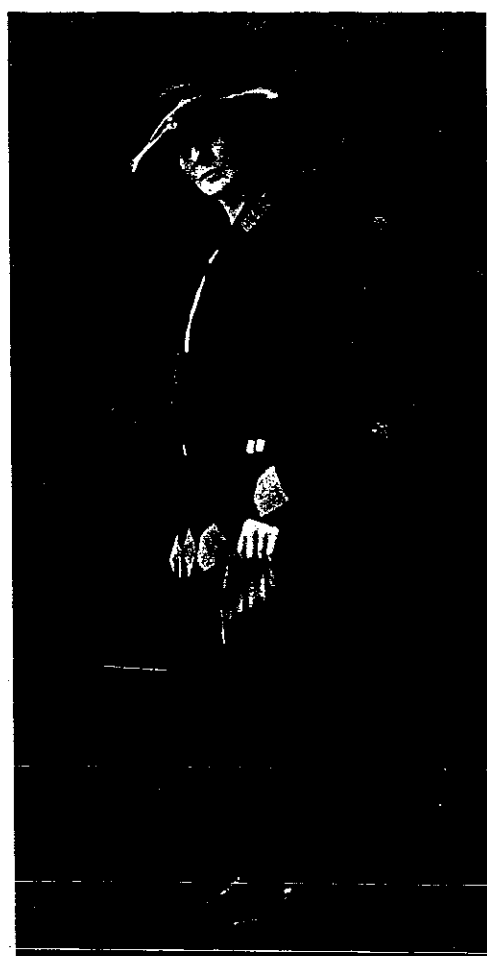


Who could help feeling happy when one knows the attraction of a petalled hat of leaf-brown georgette and panelled frock of old gold, and when dainty shoes are both "Chic" in appearance and in name.

Frock and hat from Rendells.

This costume of nigger gabardine is fashioned on long slim lines—attractively braided, and following Fashion's latest whim with its wide, graceful sleeve.

From Farmers' Union Ltd.



Belwood Studio, photo.

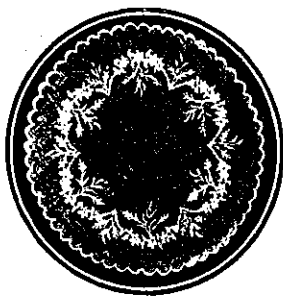
Belwood Studio, photo.

SOME EXQUISITE INDIAN EMBROIDERY

Selected by M.L.T.

IT is an interesting and curious thought that stitches—as stitches are much the same the world over—Eastern and Western—ancient and modern, and one comes to realise that it is not so much that each nation or period has a distinctive stitchery of its own, as that it is in the application and choice of stitches that individuality is obtained.

For instance, we find appliqué on Egyptian tapestries stitched exactly as the patches were sewn on the quilts of our great grandmothers.



being executed in a combination of shadow work and open stitch done with a very coarse needle. When held up against the light it almost gives the impression that the butterflies are really alive and delicately quivering. The edge, by the way, is distinctly Western, but India comes into her own in the quaint motif that alternates with the butterflies.

Fig. 1 is an exquisite bit of work in solid stitchery, of tiny blossoms and wheat ears, and bears witness to a patience and lightness of fingering

TRANSFORMING LAST SEASON'S FROCKS TO THIS SEASON'S COLOURS

Fashion has decreed that for the coming season, Canary Yellow, Cornflower Blue and Jade Green are to be among the "wanted" colours, and quite naturally materials in these colours are exclusive and high-priced.

But ladies need not necessarily pay these high prices to obtain the very latest colours, as they can quite easily dye a garment at home to the fashionable shade required. All the new colours can be made by a careful blending of two or more standard shades in suitable proportions. For instance, if one mixes three cakes of Nadco Navy Blue Dye with one cake of Black, you get a beautiful shade of Midnight Blue. Two cakes of Pink and one cake of Yellow will produce a beautiful Peach colour, which even an unimaginative person might use with good effect both in the wardrobe and the home.

Other Fashionable Shades

Cornflower Blue is made by mixing four cakes of Light Blue, three-quarters cake of Heliotrope and a quarter cake Purple; while to get Jade Green you simply mix one-quarter cake of Light Green to one-eighth cake of Yellow.

And so on, through all the becoming and attractive early summer shades which one sees in the fashionable shops, such as Rouge Red, Canary Yellow, Henna or Primrose Pink.

Don't imagine there is any difficulty in producing these fashionable colours. If you use Nadco Dyes as directed—you can get them in 1/- packets at all stores—you will make your first dyeing experiment a success quite easily. With Nadco Dyes there are no stained hands or utensils, and what makes the operation so simple is that the one dye will colour any material, whether it is composed of wool, cotton or silk.

Dye Takes Evenly in All Fabrics

This means that there need be no unpicking of materials—the whole garment, just as it is, can be immersed in the dye bath, and it will come out true and even to colour in every detail.

Try a small thing with Nadco and you will soon be dyeing clothes for the whole family. Experiment with a blouse, a pair of light stockings, a loose cover or a school-boy's coat. You will be surprised at what you can do, and how easily you can transform your clothes to the new season's colourings at a very trifling cost.

Nadco Dyes will *not* wash out.

**NADCO
DYES**
One Real Dye for ALL Fabrics

Wonderful laces of many countries are exclusive in design, and yet that same medium of actual stitchery is employed in all.

India especially is rich in needlecraft, and offers a wonderful field of investigation to the modern applicator of stitches, while it is also interesting to note that probably through the medium of Mission workers, many English forms of embroidery are now being combined with Indian design. It is also a well-known fact that "Irish" hand-made lace does not all come from Ireland.

Most New Zealanders have at some time had an opportunity of seeing exquisite work that has been brought to our shores through the agency of the Indian Mission workers, and some of these are illustrated here. They are particularly delightful examples, and are a blend of East and West in stitchery and design—simple stitches from Western needlecraft being combined with an occasional quaint Eastern pattern, offering an interesting comparison, and an extremely dainty result that will be sure to appeal to the Western housewife.

Fig. 2 shows a supper cloth, worked on delicate but durable Indian lawn, which is undoubtedly Eastern in design, and the embroidery is a wonderful combination of English feather and shadow stitching.

The butterflies shown in Figs. 3 and 4 are well worthy of the attention of any lover of dainty work,

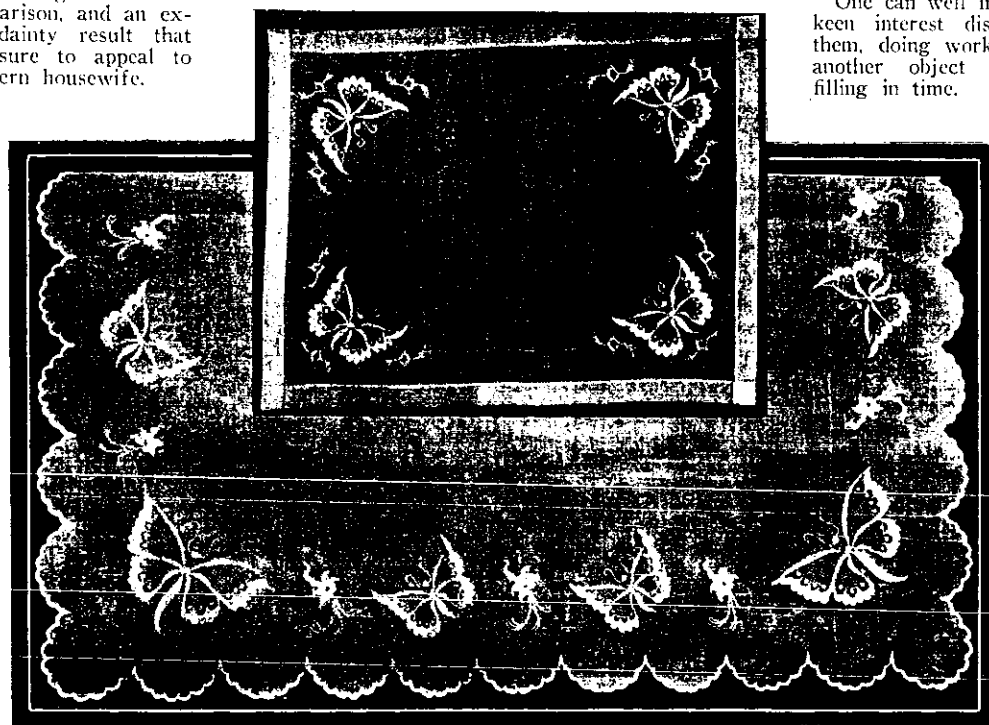
that many a Western girl might envy.

The thread employed in this work is a soft four-ply weave, very pliable and adaptable, a

single strand only being used for the open hem-stitch in the butterflies, while, as the threads blend together when stitched side by side, it is particularly suitable for shadow-work, much more so than a tightly-woven single thread of heavier make.

This work is an insight into the patient, persistent character of the young girls of India, many of them married to old men and widowed while in their early teens, and so becoming, according to the Indian idea, useless encumbrances to society. It is here that Mission workers have stepped in, offering profitable work to the unhappy little widows and an ever-increasing interest in life—a life which would otherwise be one of pathetic waiting—with very little to look forward to.

One can well imagine the keen interest displayed by them, doing work that has another object than just filling in time.





The 101 Needs of their Majesties the Babies



May be selected with ease and comfort in our Babylinen Dept. Over a quarter of a century ago, we set ourselves out to make this department one of our strongest, and to-day it is admittedly the finest Babylinen section in the Dominion where mothers find every shopping facility and a staff well acquainted with the peculiar requirements needed in supplying infants and childrens apparel.

Little Stranger Outfits

Have been supplied by Rendells Ltd. with conspicuous success throughout New Zealand, indeed it would afford us much pleasure to show you the many letters of appreciation and thanks received from numerous satisfied customers everywhere.

Each of the outfits enumerated contains all that is necessary for Baby's first clothing need, and each is sold for what it is—honest value.

No. 1 Outfit Price £3/17/6

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 Merc. Wool and Cotton Vests | 2 Woven Binders |
| 1 Trimm'd Daygown | 1 Puff, Box and Powder |
| 2 Longcloth Daygowns | 1 Cake Soap |
| 2 Longcloth Nightgowns | 1 Card Safety Pins |
| 2 Flannel Barras | 1 Dozen Flannelette Squares |
| 2 Flannel Binders | 1 Shawl |

No. 2 Outfit Price £4/10/-

- | |
|-----------------------------|
| 2 Wool and Cotton Vests |
| 2 Longcloth Daygowns |
| 1 Trimm'd Gown |
| 1 Long Slip |
| 2 Longcloth Nightgowns |
| 2 Flannel Barras |
| 2 Flannel Binders |
| 2 Woven Binders |
| 1 Puff, Box and Powder |
| 1 Card Safety Pins |
| 1 Cake of Soap |
| 1 W.P. Sheetting Square |
| 1 Dozen Flannelette Squares |
| 1 Shawl |

No. 3 Outfit Price £5/10/-

- | |
|---------------------------|
| 3 Wool and Cotton Vests |
| 2 Longcloth Daygowns |
| 1 Trimm'd Daygown |
| 2 Longcloth Nightgowns |
| 1 Long Slip |
| 1 Plain Flannel Barra |
| 1 Fancy Flannel Barra |
| 2 Flannel Binders |
| 2 Woven Binders |
| 1 Puff, Box and Powder |
| 1 Card Safety Pins |
| 1 Cake Soap |
| 1 W.P. Sheetting Square |
| 1 Dozen Towelling Squares |

Specialists in the supply of babylinen requisites

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THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE

SOME REFLECTIONS ON MATRIMONY

by A. Mann

OF course women are little interested in this subject; why should they be when for the sex marriage is an end in view—for the baser half an end mercifully obscured? Still, there are some more or less interested, the divorce court records prove that. And they are records, too—twenty in one day in Auckland, over thirty at a sitting in Wellington; America will have to look to her laurels. Reno will find its divorce mills in the discard if it does not sit up and take notice in time. What you don't know in marriage you find out in divorce, and perhaps it is better to open up an easy way to slip the knot—and it does look a little like a slipknot these days—than to keep together two souls who, having at first thought that love was the spice of life, have since learned that marriage is the mustard pickles of a cold lunch.

But there is another angle to it. What is wanted is not the annihilation of romance by the knock-out route of the decree nisi, but a life-saving corps to go to the rescue of the little blind god when he gets out of his depth. First, there should be a school for teaching people when they are well off. Strange how few realise so simple a thing as that. So many fail to note the difference between marital and martial law, and start to look for trouble when they should be hunting up a white flag.

In the marriage customs of the ancients a woman was only allowed to have one husband. This was called monogamy, and that is one of the little blue-devils that lead up to the door of the divorce court. But he can be kept on the door-mat by a bit of judicious manœuvring. When a man goes philandering he is generally looking for the qualities his wife displayed when she attracted him into matrimony, but which she has found a trifle tedious after the wedding-ring has been slipped on. Suppose a woman continued to exercise some of the arts and artifices which were her pre-nuptial habit, wouldn't that check the vagrant fancies of the other end of the table a little, and keep him closer home? No use angling for a hooked fish, of course, but many a fish has wriggled off the hook, or straightened it out, when a little gentle treatment would have landed him in the basket. When he begins to wriggle, might not a bit of judicious playing keep him so snugly at the end of the line that he would cease to notice the hook in his jaw, or the trace that keeps it there.

Same with men. The little amenities that softened the road and the heart should not die off when he says "I wilt." There is no call to lose the lover in the husband, and when he bumps against a domestic snag or two, all he need do is to remember that the very first wife raised Cain, and that the habits of a lifetime, or a sex, are not easy to obliterate.

For most women after the engagement blisses, marriage seems like slipping from a ten-shilling taxi into a tuppenny tram. The transfer isn't over-pleasant, but wisdom accepts the nine and tenpence as a fair instalment towards a summer hat.

A HUSBAND is a partner in the civil contract known as matrimony, generally the working partner, and his disillusionment is often like that of a stage-struck girl who gets her first peep behind the scenes. He may find that a woman who has been got up to kill, can't be got up to cook; and that a woman who gets herself up to kill, can make the home deadly. Still, he married her for better or worse, and that sounds like an even money deal. He may find out

that he has to swallow more than cookery, but ten to one he will stick it out if the pace does not get too hot.

Speaking by and large, the more a wife craves sympathy the more her husband deserves it. The sympathy seeker is usually of the type that a man will run after when she is married, though he would run away from her were she single. If the "by-all-I-am-misunderstood" type realised that her greatest charm is the fact that she is tied to someone else she might chafe less under the curb.

When choosing husbands, girls should bear in mind that it is considered the correct thing in the best circles to choose one at a time. Bigamy is its own punishment. It also saves trouble in the long run not to choose someone else's husband: some wives are so meticulous about these details. The observant maid will notice that when a man drops into a love affair, it generally leaves him with something to think about—lucky for him if it isn't a wife. And when a girl tells him: "Somehow you're different," he can prepare to be measured for a tail-coat; for courtship consists of a man running after a girl till she has caught him. That is because a woman marries when she knows what she wants—a man when he wants something and does not realise what it is.

When a young couple are in love, they walk on air; more marriages would be quite happy if they could live on as cheap a commodity. It isn't until she has been married six months that a woman remembers the husbands she might have had. Then she recites their perfections until her husband realises that they were the only perfect men that ever lived. But a little later on she finds out that, though she hates him, despises him, or is ashamed of him, at any rate, and in spite of his defects, she is rather more than glad of him. Her bachelor friends and acquaintances may seem more interesting, but it does not do to forget that a bachelor has the better of a husband in this way: that he can render a woman happy by making her a wife, whereas a married man can only confer complete happiness on his wife by making her a widow. The bachelor has another pull, too, for the married man's loneliness is of a different quality to his; the married man has not so many places to go to. But no bachelor really appreciates the advantages of single life, till he is married. The ancients knew what they were about when they depicted love as a child—too young to marry.

A FROST-BITTEN ROMANCE

by Desmond Carter

IN a review of a book which deals with the Frozen North I have found this: "It is almost impossible for a man to write convincingly of Alaska if he has never been there."

Indeed? Wait a minute while I take off my coat.

BIG Bill Clutterbuck was up against it. For three weeks he had been toiling across the apparently limitless waste of snow, and he was very nearly at his last gasp. A week had passed since his Indian guide had basely deserted him by dropping dead in his tracks; but, with that grim fortitude which is only to be found in these stories, Clutterbuck had pushed on, guiding himself by the stars at night, and by the empty Maconochie tins of a previous traveller by day.

All his food was gone. For three days he had been supporting himself on half a bar of chewing-gum (he had divided the other half amongst his famished dogs), and it was only his indomitable will and a fondness

for walking that kept him going. His limbs ached, his snow-shoes needed heeling, and he staggered like a drunken man; but still he battled on. "Mush on!" he croaked, and the lash of his whip cracked a great lump out of the frozen atmosphere. The huskies mushed.

At intervals Clutterbuck pushed the caked snow from his face, and eagerly scanned the horizon for some sign of a human habitation—a curl of smoke, the waving branches of a roof-tree, or a dust-bin—but he scanned in vain. Snow—the limitless expanse of snow—was all that met his tired gaze. He began to fear that he might go snow-blind. And the oppressiveness of the Great White Silence descended like a weight on his massive shoulders. Anything else he might have borne, but the G.W.S. was putting years on him.

A passing chipmunk snarled peevishly at the huskies as they went by, but Clutterbuck was too far gone to protest.

"Mush on!"

His cracked lips framed the words, but no sound came. Luckily, however, one of the huskies was looking round at the moment and understood. They mushed.

Hours dragged by, and Clutterbuck's strength, his snow-shoes, his courage, and his chewing-gum were all wearing thin. A silver fox barked derisively as he staggered on. A platinum rabbit laughed openly. A bull moose looked out from its burrow and sniffed. But Clutterbuck gave no sign of having heard. He had lost all sense of time and direction. In fact, he had lost all sense. He must have done, or else he would never have started on such a fool journey.

More hours dragged by, and, with the passing of every minute, Clutterbuck grew weaker. It was getting colder, too. The bottom had already fallen out of his wrist thermometer, and as he breathed his breath froze and fell to the ground in great lumps. He knew that he could not last much longer.

Bang!

It was only the crack of a Winchester, but coming on top of so much Great White Silence, it sounded like the crack of doom in Clutterbuck's frost-bitten ears. He and the huskies fell flat on their respective faces, just as a wounded ptarmigan trotted along the trail. For an instant he lay perfectly still, but at the sound of footsteps he looked up, and saw a figure standing beside him. It was a girl.

"Say, pard," she said, "what're you all doin' down there?"

Clutterbuck pulled himself together. "Jest dyin'," he said.

"Well, I can't have you dyin' around here. Dead folks attract the wolves, an' I gotta shack jest over the bluff. Give us your arm, pard."

With some difficulty Clutterbuck staggered to his frozen feet, and leaned heavily on the girl. It was a slow and painful journey, but at last they reached the rough-hewn shack that was her home.

It was a regular woman's shack, thought Clutterbuck half an hour later, as he sat before a roaring fire, drinking a pannikin of steaming tea. The spotless tablecloth spread on the rough-hewn table, the old copy of *Vogue* lying on the even rougher-hewn settee, the home-made clock ticking cheerily on the rude mantelpiece, the rough bearskin curtains, and the very rough set of opossum spoons, all gave the shack a homely look.

"You gotta nice place here," he ventured.

"I should smile," said the girl, as she loaded up a rough-hewn plate with moose steak, Alaskan potatoes, and Arctic onions. "But don't you talk. Jest you get a holt on this."

Clutterbuck ate ravenously, while outside the huskies snarled and fought over the carcass of a freshly-killed chinook that the girl had thrown to them.

"Say," said Clutterbuck, when at last he had finished his meal, "it's

half after ten. Guess I'd better get a move on.

The girl laughed. "Don't you be more of a bonehead than you can help," she said. "You'll go when you're fit to travel. Not before."

"But I can't stay here. 'Twouldn't be right."

"Right nothin'. I sleep in the inside room. You can have a shake-down here. Don't argue. This is my shack, an' what I says goes. You jest keep that fire goin' while I go out an' set the moose-traps. Get me?"

Clutterbuck got clumsily to his feet and took her by the hand.

"Say," he said, "you're a White Woman—an' then some."

"Aw! cut it out!" said the girl, and she strode out into the Great White Silence.

"Gee!" muttered Clutterbuck, as he tore a rough-hewn leg from the rude table and cast it on the fire. "Some peach!"

A MONTH had passed. The tender nursing and good feeding he had received at the hands of the girl had made a big difference in Big Bill Clutterbuck. The colour had come back into his cheeks, a new light burned in his eyes, and he glowed with bodily health. In fact, he made the Aurora Borealis look like ten cents. Life seemed good to him. Even his huskies weren't anything like as husky as they had been.

"Say, Little White Woman," he said to the girl one night (he always called her that): "now I come to think of it, you ain't never told me what you're doin' out here."

"Haven't I. Great Big Man?" she said (she always called him that).

"Well, there's not much to tell. I came out here 'cause Popper wanted to marry me to one o' the guys in his office. I never saw him, but I know the sort of sissy-boy that works for Popper. So I said, 'Nix on the city-feller. I'll pull out for Alaska and find the husband I want.' An' I pulled out."

"Say," he said, and his voice shook, "what's your father's name?"

"Silas P. Hinks. You know—'Hinks' Union Suits For The Men Who Know."

"An'—an' what was the other guy's name?" "Clutterbuck."

Big Bill rose unsteadily to his feet. "Well, now," he said. "If that ain't jest curious."

"Whadday mean?"

"I'm him," he said. "This chap, 'Clutterbuck.' He's me. Can you beat it?"

The girl gasped. You? You're Clutterbuck?" she said.

"Yes."

"Then—there's no need for us to go on talking like this?"

"Not the slightest, my dear girl."

A joyous cry escaped her. "Thank Heavens!" she said. It's been an awful strain to keep it up."

"It has," he agreed, mopping the frozen perspiration from his brow. "But I say—how soon can you be ready to come home?"

"As soon as you like. I'm fed to the teeth with this rotten hole."

"So am I," he said. "But, by the way—what about a small portion of wedding?"

The girl smiled. "There's a clergyman at Nome," she said.

The next instant Clutterbuck was crushing her to his breast. For a moment he slipped back into the old way of speaking.

"Little White Woman," he said tenderly.

"Great Big Man," she whispered.

And the Great White Moon looked down on them standing there in the Great White Silence, and smiled a Great White Smile. It knew this sort of stuff by heart.

Far away a wolf howled dismally; a distant chipmunk raised its mournful voice and hooted, and the plaintive note of an Arctic woodpecker came floating across the limitless expanse of snow. The Wild knew.

I think that wipes the floor with the jolly old reviewer. What?

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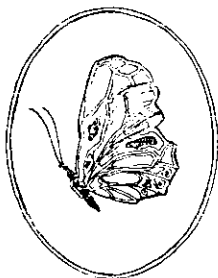
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HOME COOKERY

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golden brown. Sprinkle with fresh parsley before serving.

A Hint

Eggs are less likely to break when poaching if 1 teaspoonful of vinegar is added to the water.

Spring Omelet

BEAT whites of 3 eggs to a stiff froth, add yolks and beat again. To every egg add 1 tablespoonful milk, also pepper and salt to taste. Have omelet pan ready and hot with 1 teaspoonful butter melted. Stir into the eggs 1 small cup of cooked green peas, and pour quickly into omelet pan. Free gently from sides of pan with a knife as the omelet sets, and when barely done, double over with a fish slice and serve.

To make a firmer omelet—dissolve 1 teaspoonful cornflour in eggs before cooking.

Lemon and parsley, or a slice of tomato make a pretty garnish, and a plain white crêpe paper table napkin is always an improvement, on which to serve a dish of this kind, that is, unless your china happens to be too pretty to hide. Serve at once.

For those who like Eggs—Tasty ways of serving them

NOW that springtime is here, the egg market becomes a possibility to be considered. The dainty feathered denizens of the poultry yard are doing their duty, and making one forget one's resolutions to sell every bird to the first bidder—with, of course, first-class credentials—but then, you see, those resolutions were made during eggless days, and circumstances alter cases.

Everyone knows that an egg is as nourishing as a pound of meat, but that need not necessarily mean boiled eggs, poached eggs, or fried eggs; and if you will commence preparations with a "brain wave," varied suggestions will simply tumble over themselves to be demonstrated, before the brain wave dies away.

Here are a few tasty ways of serving eggs for lunch, any one of which will ensure the success of your tête-à-tête luncheon with your dearest friend next week—while surely the master of the little house could find no fault with its mistress after breakfasting on spring omelet!

And while on the subject, don't forget that, in cookery, the end more than ever justifies the means when it comes to a minute more, or a little more thought in serving and garnishing.

No matter how simple the dish, it is a very prosaic person who does not enjoy a poached egg the better for its garnishing of fresh sprigs of parsley or a blane mange shape, saved from the ordinary by a few scattered pink rose petals, while the psychological effect on your home folk or your guests is not to be easily measured.

Eggs for Breakfast—But different Bombay Toast

PUT 1oz. butter, 1 tablespoonful of milk, 1 teaspoonful anchovy, 1 small teaspoonful good curry powder, into a saucepan, and blend. Add 3 well beaten eggs, and stir over a slow heat till creamy. Serve on toast, and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Egg Relish

MELT 1 dessertspoonful butter in a saucepan, add a large breakfast cup of bottled peeled tomatoes, if fresh are not in season. Add ½ teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoonful pepper, 1 teaspoonful chopped parsley. Cook till tender, stir in two beaten eggs, and blend over a slow fire till thick; serve on toast with potato wafers, made by frying very thin slices of raw potato in boiling fat till crisp and

Poached Egg Fritters

TAKE some well poached eggs; brush over with well beaten yolk of egg, dip in grated cheese, then in breadcrumbs; fry a moment in hot clarified butter, and serve with fried or crisped parsley.

Nest of Eggs

BEAT whites of as many eggs as are required to a stiff froth, adding salt and pepper. Place in an oval baking dish. Make a hole for each yolk to be dropped gently in, first putting in 1 teaspoonful of cream, and bake in a moderate oven till set, about ten minutes. Garnish with parsley finely chopped, and serve with cold ham.

Tomato Eggs

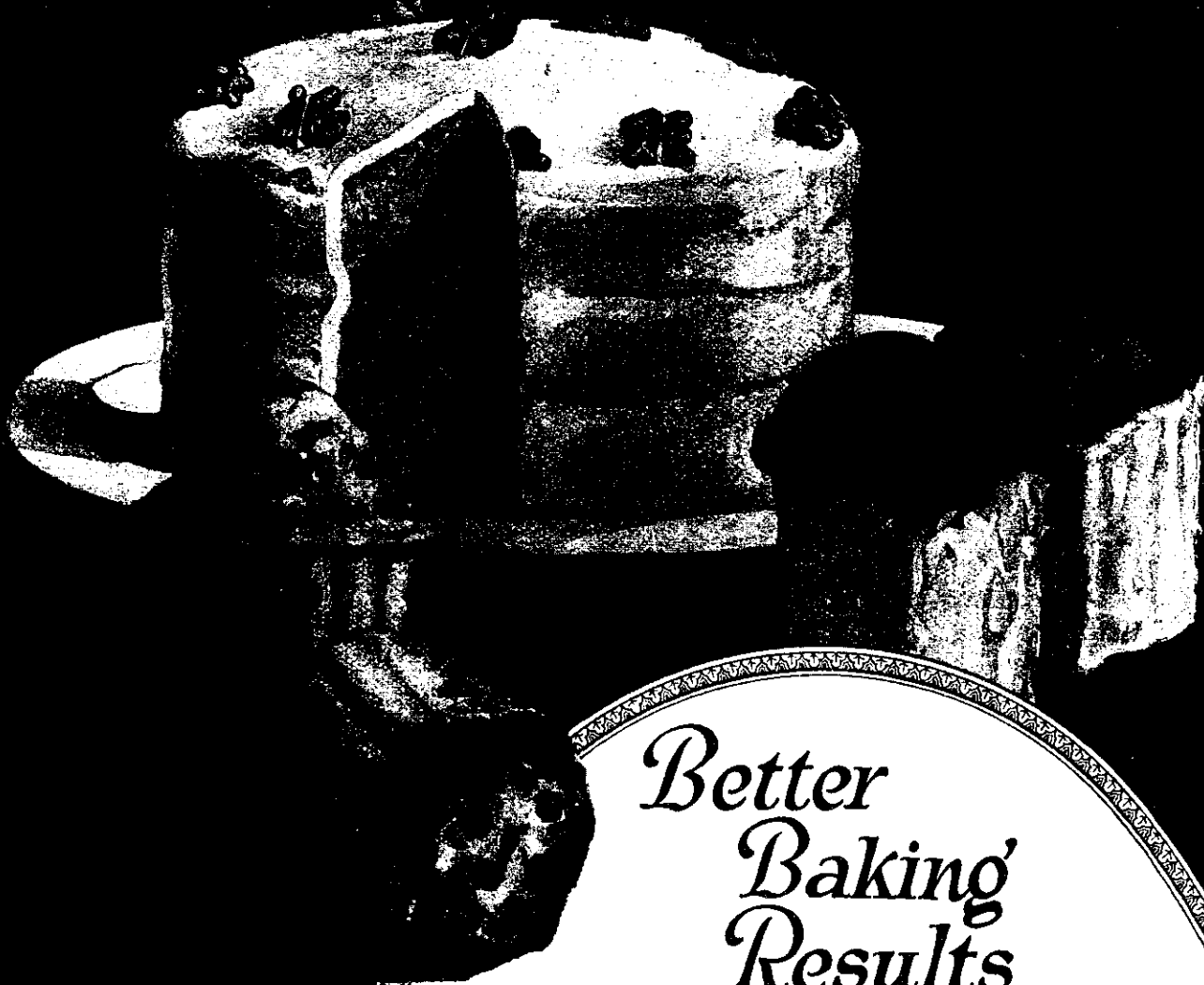
4 LARGE round tomatoes, 2 eggs, 1oz. of butter, 1 tablespoonful of milk, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley are required. Cut the tops off the tomatoes, at the stalk end, scoop out the centre, place them in the oven covered with buttered paper, and on a buttered dish, and bake till just tender—but do not allow to fall. Beat the eggs, stir in the crushed tomato pulp, add milk, salt, pepper and parsley. Melt 1oz. butter in saucepan, stir in mixture, and keep stirring over fire till thick; fill the tomato cases. With this sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve on rounds of hot buttered toast.

For the Little Luncheon—Eggs au Gratin

PUT 1 tablespoonful white sauce into each ramekin, then slices of hard boiled eggs, grated cheese, and seasoning, also a little cooked celery, if obtainable. Sprinkle grated cheese on top, as well as tiny bits of butter. Bake ten minutes. Serve with a slice of hard boiled egg on top—and garnish with young celery leaves, though parsley may be used instead.

Treboil

BOIL 6 eggs till hard, plunge in cold water, shell and cut in half with thread—a knife will discolour them. Remove yolks and rub to cream, add a teaspoonful mustard, cayenne, salt, and a little lemon juice, and 12 sardines pounded smooth—also a little chopped parsley. Blend all and return to half whites, lay on lettuce leaves, and serve with thick creamy mayonnaise. When tomatoes are in season—the halved eggs may be sunk in the centre of hollowed tomato halves.



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SPONGES

Two Recipes

Sponge Sandwich

3 eggs, 1 cup sugar (small),
½ teaspoon Edmonds' Baking
Powder, 1 cup flour (small).
Beat eggs and sugar well,
then add flour and baking
powder mixed; bake in hot
oven in sandwich tins

Sponge Roll

1 cup flour, 1 tea cup sugar,
3 eggs, 1 teaspoon Edmonds'
Baking Powder, 2 table-
spoons cold water. Method:
Beat eggs and sugar till stiff
and frothy, sift flour and
baking powder, add water
to eggs and sugar, then stir
in the sifted flour and bak-
ing powder lightly and
quickly, pour into greased
tin, and bake in hot oven
from 8 to 10 minutes.

This recipe will also
serve for a Jam
Sandwich

A PAGE for the CHILDREN



SOONER than I expected I encountered the ungrateful young Weta. . . . I had tied my horse at the roots of a Ti-tree and was taking a delight in the view from the rising ground, when I heard the cry of the unruly young rascal. . . . Turning to acknowledge the greeting, I was surprised to see him preparing to do me bodily harm: the great legs were flung high, the head lowered, and altogether his appearance was terrible. . . . Many, to be sure, under such conditions would have lost their heads, and so perhaps their lives, but keeping cool I hit upon an excellent method of subduing my adversary. . . . The precise reason for my success, I have never solved: my plan was to blow steadily upon his head, and as steadily to fix him with my right eye. It was just a matter of time, and at last he came to his knees begging leniency. . . . To have spared him would have been a wrong to his thoughtful foster-mother and to the building of his character, and I so earnestly scolded him that he will never again misbehave. . . . At times I leaned over him screaming, at times I leapt shrieking in the air, whilst he, begging me to be merciful stretched his chin out upon the dust.

DING! DONG! BELL!
PUSSY'S IN THE WELL

by M. M. Fenton

IT might never have happened had I been an ordinary cat; but I had one paw white and the other black, and there was a green spot on the tip of my nose; that is what I looked like when I went to live with the Green family. The children decided on painting me green after I had been there two days a mere kitten, "to show that I belonged to the family," they said.

As I grew up I was much admired by the grown-ups, who declared I was a fine cat, but I was not so vain as might be supposed; for I was high-spirited, and loved nothing better than to romp and scramble about on the trees and over fences with the

children. I was introduced as time went on to their little friends, and people called me the children's favourite.

The story I am going to tell is about my adventures.

I had been petted and teased and cared for by turns. And then it happened—on the show day—Cat Show Day.

Of course, Johnny didn't mean to put me in the well; I knew that; he was so small.

Among my friends and neighbours I was known as "Tibby," but the children always called me "Pussy Patch." I had three kittens—Tip, Top and Tap.

I was watching in my usual corner in the old barn for mice, and presently the stable boy came in for chaff for Pinkie, the pony, and went out, leaving the door open. Well, in walked Johnny, looked straight at me, bun-

dled me up in his short, fat arms, and carried me to the well, for somebody had left the cover half off. Johnny chuckled as he dropped me into the well. I only gave a cat-like scream.

What a commotion there was when it was discovered that I was missing! I knew that I had stood a great chance of the prize; people had been talking, and, besides, I was the village favourite among the children.

At last the Prince arrived; for a real Prince was to be the Judge at the show. Everybody searched high and low for me, and even Johnny, as much as anybody. He had forgotten, and couldn't tell anybody where I was.

The well I was in was full of frogs, beetles and other nasty things that crept round and made me shiver. Luckily for me, it was summer-time, and there wasn't much water, only

plenty of mud, which smelt like mouldy cheese in an old mouse trap. If it had been a treacle well they would never have been able to dry me out.

Every minute of the day, sometimes far, sometimes near, I could hear, "Pussy Patch, dear," or, "Pussy Patch, where are you?" or, "Pussy, Pussy," or, "Patch, Patch, Patch," to each of which I answered with a low and plaintive mew; but I knew nobody could hear me down there.

All at once the church bells began to ring out. "Hark! Ding, Dong, Bell! Pussy's in the Well!" Such a din was never heard before; everybody came running towards the village green.

What did it all mean? Not one of the grown-ups knew, but Tommy Trout said: "Listen, the bells are saying, Ding, Dong, Bell! Pussy's in the well!"

Then the children shouted and scampered off, singing the words at the top of their voices as the bells clanged out the news. I could hear the pit-a-pattering of many feet, coming nearer and nearer.

They came up to the well, with all sorts of things to drag it with, but nobody thought of the proper thing to do.

I strained my neck and stretched myself on my hind legs to my utmost. A garden rake nearly took my ears off, a broom grazed my nose, a telescope toasting fork poked my eyes. It was all in vain. They could not rescue me.

I heard a man say: "Here's a long pole," but what use was that? How could I keep my hold on to that? I am not a monkey.

AT last they gave up and went away: and then Tommy Trout came along with his fishing rod; he threw the line down the well, and called soothingly, "Bite, Pussy Patch." Of course I bit as hard as I had ever bitten anything, and held on with my teeth while Tommy drew me up.

Oh, the delightful feeling of fresh air and safety out of that horrid well! How Tommy stroked and caressed me! I curled myself round on his shoulder, and rubbed my head hard against his face and neck.

He took me straight into the crowd, till he stood facing the Prince. I was placed upon a box, high enough to be seen above the heads of the men and women, all of whom were cheering and clapping.

The Prince stepped up to the box and began to speak. He asked me why I had given so much trouble that day. How I got into the well? I answered with the softest, most pleading mew I could give.

He seemed quite satisfied at that, then raised first my black, then my white, paw, afterwards he touched the tip of my nose with his little finger.

There was a little group of men near, and the Prince spoke to them, and one said: "What a fine tail, so bushy and glossy! Another hung a big card around my neck on which was printed in red: "First Prize." I felt a proud cat indeed.

"May I take the cat away with me?" asked the Prince, after all the speeches had been made.

The people answered with a shout that they would have great pleasure in presenting me to the Prince. The children were silent. Johnny began to weep.

The Prince then picked me up, and said quite loudly, "I present this cat to Tommy Trout and all the children in the village."

Then there were great cheers for the Prince, and the cat, and there were great rejoicings.

So I became the village cat again, to the children's great delight, and my own gratification. I do not wish to be any other cat, not for all the world.

Tommy Trout was rewarded with five shillings, and he bought a clock-work mouse.

Boys are queer things.

"We Can Thank Glaxo For Having Such A Strong Child Today"

The Mother of this Sturdy Boy writes:

"I now take the pleasure of writing to let you know how thankful we are to Glaxo for saving our little boy's life. He was just fourteen days old when taken to the Auckland Hospital, and was under treatment for wasting for several months, and after several attempts to cure him they gave him back to us as incurable. We put him straight on to Glaxo, and he never looked back, and is a fine healthy child. He is three years old, and I enclose a photo. taken last month. We can thank Glaxo for having such a good photo. and a strong child to-day. You can use this letter to publish in any way you please, with our full name and address, as anyone who knows us, or the child, can tell you the same."

How will you feed YOUR Baby?

Because of its important bearing on the future health and happiness of her Baby, every mother should consider her answer to this question long before Baby comes. There are three *safe* ways to feed your Baby. Breast-feeding is best, so nurse your Baby if you can. To remove any doubt of your ability to do so, take Glaxo regularly yourself before Baby's arrival and throughout the nursing period. Glaxo usually ensures a supply of rich milk ample for Baby's needs. One mother writes: "I commenced taking Glaxo four months before my Baby was born, and I have had a plentiful supply of rich milk since, so that I am still able to feed him. I still continue taking Glaxo, and find it most helpful."

If circumstances prevent breast-feeding at all hours, let Baby have complete feeds of Glaxo in turn with the breast. Another mother writes: "Baby is putting on flesh very quickly, and is happier and sleeps better. Glaxo must indeed resemble human milk, because I am able to give it to her through the day and the breast at night."

Where breast-feeding is quite out of the question, Glaxo should form Baby's sole food from birth, because it contains all



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the nourishment required (including the necessary vitamins) in properly adjusted proportions. A doctor who reared his own Baby on Glaxo writes: "I consider Glaxo an absolutely splendid Baby Food in every possible way. Little Hugh was never a moment sick, one could not have asked better for him in any way. I always recommend Glaxo."

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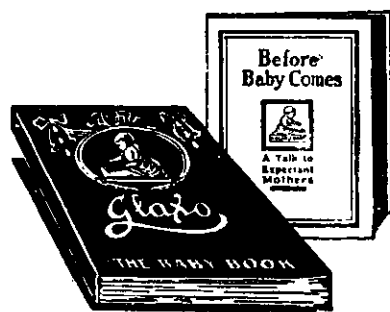
The essential elements of the milk are readjusted to a definite standard, making Glaxo infinitely superior to ordinary milk and to other dried milk products. For this reason Glaxo requires no modification or manipulation.

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The Glaxo Baby Book will prove a great help and comfort to you. If you have a Baby, or expect a Baby, you cannot well afford to be without a copy.

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"JUST OUT"—BOOKS WORTH READING

A Review of Current Literature

"POEMS of Today." Second Series. Published for the English Association by Sidgwick and Jackson, Limited, 1922, London.

If the war has not yet inspired any poet of outstanding greatness, it has at least quickened the imagination of a number of minor singers, who have crystallised their experience into poetry of a high degree of excellence. These are mostly young men, and their work reflects very clearly the influences and experiences inseparable from a devastating war. Love of their own England, of school, of college and home, of nature, of life, sense of comradeship—all these inspire the writings of these brave young souls. They have passed through strange happenings. They have wrenched themselves apart from the life of peaceful well-ordered routine, and have embarked on a Great Adventure, voyaging with new companions to new countries. Romance has thrilled them, but realism is everywhere about them. And they see life from a new angle. To them came a new vision and a new interpretation, hence we find in them a freshness and a departure from convention, as well as a deeper sense of the mysteries of life and death, and a fuller understanding of what it is that really matters.

Among the carefully selected poems in this delightful little anthology may be found many gems. Rupert Brooke is represented by "The Great Lover," but it is too long to quote here. It is among his best, and contains, moreover, a premonition of his early death. In "Oak and Olive," by J. E. Flecker, is revealed the longing for England and home that tugs at the heart of most Englishmen:—

"Oh, well I know sweet Hellas now,
And well I knew it then,
When I with starry lads walked out—
But, ah! for home again!
Was I not bred in Gloucestershire?
One of the Englishmen!"

In his "Song of the Saracens" one hears the tramp of the armed men, the rush of the attack:—

"We are they who come faster than
fate; we are they who ride early
or late;
We storm at your ivory gate; pale
kings of the sunset, beware!
Not on silk nor in samet we lie, not
in curtain'd solemnity die
Among women who chatter and
cry, and children who mumble a
prayer.
But we sleep by the ropes of the camp,
and we rise with a shout, and we
tramp
With the sun or the moon for a
lamp, and the spray of the wind
in our hair."

Selections from the pen of Thomas Hardy, John Masefield, John Galsworthy, John Drinkwater and Francis Thompson, are included, since they reflect the present-day spirit. A few women, too, are to be found in this select company. Charlotte Mew is represented by "The Changeling," and in "The Little Waves of Brehny" Eva Gore-Booth has imprisoned music of rare sweetness:—

"The grand road from the mountain
goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic on it and many
a horse and cart,
But the little roads of Cloonagh are
dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh
go rambling through my heart."

A great storm from the ocean goes
shouting o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it and terror
on the wind,
But the haunted air of twilight is
very strange and still.

And the little winds of twilight are
dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep
storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the
hidden herring shoal.
But the little waves of Brehny have
drenched my heart in spray.
And the little waves of Brehny go
stumbling through my soul."

It is full of a haunting quality, or is
it merely the witchery of the sea?

With it may be compared this
stately measure of this "Chorus from
Hippolytus," by Gilbert Murray:—

"Could I take me to some cavern for
mine hiding,
In the hilltops where the Sun scarce
hath trod;
Or a cloud make the home of mine
abiding,
As a bird among the bird-droves
of God!
Could I wing me to my rest amid the
roar
Of the deep Adriatic on the shore,
Where the water of Eridanus is clear,
And Phaëthon's sad sisters by his
grave
Weep into the river, and each tear
Gleams, a drop of amber, in the
wave!"

To the strand of the Daughters of
the Sunset,
The Apple-tree, the singing and the
gold;
Where the mariner must stay him
from his onset,
And the red wave is tranquil as of
old;
Yea, beyond that Pillar of the End
That Atlas guardeth, would I wend;
Where a voice of living waters never
ceaseth
In God's quiet garden by the sea,
And Earth, the ancient life-giver, in-
creaseth
Joy among the meadows, like a
tree."

These are but a few poems culled
from the collection, but they indicate
in a measure the beauty and high
quality of the selection made under
direction of such authorities in Eng-
lish literature as Edmund Gosse, C.B.,
and E. V. Lucas.

"THE House of the Beautiful
Hope," by Robert Stuart Chris-
tie. Cecil Palmer, Oakley House,
London.

A first novel always brings with
it a breath of fragrant anticipation.
It is a store house of possible treas-
ure. One scans the title page, runs
the eye over foreword or prologue,
and then comes the joy of tasting the
flavour of the first few sentences.
Half a dozen will suffice to reveal
the truth about the author—whether
he is an artist or a dauber—whether

he has surprised the hidden workings
of the human mind, or whether he is
merely a superficial trickster.

There can be no doubt about this first
story from the pen of Robert Stuart
Christie. From the very beginning
the attention is secured and main-
tained until the last word is read.
Moreover, there is a freshness of
treatment that is intriguing. The two
love stories, inextricably mingled as
they are, and pulsating with intense
feeling, do not alone supply the pathos
that amounts almost to tragedy.

Over and above this is the develop-
ment of a soul on the one hand, on
the other is the rapid deterioration of
the one who puts self and self-inter-
est first, until she becomes incapable
of fine feeling, or even of under-
standing anything noble in human
nature.

An artist, sincere, utterly unselfish,
and guided by high ideals alone, is
fascinated by a beautiful face and
gracious manners, and wakes up to
find that the woman behind used them
merely as a mask. In temperament,
aims and ambitions, she is of the
earth, earthy. When her hard, calcu-
lating greed and falsity are revealed
to her husband, something dies in him.
The mainspring of life is broken.
Most mercifully for the saving of his
reason he meets with an accident
which robs him of memory. And
then, amid strange romantic sur-
roundings, he meets a pearl among
girls. She is unspoiled and wholly
sweet—a mystic without knowing it
—a child-woman of rare clarity of
vision. And then Fate, in the form
of his wife, intervenes. Suddenly
memory returns, and the triangle is
straightened out—how, it would not
do to tell.

Such a book is not meant for hur-
ried reading. Its romantic atmosphere
amid modern surroundings is a dis-
tinct departure from the novel of to-
day, and as such it certainly merits
a high place among current fiction.

"ART in Australia." Published by
Art in Australia Limited, Sydney.

This fine quarterly maintains its
high character, both in the matter of
letterpress and illustrations. Among
the latter are excellent colour repro-
ductions, of which "Grace," an oil
painting by George Coates, and a
landscape by Arthur Streeton, are
fine examples. Augustus John's "Por-
trait of a Boy" is another notable
study. Of the articles much might
be said. In the realm of construc-
tive criticism the articles on Art,
Literature, Music, and Architecture,
as treated by Lionel Lindsay, J. F.
Bruce, Howard Ashton, F. Ben-
nicke Hart, Harold Parker, Arthur Jose
and Jack Lindsay take a high place.
No Australasian art lover can afford
to pass them by. Other articles of
much interest include one by Hardy
Wilson, giving the history and des-



cription of a remarkable model of a
horse found in a grave in China, and
supposed to have been executed in
clay during the Han or Wei Dynasty,
about 300 A.D.

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and Tombs Limited.

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is undertaken re voluntary contribu-
tions. Name and full address must
appear on the MS. itself.]

M.S., Patangata, via Otane.—
Many thanks for appreciation. We
hope to fulfil all expectations. Thanks
for offer; at present we are suited,
but will file your letter. Your little
contribution very seasonable. Will be
used shortly.

Miss A.K., Paeroa.—"The Ladder
Down the Cliff" is under considera-
tion. Verse also.

J.F.C., St. Albans, Christchurch.—
"The Difference" is a charming
sketch, but somewhat slight. It has
the making of a rather good little
story.

Miss G. J., Devonport.—Your ar-
ticle is a most excellent beginning in
that particular kind of writing. The
matter—ideas—are interesting, but the
style requires brightness to redeem
it from prosiness. An apt quotation,
provided it is fresh, a terse way of
expressing an idea, above all concen-
tration of meaning into the fewest
possible words, provided they leave
no doubt as to that meaning—these
are some points to be aimed at in
writing prose.

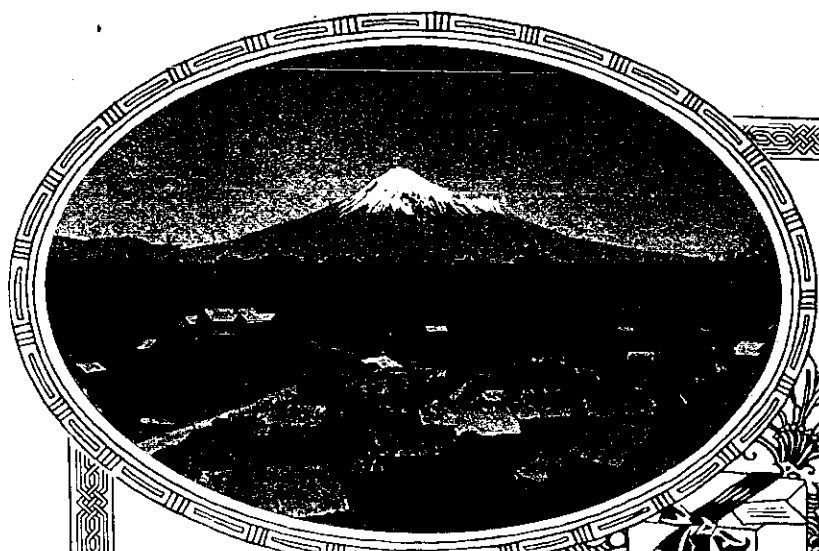
H.S.H., Gisborne.—I like "A Fan-
tail's Song," it is dainty. The hedge-
sparrow is certainly an imported bird.
One is tempted to wish that he were
the sole representative of the spar-
row family. The warbler, "riro-riro,"
as the Maoris call him, is the native
songster.

"KIA-ORA," Te Kuiti.—Many thanks.
Your story is too long drawn out,
without making headway. There is
an art in telling a story—of painting
a word picture in descriptive work
without an abundance of adjectives.
It should be done in a few vivid, well-
chosen words—sometimes by suggest-
ing, rather than by stating with meti-
culous detail, and the use of many
words. This is where terseness tells.
Wordiness not only checks the zeal
and interest of the reader, but it
weakens the picture and the meaning.
Practice in *précis* writing would be
of the utmost help to you.

C.E.R., Mount Albert.—"The Un-
sympathetic Visitor" has many good
points. The idea is quite good, but
requires vitality in its treatment. A
long drawn out narrative in the past
tense can become rather dreary. Vera's
long, long thoughts before the arrival
of her visitor—though they may be true
to life—would quench the reader's in-
terest half way through the story.
Have you studied the construction of
a really good short story? You will
note that the interest is caught and
held almost from the first sentence.

MARION T., Wellington.—Your
verselets show promise; but require
a good deal of revising. "Crash"
does not rhyme with "dash," nor
"soon" with "croon." The grammar
is faulty in line three of the fifth
verse. You cannot be too severe in
criticising your own work. A good
plan is to lay it aside for some weeks
and then to re-read it with a critical
eye.

The Editress will be pleased to re-
ceive for publication a type-written
copy of their favourite verse or short
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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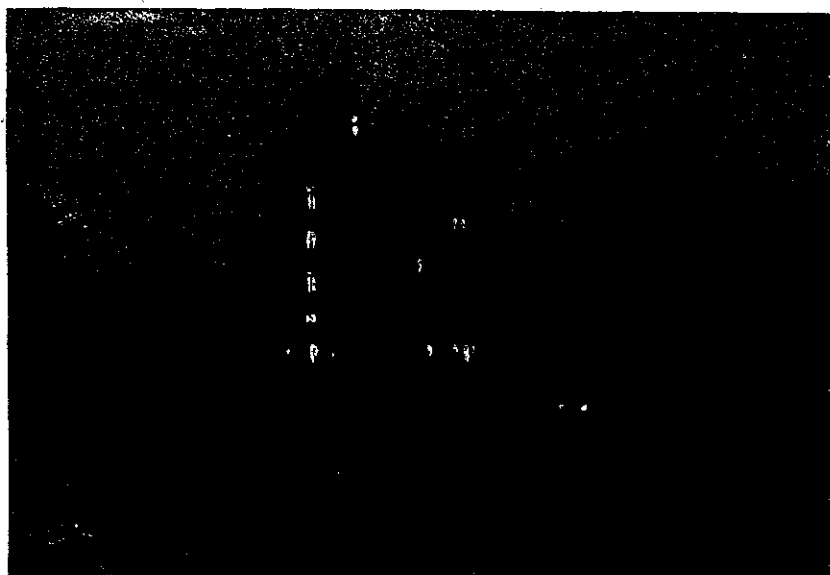


THE GRAPHIC ARTS: Drypoints and Aquatints

by T. V. GULLIVER

BETWEEN drypoints and aquatints I have no hesitation in making a choice, but with drypoint and etching, who knows which to put first? Collectors would, no doubt, name drypoint, but they would be influenced by the comparative rarity of their choice,—a rarity, be it said, not so much of work in the medium, as of prints of individual plates. Artists, I think, would say that drypoint is the more difficult of the two processes to carry to a successful issue, but that the really greater work has been done in pure etching. For drypoint is not etching, although for convenience it is treated as if it were—it is engraving of a kind which is as different from the hard, wiry, cross-hatched work ordinarily so-called, as chalk is from cheese. It is an old process which probably antedates etching. It was employed by Dürer at the beginning of the sixteenth century, by Rembrandt later, and almost certainly by some of the etchers who followed him; but I can bring to mind no pure drypoints since Rembrandt, until the time of Geddes and Wilkie, at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

With these men, the medium came into its own again, and since the glorious period of Whistler, Legros and Seymour Haden, has become so popular with artists, that at the present time I believe there is as much of it being done as etching; and being very well done, too. The last twenty



"Courtville."

Pure aquatint (dust ground), by Jas. Fitzgerald.

the burr, and this edge, catching and holding ink during printing, gives that softened or blurred appearance to the line, which is the glory of drypoint and at once proclaims the medium to one who knows. When a number of lines are drawn closely together and the burr is left, we get that velvety

bloom referred to above. If all the burr were left, a print from the plate would most likely have a smudged, unpleasant look, however well drawn, so the artist removes it, when necessary, with a scraper. The plate can be worked on continually—burr scraped away or put back again—false lines removed by burr-nishing, and so on—but will not stand many impressions, for both the wiping of the ink and the pressure of the press flatten out the burr, and in a short time practically remove it. This means that good proofs

from a drypoint plate are very limited in edition, and explains the reference, at the beginning of this article, to their comparative rarity.

The first aquatints were made towards the end of the eighteenth century, and as the process lent itself so perfectly to the imitation and production of wash drawings, it speedily made its presence felt in a world which knew no ready method of reproducing tone. There was the mezzotint, it is true, but at the best this would yield but few impressions, and for the rest there were steel or

copper engraving and wood cutting—line processes in which tone was suggested only.

THE direct result of the introduction of aquatint into England, at any rate, was the flooding of the country with large volumes of Views, Antiquities, Ruins, and so on, with their select contents of ivy-clad towers, rustic bridges, ruined abbeys or photographic views of mostly uninteresting towns. Sporting prints, too, were in great demand, and that the whole makes a dreary and not very artistic showing is hardly to be wondered at, since water-colour itself had hardly passed the phase of the tinted pencil or pen and ink outline.

The method employed by the old aquatinters followed closely on their water-colour practice: the design was first etched with the needle, and then bitten in flat conventional tones in such a manner that pictorial and atmospheric effect were subordinated to a true rendering of the architectural or topographical features of the subject. This was the accepted mannerism of a time which was not concerned with the emotional and ethical standards now applied to art, and among the early work, that which is most to be admired owes its charm to the combination of what is often superb draughtsmanship with an



"Evening Shadows."

Etching and sand-paper ground, by D. J. Payne.

years have seen a real renaissance of drypoint, and everyone who knows the magnificent work of Muirhead Bone, D. Y. Cameron, E. Blampied, Lee Hankey or Claude Shepperson—to name but a few—will agree, I think, that never before has the medium had such brilliant exponents.

The charm of drypoint lies in the character of the line combined with a marvellous depth and quality in the blacks. All the reproductive processes give blacks of delightful quality—each peculiar to a medium; but I think that drypoint gives the finest—it has the bloom that one associates with velvet pile, and for precisely the same reason—because it is due to shadow cast from raised surfaces.

The engraving is made on bare polished copper with a steel tool sharpened to a cutting point, and held just as one would hold a pencil. Drawing is done directly upon the plate, and variations in width and depth of line are obtained by altering the pressure and angle at which the tool is held. Resistance to cutting naturally limits the freedom with which a drypoint can be made, for the pressure required to obtain a deep line is very great, and the tool then has a decided tendency towards a straight line mode of progression which is disconcerting, and hard to get away from. It is this "grip" between plate and tool which gives character to each line.

The point, in cutting the copper, leaves a raised feather-edge of displaced metal, called



Portrait.

Drypoint, by A. F. Goodwin.



"The Day of Rest."

Drypoint, by Trevor Lloyd.

engaging simplicity of tone. The real strength of the old workers, however, lies in their technical superiority—the brilliance of tone due to the purity of the early grounds is amazing, and, unfortunately, the secret of some has been lost altogether.

AFTER its first great flush of popularity, aquatint was allowed to fall into disuse, until in recent years it has been revived; this time as a medium of original artistic expression. In the hands of an artist of feeling, the process gives wonderfully subtle gradations of tone; it is sometimes used in conjunction with etching, but the modern tendency is towards using the process for its own sake, and I think that for rendering atmospheric indefiniteness, it occupies a place which is challenged by mezzotint only.

The grounds used for aquatint are of a porous nature, and, if examined under a glass, are seen to be composed of exceedingly minute islands of acid-resisting substance, between which is the shiny surface of the copper plate. The two grounds used most often are the "dust ground" and the "spirit ground." In the first a quantity of asphaltum or resin dust is put into a box and agitated by a revolving paddle, or some such device; after time has been given the coarser particles to settle, a polished copper plate is introduced, and is quickly covered with the very fine dust still in suspension. The plate on removal is warmed

gently until the dust has partially melted, and so become fixed. The spirit process uses resin dissolved in spirits of wine, and the solution is poured upon the plate; the spirit is then evaporated, leaving the resin behind in minute granulated particles.

BOTH methods are difficult to use, and must be carried out in a very clean atmosphere, as the presence of dust ruins the ground. Another method which, although sure, gives a coarse granulation, is to coat a plate with ordinary etching ground and to lay over it a sheet of fine sand-paper, which is then pressed into the ground. If the paper is shifted a number of times the prepared surface will be suitable for further work.

A plate with its ground untouched, immersed in acid, would bite evenly all over, and if inked and printed would give a clean flat tint. To get drawing and gradation, an acid-proof paint is put on with brushes of varying size, and the design is built up in a series of bitings—light tones have a very short bite, and darks a much longer one. The bitten plate, when cleaned, looks somewhat like a brush drawing on frosted glass, except that the colour is different, and is inked and printed on a press in the same way that etchings are.



Miss Cecil Hall acted as judge recently in stage dancing competitions at Palmerston North, Wanganui and Wellington. She is a native of Invercargill, and went to England and the Continent at an early age, spending most of her time in Paris, also travelling over the greater part of Europe, Canada and the States. After several years abroad she returned to New Zealand for a short time, and since then has visited Europe again. Miss Hall belongs to the Sea to Sea Club, of which no one can be a member without having travelled at least 3000 miles from England.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS

FLOWER GIRDLES

A garland of flowers to encircle your new spring frock or hat, made of suede petals in lovely combinations of colour and design, and repeated on your shopping bag, are to be found by visiting or writing to Miss Norrish, Crown Buildings, Auckland.

NEW MILLINERY

It is whispered that since Miss Dixon's return to retail trade, her display of models at Victoria Street is more fascinating than ever. One finds it difficult to decide when it comes to a choice between many tiny gleaming shells, cunningly used as the very newest of trimmings, and lovely clusters of fruit and flowers.

CRETONNE SUNSHADES

There is a fascination about a floral sunshade, tilted behind a youthful face, quite apart from its use (which is indisputable); and Mr. J. R. Rendell has selected and sent from overseas many pretty designs for beach and garden use, will appeal to the woman who loves the sun.

DAINTY LACES

Nothing is lovelier for your new lingerie, or baby's frocks and pettits, than the daintiest of laces in fine hand-made torchon, and Miss Amie More, of Remuera, specialises in, and is noted for, these exquisite trimmings, in every variety of design.

THEATRE FANS

Yes! It's a pity to miss such a good thing, but the warm evenings make one think twice about attending even the best of plays during the summer-time—unless—brilliant second thought—one secures one of those dainty featherweight La Brise fans that Rendells are offering just now.

CHILDREN'S SHOES

I'm just taking Bobby in to buy him new shoes. What brand do I get? Why I never think of letting him wear any but "Kit-kat"—I wouldn't feel happy that his little feet were properly supported—I do believe that comfort in footwear is absolutely essential to health, and you get both comfort and style in "Kit-kat" shoes and boots.

HAIR TOILETTES

Oh, Molly! how perfectly lovely your hair is looking! It's just like gold in the sunshine—what have you been doing to it?

It's not a secret, Dot: I've simply had it treated by Miss Borgolte, City Chambers, Auckland. She seemed to know exactly what to do to bring back all the life and colour it lost after my illness. I just wouldn't think of going anywhere else now.

FEATHER WRAPS

How do you like my new feather wrap? Yes, a present from Dick for my birthday; he bought it at Mrs. Crombie's, City Chambers, Auckland. You know she gets the feathers from the ostrich farm, dyes and curls them herself, and isn't the result perfect? She would make that lovely feather you had last year look just like new.

NOVELTY WOOD BELTS

Even the forest trees contribute to Dame Fashion, and offer their sweet scented chips to the decorator, to be dressed and shaped, and strung in many ways of fancy, with one object in view—that of encircling your new summer frock.—From Rendells Ltd.

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You may have cups to match every flower of spring if you will pay a visit to Rimmer's, Queen Street, Auckland, and see their Hammersley china. Exquisitely tinted single cups, and sets in delicate green, yellow, lilac, pink and many other shades, daintily fluted and bordered by dull burnished gold.

TENNIS

There is nothing more exhilarating than a fast game of tennis in the freshness of the early morning or the cool of an Auckland evening—and you enjoy it to the very top when you are using one of Wiseman's famous English racquets—there are none to equal them.

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THE soft, clear, balmy days of July and early August bring thoughts of spring and summer, of garden plans for both; of the quick, rich growths of the former and the fuller toned delights of the latter. In this connection come memories of the pergola whose musical sounding name conjures up visions of Spain, Italy and the East; visions by day of heavily scented air, masses of foliage and colour of flowers spattering through their spaces drops of golden sunlight on an otherwise shady walk; visions by night of the mysteriousness of half lights, or the enchantment of a moonbeam-spangled way, turning material things into a world of delightful and refreshing unreality.

From the earliest days of civilisation the pergola seems to have been utilised and appreciated in its many forms as a support for climbing plants. What else were the "hanging gardens of Babylon" and the rose-covered "alleys" of mediæval times? What else mean the myriad pergolas of to-day in Egypt, Syria, Mesopotamia, India, where the tradition of a few thousand years ago is as to-day? The pergola touches the highest note of garden design, and it has for ages been loved on the one hand for all it gives of beauty and restfulness, and on the other for what it suggests of fancy and romance.

As in olden days, the pergola is not the prerogative of the wealthy only, all classes may possess and enjoy it; the climbing plant does not grow any the healthier for costly columns and elaborately wrought beams, the tendrils of the grape cling no less tightly on a rustic framework made of homegrown timbers with bark intact, or on any other easily conceived but strong spacing of members that lend themselves readily to the loving embrace of Nature's "nomadic offspring." This—its ease of construction together with its great adaptability—insures for all time a place for the pergola as one of the chief elements in garden design. It may be employed in large scale on extensive country grounds, in the fifty feet suburban section, or on roof or terrace of the city flat, producing its playful light and shade, its pleasing exaggeration of vista, its unconscious link between the structure of the dwelling and the freedom of natural foliage.

A pergola, perchance, may be erected for its own intrinsic beauty, but this connection between garden and dwelling is its primary function. Its very form compels this; the very rhythm of its ordered parts and its "line" makes it a true offspring of the architecture of the house, while the conquering climber allies it unmistakably to the garden.

In gardens large or small the possibilities of the pergola are infinite.

THE PERGOLA

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

As a one-bay or panel formation it may mark the crossing of paths; in two or three bays it may fulfil the purposes of a loggia attached to the house, or at the end of a lawn, reflecting its beauties in the quiet waters of a pond. Its chief charm consisting in its continuity, it may unfold its length as a boundary feature; it may screen and shelter a way from the house or one part of the garden to another, its "sheltered recesses giving privacy in positions which would

otherwise lie too open or form too flat a picture"; it may very pleasantly, as at the edge of a terrace, divide two varying levels of ground; in gentle steps it may climb easy contours; or it may lean against the house wall, giving coolness during the summer heat, and, sparse of leaves, ready access for light in winter.

The structure of the pergola suggests the formal, the plant which enshrouds it the informal, so that it is equally happy with either, or with

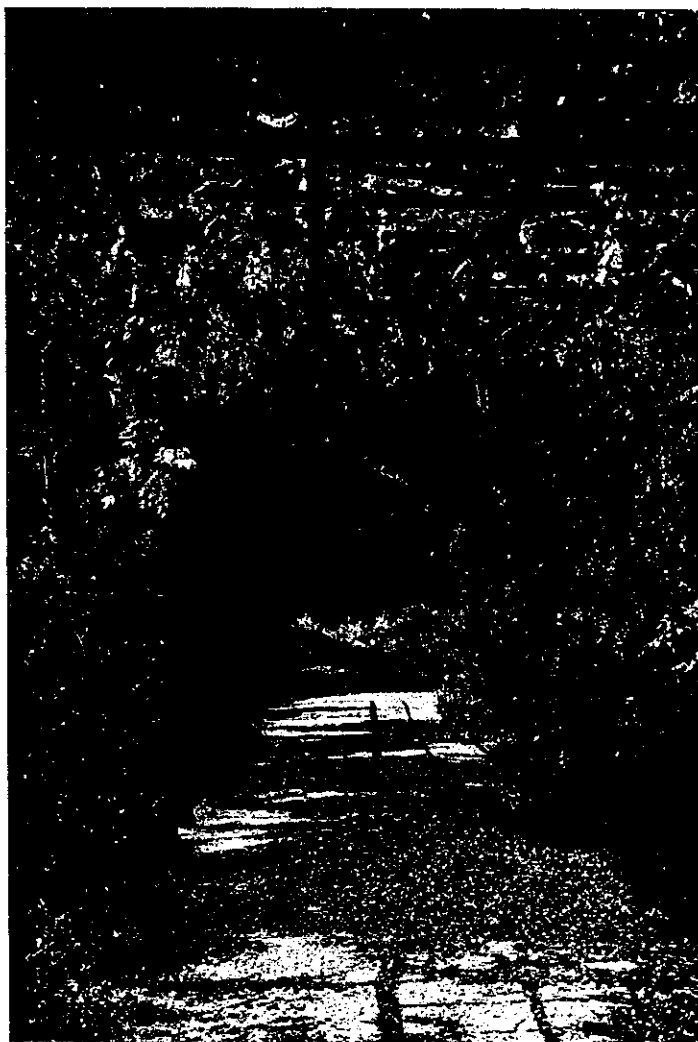
the composite type of garden design.

Notwithstanding its great adaptability, its element of structure dictates that it should pick up the salient points in the design of the house and the garden, and that it should have a definite point of departure and determination. Thus, if it can be placed parallel to, or at right angles to, one of the main walls of the house, it will be found that a sympathetic relationship has been established between house and garden, and a sense of repose obtained which is of the greatest possible value in subduing even the most extravagant and restless garden shapes.

THE quality of a pergola is obtained by the simple and orderly repetition of its parts. As has been pointed out, these parts may be constructed very economically and lightly, but a sense of fitness in things suggests that such light constructions should be those furthest from the house, and that all such work near the house should be heavier, more carefully studied, and more architectural.

The construction of a pergola is surely *par excellence*, the chief of the owner-gardener's delights. It yields for thought and labour such a large return. There is, firstly, the selection of materials. Those for the horizontal members to support the climber are always of wood, but the standards or vertical supports may be either of wood, brick or stone. With wood construction there is the choice between sawn timbers and the so-called "rustic" method, using timbers with bark intact. In both, timbers should be selected of tried strength and durability under all weather conditions, but in the latter, particular care should be taken to obtain timbers with a large percentage of heart.

It is natural to select as straight timbers as possible for the uprights, and for the sake of strength and appearance to place horizontal members so that any natural camber makes a curve upwards, rather than a "sag" downwards. The tree in this country is an admirable timber to use unsawn for pergola work. Select the various parts as a shipbuilder would the framework for his boat, letting knots and braces be natural parts of the



The wistaria covered pergola leading to the rock garden at Bignor Park, Pulborough, Sussex.
(Reproduced from "Country Life").



The Duke of Portland's pergola at Welbeck, England.
(Reproduced from "Country Life").



In the happiest pergolas the construction is always servant to the plant it carries.

tree performing their function in as easy and natural a manner as possible. Where the span of the pergola requires it, or where for appearance they are desired, brick and stone piers may be used for the vertical supports.

It is inadvisable to build the former with the superior brick and fine

STONE piers in their various forms give even more scope for the imagination, but their cost increases from the happy looking rubble work with joints well raked out, to the carefully wrought classic forms that are the accompaniment of a similar costliness in the house itself. Costliness is not an essential in good per-



The pergola on the raised terrace, the residence of Lord Leverholme, at Hampstead Heath.

(Reproduced from "Country Life").

joint often required in house construction, for in pergola work the somewhat irregular common brick, if of good colour and wide joints, raked out slightly, serves the purpose equally well, and looks better. Courses of tiles interposed at irregular heights in such brick piers give added interest.

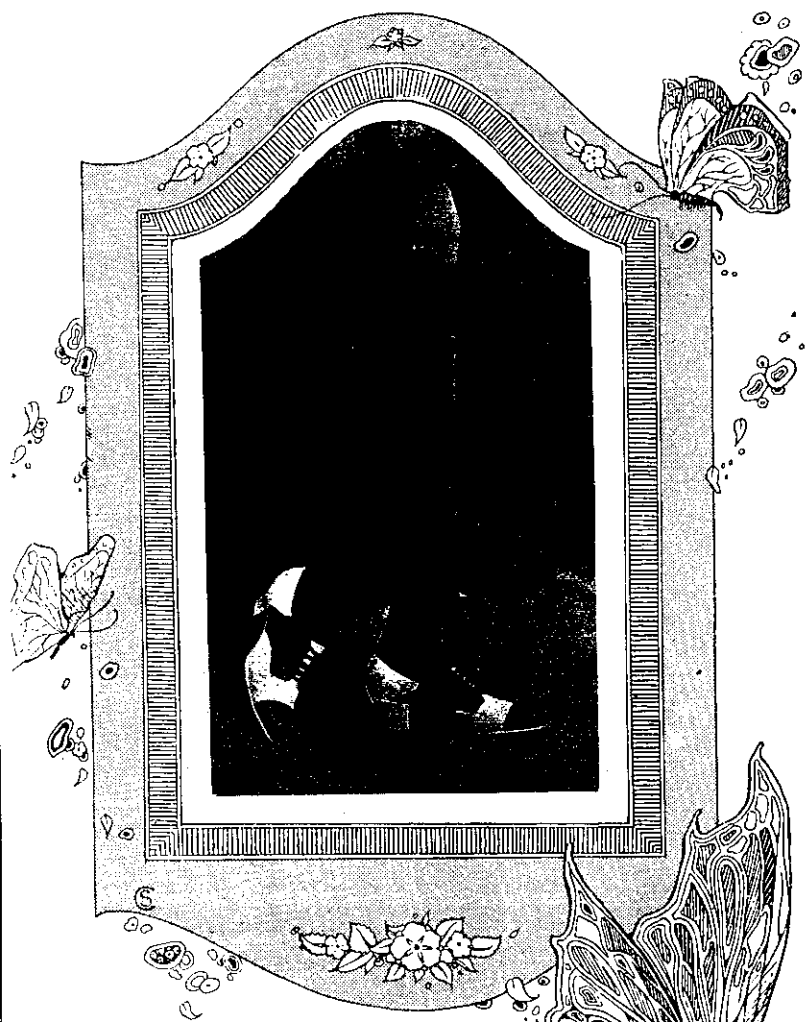
gola design, a well-constructed, rhythmic sequence of parts is what is necessary, and in all, harmony in situation and status with the dwelling house. A successful domestic pergola never looks "staged," its parts are always the servant of the wistaria, rose or other plant that it carries.



View from the Studio of Mr. Charles A. Platt, architect, New Hampshire, U.S.A.

(Reproduced from "The Architectural Review").

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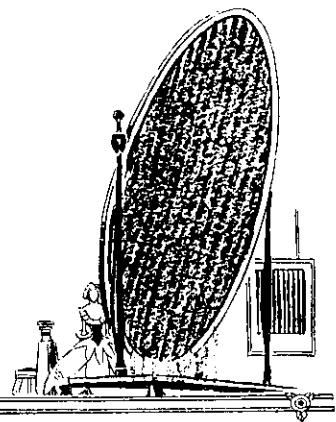
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For the Nervy Woman.—How to Recuperate

NO woman wishes to be cold and phlegmatic, for the possessor of such a temperament loses much of the pleasure of life. But it cannot be denied that in one way at least she gains considerably—she invariably manages to preserve a smooth, unwrinkled skin and a youthful appearance long after her more nervy sister has bidden farewell to all semblance of youth, for "nerves" are the greatest destroyer of both youth and beauty.

To Preserve Beauty

The nervy, highly strung woman who wishes to preserve her beauty must remember that rest is most essential to her, and besides the hours devoted to sleep every night she should take, if possible, a full hour's rest during the afternoon. When this is not practicable—and for the very busy woman it often is not—she should make a rule of resting for five minutes two or three times a day. She should close her eyes, relax all muscles, and endeavour to make her mind a blank for this short time, and she will be astonished to find what a restful effect it will have on her, both physically and mentally.

Really restful sleep is of paramount importance to the nervy woman, and a warm bath at bedtime will be soothing to the nerves and be of great help in inducing sound sleep.

A glass of warm milk should be slowly sipped the last thing at night, for this not only induces sleep, but will be beneficial in another way. The woman who suffers with her nerves is usually a trifle too thin, and the milk taken regularly every night will help her to put on the little extra weight she needs.

What She should Eat

Oils and fats are excellent for the nerves, and should form a considerable part of the nervy woman's diet. Eggs, sour milk, and cream cheese are also good. Tea should not be taken more than once a day, and should be made with boiling milk instead of water, allowed to stand for three minutes, and then poured out. Cocoa is perhaps the most desirable drink for anyone who suffers with nerves, for it contains gluten, much fat, a certain amount of starch, and is a food as well as a drink.

Attractive Eyes.—How to Retain them

A PUFFY condition of the eyes, whether it be merely a slight puffiness of the lids or bagginess of the skin beneath the eyes, adds years to a woman's appearance, and completely spoils the attractiveness of her eyes, however large and bright they may be.

The cause of this puffiness is either

eye-strain, insufficient rest, or possibly excess of uric acid in the blood, and before any local treatment is attempted, the cause must be discovered and removed—or at least reduced.

For outward application an astringent lotion applied to the skin beneath the eyes every night will be of great assistance, and a simple, harmless one may be made at home by dissolving two drachms of powdered tannin in one ounce of eau de Cologne, together with an ounce of pure glycerine. This should be painted on the skin beneath the eyes with a fine camel's hair brush, and allowed to dry in. In the morning the skin round the eyes should be sponged with very cold water, which will improve the relaxed skin and assist in bracing up the muscles near the eyes.

A course of mildly aperient salts taken regularly every morning, and a lithia tablet dissolved in a little water and taken about fifteen minutes before dinner, will be most beneficial. The amount of sugar taken should be reduced to the minimum, and very acid fruits avoided. Oranges, however, may be taken with advantage.

Careful Dieting

The right kind of diet is of extreme importance, and red meat should be avoided as much as possible, also alcohol in any form, and the majority of fizzy drinks.

Scented Baths

A MOST refreshing tonic for tired nerves is a warm bath, to which eau de Cologne has been added.

A scented bath, whether made with ordinary bath salts or perfume, is both soothing and exhilarating after a long day's exercise, or after prolonged mental strain.

Care of the Complexion

Bath salts and scent should not be added to the water that is to be used for washing the face, as they are apt to have a drying effect on a delicate skin. It would be better to use pure salt water, which should be dabbed freely over the face with a little lint or cotton wool, the face afterwards being washed with pure distilled water and the best unscented palm olive oil soap, which must be thoroughly rinsed off with a fine sponge. Tepid water should be used.

Keeping Fit

Middle age is a bogey of the past, few modern women will admit to there being such a disaster. She strives in every way, mental and physical, to cheat old age, and to put off the time when sitting with her back to the light is a necessity. A doctor's advice to a patient who told him of her fear and dread of middle age was this: "Take exercise, play games."

There is nothing like a good game of tennis or golf to bring back the tingle of youth into your veins.



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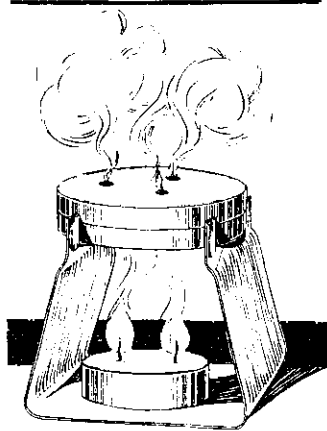
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WOMAN'S ADORNMENT

Exquisite Wrist Watches

WRIST watches grow more elaborate, and, incidentally, more costly, every season. Some of the newest are very tiny, jewel-like trifles, the wee pastel-tinted, or black faces painted with an exquisite design of cupids in delicate white and set in seed pearls or diamonds. The bracelet to which they are attached is often of strings of seed pearls, held together with narrow diamond bars, or of diamonds and black onyx, a most effective combination to show off a slim, dainty wrist.

The round watch face is very ordinary in these days, many smart women preferring the more unusual oblong, oval and often hexagonal shapes.

There is a smartness and good taste about a black ribbon wristlet, with bejewelled watch and clasp attached, which is not even exceeded by a bracelet jewelled to match, while for sporting or business wear it is much more suitable, besides being infinitely safer than a possibly defective clasp.

SOME girls are adopting the pretty and novel fashion of changing their ribbon watch wristlets to match their toilettes. One girl was recently seen wearing corded white ribbon with a narrow edging of gold, securing her little gold watch, to accord with her white organdi frock. On another occasion the ribbon was a jade green one, and yet again it was yellow.

Some very beautiful watches are fashioned like lockets, the faces being concealed beneath little covers of small diamonds with the owner's initials in a favourite stone. A narrow circle of the same precious stones is then used for the bracelet in place of ribbon. For evening wear this is

the only permissible kind of wrist watch, for it entirely loses its identity and becomes just an ornament until a tiny spring is touched, releasing the jewelled cap.

Care of Jewellery

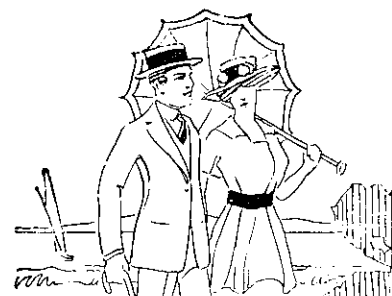
RINGS set with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, or emeralds should always be removed before the hands are washed. When the stones appear dull and lifeless, and the setting ingrained with dirt, they should, however, be dipped in warm soapsuds made with yellow soap, twelve or fifteen drops of sal volatile being added when the lather has been made. This will restore all the lost brilliancy to the gems.

Gold jewellery can be wonderfully brightened by being washed in ammonia and water.

SHOULD the interstices of a brooch or links of a chain become clogged with dust, the articles should be first immersed in a cupful of warm water and rubbed gently with a brush that has been dipped in soapsuds. They should be placed in a little warm water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added, and, after some moments, removed and dried with a soft cloth. They can be polished by means of a chamois leather.

To Clean Jet

Jet chains and brooches can be cleaned by being immersed in a cup containing equal parts of vinegar and water. The ornaments should be steeped for a quarter of an hour, then removed and placed on a clean sheet of paper. It will be found that they have regained their original lustre.



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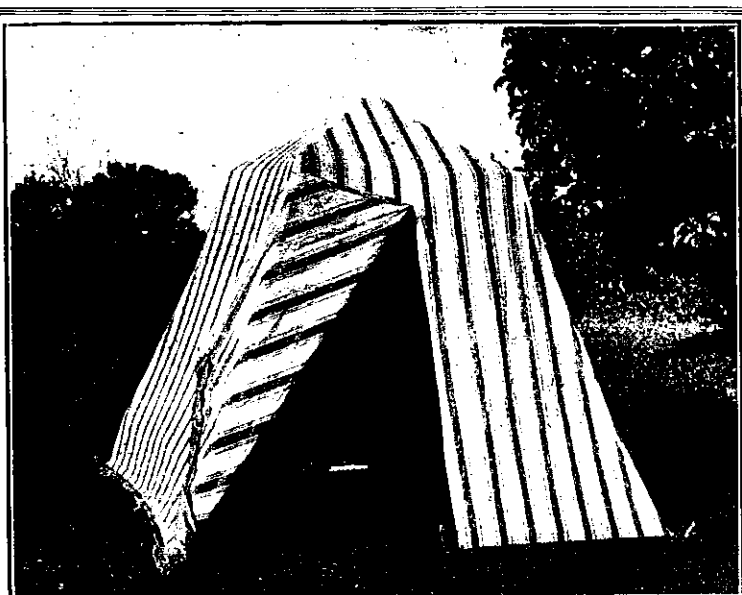
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GOLF DOINGS

by Putting Green

WITH the date of the New Zealand Ladies' Golf Championship drawing so near, one watches with interest the performances of the leading players in the various provincial championships.

Mrs. Guy Williams, the present holder of the Championship, is in great form, and there are many who will back her to retain her proud position.

The meeting is to be held at the Belmont Links, Wanganui, under the auspices of the Wanganui Ladies' Golf Club. The programme consists of the usual events, championship and handicaps, bogey and medal matches, which include the Mellsop Cup (three gross scores), Coronation Medal, Donnelly Cup, Rattray Cup, L.G.U. Bowl and the Club Teams' Match.

The inter-island match is to be played this year the day before the meeting opens. The teams consist of six players chosen on handicap, and the match is decided on match play, without handicap. The North Island team should be very strong, and will probably include Mrs. Williams,

down on bogey. The links were in splendid order, and after a good afternoon's golf, high tea was served in the clubhouse, and the evening spent in dancing and music.

The Takapuna Club's monthly medal was won by Mrs. Matthews.

IT was unfortunate that the weather was so bad for the first day's championship play. In consequence of the heavy state of the course, the scores in the qualifying round were very high, and the following players qualified:—Mrs. Williams, 86; M. McCormick, 86; M. Payton, 96; T. Bayley, 96; E. Upton, 98; Mrs. Halligan, 98; E. Wilson, 98; Mrs. Gardner, 100; Miss Culling, 101; Mrs. Blyth, 101; Mrs. Bray, 101; Mrs. Murphy, 102; M. Macfarlane, 102; Mrs. Hay, 103; Mrs. Dargaville, 103; Mrs. Hodges, 104.

As was expected, Mrs. Williams and Miss M. Payton eventually fought out the final, which was won by Mrs. Williams, 4 up and 2 to play.

The golf was of a very high standard, and although the Auckland

GET OUT YOUR TENNIS RACQUETS

THE lawn tennis season will soon be in full swing, and now is the time to get out your racquets for inspection in order that they may be ready for use.

Your tennis racquet should have been put away in a dry place, in both press and head-cover through the winter, with the gut well oiled. It must be carefully examined now for signs of warping of the frame, and the gut tested. If there is a suspicion of weakness, send the racquet to be restrung before you attempt to play with it.

On its return, with the new gut, look well at the frame again, for should it have been imperceptibly out of shape before, there is a tendency for this to increase when subjected to the strain of restringing.

It is advisable always to keep the racquet in the press when not in use, and to slip on the cover. The press keeps the frame from warping, but it is equally important to protect the gut from the atmosphere. Care in this matter will save many a string from being broken.

On no account leave your racquet lying on the grass. The moisture it inevitably picks up affects both the frame and the gut, and soon does irreparable damage. Neither is it good for your racquet to use it in the rain, but should it get wet by some mischance, wipe it dry as soon as possible, put it into the press, and in a dry, but not too warm, place. Never put a racquet near the fire.

When all signs of dampness have disappeared, rub a few drops of oil in thoroughly with a small hard brush. Replace in the press until the oil has dried, and then apply a little gut preservative, which is easily obtained from any store supplying sports and games.

It is wise, when purchasing a new racquet for the season, to choose one made of the best materials, since it is less likely to show defects after a little use, and will better stand the strain of restringing when necessary.

Women players usually prefer a 13oz. or a 13½oz tennis racquet, but lighter ones, with all-cane handles, are obtainable.

If you have very small hands, select a handle slender enough to afford a firm hold. A broad indiarubber band round the handle is to be recommended for beginners, especially, as it gives a better grip.

Good Form on the Tennis Court

WHEN one is an indifferent player it is best to explain this quite frankly before the sets are arranged, so that this may be done with due attention to relative "form." It is then quite unnecessary to exclaim, make excuses, and reiterate the fact of your inexperience every time you make a fault.

Play as well as you can, backing up your partner, and take all instructions and kindly meant advice with a good grace.

Self-control on the tennis court is most important, as well as sometimes rather difficult, and to show annoyance at a partner's mistakes or to betray chagrin at the prospect of being beaten is exceedingly bad form.



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ABOVE we picture one of the latest Zealandia Shoe models—a neat and shapely walking shoe in black glaze kid. This is an excellent specimen of fine footwear—it is a shoe which Milady will wear with thorough satisfaction as to style, comfort, and wearing qualities. The "Princess Quality" Trade Mark, as reproduced below, is stamped on the sole. This attractive footwear can be seen at leading shoe stores.

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Mrs. Guy Williams, Miss Jessie Reid and Mrs. D. Hay.

Misses Gambrill, Payton, Robieson, Mrs. Slack and Mrs. Murphy. The Southerners will be led by Miss Wright, and with the help of such players as Mesdames Orbell, Cooke, McCarthy and others, can be relied upon to give a good account of themselves.

A match of great interest has been arranged at Palmerston North—"Men versus Ladies." Each team is to consist of eight players, and the ladies are to play from their own tees, and receive half a stroke.

As the ladies' team is probably the strongest possible, they certainly have a good chance of victory. The match following on so closely to the finish of the Men's New Zealand Championship, will no doubt draw many spectators of both sexes.

It is a pity that there is no chance of a practice round for the ladies beforehand, as in most cases the links will be strange to them.

THE Manawatu Ladies' Championship Meeting will be played at Palmerston North.

Closely following this is the Wellington Provincial Championship, to be played at Heretaunga on October 4th, 5th and 6th.

During last month the weather has held fairly good in Auckland, and most of the links are in excellent order.

At One Tree Hill the senior championship of the Maungakiekie Ladies' Golf Club was won by Miss Bayley, who defeated Miss Wilson 2 up and 1 to play, after a close game.

The junior championship was won by Miss Coutts from Mrs. Finlay, also 2 up and 1 to play.

The L.G.U. Medal (senior) was won by Mrs. Deighton, 98—17=81; junior by Mrs. Taylor, 113—35=78.

At Titirangi, mixed foursomes were played, and were won by Miss White and H. A. Fairbairn, who finished 2

player failed with her brassy three times, beyond that few mistakes were made by either.

Mrs. Williams was 3 up at the turn, having played perfect golf, but on the next seven holes only gained one more, making the game 4 up and 2 in her favour.

The first medal handicap (senior) was won by Miss M. McCormick, 86—9=77; (junior) by Mrs. Abbott, 115—35=80.

In the bogey match the winners were (senior) Miss Culling, 1 down; (junior) Mrs. Findlay, 7 down.

The second medal handicap was won by Mrs. Macdonald, 98—20=78 (senior); Miss M. Harvey (junior), 105—30=75.

AT Balmacewan (Dunedin) the ladies played a team of men, who conceded the ladies half a stroke a hole, and won by 9 games to two. Mrs. C. W. Rattray provided very enjoyable tea for the players.

A party of ladies from Balmacewan Club travelled to Oamaru to play the North Otago Club, and won, 6—5.

IN golf matters there has been great activity amongst the players at Shirley Links, Christchurch. The final of the Ladies' Championship was played between Miss Rita Cra-croft-Wilson and Miss Maberley Beadel, the former winning at the 19th green.

A team of Ashburton ladies played an interclub match against five members of the Ladies' Golf Club (Christchurch), for the Boyle Challenge Cup, which is at present held by the Christchurch ladies. By winning three games to their opponents' two, they succeeded in retaining the much-coveted cup.

The mixed foursome annual match for the G. E. Rhodes rose bowl was also played, the winners being Mrs. Green and Mr. Bonnington.



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THE CAREER of STELLA FRANE

(Continued from page 8).

No one else counts at all, except Lester."

Tarne gave an impatient cry.

"THEN do you love him enough to save him from the dishonour of the felon's dock?" he asked sharply.

"What do you mean?" she flashed at him, and he answered soothingly: "Come, Stella, let us look at this thing squarely. I love you—I adore you—no, don't speak—I am mad about you, lovely little thing of fire and dew and celestial voice that you are. Forget Lester Frane. He is no mate for you. Come away with me, Stella, my own. Think of it; you and I in some far land of sunshine and song, working out your career together. Save your husband from the consequences of his mad act. He might have ten thousand times what he had robbed me of, and I would count it cheap if it only won you for my own. Don't spoil your career for him—the wife of a convicted thief—"

His eyes were flashing, his nostrils dilating, his whole figure trembling now with the vehemence of his passion as he took a step towards her with outstretched arms.

The girl had stood silent with amazement and horror at his passionate outpouring, but now, evading the clasp of his outflung arms, she cried hotly: "How dare you speak so to me? If Lester Frane were a criminal doubly-dyed, he is my husband and the man I love. You must be mad—mad—to dream I could ever care for you—"

STRUCK by the look in his narrowed dark eyes, she faltered into silence and retreated to the window, breathing quickly.

"If—if you touch me," she cried with shaking breath, "I'll throw myself from this window—I swear it—"

At that he sprang forward and snatched her into his arms, drawing her away from the window; but she was young and strong, and wrenched herself away, panting, trembling, while he gave a little shaky laugh.

"No use to look at the door, Stella, it is locked and the key in my pocket," he sneered, and again advanced and laid his hand upon her wrist. With all her strength she struck at him, and saw his dark face, grey-white with passion, turn suddenly to a leaden blueness, while his lips drew back from his teeth in an agonised grin, and his hand groped feebly at his breast.

Stella heard the sharp intake of his breath, half gasp, half moan, and anger was swallowed up in womanly compassion.

"You are ill," she cried. "What can I do for you?"

"Vest-pocket—" he gasped, and slipping her hand into his pocket. Stella drew out a little silver-stoppered phial. He shook out a pellet or two and crushed them over his mouth and nose, and then sank into a chair, his head bowed on his breast.

"Must—be—careful—" he muttered, and Stella saw with infinite relief that he appeared to be recovering.

Trembling with excitement, she moved inch by inch to the door; for in that vest pocket also she had found his latch-key, and slipping it into the lock she opened the door silently, and slipped out.

When he raised his head she was gone.

It was only as she was going down the stairs that she remembered that her scarf had been in an inner pocket also.

IT was with a feeling of utter desolation that Lester Frane turned away from his wife's door and went into the night, a guilty fugitive. He was to slink away in obscure dens and avoid the sight of men, he, who had held his head high, and looked all

men in the face in the pride of his honourable manhood.

Far better, he thought, if he had followed his first impulse, called in the doctor and the police after sending Stella away, and given himself up, inventing some plausible tale to account for the quarrel between himself and Tarne.

At all costs he would have kept his wife's name out of the business; she need not have feared. He gave a little mirthless smile of contempt as he thought of her imploring eyes, the agony in their grey-blue depths, the feverish clutch of her trembling hands, as she begged him to fly to save her honour, regardless of his own. Well, so it must be. For the present he must hide, and future events must determine his course of conduct.

He could not leave the country, as Stella had urged him to do, for two very good reasons. First, he had no money. Stella, in her hurry and excitement, had forgotten his need of that, and he knew he would never have accepted her money if she had offered it. Secondly, he would not go while there was any possible fear that suspicion of having any connection with the murder of Godfrey Tarne might fall upon his wife.

Others beside himself had probably seen Stella drive away with Tarne that fatal night; others knew the friendly intimacy which had existed between the two. Suppose if he were far away and Stella were in trouble alone, defenceless, at bay. No, there must be no chance of that. He felt that in her hour of need he would break out of earth's deepest dungeon, fight his way across a world of hostile foes to stand by her side, and take her trouble upon his own broad shoulders.

His beautiful girl! How he loved her! How he had suffered in his inarticulate devotion, in the love that was stark and rugged and so closely woven with his being that it had none of the graces of act and expression that a woman like Stella looked for and expected.

Yet she had loved him once. Even now he dared to hope that she loved him in her way. Her clinging hands and tear-wet kisses, the trembling cry on her lips as he pressed her to him in that last silent farewell, surely they meant love. If ever this hideous entanglement into which Fate had betrayed them were smoothed out, Frane hoped for the opening of a better and more understanding life for himself and Stella.

Comforted in spite of his desperate situation, he went his way and sought out cheap lodgings in an obscure part of the town. There he stayed in hiding for two days; like Stella, he dreaded and yet feverishly longed for the papers and was astonished that no mention of the affair at Carlington Mansions appeared. Being a man, and an unimaginative one at that, he did not look at the "Personals," as a woman would have done, and so missed Tarne's mysterious messages.

AT the end of the second day, no account of the affair having appeared, his reason began to work. It was surely impossible, he reflected, that such a thing could have gone undiscovered so long; there were other people occupying the rooms by day. Tarne had a servant, no doubt. A hope made his heart quicken; perhaps after all he and Stella had been mistaken in thinking Tarne dead. He resolved to go that night to the flat and clear up the mystery. For Stella's sake he must be cautious, and not betray himself in any way. He resolved to wait until the building should be empty of its business occupants. So late that night, his cap pulled low on his brows, he set out for Tarne's flat.

(To be continued.)



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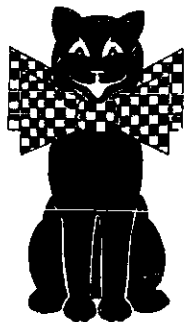
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WOMAN AND HER CAR

by SPARKING PLUG

WOMEN motorists are taking an increasingly keen interest in the mechanism of their cars, and many of them understand just "what makes the wheels go round just as clearly as do their husbands and brothers. Very few are now held up by the trivial troubles which not long ago were sufficient to keep them on the side of the road till a male driver happened along, and most can trace the source of a stoppage or loss of power with certainty, and with a ready idea of how to go to work to remedy the trouble. Absence of the speed mania, and a careful respect for the by-laws and the rules of the road by women at the wheel, are two very great factors in the almost entire absence of preventable accidents by cars under the control of feminine drivers.

The Efficient Light Car

Light cars have a particular appeal to women drivers, and manufacturers abroad, to cater for the demand thus created, are showing a decided trend towards the highly efficient light car with the small engine that develops great power on hills and good speed on level roads. As to their dependability, the results achieved by the small cars in the last 1000 miles Alpine trial were sufficient to show their quality and staunchness. These little cars are not, of course, so comfortable on rutty roads as those with a long wheel base, but for city work and where the roads are good they have many advantages, not the least of which is the low cost of running.

Treat Your Brakes Kindly

It is both good driving and economy to use your brakes as little as possible. When approaching a road intersection, rough spot, traffic jam or any situation demanding a lower speed or possibly a stop, it is good practice to remove the foot from the throttle some time in advance, and lose speed by coasting rather than to approach without slackening and then brake hard. The less the brakes are used the less they will wear, the life of the tyres will be increased, and the strain on the whole car mechanism greatly reduced. The fuel required to propel the car over a distance that might have been coasted is also saved.

The Danger Signal

One of the latest novelties helping to make motoring safer is a glove in the back of which is a small red electric lamp, which can be lighted by pressing a button under the thumb. When the car is going to stop or turn a corner the driver puts out her hand as a warning to any car that may be following. This is by no means easy to see in the dark, but the little red lamp is visible for a long distance.

Look, Stop, Listen!

IT is wise to approach a crossroad cautiously, unless, of course, in open country and the side approaches are clearly visible. Where there is a possibility of danger—and one never knows what may cross the path—either sound the horn or reduce the pace, so that the car is under complete control, whatever might happen. In this way the right thing will be done when a sudden emergency arises.

Easy Steering

If the effort of steering the car appears to be hard, it may be due to the wheels being out of line, but most likely it is caused by tyres that need inflating or by steering connections that require oiling. The first step is

to inflate the tyres to normal pressure, then all parts of the steering mechanism should be thoroughly greased or oiled, as the case may be. This includes not only the steering gear, but the ball joint at either side of the drag link, the king pin bearing on which the wheels swivel, and the tie rod bearing.

When the Car Skids

AFTER heavy rain, or even a smart spring shower, the roads are apt to be slippery, and a few hints as to how to prevent skidding will not be out of place. A light, continuous pressure on the brakes will bring up the car almost as quickly as will a sudden, hectic jam on the pedal, which locks the wheels and provokes a violent skid.

The same remark applies to the way in which steering is handled. Back wheel skids can always be corrected; a front wheel skid is worse, for which reason it is always as well to see that at least one front wheel has a good non-skid tread on it when driving in wet weather.

The proper way to correct a skid is to drive into it. Thus, suppose when taking a right hand bend on a highly cambered road, a patch of grease is encountered and the rear of the car skids outward—that is to the left—the proper way is not to turn the steering wheel still further to the right, for this will fetch the car up broadside, and make matters worse, but the steering should be turned to the left for a fraction of a second in order to make the direction of the car the same as the direction of the skid, thus enabling the back wheels to get a grip.

It should always be remembered that the brakes should not be touched if it is desired to correct a skid. Take the clutch out and allow the car to roll until it comes under the steering control again; but in no circumstances should the rear wheels be locked or accelerated if it is desired to stop the car moving sideways.

A great deal can be learned by making the car skid intentionally, and that is the best way of teaching oneself to correct skids. More than half the accidents through skidding are due to the driver losing his or her head and doing the wrong thing.

Before commencing work about the mechanical part of the car, a good plan is to procure a bar of soap, and, laying it flat, scrape the finger nails along it. This will fill the under part of the nails with soap, preventing the accumulation of grease. After the work is completed, the soap can easily be washed out, leaving the nails quite clean. Cold cream, if applied to the hands, and well rubbed on before attempting engine adjustment, will greatly facilitate the removal of oil and stains from the hands.

Motoring and Health

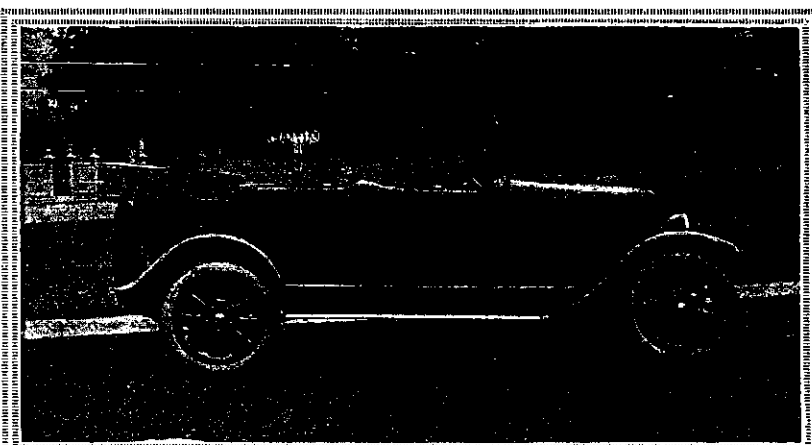
Motoring, from a health point of view, is one of the finest things obtainable, if used with ordinary sense. Some of the hints appended may be found of service:—

The best speed to adopt for a long run, from a health point of view, is between 20 and 25 miles an hour.

At the end of a long dusty or tiring run a good hot bath is as fine a thing as one can have. It wet, or inclined to cold, an aspirin or two, or a hot drink, milk for preference, helps to ward off trouble.

Gauntlet gloves help to keep the whole body warm, preventing the wind blowing up the sleeves. Ordinary gloves are not in the same street.

Good, well fitting goggles fitted with correct lenses for your sight, are a great protection to your eyes, but not one in a thousand thinks of the trouble an incorrect lens may cause.



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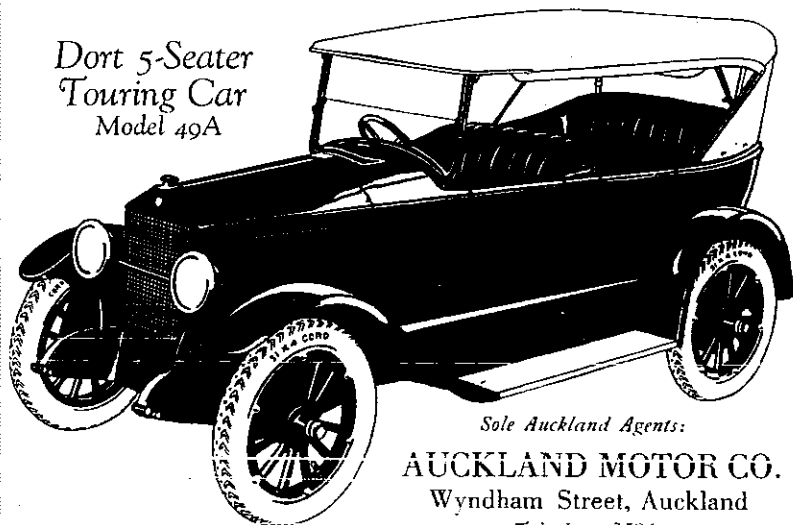
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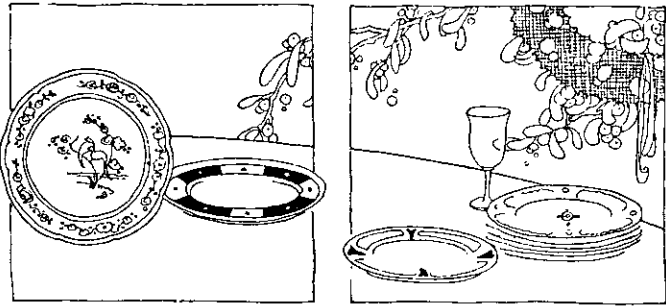
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Touring Car
Model 49A



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IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

FOR twelve years, Miss A. Inglis gave her services to Messrs. Hutchinson Bros., Queen Street, Auckland, where she had sole charge of the Confectionery and Biscuit Department. On the occasion of her severing her connection with this firm she was presented with a travelling rug and case, and a suitable presentation was made by the employees also. During the war period Miss Inglis was in charge of the Soldiers' Parcels Department at Hutchinson's, and will be remembered by many for her courteous attention and happy advice in selecting suitable and useful parcels for the soldiers. Miss Inglis has now entered into business for herself, and has opened a confectionery shop in Queen Street, which shows great taste in its artistic arrangement. She has lived all her life in Devonport, and is well known in the business world of Auckland.

Miss Rose G. M. Darby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Darby, of Auckland, has just passed her final examination with honours at the recent nurses' examinations. She is now spending a short holiday with her parents before entering the Waikato Hospital.

A clever stenographer, Miss Mabel Walton, who is able to write shorthand at the remarkable speed of 150 words per minute, was for many years assisting Miss Fletcher as confidential typiste, in Pitt Street, Sydney, and is now carrying on her profession on her own account in Auckland.

land. She spends most of her leisure in the studying of botany, and has a great fondness for animals.

After serving four years in the Advertising Department of the N.Z. Herald Office, Miss Lydia Williams took a six weeks holiday in Sydney. She has recently succeeded Miss Hilda Shepherd in the office of the Auckland Grammar School Board, where she fills the position of book-keeper and typiste. Miss Williams's favourite recreation is dancing, and her ambition is to travel.

The many friends and acquaintances of Miss Edith Carey will be sorry to learn of her illness, from which, however, she is making a good recovery. She was employed with the firm of Messrs. Twigg & Co., as book-keeper and typiste for six years. Miss Caffrey finds her recreation in golf.

Miss B. Evans is head typiste at the Guardian Trust and Executors Company's Branch of the South British Insurance Company Limited. She is not afraid of a daily journey of thirty-six miles in order to attend business. She has half an hour's walk to and from her railway station, and in winter has to rise long before daylight. Miss Evans came from England two years ago, and likes New Zealand very much.

Miss G. Morris is senior typiste in the office of Messrs. Wynyard Skelton, Wilson and Vallance, solicitors. She also has a long journey to and from her office, and seems to enjoy it.

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AMONG THE ARTS AND CRAFTS

Gold, Silver, and Gems & A Woman and Her Work

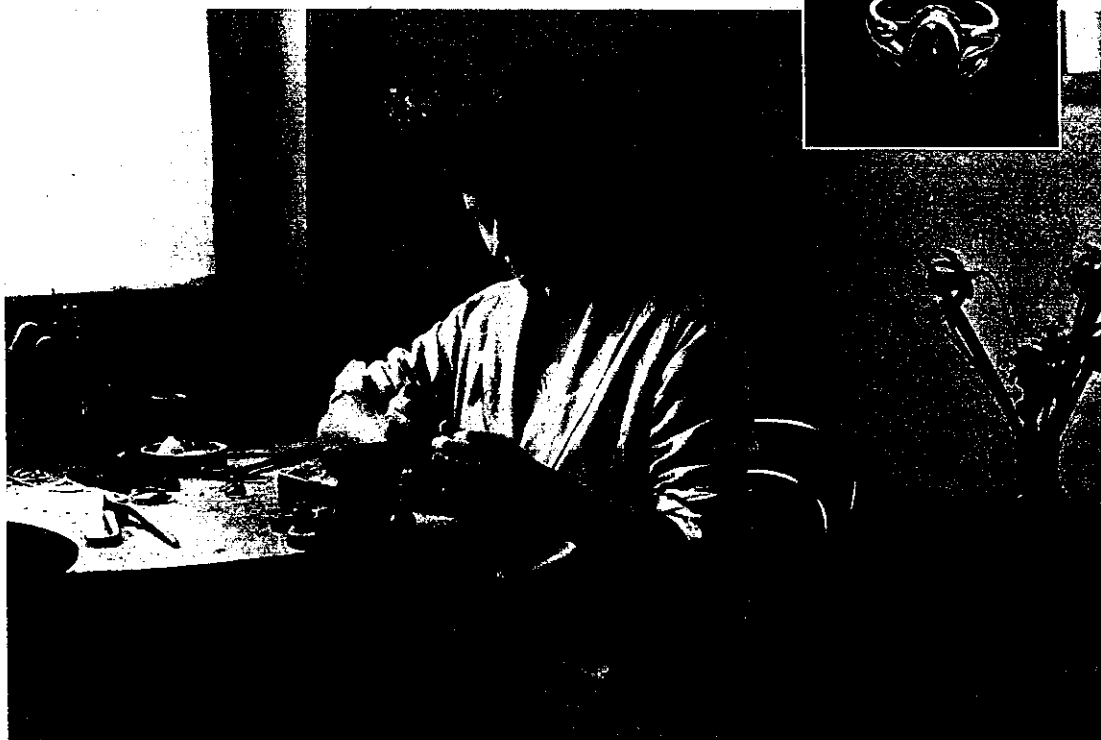
IT was William Morris who said in an address to Art Students on one occasion that the happiest people in all civilisation are "those whose necessary daily work is inseparable from their greatest pleasure."

This is certainly the case with the worker in Arts and Crafts, who can satisfy an inborn love of beauty, while at the same time designing and executing objects fitted for daily use. And it is the beauty of form and ornamentation, their eminent suitability to the object made, as well as the perfection with which each detail is carried out, which combine to dignify the hand-made article, and differentiate it from something simi-

illuminate their missals, to enamel and encrust with gems reliquaries and chalices such as moderns do not even attempt. To them Art was indeed a religion. Time did not count. Perfection was their aim, and they achieved results that we at a distance of centuries can only marvel at—so wonderfully beautiful are they in design and execution.

Work in modern times is done under vastly different conditions, but the artist is well able to adapt himself to them, and at the same time remain true to his ideal.

With this in mind, it was with some pleasureable anticipation that the writer recently visited a feminine expo-



Miss Reeve at her work table. Inset are examples of her work, rings, and below two pendants and a most artistic brooch.

lar which has been turned out by machinery.

The love of jewels and of fine work in silver and gold has come down to us from very remote times. There is scarcely any ancient narrative which does not allude to jewels, and the necklaces, rings and other ornaments found in the tombs of races that long ago disappeared from the face of the earth, prove that they were made by artists of great skill.

Christianity gave a great stimulus

to work in all the precious metals. Massive and costly crosses, croziers, candlesticks and other objects of ecclesiastical use were designed and carried out by men of marvellous skill, whose work has not been surpassed by the most modern craftsmen. In those days, the artist lived in cloistered seclusion. Monks shut themselves away from the world to

nent of craftwork, as exemplified in jewel making and setting, for a chat about a calling of some interest to women.

Miss Reeve was seated at her work bench, busy with a hammer on a piece of silver, which would eventually, after going through various processes, develop into "something rich and strange." She impressed her visitor as one very much in earnest. It is easy to see that her whole heart is in her work, and she has evidently approached the earnest study of her art with an enthusiasm that has only deepened with her knowledge.

Miss Reeve began her art studies in London immediately after leaving school. Textile designing at the School of Art at the Regent Street Polytechnic Institute occupied several years, and she then took the silver medal for design, which is the highest

award given at the school, and carries with it a year's scholarship.

She then decided to devote her time to craft work, and as enamelling had a special appeal for her, she put in some close work at that beautiful branch of metal work. Followed a visit to New Zealand, and in Wellington, where she remained for some time, her beautiful enamelled jewel-

lery attracted a good deal of attention, Lady Ward taking an especial interest in her work.

She was back in England before the war broke out, and during that world struggle she did clerical work in the office of the Admiralty.

For some time, Miss Reeve, like many other artists, was strongly attracted by the rich possibilities in enamel work on metal. In this she had great success, particularly in translucent enamel on silver. Since then she has applied herself to gold and silver work, and she owned to a special interest in making rings in either metal, enriched either with precious or semi-precious gems or blister pearls, or with both.

The work, she explained, is very slow; in this there is nothing modern about it. With infinite patience the trained hand must execute the carefully thought out design. And the requirements are few in number. Raw metal, heat, a few simple tools—that is the material part. But the trained hand, guided by the trained brain—these must be present also.

Miss Reeve believes in putting her personality into her work. She is continually finding out how to improve even her best—difficult as that may seem when her work reaches such a high standard of excellence.

She finds that infinite patience is required, and this would not be available unless accompanied by a deep love for the work and for the intricacies of fine detail.

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"Well, Jane, it is jolly to be home again, though I've had a perfectly lovely time, and seen the most heavenly things, and I've crammed my poor little brain (not to mention a notebook) full of lovely and perfectly new ideas. I feel like starting right away on a *trousseau* for us both!"

"First of all—yes, in that box—there's a little gift for you, and if it doesn't make you think of many more ideas—well, you're not the girl I thought you were."

"Yes, it is a lovely shade of blue, and so very simple and dainty; only a wisp of *crêpe de chine* and rows of faggoting; even you can do that; and I guessed the frills on the camisole were just the thing for a willowy person like you; and, then, faggoting is so very easy to do—just tack your material on to fairly stiff paper, with a row of stitches each side of the line intended; then cut between, and turn back like a tiny hem, and connect up with your faggoting, either twisted or button-holed."

"I saw one lovely set in blue, with narrow hems of pale lavender, faggoted on, and the camisole had a laticing of narrow ribbons in several shades, over each shoulder—just a perfect darling."

"You see the same idea in this chemise, only the laticing is made of turned-through bands of self material in lemon and pale blue."

"Spots don't sound exciting, but just look at this camisole, cut in one piece, and trimmed with rows of little even dots—it would be charming in shades of mauve, and one could make

French knots instead of spots, for a change."

"I really couldn't resist buying this underskirt—such a beautiful shade of copper, and the transparent blue georgette spots are so fascinating in each

deep scallop, bound with deeper blue."

"They are quite easy to do, too—just pencil a circle in each scallop, tack a scrap of georgette underneath, then cut the material away (leaving the georgette, of course), and whip a button-hole round the edges."

A hem of contrasting colour, and squares of rather coarse ladder stitching in the same

shade as the hem, make a dainty skirt, too, and another I saw had three flat scalloped flounces of *crêpe de chine*, one overlapping the other, and each in a different shade, and each daintily bound in a contrasting colour."

"The top flounce, by the way, was hand hem-stitched on, and finished with an occasional tiny posy of *crêpe de chine* roses."

Another very charming idea is hem-stitch appliqué—only, instead of placing the material to be appliquéd on top, one puts it underneath."

"For instance—I saw one set of 'undies' in pale pink under muslin—ornamented by a necklace of blossoms in many pale shades—deeper pink, blue, lemon, lavender, etc."

"The design was first drawn on the nightdress, and pieces of muslin in contrasting colours placed underneath and carefully tacked in outline."

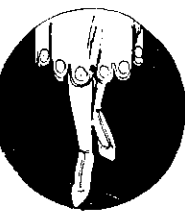
"Then, with a very coarse needle, each blossom was outlined in hem-stitch, and all spare material cut away from the back."

"You cannot imagine how charming the result is—and if you wish to be really unusual, make an underskirt with these blossoms—fairly large—forming the hem, and then scattered and graduated for some distance up the skirt—as far as your energy will carry you."



Transparent blue georgette spots set in a background of copper should satisfy anyone who has the precious gift of colour sense.

Squares of coarse ladder stitching make a dainty skirt border.



An amethyst hem, and faggoting of the same shade, make a charming underskirt.



There is no great skill in needlework required in the making of these garments, but there is certainly no doubt as to their charm. A hint for the laticing, by the way, is to build it up on tissue paper first with a pin at every cross-line. Then stitch from the back and tear the paper away.

The CHIEF ESSENTIALS of BEAUTY

SAMUEL Goldwyn, President of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, has made a sincere effort to find new faces and new screen personalities for his productions. To gain his object, he inaugurated a "New Faces Contest." One of the judges of this contest gives his ideas on Beauty in the following article.

What is it that makes a woman beautiful?

Throughout all time this question has occupied the attention of the world. The history of mankind is in large measure the history of woman's beauty. Wars have been waged and

BUT although the world has never agreed on a standard of beauty, the conditions of life in the different countries and in different ages have had much to do with influencing and developing the varying types of ideally beautiful women; for every woman, in order to have a wide appeal, must reflect the colour of her environment and typify the spirit of the age in which she lives.

Therefore, a girl who is truly beautiful from our present standpoint, must not only possess certain eternal and indisputable qualities of intimate fascination, but she must also embody the ideals and tastes of her modern surroundings.

First, she must be fundamentally feminine. That is, she must have those qualities of sex which instantly arouse in everyone the consciousness of her womanliness. But I do not mean that she should be helpless and incompetent in the mid-Victorian manner. That is effeminacy, not feminineness. A woman who, like Alice in the old song, "Ben Bolt," trembles with joy when you give her a smile, and weeps when you give her a frown, is an anachronism. What I do mean is that she must be sympathetic, warm-hearted, non-aggressive, capable of yielding, impressionable, and with a sweet womanly humility.

Next, she must be intelligent. She must have brains, without being "brainy." Her intelligence, too, must be feminine. Norma and Constance Talmadge are delightful examples of intelligent beauty.

Furthermore, a truly beautiful girl is one with personality—that is, with a subtle and indefinable attractiveness of bearing and manner. Personality is one's inner self—a thing which cannot be assumed or imitated, because it springs from one's unconscious sincerity. Its effect is to hold people, to focus their attention, and at the same time to fascinate them.

The PICTURE THEATRE B E A U T I F U L

SINCE the picture screen has to a large extent taken the place of the drama, the picture theatre has been improved until it has become a thing of beauty in itself, and so an important adjunct to entertainment. A notable one in this respect is the Strand Theatre, Auckland, which is perhaps unique in the Dominion. Its generous proportions and artistic scheme of decoration, combined with the excellent orchestral music it provides, make it deservedly popular. The programmes are uniformly good, and always include a prologue, in which the setting is usually characterised by wonderful colour, Oriental, splendid, and even futuristic. There is also a social secretary, who arranges special concessions for theatre parties, and this lady keeps herself in touch with with educational and other news of the community.

dynasties have fallen as a result of the delicate curve of a woman's chin, the appealing outline of a woman's brow, the plastic proportions of a woman's lips, the lucent colour of a woman's eyes. It was Phryne's beauty which rebuilt the walls of a great city; it was Aspasia's beauty which inspired the works of Pericles; it was Helen's beauty which cast the ancient world into a sea of blood; it was Cleopatra's beauty which altered the course of two great empires. . . . And, in modern times, one need only mention the names of Katherine of Russia, Ninon de L'Enclos, Mme. Du Barry and La Pompadour to call to men's minds the dominant part which woman's beauty and charm have played in the destinies of nations.

But here is an amazing and significant fact: there has never been an accepted standard of feminine beauty. Though every age has had an ideal of womanhood, and every country has possessed a representative feminine type, the standard of woman's beauty has changed as often as the standard of life itself has changed.



Norma Talmadge.



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GARDENING

Method in Planting & The Garden of Thought

by ACHIMENES



A restful vista through the shrubbery, as seen from the verandah of Mr. J. H. Gunson's home.

I WAS out walking with a keen garden friend of mine last summer, and we were strolling round having a look at the gardens in one of the suburbs. All of a sudden he pulled up, looked at a very beautiful garden, and then remarked to me: "Now that is what I call a thoughtful garden."

It was not a very large section, but perhaps the frontage was about ninety feet.

On one side of the residence there was a gracefully curved wide drive flanked by a splendidly planted border.

Along the edge of this border, which was of generous width, was an edging of the charming dwarf polyantha roses in three varieties—Baby Tausendschon, Princess Eva, and Leonie Lamesch. These were all in flower, and the blending of their delicate tints produced a beautiful effect.

Beyond the polyanthas came a double row of bush roses of moderate height, and then at the back were a fine lot of shrubs standing above them and setting them off to perfection.

An easy looking path that one would follow without the slightest desire to make short cuts, led to the front entrance, and the green lawns were set off by borders of flowers about four feet wide.

The borders at the back of the lawn immediately in front of the house, were six feet in width and the proportions of these beds struck me as being particularly good. A long narrow bed ran down the other side. It was about five or six feet wide, and was completely filled with bedding petunias, with the exception of climbing roses, which were splendidly trained all along the fence.

The planting of these borders was excellent. The wide beds in front of the house were filled with giant zinnias reaching a height of some three feet, and in front of these was a treble row of celosia, which made a very striking show, the bold colours going well with the zinnias, while the rich foliage of the celosia hid the lower parts of their taller neighbours, which are often rather scrappy in appearance.

One of the narrow borders was planted with a two-foot wide row of phlox, and behind was a triple row of tall asters. The other border was planted with pink phlox, and behind them was a triple row of fine rose-pink antirrhinums.

Every plant in that garden seemed to be in its right place, and my friend's remark that it was "a thoughtful gardener" was undoubtedly deserved.

WHENEVER you intend to plant, spend a few minutes in thinking things out. There are far too many gardeners who rush things with their gardens without thinking what the results will be, and those results are too often a muddled garden, which does not please anybody. Tall plants seem to get in front of short ones, in some parts shrubs interfere with the annuals, trees and roses are mixed, and nothing grows really well.

If you carefully study the nursery-men's catalogues you will find that the heights of the shrubs are usually shown. In most cases the shrubs need the same width as they have height. This may not be quite exact in some instances, but if you follow this rule your planting will be as nearly as possible correct.

If you allow, say, an extra foot with the dwarf shrubs you will be nearer still, as some of those that are listed as being four feet high spread to nearly five feet in width, but with the taller varieties this does not so often happen.

The planting season is now here, and the greatest care must be taken to set the annuals and perennials correctly.

In the long, narrow borders, plant the Iceland poppies at the back, and in front of them a strip of violas, primula malacoides or English daisies.

A border of butterfly delphiniums in front of Iceland poppies makes a delightful show, the deep blue of the delphiniums setting off the yellow and orange poppies to perfection.

Primroses and polyanthus planted in front of primula malacoides make a dainty bed.

Phlox in front of bedding petunias look well, and a bed planted with pink phlox or rose-coloured petunias is charming. A bed of pansies can be edged with the small English daisies or a dwarf sweet alyssum.

Antirrhinums in separate colours can be used with the most telling effect. If the border is a fairly long one, six feet each of these colours will be found to make a wonderful bed. Be sure, if you are planting in this manner to start off from the front with the lighter shades and work back to the darker colours.

These antirrhinums are very suitable for planting in the furthest back beds, just in front of the house, as they stand up well, and give the necessary height. In these beds, taller plants, such as the giant delphiniums, are very suitable.

Nemesia in front of ranunculi blend well in colour, and are very suitable, as they come out at the same time.

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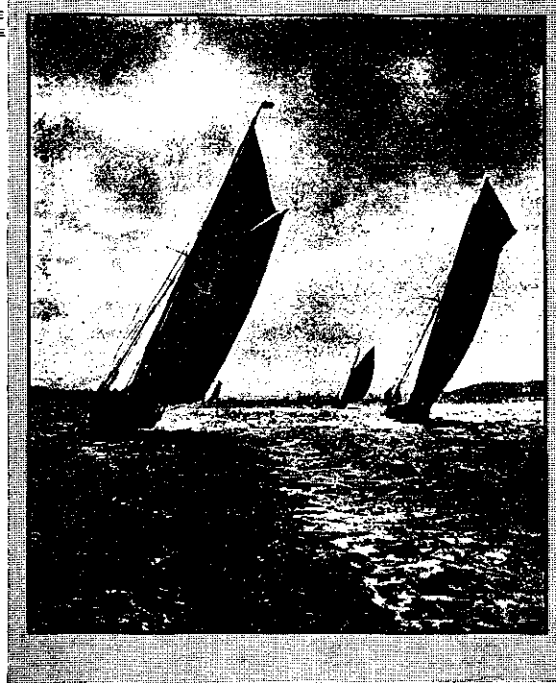
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Rules:

The competition is strictly confined to amateur photographers under 21 years of age.

A month's intimation will be given before the end of the competition.

Prints only should be submitted.

On the back of each print must be written the name, age, and permanent address of the competitor, and the place at which the photograph was taken.

No photographs will be returned unless accompanied by a fully stamped addressed envelope, and correspondence cannot be entered into.

Photographs submitted must not have been previously reproduced elsewhere, and the proprietors of *The Ladies' Mirror* reserve the right to reproduce any of the pictures sent in for competition on payment of the usual rates.

Each competitor must fill in the coupon (see below) and enclose it with the prints submitted.

Photographs must be addressed THE ART EDITOR.

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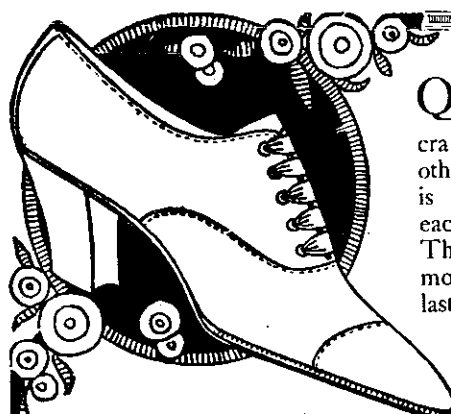
I hereby agree to accept the decision of the Art Editor as final and binding on any point which may arise in the competition.

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Advertisements for *The Ladies' Mirror* must be received at the publishers' office not later than the 26th of the month. Where proofs are required, ample time should be allowed for transit, so that corrections, if needed, may be received before the closing date.

Advertisements for colour pages are required three weeks earlier.



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